

A stylized, high-contrast black and white illustration of a phoenix. The bird is depicted in profile, facing right, with its wings spread upwards. The body and wings are filled with solid black, while the background is white. The bird's head is crowned with a small, three-pointed crown. The overall style is reminiscent of mid-20th-century graphic design or woodcut art. The text 'PHOENIX 1964' is printed in a bold, serif font at the bottom center of the image.

PHOENIX
1964

PHOENIX



DRAYTON MANOR GRAMMAR SCHOOL

DECEMBER, 1964

PHOENIX 1964

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G. Edwards

A. Gamble



Jacqueline Stimpson and Brian Durrans in a scene from "Billy Liar".

"BILLY LIAR"

Why is William Fisher, aged nineteen, clerk, of a semi-detached suburban home labelled "Billy Liar"? It is because his lying is so prolific that it becomes almost part of him; his lying is a habit, like smoking—but less dangerous. His lies hurt no one, yet he is criticized:

ARTHUR: I was going to send a wreath round, with a little card saying in capital letters: "YOU STINKING LOUSE-BOUND CROWING LIAR".

I was sure you'd made it up.

BILLY (annoyed): . . . What would I want to make up a thing like that for?

Billy lies in order to supplement the reality with which he cannot come to terms, yet from which he cannot extricate himself. The important difference between Billy and most people is not that he lies more than most, but that he partly believes in the fantasies of which his lies are a part. His are the symptoms of an imaginative youth vainly attempting to break away from his restrictive background; it is a background steeped in complacency and a warped sense of values:

FLORENCE: Who's Doctor Blakemore? . . . I'll bet it's that blackie, isn't it? . . .

I'm not seeing him. . . . They caused all that bother on the buses in Birmingham. And Egypt. Mau-Mau. I make no wonder Eden's always so badly.

GEOFFREY: She'll have to see that bloody doctor. . . . It's getting past a joke is this. It's not his bloody fault he's a nigger.

BILLY: . . . And what about all them refugees? You never stop to consider them, do you? Or South Africa. Do you know, Barbara, if you were a blackie and we lived in South Africa I'd be in gaol by now? Doing fifteen years.

Geoffrey Fisher, Billy's father, is self-employed and stands pretentiously just below the middle rung in the social ladder, looking down contemptuously at Rita's father who only climbs ladders to clean windows: "I know him. Him that's always racing that whippet on the moor. Him with them tattoos all up his arms. Supposed to work in the market, when he does work . . .", and smiling up at Mr. Duxbury, the undertaker who is Billy's employer.

Alice, Billy's mother, is not merely immersed in the routine of daily fussing; she is drowned in it.

His parents, grandmother and tweedy, homely, orange-eating girl-friend Barbara, are the vertebrae in the backbone of Billy's environment. Rita, his second girl-friend, is coarse, far less prudish than Barbara, and works in the hard reality of a snack-bar. She lacks both the imagination and intelligence to realize that there are better things in life and like thousands of her contemporaries has been lulled by pop-lyrics into the acceptance of a stereotyped existence. If Rita went to Clacton for a week-end she would go on the back of a motor-bike.

His work-mate and friend, Arthur, is one of Billy's main critics and although he shares in some fantasies he clearly recognizes them as such. Liz is Billy's only serious girl. To him she is the personification of successful independence. It is principally for this reason that Billy is so attracted to her. Billy once talks to Barbara about his father: "He's jealous. Every time he looks at me he sees his own hopes and the failure of his own ambitions. . . ." Liz would realize that if these were her own words, she would be referring to Billy. In this realization her sympathy for Billy goes beyond the participation in his fantasy.

However, Billy does not owe his character to his contemporary environment;

it has come from the mould of nineteen years. Only guesses can fill the gaps in Billy's history before his grammar school days, but if his present character is a guide, some, at least, may be inspired guesses.

When Billy's name first appeared in the local paper, his parents rented a house and his father worked diligently in a dead-end job. Billy quickly developed an aversion to his mother's fussing. Although he cunningly used it against his father in times of need. He had started school when his grandfather died and Mr. and Mrs. Fisher moved to live with Alice's mother. This was probably a stipulation of the will in which Geoffrey was left enough money to start his own modest garage business, which secured a comfortable, though not luxurious, life for his family. Only by working long hours could Geoffrey maintain the business. His dependence on regular customers was even humiliating at times:

ALICE: Well, you do what you think fit Geoffrey. . . . He still owes you for that last job you did for him.

