



2022-2023

Floreat Suttona



A word from your...

EDITOR IN CHIEF



Out of all the things you can be involved in in the Sixth Form, Suttonian is by far away the best. The Student Voice... well it doesn't do much and the Head Student team... it's just a title really. Of course, I am joking as both the Head Student and Head of Student Voice were in my Suttonian team and played an integral part in the production of this magazine.

I have sat down for about 2 hours wondering what to write, skimming over previous Chief Editors' introduction. The term 'sleepless nights' seemed to pop up often and as a result, I realised how fortunate I was to have such a fantastic team of editors. Over the course of the year, I have had many people come up to me and request to be part of the Suttonian. However, due to the keenness and integrity of the team I choose at the start of year 12, I was unable to make any space. Having been given the opportunity to produce a magazine that will long live in the school's history is an honour and furthermore, to add to the already fantastic layout with a new Archive section means this Suttonian is not just important but hopefully influential.

I have spent many afternoons sat at my laptop, whether at home or in the silent study room, scouring article after article. From editing grammatical errors, which were far and few, to helping my editors chase down articles, taking the role of Junior editor in some sections, the Suttonian was always the first thing on my mind throughout Year 12 and going into Year 13. Along with my senior editors, I have spent a lot of time working on the Suttonian as I understand just how important it is for all the current Sutts and the many Old Sutts to whom Sutton Grammar is still resonant, whether they are playing in the Old Sutts, attending dinners, teaching at the school, or simply wearing the Old Suttonian tie with pride.

Although so much student work goes into the Suttonian, Mr Marshall must receive a lot of credit as he plays an integral role in the Suttonian every year. Generously allowing his room to be used and always being there if I, or any senior editor, have any questions. I hope every Chief Editor after me understands just how important this magazine is and works as hard as every editor before me has.

Jonny Spencer

A word from your...

DESIGNER



To break away from the tradition of Suttonian designers typically commencing their introduction by addressing the weariness and stress associated with crafting a 200-page magazine, I aim to initiate with a more optimistic tone.

As you flip through these pages, I hope you sense the pulse of creativity that has fueled every design decision as well as the passion portrayed in the articles written by each and every one of our authors. This magazine is not merely a yearly 'I hope I'm in it' picturebook; it's a celebration of the collective spirit, achievements, and dreams of every Suttonian.

Embarking on the design journey of a magazine of this scale for the first time unfolded as a formidable challenge. Navigating the intricate balance between aesthetics and readability became a daily puzzle, all while navigating the demanding landscape of A-Level studies and other commitments. Each turned page marked not just the progress of the magazine but also a triumphant step over a swarm of obstacles.

While the workload of compiling numerous articles did pose its challenges, especially in the context of other responsibilities, the creative aspect of crafting this magazine was extremely enjoyable. As someone who finds fulfilment in creating videos and other media outside of school, the artistic dimension of this project was a lot to love. To the next producer taking up this role, I hope you love the process as much as I did. Though there will be times when you question your design choices, the beauty lies in witnessing it all seamlessly converge in the end.

As the designer, witnessing the amalgamation of words and visuals into a cohesive whole was a gratifying experience. There's a unique charm in observing every member of the school clutching a copy, eager to take it home—a tangible testament to the collective effort poured into its creation. So, to the next designer, embrace the challenges, find joy in the creative process, and revel in the satisfaction of seeing your work embraced by the school community.

On a real one though, for any upcoming designers, get used to going to meetings at lunch once every week (it may often be a waste of time) and get ready for people to ask you to make changes to photos you got from a photoshop file you deleted 3 months prior. And to anyone who is friends with the Suttonian's designer, be there for them, they are tired.

Nevertheless, the Suttonian stands as the legacy I wished to leave behind as I conclude my final year at Sutton Grammar, and I am delighted that our entire 2022-2023 team could unite to create a publication that will linger on the shelves or find its place in the attic boxes (better than nothing) of countless Suttonians for decades to come. I take genuine pride in this year's Suttonian, and my gratitude extends to the dedicated team whose collective efforts transformed it into the remarkable magazine it became.

Kobi Asante-Abedi





THE EDITORIAL TEAM

**EDITOR IN CHIEF:**

Jonny Spencer

PRODUCER AND DESIGNER:

Kobi Asante-Abedi

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EDITORIAL:

Srinivas Medida & Gilbert Knight

HOUSE EVENTS:

Jacob Bickerstaffe & Hassaan Rehman

SPORTS:

Shey Patel & Olly Dunbar

THE ARTS:

Ben Roberts

CLUBS AND ACTIVITIES:

Jack Hutton

CCF:

Antony Tiri

TRIPS:

Olivia Carter & Maddy Wingham

ARCHIVE:

Gilbert Knight & Jonny Spencer

EDITORIAL

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Here, our talented student writers and editors share their thoughts on school life, academics, and the issues that matter most to our student body. Gain a unique perspective on student achievements, experiences and aspirations.



HOUSE EVENTS

33

From exhilarating sports competitions to friendly academic rivalries, this segment captures the energy and camaraderie of our school's vibrant house system. Stay updated on the latest victories, cheer for your housemates, and relive the memorable moments that define our unique school spirit.



THE ARTS

23

Immerse yourself in the enchanting world of creativity with our Arts Section. From captivating plays to mesmerizing musicals, this segment showcases the artistic talents of our students, bringing the stage to life.



CONTENTS

SPORTS

61

Whether you're a sports aficionado or just looking for a dose of school spirit, Sports Hub is your guide to the exciting world of school sports. Dive into match reports and the unbeatable enthusiasm that defines our school's sporting tradition.



CLUBS & ACTIVITIES

83

Uncover the richness of student life in our Clubs & Activities Section. From academic societies to creative clubs, this corner is your gateway to the diverse tapestry of extracurricular engagement at our school. Discover the passions that drive our students as we highlight the achievements, events, and behind-the-scenes moments of various clubs.



CCF

107

Explore the values of leadership, teamwork, and service as we highlight the resilience and commitment of our CCF community.

ARCHIVE & OLD SUTTS

125

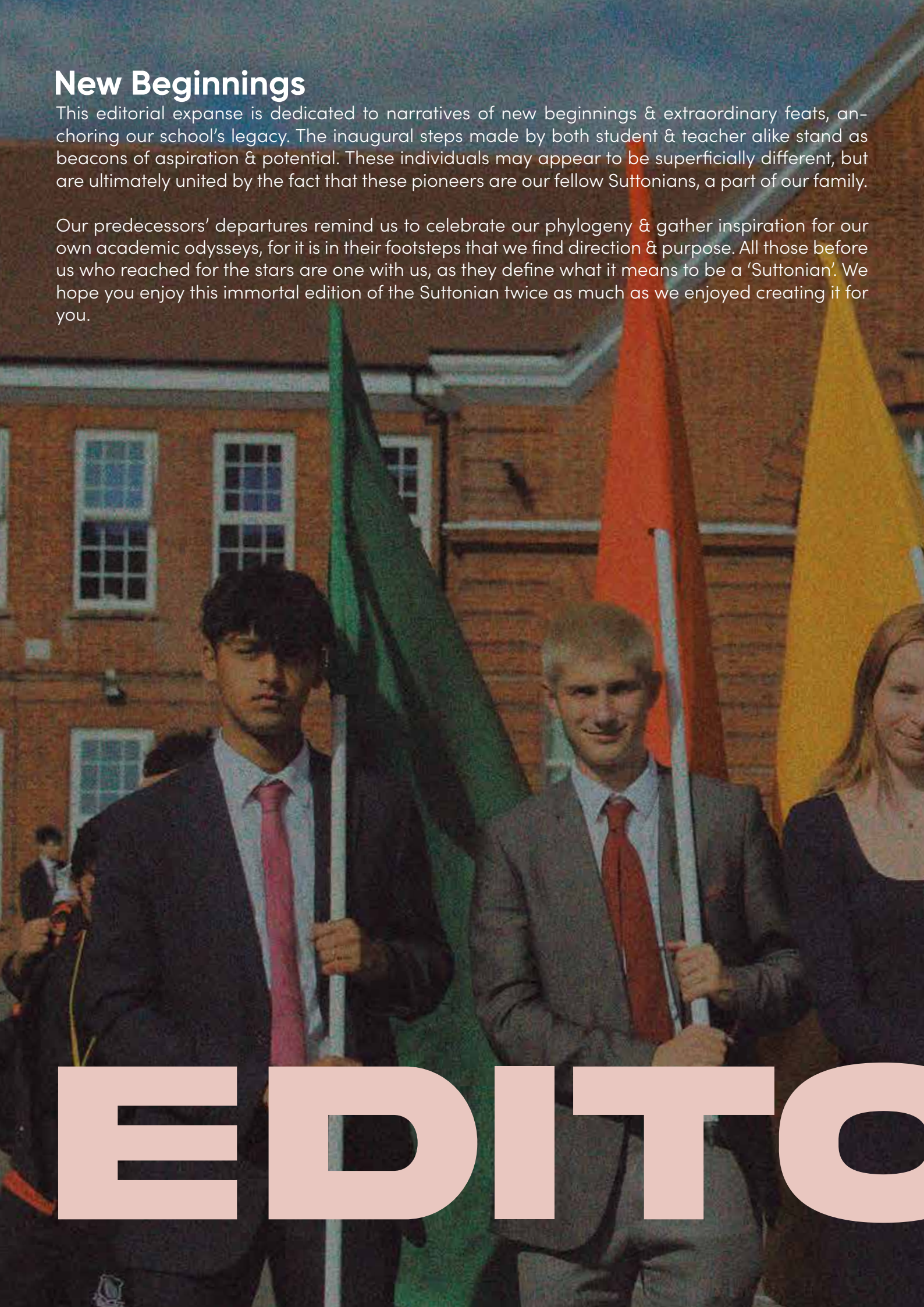
Find out something new about your school and its alumni. Delve into a curated collection of past articles, capturing the evolving spirit and history of our school. From feature stories to memorable events, this section revisits the narratives that have shaped our school community.

CONTENTS

New Beginnings

This editorial expanse is dedicated to narratives of new beginnings & extraordinary feats, anchoring our school's legacy. The inaugural steps made by both student & teacher alike stand as beacons of aspiration & potential. These individuals may appear to be superficially different, but are ultimately united by the fact that these pioneers are our fellow Suttonians, a part of our family.

Our predecessors' departures remind us to celebrate our phylogeny & gather inspiration for our own academic odysseys, for it is in their footsteps that we find direction & purpose. All those before us who reached for the stars are one with us, as they define what it means to be a 'Suttonian'. We hope you enjoy this immortal edition of the Suttonian twice as much as we enjoyed creating it for you.

A photograph of three individuals in formal attire (suits and ties) standing in front of a brick building with white-framed windows. They are holding large flags: a green flag on the left, an orange flag in the center, and a yellow flag on the right. The person on the left is a young man with dark hair, the person in the center is a young man with light hair, and the person on the right is a young woman with long brown hair. The word 'EDITO' is overlaid in large, bold, white capital letters at the bottom of the image.

EDITO

Edited by Srinivas Medida

A photograph of three students in formal attire (suits and ties) standing in front of a large, multi-story brick building with many windows. The student on the left is a woman with long blonde hair, holding a yellow flag. The student in the center is a man with dark hair, holding a red flag. The student on the right is a man with short dark hair, holding a blue flag. The word "PORTRAIT" is written in large, bold, white capital letters across the bottom of the image, with the "P" partially cut off on the left.

PORTRAIT

HEADMASTER'S FOREWORD



Floreat Suttona. We do indeed go from strength to strength. The Suttonian celebrates the opportunities taken by students to enrich what would be an 'ordinary' school life with the amazing array of extracurricular and leadership activities on offer at Sutton Grammar School. The breadth and quality of these pursuits is a precious ingredient of the magic of our school community. This year was punctuated by outstanding concerts, a production of Antigone, the introduction of house dodgeball, whole-school assemblies, foreign trips and, a personal favourite, SGS winning our first netball match. This Suttonian, along with the school newsletter, The Hoot, only shows the tip of this impressive iceberg, and it is worth remembering the week-in week-out achievements of CCF, Board Games Club, Chess Club, Duke of Edinburgh Awards, and many more, alongside the contributions of Sixth Formers stewarding events and the integral roles of our Head Student and Prefect teams.

As for our outcomes with the turmoil of grade boundary changes and harsher marking, SGS held its own, with excellent GCSE and A-Level results. Over half the GCSE grades were 8s or 9s, and nearly a quarter of all A-Level grades were A*s, with 80 per cent being A* to B. Most importantly, the vast majority of our leavers got where they wanted to go, with notable numbers going into Engineering (28), Medicine (19) and Computer Science (17). These examination results are just reward for the commitment, talent and the endeavour of resilient students and stalwart staff, who coped with a great deal of uncertainty and upheaval through the pandemic.

Once again, we owe the richness of SGS life to the hard work and dedication of all the staff, and the contributions from across the SGS family, in particular the Old Suttonians Association and the Parent Teacher Association.

Thanks to Mr Marshall, the editorial team and all the writers who have played a part in the production of this excellent edition of The Suttonian.

Keep Faith.



BY BEN CLOVES

Editorial | **02**



THE
HEAD STUDENT
TEAM



HEAD STUDENT:

Ben Roberts

DEPUTY HEAD STUDENTS:

Moyo Oladipupo-George

Mary Aggrey

Paul Romano

Shey Patel



University
Destinations
2023

Name

ABBASI Hishaam Ali
ABBINENI Mihir
ABDULLAH Rebar
ABI KARAM Bryan Christophe
ADMANE Arya
ADU-GYAMFI Joel Ronklin
AHMED Dhart Mann
AHMED Zibyan
AJALA Christopher
ALACKAN Jayalakshmi
ALVES ZERENER Luka
ARAIM Mohammed
AVERBUKH Joel
AW-YONG Michael
BAHEERATHAN Tharan
BAILEY Alexander
BAKRANIA Cai
BALAKRISHNAN Bavethran
BAXTER Daniel
BENSON Tom
BERESFORD Ivan
BERHANE Joel
BERKASIUK Michal
BILAL Yassir
BILGRAMI Syed
BLAND Luke
BOLDYREVA Ksenia
BOSNJAK Stefan
BROCK Harel
BUCKELL Taylan
BUSHARA Omar
CAMERON Luca
CHAUHAN Shaurya
CHIKKA Yuvan Aarya
CHOU Nevan
CHOW Tommy
COUPER Joseph
DAGA Shaurya
DAUDI Salahudeen
DEY Parthiv
DIARRA Jason
EDINDON Adamant
EDWARDS Oskar
EMMANUEL Anthony
ESCRITT Louis
ESMAIL Emaan
FO Chisato
GABOL Ibrahim
GANITHI Roshan Gani
GEBKA Christopher
GOWTHAMAN Alan Jithesh
GUPTA Ritvik Raj

Higher Education Destinations

Queen Mary University of London - Robotics Engineering
University of Cambridge - Medicine
Imperial College London - Electrical & Electronic Engineering
University of Cambridge - Computer Science
University of Surrey - Accounting and Finance
Imperial College London - Biochemistry
UCL (University College London) - Law
Bournemouth University - Design Engineering
University of East Anglia UEA - Computing Science
University of Brighton - Biomedical Science
Bournemouth University - Accounting & Finance
UCL (University College London) - Medicine
University of Oxford - Physics
University of Leeds - Ancient History and History
City, University of London - Economics
University of Surrey - Biomedical Science
University of Nottingham - Electrical and Electronic Engineering
University of Surrey - Chemical Engineering
Swansea University - Mechanical Engineering
University of Brighton - Business Management with Finance
University of Cambridge - Engineering
University of Surrey - Economics
University of Bristol - Computer Science
Queen Mary University of London - Dentistry
University of Cambridge - Mathematics
Loughborough University - Sport and Exercise Science
University of Southampton - Mathematics
Imperial College London - Physics with Theoretical Physics
University of Southampton - History
University of Southampton - Computer Science with Cyber Security
University of Cambridge - Medicine
University of Leeds - Biochemistry
Deloitte - Degree Apprenticeship
Imperial College London - Mathematics and Computer Science
University of Birmingham - Mathematics
Queen Mary University of London - Financial Mathematics
University of Leeds - Architecture
Ernst and Young - Degree Apprenticeship
University of Surrey - Physics
University of Bristol - Mathematics and Computer Science
UCL (University College London) - Data Science
University of Manchester - Aerospace Engineering
University of Southampton - Computer Science
University of Southampton - Civil Engineering
University of Warwick - Cyber Security
University of Warwick - Psychology
Kyushu University, Japan - EECS (Electrical Engineering and Computer Science)
UCL (University College London) - Computer Science
UCL (University College London) - Computer Science
Imperial College London - Chemistry
UCL (University College London) - Medicine
University of Warwick - Computer Science

Name

HABIB Tamara
 HERSEY Katie
 HULME Zachary
 HUTTON Kate
 IRVINE William
 ISAEV Bogdan
 JACOBS Alex
 JAYAKUMAR Kavish
 JAYARAJAH Charlotte
 JELFS Alfred
 JONES Corbin
 KANANI Vivek
 KAZMI Syed
 KEEKA Muhammed
 KHAN Aadil
 KHAN Rayan
 KIRUBAKARAN Keeran

 KUKANANTHAN Sathurshan
 LADIWAL Jashith
 LAI Edward
 LAMBERT Ethan
 MACMILLAN Efan
 MAHENTHIRALINGAM Krusan
 MAIS-HARDING Columbus
 MARAMBE Dillon Adriel
 MEHDI Alhassan
 MELBOURNE Eleanor
 MENEZES RODRIGUES Ethan
 MERVIN PRIMSON Seran
 MOHAMED Ibrahim
 MOHAMED Yonis Hassan
 MOUSTAFA Robert
 NAIR Aditya
 NAKEERAN Arjun
 NANA VATY Vandit
 NASSER Wajd
 NATH Aryan
 NEWTON James
 NIGAM Mahi
 NIMALRAJ Varun
 NITHARSAN Uhiethan
 NITHYANANTHAN Ajai
 NORONHA Callum
 NORTH Chloe
 OGUNBIYI Praise
 OTABIL Beathan Joshua
 OWUSU Julian
 PARTHASARATHY Atul
 PARTHIBAN Dhanush
 PAYNE Christopher
 PERERA Ilangage

Higher Education Destinations

City, University of London – Optometry
 Bournemouth University – Physiotherapy
 University of Kent – Accounting and Finance
 University of Warwick – English and German
 The University of Edinburgh – Philosophy
 University of Cambridge – Engineering
 Loughborough University – Marketing and Management
 UCL (University College London) – Civil Engineering
 University of Warwick – Law
 University of Brighton – Psychology
 University of Surrey – Aerospace Engineering
 University of Southampton – Economics and Finance
 City, University of London – Mathematics
 King's College London, University of London – Computer Science
 University of the Arts London – Art and Design
 University of Surrey – Computer Science
 UCL (University College London) – European Social and Political Studies
 Imperial College London – Civil Engineering
 University of Surrey – Aerospace Engineering
 University of Warwick – Mathematics and Statistics
 University of Warwick – History
 University of Cambridge – Law
 University of Nottingham – Medicine
 University of Bath – Civil Engineering
 City, University of London – Accounting and Finance
 UCL (University College London) – Medicine
 Queen's University Belfast – Mathematics and Statistics
 University of Bath – Chemical Engineering with
 University of East Anglia – Medicine
 Kingston University – Pharmaceutical and Chemical Sciences
 King's College London, University of London – Medicine
 SOAS University of London – History and Arabic
 Royal Holloway, University of London – Computer Science
 City, University of London – Economics
 Queen Mary University of London – Medicine
 Studying in Germany to Study – Language Course
 UCL (University College London) – Mathematics with Economics
 Loughborough University – Architecture
 Queen Mary University of London – Mathematics
 University of Southampton – Mechanical Engineering/Aerospace
 University of Surrey – Accounting and Finance
 Loughborough University – Economics and Management
 Falmouth University – Game Development: Design
 St George's, University of London – Clinical Pharmacy
 University of Leicester – Economics and Accounting
 Loughborough University – Business Economics and Finance
 University of Surrey – Biochemistry
 University of Surrey – Biochemistry
 University of Leeds – International History and Politics
 City, University of London – Accounting and Finance

Name

Higher Education Destinations

POLITIEK Aiden	University of Amsterdam – Psychology
QAYYUM Mohammad	London School of Economics and Political Science, University of London – Mathematics and Economics
RAHMAN Yameen	SOAS University of London – Business, Management, Economics & Law
RAJURKAR Harsh	Loughborough University – Aeronautical Engineering
RANJAN Rishikar	University of Surrey – Computer Science
RASUL Rahimullah	Queen Mary University of London – Computer Science
RAZZAQ Mohammad	Kingston University – Accounting & Finance
RIYARDEEN Seif	University of the Arts London – Preparation for Design, Media and Screen
RUGGINS James	University of Nottingham – Economics
SAAD Amir	UCL (University College London) – Medicine
SABU Akhil	Schroders – Apprenticeship Investment Management
SALMAN Hasan	University of Southampton – Computer Science with Cyber Security
SALTA Antony	University of Manchester – Computer Science
SAWHNEY Maanya	University of Surrey – Media and Communication
SCOTT Benjamin	University of Bath – Chemical Engineering
SEWARD Zoe	Newcastle University – Biomedical Sciences
SIDDIQUI Muhammad	King's College London, University of London – Dentistry
SINCLAIR Aidán	University of Cambridge – History
SIVAGNANAM Vishnavy	University of Surrey – Biomedical Engineering
SOANS Zayne	University of Surrey – Business Management
SPALEK Adam	University of Birmingham – Chemical Engineering
SPARKS Joel	University of Manchester – Politics, Philosophy and Economics
SRITHARAN Shiran	Queen Mary University of London – Biochemistry
SSEMPA Alisha	Nottingham Trent University – Pharmacology
STANDBRIDGE Kian	Royal Holloway, University of London – English and Drama
STILL James	University of Bristol – Mechanical Engineering
STONE Zachary	University of Liverpool – Physics
SUD Soham	Imperial College London – Mathematics
SURENDER Natasha	UCL (University College London) – Psychology
SURENDRAKUMAR Joshua Sangeeth	King's College London, University of London – Medicine
TAM Kenneth Chun-Hai	University of Warwick – Discrete Mathematics
THIRU Jayan	London School of Economics and Political Science, University of London – Law
THIRUGNANAM Joshua	University of Leeds – Business Economics
TO Wai Han Aden	University of Bath – Management
TSHERIT Alexander	University of Southampton – English
VALA Nishant	University of Southampton – Physics
VARDHIREDDY Yogesh	University of Bristol – Medicine
VASANTHABAVAN Vibooshan	Queen Mary University of London – Mathematics and Statistics
VASHISHTHA Arin	University of Southampton – Finance and Financial Technology
VIMALAN Vishnuyan	University of Southampton – Marine Biology
WILLIAMS Charlotte	Cardiff University – Dentistry
WONG Cheuk Nam	Loughborough University – Aeronautical Engineering
WONG Jen Sean	University of Southampton – Computer Science
WONG Joshua Kay	University of Warwick – Accounting and Finance
WRIGHT Benjamin	University of Warwick – Engineering
WRIGHT Joseph	University of Warwick – History
YAO Maxime	University of Exeter – Business
YOGACHANDIRAN Tharshan	London South Bank University – Civil Engineering
ZAIDI Hussain	University of Essex – Law

YEAR 7

The day had finally arrived; the transition from primary to secondary level, and 2 very different schools. From a child who had no exposure to formal tests, living a very laid back life, to a child under pressure to learn and excel. My life had changed drastically.

In primary school, there was no transition between classes, end of unit tests, homework, specialist teachers; rather, we had one teacher to teach us every subject, teaching us in the same classroom every day, never testing my academic ability.

I prefer the secondary school way of life; where you are independent, self-sustaining - you have your own choices and are fully responsible for your own actions. It took me a while to transition between these two stages of life, but now I am thriving in this environment.

My favourite day here will always be my first. I can remember that day as if it was yesterday, as clear as a blue summer sky, not half a year ago. This day was not intimidating. I was not nervous. I was not afraid. I was ready: ready to make new friends, ready to enjoy a new way of life, ready to be independent, whilst embracing the change around me. It was easier for me than others, given that I knew 10 pupils beforehand (with 4 of them being my closest friends).

It was very exciting meeting all of our new teachers, Mr Humphries being an eccentric and amiable character, who metaphorically ushered me into the school as my form tutor. I will always remember that day. The day I started a new journey, towards greatness..

BY AARON PATEL

ARRIVALS

Access your class Photos here:



LENHAM



THROWLEY



WARWICK



GREYHOUND



MANOR



YEAR 12 ARRIVALS

When I made the transition from an all-girls school in Croydon to a grammar school in the tranquil suburbs of Surrey, all I expected was a quiet intellectual environment where my academic potential would flourish. Little did I know that my experience at this new sixth form would exceed my wildest dreams.

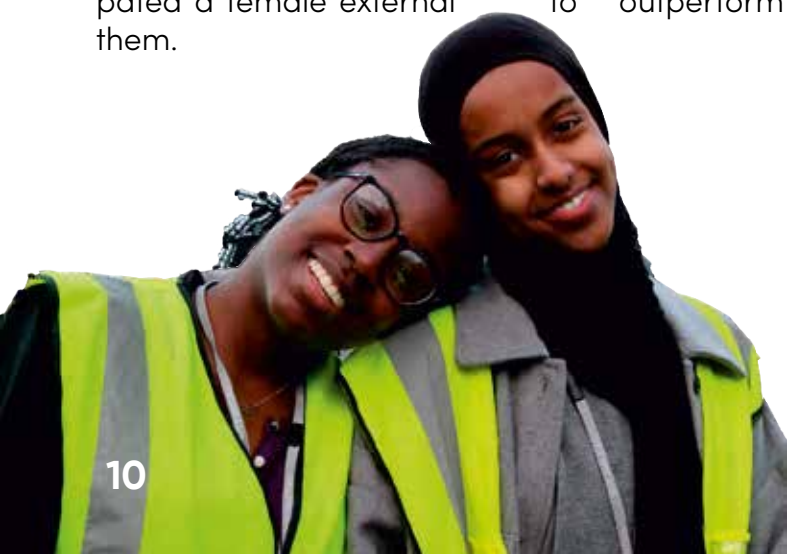
Adjusting to the customs and quirks of this school took time. The peculiar lesson timings, like starting the day at 8:37 am, provided a source of amusement. The abundance of fast-food chains within a two-minute walk seemed like a blessing, until I found myself indebted to Colonel Sanders.

One of the most significant shocks was the realization that, at a grammar school, everyone genuinely puts in the work. While A-Levels are inherently challenging, studying alongside classmates who seemingly grasp concepts effortlessly is truly awe-inspiring. I recall the day before a math test when my entire class claimed to have done minimal revision, nobody apparently had a clue about connected particles in mechanics. Astonishingly, the class average still turned out to be an impressive 94%. This starkly contrasted with my previous school, where students would lie about completing their work. Here at SGS, most students would rather have others believe they are lazy individuals than reveal their hardworking nature. Once I grasped this culture, I found the competition strangely alluring. There is an unparalleled satisfaction in surpassing boys in exams who never anticipated a female external to outperform them.

Amidst the bewildering environment, there were moments of familiarity that provided solace. During the induction days, I encountered girls with whom I instantly connected, and they have since become my closest friends. Despite the diversity among Sutton Grammar Students, there are commonalities that bind us together. While I initially joined this school to attain my inevitable academic success, viewing it as a stepping stone to a prosperous future, I discovered that it is the smaller things that I cherish. The so-called "external privilege" may be an urban myth, but it does come with benefits like leniency from teachers and impromptu girls' lunches with complimentary food. And what could be better than free food? Simple pleasures like banter with friends on the bus ride home, sharing gossip during free periods, or finding support in emotional release sessions in the girls' toilets - these unexpected joys have become reasons for me to wake up each day.

My first year at SGS has been eccentric, challenging, unforgettable, and surprisingly enjoyable for a school with such a strong focus on academia. While there are countless things I would do differently if I could revisit that first September, there is also something undeniably beautiful about making numerous mistakes and having awkward memories to reminisce upon. The upcoming year will likely be mentally grueling, with life-changing exams at the forefront. However, I must admit that there is no place I would rather face these experiences than my new home, Sutton Grammar School.

BY AMY LAM





NOW, ONTO THE STAFF...

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR ROY

WHAT INSPIRED YOU TO BECOME A TEACHER, AND WHY SPECIFICALLY ENGLISH AND DRAMA?

"TeachiWng is something that makes a difference in the world. I wanted to do something that felt worthwhile and valuable and I enjoy being a significant part of the community and investing in the lives of other people. English and Drama are both communicative media and are both subjects that explore the human condition and how people interact and understand each other."

AS AN OLD SUTTONIAN YOURSELF, WHAT ARE THE SIMILARITIES AND DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE SCHOOL TODAY COMPARED TO WHEN YOU STUDIED HERE?

"While the physical structure of the school has certainly changed, as there is now a new Maths block, a new Sixth Form block and two Drama studios, I would say the general feeling and ethos of the school hasn't changed. It is an academically focused environment with a sense of gentlemanliness about it."

WHAT TEACHING EXPERIENCE DID YOU HAVE BEFORE YOU CAME HERE?

"This is currently my tenth year in teaching. I trained locally and have always taught relatively close to here. After my training, which was led principally by Glenthorne School, I taught for eight years at Cheam High and one year at Blenheim. Overall, I have taught at a selection of schools, all locally, and am arriving here as an experienced teacher."

WHAT ARE SOME OF THE HOBBIES YOU ENJOY OUTSIDE OF WORK?

"Naturally as an English and Drama teacher, I love going to the theatre as much as I can. I also perform, and am often the dame in a local community charity pantomime. I was also in the acapella group when I was here and was musical director of the acapella choir at university, and still sing in an acapella quartet with three other Old Boys of the school. I play piano, guitar, bass and drums and have a recording studio in my loft."

MR DEWFALL

WHAT DROVE YOU TOWARDS BECOMING A TEACHER?

'A mix of things drove me towards this specific profession. The love of science has always been a driving force behind my passion for teaching; as a youth I would often be found helping my siblings with their science projects. When choosing where I wanted to go with my career, I realised that I wanted to continue doing science outside of academia. I enjoy teaching itself due to its nature where I have varied interactions with different individuals on a daily basis, which gives my life a unique element, where no day is ever the same.'

WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE THING ABOUT BIOLOGY?

'I believe that, on a universal level, with an extensive understanding of biology, you can explain the biological processes that are occurring in most living beings, most of the time. I've always asked 'why, why, why?' when carrying out my research, never limiting myself at any detail, seeing how deep my research could go and testing my own limits in the process. It's an unrivalled understanding of our world; one that gives my soul an uplifting satisfaction. On a personal level, I identify with science as a whole, as opposed to biology on its own.'

WHAT'S THE BEST THING ABOUT SUTTON GRAMMAR?

'The eagerness of the pupils to learn inspires me to teach; which maybe a common reason among many teachers for what propels them to fall in an inescapable love of their métier - but regardless of that, I still believe that this is the central reason behind the ease of my job, to goad my pupils towards greatness, to progress in their path to discovering the beauty in science.'

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR VERNAZZA

WHY DID YOU CHOOSE SUTTON GRAMMAR?

'Sutton Grammar is the fourth school I've worked at in my career. In my second school, an international school in Italy, high achievements were always commemorated, an environment packed with extra curricular communities driven by student bodies; and I received the impression that Sutton Grammar is a similar place of education - a breeding ground for scholars, where students are free to exercise their passions.'

WHAT WAS YOUR INSPIRATION TO BECOME A TEACHER?

'Teaching is a profession that plays to my personal strengths, as a strong mathematician and an empath; I can identify when people struggle to comprehend a topic, - and I have an ability to give concise and constructive criticism. Discovering these internal strengths has led to me electing teaching to be a part of my life as well as my previous teaching experiences, when I was younger, I was a tutor.'

WHY MATHS? WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE THING ABOUT MATHS?

'The ingrained philosophy of what truth really irresistibly attracts me, Mathematics is constant in all realities, an undisputed axiom to our very being. I believe that Mathematics is a fundamental truth to any thing in the universe, a mesmerising proposition, beautiful in a unique way; if beauty was time then perhaps Mathematics would be eternity. Although there may be other truths in the universe, Mathematics is one of our interpretations of reality, which simplifies the complexity of our vast universe.'

STAFF ARRIVALS

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR COOK

WHAT INSPIRED YOU TO TEACH AND WHY DRAMA?

"I had trained as an actor and I'd spent some time working in the profession and I thought it was something I was quite good at. I was partly inspired to go into acting by a teacher who had taught me, so I thought it was quite a good idea to perhaps have a go at inspiring others."

WHAT HAVE YOUR INITIAL IMPRESSIONS OF THE SCHOOL BEEN?

"I think it's got a real character to it and it's got a clear identity. I like the fact that it's compact and you can find your way around pretty easily and I like the fact that it's reasonably quick to get to know people. I've settled in quickly and the school environment has made it easy for me to do that."

WHAT HOBBIES DO YOU ENJOY OUTSIDE OF WORK?

"I'm a bit of a fantasy football addict and that takes up more time than it should do, really. When I have a clear amount of time I do enjoy walking- my family home is up north and the Lake District is by far my favourite part of the country and when I've got time I'll head over there to head up a few hills. I'm a Manchester United fan, in part because of my favourite player growing up- George Best. He is one of the best players I've ever seen play."

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY ARE THE IDEAL CHARACTERISTICS OF A TEACHER?

"Passion, a willingness to go the extra mile in terms of doing what needs to be done to get students over the line; in terms of exams. I think you need to be patient- things might not necessarily happen quickly in teaching. I also think you need to keep an open mind as it is an ever-changing industry."

WHAT SPURRED YOUR TRANSITION INTO DESIGN & TECHNOLOGY?

"I have always been very creative and imaginative. From a young age as a child I enjoyed designing and making things. I remember childhood drawings of futuristic ideas such as spaceships to transport toys and creating a world of my own from my imagination. As I've grown as a person, DT has become a hobby, a subject I enjoy due to my passion for interior design and DIY. Ikea is probably one of my favourite places to visit. I admire creativity in individuals and enjoy nurturing that within the classroom and beyond. I like to visit exhibitions and galleries when I have the chance. I especially enjoy immersive experiences which allow you to experience art and design in a more innovative and sensory way."

MS HATRAPAL

WHY DO YOU THINK DT IS IMPORTANT?

"We live in a 'made' world, consisting of things that have been designed by people; every product has a designer behind it, designed to improve our lives in some way. It is important we continue to have generations of designers, engineers and architects that strive to improve our lives and the world that we live in. Personally, I am always looking for products and ideas that make my own life easier, from simple things like smart storage solutions at home to clever concepts that will improve my life."

WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE THING ABOUT SUTTON GRAMMAR?

'Being of Bangladeshi descent myself, I feel at home with the large South Asian and multicultural community at Sutton Grammar. I feel I am able to better connect with the students at this school, finding common ground from my upbringing and culture. This is important to me, as I believe having a professional and personable student- teacher relationship is fundamental to creating an inspiring learning environment.'

MS BENSON

WHAT INSPIRED YOU TO BECOME A TEACHER, AND WHY SPECIFICALLY ENGLISH?

"After studying English at Oxford, I came to really appreciate the subject so I spent some years teaching English as a foreign language in Italy and Vietnam, which was a great experience that I thoroughly enjoyed. It was a great opportunity to live in another culture, to learn about different ways of working, and to get to know new people in a different environment. In the pandemic I was looking for another career and teaching really appealed to me as a way of showing my subject knowledge."

WHAT HAVE YOUR INITIAL IMPRESSIONS OF THE SCHOOL BEEN?

"It struck me as such a friendly and welcoming environment. I think everyone here has a really positive attitude and there is a great school ethos. I think it's amazing that there are such a range of extracurricular activities available here to the students, which really adds value to their education."

WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE PART OF THE ENGLISH COURSE TO TEACH?

"I really enjoy doing poetry because I like the fact that you have one poem in one lesson and you can get a lot out of that. I also really like teaching creative writing because they respond really well to some of the suggestions we make and that has been really positive as well."

WHAT HOBBIES DO YOU ENJOY OUTSIDE OF WORK?

"I love reading obviously as an English teacher. I also have a passion for culture so enjoy the theatre and arts. I enjoy running and yoga as well."

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY ARE THE CHARACTERISTICS OF AN IDEAL TEACHER?

"There's a few different elements to it, but I think passion for your subject is a really important factor. I think you also have to be quite resilient in the face of challenges, because it is quite a challenging job, as well as being flexible and adaptable. I think you have to be as kind and fair as possible to help the students and to work with your team."

STAFF ARRIVALS

MS RHODES

WHAT INSPIRED YOU TO TEACH AND WHY CHEMISTRY?

"I really like communication and I've always liked languages, and very nearly did languages A level. I equally like problem solving so I always enjoyed subjects at school like science and maths. I ended up doing sciences at A level and took a particular liking to Chemistry and so went to do a Chemistry degree. I wasn't too keen on working in a lab and doing research, so I went and tried working in an office, which I also found rather dull. So I thought, what can I do? I went and tried out teaching work experience and I really enjoyed it so I did a PGCE."

AS SOMEONE WHO HAS TAUGHT AT THE SCHOOL BEFORE, WHAT HAVE YOUR INITIAL IMPRESSIONS BEEN UPON YOUR RETURN?

"An obvious difference is that there is a new senior leadership team- we now have Mr Cloves and Ms Ross. Previously I was here with Mr Ironside and Ms Sutherland. I think the character of the school is still the same. There is a really good relationship between pupils and staff, and there is a really cohesive staff."

WHAT HOBBIES DO YOU ENJOY OUTSIDE OF WORK?

"I have a dog, called Tiggy, whom I love very much. She's our family dog and she's about to turn 7. She's a cockapoo. I love walking her and playing with her and I really enjoy walking and hiking in general. I also love travelling. I haven't done so much in the recent past because I had young children, but we're doing a bit more now that they're older. We went to Amsterdam last year and had a lovely time cycling around. I also went on a very long trip before I came to SGS for the first time. I went travelling for 10 months with my husband. We went all over the world- we started in southern Africa, and then went to Australia and New Zealand, and then parts of South America. I love experiencing different foods, cultures and languages."

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY ARE THE IDEAL CHARACTERISTICS OF A TEACHER?

"I think you've got to be able to communicate. I also think there's a difference between just knowing your subject, and being able to teach your subject. It's more important that you can actually teach it in a way that's accessible. You need to have a certain presence and confidence and need to remember that you're the lead in the classroom."

STAFF ARRIVALS



Mr Vernazza



Ms. Hatrapal



Mr Dewfall



Ms Benson



Mr Cook



Ms Rhodes



Mr Roy

MR R PLETT

BY MRS. W. OZOLS (Head of Geography, Sept 2009 - August 2023)

Wendy Ozols was Head of Geography (and for many years a pastoral head) at Sutton Grammar School when the young Ray Pletts arrived as a boy. Eventually, Mr Pletts was to take over directly from her as Head of Geography, and here she reflects on his time as a pupil.

I first encountered Ray as a Year 7 pupil when I had volunteered to help out the PE department by “supervising” a tennis match against another school. He was a very enthusiastic tennis player and it struck me that he was also an extremely friendly and polite young man. I cannot remember whether SGS won the match, but I do remember how well our boys, especially Ray, played and worked like a team, with Ray’s mother as their coach. I did not meet Ray again until he was in Y10. He was one of just a pair of students from 10 Green in my GCSE Geography set. My abiding memory of his two years as a GCSE student is how willingly and modestly he helped the young man he shared the desk with – another 10 Green student who struggled with some of the topics. I am convinced that this young man can attribute his GCSE success to Ray’s quiet support.

Ray was an excellent A Level student and he genuinely was a pleasure to teach. His group was lively and great fun in the classroom – lots of good-humored banter was generally the order of the day, although they did also get the work done!! We were all on a steep learning curve as there was a new A level introduced that year, with new types of exam paper. Most of the boys liked to “study” in the Geography Resources Room, although I think there was more chatting and listening to music than actual constructive work!! However, it must be said that the results that year were good!

As well as being a great student, Ray was an excellent Deputy Head Boy. Whenever he was on duty in the playground, which was virtually every day, he would be surrounded by younger students all wanting to talk to him about all sorts of things, but more often than not “What’s the Story, Sporting Glory”, the weekly school newspaper that Ray had started, and which he edited throughout his time in the Sixth Form. What an amazing role model he was! (If I am honest, I could never understand why he was not Head Boy. He certainly had a great rapport with the younger students.)

One particularly memorable day towards the end of his time in the Sixth Form, when Ray had two A Level exams, was also a day when England were playing an important match in the World Cup. (This must have been a tournament in a very different time zone as the match was being played so early for UK time.) He arrived at school early that day in order to avoid seeing the start of the match whilst at home, having told his mother that he was going to sit in my classroom. He knew that there was absolutely no way I would be watching or listening to the football, so he would not be distracted by the match if he stayed in room 30 with me. What he did not bargain for was that Mr Denton had a classroom full of students who had come to school early to watch the match in his classroom, and so Ray could hear the “Ooos”, “Aahs” and cheers coming from across the playground. Such is Ray’s love of football that his curiosity eventually got the better of him, his self-discipline crumbled and he wandered over to the Business Studies hut to see what was happening. Still, his intentions had been good.

After leaving SGS, Ray went to Birmingham to read Geography, but this was not the end of his association with the department. He was already thinking about going into teaching and he came back a couple of times to help me with the Sixth Form fieldwork, making resources and also accompanying me on the day to help with supervising individual groups. What a help that was!! I could not have done it all as smoothly without the help that he (and his great friend Matt Tiplin) gave me. My Sixth form students at the time joked that Ray was after my job. It seems they were right because, when I retired in 2009, he was appointed to take over as Head of Geography from me, having earned this position completely fairly amongst a very strong field of candidates for the job. In my opinion, Ray is a natural teacher, always innovative and fascinated by his subject. Although I think he will be brilliant in his new role, his leaving will be a sad loss for the school.

The following tribute was given by Will Humphries at the Old Suttonians' Dinner on September 15th 2023, on the occasion of Ray's being presented with an Honorary Life Membership by the OSA. These are not awarded for years' service to the school (although that is sometimes an important contributory factor), but for going above and beyond the core teaching duties to provide Suttonians with rich, extra-curricular memories and experiences.



Ray made his debut for Sutton Grammar School in 1995 as a fresh-faced 11 year old. It was bold from Gordon to appoint a prepubescent Head of Geography but given that we're gathered here today to celebrate his induction into the Old Suttonians' Hall of Fame, it was a move that proved the 'you'll never win anything with kids' naysayers wrong.

Whilst in reality it took Ray a few more years to reach those dizzying heights, he undoubtedly made a big impression on the school in his student days. He was deputy head boy, but that achievement paled into significance compared to his greatest feat: the invention of the school sports newspaper What's The Story, Sporting Glory.

(Here there was an interruption from Steve Bangs, possibly along the lines of claiming Sporting Glory as his own invention)

It was a newspaper that built sporting heroes amongst our own community. Sadly, when Maskell and I got our hands on it years later, it descended into a cheap rag that was only a fake sheikh away from being banned entirely. It is sorely missed.

Ray himself was a stalwart of SGS football scene and made perhaps his final appearance for the school earlier this year with a dogged display against the Old Suttis, earning a prized 1-1 draw. Ray then took a hiatus from SGS. University was an understandable decision but the less said about the time teaching at Wally Boys the better - at least it wasn't Wilsons.

Thankfully, by 2009, he was back and this time he really was Head of Geography and capably filled the legendary shoes of Wendy Ozols. She sends her apologies and would have loved to have been here this evening. (Wendy has provided her own tribute to Ray, which is printed here in the Suttonian)

STAFF DEPARTURES

Ray has been so much more than a great teacher and an Ofsted-lauded Head of Geography. He has also been:

- A school governor
- Football coach
- Duke of Edinburgh regular
- Head of Green House
- And the go-to IT supergeek - there is nothing in life that this man cannot make easier without the assistance of Google Drive.

Ray has also helped thousands of students and plenty of staff create priceless memories on school trips. Whether it's trips to explore the dramatic physical geography of Iceland or to Barcelona to discover how many pints of Estrella are needed to make a sixth former chunder in the street, Ray has provided so many students with invaluable opportunities.

I have spent hours with him on the ski slopes in the past decade, and even more hours on the coaches to and from them. Ray's trip expertise is second to none; he is a man that can rustle up 30 pizzas at midnight at the port of Dover, create a professional trip video with a carefully curated playlist and provide lifelong karaoke memories for many students in Austrian apres bars.



During this time, I am proud to say that I have become great friends with Ray and we have made so many memories together both in and out of school.

In the last six years we've worked together, Ray has been a tremendous support, most memorably in our regular visits to Wetherspoons. Ideally we cosy up in a booth (affectionately nicknamed a Win after SGS biology icon Win Booth). Over the years, we have put the world to rights and watched the price of a guest ale trickle up to over £2. From here on, I'll cut a lonely figure in there at lunch times.

He is a tremendous friend. His kindness trumps even his tech geekiness. He bought himself a wine advent calendar last Christmas, but then bought me one too so he could share in the exchange of expert opinions. I look forward to eating a lot more of his cheese and drinking a lot more of his wine in the years to come.

So here's to Ray, for all he has done for the school and everyone involved with Sutton Grammar in the last 28 years.

BY MR W HUMPHRIES

STAFF DEPARTURES

MR C GRIFFITH

Sixth Form Officer Oct 2007 – August 2023

I remember when we appointed Chris Griffith, Gordon Ironside and I, to the newly created post of Sixth Form Officer. Of all the people we interviewed, he seemed pretty obviously the best fit for a school and sixth form like Sutton Grammar, and neither of us really had any doubt about the wisdom of getting him on board. Chris combined humour, warmth and an obviously strong intellect, all of which would resonate over what became a long tenure in one of the school's most difficult jobs. With no template or predecessor, Chris had to virtually make the job up as he went along. It is to his credit that he became such a valued member of staff, and an increasingly important counsellor, adviser and enforcer for the successive generations of sixth formers who pursued their studies under his benevolent supervision, or pestered him for help in producing their UCAS personal statements, or simply unloaded about a whole raft of school issues which bothered them at any given moment (and sixth formers get very bothered about an awful lot).