GEOFFREY: It's all right you talking, Alice, you don't understand. I've got no bloody choice. I can't turn work away.

Alice dominated family life from the start, remaining the "mater familias", but absorbed in trivialities. Geoffrey's inferior rôle is the main reason why he is unable to remove the barrier which separates him from his son, and why Billy fears his father's remoteness more than he respects his authority.

Billy was encouraged when he went to "the Grammar School" primarily because, as Geoffrey says: "It's a chance we never had!" This incongruous educational philosophy culminated in the clerking job with an undertaker after Billy had left school, to be disillusioned by the unglamorous world outside. Since Billy is still disillusioned, this brings his general history up to date.

What of the future? Will Billy finally break away? I am optimistic in thinking he will. He could become a writer or a painter; in either his vivid imagination would be an invaluable asset. He could broaden his mind and sharpen his creative faculties with travel. He might even get married. If he does, I hope he will raise his children in a stimulating environment, and tell them, echoing his father: "Well, it's a chance we never had!" Perhaps the reply will differ from his own:

"Yes, and don't we bloody well know it!"

B. DURRANS, L. VI. Sc.

Perhaps Mr. Adderson had forgotten that this year is the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Shakespeare. If so, no one who saw his production of "Billy Liar" will regret his lapse of memory, for this was a play which makes an immediate impact on the audience, and which is clearly relevant to modern life. It was probably this, together with the producer's enthusiasm for the play as a comment on twentieth-century existence, that enabled the cast to give such thoughtful and convincing performances and to avoid the temptation to treat the play, funny as it often is, purely as a comedy; it is in fact "tragical-comical", (and perhaps Billy is a distant relation to Hamlet).

One was struck by the production's air of professionalism. Every movement and gesture was thoughtful and well-rehearsed, and the set, the front porch and living-room of Billy Fisher's house, was constructed with great attention to detail, and it depicted immediately the lower middle-class home which Billy shares with

his parents and grandmother, and the background from which his fantasies are an attempt to escape.

Brian Durrans acted out Billy's fantasies with an infectious enthusiasm, but was careful to show that he was not just a good-for-nothing liar and clown. He was particularly effective when acting alone, managing the difficult changes from one role to another, from the world of his imagination to the awkward world of reality, in a way that would have been praiseworthy in an actor of much greater experience. He succeeded in showing that Billy needed sympathetic understanding, which he received neither from his over-indulgent mother, Alice Fisher, nor from his would-be authoritarian father, Geoffrey.

Carol Thornber played the part of Alice competently, but perhaps she did not succeed sufficiently in showing that she was the ruler of the household. As Geoffrey, Stephen Buck gave us a carefully considered portrait of a man whose thoughtless use of strong language betrayed his lack of sensitivity and failed to hide his weakness and inadequacy. Buck's interpretation was noteworthy for its consistency of gesture, tone of voice and accent, and he was thoroughly convincing even in the difficult scene where Geoffrey hesitantly tries to make contact with his son until he reverts, almost with relief, to his normal ill-temper on Bill's telling his grandmother to "belt up".

As the grandmother, who addressed most of her remarks to the sideboard, Jacqueline Coombes was effectively old in body, but a youthful voice was sometimes apparent.

Richard Mackay as Arthur, Billy's friend and fellow-worker at the funeral finishers', made what he could of a rather sketchily written part.

There remain Billy's three girl friends, two of whom he is engaged to at the beginning of the play. Lorna Knight effectively suppressed her natural vitality as Barbara, placid and bovine, who belongs to the same background as Billy, and offers him the possible future of life in a Devon cottage with "little Billy, little Barbara and the lily pond and all that" as Billy puts it.

As the flashy, raucous-voiced, working-class Rita, Vivien Dunstan got a delighted and well-deserved round of applause after each appearance. Her interpretation was so striking that it was almost a caricature, but it made an effective contrast to Barbara and to Liz.