Chris had been Head Boy at St John's Leatherhead and then gone on to Bristol University, which as everyone knows is one of the world's top universities. He was first and foremost a man of scholarly interests and passions. Over the years he worked on a ten thousand page continuous narrative poem; a thesis demonstrating beyond doubt that Shakespeare didn't actually write the plays attributed to him (could that thesis somehow have got into the hands of Ben Elton for "Upstart Crow"?); and engaged in deep study of the Bible and authors such as Piers Plowman. He was second to none in his extraordinary scholastic interests. Interestingly, he was not that interested in becoming a teacher, despite the school pushing this option at him and getting him a Qualified Teacher Status which I suspect he was never really intending to use!



If anyone ever doubted the affection in which Chris was held by the sixth form, they only needed to attend the annual Sixth Form Leavers' Dinner where the man himself, and latterly in his absence the mere mention of his name, would bring roars of approval and normally a year-group-funded present. For all the need to be the face of a wayward sixth form discipline, berating sixth formers to study silently and "get off those games", Chris never lost sight of the need to be a humane figure to whom any sixth former could come and chat. Before we ever had formal school counsellors we had Chris Griffith as a sympathetic ear and, if necessary, advocate. I was also always grateful that he applied his duties of supervision with the light touch that we pretty much tried to apply to everything in those years from a different era, ensuring that sixth formers understood what they needed to do without irrevocably alienating them from the school and sixth form as a whole.

Chris' job saw him operate in three different environments during his time here. First in the old but full-of-character sixth form building that was once an infant school, then in the temporary accommodation of Rm 49 until finally we all moved into the glistening and anaesthetised surroundings of the new block. He was always a welcome and erudite colleague to have around, and while we will miss him, we offer him our very best wishes as he focuses on his family and tries out new ventures.

BY MR G MARSHALL

Paul Denton was a breath of fresh air when he arrived at Sutton Grammar to take on the Business Studies teaching in the school, generating an aura of youthful enthusiasm that he never actually seemed to lose however much his body might be ageing, to the absolute annoyance of those of us who age rather more obviously! In the course of a long career at Sutton, Paul added other roles to his core responsibility of Business Studies. He set up an enormously successful and long-running Young Enterprise programme, contributed throughout his time to school football as both manager and – for Old Sutt games – player, took on the Careers coordination in school in which he would organise large and varied careers fairs for Years 10 to 13, and also got fully involved in the Duke of Edinburgh expeditions. Add to this his long stint as a sixth form tutor and his willingness to turn his hand to teaching Geography and Economics at times, and you have the correct picture of a ‘complete’ teacher. There can be few students who haven’t engaged with Paul at different times in their careers over the course of his tenure.

When he arrived at Sutton Grammar, Paul was a man of irredeemably left-wing persuasions which sat oddly with his weekend role as a market stall manager and small-scale capitalist (in which he would often employ sixth formers anxious for a bit of extra earning power). The stall eventually had to go, but I’m not sure the opinions ever did.

Paul’s approach to his job was always an all-in one, and he would be constantly rooting for ways to make lessons different from the norm and looking for visit opportunities for his Business Studies students. If you heard Tina Turner’s “Simply the Best” booming out from his classroom you could be pretty sure it was yet another dynamic introduction to some part of the Business Studies syllabus that needed a bit of beefing up. Day trips to the Land Rover factory near Solihull, in the meantime, started early and came back late and undoubtedly gave students a flavour of successful British based enterprise.

As a sixth form tutor Paul was always ready to advocate for his students. I knew that if a student in Paul’s tutor group was in trouble, or going through a difficult time, he had a tutor who never counted the hours he spent with them and was always there to offer help and support.

Paul had a remarkable ability to bring former students back to school, maintaining an impressive network of students who could in later years enhance the careers fairs, or speak to their successor generations. It was also a sign, I think, of the regard so many of his former students had for him that they would respond so positively to the call when it came. In that regard, Paul embodied the spirit of a school that saw itself as an organic community which continued well after students left. Now Paul himself has left, having contributed so much in his impressive time here, and we wish him all the best in his further endeavours.

MR P DENTON

**Head of Business Studies,
November 1995 – August 2023**

By Mr G Marshall



In the realm of engineering, possessing passion, creative prowess, and an insatiable curiosity for understanding the inner workings of things are paramount. Rishit Madireddy, an exceptionally gifted student at our school, epitomises these qualities and more. With an inherent thirst for knowledge and a knack for problem-solving, Rishit has not only cultivated a fervent love for engineering but has also achieved remarkable success, earning the prestigious Arkwright Scholarship. In this interview, Rishit shares his transformative journey, imparts guidance to aspiring engineers, and underscores the significance of thinking beyond conventional boundaries in the realm of engineering.

Rishit's trajectory towards engineering was shaped by his innate curiosity and an ardent desire to unravel the mechanics behind various applications, delving into their intricate complexities and demystifying their functionalities. This hands-on approach has not only fueled his passion for engineering but has also ignited an unwavering drive to explore it further.

When asked about his advice for budding engineers, Rishit emphasises the pivotal role of thinking outside the literal and metaphorical confines. He encourages aspiring engineers to embrace an imaginative mindset when approaching engineering challenges. Rishit firmly believes that innovation often stems from exploring diverse engineering domains, seeking inspiration from unconventional sources, and fearlessly embarking on fresh approaches if the desired outcomes are not initially achieved. He underscores the power of seeking guidance from trusted mentors, be it through online research or consulting teachers for clarification and support.

Rishit attributes his growth to the influential role played by Mr. James. Not only did Mr. James introduce Rishit to the Arkwright Scholarship, but he also provided invaluable insights during Rishit's Arkwright project. Additionally, Mr. James laid a robust foundation for Rishit's understanding of electronics, a bedrock that proved instrumental in the success of his project. Rishit's deep admiration for Mr. James exemplifies the profound impact a dedicated and supportive teacher can have on a student's academic and personal development.

EXCEPTIONAL ACHIEVEMENTS



When asked about the most formidable aspect of engineering, Rishit points to the initial stages of a project—conceptualization. He acknowledges that generating innovative ideas can be daunting. However, he further advises aspiring engineers to explore various engineering disciplines, seeking solutions and inspiration from a myriad of sources. By broadening their horizons and embracing a diverse range of ideas, aspiring engineers can surmount initial hurdles and pave the way for groundbreaking innovations.

Rishit Madireddy's journey as an impassioned and exceptionally talented engineer serves as an inspiration to aspiring engineers within our school and beyond. His unquenchable thirst for knowledge, coupled with an unwavering commitment to think innovatively and explore uncharted territories, has earned him acclaim through the esteemed Arkwright Scholarship. As Rishit continues to push the boundaries of engineering, his counsel to future engineers resonates deeply – cultivate an unbounded mindset, seeking guidance when needed, and consistently rising above challenges. With trailblazers like Rishit leading the way, the future of engineering appears brighter than ever.

BY SRINIVAS MEDIDA



Sutton Grammar School provides a multitude of opportunities and chances for students to expand their potential and provide them with a colourful and diverse future full of arts and creativity. Yet we are plagued by the simple-minded love of maths and science, it seems that there is little else in many students' lives. Yet this section of our magazine is dedicated to those who refuse to conform to the normalised boredom of algebraic equations, who don't want to relegate their lives to labs and chemicals. The Arts section is for those who stand against the sea of STEM students and choose to further their horizons.

To those who do this, or have ever thought about doing so, I urge you to take every opportunity SGS thrusts at you and make sure to take part in every concert, performance and art project possible. In here I will be guiding you through the arts at SGS from the fantastic projects that art students tire over day after day, to the concerts that come together every spring and winter. You will hear about the LAMDA sessions which our school always performs phenomenally well in and then finally the school plays that help build our school up, whether this be productions from the sixth form or ones performed by the entire school, this year under the capable eyes of Mr Cook and Mr Roy. I hope you enjoy the following articles in our section and I hope it inspires some to turn away from academic conformity and realise there is more to our school than simply maths and science.

Edited by Ben Roberts.



THE ARTS

With only 4 in our A Level drama class, the AS Drama performance this year was going to be interesting. Having been given a list of numerous plays, about one third of the way through the year, the time abruptly came for us to choose what we were to perform. By researching into each and every one, we settled on three different possible plays. Tartuffe by Moliere, Art by Yasmina Reza and Mother Courage by Bertolt Brecht, the famous practitioner and playwright. With most of us drawn to the comedy of Art we seemed settled until we recognised that we would have to introduce a fourth character as the play only contained three. Therefore, we realised this was not conceivable so we moved on. After numerous debates and powerpoints, we were content with performing Tartuffe, however, only three of us- Me, Ben and Bryn- had made this decision as Patrick was ill. Tartuffe seemed like a decent play but there were better ones out there, however, with time not on our side we were pushed to settle on it. The day after, Patrick came back. We told him our decision but he asked to perform his powerpoint on Brecht's Mother Courage and so, reluctantly, we agreed. Fortunately, Mother Courage proposed a much better plot and characters for re-interpretation so as a last minute decision we changed to Mother Courage.

Now, I could give you an entire recap of the build up to our production of Brecht's Mother Courage but that would be long and contain so many twists and turns, even I would get confused writing this. Long story short, after much rehearsal in the style of our chosen practitioner Max Stafford Clark, we settled on re-interpreting the play so that Eilif, Mother Courage's son, would become the main character. As we continued to go through the creative process, we even settled on the idea to remove Mother Courage from the play as a whole. This was due to Stafford Clark's dislike of multi rolling and therefore, keeping her character in would not have been feasible if we were to fulfil our goal.

So, I know you didn't ask for it, but here is the storyline of our re-interpreted Mother Courage (trust me, it took us a long time to make so spend at least 2 minutes reading this). Eilif

(played by Ben) stumbles across an Army Chaplain (played by Bryn) and a Commander (of the 4th Finnish Regiment, played by Jonny). These evil, manipulative men (well, only the Commander) convince Eilif to enrol in the army, informing him of his strong, warrior-like figure. He falls for their trap and before too long, is deep in the thick of a religious war between Catholics and Protestants. However, the more time he spends in the army, the more he is taught to hate and kill Catholics as he is fighting for the Protestant side. The manipulative Commander breeds an evil, cold-hearted warrior from a feeble boy. As a result of his brain-washing, after the war has ended, Eilif is caught up in a situation with a Catholic Priest. He ends up killing him and therefore, stands trial. The superb Court Marshall (played by Patrick) works to try to uncover them by interviewing each of the Protestant Priests, the Commander and Eilif himself. As he digs deeper into Eilif's crime, he discovers that the real crime may have been committed by the Commander as he breeds many evil young men to hate their enemy. Perhaps it was the Commander who was on trial all along...!

When we performed it, it was more than incredible. The atmosphere prior to the performance was like a Champions League final. There was a hush before we began and we proceeded, for the next 15 minutes to act our hearts out. All four of us are very grateful for Mr Roy's influence and superb working of the lights and sound and of course to Mr Cook, who unfortunately is no longer at the school but was a superb Drama teacher and not only played an integral part behind the scenes but taught us a lot about Drama. “

WHO IS THE ONE ON TRIAL HERE EILIF...”, who is the one on trial here...?”

BY JONNY SPENCER



AS DRAMA PERFORMANCES

For one night only in November 2022, the threat of the school's roof caving in was ignored, as the school's main hall was transported into a winter wonderland for the return of the Christmas Concert. Parents and teachers alike gathered together in celebration of the vast array of musical talent among the students at all stages of their school careers. The audience's anticipation was almost as palpable as the buzz in the canteen prior to the orchestral opening, as the performers were eager to flaunt their hard work and practice over the previous months. This excitement was only multiplied by the dulcet tones of Mr. Brook tuning the orchestra's instruments, soon joined by his vocal prodigies – the acapella. As the performers made their way onto the stage for the first time, there seemed to be a sense of hysteria amongst the staff, as Adamant Edindon had failed to turn up with the sheet music for the violins. As is Mr. Edindon's style, he soon sauntered in five minutes later, arguing that his train had been delayed, whilst wiping a Greggs Sausage Roll from his upper lip.

The clock struck seven and the proceedings were soon underway, with the bells of Santa's sleigh filling the room and Rudolph's red nose lighting up the audience. Perhaps the most impressive aspect of the evening was the amount of lower school performers, with year 7 and 8 students showing off their breadth of talent on violin, piano, and vocal scales. Aaron He, of year 8, was a real standout student, and I'm sure even Chopin would have been proud of his rendition of Nocturne in C# minor. On top of the talented soloists, the group performances also saw bursts



of talent from all year groups. The lower school voices packed in 30 Christmas songs in 1 minute, whilst the upper school voices were in angelic harmony with their counterparts from Sutton High School, a wonderful contribution to the evening.

At the end of the performance, the SGS Jazz Orchestra got everybody on their feet before Alex Springate tied a bow on what was a wonderful festive gift for the ages. In summary, the concert was a rousing success, and could not have been pulled off without the hard work of all the students, as well as Mr. Doherty, Mr. Brook, and Mrs. Gunn. Lastly, I am sure Mr. Cloves would like me to send my sincerest thanks to the emcee, Miles Searle, whose charisma, style, and personality was akin to that of the finest musicians and dramatists throughout history. Thank you Miles!

BY MILES SEARLE



THE CHRISTMAS CONCERT



ACAPPELLA



After singing in the Lower School Voices for the past 3 years, this year was my first in the prestigious Acapella, the most esteemed singing groups here at SGS, run by Mr Brook. After a tricky audition of skilled singing I successfully passed the audition stages allowing me to join some of Sutton Grammar's most exceptional singers every Monday and Thursday for rehearsals. Any initial nervousness I had quickly dissipated as rehearsal by rehearsal a sense of camaraderie was built between members, all who were in the Upper School.

After months of rehearsals and much practice in which we never seemed to have everyone for with the bombardment of tests and other distractions we met for the final time before the Christmas concert, arguably the pinnacle of SGS music prowess. Over the months of lead up, we improved our individual parts arduously improving timings and pitching, something our Baritones had been picking up on time after time. It was only on the day of the Christmas concert we all banded together for what would be the last time that year before the moment of truth. In those 45 minutes we all worked like never before, Mr Brook tirelessly working to get us all into time and tune, but after the too short a session it was down to us now.

Standing up on the stage we were to perform Ben E King's "Stand By Me" and "Sh-Boom". Two highly advanced songs with technical harmonies and one of the hardest bass lines that I had ever seen, with them even switching notes at one point! Yet we pulled it out of the bag, all of us singing better than in any rehearsal. The performance went down so well that we were even asked to make a special appearance at Mr Cloves' Christmas assembly on the last day of term, showcasing the skill of the Acapella and receiving a wave of applause from the whole school.

And after a pizza celebration lunch (one of the many perks of performing in the concert), we returned to rehearsals in preparation for the Spring Concert. We performed three songs: "Why do Fools Fall in Love", "Can You Feel the Love Tonight" (from the Lion King) and Queen's "Crazy Little Thing Called Love". The addition of the new song was truly an ambitious feat, but this time with even more rehearsals (of which

a phenomenal amount were missed by certain singers... Logan) we were able to produce an even better performance for the Spring concert.

The concert would also mark the end of an era for our Year 13 singers. I'm sure they will look back on their Acapella years as a great memory, and we wish them all the best as they begin their new chapter in life.

A huge thank you to Mr Brook, whose tireless efforts in arranging rehearsals and music scores have allowed this year's Acapella to be yet another huge success.

**BY JONATHAN
PIRES**

The chaotic production of Antigone was a special time for many of the people involved. Star actors Miles Searle and Kian Standbridge played the main roles as Kreon, King of Thebes and Antigone. Despite the play being stressful for students, it was certainly worthwhile to partake in.

For the audience, the play was a welcome reminder that sixth form students can put on difficult classical plays successfully and with the full gamut of emotions that such dramas deserve. With an albeit modern setting, we were transported back to a highlight of Greek dramatic resonance, with superb performances from the sixth form cast wringing every ounce of conflicted emotion that they could out of the age old words of Antigone.

It is certainly difficult to stage well any of the Greek dramas, but the cast, crew and director (Mr. Cook and Mr. Roy) of Antigone did a magnificent job. Let us leave you now with the words that herald the play.

Good evening everyone. I regret to inform you all that Kreon has killed everyone. Now deemed unfit to rule the sacred lands of Thebes, it is believed the duty shall fall to his next of kin, Reece. He has already said to his father, "You cannot run from the truth any longer".

**IT IS UNCLEAR
HOW THIS
TRAGEDY— BESET
NATION WILL GO
ON WITH SUCH
MONUMENTAL
LOSSES__**

Let the play begin.





ANTIGONE

House Events lie at the heart of SGS life. In the cauldron of competition, the bonds of community and team spirit that bind us together are forged. Crunching slide tackles, mud-soaked shirts, desperate finish-line sprints: through such grit is glory born. From gutsy final-wicket stands to water jump flops, no moment is without tension; no second without fun.

Whether you're in Warwick or you lose, the pure passion poured into these contests shines just as brightly as the House Shield itself.

Edited by Jacob Bickerstaffe & Hassaan Rehman

HOUSE EVENTS

2022-2023

HOUSE EVENTS

LENHAM

A huge congratulations to Years 7,8 and 10 Lenham for making both me and Mr Turner proud by coming first place in your year groups events. We were very unlucky that despite these victories we had to endure a hard loss. However, every individual in red should be proud of themselves for giving it their all in a range of athletic events. Although Y12s did not have their best year, some of them performed admirably as role models for the younger students by showing what it means to be "red to the core" (as Mr Turner says). Alex Ahmed and, surprisingly, covering deputy House captain Henry Tozer, came joint first in the long jump. The pair were the only Y12s to win an event. Although four out of five 100m triumphs is impressive, Kobi Asante-Abedi missed his chance on a clean sheet by milliseconds. Even though he is unhappy with himself, doubtlessly he leads the **GREATEST NUMBER OF EVENTS WON BY MILES** – which includes 100m and 200m. It was an honour to captain Lenham House across all year groups on my last sports day at Sutton Grammar. Leading the lap of honour with the flag in my hand, pointing to the sky, is something I will cherish as one of my best memories at this school.

BY **AAYAN SAJID**



GREYHOUND

Having not been able to compete in a Sports Day since 2019 due to the Coronavirus pandemic, there was an aura of **EXCITED ANTICIPATION** and optimism that surrounded the Year 12 Greyhound students as they arrived at Northey on a bright Thursday morning. This same energy flowed through the entire House, with ear-to-ear smiles spanning the faces of all students and a collective yearning to get started with the day's events evident.

After the customary face paint was applied and group photos taken, Y12 Greyhound were quick off the mark in the 800m and discus, where both athletes took 2nd and 3rd place in each event respectively. A stunning performance in the Y10 1500m - which saw Greyhound's Monty Hudson take 1st place in a new record time - was followed by spirited efforts in the long jump from both Y12 boys and girls, with a new record set and 1st place secured by a Greyhound representative in the girls' event. Leading on from this, the Y12 girls stormed to victory in the 80m hurdles, and valiant feats of strength by the Y12 tug of war team witnessed them seize 2nd place, losing only to an unrelenting and utterly composed Warwick side.

Greyhound **CONTINUED TO FIGHT AND CONTEST** each of their events, most notably winning 2nd and 1st place in the Y12 shot put and high jump respectively. Following a well-deserved break at lunch time, all Greyhound members were finally able to come together for their belated warm-up lap, where they were able to showcase their rendition of "Freed From Desire" by Gala Rizzatto, in which Unfortunately, many of the younger years did not catch on to the idea of following the flag-bearer, and did not hesitate to begin running around the track as soon as the chorus started. Nonetheless, their eagerness to take off on a lap around the field shined through in the 4x100m relays, where each year battled hard and placed within the top 4 in most of the races.

As the day drew to a close and the event certificates were handed out, the fruits of Greyhound's courageous endeavours were there for all to see; we placed very highly overall in each

year, not dropping below 3rd place and coming 1st overall in Y12. As the day drew to a close and the event certificates were handed out, the fruits of Greyhound's courageous endeavours were there for all to see; we placed very highly overall in each year, not dropping below 3rd place and coming 1st overall in Y12. Tragically, the final result saw Greyhound fall short by a singular point, placing 2nd out of the 5 Houses. Despite this painful defeat, nothing could detract from the extraordinary accomplishments of every member of our House who - regardless of event, age or skill level - gave their all and came within touching distance of triumph.

BY SCOTT ARTHUR



THROWLEY WARWICK

On the morning of Sports Day the House of Throwley arrived en masse in search of victory. Duty-bound to boost morale as stand-in House captain, I arrived dripped out in an all orange outfit, only to be outshone by our Head Student Benjamin Roberts, who rocked up in a dinosaur costume. Faces smiling and nerves calmed, we were **PERFECTLY MOTIVATED** for the trials ahead.

As we approached the middle of the day, the Year 12 300m race arrived. A shock entrance by myself in the dinosaur costume - which to everyone's surprise did not result in a last-place finish - provided a massive confidence boost for Throwley as every year group saw what (and I have this on excellent information) some have called 'an amazing feat of pure physical prowess'. second to Warwick by a singular point. Overall, Throwley's atmosphere was electric and represented exactly what our House is all about.

BY ANTONY TIRI

As an external student this Sports Day was my first at SGS, but despite not knowing what to anticipate, I had **A BRILLIANT TIME** and so much fun. Serving as House Secretary, supporting my friends who were in Warwick, and even encouraging those who weren't made it truly special. I was so happy to be a source of cheer for others throughout the day. When I arrived at Northey, there was a lot to look forward to because I knew I would be participating in quite a few events. I ended the day having come 2nd in the 100m girls' race, 75m hurdles and the 4x100m relay. I also secured a cheeky 4th place in discus! It's difficult to say what my personal highlight was, but not much could top defeating every other House in Year 12 in Tug of War. Although we knew that winning is just what Warwick does, beating everyone (especially Greyhound) raised morale

...



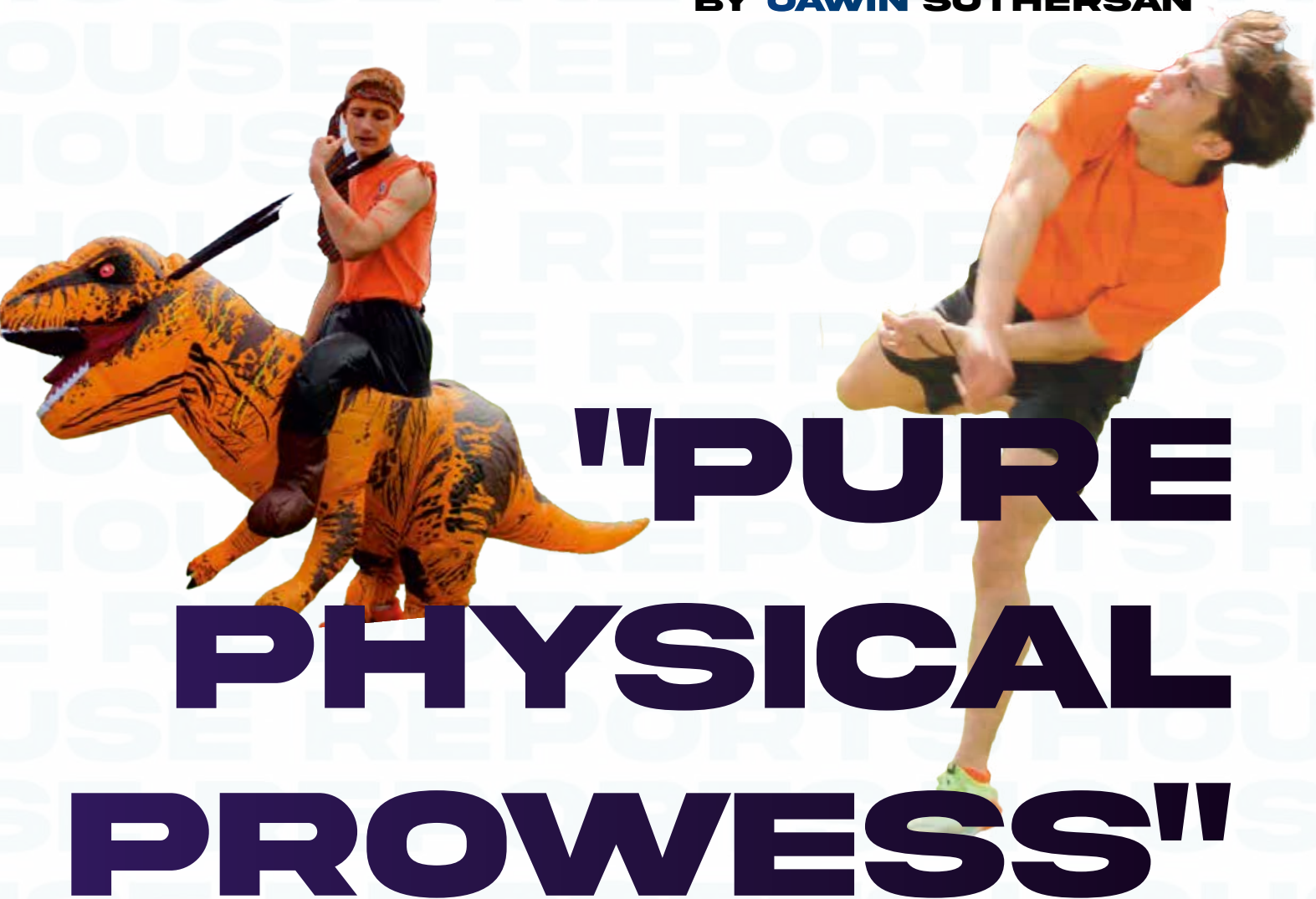
significantly. All the doubters who thought Manor would win Tug of War and Sports Day were proved wrong. Running the lap with the flag made me feel a sense of togetherness that is really strong in Warwick. I could hear a couple of boos from the other Houses but this did not ruin the atmosphere we had created. When I heard the news from Mr Cloves that we had won Sports Day, I was over the moon with joy. Not only had we triumphed, but in banana man we also had the best mascot. Shaking Mr Cloves' hand and raising the Sports Day cup for Warwick was a solid 10/10 experience. I now realise that Warwick doesn't win Sports Day every year just because we're good at sports (although that certainly helps), but because of the solidarity and community within the House, which empowers all of us to embody our slogan "House of the Greats".

BY MARY AGGREY

MANOR

Leading Manor through one of Sutton Grammar's biggest events has been an immense honour and an unforgettable experience; our unity and teamwork was beautiful to see and a privilege to be a part of. Inspiring my teammates to recognize their own greatness and watching their success in event after event, gasped me so much that each victory and every triumph felt as wonderful as if it were my own. After witnessing Josh absolutely leg it to the finish line and first place in the 100m like he was the flash or something, I couldn't not run over there and give my man a hug and an earful of praise. When I heard that Maria won her 800m event, I was as happy as if I'd done a PR in the gym. The list of moments such as these goes on and on. I am **SO PROUD OF EVERYONE** in Manor regardless of whether we won or lost and I wouldn't have been the leader I was without the support of my Manor family. Big up.

BY JAWIN SUTHERSAN



YEAR 7

As the whistling winds hit everyone, there in the muddy fields of Northey Avenue you stand with a feeling of confidence and composure sitting alongside a hint of fret and nerves. It is that nervousness that kicks in as each match commences, with every House preparing to fight it out to the death. One thing is certain: the outcome is always unpredictable. The liveliness and the chaos, the diligence and the skill- all of this makes the battle which ends all battles, House Football.

For Greyhound, our first match was none other than Lenham. Now, we're considered to be one of the underdogs in House Football, as we lack the rich history of some of our rivals. Little did they know that they would be facing the best team in the year.

When the match commenced, I was apprehensive about one particular person: Big Boy Branavan. He was larger than a double decker bus with legs that made the earth rumble. Fortunately, I didn't need to worry: in the first minute Cillian, arguably the best footballer in the whole year group, scored, and soon after the scoreline became 1-0, then 2-0, then 3-0, before eventually making its way up to a gargantuan 7-2 Greyhound victory.

Feeling good about the result, we headed into our next game against Warwick, the pre-tournament favourites. We were all a bit scared to play this match as they had four school A team players... but despite the challenge, we somehow beat them 3-1, with Cillian scoring 2 goals and one final and decisive finish being made by our secret weapon, the mini Uzayr Soobraty. It was our best display of the competition

Now all of the ATTENTION WAS FOCUSED ON US. We had clearly made a bold claim to be the best House at football, and just had to be consistent now against the remaining two Houses. From Throwley, we had been warned about a particular person: Maxiud, a technical genius gifted at free kicks. Bvt yet again, we had our own technical genius, also known as the Messi of Greyhound: Isa. He dribbled past everyone, making them look like clueless fools

and kept scoring miraculous goals every 5 minutes. I assisted 3 goals that match and also scored 1; Cillian grabbed his second hat-trick of the tournament.

Finally, there was only one House left to play: Manor. We were very confident before the match because we had just beaten both of our greatest threats in Warwick and Throwley, so we just had to win this to clinch the whole thing. At kick-off time the entire Manor team were getting the chills, every bone of their spinal cord tingling with the fear of playing an absolute monstrosity of a team - the mighty Greyhound. But we had become overconfident, and things quickly took a turn for the worse as we made lousy, amateur mistakes (we like to call them Lenham mistakes). It eventually ended in a 1-1 draw, but luckily it didn't matter because...

WE HAD JUST WON THE ENTIRETY OF HOUSE FOOTBALL

We galloped towards the changing rooms shouting and yelling, "Champions, Champions, Champions of Sutton Grammar School". It was truly a cherishable moment, a moment of sheer triumph.

On Monday, we proudly walked the corridor as the victors and the underdog team who had risen through the ranks. Looking back, House Football was a memorable and delightful experience that did thrill our hearts and spirits to the very last moment.

BY KEERTHAN ARMUTHULURU

2K

23



An Account of

HOUSE

FOOTBALL

YEAR 8

After discovering new talents last year and moving onto 11-a-side football, House Football was looking more interesting and competitive **THAN EVER.** A much more difficult year for Warwick than the last nevertheless began with an easy thrashing of Manor. 8-0 to be precise. Even with strong upcoming talent, Manor couldn't ignore our fantastic link-up play, and with the help of the freekicks of Darwin Du (one of our star players), it ultimately led to an easy starting game for us. Our second match was against Greyhound, a team who we had beaten last year. Greyhound may not have reached our level yet, but they were certainly not to be underestimated. Even with the game finishing 5-0 in our favour, small conflicts were breaking out inside the team and some worried about our main competitors, Throwley, who we were to play in two weeks' time. In the third week we met Lenham, who now have three School A-Team players and were not to be taken lightly. Even though we were arguably the stronger side physically, mentally we were the weaker team on the day. A 3-2 loss was the final result against the eventual runners up and meant that **WE WOULD HAVE TO BEAT THROWLEY**, our biggest rivals, by a practically impossible scoreline (due to goal difference) if we were to retain our title.

Throwley had prevented us from winning last year so as we went into the game, tensions were high. The odds were in Throwleys favour and they went into their final game looking like the stronger team by far. With their pacy striker, Steven Soloviy, composed midfielder, Hugh Dwyer, and agile defender, Ezra Ting, many people in Warwick felt like we had no chance against a skilful side like Throwley. Sadly, those people were to be proven correct by an embarrassing 6-0 loss. 6-0 was the result we would have to tell our friends in the B and C Team, and 6-0 was the result we were going to have to live with for the following year. Despite the year of taunting we were to face, we learnt a vital lesson: be confident in yourself and your peers, even at your lowest point. Not all was bad for Warwick though, as our B and C team went on to win their tournaments. The third-place finish was definitely not the

best we could do but I am sure (or at least hoping) that it won't be the same next year.

BY DONNIE WILLIAMS



A new season, a new hope, and a new captain – Syed – to lead Greyhound to glory. It was time. Football was coming home. First up: a feast of a game against Warwick, whose domination of the early stages of the match was rewarded with a goal. As the contest wore on, however, we (Greyhound) grew in confidence and had plenty of shots before the half-time whistle went. The second half began with more of the same, but with time running out, we were still yet to score. In the dying minutes though, a Warwick player's minor injury meant that Mr. Blunt gave us six minutes of added time, and those extra minutes proved vital. Our high press finally worked when the goalkeeper succumbed to pressure from Aman, the golden boot winner for every House Football season, who grabbed a late equaliser. But we weren't done there. Straight from the kick-off, we pressed high yet again before Roddy, one of our star defenders, sent a beautiful through ball to Aman, who calmly rounded the goalkeeper to deliver a GOALLLLLLLLLLL! Yet the drama would continue as a clear handball against a goal-bound Warwick shot by centre-back Agam conceded a penalty. In a brilliant decision, we switched goalkeeper to Roddy to ensure the best chance of saving the penalty. Aniketh stepped up for Warwick. SAVED! A weak penalty with the goalkeeper barely having to move. And that was that. We had managed to win on game week 1 against the favourites. In the other match of the game week (GW), Lenham shockingly drew to Manor, who were widely expected to win. Throwley trained before drawing to MaWnor. For GW2, we played Lenham and won 6-0 thanks to a brace from myself, a hat-trick from Aman, and Roddy again on the scoresheet. Warwick defeated Throwley 2-1, in what was said to be a thrilling encounter. Manor trained.

GW3 was against 2-time winners Throwley. The game started badly as star striker Aman had an injury that kept us down to 10-men and Throwley capitalised by taking the lead with

a great top corner finish. But we came firing back and I took a quick throw-in to winger Shaun, who flew into the box before being brought down for a stonewall penalty. Roddy stepped up and fired the ball into the bottom corner to the keeper's right. Shortly after that goal, we pressed high and Throwley centre-back Taha sent a delightful lob back to the Throwley goalkeeper. So delightful was it that it sailed over the goalkeeper's head and into the back of the net, making the 25-yard screamer the best own goal in House Football history. The rest of the game was scrappy and victory was never guaranteed, but we grinded out a 2-1 win against the reigning champions. Elsewhere, Warwick beat Lenham by such a margin that the game was stopped at half-time, with Warwick and Manor playing a match in the other half.

So, it was all down to GW4. Warwick and Greyhound were level on 9 points, but the former had played their final game. All we had to do was get a point against Manor to become winners of House Football. Lenham would be playing against Throwley, who had already mathematically given up their title. Kick-off! And away were the final matches of the season. The start was not a good one. We had no fluidity or cohesion and with a quick counter, Manor's striker scored to take the lead. Once again would come firing back though, peppering the Manor goal with shots. But with nothing in the back of the net at the half-time whistle, Warwick (who had a superior goal difference) were set to win House Football if the score remained unchanged.

To our great relief though, a few minutes after the resumption we finally broke through. After forcing a corner from a great move, a bullet header from Nirvana gave us an equaliser. We were winning House Football! But Manor had other ideas. They piled on pressure and somehow managed to have a striker free through the middle. A tame effort, but one that

YEAR 9

our goalkeeper didn't anticipate, made it 2-1 to Manor. With a couple of minutes to go, our heads sank. Yet our front line refused to give up. I won the ball back in the penalty area and, though a defender dispossessed me, Manor couldn't get it clear and Aman powered past 2,3 defenders before shooting.... We all held our breaths. It was down to this. GOAL! 2-2. The final whistle went and we had won House Football. Throwley beat Lenham and that was that. An amazing season came to an end with Greyhound as champions, Warwick as runners-up, Manor and Throwley tied with third-place, and Lenham coming in fifth. A fantastic end to a great season that all came down to the final kick of Aman, who yet again won the Golden Boot.

BY AYUB HAQUE



YEAR 10

This year's House Football was, without doubt, the most entertaining yet, with many high-scoring games and big upsets. In the As, Lenham always look the best on paper but struggle to play well together, while Manor have a good side all-around but can never find that final touch needed to win. Despite arguably having the worst team overall, Greyhound's star players somehow see them through with prime Messi-like displays. In previous years, Throwley and Warwick struggled, but this year they proved that they were not going to roll over and concede defeat, with Throwley even beating Lenham and drawing with Manor in a match which included an equaliser with the last kick of the game – the best comeback since Liverpool's 4-3 aggregate win against Barcelona.

The first week saw Greyhound take on Lenham and Manor face Warwick. Everyone was raring to go and looking forward to yet another year of battling for top spot. Greyhound took an early lead against Lenham and went into the break 3-0 up. Lenham, however, put up a fierce fight in the second half, bringing the score back to 3-2 only for Greyhound to score another three, putting a stop to this potential comeback. In the other game, Manor comfortably beat Warwick, completely dominating them.

The second week included Greyhound vs Warwick and Throwley vs Lenham. Unlike last year, Warwick fought well, forcing Greyhound to dig deep and only win 5-4 after being 3-4 down with 10 minutes to go. Over on the other pitch, Throwley caused an upset, smashing Lenham 4-1, a result that before seemed as unlikely as Spurs winning a trophy, and showed the other classes that they would be difficult to beat.

Across the next few weeks, we saw many entertaining games, including Lenham beating Manor, and Throwley defeating Warwick. Because of these results, it was all to play for coming into the last week, with Greyhound and Manor battling it out to take the top spot in a title race quite possibly fierier than the 18/19 Premier League. As it happened, this battle was one of the matches being played and, unsurprisingly, it was the most entertaining game of the tournament. Like the Greyhound vs Warwick game, Greyhound were comfortably on top in the first half. Manor brought it back though and were winning 4-3 until your writer scored two late goals to win it for Greyhound, thus securing the overall House Football triumph.

In the B team race, Manor smashed everyone, continuing to dominate as they do each year, whilst Greyhound lost every game, only scoring a handful of goals.

The others won a couple of games each, but no one could challenge Manor.

It was a great year of House Football and everyone thoroughly enjoyed it. Despite losing every game, Warwick always put up a fight and never gave up believing in themselves. This year saw a much more even competition and a lot of entertainment for everyone (with no VAR controversy taking place). The commitment shown by all the players was fantastic, and the mighty Greyhound managed to retain their crown in the As.

BY DANIEL WELLS

"HOUSE FOOTBALL THIS YEAR WAS FULL OF SURPRISES, AS THE CRIMINALLY UNDERRATED LENHAM SIDE REPLICATED THEIR YEAR 7 GLORY WITH A LEGENDARY 100% RECORD IN THE A-TEAM."

YEAR 11

As always, tensions in gameweek one were ridiculously high, and as the teams gathered around the centre-circle it became clear that this tournament would be a bamboozling and unforgettable spectacle.

The flickering flame of Manor's hope to ever win a game was extinguished almost instantly, as Warwick's self-elected Captain, Henry 'Big Dog' Young, ended a Haaland-esque run with a walloping finish and led the team to a solid 2-0 victory. Lenham were hot on their heels though, as Oscar 'Reevaldinho' Reeves kicked his campaign off with unprecedented back-to-back hat tricks, the first of which came against a Greyhound side clearly missing their star player Jackson Maling.

His second came versus Manor despite the herculean efforts of Alex Jeffery aka the 'Ginger R9', who eventually accepted defeat when Jake Sohawon scored straight from a corner.

His shot was as audacious as when he claimed he was "5ft 10 on a good day," and he had no idea how to celebrate it - this lad never scores.

Lenham's defence was also surprisingly solid considering it consisted of Kai 'The Bulldozer' Bryson, Maciej Berkasiuk (the birth child of Harry Maguire and Phil Jones), and Ismail Surty (who managed to knuckleball the ground instead of the ball when he was through on goal).

Throwley's first clash didn't disappoint either as Max Rekhi somehow managed to bag 3 devious goals in a triumph against Greyhound's discombobulated defence - rumour has it even José Mourinho calls him the 'Special One'.

The third gameweek saw dazzling performances from Throwley's centre-back duo Aarya Nanda and Boaz Ting, who were often mistaken for prison guards because of the way they locked the Manor attackers up in a stalemate.

On the other pitch was a match-up between two titans of the House Football realm, Greyhound and Warwick, which ended 2-1 to the boys in green; it was obvious that Warwick couldn't fully cope without their retired superstar Hwan Lee.

It seemed too good to be true for Lenham, who now were sprinting into the lead with the speed of 'Turbo' Thilo Gaitzch, as they narrowly beat Throwley 3-2. Midfield maestro Edwin Cross and Golden Boot winner Reeves matched each other with superb braces at either end, but it was the unsung hero of the red's star-studded team, Pranav Agrawal, who tipped them over the line with a tap-in - he has now surely surpassed Messi and Ronaldo in the 'GOAT' debate.

In a relegation scrap, Greyhound took home a big 5-1 win cementing Manor's customary last-place finish. Ian Kim and Mittush Srithar were wreaking havoc on Juan 'Andy Carroll' Aguirre at the back in a partnership similar to Harry Kane and Son, whereas both Warwick and Throwley were unable to find a winner against each other in their penultimate game. Daniel 'DJ' Johnstone's rocket of a strike was cancelled out by Edwin's mazy dribble and fantastic finish.

It was, however, all to play for in the final game of the competition...

Warwick needed a win for any chance to lift the trophy, but Lenham were in blistering form.

The game began with a stonking challenge from Omar Qadir on his own teammate; he seemed to be a reincarnation of prime Roy Keane and many spectators uttered "let him know you're there son." Lenham then hurtled into a 2-0 lead thanks to the pace of Saran Kirubananthan, giving them one hand on the trophy. Warwick came back fighting though, with a lofted finish outside the box by Thomas Ghafur halving the deficit. After winning a free-kick in a dangerous area, Daniel Johnstone, who has the technique and swagger of a young David Beckham, whipped a sensational free-kick top bins to level the game. Suddenly, the dynamic switched. Lenham were hungry for a winner and caught the yellows napping in a lethal counter-attack. In the dying moments, a goal-line scramble resulted in an own goal by Ghafur to seal the deal. Lenham had done it. House Football champions once again!

BY OSCAR REEVES

UPCOMING...

HOUSE

CRICKET

YEAR 7

Since the year began, I dreamed about House Cricket, desperately hoping for some epic action between the battling houses, some fierce rivalry, some tension in the field...

REALITY

HIT HARD.

Whatever indication of rivalry was cut short by matches that seemed to go on forever. The one-match playing style was a newly introduced way of cricket which involved all 5 houses playing one single match. As the games endured far longer than expected, the teams grew ever more miserable.

At the start of the match, Lenham were resting peacefully whilst Throwley made their debut by scoring more than 30 runs! This might seem like a measly total to the Y8 cricket fanatics, but it was the highest score so far. Manor was next to bat and though the runs flowed, they couldn't do enough to overcome Throwley.

So slow were Warwick to pad up, a penalty was imposed, costing them many valuable runs. Lenham was up next after Greyhound but due to tardiness and unfortunate circumstances, they didn't get to bat.

In the end, Throwley got the most runs (excluding Lenham -who probably didn't stand much of a chance anyway) and therefore 'won house cricket'.

My favourite moment of this big match was when we were just enjoying ourselves, playing cricket as a year group, with Mr Blunt telling us that he expected more of us.

BY AARAV BHOIR



YEAR 8

The most anticipated moment finally arrived as we walked onto the pitch for a crucial first toss. The two strongest cricketing-Houses (Warick and Throwley) engaged in an intense three-match tournament as the rest of us played two games against each other. Our first game of the year was against Lenham. Despite our defeat last year, this contest looked set to be fierce and closely-fought, as our players had **IMPROVED BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS...** The game started with us losing the toss and Lenham electing to bowl first. Unfortunately, they mopped up our top order with ease. Wickets were falling like monsoon rains as hard leather balls were pelted at our naïve opening batters. But the tables turned when our two and only school A team players - Jason and Aarush.K - stepped up to the crease to bat; the runs began piling up and the game seemed on until their wickets fell and so too did our hopes of victory - in the end, we posted just 65 runs on the board. Knowing that defending our meagre total would be an enormous task, we began to bowl. Their openers got out quickly, and it seemed our hope fleetingly returned until a downpour of runs hit us like a hammer. Lenham's school players were carrying the team, smashing boundaries and building such great momentum that when we broke the partnership, it seemed far too late. But tight bowling at the death meant that the pressure rose to its peak with just one ball remaining and two runs needed. Jason started his run-up as everyone braced themselves to field the ball. The ball was hit low and hard and straight to a fielder, who picked it up and powerfully chucked it...

"BUT MISSED..."

A two-metre throw had flown straight past the wickets as they completed the chase! We fell on the ground in despair as Lenham celebrated their thrilling victory.

The second match was the game against Manor. The battle for 4th place was on as whoever won this would be spared the humiliation of coming last. After demolishing them last year, in our minds it was time to replicate that victory again. The game started off with us winning the toss and electing to bat. The openers walked up and worked their magic, with Aarush P scoring 23 runs and the MVP - William - making 31 runs on his debut for the House A team. The match finished with Stefan blitzing 14 runs in a handful of balls and vAarush K finishing with a run rate of 300.00. Our innings ended with us scoring 96 runs, which was an exceptionally good score. Manor's innings started with a quick-fire collapse as Mubashir and I took two wickets apiece and Jason took three without a single extra. Between this and a couple of run-outs, we wrapped up the game, bowling them out for 56 runs, and finishing 4th in the House cricket table. Warwick topped the podium, followed by Throwley and Lenham, with Greyhound in 4th and Manor languishing in 5th.

BY INDIVAR SAMANTA





HOUSE CRICKET

YEAR 10

The second match (I will not write much about being demolished by John Fisher in the first match) of the 2023 Year 10 cricket season was an away fixture at Royal Russell School (a private school in Croydon). The only ounce of hope was that our previous game against Royal Russell had been close: perhaps we could pull off an unlikely victory today. The game started at nine o'clock and our opening batsmen were Ishaan Dhamankar (on strike) and Kaaviyan Vijathevan. After Kaaviyan went out for a duck, Timothy Tregilgas (normally a low-order batsman) came in at number three but was caught at midwicket after a couple of balls. By the time of Tregilgas's dismissal, the conditions had improved and the field was drier, causing the ball to roll faster and further. Dhamankar hit several fours and our total was helped by Royal Russell giving away many extras. At the end of the tenth over, SGS had 51 runs. At around the twelfth over, I was bowled out, sending in Aryan Vaidya, an accomplished batsman, who proceeded to hit a couple of boundaries before going out shortly after. Our bottom order performed well and even picked up the run rate. Russell needed six runs to win. Tregilgas bowled a wicket maiden, right when it was needed most. The batsmen were determined to run anything, their coach losing his mind after each mistake. After another over, it came down to them needing two runs to tie (three to win) in the last over. The first ball was hit for a single. From here, nobody could make a single error in the field. One single slip could be the difference between glory and disappointment. Timothy Tregilgas was under the most pressure of all, having to bowl five dot balls in a row, with the entire game on the line. Every delivery felt like an eternity, followed by a momentary sigh of relief. After four dots, it was on to the final ball. That final ball.