Independent-minded Liz, "her with the mucky skirt" as Alice scornfully calls her, is the only girl whom Billy really cares for, and, sharing his fantasies to some extent, the only one who understands him. She nearly succeeds in rescuing Billy from his complacent, cliché-ridden background when she tries to persuade him to go with her to London. Jacqueline Stimpson played Liz with a warmth and sympathy that made Billy's liking for her understandable, and showed the end of the play, when Billy fails to keep his appointment with her at the station, to be clearly tragic.

The applause at the end was a measure of the success of this adventurous production, and one felt that most members of this audience would be back for the school's next presentation.

D.C.

CALLING ALL TIME TRAVELLERS!



... Armchair ones, that is. As an undergraduate or prospective school leaver, now is the time when you will most want to try and catch a glimpse of what might be ahead for you . . . five, ten, twenty years from now. If you're *our* sort of young man, you could—long before you're forty—be enjoying the advantages (monetary and otherwise) of a managerial position . . . with promotion to top executive regions an established fact, not a speculative (i.e. 'armchair') possibility. And in *those* regions salaries range up to and beyond £5,000 p.a.

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THE STAFF CONTROLLER

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

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THE STAGE CREW

Stage Manager: A. Kemmenoe
Lighting: A. Beal
N. Palmer

Stage Carpenter: I. Cole
Assistants: A. Phipps
P. Sharpe
K. Wakeman



Lesley Titheradge 4B.

This year, with the new stage in action at last, the Dramatic Society has resumed active production. To exploit the stage and maintain the equipment a permanent stage crew has been formed.

The first term was one of frantic haste to make and install curtains, tracks, and lighting equipment, and we are indebted to the many members of staff, parents and pupils who so willingly lent a helping hand or sewing machine. The first production "A Midsummer Night's Dream" made good use of the new curtains augmented with limited but very effective scenery. The members of the stage crew were so attracted to dramatics that half of them signed on as actors for the next production.

The Easter Term saw the beginnings of a permanent team on the stage. With a regular crew of seven boys the preparations for "Billy Liar" began to take shape. Piece by piece the sections of scenery were cut, assembled, covered, and painted. The frames were built in the Woodwork room by several willing helpers, with, of course, Mr. Hislop helping and advising continually. They are so strongly made that they should last for many years.

The Ealing Youth Drama Festival took place at the end of term and prevented the scenery from being fixed, but it was assembled and dismantled twice for rehearsals during the last fortnight of term. The Drama Festival itself, with some fourteen one-act plays and verse-speaking items, involved three nights of rehearsal and three nights of performance which gave the crew a real taste of hard work! A letter of thanks from the Young Questors showed that their efforts were appreciated.

Then during the Easter holiday the set went up for the last time. Now the painting started—with Mr. Pepperill in charge—but still mainly carried out by the crew, since artistic ability was not an essential!

The set suggested the front of a house with the wall of the front room cut away. The lighting had to make the room and front door two quite separate places, and needed to be focussed and locked into position so that the actors could learn to stand in the beam. On the nights the back-stage was run under Kemmenoe without staff assistance and matched the high standard of the cast. D.E.J.

THE IMPENDING EVIL

Have we got the freedom our country claims? No; indeed, even the right to judge the quality of the goods we buy is denied us! We are brain-washed from the cradle, confronted by monstrous, glaring posters all declaring that the goods they advertise have the unique quality which makes them superior to every other brand.

Do children sing nursery-rhymes around the house today? No, they stand firm in their dungarees and give us a rendering of the latest cigarette jingle. This psycho-seduction continues throughout childhood and the seeds planted at this vulnerable age begin to bear fruit for the advertiser when the child, on reaching the age when he is a purchaser as well as a consumer, finds himself instinctively asking for their particular brand of goods.

The latest thread in the web which is gradually choking the British population is the supermarket. The soft music and the dazzling array of products hypnotize the unsuspecting female, until she awakes from her trance confronted by a huge bill and a month's supply of perishable goods.

The advertisers prey on the vulnerability of the individual by extensive research into the shape and colour of the package which makes most impact on the human brain, in order to trap more customers to notice their product. Men, they say,

are most attracted to blue, while red attracts the fairer sex, possibly because many vain women nurse a fear that glasses may *not* enhance their beauty and feel obliged to remove them while shopping. From the blurred kaleidoscope of colours only red emerges clearly.