The (inexperienced) batsman tried, and failed, to make contact with the ball, but ran anyway. Ishaan Dhamankar, the wicketkeeper, collected the ball, but slipped on his way to the stumps. The team's hearts dropped. We've seen before (John Terry, Steven Gerrard) how one slip can cost everything. This time, however, it would not matter as he was able to hit the stumps just in time and save the game, letting us win by one run.

We ended our innings with a reasonable total of 117. We did it! Our first taste of success since Year 8. This victory would set the standard for a slightly better season than last year. Still one with more

Vijathevan was the opening bowler, and the first ball of the innings was caught at point by Oliver Karlsson. Unfortunately, this was the high point from which we would embark on a downward spiral. That first over would continue to give away eleven runs, and their run rate would remain steadily high for the first few overs. Fortunately, the spin bowlers came in to save the day: Luke Pararajasingam and Oliver Dunbar kept the runs down, with both getting a wicket too. After they had each bowled their four overs (each bowler was allowed to bowl a maximum of four overs), two more bowlers were brought in with six overs remaining. Timothy Tregilgas was the second player brought in to bowl. His first over heralded only one run and a wicket. In the closing overs, the game was looking winnable, but it would require flawless bowling and impeccable fielding: with three overs to go, Royal failure than success, but nonetheless one of close games and a couple of wins. We were always the underdogs in our home match against Wilson's, but at least we put up a good effort, with some quality batting, bowling and fielding performances from most players. Unfortunately their squad outperformed us with both their batting and bowling. We also disappointingly lost to Glyn. Our closing match against Haliford was slightly frustrating due to the rain, but even poor weather could not remove the happiness of another victory, this time by a much wider margin. Overall, 2023 was a better cricket season than the year before. The squad has really come a long way over the past few years and we have all individually massively improved as cricketers. Let's hope we will get a couple of games in Year 12, too!

BY OLIVER KARLSSON



NOW, ONTO HOUSE SWIMMING...



WHERE DREAMS COME TRUE, TEAMS GET DISQUALIFIED AND WINNERS ARE BORN.

The event kicked off with freestyle A, arguably the most exciting event, with Manor's Joep taking home the gold and our swimmer coming a measly fourth. In the beginning stages of the gala, I recall Warwick's lackluster performance and checking the points, just to be disappointed by our placement: second last. However, as the day went on, it was looking good for us: a half-length backstroke gap by Max, an easy gold from my 2 lengths and, for the first time I've seen in my life, someone switching to breaststroke halfway through and still coming first. The atmosphere was truly immaculate, everyone cheering for each other and Mr Heasman's deafening announcements really putting the whole thing together. Boris' full length ahead of second in his race (and even lapping someone), Kris' impressive fly and some last-minute changes later, it was time for the main event, the one where everyone's heads were turned... the splashathon. The whistle sounded and our racer was lagging behind, however, only 3 legs after, we came first after a disqualification - unlucky Manor, Warwick's already been there, done that, and lost the gala because someone went too early. But not this time, we won with ease and a 15-point gap, no doubt helped by 9W's excellent management, effort put in and Umeir's moral support. Greyhound, hindered by their lack of kit, came second, Lenham third, Mr Casey's blue boys in fourth and, as usual, Throwley in last. I'll look forward to next year's gala, another time to show Warwick's dominance over the other SGS houses - we're coming for the quadruple next year... UP THE WARWICKS!

BY RYAN TO

In a surprising twist of events a seemingly normal House Badminton tournament at SGS descended into a side-splitting comedy of errors. Students, teachers and supporters would all find themselves in fits of laughter as chaos ensued.

As a Warwick House member, all initially appeared well in the badminton hall, but outside it was a different story.

We had put some of our most skilled players out to do battle with our House rivals, but in every round-robin, the winner was the same: Greyhound! It was astonishing. The crowd cried 'How? Impossible! Unbelievable!' as Greyhound stormed to victory in both tennis and table tennis.

But a glimmer of hope remained as the badminton tournament looked to be the most competitive event yet. Each team was in with a shot. The Warwick badminton team, as the most fearless and feared of them all. The Lenham Rackets team, with its incredible agility. Greyhound had amazing skill, whilst Throwley were superb smashers. Manor - well, I suppose they have the most manners (I should be a comedian). These 5 brilliant teams all had the same goal: win House badminton.

The matches began at 13:45 sharp. Smashing, netting, clearing and slicing all promised chaos, but could Greyhound be denied the treble? Manor and Warwick went straight onto the scoreboard, followed by Greyhound and Lenham. 'Fight!' called some, while others concentrated on winning points and glory for their House. The air was tense, but Warwick and Greyhound were still winning! Throwley had no such luck, failing to secure a single point. Throughout the afternoon shuttles flew high in the air, yet when everyone was eventually grouped together at the end, the result was uncertain.

"Drum roll please" said Mr. Blunt as we all waited in anticipation. After a long pause that sent our heart rates soaring as high as our shuttlecocks, the final scores were revealed.

Warwick and Manor had drawn House badminton. After all that racket, (geddit) we drew!

BY EDEN GOUGH

HOUSE BADMINTON



As the annual badminton competition commenced alongside tennis and table tennis, the Houses began to battle one another in an exhilarating display of athleticism and teamwork. The competition, held in the sports hall, showcased the true spirit of sportsmanship and camaraderie, as the entirety of Year 10 came together to rally their teammates and fight for House points and glory. With intense rivalries and a remarkable level of skill on display (for the most part), the badminton tournament proved to be a fantastic event.

Each House attempted to bring their A-game to the competition, but unfortunately it definitely did not work out for all of them. The matches were fiercely contested, with players demonstrating agility, precision, and strategic thinking throughout. Throwley's pair dominated the first seed games, although Warwick challenged them fairly well. Despite their relatively impressive performance, Warwick nonetheless lost their match to Manor, falling behind Manor and into third place. The audience was captivated by the thrilling rallies, thunderous smashes, and nimble footwork displayed by the athletes of seeds 2 and 3 too, where Greyhound, Manor and Throwley were neck-and-neck until



The badminton competition also provided a platform for students to showcase their leadership skills, as the sport captains of each House expertly managed their teams, motivating and guiding their fellow players to give their best. Despite the intense competition, the prevailing atmosphere was one of respect and friendship, with fair play and sportsmanship being evident in every game.

After all scores were counted, the final results revealed a convincing victory by Throwley with Manor in second place, Greyhound completing the podium, and Warwick and Lenham making up the rearguard.

BY ARNAV TRIPATHY



Our last ever Sports Day. Having fallen victim to Covid and public examinations, this was to be our fourth and final opportunity, leaving all of us desperate to go out on a high. My excitement was only amplified by watching the fantastic sports day video made by Mr Pletts when we were in Year 7- one I unfortunately happen to feature in.

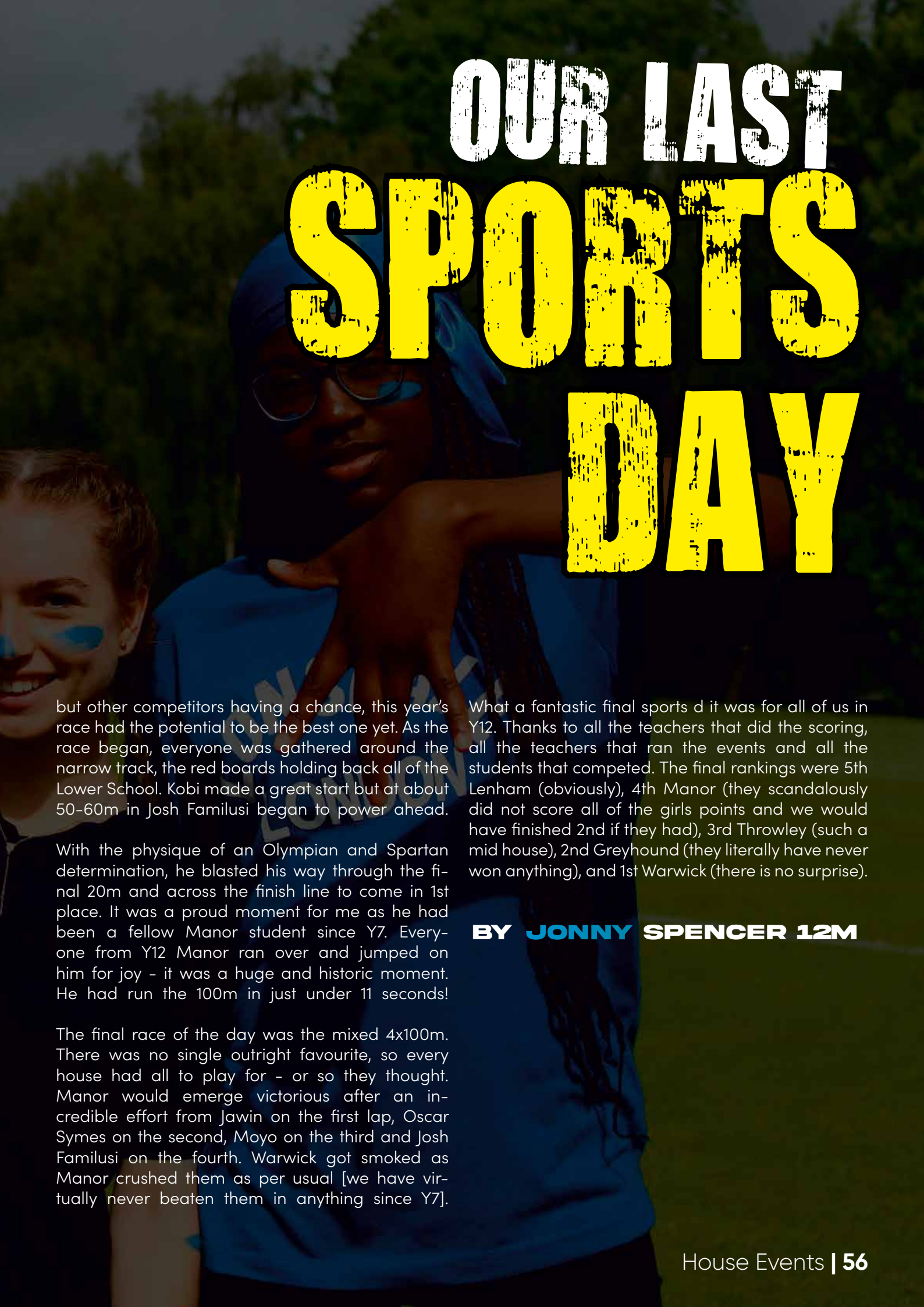
Due to various open days, some Houses had a severe lack of attendees - Throwley, I recall, had only 11 people of a possible 27. Fortunately, this did not matter as Throwley are a terrible House and had no chance of winning anything.

As we had all been at the School for almost 6 years - wow! - we had identified all the best athletes and who was going to win certain events. For example, there was no doubt that Scott Arthur would win the high jump, having broken the school record in Y8. With Ranu having moved schools, however, 1st place in triple jump and long jump was now up for grabs - the eventual winners would be very surprising. The first event for Y12 was the 800m - I think. With Manor being the first House to fall victim to lack of attendees [the editor of this article expresses his deepest regrets], two people heroically stepped

in, finishing 6th and 8th respectively. Locki Main clinched 1st place.

As the day went on, the sun seemed to burn brighter and brighter. The maximum number of events we were supposed to participate in was 3 but - with Antony Tiri competing in about 8 or 9 - that rule was broken with ease. With the winnings from all of the individual events being quite evenly split amongst the Houses - even Lenham (Lenham!) surprisingly won the long jump, as Henry Tozer miraculously jumped 4.64m - the relays were to be of decisive importance. As usual, the 4x100m relay would be the last event after lunch, whilst the 4x300m was the only relay prior to lunch. The winner was practically already decided before the race, with Warwick having set the school record in Year 10. Manor and Throwley battled in out for second place, with Nashawn Miles pulling off an immense comeback on the final lap, outpacing Antony Tiri in the last 100m despite being injured. Manor pipped 2nd and their Bs finished 5th, Throwley came 3rd, Greyhound 4th and Lenham... I don't know if they even finished the race.

The only significant solo event in all honesty is the 100m. With Kobi Asante-Abedi being the favourite

The background of the page is a photograph of students at an outdoor sports event. In the foreground, a young man with glasses and a blue headband is looking towards the camera. To his left, a young woman is smiling, with blue face paint on her cheek. The title 'OUR LAST SPORTS DAY' is overlaid on the top right of the image in a large, bold, yellow font with a distressed, stencil-like texture. The words 'OUR LAST' are in white with a black outline, while 'SPORTS DAY' is in yellow with a black outline.

OUR LAST SPORTS DAY

but other competitors having a chance, this year's race had the potential to be the best one yet. As the race began, everyone was gathered around the narrow track, the red boards holding back all of the Lower School. Kobi made a great start but at about 50-60m in Josh Familusi began to power ahead.

With the physique of an Olympian and Spartan determination, he blasted his way through the final 20m and across the finish line to come in 1st place. It was a proud moment for me as he had been a fellow Manor student since Y7. Everyone from Y12 Manor ran over and jumped on him for joy - it was a huge and historic moment. He had run the 100m in just under 11 seconds!

The final race of the day was the mixed 4x100m. There was no single outright favourite, so every house had all to play for - or so they thought. Manor would emerge victorious after an incredible effort from Jawin on the first lap, Oscar Symes on the second, Moyo on the third and Josh Familusi on the fourth. Warwick got smoked as Manor crushed them as per usual [we have virtually never beaten them in anything since Y7].

What a fantastic final sports d it was for all of us in Y12. Thanks to all the teachers that did the scoring, all the teachers that ran the events and all the students that competed. The final rankings were 5th Lenham (obviously), 4th Manor (they scandalously did not score all of the girls points and we would have finished 2nd if they had), 3rd Throwley (such a mid house), 2nd Greyhound (they literally have never won anything), and 1st Warwick (there is no surprise).

BY JONNY SPENCER 12M



HOUSE DODGEBALL 2023

House Dodgeball began as the most exciting tournament yet, with crowds from all Houses lining up outside the Sports Hall, wishing and cheering their brethren on, and going wild for every fantastic throw and excellent catch.

We began with matches against Greyhound and Lenham that went down to the wire, with just one man left standing. Unfortunately, he wasn't our man.

Manor stood as the next team for us to destroy. They arrived on our battlefield ready for war, however, this was short-lived as we were swept aside-

EMBARRASSINGLY DEMOLISHED.

Warwick were the final house to play and we hoped for our first win of the tournament. After an intense game, we came out on top, beating them narrowly.

Our A team players won every game with ease, and what terrific games they were. They were unimaginable performances. People were catching the ball left, right and centre. On the other hand, the B team suffered a couple of losses but made an excellent recovery in the final match and oh boy was that exciting. The C team also fought well and the Throwley Warriors knew how to make an exit with a great win against Warwick. The D team also had some ups and downs but made us proud with a couple of wins against Manor and Lenham.

Overall, House Dodgeball is a superb concept, something I enjoyed taking part in and I loved having my friends and classmates by my side, spurring me on to be the best that I could be. Excited for next year's event!

**BY VATSAL BANDARU
8T**

We did not expect Mr Blunt to announce that House Dodgeball would be taking place, but were excited nonetheless. The only experience most of us had playing dodgeball was from a couple of PE lessons, so we looked forward to a tournament that would unmask the various strengths and weaknesses of the respective Houses.

The hardest bit of the competition was probably arranging the teams, as there was a huge variation in abilities and we did not have enough time for a thorough assessment. We had to work with what we had. Luckily, some of us got the chance to referee a few matches in Years 7 and 8, and stole the opportunity to observe any tactics used and identify mistakes to avoid.

After period 5, all the Year 9 teams raced to the changing rooms (we were lucky because we were right above in the MFL block). We got dressed into our PE kits, proudly showing off our house colours. Soon after, Mr Blunt gathered everyone around and recapped the rules of the game. The fixtures were announced, and we were off!

Throwley rested first, so we had a chance to observe our opponents' styles of play. We quickly realised that our match against Greyhound would be very tough, as they were cruising through their match against Manor. Warwick, who were dominating Lenham, looked like a fierce opponent as well. Soon after we were on and playing Manor. It was a good chance for us to practise our tactics- some of us were playing offensive and some of us defensive. Right after we won, we played Greyhound. The first few minutes were tough, as we lost two players on our team, but we managed to eliminate one of their players too. However, as I went to get a ball, Roddy Douglas threw a ball right at me, knocking me out (of the game). The rest of our team followed soon after.

WE HAD CRUMBLLED.

Our next game was against Lenham. We started well, eliminating two of their players, only for Ojas Nigam to throw an absolute beauty at me. I tried to dodge it, but little did I know that he had in fact put spin on the ball, which curled around and homed in on me as if I were a magnet. I was out again. Our team kept strong though, holding their ground and eventually winning. In the meantime, Warwick had won their match against Manor.

The final matches were Lenham v Greyhound, and Warwick v Throwley. Manor was resting in the knowledge that they had failed to win a single game. All eyes now turned to the Warwick v Throwley game. If Warwick won, they would sweep the whole thing, but a win for us would ensure a three-way tie at the top, forcing Throwley, Greyhound and Warwick to share the spoils. We started off on the back foot, as Aadi Nanda got eliminated. He was redeemed shortly after though, as Taha Patel caught a Warwick player out. I kept my eyes on Umeir Khan, and as soon as he went to get the ball, I threw the ball at him like a throw-in in football. Luckily, I hit his back. I also tried to catch Gabriel Lordache out, but the ball slipped out of my hands, condemning me to the sideline once again. Fortunately, though, my teammates once again made short work of our rivals and secured the three-way-tie.

RYAN BELCIUG 9T

It was that time of year again; dodgeball, a fan favourite, had returned. On the first day, five teams took to the court with their best seven in a competition where everyone could have a share of the prize. All eyes were on Manor's 'star player' Darshan Kumararatnam as he picked up the ball against Warwick and hurled it at the enemy. To no one's surprise, he missed horribly and ended up hitting the basketball hoop eight feet in the air before getting eliminated almost instantaneously, being struck by a ball sluggishly rolled at his feet. Manor had lost, but nonetheless finished the first day in 3rd place, trailing Warwick and Lenham.

The excitement on the second day remained equal as the B team emerged. All teams were still in it to win it with the exception of Throwley, whose chances were evidently rather slim. The games recommenced with Manor bottling their match against Warwick in Tottenham-esque style. It was not looking good, but we maintained some dignity by winning the rest of our games, overtaking Lenham in the standings to put them in second, with Warwick storming ahead. Throwley, as expected, remained in 5th and Greyhound were tugging on Lenham's shoulder.

The calibre of the C team was strong and motivation was high as the third day began. Manor finally managed to beat Warwick due



to highly skilled throws from everyone, yet it was not quite enough to seize first place. It all came down to the last day... and the D teams. Everyone still had a chance to improve their standing apart from (you guessed it)... Throwley. Manor had to win all 4 games to be in with a realistic shot of victory. We swept through Warwick once again, and after doing the same with Throwley and Lenham it all came down to the final match with Greyhound. Victory was secured when Gabriel Parsons, squinting through his hair to see the opposition, caught the ball with immense strength after an incredible display of contortionism. Against all expectations, Manor had emerged triumphant, sharing first place with Warwick and followed by Lenham, then Greyhound, with (surprise, surprise) Throwley making up the rear, trailing by a country mile.

BY HARMAN MALHOTRA 10M

After many weeks of House Dodgeball for the other years, our time finally came. As the classic Mr Blunt Show My Homework post hit all our screens the day before the event, we were all eager and ready to play! Having not had a House event in the Sports Hall since pre-covid, we were all intrigued by how the House hierarchy might have changed over the years, and with the nostalgia of other House events pulsing through our hearts, we all entered the Sports Hall...

The games were intense, and many went all the way to the end of the time limit. One match-up between Greyhound and Warwick was even declared a tie, with 2 players left on either side of the benches as the infamous whistle blew. Strategies developed as the lunchtime wore on as people tried to throw faster and lower so that there was no chance of any catches and teams became more effective at targeting specific individuals- a tactic present in every House competition. Some incredible individual performances shone through though. For instance, Juan Aguirre of Manor once found himself on the floor in a vulnerable position near the middle of the court yet managed to, within a second, throw one ball to strike a Greyhound player out while simultaneously catching a merciless short-range attack from Ire in a moment which definitely helped Manor to not only win their game, but – to everyone's surprise – the A team tournament overall. With their egos boosted, Alex Jeffery proudly exclaimed that they'd 'yet again proved that Manor are the best House' – ironic when you think about it considering that they have never won a single game of House Football in their whole 5 years at the school

However, it was not all fun and games as, due to the event taking up our lunchtime, none of the competitors had time to go into Sutton and get their usual deals, making period 6 and 7 (maths and Spanish in my case) very difficult lessons indeed. The hunger was so extreme, in fact, that a few of us even hallucinated that the high street smelt like toast when we finally made our way over there.

Overall, it was a fun experience as everyone managed to get together in the Sports Hall and play competitively against each other in an event that no one team was dominant at or had trained the most for. This meant it was tight and exciting; I believe it has been a great new addition to the House Events this year!

BY EDWIN CROSS 11T



Edited by Shey Patel and Olly Dunbar.



Sports at Sutton Grammar are undoubtedly the most important part of school life. No one cares more about their grades than they do for the results of sports fixtures against Wilsons. Of course, we always win.

Naturally, football can become the forefront of your mind when thinking of sport at school, but we must not forget the successes that our other sports teams have had. It has been a year of monumental change for school sport which saw girls feature in the senior football teams for the first time in our history, as well as the first formation of a competitive Netball team within the school. Overall, being senior editor of the sports section was a huge responsibility but one that I thoroughly enjoyed. I hope when I leave this school, our massive sporting influence across the country continues.



SPORTS

YEAR 7

A TEAM FOOTBALL REPORT

By Aalim Abish

Football. It's a difficult sport to excel in. That was what the Year 7 A Team learned in the strenuous school season. Like any sports team, we had our highWs and lows. We won games, drew games but most often lost games. A failure because we didn't win the games. A failure because we didn't bring home any silverware. A failure simply because we lost a lot.

First, let me rewind to the start. We were new to Sutton Grammar School and barely knew each other. However, there was this one thing that a certain group of students shared in common - our love for football. Thus, we attempted the school football trials. These were a game or two to establish our spot in a school team. We were all aiming for the most prestigious spot in the teams: the A-Team. Of course, there were only 9 spots. So, the coaches had to choose the best 9 from the trialists. Thankfully, one of those 9 was me. But I think they're wrong. Take the famous footballer Cristiano Ronaldo for example. Ronaldo has professionally played football for 21 years now. However, he's only won the Ballon d'Or 5 times. Does that mean that the other 16 years was a failure? No. They were the steps of progress. Every minute playing football, every second improving our technical skill, every minute we spent training and playing football games. These are our steps to success to one-day win a trophy which is better than any piece of silverware (dare I say it, even the Champions League trophy).

We had our first game against Alleyn's School. Unfortunately, we lost in a close game ending 3-2 in their favour. After that, our losing streak occurred. We lost 4-0 to Wilson's, 3-1 to Lingfield College (funny name since they're not a college), and then lost to Wilson's consecutively in tragic fashion; 5-1 and 8-1. If that wasn't enough pain, we then lost to Epsom College (again another unusual college name) and Dunottar School. A team who could play together correctly. We all remember the 2000s team of Barcelona FC and their 'tiki-taka' football. But once, even they couldn't play together. They improved themselves as Guardiola, the manager, would coach them until they created the famed style of football; tiki-taka. Basically, there is no failure in sports.

Nevertheless, we worked on and finally, the day we had all waited for came. A win. This win came in a game against Kingston Grammar School which ended 4-2 to us. We had worked up towards this moment, improving ourselves and we had finally achieved a win. We, as a whole team, loved it and though our matches were full of heated moments and ecstatic moments, we built a real team. Of course, me and my teammates would not have achieved anything without the undeterred guidance of Mr. Bangs, our coach. Thank you very much for coaching us Sir, from the whole A team.

Unfortunately, we were brought back down to reality and ended the season on a low with yet another loss this time to Latymer Upper School.

Many people considered our season a failure.

B TEAM FOOTBALL REPORT

By Pirakeev Kogulasaran

The Year 7 football B team was full of excitement and I cannot remember a single Saturday when it wasn't bustling. Let's be honest, the Year 7 B team was never the best there could be, however we never failed to disappoint the opposing team at all times. Despite the electric atmosphere, our season was riddled with mistakes from our defence and goalkeeper- some which proved costly. I am extremely grateful to be given the opportunity to be able to participate in playing in the Year 7 B team.

I remember a time when the opposing team shot an absolute worldie in the goal and all of us were sulking so much as we were leading two nil up and we all thought there was a near to impossible chance of the opposing team winning but we were so wrong. In my genuine opinion, I think that it was truly hilarious when one of our defenders: Alex punched the floor when they scored that banger of a goal. Another funny story is that our right back: Akshaiie fouled the right winger on the other team and almost got sent off. I vividly remember him saying that his heart was beating like drums beating. To be honest, I know that all of us were worried as if he got sent off we would be vulnerable as he was the best defender on the team.

Being on the Sutton Grammar Football B team meant that we had to handle wins respectfully and handle losses respectfully. If I am being frank, when we won, we would celebrate excessively but if we lost, we would sulk. Nonetheless, we would never be sore losers. I remember one time when we were playing a match against Wilsons and we had barely lost from a careless mistake and we were all so annoyed so a player's mum from Wilson gave us all mini doughnuts and we all immediately cheered up.

To conclude, being on the Sutton Grammar School Football B team was an honour and it was extremely fun getting to go to matches every Saturday. The season altogether went very well even though we didn't win it.



YEAR 8

A TEAM FOOTBALL REPORT

By Hugh Dwyer

We ended Year 7 off on a high with a string of great wins over rival teams; our team was as strong as ever. Looking to Year 8, we were eager to continue where we left off.

With September upon us once again, it wouldn't be long before our first fixture. But first, we needed a new teammate to join the A team because, this year was going to be our first season of 11-a-side. This player would turn out to be Leo, a talented striker who would play alongside Stephen (our top-goalscorer). With the team otherwise unchanged, it was time to head into our first match.

As we walked through the gates of Allyn's school, we knew it would be tough. We had lost to them last year but this was going to be different. From start to finish, we gave it our all, but, ultimately, the match ended 2-2. We were unable to begin our season with a win.

Next up was Latymer. A quick goal in the first minute put us down 1-0. Another well-worked goal by them advanced their lead to two. Then three goals. It was a complete collapse from our Sutton Grammar side. Yet, we were not prepared to give up. We collected the ball from our net for what we knew would be the third and final time. Soon, we began to look more like a team but we just could not find a way back into the game - or could we? With a great through ball from the mid-field, Stephen was through on goal. 1 on 1 with the goalkeeper, Stephen calmly slotted the ball into the bottom corner. **3-1. HALFTIME.**

With new-found confidence, we entered the second half and began to dominate. Chance after chance was narrowly missed until we finally found the breakthrough. 3-2. We were back in this. We spent the rest of the game searching for the equaliser. 10 minutes left. 5 minutes left. 1 minute left. through the opposing defence before scoring with ease. What a comeback! Great resilience from our team and the positivity of all our supporters made it possible for us to turn it around. 3-3 - another draw. Although it felt like a win, everybody knew that changes had to be made to the team going forward. A few games later and we were faced with our hardest game yet: Carshalton Boys. A formidable opponent and our first match in the Sutton Cup. A few alterations had been made to our team during this time and, most notable, was the addition of Lucas to our squad. He is an invaluable left-back for our team; with lightning pace and great game-awareness, Lucas was the perfect option. Looking to the game, we knew that it would be tough but we were hungry for our first win. As expected, the game was extremely tight. Closing in on the final five minutes, we found ourselves level at 2 goals a piece. But then...

With mere seconds on the clock, Thomas found himself in acres of space with the ball at his feet. This was the chance to crown us the winners. After taking the ball under control, Thomas took the shot. It sailed through the air for what seemed like ages before finally nestling in the top corner. The keeper had no chance. What a goal! 3-2. Full time. We celebrated for ages; what a way to win the match! With our first win under our belt, we were excited for what the future would hold. We played well for all of the next few games but we could not find a result. Every single game we drew - every, single, one. It seemed that no matter how well we played, we could not beat our opponents. 0-0, 1-1, 2-2... **EVERY GAME.**

And this was where our season took a turn for the worse. Team morale was at an all-time low and it was affecting the way we played. First,

we were knocked out of the Sutton Cup, then we lost a string of matches.

However, we were not going to end our season in this form. We had to pick ourselves up and go again. Our team trained hard and played with passion; we began to see rapid improvement. Swiftly, we started to achieve the results we were craving. For the final few games of the season, we battled hard and earned great results.

That brings us to where we are today. Last season was a tough one. It was our first season of 11-a-side. Yet, we battled through. Although we took a few knocks, we were able to dust ourselves off and fix our mistakes. We were able to win hard games, although the majority of the games we drew.

The future looks promising. Next season, our team is going to thrive.

B TEAM

By Stefan Ciutac

Coming back after a successful 2021-2022 was nerve-racking for many members of our team; we had lots of new arrivals and a daunting array of games ahead of us. It was going to be a hell of a ride.

And it was. We started off strong, effortlessly drawing Wilsons for the first time in 2 years, but unfortunately couldn't carry that momentum through to our game against Alleyn's School, and we suffered a 7-1 defeat, one we have all tried to erase from our memories. Fortunately, things could only go up from that point.

Approaching mid-season, our team began to really shine: the defenders (Freddie, Sachin, Ayush, Alex B, and yours' truly) let no one through, and didn't hesitate to 'indispose' opposing attackers; the midfielders (Mubashir, Alex K, Nishan, Stefan B) weaved effortlessly through the middle of the pitch, and launched shots up the pitch to our attackers (Noah, Martin,



and later Elvin), who netted goal after goal throughout the season and turned flawless gameplay into wins.

As a result, we went unbeaten for 4 games straight (more than half the season!), beating Lingfield College 4-1, Dunnottar School 2-0, and drawing to Chigwell School and Epsom College – the latter due to 2 sensational 30-yard free kicks from Alex K to equalise from 3-1 down! Goals were flying steadily into our opponents' nets, and the season was close to finishing, but we had one last game: a face-off against Glyn School.

The last two times we played Glyn, we were slain horrifically – losing 7-0 and 4-0. But this time, we were going to win. We applied constant pressure throughout the first half, and came close to scoring on countless occasions, yet come half-time, the score was still 0-0. In the second half, however, we struck gold- twice. Our midfielders slid two exceptional through-balls to the attackers, who confidently struck home, and we concluded our season with a win over our most fearsome of rivals. Well, former most fearsome of rivals.

None of this could have been possible without the time and effort of the B-Team's phenomenal coach: Mr Karlsson. Thank you to him and the members of the B-Team for a fantastic season that we hope to replicate next year!

9A'S

By Eddie Blunt

Over the course of our time at Sutton Grammar, our team has developed from hopeless to alright and now, we see a light at the end of the tunnel.

The 2022/23 season started with a great game, a 14-0 win against the Brentwood 10C's, a great morale booster for the team. Super Mr Casey transformed our team with a before-school training session once a week, which really developed our individual skill and teamwork. This showed on the pitch as well.

The District Cup quarter-finals was an interesting game to say the least. Having beaten a mixture of their A and B team 6-3 a few weeks prior, we were feeling confident going into the game. But the Cheam High hooligans on the sidelines wouldn't let us get our heads into the game, resulting in us conceding an early goal from a ferocious counter-attack. For most of the game, it was a stalemate, but in the last 5 minutes of the match a shot for Aman Chandel reverberated off of the crossbar and onto the goalline.

Shouts erupted from all over the pitch, "It's in! It's in!"

"Shut it you moron"

A diabolical decision from the ref said no-goal, and we were kicked out of the cup with a devastating 1-0 loss. Similarities could be drawn to Frank Lampard's ghost goal against Germany at the 2010 World Cup.

But this story is not all sad, for there is still hope. Everybody knows that the actual success of the season is measured by one thing: the Wilsons result.

As usual, each player for the Wilson's team had brought their entire family bloodline to watch the match, but all we needed was our one, true, loyal supporter. Mr Belciug snr.

We started off well, with Ryan To and Aadi Nanda scoring early, but minutes after half-time, they had already equalised to make it 2-2. We made relentless attacks on the Wilson defence, but, although I hate to admit it, they were like a brick wall.



That was until the last minute. Putting their guard down, we seized the opportunity and made one last attempt at goal. We broke through their defensive line with pace and menace, but a shot from myself was saved by the keeper. However, a fumble sent the ball rolling away for a corner. Everyone moaned. Our chance at a win was over.

But no! In one last desperate attempt, Ryan To sprinted toward the boundary and, like prime Thiago Silva, took a shot from the narrowest of angles and, I don't believe it! It's gone in! I remember the very moment that Wilson's parents bursted into tears, Ryan did his signature spin kick celebration, and we all lived happily ever after...until next year!

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10B'S

By Oli Mineyko

It was a successful year all things considered especially seeing as we started off shakily after being hindered by DofE. However, we started to establish a more regular side and although we had a few matches that we lost by numerous goals on the whole we fought well throughout the season and it was a great time.

The season started off well with a 4-0 win. Although the score line seemed convincing, it was hard fought. 1-0 for most of the match it was going to be a tough final 10 minutes. And once Jonathan Pires scored once he couldn't stop. 2-0 and the goalkeeper lost their head, and we managed to quickly score two more even though we missed an open net.

A funny moment happened near the middle of the season where we cruised to a...

COMFORTABLE WIN DESPITE THREE PLAYERS MISSING AN OPEN NET.

Timmy Tregilgas, Yoan Bratoev and Balázs Gyorgy all missing sitters, what was particularly surprising was that Balázs was an A team regular and that made the miss even more humiliating.

When I reached out to a couple of the other players to ask for their memories of the season, one humble team player by the name of Timmy was far too enthusiastic to remind me of the game where he scored a hattrick.

Although he missed a chance just a few games before, he was allowed to play winger and capitalised on some magical crosses by A team midfielder Rory Orsborn. With Rory dropping down to the Bs for the game Timmy netted a first half hat trick from crosses. Something that surprises me about this story is the fact he scored from crosses, a surprising factor because he is the shortest player in the team, maybe they didn't see him at the back post and therefore didn't mark him.



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Unfortunately, we were unable to cap off this incredible year with a win against local team Glyn. Although we drew to them 2-2 in one of the early games of the season we had to go to their turf on a windy day and the game did not go our way. A devastating 4-0 loss to end the season was not what we expected but we were forced to bear it by a dominant Glyn team. We missed our chances and they took theirs; a shame to lose on our final game but that is something we could not prevent on the day.

I am sure many of the B team will play in the numerous XI's that the school has over the next three years. A strong team that was able to enjoy a lot of highs throughout the season despite some of the lows.

10A'S

After last year's struggles, the Year 10 A team came into the new season with low expectations. Our year had never been brilliant at football and none of us expected us to suddenly be amazing. We were right. The season began with a game against Brentwood, Unfortunately, however, it was not to be. While we played far better football than anything we had played in previous years, creating a decent number of chances, the team was unable to match the quality of our opposition, particularly in attack, and we fell to a 4-2 defeat – the first of many. 2 weeks later came a game against Carshalton Boys. This was a game we knew would be incredibly tough with most of us expecting a heavy defeat. Yet, despite their superior quality, a game a few days prior had left them tired, something we capitalised on to keep the score down.

Despite losing 4-2, the game was very tight, but the 2 penalties (one of which was controversial) that we gave away cost us. Thanks Mr Blunt!

With not long left until the end of the season, there was only one game left that we knew we could win. Kingston Grammar. Now, I'm not sure whether they're bad in all of the years, but I do know that in our year, football is definitely not their strong suit. With complete control of the game, we put 6 past their weak defence, with Ali Khawaja scoring 3. Someone else scored another but I have completely forgotten! Sorry, whoever it was.

To finish off the season, a 9-0 loss to Latymer (in which I didn't play) brought the team back down to Earth. It had been yet another difficult year for us, but it's clear to see that we improved throughout the season. With Mr Blunt's guidance, we had gone from a team who rarely passed the ball to one that played some nice passing football. Well, at times anyway. Fortunately, next year I won't have to put up with Olly Pritchard trying to play up front and Stilian's hundreds of attempts at trivellas. Despite all the losses, we always enjoyed playing together as a team.



BY DANIEL WELLS

1ST XI

We went into this season forward and the First XI's blushes were saved by with great optimism: we the referee's final whistle calling an end to the had lost a lot of the dead-game at 2-2. Following the game, despite our re-wood from the previous lief to have not lost, we were reminded of the lead Year 13's and they were replaced by some of that we had thrown away. Regardless, we looked the new Year 11's who would prove to be very forward to our second round National Cup game useful, when they were able to stay fit, some-that was to be away to Glenthorne later that week. thing Jackson Maling found particularly diffi-

cult. It is easy to say that this season was go-We travelled the short distance to Glenthorne, ing to be much better than the last, and it was. arriving in their car park to see that they had professional coaching services. Prior to kick-off

Our first competitive game came slightly lat-we were hit with the blow that the referee was er than expected and it involved a long journey not going to allow star player Min Cheon to play down to Mill Hill, near Watford, for the First Round due to the earrings he wore, that he probably of the Schoolboys National cup, something Mr still doesn't know how to take out. One man's Waller had deemed the team from the previous downfall was another's fortune as Year 11 San-season were not good enough to even enter. After thos got his first start of the season. We started a quick inspection of the pitch Mr Waller decided the game unaware of what to expect, howev-that we were going to play 4-4-2 and look to player after the first passages of play it was clear long balls into the channel, taking a massive page to see our superiority over this Glenthorne side. out of the worldwide bestselling Mr Blunt's book We went into the break 4-0 up following a hat of tactics. Unsurprisingly, these tactics worked trick from Alex Bailey, despite the number of against the inferior opposition as we played Mill chances missed including Jason Diarra's free Hill off of the literal park we were playing on. Min kick that was sent into orbit. This was helpfully Cheon, our new captain led the team to a com-captured by the Veo camera at the game, al-prehensive 4-0 win to take us through to the sec-lowing certain members of the First XI (Julian ond round. Many players starred in the first start Owusu) to screenshot the footage and send it of the season providing Mr Waller with many se-in the group chat anytime Jason decided to lection headaches, which did not get any easierspeak. The second half flew by in much of the throughout the year. However, one thing was for same fashion as the first as we went on to add certain: when we turned up to a Saturday game 4 goals to our tally. In the dying moments of the Jayan Thiru would ALWAYS be running the line. game, the referee, perhaps feeling bad for the opposition, gave a penalty to Glenthorne for a

To follow a solid start to the season we played 'foul' committed by stand-in centre back Shey Chigwell away. Through our dominance, es-Patel. Watching back the footage on the Veo pecially in the wide areas we took the lead in made it clear to everyone that the Glenthorne the first half through a swift passing move that player had dived. Besides the penalty decision ended with a tap-in at the back post. We con-the game plan had been flawlessly executed by tinued into the second half dominating and the team as we advanced onto the next round. doubling our lead. We had just 10 minutes left

when disaster struck. A miscommunication be-The games came thick and fast as we beat Gor-tween centre-back Samuel Kubicek and keep-don's 3-1 at home following a sublime perfor-er Alok Ayyala led to Chigwell pulling one back. mance from Min Cheon, who scored two long Minutes later their right-back scored an abso-range efforts in the second half to secure the lute wonder goal into the top-left hand corner win. We followed this with our first round Sur-levelling the game. Chigwell continued to push rey cup win against Glyn. A long well fought battle from both teams ended up going all the

way to penalties. Glyn's striker had the opportunity to win the shootout with Glyn's 5th kick, however he put his shot onto the post. The shootout continued for what felt like an eternity with both teams goalkeepers scoring the 11th penalty for each of their teams. As the starting takers stepped up to take again it was Sutton Grammar who were striking their penalties much more convincingly and finally a Glyn taker missed handing us a 13-12 win on penalties.

It seemed as though every game was to be a cup game as following a disappointing 1-1 draw against KCS Wimbledon we were to face Gordon's in the third round of the national cup. The game started off evenly however we suffered early casualties with Luke Bland going off injured early. Insult was added to injury, quite literally, as an absolute thunder strike of a shot went into the goal, despite Alex Foster's best efforts to keep it out. Foster was able to get an instinctive arm in the way of the shot but the force behind it forced the ball into the net and also injured the goalkeeper. Unable to carry on, and with no back-up keeper on the bench, Jayan Thiru received the biggest promotion of his career as he was substituted from linesman to fill in in goal. Sutton managed to get into half-time with no more damage inflicted. However, in the second half the academy-studded attack of Gordon's became too much for Sutton Grammar to deal with. We found ourselves 3-0 down and with further injuries as Jason Diarra was forced to drop into left back following an injury that Shey Patel had picked up. A small fightback was led by the youthful Year 11's and the game ended 5-2. The very realistic dream of National Cup success was shattered and we went home disappointed.

We then beat St Bede's 5-0 at home and then travelled into the big City coming away with a draw against City of London. Somehow, we found ourselves playing Gordon's again this time in the Surrey Cup second round this time away on their astroturf pitch. It was a game of few clear chances where perhaps either team could have clinched a winner. The game went to penalties and the rain began to pour down. Pathetic fallacy? We went on to score 1 out of 4 penalties and lost, again, to Gordon's this time 3-1 on penalties. Eager to bounce back we were happy to hear that one of the biggest games of the season was right around the corner. Wilson's at home.

Like every game we had a team huddle before the game. Alex Bailey emphasised the importance of going out and being aggressive at all possible moments. He led by example and got stuck in straight away giving away a foul in the opening minutes. The game started off tight, with both sides defending well. Well-known tiktok 'sensation' and Wilson's forward Asa Gallagher was awful. He was pocketed all game by the left side of the defence, and on multiple occasions he was bodied to the floor. He ended up switching to the other side of the pitch before being dragged off at half-time. Unlike his TikTok's, he made absolutely no impact. Sutton Grammar took the advantage of a defensive mistake to go in 1-0 at half time. Coming out for the second half we then scored to double our lead before being pegged back. 2-1. That was until a Wilson's defender put in a truly awful tackle and saw red. Sutton Grammar took control of the game scoring a third and then a fourth. The fourth goal, a header scored by Samuel Kubicek, was followed by an embarrassing failed knee-slide attempt. That's how the game ended. 4-1 with SGS walking away with the bragging rights, as we always do.

Our next test would be Oaks Park in the District Cup first round. We won convincingly with the game ending 2-0, though it could have been 5 or 6. We then moved on to face Glenthorne, for the second time this season, in the District Cup semi-final. They arrived at our fortress, Northey, with a completely new-look team. The game was much more competitive. We found ourselves going behind before levelling the scores before half-time. With 10 minutes to go we had found ourselves behind again. We need a moment of brilliance to get us back into the game. And we found that moment. A beautiful passing move through midfield ended in a cross being converted to equalise with less than 5 minutes to go. We faced our third penalty shoot-out of the season. Could we win this time? Both teams confidently put away their first three penalties each. Shey Patel stepped up to take the fourth and put it right into the bottom left corner. It was so far into the corner that it rebounded off the stanchion and came straight back out of the goal. The Glenthorne team started to celebrate: they thought that the ball had struck the post until the referee informed them otherwise. They went on to miss their fifth penalty handing us the win 5-4 on penalties. We were through to the cup final.

But, before that important game we had the test of Latymer. Famously dubbed as being Hogwarts, Latymer did not display any moments of magic as they went on to be defeated 4-1 but Sutton. Having only lost 2 games so far this season, both to Gordon's, we went into this cup final with confidence. Our confidence was also boosted by the recent win over Wilson's since it would be them who we would face in the final.

The fateful day we had all been waiting for had come. Despite no coach being taken to Northey, the importance of the game was still able to entice a large crowd to get the bus down to Northey to support the team. We hoped to repay their support with a win over our bitter rivals. As with our previous encounter the game offered few chances. The first goal fell to our opposition as a hopeful strike from a 35 yard free kick sailed over our keepers, Shrihari Rao, head. We were to go into the break 1-0 down. But we had been in this situation before. We started the second half in control creating many chances, especially down our left hand side. Poor finishing really did let us down as we struggled to find a way to score. Our focus on equalising perhaps drew our attention away from the match as centre-back Samuel Kubicek took a good first touch out of the sky before being robbed by the Wilson's winger, unaware of his presence as he had not received a 'man-on' call. The winger dribbled forward into the box before finishing past Shrihari to make it 2-0. What followed this goal could be one of the most disgusting moments I have ever experienced in football as the Wilson's players proceeded to do some obnoxious celebrations and some very rude hand signals aimed at our loyal crowd. We still had the best part of 20 minutes left in the game though. We were able to finally finish a chance off down our left hand side making it 2-1 with around 5 minutes left on the clock. We continued to pile on the pressure as fresh legs off of the bench gave us more attacking options. We could not take our chances and the final whistle went. 2-1 Wilson's. A combination of defensive errors and poor finishing were our downfall. A day to forget for all involved.

To improve our mood we had our 2 yearly exhibition matches to express ourselves. The first of these was a Tuesday evening game away at Corinthian Casuals. They fielded a mixed team of U18, First XI and veteran players. The



game proved to be very closely fought as we attempted to combat the physicality of the opposing team. We went into the break 1-0 and from then on we controlled the game as the older Casuals players began to tire. Half an hour into the second half we were awarded a penalty and with three of our penalty takers off of the pitch the ball was handed to left-back Shey who took the penalty and slotted in to make it 2-0 which is how the game would end.

Less than 24 hours after the Casuals game we played against the Old Suttonians First XI. Many of the School's team had featured for the Old Sutts team through the season and it was a friendly affair. The fatigue from the game the night before was telling as the school team struggled to make it out of first gear. The lack of subs for us also proved pivotal as we would go 1,2 then 3 nil down in the opening 20 minutes of the second half. We would then go on to claw one back before conceding a shot-cross to make the score 4-1 by the final whistle.

Not only did the whistle call the end of the game but also the end to a season of mixed success. We lost just 3 times in competitive games. These 3 games, however, were all in cup matches which was disappointing. We did not lose outside of the cup which was a stark difference from the year before. We had improved lots from the year before and we go into the next season brimming with confidence as more of the younger players look to make their way into the team more regularly. We, of course, must thank Mr Waller for all his work with us this season and we hope that we can win something next year in what will be his final season managing the First XI.

As we move into next season we all know that in life three things are certain: death, taxes and Jayan Thiru being the linesman.

BY SHEY PATEL



**"UNLIKE HIS TIKTOK'S,
HE MADE ABSOLUTELY
NO IMPACT."**



**"WE GO INTO THE NEXT
SEASON BRIMMING
WITH CONFIDENCE."**

2ND XI

It was an up and down season for the Second XI this year, with lineup changes becoming a frequent reason for why we struggled to ever really build a core foundation or build any real team chemistry and understanding, akin to both Chelsea and Southampton this year.

A great thing about the Second XI, however, is that everyone is very strong willed, often leading to stark debates as to how to set up shop when it came to setting out gameplans wherever we played.

At the start of the season we enjoyed great success with Mr Pletts encouraging a back 3 which relied upon the quality and stamina of our full backs whilst also depending on the defensive competency of our two central midfielders. Unfortunately, towards the winter we encountered some troubling times for the promotion of some players to the First XI (and both rotation and success of the year 11s in domestic competitions) coupled with some big injury misses meant that we struggled to field the right sort of team to play with the intensity and faith that we had done so only a few weeks before.

Despite a few rather unfortunate streaks of games, we relied upon character and resilience to get us through the harsh periods. Our camaraderie was the key to the change in success that we started to encounter towards the back end of the season.

I think when talking about the Second XI it is hard not to mention Mr Pletts, for his dedication and commitment. His encouragement helped us to thrive as a team and he helped us develop as footballers, through both our physical strengths and our mental strengths.

A few standout moments that I have from this...

GOAL SCORED FROM THE HALFWAY LINE BY ZACK HULME...

towards the back end of the season but also to the lob scored by Oscar Reeves, who won player of the season, during one of the earlier fixtures where we enjoyed lots of success with a 3 at the back, similar to Tottenham. I also think of the absolute worldie converted by Ethan Lambert against Wilson's, his skills with the ball at his feet being shown best during this piece of technical brilliance. Josh Familusi scored a late brace during a memorable win against Gordon's school, his intelligence giving him the cutting edge to split open the defence. I also think of my excellent brace, consisting of a header, where...

I LEAPT LIKE A SALMON AND THUMPED IT INTO THE BACK OF THE NET, A CLINICAL FINISH IN THE LAST FEW MINUTES.

Whilst there are a few stand out results against us, there are also a few for us and I think that the resilience that we managed to show throughout the season epitomises the way that people should approach school football. The fun that we had this season is something that I am proud to say I will take from this season.

I would also like to take the opportunity to thank and wish good luck to the Year 13's of the XI who are leaving the school for they have been great servants and people, helping to demonstrate passion and being great friends who we could all feel comfortable approaching within the school community. While the legacy of this year may not be completely centred around success on the pitch, the memories and unity that we experienced together will be and it is that which I hope continues onto next year, providing the foundations for some bigger and better results in the future.

At the start of the year, the P.E apartment put up the team sheets for the first game of the season. The 1st XI had barely changed, however many of the legendary 3rd XI from last year had moved up to the 2nds such as star centre-half Benjy Leason and dynamic fullbacks Callum Howson and Antony Tiri. The 3rd XI was now made up of a strange mix of people- a handful of Year 13's, three Year 12's and a huge majority of Year 11's. Despite being new to the team, the Year 11's were a superb addition to the team bringing every possible position that needed filling- except goalkeeper. Shrihari Rao had been our keeper and stand out player in the 2021/22 season, however due to complications such as other goalkeepers leaving etc, he was moved up to the honourable position of 2nd XI goalkeeper. We were all happy for him, but he left a very gaping hole that needed filling.

Before I began this article, I think it is important to tell you that there were three things guaranteed in 3rd XI matches in the 2022/23 season: Mithush scoring a Messi-like goal; one of Ajaih's longshots going out for a throw in and Mark O'Sullivan getting into a fight. The Year 11's were an integral part of the team, making up for the bulk of our success which came on Saturdays, however, this meant that due to Year 11 games being moved to Friday from Wednesday, the 3rd XI form on Wednesday games was poor.

For the past 2 weeks I have prioritised writing this article over my Year 12 exams. By collecting statistics, rewatching games and analysing tactics, I can confidently say that the 3rd could beat any team in the school. The poor form of the 2nd XI was simply down to them not being as good as us and no one likes the 1st XI because they take it too seriously. The 3rd XI showed both mental and physical strength to finish a solid 2nd place in the Sutton league table, behind only the 1st XI.

I could spend most of this article listing off game after game which no one cares about but since the 3rds were better than all the other teams, they deserve a better article than that. So, as I said, by analysing statistics, I can tell you some of the most fascinating things that I read. Our superb CM Mark O'Sullivan averaged 8.9 xF/90 (expected fouls per 90), Mithush averaged 4.3 dribbles per 90, Ajaih averaged 6.2 longshots per

90 with a success of 0.1 and finally Alex Ahmed, our star full back who had successfully replaced Callum Howson in **EVERY WAY**, averaged exactly 11.4 xP/90 (expected pressures per 90).

The 2022/23 season with the 3rd XI was great fun and although we did not live up to the standards, we set ourselves after our huge success in the previous season, the tactics that our expert coach Mr Brown gave us meant we almost went unbeaten on a Saturday,

LOSING ONLY THE LAST GAME OF THE SEASON TO *** WILSON'S**

However, as I mentioned earlier, the 3 things that always happen happened. A highlight for me of the season was smacking Chigwell 3-0 in their own backyard. I have a personal vendetta with Chigwell (I don't, I just dislike them) and it was amazing (I contributed very little to the game.) Overall, it was a good season and having Mr Brown as a manager is great. Here's to another season in the Thirds (please God no).

BY JONNY SPENCER

3RD XI

Back to back cup wins. Two finals in one season. One incredible team. Few could put into words the brilliance of Sutton's U16 team that reached two finals for the first time in the school's recent history. Whilst they did fall at the final hurdle, the prestigious Surrey Schools Cup Final, no one could doubt the remarkable achievements of this team.

Cups are not won in one game though, and SGS faced plenty of tough matches to reach the finals. To reach the District Cup Final, which the team would go on to win, Sutton comfortably beat Oaks Park, Carshalton Boys and overcame an Overton side capable of producing an upset in the semis. Having won this cup last year, Sutton were clear favourites to clinch the trophy again yet there was one school they still had to beat. A feisty derby awaited in the final as Wilson's were named as the opposition. The most played and eagerly anticipated fixture on the school calendar was sure to produce a cracking final. Many players had personal rivalries with the opponents - not least their captain Asa Gallagher whom several had the displeasure of getting to know as Wimbledon Ball Boys. The Sutton team would welcome Wilsons to the Owl's Nest for the final which was set for the last Thursday of term.

THE DAY OF THE DISTRICT CUP FINAL

...arrived with much excitement for both the players and a good chunk of Year 11 who were going along to watch. In similar fashion to last season's cup triumph on the same pitch, the surface was bobbly and the wind powerful. However as the game kicked off it was clear that Sutton would dominate this game. An early goal from starstriker Jeffrey eased early nerves before disaster struck.

TWO PLAYERS WERE FORCED OFF WITH INJURIES IN A MATTER OF MINUTES...

Cross with a broken collarbone and Johnstone with a sprained ankle. Things only got worse though as the team conceded a penalty midway through the first half. No one could remember the last time they had seen the keeper, Alex Foster, get a hand to a penalty yet alone save one so many expected this to be a goal. To make matters worse, Wilson's penalty taker had scored nine of his nine spot kicks that season. However, defying everyone's expectations (and even his own), Foster produced an astonishing save, diving to his right and forcing the ball over the bar to keep the score in Sutton's hands.

The half time whistle was blown and Mr Blunt gathered the team in quickly and gave them a fairly stern talking to.

It had by no means been a comfortable game yet as was often the case the Suttons had found a way to stay ahead. The second half kicked off and a rapid flurry of attacks by Sutton led to a penalty being awarded. Main man Maling stepped up to take it and slotted it convincingly in the corner. With the game not won yet, Sutton continued to look for a third goal which would seal the deal. A trademark 30 yard throw from centre back Henry Young led to another penalty being given. The coolest man on the pitch stepped up to it and again converted, going the same side as previously. The full whistle blew and the Year 11 Sutton team had secured back to back District Cup wins. Cheers erupted from the SGS ultras as the trophy was raised once again by El Capitan, Aarya Nanda. It was not a vintage performance yet the job got done and people's thoughts were already turning towards the big one. The Surrey Cup final.

Comprised of an initial 64 teams, this was the tough one. In all the years that Mr Blunt and Mr Waller had been at the school, which could be aeons for all anyone knew, not one team had made it to a Surrey Cup final. It was rare that teams were even entered as the chances of progressing were slim.

U16 REPORT

SGS were helped by two byes in early rounds yet won their first round match convincingly. Magna Carta awaited in the quarters which would be by no means an easy game especially considering it was an away fixture. Schools like these often proved to be dangerous due to the presence of one or two top players who could change the game in an instant. An initial glimpse of the pitch showed that it was clearly going to be a tough game as the size and surface made Northey look like the Bernabeu. Sutton dominated the first half yet only found themselves two-one up at half time. With Mr Waller having analysed the match thoroughly during the first forty minutes and with his vast knowledge of football, he came to the conclusion that "two touches was one touch too many" and that this would be the key to winning the game. Midway through the second half, another Jeffrey goal looked to have finished them off yet as is often the case, leading by two goals can become dangerous. Magna Carta finally found their mojo and started penning SGS back. Their renewed energy and pressure gave way to a goal, making the score 3-2. As ever though this Sutton team refused to back down and ground out the closing minutes to seal a determined victory.

Heading into the semi finals, another away game this time at Oxted (yes, we had never heard of them before either), the team felt confident of getting a result to push on to the final. On initial appearance the pitch looked frighteningly similar to the one at Magna Carta so everyone knew they were in for a tough game. A gusty wind blew across the pitch as the second semi final of the season kicked off. An early goal from back up striker Grant put the Reds one up and Jeffrey made it two going into the closing stages of the first half. However, much to the disappointment of the back line who had defended valiantly throughout the first half, an Oxted corner led to a scrappy tap in at the back post. Two-one up at half time once again.

WOULD THIS SECOND HALF BE ANY BETTER?

Both teams came out fast and hard yet Sutton dominated as Jeffrey completed his hat trick with a lobbed header over the keeper and a one-on-one that got comfortably put away. Four-one up. Surely their spot in the final was all but confirmed. Once again, though, the opposition dug deep and fought back to snatch a goal. Tricky winger Oscar Reeves then replied with Sutton's fifth goal widening the gap to five-two. SGS couldn't slip to a loss from this position could they? The match was completely in their hands. What could go wrong? An inspiring performance from Oxted's captain led to a bombardment of Sutton's goal and poor defending from a freekick gifted them another goal. Five-three. Disaster struck with just minutes to go as a soft penalty was given Oxted's way. Everyone on the pitch was feeling the pressure by this point even their best player who stepped up to take it. The penalty was rolled unconvincingly down the middle to bring the game to five four. Would there be late drama? Would this game go to extra time? SGS refused to let this happen and showed grit and steel to see the game out. The full time whistle blew and an SGS football team were set to play in a Surrey Cup Final for the first time in years. It was a huge result and was testament to the hard work, fight and perseverance that were the hallmarks of this team.

The stage was set.

THE U16 SURREY CUP FINAL WAS TO BE PLAYED AT DORKING WANDERERS' GROUND ON THE THURSDAY AFTER THE EASTER BREAK AGAINST A FORMIDABLE HAMPTON SIDE.

To the disappointment of many Year 11 students, a crowd was not going to be making the journey down to cheer on their peers. As usual and in typical private school fashion, many of the opposition were on football scholarships. In particular, one name stood out. Josh King. A player that had represented Fulham U18s from just 15 years old and had played for, and captained, England at youth level would

be in the side that Sutton were hoping to beat.

It was bright and clear as the minibus set off from school to get to the ground. Spirits were high on the journey over and the bus soon pulled into the ground. Walking into the changing room, the team found their kit had been laid out like a professional team by ex-striker Hagley who had come to watch and the injured Edwin Cross. The team warmed up before coming back in for a joint team talk from Mr Waller and Blunt who believed that Sutton could grab a win. Hampton would play the beautiful game and SGS would go out and win.

The lineups were announced with Foster between the sticks, the iconic backline of Johnstone, Young, Nanda and Srithacshan with dynamic duo Maling and Sohawon in midfield. The attack consisted of Reeves on the left wing and Kirubananthan wide right with Jeffrey and Srithar up top. And of course, how could I forget O'Sullivan on the bench? A classic four four two. BOSH. Both teams marched out of the tunnel with a photographer to take pictures. Shaking hands before the game, the teams wished each other luck before the game got underway. With the wind blowing against SGS, their long ball tactic would be harder to put into place yet as the first half progressed it was clear this would be a tight game. Hampton had few attacks but Sutton pushed men forward more often and more frequently. In a flash, a quick exchange of passes on the left hand side gave Jeffrey a sight of goal from an acute angle. He took aim and drove it into the bottom corner. One-nil Sutton. As the first half drew to a close, SGS began to take their foot off the gas a little and the game opened up. The Hampton striker found himself a yard in the box and thundered a shot into the roof of the net. Things got worse with just minutes to go as a poorly defended freekick led to another goal. Within a matter of minutes, the game had turned on its head – Sutton now trailed two-one heading into the changing rooms at half time. An inspiring team talk from the two coaches restored belief in the players who stepped out knowing the next goal would change the game.

It certainly did. A mix up at the back due to the astro turf pitch significantly slowing the ball down allowed their player to nip in and collect

the ball to pass into an empty net. Three-one. Not all hope was lost yet as Jeffrey latched onto a long ball from Johnstone and sprinted forward. He took it round the keeper. Could he pull one back? Surely they were back in the game but he couldn't keep the ball in play and the Suttts remained down. Another chance went awry as Reeves flashed a shot across the face of goal before Hampton brought on their main man, the England international and Fulham midfielder, King. The Reds were flagging by this point anyway – a combination of the large pitch and chasing the game for large periods of the second half. Players hobbled off with cramp as their star showed glimpses of why he was set for the Premier League. Slipped through as the defence was cut open, he took it round the keeper to finish the game off. Four-one Hampton. The dream was over.

The full time whistle blew and whilst many were disappointed with the result, everyone felt we gave them a proper game and went toe to toe with them for the first half. As the medals were collected, all the players reflected on the season we had had. We had overcome adversity many times. We had found results when we needed it most. But most importantly we played as a team and enjoyed every second of it. Now all we needed was a football tour.

**BY DANIEL
JOHNSTONE**



This year, the newly formed U19 team was entered for the Surrey League Cup and the Surrey League, and with only one Year 13, in the captain Mikey, many players were in their first year of playing competitively.

THIS WAS NOT THE SAME AS PLAYGROUND BASKETBALL AGAINST THE YEAR 7'S.

As our first match we faced a tough John Fisher team, and their feisty coach who tried to start an altercation with our very own Mr Z, who held the Sutton lead to as little as 4 with a few seconds left in the game; however we were able to start off our season with a great team win by one point. As the season progressed we travelled over to Richard Challoner who had a few very welcoming students watching on. We started the match badly. However, we were able to slowly claw our way back into the game following some magic from Mikey;

WE WERE WINNING BY 1 WITH A MINUTE LEFT.

After a beautiful defensive play by myself, Maciej had the easiest lay-up that he managed to smoke, causing everyone disbelief. With 10 seconds left, my fellow lightskin opposition, Jaiden was fouled by Josh, however much to everyone's surprise he missed both free throws, even airballing the last one. This meant that we had won the game, again by 1 point.

After winning our first 2 games by 1 point we travelled to a tough, physical Carshalton team, we managed to pull away a 2 point win despite us playing terribly, but we were happy to come away with a win. The next day we played our favourite team of Greenshaw who came in very hopeful, however after the first 5 minutes it was clear that this would be an easy cruise game. At halftime we had a very large lead of about 40, so we decided to rest ourselves.

We were then met by the young, fun team of Southborough who gave us our most fun game, despite them losing by 50. My son in year 8

called me out for an iso and managed to get off a good shot, that was gassed up, and we then started a challenge of not letting them score more than 45 which we failed to carry out, this made coach Ire, following his uncles Kingsley, giving us 20 pushups on his count. Next came our second-round cup game against Wilson's, the match was quite relaxed and we were able to comfortably beat them by around 40 which gave us the confidence we needed as we were faced with Carshalton again in the semis. This match however, was completely different than the previous game. Not only were we playing at home, but we also started strongly gaining a large lead at the start, Mikey scoring his usual 30 helped us to beat them by over 20 points.

We had made it to the Surrey cup finals in Guildford again. Training became more intense and everyone was becoming more serious. On the 10th of March we piled onto the minibus with Josh trying to play his DaBaby. We arrived in the arena and watched the games being played before ours. Nerves were building up, we were facing the maxed-out light skin in Seb who caught us all by surprise. We had been leading in the first half but this was our hardest match to date, myself and Mikey struggling to score in the 3rd quarter was the start of our downfall. Seb who was making ridiculous shots kept on draining 3s in our faces. They had started to build up a lead, completely caught out by surprise we had no clue what to do, with 5 minutes left we were down by only 6, but we were crumbling under pressure, after bringing a whole coach of people we had been defeated by 1 player scoring 55 points and giving us our first defeat of the season. The minibus journey back was silent, no one said a word, once we got back to school our fans bought us Maccies but not even this was enough to cheer us up. We had failed to win the Surrey Cup yet again despite how well our season went.

After this point, we had a semi-final against Hamptons 5 days later, but we did not feel like playing basketball. We won the game easily but it was not a nice win as we still hadn't gotten over the loss. In our final against Challoner we were not ourselves, we found ourselves down by 15 at the start and we never found our feet which led to us losing our second match of our season. Two losses in two finals.

It was a great season with a disappointing end, however we would like to thank Mr Karlsson, Mr Z and everyone that came to watch our games, especially our fans who bought us Maccies when we were down. We would also like to thank Mikey, who's now an old head, but held our training sessions and taught us our plays.

BY NASHAWN MILES



U19 BASKETBALL

As an external student, one change that I was looking forward to was a change in schedules. One major change, however, was the introduction of games into my school routine. The induction day was when PE staff told us that for the first time ever, netball would be an available option for games. And after meeting with the new coach Sam, this only just confirmed that netball would definitely be happening in SGS. third quarter, we were then told that both matches were ending there due to lack of time. If not for the news that matches were being cut short, it would've undoubtedly been a win for the SGS 1sts. The 2nds took an unfortunate loss, but regardless of that, we left the school still pumped up, as on that afternoon, the 14 of us had made SGS history playing the first ever matches as the first ever netball teams.

The next obstacle we needed to face was the constant ridiculing from boys, who didn't seem to think netball was a valid sport. Despite this, they still seemed enthusiastic to play, and it was funny to watch them running around on court having no idea what they were doing wrong every time they were penalised. After weeks of games, we began to have the makings of a potential team. Without even realising it, playing against boys had actually improved us as a team overall - we were more physical and made more tactical plays. We were all hoping to get a few matches in before the season's end, and constantly asked Blunt to arrange a few for us. March 8th, International Women's Day, was when we were meant to play our second match against Wally Girls, but it was sadly cancelled due to bad weather. Our second match actually wasn't a singular match, but a tournament against other schools. Held at Sutton High once again, we were up against Nonsuch, Glynn, and 3 Sutton High teams. After another injury - Katie this time - we placed 5th overall. Once again, history was made as we won our first match as the SGS netball team.

And then we heard the news: we were set to play our first match on January 25th, against Sutton High School. In less than 6 months, we had just managed to scrape together 2 teams to play against Sutton High. it would've been 2 teams and a floating sub, but Olivia unfortunately broke her finger the week before during games. After being denied dresses, we set off to the match dressed in the X-country tops and Mr Blunt's latest creative idea: funky socks. We boarded the coach, full of anticipation for our 5 minute journey. Unfortunately, the season ended shortly after Easter due to exams, but I can confidently say we are ready for the next year/season!

**BY MOYO
OLADIPUPO-GEORGE**

After a warm up, we realised that everyone would be playing inside, as the opposition felt that it was too cold to play outside. This meant the games would be played one quarter on, one quarter off. But it was better for us too, as it gave us enough time to rest, and also allowed us to support our teammates on the side whenever we were off. By the end of the 3rd quarter, the 1sts were drawing 5-5. We were charged up, ready for the final quarter. Maria was powering through an injury, and Aleks and Lizzy had shooting under control. We knew we had it in us to win, but after the 2nds'





CLUBS ACTIVE

A photograph of students in a chemistry laboratory. They are wearing white lab coats and safety goggles. One student in the foreground is using a pipette to transfer liquid into small vials. In the background, there is a whiteboard with the word 'Photo' written on it, and a poster on the wall titled 'Life's energy currency: ATP'.

ACTIVITIES

From day one, clubs and activities aren't an optional bolt-on to SGS life; instead, they make up the heart and soul of the community. From Year 7 to Year 13, clubs connect students across year groups, who share similar passions that they would like to explore, while external competitions allow esteemed scholars to compete (and beat) surrounding schools. Successes in Public Speaking, Hans Woyda and with the Student Voice, to name a few, all highlight the necessity of these activities and the alternative outlets to sport that they provide.

Throughout my 7 years at SGS, I have tried my hand at a range of clubs and competitions - with varying levels of success - and I am ever thankful for the countless opportunities this school has provided for me. Therefore, I hope the many teachers and 6th Formers, who tirelessly run a vast range of weird and wonderful clubs and societies, will continue with vigour and gusto to strive to serve our school community, in the unique SGS way. A substantial thanks must go to my editorial team: Parin Shukla and Oliver Karlsson, for their tireless work in editing this section and obtaining the articles within it. It's been a pleasure.

Y9 CHALLENGE DAY

Year 9 challenge day began with a bang, as activities set out for us in the playground which students were told that they had been summoned to solve the murder that had taken place in a hotel room last night. Now in Year 9, with 2 challenge days under our belts, we felt ready for anything and were confident that we could crack this case. Our job was to complete activities set by the teachers to gain clues and find out about the killer's identity.

Initially, all students gathered in the main hall excited to be missing lessons and were mixed with other houses to form teams. We were then introduced to several characters who were found in the hotel bar. To find the murderer, several groups rotated between different activities which challenged us to use our school knowledge and investigative skills.

In chemistry, we completed a titration experiment to find a specific acid and tried to match it with the suspects' DNA. We also interrogated each character in our case (who were played by the sixth form students), and learnt more about the whereabouts and background of each person. Some of the suspects included the victims' brother, a French scientist, the Chief of the local police, and an undercover agent. In the library, we split into pairs and used a chromebook to decipher codes given to us. The encrypted code could be solved using a code unscrambler on the internet; most people were able to decipher the code

Throughout the day, we logged all of our information in a booklet which was received at the beginning of the day. After all investigation had been completed, each team was given time to connect all the dots and come to a conclusion as to the killers of both murders.

In true challenge day style, the characters dramatically revealed the true killers in addition to their own intentions and motives, leaving some teams joyful and others just rather baffled. On behalf of all year 9s, I would like to thank the Year 12s and 13s for giving up a lot of their time in preparation for this great event. Challenge Day was extremely entertaining and enthralling for most of Year 9 and has been something I appreciated and looked forward to every year.

BY AGASTYA SHETTY

BUT IT WASN'T EASY.

In the library, we split into pairs and used a chromebook to decipher codes given to us. The encrypted code could be solved using a code unscrambler on the internet; most people were able to decipher the code but it wasn't easy. Shockingly, during the middle of our investigation, the undercover agent was unexpectedly murdered and we now had two murders to deal with, not just one!

After lunch, teams then took part in many



THE RUSSIA CONFERENCE

A Level History. The best A Level our school offers. With many fascinating lectures and trips- why wouldn't you take it?

The Russia Conference was one of my highlights of the first year of the A Level History course. A day off school which consists of an exciting venture up to London. We were fortunate, as the Conference was held at the exciting Emmanuel Centre located about a 15 minute walk from London Victoria station.

I got on the train and as I passed through stations, more began to get on. We engaged in thrilling discussions involving Communism, Russia and much more.

Given the trip was in December, we theorised who would win the Champions League that year. As I write this, City have been crowned treble winners - a sad day for the footballing world. The Conference consisted of 4 talks- the best one being from Catherine Merridale. As any professor would, she began by advertising her book *Lenin on the Train* (10/10, great read) which I would thoroughly recommend to any Year 11 reading who is considering History A Level. We were extremely engaged in the talks held by the professors who left the Conference, not just better historians, but better people.

What an experience it was and thank you to whoever arranged it.

BY JONNY SPENCER



In the autumn of 2022, two young men, each kitted out in full military dress, marched towards the mini drama studio to seize power. Their posters dominated the school; their memes flooded Whatsapp group chats and Airdrop inboxes; their opponents had vanished before their eyes. Emboldened and empowered, they strode forward together in unison towards the door. Chris Gebka – who had rebuilt the Student Voice from the ground up, overhauling its systems and laying a foundation for years of success to come – was finishing his final meeting as Chairman. With characteristic dignity and grace, this SGS great concluded his remarks, removed his badge and took to his seat. The audience watched in silence as his place was taken by the two uniformed figures. Polished boots shining, toggles tucked away, and with a moulded beret laying in one hand, his unelected successor walked to centre-stage and so too into office...

Thus did my tenure as Chairman of the Student Voice begin. An ominous start, and hopefully one that can be seen as uncharacteristic of my time as Chair. Although my fantastic team and I took office in unprecedented circumstances, throughout we have strived to follow in the footsteps of our illustrious predecessors. Our achievements are indubitably more limited, but with strong foundations forged through hard work, we are certain that they shall stand the test of time.

In the spirit of Chris Gebka's reforming zeal, we participated in the establishment of the new, all-Sutton interschool council, attending its regular meetings and ensuring that Sutton Grammar will play an integral and active role in a body that – through bringing together schools and students from across our community – will no doubt provide a vibrant and vital forum for debate, discussion and (most importantly) change heading into the future. Our successors will hopefully enjoy the privilege of hosting its first meeting on our site.

Recognising failings within the behaviour and rewards system – which too often looked towards the stick rather than the carrot – we set about to build consensus for reform. We conducted extensive surveys, held discussions with senior leadership and built a data-driven template for change. We are encouraged by the progress witnessed so far and hope that the core idea of our plans – an achievements points system with clarity, consistency and plentiful tangible rewards – will be sustained and extended going forwards.

We also oversaw Culture Day, an opportunity for people of all backgrounds and traditions to highlight our school's wonderful diversity and an event which should only grow bigger and bolder in years to come.

Throughout our term, we held numerous meetings with the (elected) representatives of form groups from across the school, debating issues ranging from uniform policy – where we defended the retention of black blazers for the Upper School – to the urgent need for the main toilet block to be renovated to be fit for purpose. In each and every meeting, I was struck by how engaged, attentive and passionate the form reps were about our school community. With such character and commitment a flourishing future is assured and I thank them for their service to date. I would also like to pay tribute to the work of Mr Humphries and Mrs Ross, without whom the Student Voice could not function.

I give thanks to my team, whose brilliant campaigning took us into office and whose hard work provided the basis of our achievement. Whilst many more have contributed, I would like to express special gratitude to Ben Roberts (Vice-Chairman), Hassaan Rehman (Secretary), Parin Shukla (President) and Srinivas Medida (School Ambassador).

Finally, I would like to thank you, the student body. It has been an immense privilege and a pleasure to serve at your behest and I am certain that whoever you elect as my successor will take the Student Voice from strength to strength.

Floreat Suttona.

BY JACOB BICKERSTAFFE





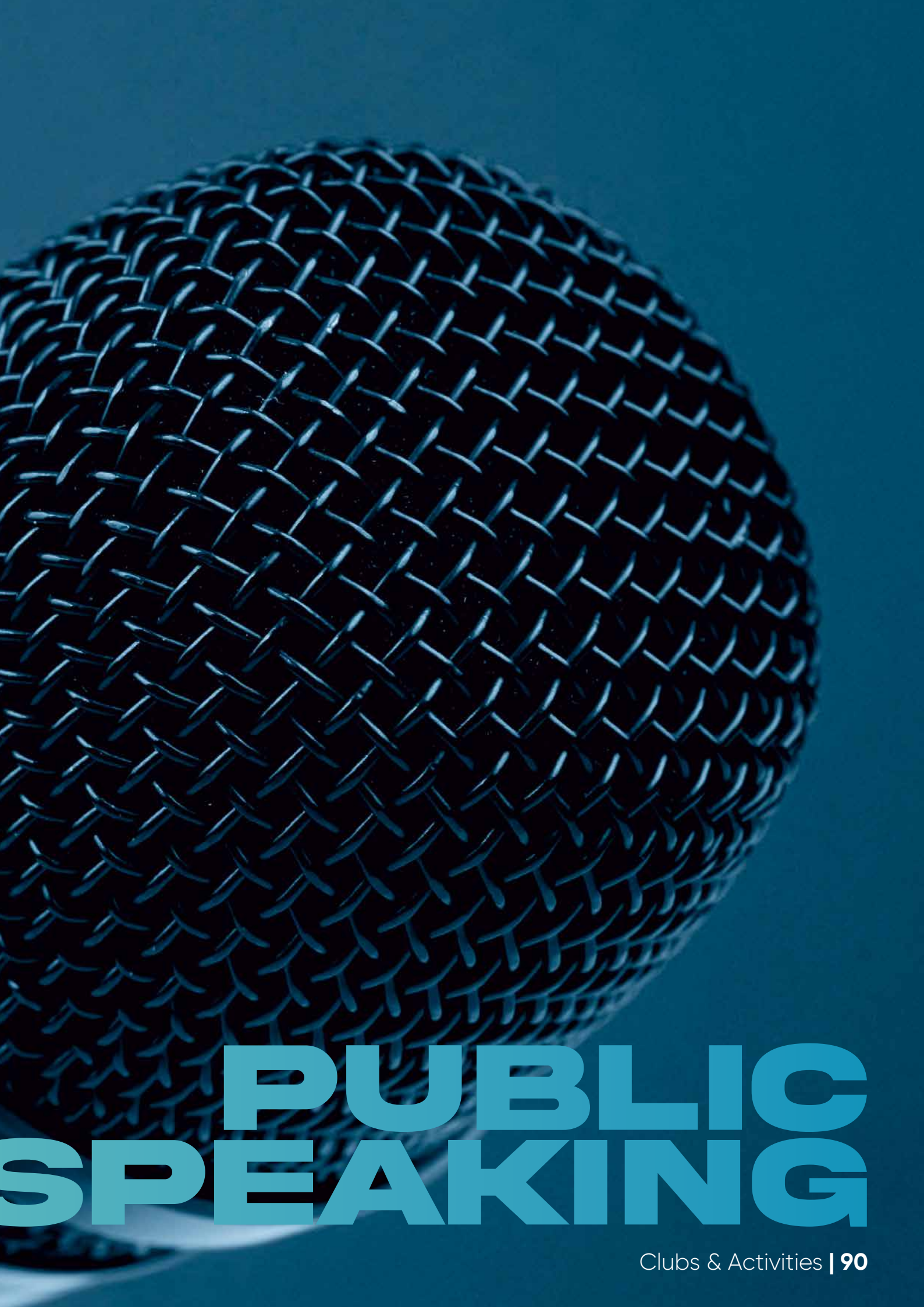
As school stuttered back to life in the dying autumnal days of 2021 and the pandemic faded from sight, a team of three plucky SGS students prepared to 'mobilise the English language and send it into battle'. Hand-picked by the legendary Señor Wroth and trained in the arts of elocution (we spent about 5 minutes doing diction drills), we readied ourselves to bluff, bluster and blag our way as far through the ESU-Churchill Public Speaking Competition as fortune allowed. Although disinclined to offer much in the way of blood, toil, tears and sweat, we had Spanish lessons to waste and CCF parades to dodge, so the incentives to progress were immensely compelling.

The first round saw us take on two Wally Boys teams – clearly they were hoping that the sheer weight of numbers would carry them through – and Sutton High. The lingering effects of Covid forced the heat onto Zoom, but all the technical difficulties and dodgy mics that entailed could not suppress the fiery debate that was to come. Parin Shukla, our designated orator, wonderfully delivered a most excellently crafted speech on the potential of AI. Antonio Lo Presti, ever brimming with vim and verve, introduced and summed up the opposing speaker in his relentlessly charismatic fashion, whilst I subjected them to a withering cross-examination. A strong performance carried us through to the second round. Once more, fine oratory and witty chairmanship were enough for us to prevail. My struggles to come up with sufficiently long questions to fill four minutes with a speaker who had made the startlingly original and shockingly insightful claim that 'the quality of books read matters more than the quantity' were soon forgotten as dreams of the Ritz swelled our hearts – we were off to the regional final. Destination: Mayfair.

Here the real challenge began. In the bleak February days of 2022, we were to face the assembled might of an array of the capital's most exclusive and wealthy independent schools. Carefully we composed a new speech, this time a scathing critique of Britain's problem with alcoholism (as the partying public schoolboys in Downing Street were then demonstrating), and mustered all our courage before the day of reckoning.

Alas, 'twas not to be. The Omicron variant saw Covid roar back, with case numbers soaring even higher than mortgage rates under Liz Truss. I was struck down the night before the competition and our hopes began to plummet like the pound. Nonetheless, in Churchillian spirit we decided that surrender was not an option. After hours of desperately scrabbling around for a replacement, facing rejection after rejection (including from a future Head Boy), a hero finally stepped forward. Anton Simovic, with no preparation nor notice, fearlessly committed himself to the struggle in a display of courage that really should have earned his name a place on the school's public speaking trophy. He performed admirably – exceptionally given the circumstances – but despite his fine efforts and those of Parin and Antonio (who was commended for his chairmanship once again), we narrowly missed out on passage to the grand final. Whilst it certainly was not the finest hour we dreamed of, the third place we secured in the face of significant adversity was no mean feat. I await with eager anticipation for a future generation of Suttonians to do that which we could not and finally go all the way.

BY JACOB BICKERSTAFFE



PUBLIC SPEAKING



By Gilbert Knight

IMPROV CLUB

After the previous chief of Improv Club Marlon Wright left for university and the great beyond, he handed the reins over to yours truly. Since then, Ben Roberts and I have been running this extraordinary club together. So, what exactly is Improv Club I hear you ask? In short, it is a group dedicated to the art of improvisation in drama and performance. Every Tuesday lunchtime members congregate in room 49 and engage in a variety of different improv-related activities. These games often involve made-up scenarios and instructions from the leaders such as “change the genre” or “freeze”.

Through these activities, we help to build the communication skills of the younger years, as they learn to think on the spot and engage an audience. Although a large proportion of our members are in Year 8, the club welcomes students of all ages and attendance is steady. The club has quite a relaxed environment: each session is, rather fittingly, unstructured and improvised.

The highlight of most sessions is the game of splat we play to conclude; the twist being that anyone who dies must enact a dramatic death.

Overall, Improv Club continues to be a great success in providing a fun and comfy atmosphere that helps improve the confidence of its members by encouraging them to participate and perform.

FILM AND GENERAL KNOWLEDGE CLUB

By Elstyn Ellwood-Thompson

On Wednesday and Thursday lunchtimes, Mr. Gunning hosts Film Club and General Knowledge Club, the day on which each occurs alternating so as to cater to his target audience, the majority of which are in Year 10 who have games on a Thursday afternoon.

Film Club, which occurs on Wednesday A and Thursday B, exists to showcase Mr. Gunning's love for old filmography. It features a variety of genres, ranging all the way from comedy, such as the Marx Brothers, to Film Noir, such as Double Indemnity.

Students who attend Film Club get to experience classic films that they might not have otherwise encountered, allowing them to better appreciate filmography as a whole.

Wednesday B and Thursday A host General Knowledge Club, designed as a forum for discussion regarding cultural and political topics.

General Knowledge Club allows one to share information on any topic with the rest of the We group, aiming to foster a sense of curiosity and open-mindedness among the participants - a thirst for knowledge, one could say...

Both clubs are open to all students, and are an excellent way to explore new ideas, broaden one's horizons, and develop critical thinking skills. If you're looking for an opportunity to expand your knowledge and engage in lively discussions, Film Club and General Knowledge Club are definitely worth checking out!

PSYCHOLOGY CLUB

This year at Psychology Club, members talked about a range of topics such as phobias, eyewitness testimony, or the psychology behind the workings of prisons. Every Friday lunchtime, members debated between them a new psychological topic, with everyone getting a chance to have their say.

We also did psychological experiments, in which we compared our results to the results of the original experiment. This was to test how similar we are in certain ways, compared to the rest of the population. As well as this, we watched a variety of videos and learnt about different people's experiences in certain situations. This helped us as psychologists to understand why people in society act the way they do. Learning from these we attempted to explain theories of how and why the mind works which may have previously seemed unexplainable.

BY ORLA AL KHALILI



CAMBRIDGE CHEMISTRY CLUB

On Wednesday the 14th June 2023, around thirty buccaneering chemistry students (and myself) decided that the best way to spend their games afternoon was to sit an unnecessarily difficult chemistry paper in a sweltering room, where the words “air conditioning” have yet to be uttered by a single soul. I had actually decided on the previous night that I was not going to participate. Aside from the fact that I had not so much as glanced at a question, the idea of tackling a paper of fiendish proportions was not appealing in the slightest- it was June, and for the past 2 weeks the sun had made a guest appearance in England, bringing soaring temperatures along with it. Classrooms were hot.

Nevertheless, after incessant pestering from Benjy Leason, Nivedhan Ganeshwaran, and Daniel Taylor, I gave in. And at 1:45, armed with a pen and my casio classwiz fx-991EX (a true stalwart of mathematical instruments) the stage was set.

The tension was palpable as we waited for Mr Wood to allow us to conquer the beast that is the Lower 6th Cambridge Chemistry Challenge.

And as the clock ticked past the minute, we began.

I let out an audible sigh as I saw that the first page of the question booklet was filled with a mountain of text, which I immediately decided that I wasn't going to read. However, after reading the first question I decided that I, in fact, had to read it. After reading the page, which gave a brief history on valence electrons, I read the first question again- to my dismay, I still didn't have a clue as to what was going on. My confidence was not at all helped by Lakshya Koul and Paul Romano, two aspiring medical students, scribbling away furiously on either side of me.

Having completely disregarded every part of the first question, I flicked to the second and final question, which was on the alleged “crazy chemistry” of bismuth and its “colourful” oxides. These colours were nowhere to be found, for the paper had been printed in black and white. Fortunately, I was actually able to attempt this question, in no small part thanks to there being a part on trigonometry; a find that was surprising, yet welcome nonetheless.

After struggling through the second question, I set my sights back on the beginning. Unfortunately, not much had changed, and an entire page of organic reaction mechanisms still looked about as appetising as haggis ice cream. But before I could even think about attempting the questions, Mr Wood announced that the battle was over. And after an hour and a half of suffering, I breathed a sigh of relief, and went home.

BY SAI PRABHAKER

CYBER CENTURION

CyberCenturion is an annual, defence (or Blue Team as it is more commonly known) cybersecurity competition where teams compete to fix security issues in virtual machines. The competition consists of four stages: exhibition rounds, a practice round, three scored competition rounds, and the national finals. The latter, which is the only in-person round, marks the culmination of the event.

At the start of each competition round, teams of up to four people receive 2–3 virtual machines, with each machine presenting different levels of difficulty and running a different Linux distribution (effectively a variant or flavour of the Linux operating system). In simple terms, a virtual machine is a software emulation of a physical computer that allows multiple operating systems to run simultaneously on a single physical machine. Minimal preparation is required, with teams downloading the virtual machine image and loading it into VMware Workstation, the software used to “run” the virtual machine.

During the competition, a live scoring system and scoreboard track the teams’ progress. Each virtual machine contains tasks worth a total of 100 points, and the sum of all a team’s virtual machines scores determines their final score. Although teams can score points in various ways, achieving all 100 points is no easy feat.

Firstly, each machine has a document on the desktop detailing user accounts that should be registered on the operating system, along with their respective privileges (admin or standard user). Registering these users correctly often earns easy points, but as the competition progresses and becomes more difficult, these opportunities diminish. The document may also specify applications that should be functioning, with penalties incurred for any issues, providing hints for additional points.

Another way to score points is through forensics questions, which involve answering a few questions correctly. These questions can range from identifying which user is hiding games on their account to more advanced tasks such as program decompilation, reverse engineering, and encryption in later rounds. At this stage, only 25% (or less in harder rounds) of the total points will have been obtained if the aforementioned tasks are done correctly.

The remaining points are what make the competition challenging, as teams must identify the issues within the system, with the main difficulty lying in not knowing where to look initially, which can be extremely daunting. There is no definitive approach to gaining points in this section; different teams may employ various strategies yet still achieve the same results.

In both CyberCenturion VIII and IX, our crack SGS team successfully reached the national finals, competing against the formidable Isle of Man team for two consecutive years. The finals presented a significantly heightened level of complexity: the virtual machines intentionally arrived non-functional and had to be fixed before any points could be scored while additional challenges such as completely broken Linux applications were also introduced. Despite the challenges, the final round was enjoyable and even lighthearted, with a virtual duck running across our screens as we worked. Ultimately, we secured 3rd place on the final leaderboard, with the dreaded Isle of Man team placing ahead of us. Until next year...

BY JAMES SOUTHALL

GREENPOWER

Since time immemorial mankind has yearned for speed and power, hoping one day they'll be roaring past onlookers at Mach speeds in the car of their dreams. Greenpower is sort of like that, but better. In our team, we aim to improve on and build a car to compete in the Formula 24+ race, convening in our humble shed next to the Snack Shack every week. In previous months, a certain incident resulted in our car being wrecked alongside our hopes of driving it. Because of that, this year's Greenpower team was tasked with one sole objective: build a new car and get it working, and so our task began.

The new car was an empty canvas free for us to desecrate decorate. We began by salvaging what we could off of the old car, masterfully ransacking and re-using wooden sheets, crash mats, and more. Weeks of riveting, taping, and decorating were going smoothly, but our biggest

foe still awaited. For the car to work we needed to hammer a metal bar called the tension pin through a piece of metal. Sounded easy enough, so we got to work. 2 months of hammering later we managed to pull through, and our car was almost ready. After some final touches, we began our first test drive. Much like man first discovering fire, our team was in awe that the car was moving, and so we began to prepare for our first race.

BY OZAN KALE



THE RACE

The sport of racing is a highly demanding one, not only in the construction process of the car and its often fickle electrical system but also in its demands of an early morning and an hour and a half ride to the race track at Goodwood. The day started off well, with a ride through idyllic nature scenes of sheep littered on hills set to a background of discussions of the current world and previous historical events. The journey was swift and spurred on by quite a bit of good weather which worked to only heighten our spirits for the day ahead.

Upon arrival we were greeted with sounds of walkie talkies and other kinds of expensive and rather intimidating car equipment that shone in all shades of metallic. We humbly set up in our assigned lot, number 52. While eyeing the competition and reassuring ourselves that we stood a fighting chance, we began our final checks and tweaks of the car before the official scrutineering of the vehicle. This involved replacing the back tyres and attaching the front hood of the car with generous amounts of duct tape. Tests of the engine and (the painfully loud) signalling system were all conducted successfully and passed through the check.

What followed next was the practice round. Things had started off well after the car was walked out onto the track by the team pusher James Carver. While there was a bit of a shaky start in which our allocated driver was working out the workings of the car, the first few laps passed by quite well. What came next however, was the car overheating at a remote place in the circuit, which resulted in it being picked up by the race management team and driven back to us. This kind of small hiccup was caringly nicknamed as our Act 2 stage of the race, meaning that we were now looking for possible solutions that would keep our car going for longer.

Gaining a second wind from an assortment of (perfectly healthy) snacks and some throw-back song choices that surprised even Mr Turner, we began once again testing the engine, and replacing the two front tires of the car so

that they were fully prepared for the race.

Before the start of the official race, the whole team paid a ceremonial visit to the grave of Bruce McLaren, as paying respects to the racer has been rumoured to award an extra four seconds of speed. After paying a moment of silence to the passed member and posing for the new cover of GQ by the aerodrome, we were ready to race.

Things started off well with our team driver Rohan, speeding away ahead of quite a few cars cheered on by our loud enthusiasm. Our team, comically (and rather intelligently) dubbed 'owl be back' then began anxiously refreshing the race updates and feverishly counting each car that passed by to gauge our place in the race. Unfortunately we were unable to secure a win that day,

While our car may not have had the best design aerodynamically, the visual effects were certainly well thought through. The front of the car is decorated with the Ukrainian flag, and the top engine cover sprinkled with messages of encouragement in each of the team members' mother tongues. This kind of multicultural design was also appreciated by the greenpower design team which is reflected by the fact that on several occasions the official expressed an interest in knowing the translation of every inscription.

Most importantly, we'd like to thank the generous Mr Turner, Mrs Hatrapal and Ms Vincent for selflessly giving up their Sunday to spend the day with us, tolerating our chaotic excitement of the race day.

The owls shall return for a much needed victory.

BY VITA GONCHAROVA



As the new school year began, it was once again time for the Hans Woyda maths competition, which pits schools from all over London against each other, posing several rounds of perplexing mathematical problems, each of which must be solved within a strict time limit, either individually or as a team. Only four people from across the school have the chance to be on this team – one from Years 7-9, one from Years 10-11, one from Year 12 and one from Year 13. As you might expect, this leads to fierce competition, as the best mathematicians battle it out for these coveted spots. As it happens, this year I was victorious in my year group's qualifier – battered and bruised, but undeterred nonetheless.