These are but a few bars in the cage which is closing in on man, threatening his decisive powers, denying him one of the last few rights remaining to him.

Are you a victim of this vice of contemporary society?

J.W. and P.S., U. VI. A.

EASTER IN PARIS

Rising at 5.30 on the morning of Friday, March 20th was a practice very foreign to my nature, but that was nothing compared to the events of the following three weeks. A party of about fifty assembled outside the school at a dreadfully early hour, bundled itself and its luggage into two coaches, descended at Victoria and transferred its effects to the "Golden Arrow". We eventually set foot on board the boat at Dover, almost without mishap. The crossing was remarkably smooth, and at Calais we once more got on to a train, which rushed us through the rather uninteresting French countryside to the Gare du Nord in Paris itself, having stopped only once, at Amiens.

In the midst of the bustling station we were paired off with our respective correspondents, and those who had received a French girl or boy last year adopted a rather superior attitude at this point. I had not considered the possibility of my being homesick, and as I stood, crushed, in the Métro with Martine and her mother on the way to their home at Ablon, the first waves of loneliness crept over me. However, I soon settled down, and a couple of days later with the receipt of my first letter from England, I was back to normal.

The television programmes of those first few days might just as well have been transmitted in Classical Swahili for all I understood of them, but I quickly got used to speaking French all the time, and by the end of the holiday I was able to follow the stories of the plays and films quite easily, although the news bulletins, spoken in rapid and excited French, were far beyond me. While I struggled gamely to express myself I thought with some degree of pity of the juniors whose knowledge of the language must have been considerably less than mine, and I felt glad I was not in their shoes.

I have always been what my mother exasperatingly calls "fussy" about food, and it was with some scepticism that I ate my first meal of the holiday. Fortunately it was lovely, but I found that although there was a lot of it, it was not very filling, and I became ravenously hungry again about an hour after each meal.

My correspondent, Martine, seemed to have inexhaustible supplies of energy, and we went sightseeing almost every day, except for the first Saturday and Monday, which we spent at her school, the Lycée Jean-Baptiste Corot at Savigny. I was not over-impressed by this school, because having about four thousand students it lacked the personal touch there is at Drayton Manor between teacher and pupil. The meals were delicious, however, served as in an hotel, and there was more than enough for everyone.

Together, Martine and I went to the Louvre Museum, the Palace of Versailles, Montmartre and the Sacré Coeur, Notre Dame, and the Galeries Lafayette, where we spent a whole afternoon wandering about—it was the most beautiful shop I have ever seen. We saw Paris by night, when all the landmarks were

illuminated, and spent a day in Brittany in order to see the Mont St. Michel. Of course we visited the Eiffel Tower, but as I had been to Paris before and had ascended the Tower by lift, Martine decided we should climb the stairs to the second floor—no mean feat! Mercifully, one can reach the top only by taking the lift, for which we waited three-quarters of an hour in the wind, but the view of Paris when we finally got to the third floor was well worth the wait.

Three weeks passed in a flash and soon we were experiencing another calm crossing on our return journey. We were deposited outside school at about half-past nine in the evening in the midst of a swarm of anxious parents searching frantically for their offspring. Living with the people of another nation was a most enjoyable and instructive experience and I found everyone very hospitable. But it was nice to be home.

LINDA ROWE, 5C.

A VISIT TO DOWN HOUSE

On Monday, December 16th, 1963, members of the Sixth Form Botany and Zoology groups visited the home of Charles Darwin, Down House in Kent. We travelled from Victoria to Bromley by train, and then from Bromley to Down by bus. The house, which is now the property of the Royal College of Surgeons, was a half-mile walk from the village of Down.

The caretaker at the house was very helpful, and allowed us virtually the freedom of the house. Several of the pupils, for example, were allowed to play Emma Darwin's piano, as she used to do when Charles Darwin lay on the couch next to her. I for one was struck by the wonderful atmosphere this piano-playing created. The piano and the couch were situated in the drawing-room, and all the furniture there, as in all the other rooms we visited, was that used by Darwin.