Now came the real challenge.

I met up with my teammates, Soham Sud (Y13), Boaz Ting (Y11), Hugh Bacon and Aman Chandel (both Y9, one of which acted as a reserve), and we got to strategising along with Mr Vernazza, who was newly in charge of our Hans Woyda team. Our first opponents were Sutton High School, and we knew they would certainly test our abilities. We prepared well, with a couple practice rounds boosting our confidence, and when the day came, we were on song. Cruising to a comfortable victory, we focused our attention on the next round – winning against Wallington Girls would go a long way towards ensuring we qualified for the knockouts.

The fateful day came, and though we didn't perform as well as in the first round, we stuck together and got over the line. Our final group stage match now loomed over our heads. Nonsuch, who were undoubtedly stronger than either of the two previous schools, stood between us and the top of the group. We knew we had to perform strongly if we were to have any chance of winning, so a nervous fog hung in the air ahead of the match. For the first couple rounds, we were neck and neck. The tension was palpable. Then, Nonsuch faltered, and we pounced.

A gap opened up – one which we held onto until the end of the game. We had reached the knockouts, and were quietly confident about our chances.

The first knockout game came and went, and it was significantly easier than we had expected. Perhaps this caused us to drop our guard slightly, and when our next opponents were announced to be Whitgift, we almost casually dismissed them. It was then that we found out that Whitgift were quite possibly the favourites to win the entire competition, and that kicked us into high gear. The next couple of weeks were a frenzy of preparation, with practice rounds almost every lunchtime. Despite this, our confidence was at an all-time low. We knew that often, one mistake was all it took for a match to slip away. This expectation of needing to achieve perfection, I feel, weighed heavily on us. On the crucial day, we fought hard, but ended up falling just one point short.

Agony.

We regrouped, congratulated each other, and promised we would see each other the following year, but each of us left ruing our mistakes – with a margin that small, every point dropped proved to be pivotal.

Regardless of the heartbreaking way in which it ended, I would say that this was a fantastic experience, and we formed great bonds within our team that will last much longer than just the duration of the competition. It's also a great way to push yourself, especially when it comes to solving maths problems quickly, and so I would strongly encourage anybody interested who will be in Year 9, Year 11, Year 12 or Year 13 in the 2023-24 academic year to keep an eye out for the trials, which are usually held sometime in November. I look forward to seeing all of you there!

BY ANURAAG DATTA



HANS WOYDA

INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY

For International Women's Day, Year 12 girls organised several different events and activities spread out over the month of March. We began with presenting assemblies to each year group where we explained the meaning of this year's theme - "Embracing Equity". It was important to us that we described what this was, why it was needed, ways that this was being implemented nationally, and what we were doing to embrace equity within our school. One way we did this was by creating the campaign "This SGS Girl Can" where we now give recognition awards to girls in the sixth form and female teachers at our termly Ladies Lunches. Olivia led and organised this, and it has helped provide encouragement and acknowledgement for the women in our school, which is really important given that there are significantly less of us.

Other things we did to celebrate International Women's Day include a treasure hunt for Year 7 that taught them about women's achievements, running games of bingo in KS3 forms on inspirational women, and selling donuts and ribbons to raise money for charity.

Maddy played a key role in making the purple and pink ribbons, which people wore to show their appreciation and support for women. This was accompanied by the opportunity for staff and sixth formers to wear clothing in these colours on IWD itself, the 8th of March.

All the girls helped run the donut sale and the proceeds of this, combined with that from selling the ribbons, amounted to 500 POUNDS which we donated to Sutton's Women's Centre.

We collectively chose this as we admire their work in our community, as they help women live free from domestic abuse, develop their skills and achieve their potential. All the girls in the year worked hard on these IWD events, and we demonstrated how powerful women can be, especially when we work together.

**BY LUCY
CHRISTODOULIDES**





WINNERS

BALL BOYS



LEDON

The 2023 Wimbledon championships was an exciting tournament, spanning 2 weeks and concluding with an unpredictable and breathtaking contest, where 20-year-old Carlos Alcaraz beat 7 time Wimbledon champion Novak Djokovic. However, what many see on their TV screen is only a small part of what goes on, as it is the job of thousands to keep the tournament running smoothly, including almost 280 Ball Boys and Girls (BBGs). You may not have noticed us before, which for us is an achievement: "The better they are the less you notice them.", as is often quoted to us by our instructors.

Around October in the Autumn of 2022, we were given the opportunity to apply to become a Wimbledon Ball Boy by registering online and writing a letter telling Mr Waghorn why we wanted to be a ballboy. We could then access online modules where we learnt the key concepts involved, such as when the balls need to change ends and what to do in tiebreaks. Once we had completed these, we began training in the sports hall before school, up to 3 mornings a week. Two sixth formers (Jack and Cheuk Nam) who had each done multiple championships, taught us how to roll and feed and they also prepared us for everything the trial would throw at us.

In December, 10 of us were put forward to the trial, where we would compete against close to 1000 applicants. We were assessed on fitness, rolling and feeding, courtwork and also given a written knowledge test. The trial didn't leave my mind in the two weeks following until the results were published; seven out of ten of us had been accepted, out of 150 new trainees picked from the thousand applicants. Although we were excited by passing through this first barrier, knowing that success rates in nearby schools were lower, we knew this was just the beginning.

Training at Wimbledon was tough both mentally and physically, as the sessions required intensity for 2 and a half hours, and you had to be prepared to execute a wide range of different actions depending on the outcome of each point. We were frequently warned never to take our place in the program for granted, as they had no time for anyone who risked putting into jeopardy the prestigious and long-lasting reputation of Wimbledon BBGs that has been built over the years. Previous trainees had been kicked out just days

before the Championships for chewing gum or wearing jewellery in training; we had to maintain very high standards both on and off the court.

After months of training, we finally got a chance to show how good we were at the wildcard event, where British players compete for a spot in Wimbledon qualifying. Only new trainees were required to attend, so after a shift on court, we had the opportunity to speak and socialise with them, something we weren't allowed to do until this point. It was useful to gain some experience with real players, where any mistake affects not only you but them, rather than inside the protective bubble of the training centre. The real qualifying at Roehampton happened a week after and went smoothly, and it too offered the chance to socialise with hundreds of fellow BBGs, as we were there from 10 a.m. until late into the evening, when games were suspended due to bad light.

Finally, day one of The Championships was upon us; all the time spent revising modules, countless hours spent training in the sports hall and the months practising at Wimbledon training had led up to this. We were nervous but excited walking to court for the first time, and despite starting on the grid courts, we were proud of how far we had come. However we always wanted to improve, and we were regularly assessed throughout the championships, with the top teams earning shifts on the show courts: Centre, 1, 2, 3, 12 and 18. Teams were always assessed on those courts, but on others, if one person in the team spotted an instructor lurking nearby, the not so surreptitious signal of rubbing their cap would ensue, ensuring all members of the team knew to put on their best display. We knew we had been performing well when marked, and this was confirmed when the team sheets were shown on the morning of about the third day. Everyone gathered around to look for their team and then we saw it: Court 18 - Team I.

Court 18 was our breakthrough, and with a capacity of almost 1,000 people there was more pressure than ever. We must have done quite well though, because we were sent back over 10 times in the championships, being one of two non-ranked teams (the top 8 trainee teams were ranked A-H) to be assigned to it, which was a big achievement.

Due to rain, on multiple days almost no games were played apart from on centre and 1 as both courts are the only ones to have a roof. This meant we were stuck in our underground complex under Court 1 for the entire day, and while there was not a lot to entertain ourselves with other than eating, playing table tennis and watching various TV Channels, it is still the source of many of my best memories at Wimbledon, and I made many friends from schools across London with whom I still meet regularly.

In a normal year, the majority of BBGs leave after the 10th day, with almost all the rest leaving on the 13th day leaving only the finals teams for the last Sunday, however, due to rain delays everyone was kept until the 13th day, and there were still many games to be played on the second Sunday; however, the main focus of the instructor was on the singles finals.

Cheuk was in team FF and was a ball boy for the women's final, having done the Men's final the previous year, while Jack was in team DD, who got to do the men's final. Sebastian, Olly, Agastya and Ludwik were in the guard of honour for the women's final and were lucky enough to meet the Princess of Wales.

As is tradition, on the final day of the championships, all BBGs met up on Wimbledon Common to celebrate the end of the championships for another year, a fun way to end the tournament which had been a part of my life for almost the whole school year.

It was a great experience and one I strongly recommend to any y9/10s, whether you watch every tournament on TV or couldn't care less; the chance to be on court for great players like Djokovic or Alcaraz (or someone as fun as Mansour Bahrami) is not one you want to miss. A massive thanks must go to those who made this possible for me: Jack and Cheuk for training us for months in the sports hall before school, and to Wagsy for being our school rep and constantly reminding me to do the modules.

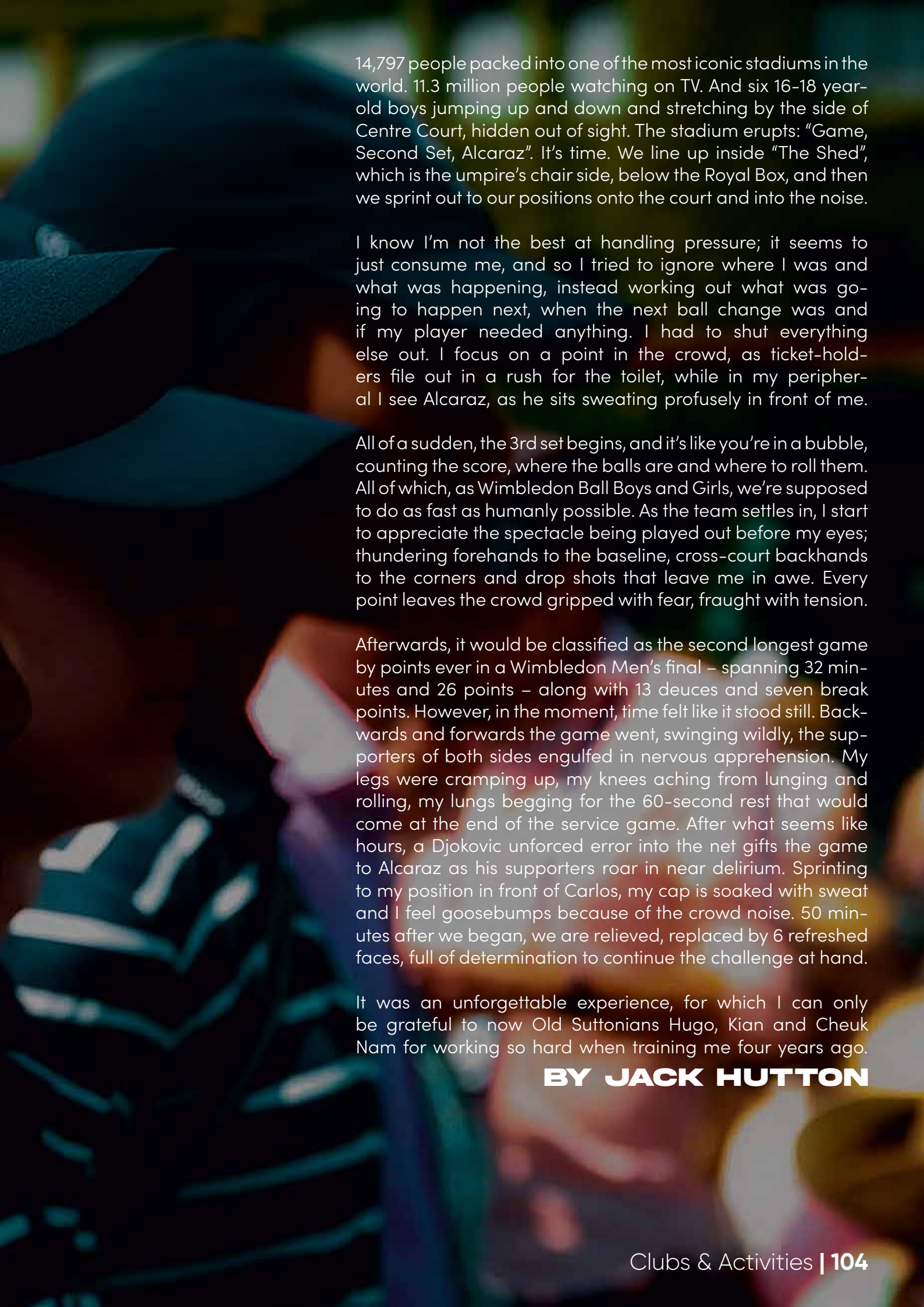
BY RORY ORSBORN





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MEN'S FINAL



14,797 people packed into one of the most iconic stadiums in the world. 11.3 million people watching on TV. And six 16-18 year-old boys jumping up and down and stretching by the side of Centre Court, hidden out of sight. The stadium erupts: "Game, Second Set, Alcaraz". It's time. We line up inside "The Shed", which is the umpire's chair side, below the Royal Box, and then we sprint out to our positions onto the court and into the noise.

I know I'm not the best at handling pressure; it seems to just consume me, and so I tried to ignore where I was and what was happening, instead working out what was going to happen next, when the next ball change was and if my player needed anything. I had to shut everything else out. I focus on a point in the crowd, as ticket-holders file out in a rush for the toilet, while in my peripheral I see Alcaraz, as he sits sweating profusely in front of me.

All of a sudden, the 3rd set begins, and it's like you're in a bubble, counting the score, where the balls are and where to roll them. All of which, as Wimbledon Ball Boys and Girls, we're supposed to do as fast as humanly possible. As the team settles in, I start to appreciate the spectacle being played out before my eyes; thundering forehands to the baseline, cross-court backhands to the corners and drop shots that leave me in awe. Every point leaves the crowd gripped with fear, fraught with tension.

Afterwards, it would be classified as the second longest game by points ever in a Wimbledon Men's final – spanning 32 minutes and 26 points – along with 13 deuces and seven break points. However, in the moment, time felt like it stood still. Backwards and forwards the game went, swinging wildly, the supporters of both sides engulfed in nervous apprehension. My legs were cramping up, my knees aching from lunging and rolling, my lungs begging for the 60-second rest that would come at the end of the service game. After what seems like hours, a Djokovic unforced error into the net gifts the game to Alcaraz as his supporters roar in near delirium. Sprinting to my position in front of Carlos, my cap is soaked with sweat and I feel goosebumps because of the crowd noise. 50 minutes after we began, we are relieved, replaced by 6 refreshed faces, full of determination to continue the challenge at hand.

It was an unforgettable experience, for which I can only be grateful to now Old Suttonians Hugo, Kian and Cheuk Nam for working so hard when training me four years ago.

BY JACK HUTTON

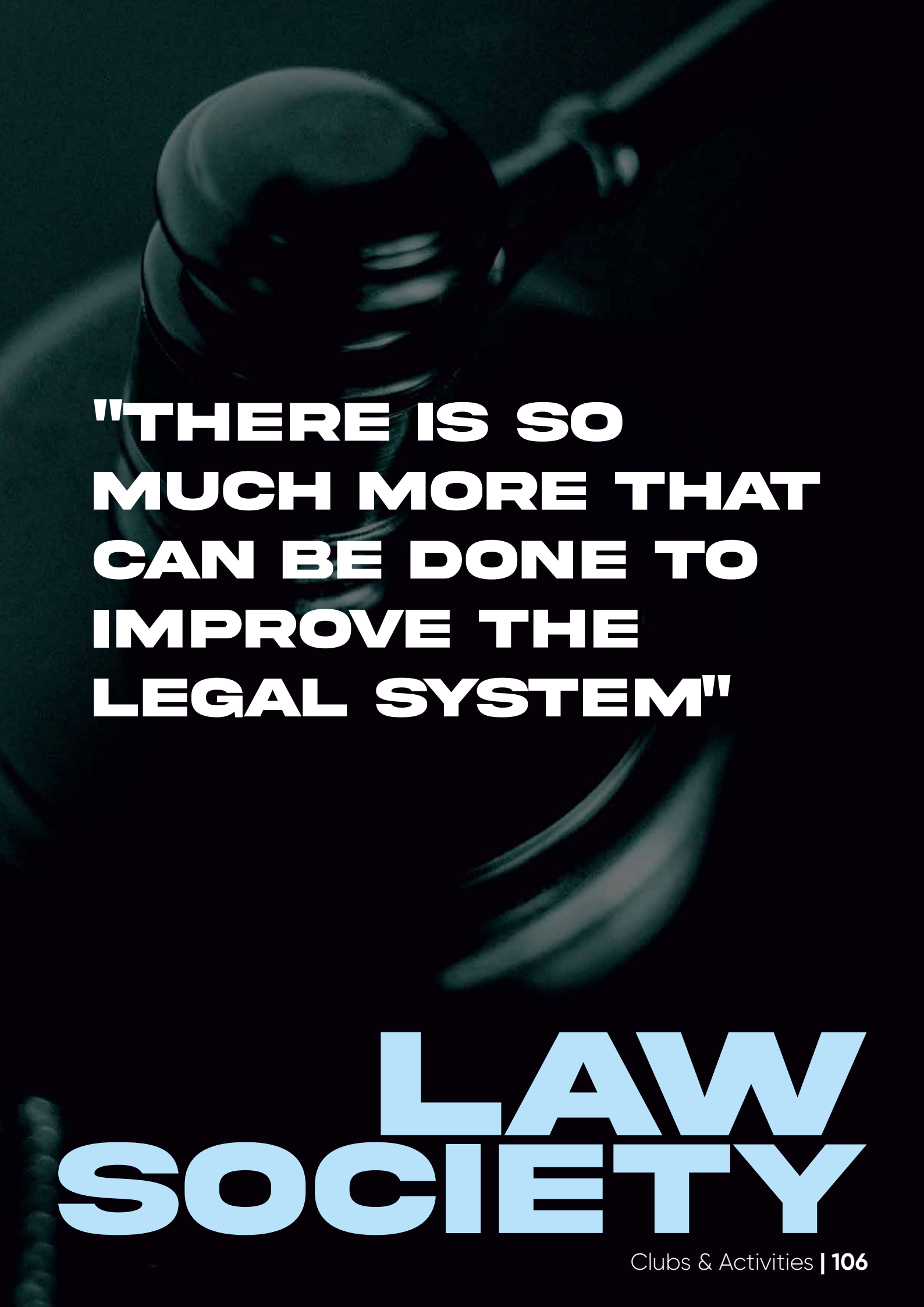
Every Monday (without fail) in room 40, Law Society members meet to discuss the ever-changing nature of the law and prominent cases associated with it. This year we discussed cases close to home such as the killing of Banaz Mahmod and cases further afield such as Roe vs. Wade in the US. Many thanks must go to Mr Bartlett, who regularly supplied material for us to work through and provided us with a plethora of book recommendations for further investigation.

My favourite recommendation of his was the book "5 Ideas to Fight For" by Antony Lester. The book discussed 5 key ideas: human rights, equality, free speech, privacy and the rule of law, all of which are fundamental to our ability as students, teachers, parents and old Suttonians reading this magazine to both live a life where we can say (in a certain limit) what we please, as well as being treated fairly in a society so we can go on to achieve whatever we would like. This is one of the key theories I gained from attending law society this year; the law in all of its forms dictates such varied aspects of life. The law comes into play when establishing the terms of a mortgage as well as the (hopefully) instinctive way you pay for your shopping.

As well as discussing almost 'philosophical' aspects of the law, one of my favourite parts of law society this year was our collective research on the killing of Banaz Mahmod. Under the law her death is described as an honour killing - though I disagree that honour is the right word to describe it. Banahz lived in Mitcham, just a stone's throw away from Sutton Grammar, and was brutally killed in 2006 by her father, uncle and 3 other men. Her killing was incited by Banahz's separation from her abusive husband and her relationship with Rahmat Sulemani after the separation. I was shocked to learn something so vile happened just around the corner and even worse - that it still happens today. Banaz's case brought much-needed public attention to 'honour killings' with a documentary airing in 2020 called 'Banaz: A Love Story' on the BBC. Nevertheless, we looked into how much had changed in the law after this media attention and sadly not a lot did. In 2021 "honour"-based offences recorded by English police forces rose by a shocking 81%. The research we did helped all of us realise there is so much more that can be done to improve the legal system in the UK and hopefully, we can bring this into fruition as the members of law society go on to work in the legal field.

Overall, law society was indispensable to all members who either had a natural interest in the law or were looking to go on to read law at university, of which 16 in the last two years have successfully done so. It brought together students from across the year groups; one year 8 who attended in the Summer Term was excellent in challenging our views and always made for a great lunchtime discussion!

BY OLIVIA CARTER



**"THERE IS SO
MUCH MORE THAT
CAN BE DONE TO
IMPROVE THE
LEGAL SYSTEM"**

LAW SOCIETY

Edited by Antony Tiri.

A group of young men, likely military cadets, are standing in a line in front of a building with a corrugated metal roof. They are wearing camouflage uniforms and berets. The image is used as a background for the title text.

THE COMBINED CADET

D FORCE

COMMANDING OFFICER'S OVERVIEW

**BY WG CDR D G HOBBS
CONTINGENT COMMANDER**

Before starting to write this year's review I looked back at what I had written last year and was struck by my final paragraph where I referenced the fact that we had managed to complete a whole year's training without cancellation or deferral. This comment was made following two very difficult pandemic years. In a recent speech William Hague, former leader of the Conservative Party, suggested that as a country we needed to get used to the idea of a 1 in 100 year event now happening every year. Wry perhaps – but in our case somewhat prescient. The war in Ukraine has had a material effect on our ability to train. Not surprising when you consider some 20,000 Ukrainian troops have been on site in the UK being trained by UK and other NATO forces under the banner of "Operation Interflex". In the CCF context this has created supply chain issues and most problematically significant restrictions in access to the various Defence Training Estate Resources that we access to run our comprehensive year-round training programme. Coming hard on the heels of all the Covid disruption we encountered, this is an unwelcome development. It is a testament to the resilient, flexible and determined attitude that the Cadet Force Adult Volunteers display that we have, so far, been able to maintain the broad shape of our programme and the cadet experience. . I would ask for forbearance from parents and cadets alike however as the international situation shows no sign of resolution and such disruption remains inevitable.

If the Ukrainian situation is an external event pressing in on us at the same time an internal issue does so equally. Since formation in 1948 the Combined Cadet Force has always operated separately from its sister organisations of the Army Cadet Force and Air Training Corps. Deliberately so by design, recognising the organisational differences between a School providing an experience for its own pupils and a geographically based organisation where no pre-existing relationship between participants exists. The MOD has now decided that such a separation is no longer justified and is in a process of aligning command structures; processes and procedures such that the CCF falls into line with these other organisations. I am sure the thinking is standardisation will produce more consistent outcomes and greater efficiency. Whether this is true or not, what is true does bring further significant short term administration burden on those that run our Contingent. Given the amount of effort involved it is a sadness to me that the people that demand such changes always operate on a top-down approach rather than spending time with individual cadets and working out how to improve the quality of their experience. That would create genuine value, but I suppose this is not part of the Services culture.

Away from such matters I remain pleased with how the Contingent continues to strengthen post the enforced lock down. Whilst we still suffer slightly from the training deficit that resulted, overall the Contingent is nearly back to

full strength and fully skilled.

Away from such matters I remain pleased with how the Contingent continues to strengthen post the enforced lock down. Whilst we still suffer slightly from the training deficit that resulted, overall the Contingent is nearly back to full strength and fully skilled. The last year has seen two highly capable cadet seniors in the guise of Cpl Major Zac Stone and Warrant Officer Ben Scott. Both have built on the foundational work of their predecessors and accelerated changes introduced and added to them. They are high performing individuals and we wish them well for their future. I should also record my thanks to Staff Cpl Imogen O'Keefe, our logistics and quartermaster who has done a brilliant job in bringing a calm and orderly approach to a challenging role. Whilst the Army Section as our largest section has forged a path back to its wide range of military and adventure based activities, it has been particularly pleasing to see traditional RAF activities back onto the agenda after a long absence and particular thanks to RAF colleagues (Sqn Ldr G Marshall; Plt Off J Rhee and Plt Off S Carter) for facilitating this. On a personal level it was a surprise to be awarded with London Districts "Contingent Commander of the Year" award. Whilst external accolade is not a driving force behind volunteering when it arrives in such an unexpected way it certainly provides a little fuel in the "enthusiasm tank" which is so important given the complexities of running this organisation. It was equally rewarding to receive the award from The Lord-Lieutenant of Greater London, Sir Kenneth Olisa OBE and to have the opportunity to dine with him afterwards. A fascinating individual but humble and a firm advocate of creating and seizing opportunity. He was concerned by the general decline in the UK of "volunteering" in general and therefore very supportive of encouraging those that do. It is also worth mentioning more broadly that the Contingent was subject to its first Biennial Inspection for quite a few years and this was held in Crowborough in February. The Reviewing Officer was Group Captain Al Lewis and I was particularly pleased to be supported by our Headmaster, Mr B Cloves at this event – because after all the CCF is a School sponsored organisation and it was great for him to hear first-hand from the MOD how impressed it was with our Cadets.

hear first-hand from the MOD how impressed it was with our Cadets.

It would not be right to end without a sincere thank you to all the adult staff who work at length and tirelessly to deliver for our cadets. Simply put without them our great Contingent that has been running since 1915 would not exist. My thanks for all you have done And that you will do but I haven't asked you yet!!

Contingent Commander of the Year Award



EDITOR'S NOTE:

The award to Wg Cdr Hobbs of London District's "Contingent Commander of the Year" was well deserved and much welcomed within the CCF community. It was felt that the award did not just recognise Wg Cdr Hobbs' commitment to the Sutton CCF across simply one year, but over many years of dedicated service. Mr. Hobbs drove the re-building and siting of the WW2 Old Suttonians Memorial at Northey Avenue, has seen and made provision for a substantially increasing CCF over the years, led the contingent successfully out of the Covid Lockdown mire and has spent an immense amount of time ensuring the continuing success of Sutton's CCF. Whilst it certainly reflected upon the CCF as a whole, there is also no doubt that it was a rare recognition of someone who has given up many volunteer hours over many years (all of the CCF officers are volunteer staff) in commitment to an organisation he holds dear and wishes to thrive for many years to come. We thank him for his work, and congratulate him on an award deservedly earned.

CPL MAJOR'S REVIEW

'I will reminisce fondly on the week for years to come.'



As my time in the CCF comes to a close, it is with great pride and a hint of nostalgia that I take this opportunity to reflect on the events of the past year. It has been a privilege to run my final year as a part of the organization and I will remember my time with the cadets fondly.

We kicked off the year by welcoming our newest recruits, the 107ths, into the CCF family. This induction marked the beginning of their journey towards becoming proficient cadets and potential future leaders. The group quickly became an essential part of our team, bringing enthusiasm and new faces to our unit.

I HOPE THEIR OPENING YEAR HAS LEFT THEM WITH A STRONG SENSE OF BELONGING.

The first major camp of the year was the November War Camp, a challenging week-end-long exercise that reimmersed the bulk of cadets back into CCF life, after a summer of civilian tomfoolery. Through first aid, section attacks, and ambushes, our cadets honed their physical and mental toughness. It also accustomed the upper year to leadership on base and tested us as a group. Despite inevitable complications the team dealt with the weekend well and we were left with fond memories of the preprocessing Crowborough army barracks.

The contingent showcased their exceptional skills and determination at the February Camp, where we had the privilege of witnessing Cadet Soryin Han lead her section to victory in various competitions. Her leadership and the collective efforts of her section should leave her proud as they outshone the competition and took home the shield, joining an impressive roster of names. The other sections however, despite falling short of prestigious decoration, appeared to enjoy the events of the week, and the bi-annual inspection team were impressed by the plethora of activities the Cadets have to offer.

In the spirit of adventure, a group of 15 cadets, including myself, embarked on the Pennine Expedition...

NAVIGATING THROUGH CHALLENGING TERRAIN AND HORIZONTAL SNOW.

The week's journey saw walks across stunning dales and nights in cold wet campsites. The group however, was unphased as spirits remained lofty.

SOME HIGHLIGHTS INCLUDE THE TAN HILL CHALLENGE, HARDRAW FORCE AND AN UNPLANNED VISIT TO THE FARMERS ARMS.

I will reminisce fondly on the week for years to come.

The highlight of our CCF calendar, the Summer Camp, was an action-packed Swynnerton week filled with paintball fuelled building raids, a 24 hour exercise and platoon attacks. Cadets honed their marksmanship skills on the ranges and navigated through the hope valley. The week was concluded with a visit to Alton Towers, which some will remember as hours in the queue for Smiler and others for a collection of action packed rides. I am confident many cadets built lasting friendships which will hopefully see them playing influential roles in the CCF's future.

As the 103rds bid farewell to the past year of CCF, we extend our heartfelt congratulations to Moyo George, Ben Roberts and Laura Buyondo, as well as their team, the 104ths; who will be leading the CCF in the upcoming year. The group's dedication, leadership, and commitment to our unit make them excellent suiters to carry the torch forward. We have no doubt that they will continue to uphold the values and traditions of our CCF.

A word of thanks goes out to the Officer Team and my fellow 103rd year group. Without your support, guidance, and dedication, our CCF unit would not be the thriving, dynamic family it is today. It's been an honor to serve as part of the Combined Cadet Force, and I look forward to what the future holds under the capable leadership of Moyo George and Ben Roberts.

**BY CPL. MAJ
ZAC STONE**

WARRANT OFFICER REVIEW

I was a little surprised when Squadron Leader Marshall announced that I was to be the warrant officer. As always, the competition was fierce.

OF THE FOUR THAT APPLIED, THE SQUADRON LEADER WAS ONLY AWARE OF THE EXISTENCE OF TWO OF US,

and on the Aviemore trip, my rival arrived thirty minutes late to the airport, putting the entire trip in jeopardy – round of applause for Flight Sergeant Edindon. Every year one thinks that they can improve on the years before, and our year was no different. With some much larger lower year cohorts we strived for quality over quantity. Standards expected of the cadets and standards of teaching would be increased to provide a much more structured and useful experience over the year.

For the RAF leadership, the bigger question of identity and integration in the overall CCF had to be solved. I was aware that once upon a time the RAF section used to be

MORE THAN JUST ANOTHER ARMY PLATOON THAT FLEW, DONNING A SUAVE UNIFORM,

that in my opinion gets a lot of unnecessary critique.

While the idea of being a fully fledged RAF contingent was my goal my team and I quickly realised how large the task ahead of us was, nearing on impractical.

It was only with the expertise of Flight Sergeant Hutton, who joined from Wilson's, brought with her the know-how we needed to get to plan off

with correct RAF uniform, which was the first time the whole RAF platoon was kitted out since I joined the CCF. Thank you Flight Sergeant Edindon for sorting that out, rocky start but you pulled it back.

Enthusiasm for the plan seemed to be very high amongst the lower years and I am confident the groundwork that has been laid down for future Warrant Officers to take it further to fully utilise the opportunities available. These include Flight simulator lessons, representing the CCF in national competitions, RAF camps at RAF bases at home and abroad, more in depth lessons in specialised and evolving fields the RAF has to deal with like cyber security and space, and more powered flying and gliding.

On the subject of camps, it was unfortunate that I was unable to attend October Camp, but I heard the Corporal Major did a great job leading a great camp. A word to future years however, if you set an alarm for the following morning don't ignore it, trusting the lower years to organise themselves is an exercise in futility and ignorance that simply begs for a vicious dressing down from the officers.

February Competition camp, taking place on the Crowborough training camp this year, is always a highlight of the year with Year 12 section commanders vying for the prestigious Ken Russell Shield. The impressive record of Year 12 winners going on to secure the top jobs the following year has led to the competition becoming one of incredible excitement and tension; all things pale in comparison to the one goal of every cadet – winning. I was thrilled to see the abundance of leadership, teamwork, empathy and willpower on display in abundance by the cadets over the camp. Congratulations again to Soryin Han and her section for ultimately coming out on top and winning the camp. We were also fortunate enough to welcome Group Captain Lewis, Colonel Dennison, Squadron Leader Davis, Flight Sergeant Pear

son and Headmaster Mr Cloves to inspect the contingent, meet some of the cadets and to see the types of activities we deliver on our camps. The manner in which the cadets conducted themselves and represented the CCF during the inspection was faultless and should be a great source of pride. The end report was validation of the hard work and dedication shown by the cadets.

Main camp, held at Swynnerton Training Camp this year, was a departure from convention as it was planned and led by the Cadet Training Team (CTT) instead of our own officers. The air of uncertainty (no one had been informed of the content of the activities planned till the night before we started) merely added to the building anticipation. Being the longest and most expansive in terms of activities, Main Camp is always the highlight of any CCF year. Once the linguistic technical issues were ironed out the camp turned out to be an intense but rewarding experience where the enthusiasm, professionalism (and budget) of the CTT was evidenced by the impressive equipment, extreme and exhilarating exercises and quality of teaching.

**THERE ARE NO
COMPARATIVE
EXPERIENCES TO
BREACHING A
SMOKE-FILLED
BUILDING WITH REAL
EXPLOSIVES, OPTICAL
AND INFRA-RED
LASER GUIDED
PAINTBALL REPLICAS
OF THE L85 ARMY
ISSUED RIFLE...**

(able to fire projectiles many times faster than is allowed anywhere else) in hand and night vision goggles on your helmet.

The CCF over the years has been a central and defining experience which I truly cannot recommend enough to anyone thinking about joining. Memories are made, lessons learned and character is built so profoundly. Being War

rant Officer has been an exceedingly rewarding experience that I believe every RAF cadet should strive for. I would like to thank the officers for their support and guidance in all aspects of the job, without whom the entire operation would grind to a halt. While challenging and hard work it doesn't deserve the famous parallels drawn between being Warrant Officer and taking a fifth A level. With a cohesive team behind you and a goal ahead, you can go far.

**"PER ARDUA
AD ASTRA
(THROUGH
ADVERSITY TO
THE STARS)"**

BY BEN SCOTT

OCTOBER CAMP

The CCF leadership team made us an offer we couldn't refuse: get started on the Godfather-themed October camp and ignore the cold and wet.

This year's October Camp (held in November) was on the last four days of half term, the worst possible time weatherwise. We gathered at Sutton Grammar School in full uniform, registered at 7AM, formed up and then boarded the coaches to make the journey to Crowborough Training Camp in East Sussex.

The camp theme was an interesting choice, as barely any lower school cadets had watched any of the films and few bothered to watch them once they knew the theme.

"Keep your friends close but your enemies closer" - we arrived at base to be allocated billets and given packed bergens (large backpacks) before we quickly went off to start rotations in the field. Despite the rain, these activities went well for the sections that didn't get lost for the entirety of the afternoon and end up on the wrong side of the valley.

Day 2 - the 36-hour expedition. Warm meals from the mess and a good night's sleep in the billets prepared us for this challenge. Sections went around the field doing activities including: pairs fire manoeuvre, ambush, casevac, observation post, section attack, patrol, watching over the platoon harbour and minefield clearing. Pieces of intel on enemy movements were collected and rounds upon rounds of blanks were fired.

This involved setting up a whole contingent length ambush on top of a cold wet hill. Everyone's senses were on high alert, waiting for the enemy to appear. At long last, the Corleone family (or were they Year Thirteens?) arrived in a white van, stepped out and after brief discussions amongst themselves, they were demolished by our contingent in just a few short minutes. Having conquered the enemy, we trudged back to the platoon harbour for a sub-zero night in the bashas (basic tarpaulin tents). Our hard work that day paid off in good fortune, particularly for those with less well built bashas, as not a drop of rain fell that night.

A protein packed ration pack meal gave us the boost to finish off the last of our rotations the next morning and head back to base, where an exciting four hours of rifle cleaning waited for us after lunch. We finished off the evening with prize giving, a quiz and more activities once the officers had left. On the final morning, we departed Crowborough and as Don Corleone might say, "we have learnt more from this camp than in any classroom."

October camp proved a gruelling but rewarding experience filled with many memorable moments. Congratulations and many thanks to the sixth form cadets and adult officers and volunteers for pulling off another brilliant camp.

**BY MAGNUS
MACLEOD**

**IN THE EVENING,
AFTER WE HAD ENJOYED
A RATION PACK
DINNER, THE CORPORAL
MAJOR BRIEFED US ON
THE NIGHT EXPEDITION.**

FEB CAMP

This camp everyone had one goal to achieve.

The Ken Russel Shield. This was the first Competition camp for the year 10s and the first camp for the year 9s. So a lot of people had their first chance to win the shield. After the coach ride everyone was tired from waking up early on a Saturday. Once our billet IC caught the billet keys we were grateful for the chance to get our stuff down. Everyone scrambled for their chosen bed and threw their bags down. We rested after a long coach ride and for Alpha platoon we had to look forward to a 3 hour orientation. Soon after, we had to collect our webbing and had a camp briefing to tell us what lay ahead.

We took the minibus to orientation and prayed that our scout did not make a stupid mistake. For orientation, we had to collect stamps located on the map, visit stands and come back in time or else face a penalty. These stands included a general knowledge quiz, problem solving and a human pyramid; luckily for me, the awesome Charlie section came first out of the Alpha platoon for orientation but we were best overall by Juliet and Hotel. Later that night luckily we were inside for the Cube, it was formulated as a knockout tournament with many different stands that every section was desperate to come first in. For Bravo Platoon they had Night Expedition which was when it was pitch black and you could barely see without a light. The stands in Night Expedition were a web of string you had to get through without touching, guiding a blindfolded person and the biggest challenge was trying not to step into a pile of mud or a ditch. The other stands were just as difficult as navigating in the dark.

The next day, Alpha platoon had started their overall stands which were all instrumental towards gaining the points which would be pivotal to who would win the camp. That day we had the dreaded timed march with the deceiving name. To keep it simple it was a long arduous run which pushed the limits of all those in the section yet we did not let this affect our morale as we all completed it thanks to the brilliant leadership of my IC Soryin Han. That night, both platoons swapped between the Night Ex and the Cube, it was the penultimate night so

it was still all up to play for, as everyone gave it their all.

As we all woke up on the final day of camp we all knew in our heads that it would come down to the drill competition. Over the previous three days we had all given our hardest to make sure we could execute the drill routine perfectly. As Charlie section, we went third and I was so confident with our performance but then India section absolutely smashed it out of the park as they were flawless. This really made everyone nervous for that night when they awarded the winners and individual awards.

We all piled into a small room finally in civilian clothing, our long hard week of work about to be announced by the wonderful Year 13 team who ran an outstanding first camp for me and the rest of the year 9s. Before they announced the rankings of the section they awarded the individual honours, I was taken aback when my name was called out for cadet of camp. I felt so honoured and grateful for my IC and everyone else who nominated me for it.

I then sat down next to my section with tension increasing further and further as they called out from last to first place the sections, till we got to the final three where it was so silent in the room. In my head I was so over the moon of how far we had come I didn't mind where we would place but as they called out third place "Juliet" a huge roar of excitement was exclaimed as the strongest contender had gone out. This meant we were top two!!!! I couldn't hold my excitement. I couldn't wait for the winner to be announced as they called out "Charlie" . I was speechless, lost for words. WE HAD WON!!!! Finally after all the commotion had settled we took group photos with the shield, it was insane all our hard work had paid off.

BY JACOB DANIEL

THE PENNINES

The CCF trip to the Pennines was a real battle between us and the weather. We experienced heavy rain, strong winds, hail and even blizzards of snow. Our first challenge was surviving the 6 hour minibus journey to Warcop with Mr Marshall at the wheel; however, we eventually arrived and set up tents for the evening before eating ration packs for dinner. We then planned out our walk for the next day, in groups of 5, where we would be ending up in Angle Tarn.

After a decent sleep in the tents, we packed up and were met with our first downpour of rain for the day. Despite this, we got going and took the minibus down to Glenridding where a ferry awaited us to take us to Howtown. It was a nice journey along the water which was then followed by a difficult walk along the mountains of the Lake District. The winds were violent and the rain was non-stop, but following a long day of walking we eventually reached Angle Tarn. It was a lovely camping area next to a large lake and the weather had cleared up while we once again cooked up some ration packs. The sleep was tougher on the second night as temperatures dropped considerably and the rain continued, and the wake up in the morning was not any better. Our hands were frozen as we had to pack up tents and set off yet again, but the walk was shorter as we only had to return to Glenridding where we got some nice hot food in a cafe and had some time to rest up. After a few hours, we were back on the road and driving towards the Pennines.

The third campsite we visited was in Horton Ribblesdale, and was one of the best ones we visited. It was a 2 minute walk away from a pub in which we spent the evening, got some hot food from, and played pool at. Ben hit a great truck shot in the last game of pool where he hit the ball from behind the back, against the walls and into the pocket. Disaster followed both him and I though, as we returned to the campsite and found that our tents were flooded after another thrashing down of rain. We were aided by Mr Maskell and Mr Marshall as they helped us set up a new tent at 11pm in the evening.

Fortunately, the new tent stayed dry overnight and everyone else did too as we got underway for our first walk up one of the three peaks in the Pennines which was Ingleborough. This walk was where we encountered our blizzard which prevented us from reaching the summit of the mountain. Although it was tough to get through the blizzard, we managed and found ourselves at the famous Station Inn after another long walk where we were to stay the night in actual beds. We bought food, that even Gordon Ramsey would praise, from the pub and stayed warm and dry, whilst also getting to have a shower.

It was hard to get up the next morning after such a nice sleep, but we were off towards Hawes. This was probably the most draining walk, because it was very long and the light yet miserable rain was persistent. However, it was nice to see some sheep along the way and baby lambs. When we arrived at Hawes, we found ourselves sitting in a cafe where everyone managed to fall asleep as we were so tired. The walking had to resume though, and we were back on foot to get to our final campsite which was next to Hardraw Force waterfall. When we arrived, some of us went down to look at the waterfall which was magnificent. We were then treated to dinner at a local pub by the officers, before heading back to sleep in our tents.

The last day of walking was one of the most anticipated, as we had the Tan Hill run to come. We started off the day with a long walk to Muker through the mountains of Pennines and stopped off at a tea room to grab some food. Then we had the dreaded 10km run to the Tan Hill Inn which is the highest located pub in England. Zac impressively finished first, Antony came second for the second year in a row - he was fuming - and I finished in third. This year's Tan Hill run was one to go down in history however, because half of the group got lost and we ended up having to collect the majority who had not finished. We could now relax knowing that there was no more walking and we were able to spend the last night at Mr Hobbs' pub once again where we were given a nice, hot curry.

Even though we were told that our trip to the

Pennines was the worst for weather conditions in 30 years, we got on and made the best of it. We spent our best times in the pubs and were lucky to make it back safely with Mr Marshall driving once again on the last day.

BY WILL HAGLEY

"OUR FIRST CHALLENGE WAS SURVIVING THE 6 HOUR MINIBUS JOURNEY TO WARCOP WITH MR MARSHALL AT THE WHEEL"

THE TAN HILL CHALLENGE

There were a welter of non-finishers of cadets unable to follow the fairly simple instruction to "stay on the road", but at the more competent end the Tan Hill Challenge again produced some impressive times and a cadet victory for the current Corporal Major, Zac Stone, whilst past Corporal Major, Tom Clark, finally achieved his ambition of adding his name to the winners' cup that also bears that of Sqn Ldr Marshall. The top three cadets (which will annoy Ben Roberts who at 1 hr 14 and 35 seconds was 4th) and the two winning officers are below.

-G Marshall

1. Lt. Tom Clark: 55 mins, 28 secs
2. S.I. Oliver O'Dell: 56 mins, 13 secs
3. Zac Stone (Y13): 1 hr 6 mins, 42 secs
4. Antony Tiri (Y12): 1 hr 8 mins, 28 secs
5. Will Hagley (Y11): 1 hr 11 mins, 31 secs



KACHOW! At 12:00pm sharp on a June Saturday, all 101 members of the SGS CCF main camp contingent gathered in the playground, ready to embark on the journey to Swynnerton Training Camp, Staffordshire.

CARS! The camp theme was "Cars", but Lightning McQueen was a no-show. As a CTT (Cadet Training Team) run camp, speed didn't feature much in the field nor on the long coach rides there and back. But once we arrived, all was well as kit was issued and we did the usual settling in.

Due to the sheer strength and size of our contingent, the CTT felt they could only deal with us as a group by dividing us in two – Alpha Platoon and Bravo Platoon. Bravo did everything a day behind Alpha Platoon, and what follows details the week's events from the standpoint of an Alpha Platoon member.

FULL ENGLISH! Sunday morning saw the whole contingent formed up outside the mess at 6:30, ready for a full English breakfast. Every day demanded a full English – scientifically engineered to perfection, because, as they say, an army marches on its stomach.

Alpha Platoon marched off with bergens on our backs to embark on a rigorous day of T.I.B.U.A. – training in built up areas. The CTT equipped us with body armour, helmets, night vision sights and paintball guns to run us through hours of practice of breaching buildings and clearing rooms and corridors. All of the day's practice built up to the real operation after dinner – five minutes of high adrenaline, intense SEAL team six action in which we recaptured hostages, brought back intel and paintballed down anything in our path. A truly unique experience that even none of our officers had done before (and may never do again), in all their combined decades of cadet experience.

RANGE DAY! The next day brought a cornerstone of CCF main camps. Firing live ammunition with the utmost precision, accompanied by rest, recovery, and volleyball. Corporal Major Zac Stone showed us what it means to be the top-ranking cadet by achieving a perfect score – matched the next day by Flight Sergeant Adam Edindon.

The night activity was laser clay pigeon shooting – a more environmentally friendly, safe, easy and cheap alternative that used repurposed shotguns fitted with lasers. Reflective plastic disks replaced clay pigeons but over-the-top sound effects really made it feel like the real thing. Even some of our own officers gave it a go and displayed their (lack of) marksmanship.

A day of rock climbing, abseiling, navigating and weasel holing (fitting through small gaps in between large rocks) awaited us on Tuesday. A welcome break from MTP, it was thoroughly enjoyed by the more agile cadets. A two-hour coach journey back was a chance to catch up on some sleep.

EXPEDITION! Wednesday was the start of the 36-hour expedition. Blanks upon blanks upon blanks emptied into the enemy, sometimes at point blank range.

Bravo platoon had arrived home late from their day of rock climbing. The brilliant negotiation skills of Warrant Officer Benjamin Scott allowed his half of the contingent to rob themselves of a core CCF experience – sleeping in badly built bashas in the cold and wet.

Luckily, my platoon was handy with an entrenchment tool so when we groggily awoke, many of us had gotten more sleep than in a billet. Thursday brought more shooting throughout the morning, broken up by long periods of kneeling. Upon our long-awaited arrival back to base, we performed the long-dreaded weapons cleaning whilst Bravo Platoon goaded us with mentions of the hot showers they had had.

After cleaning, a last evening at camp for the 103rds beckoned: awards, quizzes, stories and tradition.

Packed and ready the next morning, we spent a few hours queuing at Alton Towers before returning home late Friday evening. Camp t-shirts finally handed out, the 103rds gathered for a final goodbye. Thank you to all the cadets and officers who made this such a great camp.

BY MAGNUS MACLEOD



**"FIVE MINUTES OF HIGH
ADRENALINE, INTENSE SEAL
TEAM SIX ACTION IN WHICH WE
RECAPTURED
HOSTAGES, BROUGHT BACK
INTEL AND PAINTBALLED DOWN
ANYTHING IN OUR PATH."**

MAIN CAMP

AVIEMORE

CAMP

The Year 12 leadership camp is essential in choosing who takes up what positions in the CCF for the following year. It provides opportunities for the officers and cadets to discover more about their qualities through the different challenges they have to overcome during the weekend that takes place in Aviemore.

As the new school year began, it was once again time for the Hans Woyda maths The Year 12 leadership camp is essential in choosing who takes up what positions in the CCF for the following year. It provides opportunities for the officers and cadets to discover more about their qualities through the different challenges they have to overcome during the weekend that takes place in Aviemore.

We met at a reasonable time at Gatwick North Terminal ready to fly up to Inverness where we would collect our coaches and swiftly drive to Rothiemarcus lodge which is where we stayed for the whole trip. Looking back on it now, the airport is where we should have brought our supplies, for the weekend, for whilst the quality of the food served during this trip was great, the quantity was far from satisfactory. Shortly after setting up camp in our rooms, we were tasked with creating a priority list for as a whole to save from an impending disaster, challenging our problem-solving skills whilst also providing a great opportunity to bond in smaller groups.

On our first day in the windy weather of Scotland, we did a lowland walk around a valley in the Cairngorms. This was great for it gave us an opportunity to bond as a year group which we haven't really had an opportunity to do throughout our whole CCF career. We had been asked to all bring an individual item to provide a basis for a short speech in front of the group to show everyone about both our individual passions, whilst also relating to how we could use the qualities associated with the item to revolutionise and define our year as part of the leadership team. Personally, I talked about a gua sha because I had really enjoyed a period of looksmaxing over

the summer and I also thought the discipline associated with the polished rose quartz could be implemented into the CCF. We also visited a war memorial on this day and were provided with an opportunity to reflect on what a soldier would have given up upon sacrificing their life for their country.

On the second day, we walked in smaller groups on a highlands walk. My group slayed and were the only group to summit Sgòr Gaoith, the highest peak in the area we were walking around. This day was a great one in showing who was physically fit and ready to take on year 13. It also provided great views that were unique to the Cairngorms and challenged our mental resilience as there were often times where we found ourselves climbing through clouds up a mountain with the mere scent of a path and a compass bearing to guide us up to the peaks. We also got an opportunity to use a bothy which I had personally never experienced, witnessing bread which had been rotting for years. After a great day out hiking, we were also treated to some amazing curry however, as aforementioned, the quantity was lacklustre so my sympathies go out to anyone who was trying to bulk around the time of the weekend.

On our final day we went gorge walking and zip wiring which was amazing. It was adrenaline pumping and further challenged our mental strength, again, providing an experience unique to this area and an experience I may never be fortunate to have again. The instructors were great on this day, as was the cold water exposure. We also had our own version of Masterchef on this day. This was won by the vegetarian group who served up some amazing roast vegetables and homemade pasta. Surprisingly on this day, the team who served up raw burgers to the officers managed to escape being last, instead the group that served up spicy noodles, overestimating the tolerance levels of Wing Commander Hobbs, and, despite being the people's champions, had to settle for the bottom position. This day was the best as we got to bond without the immediate presence of the officers, and we were also provided an opportunity to acquire an adequate number of calories.

On the last day, we were fortunate to escape the delays of the computer glitch that had made headlines the day before and in fact returned to Gatwick ahead of schedule, wonderfully capping off the end of a top adventure with the CCF. My congratulations go out to Moyo George, Corporal Major, Ben Roberts, Warrant Officer and Laura Buyondo, Quartermaster, along with everyone else who acquired the leadership positions they were after for year 13. The camp was extremely rewarding and I am sure that we will develop even further as a year group during our last year together.



BY BENJAMIN LEASON

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It was Friday the 14th of July when we arrived. A rainy, chilly, rainy bitter day. Cars dripped through the gates into the parking lot. We, of course, were the first to arrive, waiting in the bracing cold, numb and frostbitten, but stoical and alert as well-drilled cadets should be.

After an hour of standing around in the damp, rotting troop 'shelters', everyone had gathered. Cue, the briefing: introducing us to the facilities, or rather lack of thereof. We proceeded to put our bashers up; which, for the non-cadets reading this, are knee-height triangular tarpaulins designed to inflict the maximum discomfort upon us sorry soldiers. All in all, a great start to the weekend.

An interesting thing to mention is the fact that we all had previously prepared speeches which we were to perform in front of the masses after being randomly selected by our esteemed Squadron Leader. The first person to randomly be picked, of course, was Mr Marshall's favourite cadet: Liam Sahai. This is the last time I will mention this traumatic experience so I will quickly list some of the topics spoken about: Why feminism is failing (Faye Doyle), Why cluster bombs should be allowed (Liam Sahai), an interesting talk... (Ben Green-Kelly), another interesting talk.... (Olly Mineyko), Why school tests should be removed (Alex Bucur), Why Jake Loh should be Horse Corporal of Squadron (Jake Loh) and many more controversial topics such as these.

Back to the pseudo-chronological order of things. We partook in a cerebral activity, at 2am must it be said, where we had to use teamwork to decipher cryptic instructions. Our team lost, but that is irrelevant to the story line. What is relevant is that, because of this activity, we were able to hone our communication & collaboration skills in preparation for the most important activity of all...

Best Team.

43% of all leading roles in the contingent (i.e. Corporal Major/Warrant Officer) are previous winners of the Best Team Challenge. If you ever want to aspire to reach these roles, winning the challenge is a great way to acquire notoriety. But more about this later.

Before the intellectually challenging activity mentioned above, we did our night expedition. The theme of our camp was Ratatouille, so, naturally, we had cheese themed activities. This meant that we would fumble around in the dark, clutching our cheese cut-outs, trying to obtain more by completing tough challenges, all the while getting shot at, getting robbed for our cheese and getting humiliated in every manner imaginable. Fun!

Then we slept. Despite my previous slugging, I slept better than I ever had before in my life. Come to think of it, some of the best sleep I had ever had was inside a basher. This isn't even an uncommon phenomenon. Most of us have experienced sleep-deprived-cadet-sleeping-like-a-stone-inside-a-basher syndrome at some point in our experience of CCF.

We woke up at 6am sharp - as well-drilled cadets should. This allowed us to squeeze in as many fun activities as we could within the guidelines of recommended sleep as we possibly could. There were too many great activities and I don't want to spoil them for future cadets so I will leave it at that.

Back to Best Team. The contents of this challenge are highly classified but I am allowed to reveal the duration and difficulty. 2 hours. Very very hard. Through turmoil, the protagonists (My team) won.

All in all, it was a challenging weekend and, juxtaposing with my dreary tone at the start of this article, it was a lot of fun. I would definitely recommend it to anyone willing to put the effort in and, as our Squadron Leader adequately put it: Squad dismissed.

YEAR 10

LEADERSHIP

BY ALEX BUCUR

Last year, I had the honour of participating in a remembrance parade at the Cenotaph with a group of fellow cadets. Our day began early, with most cadets gathering at Morden at 07:00, and the remaining group joining us at Charing Cross at 07:45. After confirming our numbers, we put poppies in our smocks and began our short walk to Horse Guards' Parade. Along the way, we realised that one cadet had forgotten their beret, and with no spares available, there wasn't much that could be done. Despite this hiccup, we pressed on, determined to make the most of the day.

Following a quick briefing, we were given lanyards (it's like they follow us wherever we go), and we split into our designated groups. After what felt like hours of tackling iPads and trying to teach veterans how to zoom in on their phones, it was time to join up with the rest of the contingent, who were graced with the task of organising the veterans into somewhat orderly queues - a great task in itself, as many of these tipsy veterans clearly did not enjoy taking orders from sixth formers.

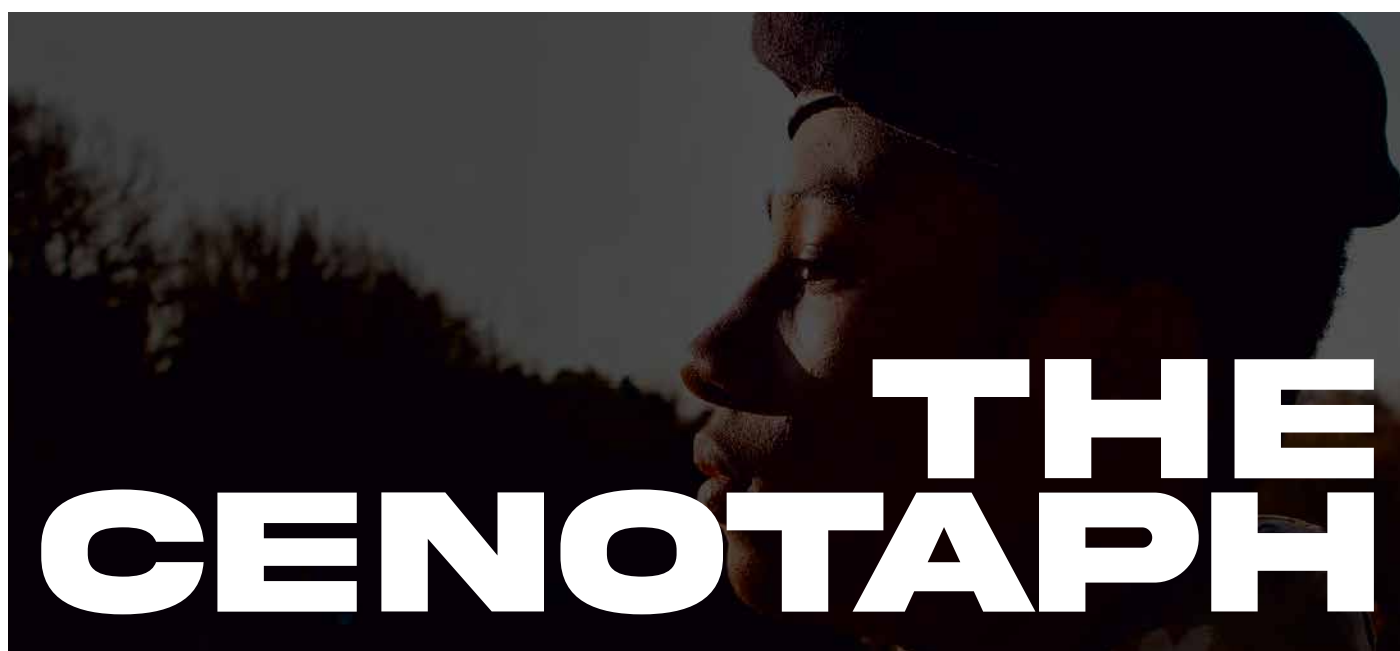
The bitter cold was a constant presence, but we were fortunate to receive tickets for a free meal and drink, even if they turned out to be underwhelming. Despite the disappointment, we found comfort in each other's company, sharing laughter and sipping hot drinks to keep warm.

As 11:00 approached, we hurriedly took our positions for the two-minute silence, wonderfully situated right behind a tent, out of view of the Horse Guards' Parade. The moment the clock struck 11, the gun salute from the parade gave us all a jump scare. Nevertheless, we maintained our perfect spacing and remained silent for those two minutes, paying the utmost respect to those who had fallen in war. The end of the silence was again marked by the firing of guns, causing another collective jump.

The morning concluded with the March-Past, during which veterans and some cadets marched around the course and past the Cenotaph before returning to the Parade. It was a moving sight and a fitting end to the event.

As we left the Cenotaph and dispersed, we couldn't help but reflect on the day. Despite the hiccup with the missing beret and the cold weather, it didn't diminish the impact of the event or the importance of our presence. We had come together as a group of cadets to pay our respects, and that shared experience left a lasting impression on us all. Despite the challenges, the day was filled with camaraderie and reflection, and we left with a deep sense of pride and gratitude for our servicemen and women. We extended our thanks to the Royal British Legion for allowing us to take part in this meaningful event and to Giles PBM for his contributions. It was a truly wonderful and memorable day of remembrance.

**BY MOYO
OLADIPUPO-GEORGE**





TR

From the ski slopes in the majestic mountains of Austria to the thrills of street food in Washington D.C, the Trips section welcomes you to the world of travel through the eyes of our very own SGS students. Each article tells a different story, a different experience, a path of discovery away from the classroom walls of this great school. We invite you to take this journey with us, welcome to the extraordinary world of Trips at Sutton Grammar...

Edited by Olivia Carter & Maddy Wingham .

TRIPS

NOR NOR NOR NOR NORMANDY

This year's trip to Normandy was a blast. My classmates and I had a ton of fun and I am impressed by these years residential.

The residential started with the gloomy 4:30 AM coach to the ferry. I remember thinking about just staying at in bed and sleeping- I am glad I did not. The Thursday prior to the trip, we were given a briefing and were assigned our groups. Anticipation at school was high.

The ferry was incredible, it was called Normandie (fitting!). The ship contained a shop, a restaurant, and an arcade. It was a 6 and a half hour on the coach, so I was relieved there was plenty to keep me entertained. There were 2 accommodations, Bel we and Relais du St Michel. I stayed at St Michel, and I can say it was definitely the best! I loved the breakfast- cannot say the same about lunch and dinner. The accommodation had a football pitch which we got our use out of!





Tuesday was enjoyable- we went to a French market. I was astounded by the diversity of the products, from bags to food- it had it all. After the market, we went to a goat cheese farm. It was interesting and we got to try goat cheese. In my opinion it tasted a bit like yoghurt. On Wednesday, we went to a chateau full of activities. These included orienteering, French lessons, circus tricks and aero ball. In Orienteering we used maps to find certain stamps- for each stamp we got one point. The circus tricks were irritable and aero ball was a blast. A tournament was held, and it was amazing.

After dinner, every day at St Micheal a games session was held. I remember when David in manor was beating everyone at Pétanque- he even gave the teachers a run for their money.

Thursday was a 'history day,' we started by going to a memorial of WW2 which was very moving and interesting. After, we headed to a museum in Bayeux which was focused on the world-renowned Bayeux tapestry, we learnt so much about it on our audio tour of the museum. Finally, we went to see the D-Day landing beaches. Although we were not allowed on the actual beaches, we were allowed to spend our spending money in the shops.

The journey back from Normandy was sad, reflecting on all the laughs we shared and the dread of going back to school the next week. Though, I loved the trip and getting to know my peers better. I am now even more excited for the rest of the trips I will go on during my next 5 years at Sutton Grammar!

BY SHOURYA RAGHU

Germany was an adventure to remember with many experiences and many memories. I wasn't expecting to, but I was able to get the true feel of Germany and its culture.

On Monday, we set off at 6:30 a.m. to start our journey. After 1 and a half hours we reached The Channel which connects England to France by using a train line. Our coach driver drove us onto the train and in front of us was an empty carriage, so we were able to have a bit of fun there while waiting to reach France. Once we were in France, we set off for 2 hours until we reached Belgium where we stopped for lunch. Afterwards, we had 2 more hours of driving until we stopped in Northern Germany signalling that we were close. There was a special someone known as DJFatCat, or Mr Casey, who played brilliant songs on the bus to quell our boredom. At 8 pm we reached our hotel, Hotel Bergschloessen. We ate our dinner to refuel from the long journey and then took a calming walk before going to sleep in our rooms.

On Tuesday, I woke up on a comfortable bed and was served breakfast. There were so many options to choose from including a sandwich which I could customise to my own preferences as well as a wide variety of teas and coffees. I eventually chose Choco Pops cereal which was delightful to taste. Afterwards, we drove from our hotel in Boppard to Koblenz, a beautiful place to visit with picturesque stores all around. Afterwards, we visited a park using a massive cable car showing stunning views of Koblenz where we then ate our fantastic lunch. We then tried going to the swimming pool, but it was sadly closed so then we had to make other plans. We eventually went to the town centre of Boppard where at a store called Penny I spoke German in a conversation with the cashier- my lessons all year were put to good use!

On Wednesday, I was extremely excited to go to a theme park called Phantasialand. It took a while to get there from our hotel but once again, DJFatCat was here to save the day with more music. After a while, we arrived so we were given a guide to get around and our ticket. I walked around torn about whether to opt for the rollercoasters which would turn my stomach inside out or a more relaxing experience. I decided to

go on a relaxing and slow rollercoaster which I extremely enjoyed and for jokes, I decided to go onto a frog ride that looked like it was for younger kids. Sadly, all good things had to come to an end. We returned to our hotel all hyper and excited from the pure adrenaline we had experienced.

Thursday brought our last full day in Germany so I was sad that the trip was nearly over. In the morning, we went on a boat ride which was quite fun since I got to play a game of Muffin Time with my classmates. After our boat ride, we got to go to a music museum where I learnt that a single bird box could cost up to £140,000! It had some of the oldest instruments in history which I thought was cool. We also got to look around the town in which I found some crystals like Amethyst. After a long wait, we finally got to go to an outdoor pool which had lots of fun things like a diving board and even a slide! I also got to play a game of volleyball: Throwley vs. Lenham and Students vs. Teachers.

On Friday, we sadly had to make the long and tiring journey back to Sutton Grammar. On the way back we went through the Netherlands where we stopped for lunch at a gas station. This was our last stop before we had to go all the way to the Channel. We arrived at the Channel at 6 pm and the bus driver luckily rescheduled our train to an hour and a half earlier- result! We were welcomed back into England with typical British weather- rain. I became increasingly excited to meet my parents since we had just 1 and a half hours left until we were back to school. I arrived at Sutton Grammar extremely fond of the trip and happy to see my parents. I spent the rest of the evening telling them how much fun I had.

The German trip was an amazing experience with loads of fun and many adventures. Germany has sides to it which I did not know existed, like Germany's nature and all the fun activities. If I were to give this trip a rating, I would give it 9.5/10 as Germany was beautiful- it would get the extra 0.5 if I were there for longer. I want to thank all the staff who took us for making the experience extra special- especially DJFatCat!



BY AARAV MUKHERJEE

Trips | 130

BAR BAR BAR BARCELONA

"Sucking on Mentos and Haribos, we left English soil. We were away!"

It was 2 o'clock in the morning when our alarms blared from our bedside tables. Usually, for any normal human being, waking up at this absurd hour would be accidental, and most likely unwanted. But for us, the sound of the alarm marked the beginning of an adventure. The Spain Trip was upon us, and despite having limited sleep, we were eager to begin.

The car journey to school was probably the quickest we'd ever have: there was hardly a single other car on the road. Another strange thing was the silence. Arriving at school only renewed our enthusiasm to be away. We were bundled into the coach, our passports were taken in by our muster group

group leaders, and our parents were soon waving as we began the long journey abroad. Spain, here we come.

The airport experience was relatively smooth, with the only minor problem (some of our tickets not being printed) quickly solved. Before long we were sitting at our gate eating breakfast. It took all of fifteen minutes for the gate to open. We boarded the plane in ecstasy, and found our seats without issue. There were a few small swaps, but each were done quickly, and before long we were braced for take off. Sucking on Mentos and Haribos, we left English soil. We were away! And oh were the views spectacular. The ground shrunk as we continued upwards: motorways appeared as thin trails of ant-like cars and lorries whilst towns were sprawling stains on the patchwork quilt of fields. Meanwhile, we amused ourselves with our games and books.

Uno was particularly popular, as were the travel versions of famous board games; us two brought Chess and Othello. After two hours on the plane, we began to make our descent. We had arrived in Madrid, the incredible capital of Spain.

As the plane landed into the Adolfo Suárez Madrid airport, everyone was keen to get out of their seats and get off the plane. It had been a short plane journey, but for us it had felt like days and everyone couldn't wait for what was to come on our trip. As we slowly made our way into the depths of the monster of this airport, the sweltering heat hit us and we could instantly feel that we weren't back home in England. We were in Spain. As we walked through the colossal airport, we made our way to the coach stop. We dropped off our suitcases and we were back on the familiar mode of transport, albeit its Spanish cousin. The coach.



Half an hour of astonishment and glancing out of the window and we had arrived at the magnificent Bernabéu Stadium, though at the time it was under construction. As we got off, we were organised into our familiar muster groups before we walked on, towards the monument just a few



A highlight was a specific cabinet filled with Cristiano Ronaldo's 5 Ballon D'Or's while with the club and Alfredo Di Stefano's Super Ballon D'Or, the only one ever to exist, given to the best player in the last three decades. hundred metres away. We originally tried entering through the gift shop by mistake, but with a few helpful members of the public to guide us, we found our way. As the security slowly checked our bags, the line we had created, stretching as far back as the road itself, gradually passed through. We were soon greeted with images of the first team and photographers waiting for any budding tourists who wanted to take a picture next to the supposed 'Champions League trophy'. We soon managed to get into the highlight of the stadium- the trophy cabinet. Filled with the many trophies that Real Madrid has won, it was certainly a lot to take in but when you did, it was definitely an experience.

As well as this, there was a wall with their 14 Champions League trophies, including the most recent one from 2022. We then managed to get into the stands, sitting on seats which would have been full of bustling Real Madrid fans just a few weeks ago.

hundred metres away. We originally tried entering through the gift shop by mistake, but with a few helpful members of the public to guide us, we found our way. As the security slowly checked our bags, the line we had created, stretching as far back as the road itself, gradually passed through. We were soon greeted with images of the first team and photographers waiting for any budding tourists who wanted to take a picture next to the supposed 'Champions League trophy'. We soon managed to get into the highlight of the stadium- the trophy cabinet. Filled with the many trophies that Real Madrid has won, it was certainly a lot to take in but when you did, it was definitely an experience.

But what was fascinating was what a hundred construction workers could do in a few weeks. The pitch had been transformed into a complete construction site, with cranes and bulldozers scattered everywhere, preparing for the new season. After two hours of marvelling, we went into the gift shop for our final stop at the stadium. We were set free, like animals out of a cage, to explore and buy what we wished with the money we had brought with us. As we left the stadium, the group felt like a sponsorship of Real Madrid, with shirts and caps spotted on every other student. We rushed back to the coach just in time, and once again a long journey to camp was to come.

Surprisingly, we learnt that the coach journey was going to be longer than the plane journey so we began to get entertained, getting out the worn-out cards for another round. Many people also decided that this would be the best time to take a nap- a good decision, as the adrenaline was beginning to fade away. When we woke up, we had already arrived at Camp Gredos.

The first thing everyone noticed was the beautiful landscape. We were 1480m high, situated in the depths of Sierra de Gredos with incredible views: the many mountains and forests filled the horizon. As we all met up in the centre of camp, the monitors introduced themselves (in Spanish) and Mr Karlsson named the long awaited camp groups and which tent they would be in. We settled

in before rushing back to the comedor to eat dinner. We were put in order to get food, with the people with dietary requirements going first before everyone else. The food was gobbled up in an instant, with everyone being extremely hungry, before we were given free time. Everyone began exploring and rushing to places they had spotted beforehand such as the football pitch, volleyball court and swings and soon enough it was 10 and everyone was sent back into the tents to settle down. We were tired and a good night's sleep should have been in everyone's favour but quite frankly it was a school trip- you could hardly expect us to go to sleep straight away now could you?

We woke up the next morning, not quite recovered from the long day before, but nonetheless ready for the activities to come. We were split into four groups, each doing the same activities, just with different timetables. Our group (group D) began the day with La Parque Multiaventura, or the adventure park. This was similar to Go Ape: a treetop, zip-wire, obstacle, adventure course. I went first and loved it. There were various directions you could follow, each of a different difficulty, and so naturally we took the most challenging path each time. A big part of the course was the Tarzan swing. It was a little slow but crashing into the net was hilarious, and a highlight of the morning. Whilst waiting for others to don their harnesses, we found a huge spider- a Wolf Spider we were later told. Mr Karlsson had to use a stick to lift it away from our group who were staring in wonder at the poor critter.

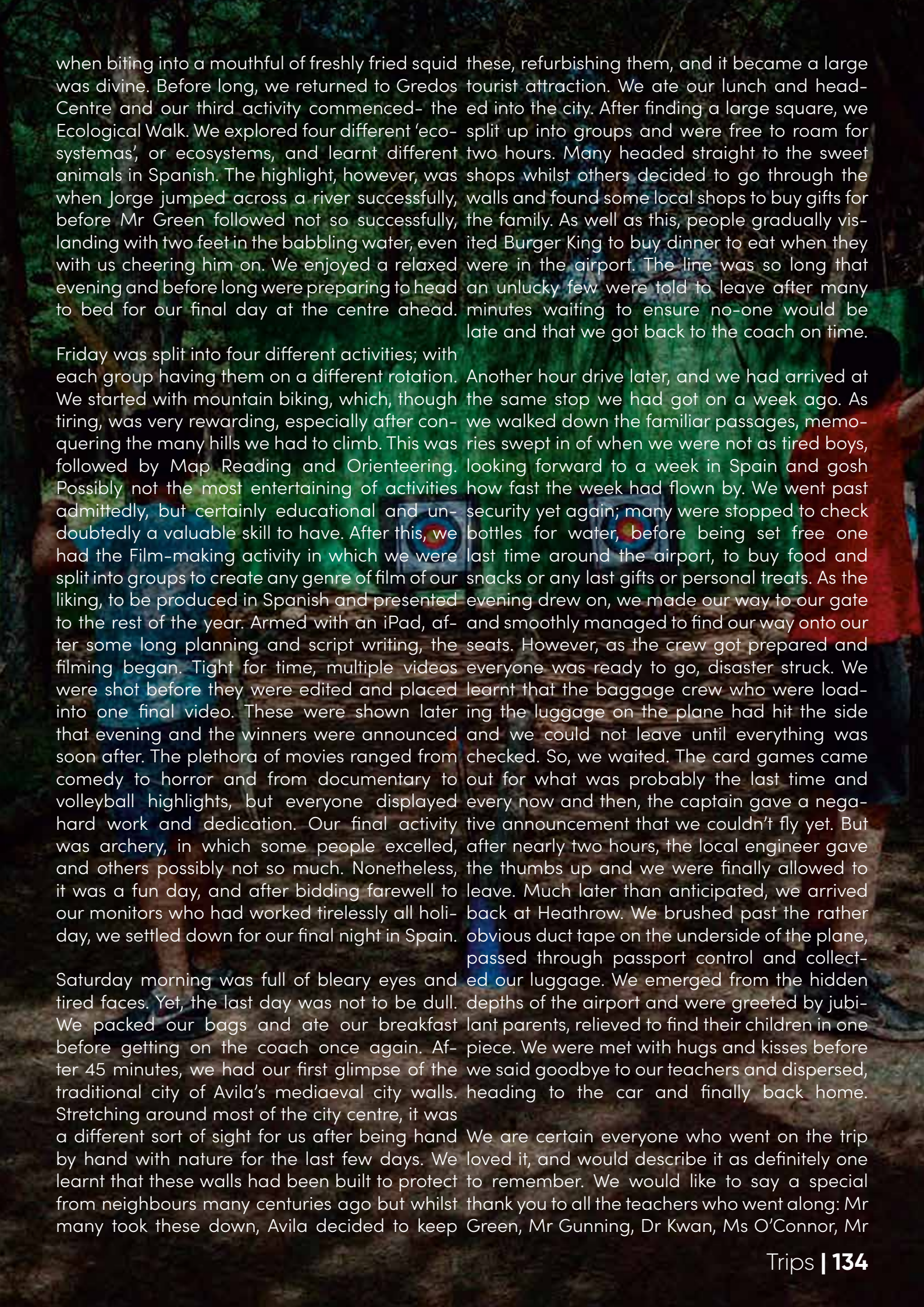
After lunch, we first enjoyed creating a Spanish Omelette in the kitchens, before we had the opportunity to paint white T-shirts. There was later a competition for the best T-Shirts, with 5 winners. The winning designs ranged from a dad joke to an eggplant emoji, and the prize was sharing two bars of chocolate. The evenings were all pretty similar- free time, dinner, more free time (and a shower), and quiet, tent-bound time to relax. Some nights were different, namely when Mr Karlsson took us stargazing later in the week, and we were able to see and learn about many different stars, like Arcturus and Polaris.

Day 3 kicked off with a hike through the forests and mountain paths. Some of the views were incredible. Saying so feels a little

repetitive, but quite frankly the views were one of the best things about the trip.

We stopped for lunch just off from a glade by the side of the path. In the glade was a group of wild horses, including a few foals. Often the young horses would lie down, in the sun, before scrambling to their feet and running to their mothers. At one point the herd made its way to us, and possibly our packed lunches, which prompted the monitors to spread their arms wide and halt the horses from continuing. We finished our lunches and continued on for a short while before reaching the one and only Piscina- the swimming pool. In the sweltering heat, the pool was cool and refreshing. It overlooked the mountains, nestled high on the outskirts of Navarredonda de Gredos, and was soon full of splashing boys. Many also relaxed on the sun loungers scattered at the poolside, reading books, playing games or just talking. After nearly 2 hours at the pool, we changed and returned to Gredos for our final activity: the Food Chain Game. We were split into 5 groups, each being a different type of animal. We had small herbivores, apex predators and everything in between. Each had to complete their tasks, be that obtaining food or water, killing other animals, or simply surviving. That was until the human was released, whose sole job was to identify people. That alone eliminated them. It was all a good laugh, even if the human only managed to catch 7 people, and soon we were having our dinner and preparing for another evening of free time. This evening when Mr Green organised the first football tournament- these continued to happen during the evening free times that followed.

Thursday started with the trip to the nearby town- Navarredonda de Gredos. Our group began with the treasure hunt. This was a list of instructions, in Spanish, guiding us around the town and exploring the sights and features it had to offer. We passed a hermitage, an old church and multiple other mediaeval buildings, before finishing in the town centre for free time. We were allowed to wander through the market, buy some souvenirs and visit one of the two bars. At the bottom of the main street, there was a supermarket that sold a variety of sweets and snacks; this was a hit with our year. Despite this, our personal favourite was the bar 'El Cruce'. They sold the most delicious Calamari- 2 for 60 cents. The feeling



when biting into a mouthful of freshly fried squid was divine. Before long, we returned to Gredos Centre and our third activity commenced- the Ecological Walk. We explored four different 'ecosystems', or ecosystems, and learnt different animals in Spanish. The highlight, however, was when Jorge jumped across a river successfully, before Mr Green followed not so successfully, landing with two feet in the babbling water, even with us cheering him on. We enjoyed a relaxed evening and before long were preparing to head to bed for our final day at the centre ahead.

Friday was split into four different activities; with each group having them on a different rotation. We started with mountain biking, which, though tiring, was very rewarding, especially after conquering the many hills we had to climb. This was followed by Map Reading and Orienteering. Possibly not the most entertaining of activities admittedly, but certainly educational and undoubtedly a valuable skill to have. After this, we had the Film-making activity in which we were split into groups to create any genre of film of our liking, to be produced in Spanish and presented to the rest of the year. Armed with an iPad, after some long planning and script writing, the filming began. Tight for time, multiple videos were shot before they were edited and placed into one final video. These were shown later that evening and the winners were announced soon after. The plethora of movies ranged from comedy to horror and from documentary to volleyball highlights, but everyone displayed hard work and dedication. Our final activity was archery, in which some people excelled, and others possibly not so much. Nonetheless, it was a fun day, and after bidding farewell to our monitors who had worked tirelessly all holiday, we settled down for our final night in Spain.

Saturday morning was full of bleary eyes and tired faces. Yet, the last day was not to be dull. We packed our bags and ate our breakfast before getting on the coach once again. After 45 minutes, we had our first glimpse of the traditional city of Avila's mediaeval city walls. Stretching around most of the city centre, it was a different sort of sight for us after being hand by hand with nature for the last few days. We learnt that these walls had been built to protect from neighbours many centuries ago but whilst many took these down, Avila decided to keep these, refurbishing them, and it became a large tourist attraction. We ate our lunch and headed into the city. After finding a large square, we split up into groups and were free to roam for two hours. Many headed straight to the sweet shops whilst others decided to go through the walls and found some local shops to buy gifts for the family. As well as this, people gradually visited Burger King to buy dinner to eat when they were in the airport. The line was so long that an unlucky few were told to leave after many minutes waiting to ensure no-one would be late and that we got back to the coach on time.

Another hour drive later, and we had arrived at the same stop we had got on a week ago. As we walked down the familiar passages, memories swept in of when we were not as tired boys, looking forward to a week in Spain and gosh how fast the week had flown by. We went past security yet again; many were stopped to check bottles for water, before being set free one last time around the airport, to buy food and snacks or any last gifts or personal treats. As the evening drew on, we made our way to our gate and smoothly managed to find our way onto our seats. However, as the crew got prepared and everyone was ready to go, disaster struck. We learnt that the baggage crew who were loading the luggage on the plane had hit the side and we could not leave until everything was checked. So, we waited. The card games came out for what was probably the last time and every now and then, the captain gave a negative announcement that we couldn't fly yet. But after nearly two hours, the local engineer gave the thumbs up and we were finally allowed to leave. Much later than anticipated, we arrived back at Heathrow. We brushed past the rather obvious duct tape on the underside of the plane, passed through passport control and collected our luggage. We emerged from the hidden depths of the airport and were greeted by jubilant parents, relieved to find their children in one piece. We were met with hugs and kisses before we said goodbye to our teachers and dispersed, heading to the car and finally back home.

We are certain everyone who went on the trip loved it, and would describe it as definitely one to remember. We would like to say a special thank you to all the teachers who went along: Mr Green, Mr Gunning, Dr Kwan, Ms O'Connor, Mr

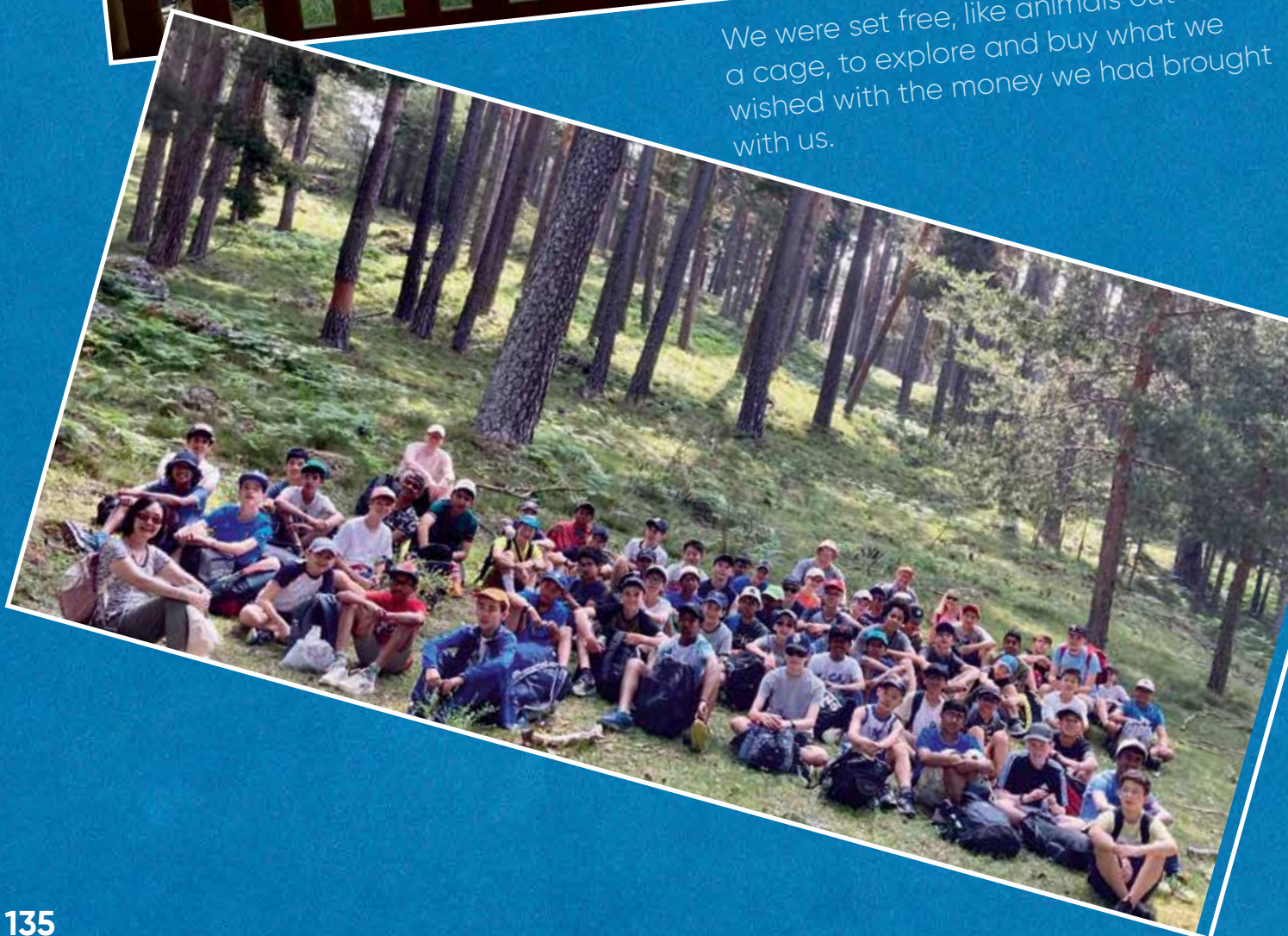
Karlsson, and of course Mrs. McDonald who did an excellent job organising and running the trip, even spending her own birthday with us. Year 7, be excited, because next year many of you are in for a spectacular time on this incredible trip we all are very lucky to have experienced.

**BY HARRY KIRK
AND HAYDEN LO**



"Mr Green
landing w
water, eve

We were set free, like animals out of a cage, to explore and buy what we wished with the money we had brought with us.





h followed not so successfully,
with two feet in the babbling
n with us cheering him on."



DEVON

50 students arrived at school at around 6.45, which is too early for us, hoping the trip was worth missing out on an hour of sleep. And after a long 4 hour drive we finally arrived at Devon. The hotel was amazing and we were greeted by the staff who would be working with us that week. We went to our rooms and left our stuff there and headed to our first activities. For my group it was dancing, which to our surprise everyone enthusiastically took part in. Rounders was also one of the activities where we fully crushed Mr.Pletts' hopes of getting a homerun.

We then went into the dining room for dinner which consisted of many different foods and it was buffet style, so no one got hungry. There was also ice cream which everyone had at least twice. After dinner there was a choice of free time where you could basically do whatever you want until 10pm. Most people played in the games room on the xbox playing Fifa; car simulation or snooker but many went bowling or crazy golf. As far as the activities go, the sports they offer are endless. You play so many sports and learn many new ones which include, basketball, football, hockey, tennis, swimming, ice curling, roller skating, archery, pistol and rifle shooting and ice skating (but you can't really ice skate on it) and many more. The funniest moment of the trip for me is when my friend lost four golf balls and hit one over the railings.

The experience of playing sports in different surroundings and staying with your friends for a week is amazing! As far as the rules go, you had to be in your rooms at 10.15 and be asleep at 11 but no one actually slept at those times. Many groups brought gaming consoles to play on with the TV. My tip is to sleep in a group of 4 or 5 as you get a bigger room, more fun and a bigger TV. We had a lot of fun at Devon and thank you to all the staff who helped us. If you have the chance to go to Devon in Year 9, definitely choose it, it is one of the best trips of SGS.

BY AADI NANDA

On Wednesday, 15 March, the Year 12 Spanish class took a trip to the Cervantes Theatre in London to watch La Casa De Bernarda Alba, a Spanish play written by the renowned poet and dramatist Federico Garcia Lorca that we will be studying later in their course. The drama explores themes of sexual repression, inheritance and violence between the generations of women in rural Spain and depicts the attitudes towards women at the time when the play is set, in 1936.

Overall, the trip allowed us to challenge our Spanish abilities in understanding each scene and immerse ourselves in the Spanish

language. It was a great opportunity as well as an enjoyable experience and trip to the theatre.

BY ALEKS SALADZIAK

SPANISH THEATRE TRIP

NOW, ONTO THE SKI TRIP...



So there we were. It was Friday period 5 and we were all outside the gates ready to depart. Excited, hopeful but despite this not at all prepared for the 24 double maths lessons worth of coach trip ahead of us. Fast forward those 24 double maths lessons (36 hours for those who struggle with maths) we clambered out of the coach like a newborn out of their mother's womb, we had arrived at Obertauern!

I am going to skip past getting acquainted with our rooms - it was like doing the physical version of a debate to select beds - and the rest of the boring things we did on day one before finally getting on to the slopes.

Before continuing, I would like to make something clear. The slopes were dangerous. The snow was terrific, don't get me wrong, but the main problem wasn't the snow itself but rather what was on it. And no, it wasn't the other people. The Austrians showed remarkable skill, gliding over the ice with a grace akin to Mr Wroth pronouncing the word 'calculatrice'. The real danger was far more sinister. Something that made Mr Casey's kill streak look as harmless as a baby hippopotamus attempting to crush a watermelon in its chubby jaws. Something that claimed our dignity with the cruelty of a 40 minute detention on Friday evening. Something which we all grew to fear and hate. The T-bar.

I will not disclose the number of times I fell to that malicious beast (double digits). I will also not disclose the number of times it hooked its jaws between my bag and shoulder blade, dragging me across the snow as I wailed in anguish, with the most excruciating pain just under my shoulder joint, not stopping, for the love of God, as it relentlessly approached the sharp spikes in the ground at the top of the slope, tireless in its pursuit of turning me into a kebab. Yes, this is personal and yes, I will continue to complain about how much pain and suffering this heartless machine caused.

So we skied, happy and excited for every new day and memories it brought with it on this amazing trip. On the slopes we laughed. On the T-bar we cried. And every evening we had activities planned out for us to make our lives as fun off of the slopes as on them.

What is a ski trip without the leisure activities that accompany it though? These were my personal highlights: We had a competition hosted by the year twelves. We had a quiz hosted by Mr Bangs. We had a free evening where we spent hours trying to be as vulgar as possible to the Austrian teens there, in spite of the language barrier. We had an epic Air hockey face off between two twins: one, rotten to the core and the other, witty and powerful. (The best part is neither know who I am referring to). We also had a football tournament in the sports-hall, resembling less a game between evenly matched teams but more a boxing fight between a panda on steroids and a year seven. And finally, the ski trip video.

Fast forward 13 double maths periods worth of coach journey (almost 20 hours for the non mathematicians) and we clambered out of the coach like a 112 year old escaping an old people's home after being locked inside by their children, we arrived back at Sutton and the trip was over. It had been a brilliant trip and would certainly be remembered fondly by all those who went on it.

BY ALEX BUCUR



WASHINGTON

TRIP

20
23

**"THE 12S
SETTLED ON POPEYES,
A GREASY, OVER-
PRICED, RAT-TASTING
RESTAURANT CHAIN. I
SUGGEST FOR
ANYONE THAT GOES
TO AMERICA, DO NOT
GO TO POPEYE'S, IT IS
DISGUSTING"**



Being a Brit in the USA is probably the third best thing. It comes a close third behind shopping for American beanies and buying American beanies (they are really expensive). I had waited a long time for this trip. It was booked and in the diary even before I took my GCSEs, however long ago that was. We had had multiple meetings in preparation for the trip and one thing was sure- everything had to run smoothly. If you are a lower school student and are reading this, I am telling you, you must go. It is something you will never ever experience again- so take History and Politics A Level (don't take Maths trust me on this one).

On Thursday 16th, I arrived early and apprehensively at the airport, and waited while I wondered if I had got the time wrong, or even the day. Thankfully, after about 10 minutes I saw the smiling face of Zac (Jeffrey) Hulme. Although reassuring, I began to think, has there ever been a single intelligent thought behind those eyes? I suppose we will never know. When Mr Marshall eventually arrived and the group reached its maximum, we were ready. A head count was done but someone was missing- Asjid. We waited anxiously for about 15 more minutes until he rocked up with just a backpack. Somehow, he had managed to fit all he needed for the 5 days into a small rucksack and no suitcase. Just as we thought we were okay to go and check our luggage in, we had to wait again as there had been a problem when Asjid was checking in (nothing to do with Mr Marshall entering his name wrong). Finally, we checked our luggage in and went through customs. Once on the other side, we had 40 mins to collect everything we would require for the long flight ahead. As we boarded the plane, Shey, Asjid and Danusha were stopped for a 'random' security check; Thankfully none of them were a security threat, so we made our way onto the plane. The flight was painfully long and the constant supply of caffeine products meant few got any sleep at all, something that would take a fatal toll later in the trip. Finally we landed.

The workers at US customs were possibly the most unfriendly people you would ever meet. I suppose they've got to be serious.. As we sluggishly made our way through customs and collected our luggage. I had nightmares of luggage not making it onto the plane or being put on the wrong flight, but thankfully, everyone received their luggage. As we stepped outside onto American soil and got our first scent of the fresh American air, many began to gag and throw up from the stench of hyper-capitalism. We stepped on the coach and were greeted by a very friendly driver who, unlike the rest of us, was very enthusiastic to take us on a short tour of Washington before we were to arrive at the hotel. We visited some of the minor monuments on the outskirts of the city and eventually we drove into central Washington. The architectural features of Washington are simple, block after block of square offices and buildings. The traffic is not too bad but the most confusing thing, being a Brit, was how the traffic lights worked. With strict regulations on jaywalking, and the possibility of being run over by a commonly speeding driver, Washington was a seemingly dangerous city. We were given half an hour to wander around and go to the few food shops that were open. Eventually, we meandered back to the hotel and called it a night- our alarms set for the early rise of 7:30 the next morning. We woke early the next morning, our body clocks still on the 2am time zone in England and took the lift downstairs to the lobby to have breakfast. There was a lot of food considering it was the first meal of the day, but considering the size of Americans, this was no surprise. America has some great features, but its lack of culture is shown in their food. Layers upon layers of salt cause your mouth to dry up quickly, yet the tap water tastes like it has bits of debris in it- this was something we were going to have to firm for the rest of the trip. We left the hotel around 9:00 AM and made our way to the White House. We were actually round the back of it, and we had been unable to get closer than the famous gates that bar the public from the grounds. This was our first trip to the White House, but it would not be our last. From there, the group (consisting of about 25-30 people) made their way to the Capitol building. It was a long walk, around 30 minutes in total, and the lack of sleep I got the night before made the walk feel like a marathon. Mr Marshall marched ahead, confidently leading us on and making sure we did not miss our booked-in tour. The hill up to the Capitol was punishing but an incredible experience as I remembered that I was in the very place of those who had stormed the Capitol on 6th January 2021. On the note of hills, it was strange as in Washington there are actually very few hills; I

suppose most Americans struggle walking so... As we met outside the back of the building, we prepared ourselves for the first of many bag checks as we went into the Capitol. The security was heavy, similar to an airport, therefore we couldn't take water or food into the building. The most surprising thing to me was the guard standing outside holding an automatic rifle. Although it is something you'd expect in America, this was totally abnormal to me as a Brit. Our first tour was a general one around the various rooms in the Capitol building. A highlight of this tour was our visit to the Rotunda, the room which is directly underneath the infamous dome that the building is known so well for. Our guide explained that painted on the roof 15 metres above us, was a truly incredible piece of artwork done by the Italian-American Constantino Brumidi. The Capitol building was the main building for the legislative branch, which effectively makes all the laws, declares (illegal) wars, controls spending policies and much more. Our next visit would be the House of Representatives, a huge room which seats 435 representatives and is the lower chamber of the United States Congress. Alongside the Senate (which is the upper chamber) they comprise the national bicameral legislature of the US (I got this from wiki). Despite my common criticisms of American architecture, politics and pretty much everything else, visiting the House of Representatives was an incredible experience and one of the highlights of the trip. Sitting in that room thinking of all the terrible decisions that have been made right there was mildly amusing as well. We had all taken a lot away from our trip to the Capitol and it was a unique visit, something I doubt many of us will ever do again. For the rest of the day, we would have a relatively large chunk of 'free time'. As we split off into groups, we had an hour to find a place for lunch before we had to return back to the meeting spot. After our healthy lunch of fast food, we met back and started the long 30 minute trek through central Washington back to the hotel. Once there, we were given a quick 5 minute talk by Mr Marshall, telling us to be back at 9 by the very latest as there was another activity for that day. Then we were allowed to go off and explore Washington. The one rule was that we could not disturb Mr Marshall during the free time as it was also his holiday after all. We wandered around the shops, the best one being the huge department store called Macy's. They had a great section of clothes, especially hats which were a popular purchase... We met back at the hotel, excited for the night tour of Washington, our lungs full of the fresh Washington night air. We had 5 minutes to get any essentials from the hotel before getting on the coach. The driver was not as welcoming or chatty as the one that drove us from the airport but it was still a great tour. We first went to the Abraham Lincoln monument which is huge- literally must have cost a fortune to build. Many photos were taken and those who have been before will know that it famously looks across the river to the Washington monument which was beautifully lit up. By this point the 7/11 'chicken' wings had hit my stomach and I felt a little sick, but I firmed it and got back on the coach. This was fortunately my last experience from feeling sick from food, but others were to experience many more. The next monuments were a combination of the Martin Luther King Jr. statue, expertly cut out of stone, the Vietnam War memorial, and the Franklin D. Roosevelt. This was intriguing; however, we were not given long to soak in the incredible political history of America as we had to get back on the coach to visit the final monument of the tour- Thomas Jefferson. He was one of the founding fathers and the third president; having a statue of Jefferson is unfortunately controversial today due to the history-hating liberals (Mr Marshall told me to write that). Despite the thrill of spending our first day in Washington, the time difference and bulk of activities had worn most out, so we called it a night. Saturday was set out to be a good day. With the bulk of activities in the morning and early afternoon, we were set out to have a lot of free time in the afternoon. We had discussed what we were to do the previous day, with multiple ideas sprouting up. However, first on the itinerary of activities, we were to visit the national archives. The infamous archives contain documents that show the establishment of a new country. Beautifully written and crafted. Mr Marshall, obviously the intellectual historian, enjoyed the incredible collection of artefacts that display the lengthy history of the USA. 250 years of history spread across a series of heavily guarded rooms-I admire their ability to cram together a semi-impressive exhibition from barely any history. However, as

we moved through the archives, those who got bored slowly peeled off to the exit. Eventually, we all met outside, counted up and were ready to go. Unfortunately, we had lost a man- Michael- who had been meandering round taking photos (illegally) of the precious exhibition. Fortunately, we only had to wait for about 5 minutes as he wandered out. Mr Marshall briefed us to go around museums and gather an interesting bit of information then meet back at the Washington monument at 1:00PM- we would present our newly found knowledge tonight, back at the hotel. We split off into our groups and wandered around, yet to choose a museum. Being a bunch of school boys on a school trip, we perhaps didn't pick the most interesting choice and went to the basic- but still extraordinary- natural history museum. A favourite exhibit of most was the crystal exhibit which had some beautiful gems, more than enough to go around. Despite this exhibit being good, my group ended up choosing to explore more information regarding the T-Rex, a basic choice but better than the other groups made up dinosaur- Rizzosaurus Rex. After exploring the museums, we made our way to the Washington Monument, the first time we had been there in the daylight. Standing beneath it, you come to realise the truly staggering size of it. As we sat down underneath this great American monument, waiting for the others to arrive, we planned what we would do for the rest of the afternoon as we had a chunk of free time before we had to be back at the hotel for about 9ish. Arex Ahmed came up with the idea to go to the local driving range, a short 30 minute walk from there. As 4 or 5 of us agreed to go, we asked Marshall who was happy to let us get out of his hair. As more people heard about our plan for the afternoon, they joined us and eventually we had a large group of about 15 or 16. We split off about 1:30 with the important warning that we had to be back at the hotel by 8:30 latest. We enjoyed an afternoon of golf and, although most of us were terrible, it was still an enjoyable experience. As the sun began to poetically set, we realised it was best to begin the journey back and left the driving range, having had a great experience of an had warned us how dangerous Washington becomes at night. Tired after a lot of golf, we went to bed, our third and penultimate night in Washington.

We woke up the next day earlier than normal as the activities were different. We were to catch the coach to Gettysburg and tour the fields where the famous Battle of Gettysburg took place. We boarded the coach at about 9:00 and took the journey which was about an hour and a half. We were then hurriedly hushed into the building. Without much time to gather our surroundings, we went into a sort-of mini cinema.

The documentary on show on the big screen in front of us was a well-produced educational program informing us about the American Civil War. The Year 13s were already knowledgeable on the topic having been taught it as part of the upper 6th history course 'War Through Time'- Gettysburg having been one of the battles highlighted in the course. Although having a strong opinion on Americans over glorifying their history, I believe that this is a crucial part of history and a landmark event. We left the cinema and flooded through the one way system that led us straight to this room on the floor above. It was completely circular, with all the walls curving in on us and covered in paintings from the Battle at Gettysburg. The tour guide's voice boomed and echoed around the room, but I was mostly in awe of the scale and detail of the painting. We then left this magnificent room and went into the café, forming a large and noisy queue. After a double

espresso cup of coffee and a biscuit, we boarded the coach and left for our tour of the battlefield. We stopped 5 times; the best one being the watchtower. Towering approximately 20 metres above the ground, the view stretched out over the famous battlefield covering miles of historic land. As the tour continued, we visited many sights, eventually concluding at the location where Abraham Lincoln gave his famous speech. Ben Roberts (our renowned head boy) stepped up in place of the great President and delivered the same speech nobly. The highlight of the coach journey was the entire coach chanting, "Callum Howson, he's done it again". I'm sure you'd rather I didn't explain why.



After about 2 and a half hours, we arrived in Washington, the sun having already set. Having booked a steak restaurant to conclude what had been a fantastic trip, we set off to enjoy the rest of our free time. 16 of us, spread across the two year groups, sat in tables of 4- mostly correlating with our dorms. With a wide selection of choice on the menu, I enjoyed a Rigatoni pasta- spicy but incredibly flavoursome. Despite the fact that we were about to spend the last night of the trip that evening, the problems, of which there had been relatively few, were about to get a lot worse. The next day was Jayan Thiru's

birthday and in celebration he had brought himself a steak. Having not known how to order, he had chosen an extra rare steak. When it arrived at his table, he cut it open to discover the bloody red-blue colour inside. Shrugging, he ate it and got on with his evening, excited for his birthday the next day. However, the troubles were about to begin that day. We assembled back at the hotel and packed out bags, preparing to leave the next day at some point in the late afternoon. After much discussion, we decided to spend our final night playing a game of illegal poker. With many rounds being played, it was clear that one team was far ahead of the rest. Having won 5 rounds on the trot, the combination of Jayan Thiru's intelligence and my inability to understand the game after being explained it multiple times was unbeatable. The hours went fast, and it soon turned 12. A very happy birthday to Jayan, who will probably never actually read this article. Eventually we called it a day, peeling off one by one, the coffee finally wearing off. I know this has been a very long article, but I believe the greatest trip this school offers needs to be paid credit and this is the only way- however, I will try and keep the remaining chaotic day as short as I can.

The usual routine was carried out in the morning- going down and collecting our breakfast. However, afterwards, we took our suitcases into the Conference room as we had to leave our rooms. It still amazes me how Asjid managed to put all his things in one rucksack. We left the hotel and walked to our first of three final destinations on the itinerary of the trip. We visited Ford's Theatre, the site of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. We were told of the story of where, when and what happened. This included the interesting story of the chase of John Wilkes Booth, how he survived 12 days on the run before eventually falling off

his horse and injuring himself, leading to his capture. We then left the theatre and headed to the fantastic museum which displayed the information to us once again. Our final stop was the Arlington National Cemetery.

However, the most beautiful building there was the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, the powerful message from the tomb sending silence among the normally chatty group. We were then given some free time to go and grab our last American lunch before assembling back at the hotel at around 6:00 PM. Our luggage was waiting for us in the Conference Room where we sat down and listened to Mr Marshall brief us on the rest of evening- our stay in Washington was coming to an end. We got on the coach and took the short journey to Washington Dulles Airport. Consequently, we checked our luggage in, went through customs, and assembled on the other side. As we split off into groups to go and burn the last couple dollars we had on useless crap from the airport, some were not feeling so good. The blue steak that Jayan ate was beginning to have its consequences and Callum Howson's stomach had taken a turn for the worse. The time ticked by slowly as we sat in the middle of an empty airport playing cards. Although it was only 9 PM the atmosphere was sleepy, and we were cautious of our caffeine intake- as another sleepless flight would be painful. The adrenaline from that day's activities was slowly washing away from us as we prepared to leave. As we were called for boarding, an issue arose. Jayan Thiru and Luka Fooks were feeling unwell, and the host staff were cautious of letting them on the plane. What's more, Callum Howson had just come out of the airport toilets (for the 5th time) and was looking as pale as snow. Reluctantly we were let onto the plane by the staff, and we took our seats. Although I was pushed to the back of the queue, my patience came off as an entire row of three seats laid empty before me, this was to be my bed for the night. As I settled down for the night, I noticed a commotion going on at the front. The captain was refusing to take off with passengers who 'could be carrying the next coronavirus.' Jayan, Luka and Callum were then hurried off the plane with Mr Marshall drawing the short straw and having to stay with them- they were then able to fly home the next day. I don't know what happened to them after as my tiredness took over me and I fell asleep immediately. Nothing happened luckily for the rest of the flight apart from a couple of conversations with another school, but they were nothing more than some strange Americans. As we landed, we collected our bags and headed home- some of us having important football fixtures that very day. The February weather had resulted in a lot of rain therefore, many of us were going to have play on waterlogged pitches. Fortunately, we had our football boots to protect us. I truly believe that no matter how long or well written this article is, it will never be able to describe the excellence of the Washington Trip, creating memories which will stick with me for the rest of my life. So, if you are reading this about picking your GCSEs or A Levels, pick History or Politics so you can go on it.

**BY JONNY
SPENCER**





Our three-day trip to France has been one of the best school trips I've ever been on. Not only did we visit monuments such as the Arc de Triomphe and the Musée d'Orsay, we also climbed (and almost fell off) the Colennes (columns) de Buren at the Palais-Royal, sampled some of the world's fluffiest marshmallows at 'Pain de Sucre' and squeezed ourselves onto overly packed metros at 10 o'clock in the evening to do it all again the next day. It was truly an unforgettable experience.

On the final day, we visited a hypermarché, a French supermarket, to buy breakfast and souvenirs before walking to Montmartre, a small village in the heart of Paris, to see the Sacré-Coeur Basilica and the spectacular views of Paris from one of its highest points. After stopping at a baguette shop for lunch, we then finally visited a French cinema to watch a French comedy called 'La Vie pour de vrai' or 'Life for real', before going back to London.

On day one we spent our morning walking through Paris from our hotel to the Centre Pompidou, a museum showcasing artistic masterpieces from all over the world. After briefly viewing some of their exhibitions, we enjoyed burgers and a buffet of unlimited sides at Flunch, a French cafeteria-style restaurant. We then walked along the Seine and, to end the day, boarded a bateau mouche (a tourist boat), which allowed us to see and learn about monuments such as the Louvre, the Notre-Dame and the Palais de Justice.

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The next day, we visited the Musée d'Orsay, a museum filled with paintings and sculptures created by renowned artists such as Vincent Van Gogh, Claude Monet, Paul Cézanne and many others. This also allowed us to see an exhibition on the history of film, a topic covered in class, which included showings of some of the first films made in France. Afterwards, we walked to central Paris, where we stopped at Ladurée, a famous macaroon store, and then took photos by the Arc de Triomphe. We also walked down the Champs-Élysées and ended the night in a lively French brasserie. In the brasserie, we had the chance to sit next to locals, which allowed us to practise our conversation skills, and we ate

**"WE CLIMBED (AND
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PARIS TRIP

BY ANIKA KHAN

TOWER OF LONDON

Old and somehow still standing, Mr Marshall waited for us as we arrived late to the meeting point outside the tower. To think that we were standing next to something so ancient was incredible- something that had witnessed so many parts of history, it was just like having a lesson in room 46. We finished our tour and waved goodbye to the mediaeval thing. As Mr Marshall waved back, we left and went to grab some lunch. Fortunately, London street food did not have the same effect on Callum Howson as Washington street food and so, full of energy we got back on the train and went home.

BY JONNY SPENCER

The journey up to London had been relatively simple. Discussions about who would win the Champions League final were what made up the most of the conversation (it was Friday 9th June, so the day before the big game). Antony Tiri had taken us on a strange detour from London Bridge station, but we got to talk along the beautiful river Thames- which makes me think, would there be any dead bodies in there right now?

Therefore, everyone was there when we arrived; Ben Roberts in his majestic sunglasses was the first person I laid my eyes on. We went and got some useless wrist bands and then entered the Tower. Upon arrival, I only just discovered that Mr Marshall was not to be giving us a guided tour himself and rather someone else would do it. It would have been amazing to have a tour from someone who was around when the historic building was built but oh well.

As the trip was educational, the main thing we learnt was how we could use the tower as a historical source. I am sure some people may not understand what that means, so my suggestion is take A Level History.

We wandered around the tower visiting some key places. My favourite was where Edward IV's ratty brother the Duke of Clarence was drowned in a butt of malmsey wine. We also visited the place of Henry VI's death (it was during the Wars of the Roses so it's complicated) and overall had a great tour from a very enthusiastic and friendly guide. The summer sun beamed down on us the entire time and overall, everyone was in a good mood because of it.



The wait was finally over; this was the weekend we had trained countless weeks for. Our qualifying expedition. the rest were going to walk from the campsite.

We swiftly departed school at 4pm in the minibuses and we eventually escaped the notorious London traffic as we weaved our way onto the M3 near Thorpe Green. Spirits on the minibus were high as we sped towards South Dorset. When we were near Rownhams (a small village located on the border of Southampton), we stopped for a dinner break. This would be the last time we got to fill ourselves up with a proper meal before we were reliable for all the food we made and ate.

By around 8pm we had long left any cities and entered rural England; it was very apparent due to the rocky and pothole-infested roads which caused the minibuses to tumble up and down as we were reaching the campsite. 20 minutes later, we were greeted with a rose gold sunset and the strong scent of lush and sweet grass. After a short briefing, we were quickly sent off to pitch our tents. Everyone hastily rushed off into the corners of the campsite to pitch on the best land to secure themselves a good night sleep! By 9:30, the sun had just about dipped below the horizon and the majority of people made their way to the tents to doze off to sleep. Despite this, faint chattering still could be heard from a lot of tents however this dwindled away and eventually ceased by 10PM!

It was just as the sun started to rise and majestically gild the campsite that the harmonious singing of the wild birds commenced. It reverberated around the land and woke up a lot of people (including me) at a very early time! However, I was not frustrated but rather pleased to have woken up to such a beautiful work of nature! A few hours later (at 7AM), we were permitted to leave our tents and we briskly took them down to further prevent them getting wet as the morning dew had soaked most people's outer layers! No more than half an hour later, people started to collect their Trangias (light weight, portable stoves) and made breakfast. The most popular option of breakfast had seemed to be porridge because I could see the cooks of each group rush to and from the water taps! At 8:30, everyone was ready to set off on their walks for the day! 3 groups would be transported to a car park to walk from (I was in one of these 3 groups) and

At 9:25 our group had reached Worth Matravers, and we were given our final instructions by our assessors in this expedition as they showed the routes we had connived during our Training expedition. It was a particularly warm day, so we were warned about various insects and heat-waves. At 9:35, the first group (which was us) set out from Worth Matravers on an onerous 24-kilometre walk towards East Creech Farm Campsite. No more than half an hour later from when we had set off, we joined the picturesque South West Coast Path which possessed an exquisite view of the extravagant English Channel which also handily delivered a cool breeze to us whilst we were walking in 25 degree sweltering heat! At 10:35, we reached a gargantuan dip and we had to enjoy it as much as we could as we knew the walk back up just ahead was going to obliterate our legs! Nonetheless, we persevered, and we reached our first checkpoint 45 minutes later.

Lamentably, it appeared that we were a bit behind the schedule (luckily not as much as group B3 who were about 1hr 30mins behind schedule) so we utilised the break to quickly add more snacks to our cache and then we set off again as soon as possible! We turned away from the channel back but made a return not more than 15 minutes later when we started heading towards Hounstout. We handrailed the channel for a further 4 kilometres whilst we gleefully ambled along the South West Coast Path. Our speed slowly started to increase as well as the sun resided, and clouds arbitrarily scattered themselves over the azure sky. At our half point mark, we reached Clavell Tower, and we waved one final goodbye to the channel as we merged off the South West Coast Path and bore north-west towards the village of Kimmeridge; our legs were aching, and we were drenched in pools of our own sweat however the realisation that we were near our campsite kept morale high and gave us the strength and drive to finish our gruelling walk.

The sky was splattered in a combination of aggressive red and streaks of orange and the wind blustered like a raspy lullaby as our group entered the campsite in the evening. Our legs felt like they were about to fall off and the desperation to go to sleep was through the roof; however, our work for the day did not end.

We pitched our tents up as quickly as we could in hopes that the dew on the tents evaporated to limit chances of having a wet bag tomorrow morning! I then treated myself to a hearty dinner with all of my group and then a quick game of catch with my friends on the campsite.

At 9:30, I scurried into my tent and briskly went to sleep to ensure I was awake enough for another strenuous yet alluring walk! We woke up to an assortment of moos and clucks in the morning as the farm near the campsite rose to life. The light of dawn seeped into my tent as the sun lathered the ground in its lustrous stream of gold and brought a flurry of activity onto the camp. It was the same as it was last morning, we took down our tents and gulped down our bland but nutritious and calorie-packing porridge! Fortunately, today's walk was going to be easier, with less changes in altitude, a smoother landscape and a smaller distance to cover.

At 8:45, we departed East Creech Farm Campsite and abruptly entered some woodland and as the woodland ended our group was surprised with an awe-dropping view of the Corfe Castle ruins; we circled around the grandeur for half an hour before tackling a precipitous ridge. The ridge was very challenging indeed however we reaped all of the brilliant views after the challenging climb and a short snack break! We also focused on progressing towards our team goal whilst walking today as well by taking vlogs and pictures to create a whole video of our DofE experience! We continued on the ridge for a few hours until the contour lines on the map started bunching up together again and we descended downwards. We reached our second checkpoint at around 14:00 and to our pleasant surprise we were exactly on time! On the flip side, we knew we weren't going to be on schedule for any longer as we saw the plethora of hills on the next section! We reached 'The Obelisk' and continued to vlog our breath-taking journey! From the Obelisk, we could all the way out to Bournemouth and Poole and from the other direction

we could see Swanage! By 15:30, we had reached our final destination of South Beach Car Park in Swanage and we completed a de-brief which left us on a positive note at the end of our elating expedition!

In conclusion, the Duke of Edinburgh expeditions have been one of the most exhilarating and enthralling trips me and my group have been on. We traversed through quaint countryside, ventured into iridescent forest and conquered steep and taxing hills! It has been an experience I will never forget, and I will continue to cherish the memories I have made on Bronze DofE. I strongly urge anyone in year 9 reading this to do DofE!



By Abhiraj Joshi

DUKE OF EDINBURGH

Compiled by Gilbert Knight and Jonny Spencer.

THE AR





ARCHIVE

This year, I had the pleasure of writing and editing The Suttonian's brand new section 'The Archive'. You can think of this section as a compilation of articles from prior editions of The Suttonian. From the first ever Suttonian article, published in 1909 to a school trip to Eastern Europe during the Cold War, this section has it all! Being the editor of the Archives has truly given me a new perspective on the rich history and identity this school has, and has highlighted to me the importance of this annual publication for the school community, as a means of keeping students, teachers and Old Sutts closely connected over the years. I hope you, the reader, can share that sentiment with me as you devour this section. Here's to another successful year of The Suttonian, and hopefully many more to come!

This section also takes a look at important historical events during the 20th century, through the lens of The Suttonian. It is a chronological compilation of extracts, of students and teachers writing at the time about said events, serving as a window into the past. I feel these extracts help paint the picture of what it was like to live through these events, as well as how the students of the school viewed them.

ARTICLE FROM THE 1ST SUTTONIAN

Just ten years after the school's founding in 1899, the first ever edition of The Suttonian was published. Ever since this paramount day in 1909, students of the school have faithfully continued the tradition of this publication- embodying the spirit of our beloved Sutton Grammar, or as it was known then, Sutton Manor High School. Throughout the years that followed, The Suttonian became intertwined with the school's rich history, as well as establishing a sense of community and togetherness between Sutts and Old Sutts alike. Below is an extract from the original edition of The Suttonian, which I feel highlights the purpose of the magazine still to this very day:

A World-wide greeting it must be, for in each of the Six Continents, as well as on the High Seas, Suttonians are to be found upholding the School's good name- and this although the School is but just ten years old.

Scattered, therefore, as we are, is it not time that some visible means of communication should exist between the Old School (as the writer frequently hears it called) and its Past as well as its Present Boys? A goodsome number of Suttonians think so. Therefore "The Suttonian" lives- and the writer looks forward with confidence to every Suttonian helping in some way to the rearing of this nursling.

Now that this "nursling" has reached the tender age of 114 years, I can say with absolute conviction, after having spent hours on end cooped up in the school's archives room, scanning through prior editions, that we have kept true to this original sentiment: over the years, The Suttonian has helped develop the closely-knit school community we all know and love today.

THE SSSFA JUNIOR CUP



In the 1917/18 academic year, as The Great War drew to a close, the school's 1st XI football team managed to get their hands on the SSSFA Junior cup. We started off in the 1st round of the competition against defending champions of the cup, Richmond. The weather was not ideal as, "a fog enveloped the field throughout, and it was no real test of the capabilities of the teams." Thankfully, we managed to net two goals, despite the frightful conditions, which saw us achieve a 2-0 victory over the opposition. In the second round, we drew a bye, meaning we advanced straight to the next round, which was the final. It isn't clear how exactly we drew a bye in the 2nd round of a competition, although it is likely that a school dropped out of the cup meaning we automatically went to the final.

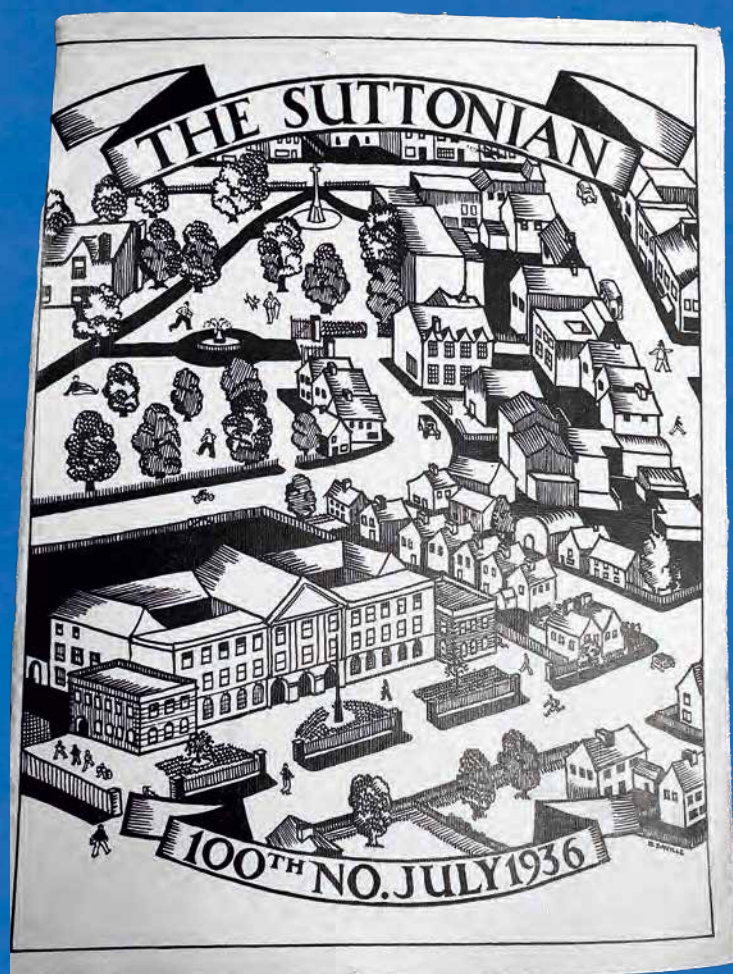
The final was played against Wallington. It was a fine day and so a large number of spectators turned out to see the match. The article also mentions that, "aeroplanes also added to the consternation of the players by swooping over the field." The team began in great style by netting 4 goals in the opening 20 minutes. The scoreline remained unaffected for the rest of the game and hence the final score was 4-0: we had won the cup!

By July 1936, *The Suttonian* had already reached its 100th edition- you may be wondering how it is possible that an annual magazine could have 100 editions published over the span of 27 years. Well, the reader may be surprised to learn that *The Suttonian* only became an annual publication during the 1970s, and it in fact used to be released on a far more frequent basis (roughly once a term). Below is an article written in celebration of the hundredth edition of *The Suttonian*, by one of the original 19 students of the school! In it, he details his memories of the school from his time there in 1899.

"As one of the nineteen original scholars, I congratulate "The Suttonian" on reaching its 100th number. I feel that as what I say may be read by hundreds and criticised by the Lower Forms, I

must be careful what I say. My memories of 1899 include wearing on the lapels of the coat, buttons with photographs of the various generals commanding in the South African War; the more photographs one had, the more important one was. The playground was between the School and the fire station, but the land opposite, being on a bank, was better for games, much to the annoyance of the staff- Mr Hensley and Mr Horn.

Detention three times in one week meant the cane on Friday evening, which I think, hurt the donor more than it did the recipient, as he usually took the precaution of borrowing at least one other cap to pad himself. By the way, the Headmaster himself wore a Sutton School cap with the same colours, black and a thin red stripe, but a crest on the front instead of the S.C.S [Sutton County School] in monogram; a similar one was lent to any boy losing his cap. I am afraid the Headmaster's cane was often split or could not be found. We "old 'uns" always look forward to each number of the Mag, and send our greetings, and hope we may be spared to read its 200th number."



An extract from the 100th edition.
The Archive | 156

THE START OF WWI – A MESSAGE TO THOSE SERVING

To you who are serving in the Army or Navy our message is:- Your Old School is proud of you! You at any rate have not turned a deaf ear to your Country's Call. Some of you will be keeping watch in the North Sea or fighting in the trenches; some will be busy with the transport service, or tending the wounded at the front; some will be doing less dangerous work at home. We make no distinctions. England's watchword now, as in the past, is not "glory," but "duty". On this her greatness has been built, by this alone can it stand fast. Whatever your particular work may be, you have freely given yourselves to your Country's service. We do not doubt that you are doing and will do your duty.

October 1914

POEM WRITTEN AT THE END OF WWII

Tortured with pain and suffering
The world went through five long years.
And lights went out that time might bring
Oblivion to drowse man's fears.

When people say this is the end,
And snatch an instant's rest;
I would to them this message send,
The world has but begun its infant quest.

But let us for a moment pause,
And thank God that it's over;
And hope this is the last of wars
For now and- yes, for ever.

"A Thought"

KING GEORGE VI'S DEATH

The nation mourns the death of His Majesty King George VI, and the thoughts of everyone at this time of bereavement turn to the Royal Family. We in the community of the School, sharing in the national sorrow, join with schools throughout the country in offering our respectful sympathy and steadfast allegiance to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II.

February 1952

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRIP TO RUSSIA DURING THE COLD WAR

We arrived at the pick-up point in London in a slightly apprehensive mood; having no idea what the next three weeks of this trip we were about to embark on would be like.

We arrived in Dover during the late afternoon where we ate, phoned our final goodbyes and boarded the ferry to Ostende. Trying to sleep on the coach, we passed through Belgium in darkness and awoke to find ourselves speeding through West Germany en route to Stuttgart.

The next day we spent travelling to Austria and Vienna, where we had the following morning free. Vienna is a beautiful city, expensive to be in but beautiful to look at.

Our next stop was Győr in Hungary, which was our first real taste of Communism. It was rather cold and desolate. Still, we managed to find the nightlife. We deserted Győr for Budapest where we spent four hours. We didn't enjoy Budapest much as it was Sunday and everything was shut. That was all right, but we had to spend all the money we had changed as you are not allowed to change it back, or take it out of the country; the three of us ended up with fifteen (very expensive) bottles of Coke.

Rumania and Oradea were next. We stayed in tent-shaped chalets filled with all kinds of exotic vermin; everyone stayed clear of the toilets because they were because they were 'full' in all senses of the word.

Still travelling through Rumania we stayed at Turgu Mures then moved on stopping just before the Soviet Border at Iassi for the night.

Then, on the 27th July, we came to the Soviet border at Leuseni. Our luggage and the coach were searched, currency declarations had to be written out and our passports were taken for scrutinization. Still, eventually we were allowed through and the coach travelled on, reaching Odessa in the darkness. The chalet site at Odessa was good and we enjoyed ourselves there. However, although we were in Russia we were not really seeing it, because Odessa is a holiday

resort for Russians- not quite the real thing.

From Odessa we flew to Moscow, where we stayed in real comfort in a hotel. I cannot really attempt to describe Russia in a few lines; all one can say is read Orwell's 1984, substitute Lenin for Big Brother, tone it down slightly and you have Russia and its regime. It was an incredible place to visit and be in, but also frightening.

We saw Lenin's "preserved" body, although one of us was refused entry because he had tatty jeans on, as were two girls whose shoulders were bare; Lenin is a deified figure. We also saw the Kremlin, Red Square and many other places. We had to have a guide with us and we virtually had to go where she would take us, but, to be fair, she was a very nice state-controlled person.

You may have noticed I haven't said much about food; I don't know why people complained, there was at least variety i.e. bread and fish paste, bread and cheese spread, bread and cucumber spread, plus the occasional chicken curry! Enough to satisfy, we were told, and after a week you began to believe it.

Leaving Russia was as difficult as getting in, more difficult in fact, for one of us, who lost his currency declaration form and had to wait until last to get out.

Presov, in Czechoslovakia, was a very pleasant stay, with real shops, something we hadn't seen since Rumania.

The next day we returned from behind the Iron Curtain, to civilisation and Frankfurt. Frankfurt, like Stuttgart, was really great and an immense contrast in every way from the Communist East.

Circa 1977

Background: the first Suttonian team photograph.

TO ENGLAND FROM RHODESIA

We set off from Salisbury by car and motored from Rhodesia to Beira, a big town in Mozambique, where we were to board the S.S. Kenya, bound for England. We had our first meal on board when we were in dock, but I was unable to enjoy another meal for about three days because of the sea.

Our first stop was Dar-es-Salaam, in Tanganyika, and we arranged to have a trip round the town with the Tanganyika Treks company. We were taken to the African market and then to a lake whose shore is famous for its beautiful shells. After that we went to see strings being made. Each piece was a hundred yards long and we tried to photograph the process of making it, but were unable to.

The next stop was Zanzibar, and in the late evening we were taken by a guide on foot through the narrow streets. In the morning we drove round the island, seeing clove, coffee, rice and coconut being grown. The coconuts, after being picked, were dried and warmed and the outside taken off. Then they were processed and made ready for eating. And so on to Mombasa, a large town with dear taxis and cheap buses. We visited the magnificent Hindu temples and managed to take some photographs of the outstanding architecture.

Just outside Mombasa we visited Fort Jesus, which was at one time an old Portuguese fort, then a prison, and now it is a museum. From the top you can see right over the city and the tall domes of its many temples. I remember Aden as the place where you can buy many goods cheaply as it is a duty free port. Articles such as transistor radios, electrical equipment, cameras and binoculars are all stocked by the busy shops, and the traders look forward to the many ships that call there.

Our next port was Suez where we went ashore and then travelled by coach to Cairo. This is the largest city in Africa, with poor buildings in some parts and huge blocks of flats in others; it has large squares with fast-moving traffic. After lunch we set off to see the Pyramids. We went in

side one and climbed right to the top and all we saw was a small bare room with an empty tomb.

A short distance from the Great Pyramid is the Sphinx which is a human-headed lion sculptured out of a spur of rock. I had a ride on a camel, which was a very jerky experience indeed, and I felt he was going to throw me off, especially when he got up and down. We returned to the coach and motored to Port Said and rejoined the ship there after it had passed through the Suez Canal.

Eastward then through the Mediterranean to Marseilles where I did not go ashore as I was ill. After Marseilles came Barcelona. We were shown round the beautiful large cathedral filled with ancient and historic carvings and tapestries, and we were also taken to see some glass-blowing where the craftsman obtained some molten glass on a pole and twirled the pole round, blew gently and shaped, till he had got the glass to his liking.

The last stop was Gibraltar and on this whitish rock we saw and fed many apes. The roads were very narrow and steep, especially on the rock itself. And finally, we arrived in London, on a typically dull English day.

R.M. Wellington, Circa 1961

Five to one every lunch-break, there begins the planning of a spectacular and memorable football match in the school playground. After an extensive dispute over the tossing of a coin, it is finally decided which of the two captains shall have the honour of first choice. A skilful captain will have, in the back of his mind, a picture of a football pitch with the various positions and he will choose a player to fill each position adequately. However, our novice captain will select his team haphazardly, probably in accordance with apparent abilities or degrees of friendship. This treatment usually results in heated argument and confusion. The experienced player can get himself selected by whichever captain he chooses.

If he dislikes a certain captain, or his embryo team, then to that captain he will feign gout or lumbago or some other equally disabling complaint. When, in consequence, he is passed over by that captain, he will make it clear to the other that he is fighting fit and in great form. This tactic can, however, lead to grievous combat even before the game begins.

If all goes well, the two teams, about half past one, will line up and see to the positioning of their goal-markers. The width of the goal often proves a disputable point, as no definite distance has as yet been ruled for playground football. The chief function of the goalkeeper is to adjust the width of his goal according to circumstances.

If a penalty has been awarded to the opposing team, he will discreetly lessen the width of his goal. If, however, a penalty is awarded to his side, he will immediately deftly widen his own goal and accuse the opposing goal-keeper of having too narrow a goal-mouth. He should in this way be able to persuade the other team to return their goal to its apparent proper size, thus materially increasing the chance of a goal.

Actual play may start at twenty-five to two, and for a full five minutes, therefore, the battle will rage, governed by uncertain rules, until the participants, united at last in a common pursuit, make a concerted dash for the canteen and lunch.

T. White, 1933

"IF ALL GOES WELL, THE TWO TEAMS, ABOUT HALF PAST ONE, WILL LINE UP AND SEE TO THE POSITIONING OF THEIR GOAL-MARKERS"

PLAYGROUND FOOTBALL

LUCY GREEN'S OLD VILLAGE SCHOOL

During 1865, Sutton was well and very truly described as "one of the prettiest villages in the environs of London," and the old school-house with its clustering varieties of blossom and colour was but typical of the whole character and charm of the Village. Lucy Green was probably born in this picturesque old dwelling, which in later years she imparted the "first rudiments of knowledge" to the fortunate section of the childhood of the Village. Lucy Green succeeded her father, George Henry Green, who had been schoolmaster for at least 45 years before 1965.

The Parish Church could partly be seen on the same site where for over 1,000 years Sutton's Church has stood. The Old Church, with its four square tower, was swept away with many others throughout the country, during the period of the "Anti-Church Fabric Movement". It gave place to the steeple tower church which exists to-day, and which is the one seen in the picture. Looking back to the days which the picture illustrates, this old village schoolhouse furnishes a contrast with the educational facilities enjoyed to-day, which may with great advantage be pondered over by all and sundry.

Lucy Green's Old Village School,
Church Lane, 1933

There seems harmony in the fact that the Church should be a close neighbour of the old School, for St. Nicholas, to whom the Church is dedicated, is the children's Patron Saint, not only because he made their instruction a particular part of his pastoral care, but chiefly because he retained the meekness, simplicity and the humility of his tender years.

FROM PENANG TO SIAM

For once in a way, a wet Sunday morning with a steady downpour of rain, so that I cannot do better than take the opportunity to tell you a little about the trip we made to Siam last week, since there will be little pleasure in running out to the Swimming Club, as is my wont on Sunday mornings. We reached Alor Star at 4pm, and after stopping at the Government Rest House for a cold beer, we pushed on for the frontier. The first thing one notices on crossing the frontier is the immediate falling away in the condition of the roads. I had looked forward to the trip very much, as I anticipated that I should find conditions of travelling similar to those in Persia, but whilst the road was bad and below the standard of Malaya, it was certainly far better than I expected, and we were able to maintain a good speed without undue bumping. The features of the country remained unchanged for some miles with more and more Rubber Estates, but as we progressed north, they began to disappear, and we passed through uncultivated stretches.

We Caught the two o'clock launch across to the mainland last Sunday after-noon, and left Butterworth half-an-hour later in a hired car. The run up to Alor Star I have done on two or three occasions previously. It is an exceptionally good road, the last half of the journey of 64 miles being an absolutely straight road.

One passes nothing of interest on the way, except miles and miles of Rubber Estates and paddy fields. The result of the appalling condition of the rubber industry is evidenced by the numerous estates that are

At 6.50 p.m. we ran into Haad Yai, which is about 160 miles from Butterworth. Haad Yai is not inspiring. It is dirty, and gives one the impression that it is a town that once enjoyed prosperous times when the price of tin was good.

The Rest House was nice and dirty like the town, but we were able to get a cold soda, and were quite happy until dinner-time, however, the mosquitos kept us active company. We were up early the next morning and left at 7.30 by train for Patulung, where we had an old car waiting to carry us across the hills to Trang, some 35 miles away. We were now well into Siam, and apart from a very little rubber, we passed nothing but paddy fields, on which practically the whole population lives. The change in type of the Siamese to the Malayan is very notice-able, the women especially, who, as a whole, are quite pretty, and all wear their hair short. Many have Eton crops, and I am informed that the bob and shingle originated from Siam, where the women have always worn their hair short, no matter what class they are in life.

We reached Trang at noon, and before going to the Mines Office we adjourned to a Chinese eating shop, where we had a chicken whose neck we wrung when it was submitted for approval before preparation. The journey from Patulung to Trang took us across a range of hills and through some of the prettiest scenery I have ever seen.

However, we duly reached the Mines Office, where we spent a very trying three hours negotiating the business that we had come to conclude, and although one may be told that Siamese officials are difficult to deal with, I can testify that, provided one does not "try to come the heavy" and is prepared to comply with whatever they ask no matter how unnecessary it may appear, then they are really most obliging and helpful.

In this case, although their office hours are from 8 a.m. to 2 p.m., the acting Superintendent kept all his staff there until 5 p.m., and enabled us to complete not only what we had come to do, but to put through other business that we had anticipated would entail another journey at a later date. That evening we spent time with the manager of the Mines and his family. In the morning we walked across to the dredge lying in the paddock. I'd like to give you some idea of

the vessel and the way she functions, but time is short, and being thoroughly non-technical, I have only a very rough idea of things myself.

After breakfast we had to visit the local land office to transfer an agricultural lease, and here again we received every courtesy and assistance, so that we were able to get away before noon and dash across to Patulung to catch the train at 2.30 p.m. that had passed through Huey Yot (where we spent the night) at 8 a.m. that morning. We had no time for any lunch, so bought ten hard boiled eggs before we boarded the train.

Five were bad (there were three of us, as we had an interpreter with us), so we had to wait until we reached Haad Yai at 5 p.m. before we could get anything else to eat.

From Haad Yai we hired a car and ran through to Sengora, and spent the night at the Government Rest House there. Sengora is a pleasant spot on the east coast of Siam, and has a beautiful beach for bathing. Folk run up there from Penang for long week-ends. It was lovely and cool; we had the place to ourselves and the best of service, whilst for the short notice that we gave, we received quite good food -and cold beer.

In the morning we completed our business at the Mines Office and met with the same courtesy, so that by noon we were through with everything and on our way back to Penang. So we were back by Wednesday night, whilst when we left we had but a faint hope of being back by Thursday. The journey back was quite uneventful.

Whilst up in Siam I took the opportunity to find out about my leave, and I learnt that there would be no difficulty about my getting away next Spring, so that on the strength of that I have already made a five buck bet that I shall be away from Penang by the end of April next year.

Percy L. Cooper, 1933

BOXING CLUB 1941

The season 1940-41 is almost at an end. During the winter months the Club had a membership of seventy, the majority of whom were Juniors. Many of these Juniors are very keen and show promise of becoming first-class boxers. The Seniors, however, have missed the tonic effect of inter-school matches, and for them, with their memories of busy and successful past seasons, the year has been pretty flat. At the same time they have rallied in good numbers to all practices and kept in trim just in case an unexpected match might crop up and call for their services.

A pleasant break occurred in April when we were invited to Epsom Count School to assist at their "ring-warming boxing display". Our boys took part in three contests, all of which they won, the contestants being Buckland, Daniel and Hammond, Jr. Exhibition bouts were boxed by Ker and Tunnell and Willey and Wynyard. It was good to see the School colours in the ring once more. Epsom provided refreshments after the display. It was an enjoyable afternoon, and we hope Epsom will allow us the pleasure of entertaining them here next season.

The summer term brought another surprise. Mr. Lessiter, finding himself at liberty one evening a week, very kindly offered to reopen his Boxing Class. This class is now being well attended, and is of great value, especially to the juniors. The class is held in the gymnasium on Wednesday evenings from 7 to 9 p.m.

In the summer term boxers have many calls from other activities. Most of them are prominent in swimming and athletics and are encouraged to practise these sports while the season lasts. Thus on Monday mornings the attendance at boxing practice has fallen off, and we shall hold our annual novices' tournaments over till after the other sports events of the year. Then we can settle down to the job in comfort and ensure that it is once more the popular and successful event it has always been.

Captain D. Fletcher

1ST XI FOOTBALL TOUR OF CHINA

Among certain staff I have developed something of a reputation of being able to get on any trip that the school runs - but even I was surprised when I was asked, as a result of 10 years unpaid service to the 3rd XI "Academy" to go on the school's first football tour in many years - at least that was the line that was spun to me. In truth it was no secret that the 1st XI had been struggling for form and questions were being asked about the coaching acumen of Mr Blunt. Having consulted with the Academy boys and having received their blessing as long as the basic tenets of "express yourself" and "score more goals than the opposition" were taken east with me, it was with great anticipation that I packed my stash of Sutton Grammar embroidered kit.

We arrived at Heathrow and prepared for the long flight ahead to Beijing via Doha. Not the most direct route but the cheapest and after an eternity spent circling Beijing International airport we touched down. For most of the party it was our first experience of China and it soon became clear that this was going to be a full-on cultural experience. Beijing is a big city and, as you may have gathered from the Olympics, it is also a very smoggy one and given the traffic that is hardly surprising. Our first journey set the tone for the rest of the trip as we crawled through the traffic. Our hotel was in the middle of a Hutong - the name given to a courtyard of houses in which communities live. In recent years these have been bulldozed and developed and it was interesting to see how small businesses and families co-existed and shared their lives and their food and rather surprisingly to some of the boys, their toilet facilities. Our first night was spent at the night markets listening to Chinese folk songs being sung from a balcony, eating cheap,

exotic and filling food and haggling, the most notable purchase being Mr Blunt's Chairman Mao watch which had stopped before we took the one stop tube ride to Tiananmen Square. One of the most famous landmarks in the city, Tiananmen Square is vast and the timekeeping of the soldiers was immaculate as we found out when the clock struck ten and we were marched off the square.

The next day was spent at the Emperor's Summer Palace, a sumptuous expanse of buildings on the edge of town all with their own unique names. We saw three tiered stages, reflective ponds, marble boats and corridors of uncertainty and all had the fun of ordering food from a menu that was entirely in Mandarin. Later that evening we had a meal in the hotel. Twenty people and only the equivalent of £40 was spent with every dish a winner.

And so to the football which was the main reason for going. The School's International tournament consisted of eight schools. In one pool was Dulwich College, St Paul's from Hong Kong, Amstelveen from Holland and Beijing Lue School. The other pool contained Eton College, Remnin High School, Beiling No. 6 School and Sutton Grammar. What became clear from the start was that the Remnin and Luhe schools were really rather good, National and Asian Schools champions respectively. In fact the games were played at the Remnin Academy where the players studied and trained full time boasting a number of youth internationals. Our opening fixture was an all English affair against Eton, who had made the mistake of arriving only the day before and staying up till all hours watching the Rugby World Cup final. In a good game Sutton emerged 2-0 winners with goals from Phil Swinburn and Hamzah Malik to strengthen our position in the pool. As we left the ground we saw the two Chinese teams playing and they looked awesome. The biggest surprise of the day was the clean sheet kept by Chris Manville - a converted centre back who in his few appearances in goal for the Academy back in England had looked far from comfortable. Our next fixture was against the Remnin Academy side and coaches Blunt and Bangs quickly got their heads together to hatch a plan to win. In short terms, it was "try and score a goal and then try to stop them scoring." It was a simple plan and with 30 minutes of the first half gone it appeared to have worked - Hamzah Malik had stuck a penalty in past a keeper who was still very lucky to be on the pitch and just before half time we also had a good shout for another turned down before the second part of the plan started to fail. We conceded from a corner seconds before the break and as any pundit will tell you that is a bad time to concede. In the second half we simply ran out of steam. The superior technique and fitness of the opposition resulted in them leaving 4-1 winners with a conceivably higher score had Manville not continued to excel.

The next game, bizarrely, followed the opening ceremony replete with Olympic mascots and a crowd of 2000. We played Beijing school and it was a fairly one-sided game Sutton running out comfortable winners, Manville again unbeaten in the Sutton Grammar goal with Frank Corringe helping himself to four. The High School where the game was played was amazing. All the students dressed in identical red and white tracksuits and were quite in awe of the SGS players, Joe Boughtflower coming in for some particular attention. School days in China are much longer and the demands on the students are much greater than they are here. With only a small percentage of the population able to go university, competition was intense and the bad news for Sutton Grammar was that Mr Ironside was making notes.

To break up the football we then took a day trip to The Great Wall. It is something we had all seen in pictures but it is not until you get to see it and walk it that you realise what a phenomenal achievement it is. At times it is staggeringly steep and the views were tremendous with hills overlapping into the distance and the autumnal colours providing a truly stunning backdrop. Interesting fact - you can see the moon from the Great Wall of China! Anyway as we left, with Mr Bangs so laden with souvenirs he could have started his own shop, we put the finishing touches to our performance for that evening - there was going to be a well orchestrated party for all the

players in the tournament. It was a cultural melange with Diabolo spinning, offensive Dutch Rap and the bizarre sight of the Sutton Grammar boys carrying out their own 'silent disco' as they danced to their iPods much to the bemusement of our hosts. We then witnessed the most terrifying firework display ever. As in every display the fireworks got bigger and more spectacular as the show progressed. The alarming feature was the fact that they also got closer. Until they were being set off from a matter of feet away.

The week was so packed with highlights that it is hard to pick them all out. We all watched in wonder as Mrs Price and Mrs Blunt haggled for Britain in the silk markets as the tour party indulged in very cheap imitation designer wear and used their advice to get some bargains. At the street markets, you could buy virtually any animal skewered on a stick. Daniel Urguhart was perhaps the most adventurous, helping himself to crabs, cockroaches and other crustaceans. As a general rule if it could run or swim it got skewered and cooked, the Peking Duck being a particular highlight.

As a result of our second place in the group we were drawn against Luhe High School in the semi final. This was the other top Chinese team who had one player who was a professional in the Chinese league and a good number not too far behind. Again Mr Blunt came up with the theory that had been used against Remnin - try and nick a goal and 'park the bus' in front of our goal.

This was working really well until Luhe scored first and despite a valiant effort we struggled to create chances and ended up losing by the solitary goal. We had impressed our Chinese hosts with our efforts and had one more game against Amstelveen from Holland to decide third and fourth place.

On the final morning, the group split into two for some final sightseeing. Some of the group went to the Forbidden City while the rest of us went to the Temple of Heaven - a temple in a public park. For me, this was the most memorable part of the trip. As we walked around we saw the locals singing, playing qui gong, doing tai chi, twirling brightly coloured umbrellas

and playing keepy uppy with feathered bags. The morning smog just gave the place a slightly mystical feel and provided a true sense of a culture that shared and enjoyed the sense of a community, certainly a far cry from Manor Park.

From here we headed on to the High School for the play off. We knew that the Dutch would be "good technical players" but we also noticed that they hadn't scored a lot of goals. This was probably our best performance of the tour and resulted in a one-nil win, Joe Riches scoring the winner. As the stadium filled up for the final match, the charm offensive the boys had launched on the previous visit to the school ensured a good deal of support with Dan Brown joining Joe Boughtflower as a local heartthrob.

The boys rightly enjoyed the autograph signing and the bows to the crowd and were a real credit to the school as they mixed with the other players and students. At the closing ceremony, the whole squad picked up the third placed trophy while Hamzah Maik and Chris Manville found themselves named in the team of the tournament with Manville picking up the "Golden Gloves" award as the tournament's best keeper. Hats off to the goalkeeping coach!

Tired but pleased, we made our way back from a trip which was truly memorable in all respects. We could say that we were the best team in the world, we had all mastered the chopsticks, we all certainly experienced a significantly different culture from our own and we had memories that will last a lifetime.

Mr Price, 2006

BEHIND THE SCENES: THE CREATION OF THE SUTTONIAN

As many will know, the Suttonian editorial group meets weekly. For the past couple years, Editors in Chief have put together a well-informed magazine solely created by the students. But don't you ever wonder how they do it? What goes on in these meetings? Rumours have spread around the school, plaguing public interest. "I heard that most of the work is delegated to Mr Marshall", I overheard a bunch of year 11s gossiping. So, I had to find out what was going on Behind the Scenes.

After a full year of collecting information to expose the editorial group of this magazine, I hope that I can get the truth out to the people of Sutton Grammar. By carefully planting bugs in room 46 and intently listening in on meetings, the truth has shocked me. I even wonder whether writing this article is worth it as at this rate, there may be no publication.

The Suttonian is a valuable magazine. It dates back years, with an archive room hidden in the school. Every secret about the school's past is kept locked away. "It is the best- and only-source of school history" Mr Marshall commented in one of the meetings. So, if the magazine is so valuable, why are the editorial team so lazy? Despite claiming to use room 46 as a meeting spot just for the Suttonian team, it turned into a social event. People, of all ages, come and go as they please. A place for anyone to chat, eat lunch- do anything rather than discuss the progress of the magazine. After meetings, the place was left looking like a dump

For one thing, it is wrong to allow students to hang out in a classroom at lunch but what is worse is that they are stopping the dedicated teacher that is Mr Marshall from working. If you think it is strange for a teacher to be working during their lunch hours, I assure you that you haven't met Mr Marshall. Committed, hard-working and with many responsibilities, he is unfortunately pushed out of his classroom by this so-called team of 'editors'.

The Chief Editor is known for his far left stance therefore, I presume his magazine will be filled with left-wing communist jibes. Who knows, perhaps he will use his huge influence to stop the publication of this article.

BY AN ANONYMOUS WRITER :)

**"AFTER A FULL YEAR OF
COLLECTING INFORMATION
TO EXPOSE THE
EDITORIAL GROUP OF THIS
MAGAZINE, I HOPE THAT I
CAN GET THE TRUTH OUT
TO THE PEOPLE OF SUTTON
GRAMMAR."**



Just ten years after the school's founding in 1899, the first ever edition of The Suttonian was published. Ever since this paramount day in 1909, students of the school have faithfully continued the tradition of this publication- embodying the spirit of our beloved Sutton Grammar, or as it was known then, Sutton Manor High School. Throughout the years that followed, The Suttonian became intertwined with the school's rich history, as well as establishing a sense of community and togetherness between Sutts and Old Sutts alike. **Below is an extract from the original edition of The Suttonian**, which I feel highlights the purpose of the magazine still to this very day:

A World-wide greeting it must be, for in each of the Six Continents, as well as on the High Seas, Suttonians are to be found upholding the School's good name- and this although the School is but just ten years old.

Scattered, therefore, as we are, is it not time that some visible means of communication should exist between the Old School (as the writer frequently hears it called) and its Past as well as its Present Boys? A goodsome number of Suttonians think so. Therefore "The Suttonian" lives- and the writer looks forward with confidence to every Suttonian helping in some way to the rearing of this nursling.

Now that this "nursling" has reached the tender age of 114 years, I can say with absolute conviction, after having spent hours on end cooped up in the school's archives room, scanning through prior editions, that we have kept true to this original sentiment: over the years, The Suttonian has helped develop the closely-knit school community we all know and love today.

OLD SUTTO

Compiled by Gilbert Knight and Jonny Spencer.



DN IANS

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OLD SUTTONIANS ASSOCIATION CHAIRMAN'S REPORT 2023

During the course of 2023 the Association Council organised both the annual leavers event in a marquee at Northey on the evening of 30th June 2023 and the annual reunion dinner which this year was this held at the Masonic Hall, Grove Road, Sutton. Both events were convivial with the highlight of the reunion dinner being the induction of Ray Pletts (OS and member of staff) as a Honorary Life Member of the Association. I am grateful to Marie Brass (alumni officer) and Will Humphries for their assistance in arranging these events. I also wish to express my thanks to Gordon Ironside who has taken on the task from Peter Collins of researching OS obituaries and proposing the silent toast at the reunion dinner.

Life is extremely difficult for the Football, Rugby and Cricket clubs. There is a nationwide decline in participation in amateur sport which has accelerated post-Covid. Player availability and commitment is a huge issue for all clubs and our clubs are not exempt from this. Furthermore, there are significant challenges around SGS Child Protection rules, which is making it difficult for the clubs to engage with players while they are students at the school. I congratulate all of those involved in our clubs on their dedication and commitment to keep them going.

The Association itself is undertaking a wide-ranging review of its activities, headed by Vice Chairman David Hobbs, with a view to becoming more relevant to all OS through the alumni project and website. However, the Association will continue to adhere to its founding principles in providing a platform whereby Old Suttonians can maintain the friendships they made at SGS and to support the activities of the school.

I wish to record my personal thanks to all members of the OSA Council and all volunteers in the constituent clubs who give their time freely and willingly. I also wish to thank our President Ben Cloves for his support of the activities of the Association and its clubs.

I very much hope you enjoy the content of the Suttonian section of the magazine.

Floreat Suttona.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG
CHAIRMAN
(1966–1973)

OLD SUTTONIANS VS EAST HORSLEY

If you were writing a history of the Old Suttonians Cricket Club, you would find in the mid-late 2010s and 2020s a rich vein from which to draw the ichor of your story. If you consider where we were thirty-five years ago, with two Saturday and two Sunday teams running, you might imagine a club in decline. But look a further ten years back and you would realise that decline had already taken place – 2009 was the last year we fielded two teams on a Saturday, finishing next to bottom and bottom of their respective leagues. A youthful Will Humphries took charge of the team in 2013, by which time the challenge was to get 11 warm bodies on the pitch each week. At the end of the season the club took a smart and well timed decision and since 2014 we have played in the Surrey Downs League. The last ten years have seen us settle in very well, with new players, new and returning characters and (new for 2023) squad members! In eight SDL years (one being lost to COVID), we have been promoted from Division 4 all the way to the lofty heights of Division 1. There, we failed to find our feet and lost confidence sufficient to find ourselves back in Division 3 for 2022 after a dismal season in Division 2 where we were soundly beaten in almost all games. Full disclosure, I did miss the tight game against Salfords where we lost by 68 runs... With composure restored, promotion followed and here we are once again giving a good account of ourselves in Division 2.

But this is a match report not a potted history of OSCC. Nevertheless, these things have to start somewhere and this match started with table topping East Horsley hosting second placed OSCC. East Horsley has long been a happy hunting ground for this week's match reporter – unbeaten there in all the years I have made the trip. But I am talking about table

tennis and the clubhouse management team seem to have removed the table without so much as a by your leave. As for cricket, I have lost a number of times in East Horsley, 2015 being a notable exception after Lloyd's "we will fight them on the beach..." speech. Having been hit many times into the gardens adjoining the ground, in all honesty my hopes for victory on Saturday were not especially high. Now I really will begin the match report, although it must be noted, I am unsupported by the scorecard of the first innings.

By the time we were given the hurry up by the umpire at 13:03, we had only 8 players present and changed. With the field set at 13:09, Farooq could not be dissuaded from going in search of a tap from which to fill his water bottle and Krish still needed to drive the last few miles to EH. The attack was led – and I use the term in every conceivable way – by Pedro, Peter O' Toole, the Adonis of OSCC, call him what you will. There was a lump in my throat when it was finally the moment for the second over to be bowled by Little Bear – Will Humphries, Humper, Sicknote, call him what you will. Humper did not take long to strike – the ball finding its way onto bat, pad and finally onto the stumps. Soon after that, EH's professional umpire (never caught his name but his nickname is probably Trigger) got involved and Pedro had his man LBW. Benefitting from the good wicket and fast outfield EH were scoring well enough but the wickets perturbed them – when batsman 5 joined opener, James Cooper, he was given the instruction to stick around. Six overs each were enough for our new ball pair and Waheed (with the breeze) and Farooq took over. Coming off the back of such a good start this was a critical phase and the bowlers and fielders were up to the task. Farooq struck with his third ball – aided

CRICKET

and abetted by Trigger – and the EH captain was on his way to the middle. There were no more wickets for the next eleven overs but EH were caught in no man's land between attack and defence. Waheed and Farooq could easily have had a wicket or two. Even without those deserved wickets they turned the screw on EH with the help of some super fielding from Imran, Woody and Pedro. But for a couple of misses in the covers, things could have looked even better for the Sutts when, after 24 overs, Imran turned to spin (I use this term loosely.) To give you an idea of the control exerted to date, I think perhaps the score was around 75-3.

There was some post-match talk about the possibility that spin could have been introduced earlier. My feelings were – and remain – as follows; given the success of seam to that point, there was no reason to change tack. Coming on at 75-3, Krish and I had everything we could have wanted – the opposition under pressure and four proven bowlers (not to mention Kam) to call upon should things not go our way. But they did go our way, in quite a big way. Two balls in and two balls outside the off stump – not unheard of but also not typical for me. Also not typical, was the sound of the umpire calling Wide; for one of those. Next ball he was back in the action – a straight ball onto the pads of the EH skipper, an appeal and Trigger did what he does (okay, he had justifiably turned down half a dozen appeals from Farooq) and sent the batsman packing. Next over saw another wicket fall, Krish taking his first, and things were starting to look very good indeed for OSCC.

James Cooper had looked untroubled throughout and had moved on to 43 when he was finally undone not by the umpire but by the fickle finger of fate. His strike partner drove one hard, low and straight – instinctively, because these would be runs against my name, I bent to stop the ball – I failed to stop or even deflect it but the brush of my fingertip was important (it didn't bruise in the end, by the way.) I appealed, the umpire declared not out (unusually for him) but in an inspiring moment of good will (not untypical of our games this season,) Mr Cooper gave himself out, taking my word that I had touched the ball. Hats off. These fielding points gained will not please Breezy. The batsman left the scene thankfully unaware of the irony of just being run out by OSCC's sole advocate of backing up at the non-striker's end.

Next ball, Mr Venkat gave himself out in more conventional form – by playing and missing a perfectly straight, perfectly unthreatening ball and being bowled. Adios. Krish followed up with another wicket and things were starting to look remarkably straightforward. The last pairings put on a minor flourish but Billy capped a fine display behind he stumps with a caught behind (another ball outside off stump) and Imran took the catch that ended the innings and gave Krish three wickets. EH were all out 117, 7 wickets falling in ten overs – we played well but it must be said that EH were largely masters of their own downfall.

I promised to reveal something of the motivational stratagems of Waheed and at the risk of breaking copyright laws I will do so. In previous weeks Waheed has focused on my fielding, assuring me I am viewed as one of the fielders to be hidden but this week, Waheed took the opportunity offered by successive post wicket huddles to let me know that while I was bowling ok, this was certainly not in keeping with my usual not ok, but sometimes lucky, bowling. Underestimate the powers of reverse psychology at your peril.

EH had finished batting but tea had not arrived. Reluctantly Rajeeva strapped on his pads and joined Woody for a nail-biting 8 overs. This was EH's last chance to save the game but Woody and Rajeeva had other ideas and played out the eight overs perfectly. Woody's plan – only revealed to his trusted inner circle much later on – was to score at 3 runs per over until the 39th, then hit the gas to ensure an early finish. Neither Billy nor Imran would show much enthusiasm for this plan.

And so to tea. Not much more needs to be said than Coronation Chicken and Egg Mayo sandwiches were on offer – they usually are here but after the table tennis table's disappearance I could not be sure.

The innings resumed – once Rajeeva fell for a well-made 20, so did the run rate. Billy

dropped anchor and at drinks we were 56-1 off twenty overs – behind the run rate even of Woody.

Billy fell for a painstaking 9 from 42 balls, the time in the middle will surely help him in future – more critical – weeks, and Imran marched out. Will the real Imran Ullah please stand up? On Saturday he did. After a quiet start to the season, Imran drove the ball as only he can and Pete's fears about the run rate melted away. Kamran joined his brother and smashed a square drive as only he can, hitting 5 (nearly 6) boundaries from 19 balls. In trying to finish things with a glorious straight six, Kam fell to a very impressive catch on the boundary, leaving Imran to finish things two balls later with a four.

All in all, one of the most satisfying performances I can remember. Six bowlers, well used, well supported in the field and batting which began solidly and ended dismissively. OSCC beat the top of the table team convincingly and now sit at the top of the table themselves. Are we a bowling side or a batting side? On Saturday we were a bowling side; the first four bowlers put us in charge and the slow bowlers simply iced the cake – all aided by the EH batsmen. Bear in mind though that we currently have four batsmen in the top ten of the division with assuredly lots more to come.

The wickets (or the sun) must have gone to Krish's head – he spent most of the much anticipated date night; explaining the lesser-known laws of cricket.

TEA MARK 5/5
SPORTSMANSHIP 5/5
SHOWERS 4/5

(THEY SEEMED TO GO OFF A LITTLE QUICKLY)

BY JONATHAN DENNIS

We are always on the look out for more players to play and share in the love, so if you fancy it, don't hesitate to drop us a line: oldsuttsc@gmail.com

OLD SUTTONIANS FOOTBALL CLUB REPORT

SEASON 2022/23 BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG (CHAIRMAN)

The club ran six XI's on Saturdays in the Amateur Football Combination. In addition to league games, our Saturday AFC teams compete in three separate cup competitions, the AFA Cup, the London Old Boys' Cup and the Old Boys' Cup. Unfortunately, the Saturday vets XI, who played under Peter Mellett in the West London Vets League, had insufficient numbers to continue in season 2022/23 and withdrew prior to the start of the season. The Sunday vets play friendlies each Sunday throughout the season but also competed in the Met Police Imber Court Summer League. Having won the league for the first three years since inception, the team were runners-up in Summer 2023. The club plays home fixtures at Northey Avenue, (affectionately known as "the Owl's Nest"), the "spiritual home" of Old Suttonians. Spectators are welcome to visit on any Saturday afternoon during the season when you will generally find between three and five Old Suttons teams playing at home.

The club issues a weekly team sheet that is e-mailed to members (anyone wishing to receive the weekly team sheet should email me at martin.armstrong@turpinba.co.uk). The club has a twitter feed Old Suttonians FC OldSuttonsFC, on which the weekly team sheet is posted along with information concerning club events and activities. Further detailed information is also available via the AFC website www.amateurfootballcombination.com with results and tables updated by 6.00pm on Saturday evenings following the matches that have taken place that day.

The season was a mixed bag with some successes and some disappointments. The most disappointing was the relegation of the 1st XI from AFC Premier Division. The team was beset by poor availability and injuries throughout the season with inevitable results. Unfortunately, the club lacks players of 1st XI quality in any other teams to fill the gaps. The 2nd XI had a strong season, challenging all season but eventually finished as runners-up in AFC Senior Division 2. The 4th XI managed to win both the 4th XI Old Boys Cup, beating Albanian 4th XI 3-0 (James

True (2), Rob Markwell) in the final which was played at Old Parkonians.F.C. and beating Old Tenisonians Reserves 3-2 (James True, Joe Loveland, Leo Underhill (pen)) in the London Old Boys Junior South Cup in the final which was played at Old Tenisonians.F.C. The finishing league positions of our teams was as follows:

Team	League/Division	
1 st XI	AFC Premier	10/11
2 nd XI	AFC Senior 2 South	2/10
3 rd XI	AFC 1 South	9/11
4 th XI	AFC 2 South	2/10
5 th XI	AFC 4 South	9/11
6 th XI	AFC 5 South	8/11
Sun Vets	2023 Met Police Imber Court Summer League	2/6

The club is based upon and relies upon close relations with the school and school football. Old Suttonians.F.C. and its members support school football in whatever ways it can. Recruitment of former students is essential for the future of the club. Unfortunately, recruitment of former students has been challenging since Covid and matters are made considerably more difficult as a consequence of the schools Safeguarding Rules which prevent the club from receiving any names or contact details for current SGS players.

Matches v SGS

The annual matches versus the school, an important element of the club's calendar since its foundation in 1906, where Old Suttonian teams play school teams. After a number of abortive attempts in recent seasons, the games were played at Northey Avenue on Wednesday 19th March 2023. The matches were played in fantastic spirit, the results being as follows:



1st XI v SGS 1st XI Won 4-1 White.J, Sefton, Meffan, O'Toole.W

B XI (OS 3's) v SGS 2nd XI Won 7-2 Smith.B(2), Munro, Dunford.D, Weekes, Myler, Croot

Chairman's XI v SGS U6 Won 9-1 Swinburn(4), Armstrong, Bugden, Underhill, Fotheringham.J, Sczok

D XI v SGS L6 Drew 1-1 won on pens Khalifa

E XI v SGS u16 Won 8-1 Clark.T(3),Waterfield(2),Grant, Ellis, Farrow

At the post-match reception Martin Armstrong welcomed the SGS students and reminded them of the clubs' history. On behalf of Old Suttonians. F.C the SGS POY awards were made as follows:

SGS 1st XI Ben Wright

SGS 2nd XI Oscar Reeves

SGS 3rd XI Ajanth Nithiyananthan

The annual club dinner and awards was held on Friday 12th May 2022 at Cuddington Golf Club, a new venue for the club following the closure dining facilities at Holiday Inn, Sutton, our home for the previous thirty years. During the course of the evening Chairman Martin Armstrong presented the annual awards (listed below) and welcomed the guests, with Headmaster Ben Cloves responding on behalf of the guests. The guest speaker was Bob "the cat" Bevan who was entertaining, regaling us with stories imbued with his famous humour.

		Winner 2022/23
1 st XI POY	Ken Ovenden Cup	Will Harvey
2 nd XI POY	A.F "Tony" Waterson Cup	Terry Medwin
3 rd XI POY	Joe Hutton Cup	Ben Smith
4 th XI POY	Stan Mansell Shield	John Heffernan
5 th XI POY	R.E "Ricky" Leach Shield	Tom Line
6 th XI POY	John Symington Shield	Luke Campsall
Sun Vets POY	Malcolm Campbell Cup	Richard Grover
Young POY		Bradley Atuahene
Leading Scorer	Brian Emeny-Smith Cup	Oli Mills (26 goals)
Clubman of Year	Geoff Laughlin Trophy	Andy Parlett

Finally, anyone wishing to join and play for the club should contact me by e-mail, telephone or in writing using the contact details below.

Martin Armstrong
Telephone: 020 8661 7878
Chairman Old Suttonians Football Club
020 8642 0226 h
C/o Turpin Barker Armstrong,
07836 200551 m
Allen House,
1 Westmead Road,
E-mail:martin.armstrong@turpinba.co.uk
Sutton,
Surrey,
SM1 4LA

We are indebted to all those volunteers in the Amateur Football Alliance, Amateur Football Combination, London Old Boys Cup and Old Boys Cup who give their time freely and willingly to help provide football for us. We are also indebted to all match officials, they undertake a largely thankless task, but without them we would have no football.

Club Administration

The club continues to be run on a purely voluntary basis, and I wish to express my sincere thanks and gratitude to each and every one of the Executive Committee members in particular Dan Smith (Hon Secretary), Andy Parlett (Hon Fixtures Secretary), Mark Watkins (Treasurer), Chris Stone, Chris Parlett along with the team captains: 1st XI Will O'Toole; 2nd XI Ryan Clark; 3rd XI Dan Dunford; 4th XI Martin Armstrong; 5th XI Lewis Potton ; 6th XI Dan Morrison; Sunday Vets Martin Armstrong and our own referees, who all contribute to the smooth running of the club. I would also like to express my personal thanks to the headmaster, Ben Cloves, for his continued support of the club and its activities.

OSA 90TH ANNUAL REUNION DINNER REPORT



On Friday 15th September, Old Suttonians young and old gathered at the Sutton Masonic Lodge for the 90th Annual Reunion Dinner to mark another year of the Association's, and the school's activities. In our first dinner back on the 'home turf' of Sutton for a few years, it was a pleasure to see all manner of Suttonians pour into the bar before the dinner: recent leavers, current and former staff and Sutts of many a generation shook hands and clinked glasses before formal festivities began. When guests were seated, they heartily tucked into the excellent food and the room was filled with recollections and reminiscences of life at school.

As with tradition, we heard several speeches. Our chairman Martin Armstrong outlined the state of play of the Association, making the particular reference to the need for Old Suttonians to dig out their old football or rugby boots and get back playing. Gordon Ironside also gave the Silent-Toast, paying tribute to three Old Suttonians who had lost their lives in the past year: Brian Fyffe Robinson (1929–2020), Ian David Pearce

(1965–2023) and Martin Campbell Kai-Fong White (1385–2023).

Current Head Student Ben Roberts delivered a rousing speech about life at SGS, with of course a few thinly veiled jokes about the teachers and CCF! Unfortunately Headmaster, Ben Cloves, was unwell on the evening, but Head of PE Tony Blunt stepped into the breach to share his wisdom and wit on life at Sutton Grammar School in 2023. Lastly, Ray Pletts was inducted as an Honorary Life Member of the Association to mark his distinguished service to the school, both in and out of the classroom. Ray spoke fondly about both his time at the school as a boy and indeed Head of Geography – he even (nearly) managed to stick to that fabled five minute speech time!

To conclude, the raffle winners were announced (organised and prizes supplied, as ever, supplied by Martin Armstrong) and they were delighted with their bottles of port. A tour of the venue was offered, which plenty enjoyed and then, for many, it was back to the bar to continue to share anecdotes about years gone by. It was, all in all, a tremendous evening enjoyed by all in attendance. A convivial experience for not just old friends but those who are meeting at the dinner for the first time, who can strike up a conversation over the shared love of the school and Association.

BY WILL HUMPHRIES

OSCA SAY FAREWELL TO YEAR 13



CCF officers hosted a farewell dinner for cadets who have finished school and now head off to pastures new.

The dinner was hosted at the RAF Club in Picadilly and was a great way to celebrate their time in the cadets.

We look forward to seeing them again soon.

ODE TO THE ONIONS (A TRIBUTE TO OSCC)

The Onions,
glistening in whites,
your beauty formed
over by over,
smothered in linseed oil
and in the bouncy winter nets
you were primed for cricketing toil.

In May and June
the season
began
and when wickets fell
and boundaries flowed
you peeled back your layers,
to reveal
courage, camaraderie and coronation
chicken
with a cup of chai
always shared at tea before
the legends
return to the fray and play
but the red ball
is not the be all and end all for this team,
these friends
who get as much joy on the boundary,
as they do in the middle,
showering love and lols
on one another
onion upon onion
shallot of them united as
one-nion.

When September calls,
the final wicket falls,
bigoo hugs ensue
with excited talk of Asian food,
and doing it all again
and again and again.
The Onions, spirit eternal
love universal.

BY WILL HUMPHRIES

OBITUARIES

We are grateful to former Headmaster Gordon Ironside for these tributes to former members of the Suttonian family. These were given as part of the Annual Dinner's Silent Toast, an important act of remembrance every year, and we include Mr. Ironside's introduction.

Bryan Fyffe Robinson, 1929-2020

Brian Fyffe Robinson's father was foreman in a wood-turning machine shop in Sutton. Brian joined the school during the 2nd World War in September 1940. After only a term he was evacuated but returned in the summer of 1941. He was a good student and from the start was strong in chemistry, maths, physics and biology – inspired by such legends as Mr Coult in chemistry and Mr Lorimer in physics and biology. He won a National State Scholarship in 1946 and planned to stay on at school for an extra year but in the end went to King's College London to study medicine, anatomy and physiology taking his clinical studies at St George's Hospital which was then located at Hyde Park Corner. He was lucky to get a place in medical school; just after the end of the war many places were reserved for men who were being demobilised from the armed services. King's College was a fortunate choice: it was a place of scientific excellence.

Young doctors with grammar school backgrounds were somewhat rare at a time when most of his colleagues were privately educated and from wealthy families, although these circumstances changed quite dramatically after the Second World War. However, Brian was able to overcome the still somewhat rigidly class-structured profession of the time and, as a house officer at St George's, he was one of the first to receive a small payment for very long working hours and extended periods of live-in residence. Previously, it was thought that gentlemen need not be paid during their early years in medicine.

Brian joined the Royal Air Force for his National Service as a doctor, where he rose to the rank of squadron leader. He returned to St George's, where he spent the rest of his career, where he became the first professor of cardiovascular medicine, an appointment which acknowledged his preeminent contribution to his field of research.

Brian was by character uninterested in the rivalries of medical school politics or career advancement and didn't enjoy attending long committee meetings (who does?). He chose instead to concentrate on research and teaching, both areas in which he excelled. At St George's in Tooting, Brian doggedly continued to research into the mechanisms of peripheral vein dilation and arterial blood flow and published many papers. Brian was able to advance research with great brilliance and distinction, and was widely admired as an inspirational teacher and researcher. Always extremely modest and reserved, he chose not to seek credit for innovation, yet somehow this reserve undoubtedly contributed significantly to his reputation for integrity within a competitive field.

After retirement, Brian left Wimbledon to buy, with his civil partner, an ancient manor house near Taunton, where they lived for a further 25 years of the 45 years they spent together.

In 1974, Brian joined the LGBT counselling organisation, London Friend, offering medical advice alongside psychologists and social workers to help bring about some fundamental social changes. In this respect, as in others, he proved to be a quiet pioneer. He joined a committee within the HM Prison Service advising the Home Office. In 2014, he worked on methods to alleviate the risk of HIV infection amongst prison inmates and collaborated on training programmes for prison staff.

After a teenage conversion to the Roman Catholicism, Brian later turned to Buddhism for faith and inspiration. He served as a Buddhist chaplain at Dartmoor Prison, Devon, where his extraordinary ability to impress everybody with his sincerity and kindness, and the ease with which he could communicate with the inmates, was appreciated by both prison staff and inmates alike.

Towards the end of his life, he moved back to London and died at the Royal London Hospital, Whitechapel in December 2020 aged 91 years after a six-month illness.



Ian David Pearse, 1965-2023

Ian 'Iggy' Pearse's funeral was held in September and there were many Old Suttonian friends there to show their respects. Ian enjoyed sport and this started at a young age as his report from Ridge Primary School aged 8 said that he "could do better if his mind were big enough to cope with work as well as football. He is something of a hypochondriac when work is mentioned." I mention this because several of Ian's teachers at Sutton Manor thought there was a strong intellect waiting to burst out. Mike Symonds was his form tutor and predicted that Ian had it within him to be top of the form. That first year at Sutton he also broke his leg that made him the 'class hero'. He was always very popular and later when the Old Suttonians were playing out of Priest Hill I am told that Ian and his wife Joanne were at the centre of Old Suttonian social life there. The bar was manned on a volunteer basis from team members and on a Saturday there was a blackboard and as results came in from home and away matches there would be loud cheers for victories. Ian was always there and organised some of the associated social events; many of the Old Sutts, Ian included, were to be found mid-week in the Bell in Cheam.

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At school he played football for the school and represented Red House in most sporting competitions. He took his O-levels in 1981 and started his A-levels of biology, chemistry and maths. He was doing okay but not sparkling in class and was a little unsettled. He investigated restarting his advanced studies at NESOT and including psychology but Sutton Council wouldn't pay for the courses so he came back to Sutton Manor to finish his studies and passed his three A-levels.

His early career was in IT. He was a network engineer for BT and then Ian entered property management in the early 1990s. He married Joanne in 1993 but they separated in 2000.

In 2008 he was in hospital and seriously unwell. He moved into his mother's house to recover and as she became unwell over time the roles reversed. He was looking after her and as her dementia increased he became her full-time carer, allowing his mum to remain at home that was very much her wish. Mrs Pearce died two years ago. Ian did a fantastic job in supporting her.

In these later years Ian had been studying at the Open University and he gained a first class degree in forensic psychology and he had an offer from King's College to study for a PhD. That academic promise that had been seen at Sutton Manor aged 12 was now fulfilled.

Martin Campbell Kai-Fong White, 1985-2023

Martin's family lived in Ewell and he was always a conscientious student steadily rising up the class ranks as the years passed. His GCSE haul of 8 A* and 3 A grades was confirmation of his growing academic confidence and he added four top grades at A-level in 2003, gaining a place at Queen's College, Oxford to study History.

He was a corporal in the RAF section of the CCF, an active Venture Scout and also a keen punk rock guitarist, playing local gigs in a band formed at school. He was in Red House.

He later took a masters qualification at the University of Westminster in Health and Social Care Management.

He married Katie in 2016 and they have a son Euan (age 6). Martin has been fighting lung cancer since 2019 and sadly passed away in August this year aged only 38.

I ask you to rise and join me in a silent toast to all Old Suttonians who are no longer with us, exemplified by the few of whom I have briefly spoken.

**TO ALL OUR
DEPARTED
SUTTONIAN
FRIENDS.**

Obituaries by
**BY GORDON
IRONSIDE**

Whilst attending my first Old Suttonians dinner in September, I was asked the question in the title above by David Hobbs. I had to confess I'd never heard of it, but given that 'Nurse' is a relatively unusual name, that my family had a long association with the school, and that I am a sucker for a mystery and a bit of genealogy, I've spent a bit of time looking into it. The Nurse Cup has stirred up some interesting facts, forced a couple of assumptions, and apparently extended our known family history with the school by 5 years and two boys!

Edwin Hart Nurse: C1907 – 1912
Frederick Aldis Nurse: C1912 – 1918
Edgar Frank Nurse: C1913 – 1919
Roger Thomas Nurse: 1949 – 1956
Douglas Frank Nurse: 1951 – 1959
Stuart Douglas Nurse: 1977 – 1982

THE NURSE BOYS

The Nurse family had moved to Surrey in 1881 from Suffolk where a long history of arable farming was (according to the memoirs of my grandfather) terminated by cheap American imports facilitated by the development of rail and steamship trade links. They lived at Elmore Lodge (the large white house on Sutton Green) from where they ran a dairy business on fields stretching up to Sutton Common Road. The farm pond was where the sunken garden next to Bushey Road is now located. The dairy was the last building on the west side of the High Street.

James Nurse and Emily Hart Nurse were the family Patriarchs and amongst their many children living in that house were Charles Frederick, who according to the 1891 census was a Drapers Assistant, and both Edgar Thomas and Albert Edward who went on to manage the dairy business together until the expanding and encroaching suburbs of London swallowed the farmlands and Sutton became part of the conurbation.

My Grandfather Edgar Frank (known as Frank) was born to Edgar Thomas in 1902 and attended Benhilton Primary School (As did I from 1972). I remember being able to see the gravestone of my Great-Great Grandparents through the wire fence of the Benhilton playground when the school was sited directly opposite Sutton Green and adjacent to the churchyard. The Memorial stone is still there, in what is now a wooded and unkept area.

From 1912 Frank attended the original school building (Sutton County Secondary School) under the Headship of E H Hensley. We have little information about his recollections of the school other than the fact that he was clearly in the Cricket team as the picture that heads this section shows. He is second from the right in the back row. I think this was taken around 1915. Cricket remained an interest for him after school.

There is some confusion in the family about the original school building. Frank's own memoirs have him attending the school in what became the old Sutton Library building in Manor Park and this has always been my understanding.... but my research doesn't show that building being used for this purpose; rather that the original school was opened in 1899 on a site between Throwley Way and the High Street. Presumably this building has since been demolished? Perhaps the Manor Park building was used as additional classroom space rather as the classrooms in Sutton East were for Music when I attended in the 1970's.

Frank excelled at science and was presumably taught Chemistry by AS Bibby who was there from 1912 to 1950 and would therefore also have been known to my Uncle Roger who started at the school in 1949.

Frank went on to Study Chemistry at the London University and became an oil and colour Chemist, specialising in the production of printing ink for newspaper industry in Fleet Street.

Edwin Hart Nurse was the son of Albert (the other Dairyman) attending the school between 1907 and 1912. He served as a sub-Lieutenant in the RNR from 1918 and had also studied Chemistry at London University. During my research for this article, I discovered that he had a career as an Analytical Chemist rising to become Deputy Government Chemist and being awarded the CBE in the 1958 Birthday Honours list. He died in 1974 and is buried in Sutton Cemetery.

Frederick Aldis was the son of Charles (the Drapers assistant). I like to imagine he and my grandfather would have walked to school together. I have no further information about him other than the fact that he died, in Sutton, in 1963. And so, to the Nurse cup. It had been suggested to me, at the Old Suttonians dinner this year (2023) by David that the cup was awarded for Chemistry so you can see how the cogs started whirring, forcing Chemistry associated assumptions that it was probably in the gift of either Frank or, more likely, Edwin!

Today, as I sought to complete the article I discovered (thanks to sterling work by Marie Brass) that in fact it is awarded for Chess and that it is presented in the name of Godfrey Cecil Nurse, who as far as I can make out...has nothing at all to do with my branch of the family! Chemistry / Chess? Well, they start with the same two letters I suppose!

My Father Douglas remembers being taken to Sutton by Frank on the bus from Banstead (to where they had moved) and listening to him chatting to many of the shopkeepers who had been contemporaries of his at the school including 'Pearson the Cycle Man' and 'Turk the Jeweller'. Frank was an active member of the Church community in Banstead to the end of his life and passed in 1986. He is buried in the Churchyard of All Saints, Banstead.

His elder son Roger (My Uncle) attended the school from 1949 and also leant toward science. He became the Flight Sergeant in the RAF section of the CCF under Major Wall. He had aspirations to be a pilot but childhood asthma prevented this. He and Douglas were given the nicknames of Nimrod and Ramrod respectively! Roger often had a difficult time at school; I recently came across an ariel postcard of the school building from 1955 in one of his photo albums....he describes it as 'A Typical State Prison'!

He met an Australian girl and followed her back to Sydney eventually becoming responsible for the computer systems of Sydney University and had a lifelong interest in science which he passed on to his eldest son. He passed away in Sydney in 2007 and is survived by his wife, 2 children and 7 grandchildren.

Douglas attended the school in 1951 under J A CockShutt and then F A Walsh. Science was also his strongest academic area and he was a keen sportsman playing Rugby and Cricket and he became Captain of the School Boxing team. After School and a brief spell with the Gas Council, he joined the City of London Police force and served for 30 years before his final role at the Central Criminal Court was civilianised and he became the supervisor of the court ushers at the Old Bailey for last 10 years of his working life.

During his time in the City, he took up weight lifting and joined the police heavy boat club on the Thames. He also trained in Lighterman's sculls in St Catherine's dock. He learned to play the piano at a child and now 83, enjoys playing the Church Organ in retirement in Banstead with my Mother Rosie.

He has been a regular attendee of Old Suttonian events and was a contemporary of Mike Fenson and Pete Kearns who I was delighted to see at the dinner in September and with whom I played Old Sutts Cricket for a couple of years, briefly Captaining the 3rd XI. I also recognised Martin Armstrong at the dinner. As I watched his speech from my table at ninety degrees to him, I was transported back to the square leg umpiring position at Priest Hill and the view of

that same profile, endlessly blocking out the ball with his impenetrable forward defensive!

I arrived at the School in September 1977 with five other boys from Benhilton (Mark Rayer, Kevin Tyler, Andrew McCann, Kevin Gale and Andrew Seaton). We gathered in the school hall; getting our first sight of APW Collins and being advised immediately by older boys of his inversion style nickname!

I discovered not long afterwards by recognising his big blue 3 litre Rover (bet that wouldn't be Ulez compliant now!) that he lived opposite my Grandfather Frank in Banstead, and after I had left school, I always enjoyed chatting with him at his garden gate as he enquired after my progress.

Other teachers I encountered were familiar to my dad (given that they taught him too!) including Geography Teacher Mr Blake, the previously mentioned Mr Wall (affectionately known as Max and now promoted to Lt Colonel) and my Physics Teacher Mr Scoble. I've not forgotten 'Max' informing me when I first met him that he remembered not only my dad but also my uncle and grandfather.... though he was quick to point out that he hadn't actually taught Frank! He was old...but not that old!

I joined the Naval section of the CCF and particularly enjoyed the residential courses offered including a week on a fleet tender cruising the Clyde estuary and islands, an Officer training experience for a week at Britannia Royal Naval College Dartmouth, and a similar ratings course at HMS Raleigh in Plymouth. I also took full advantage of the sports ticketing allocations that the school benefitted from and which nobody other than myself and my best friend Darren Hogarth seemed to be interested in. Consequently, he and I took ourselves off to Twickenham, Lords and The Oval to watch many international matches over the years, leading to a lifelong love of international cricket. A few years after leaving, Darren and I went to Barbados to watch all 5 days of the 1990 Test match!

For some years after we left school, Darren and I would jump the wall at Northey Avenue to use the cricket nets, and he joined me playing Old Sutts cricket in the early 90s. I'm still playing the game.

He and I were also present at the ENG V AUS Rugby match at Twickenham in 1982 for perhaps the most famous 'Streak' of all time by Erica Roe, thanks to these generous offers! Despite all the benefits described above, I found academic life at the school unenjoyable. Unlike my predecessors I was disinterested in maths and science (though I do remember my book of Log Tables was so old it had David Bellamy's name in it!). Music, drama, and the arts generally were not well supported by the school at the time. In fact, there was no drama.... just the odd annual school play. I often felt I was actually in the wrong place despite the family association with the institution. The fact that I have only discovered through my recent research that Jeff Beck went to our school *, perhaps demonstrates how little artistic achievement was celebrated there at the time!

English literature was really the only thing I excelled at and I partly credit my inspirational teacher Geoff Inness and the woman who then picked up the subject from him at 'A' Level when I left to attend sixth form at Reigate College, with my subsequent career in the arts. I have been a professional Actor and Theatre Director for 37 years and create audio support materials using actors for Pearson's global English Language courses. My work as a personal impact and communications skills consultant across a wide variety of sectors, has allowed me to work in over 40 countries. I married into St Albans and have lived there 26 yrs and for that reason I was unable to continue the tradition of sending Nurse boys to Sutton despite having two. The elder is an outdoor skills / bushcraft instructor, Glider Pilot and drummer, the younger was head boy of their school and is starting his second year reading music at Pembroke College, Oxford.

I still meet up annually at the Newbury races with my lifelong friends from the 1977 intake; Darren Hogarth, Clive Wilson, Simon Eccleshall and David Spencer (though Dave sadly passed away last year) and inevitably our conversation is usually rooted in those five years we shared together. Simon can still reel off all 30 names on his 1st form register (and does so

every year!). We talk of the teachers we shared of course....Geoff Inness, Mr Hyde, Mr Jeffries, Mr Staines, Mr Shaw, Mrs Ozells, Mr Trussel, Mr Yuille, Mr Clarke, Mrs Oliphant, Mr Hay, Mr Collier, Mr Toon, Mr Pulsford and Mr Disley who had to announce the death of poor Mr Morgan to us at morning assembly (a shock I have never forgotten). Oh, and Mr Swann and Dr Wrench, chemistry teachers both who (unsurprisingly) never mentioned the Nurse cup to me once!

STUART NURSE, OS, 1977-1982

Editor's Note: This remains a disputed bit of SGS history. Beck himself considered that he was a former student of Sutton County, but no record has been found in our own archives on him!



Stuart Nurse, 1980



Sutton County Grammar School
1955



Douglas Nurse, 1980



Roger Nurse, 1955



Elmore Lodge with
James, Edgar and Albert

CALLING ALL OLD BOYS.

The Suttonian used to have as one of its most eagerly read Old Sutt sections, a set of "Old Boys' Notes", being the information sent in by ex-SGS students far and wide as to what they had been up to and what they are doing now. We would like to restore this section, but need your help in doing so.

It would be fantastic to hear reports – short, medium or long – from Old Sutt across the ages, to place in next year's magazine, which will be printed in the school's 125th anniversary year to boot.

Some possible headings or ideas for framing such "Notes" could be:

- University career and achievements or disasters
- Career to date (or career past!) – highs and lows
- Personal notes – marriages, children, tours, encounters
- School memories – who do you still know/think about/question the significance of/teachers of note (we prefer the good to the bad!)/how the school helped or hindered you in your life.

Or just go free-form.

A note that says "X left Red (or Lenham in modern parlance *) House in 1997, pursued his Psychology degree at Bristol University and went on to a moderately successful career in law/banking/charity work whilst settling down in Surbiton with 0/1/2/3/4/5/6/ children" is better than nothing at all. Please send all contributions to the Staff Editor, **gilesmarshall@suttongrammar.school**

Thank you

*** The House system changed a few years ago in the following way:**

Blue became Manor

Brown became Warwick

Green became Greyhound

Red became Lenham

And Orange was created with the immediate name of Throwley.

OSA AGM

The Old Suttonians Association are holding their next AGM on Monday 25th March 2023 at 7pm in Sutton Grammar School.

We would welcome all members of the OSA who wish to attend, to come and have an informal chat, some drinks and bites to eat, and then elect the members of the OSA Council for the forthcoming year.

if you're reading this, we miss you too.