The old study was also of extreme interest to us. We were allowed to look through Darwin's microscope, and to examine his other belongings. The other rooms we visited, such as the new study, were set aside as museums. This room was devoted exclusively to exhibits relating to Darwin and his work, including the note-books he kept during the voyage of the *Beagle* and the manuscript of the diary prepared from them; his telescope, case of pistols and barometer; personal belongings and private papers, as well as first and presentation editions of his works, copies of his letters, photographs and busts. Then we visited the garden, which also remains much as Darwin knew it.

Everyone who went on this outing would like to thank Mr. Adderson and Mr. Iles for the very enjoyable day spent at Down House.

JULIE EARL, L. VI. Sc.

1964 GEOGRAPHY FIELD-WORK TRIP

This year the Easter geography field-work class invaded North Wales. The party was led by Mr. Hunter, Mr. Wright and Miss Cleary, and included all the Sixth Form geography students and many keen Fifth-Formers; completing the party was our old friend Dily, the coach driver, without whom the annual trips would probably be impossible. We were away during the first week of the Easter holidays and stayed at the Lledr Valley Youth Hostel, some nine miles from Snowdon. The hostel, and warden, were very good, and Thorncroft will vouch for the quality (and quantity) of the food provided. The sole purpose of the trip

was, of course, to work, which we did once the sweepstake for the Grand National was out of the way.

On Sunday we had our first real chance to see the magnificent Welsh scenery as we studied Snowdonia, and most of us overcame the hazards of snow, rain, mud and plain unfitness to "conquer" the 3,560 feet peak, though many scars remain to tell the story of our descent, which in many cases was somewhat quicker than anticipated. Monday was our day at the "seaside" to study coastal features around Harlech, and fortunately it was the warmest day of the week. Tuesday was almost completely washed out by rain; on Wednesday the party was split up into small groups, each of which were set individual tasks. Thursday morning was again spent in the mountains, while in the afternoon we inspected an aluminium smelting works and a hydro-electric power station. By Friday most of us were physical wrecks and we have mixed feelings of our day on Cader Idris, especially Szuszman, who insisted on performing a double reverse somersault while descending a steep rock slope. We returned home on the Saturday, tired, but with pleasant memories of our highly informative week, and I am sure I speak for all the students in thanking the teachers for the immense amount of work they put in each year into organizing these trips.

C. CARR, L. VI. A.

SPEECH DAY

The speeches and presentation of prizes took place on Wednesday evening, January 29th, in the presence of the Upper School, the Staff, and parents and invited guests.

After an introduction by the chairman, Councillor Gilmour, the Head Master presented his report on the events that had taken place since the last full-length speech day four years before. Chief among these were the building operations that had given us a modernized school half as big again and with many new facilities. Surprisingly little work-time was lost during the rebuilding, and although we had one year without a play or concert, societies whose activities needed less space continued almost without interruption.

Outdoor activities and games were unaffected by the rebuilding, but it was ironic that at a time when our facilities for sport were better than ever before it was becoming increasingly difficult to field school teams, owing to the growing number of pupils taking Saturday jobs.

The School's academic achievements during the past four years, judged by the examination results and the number of entrants to institutions of further education, had been good, and it was a source of satisfaction that we now had the largest Sixth Form in the School's history.

During the period under review members of the Parents' Association, founded in 1960, had given the School a lot of practical help, organizing many socially and financially successful events, and planning an exchange visit with a French Lycée. The Association had an even more significant part to play in the future life of the School.

Turning now to the future, Dr. Evans deprecated the present desire in some quarters to abolish the grammar school system at all costs; he asked that if any reorganization of secondary education should be felt to be necessary in this area, changes should be made on educational and not on political grounds.

The Robbins Report had recently forecast a rapid growth in the demand for places in higher education. While some of these extra places would be filled by fully satisfying the present demand and by the continued growth of the population, many future students must come from the vast group of children who were not at present realizing their full potential, and whose doing so, the Report stated, depended on their education and home life.

In our School this group was represented by the potential Sixth Formers who left after the Fifth Form, and by those pupils who, by obtaining fewer than *five* "O" level passes, failed to fulfil their early promise. The reasons for such failure were complex, but the responsibility was clearly a dual one—the school's and the parents'. While we in education were constantly aware of our obligations, it was not so certain that this was true of parents. There were a few questions that parents might well ask themselves:

"1. Do we value education and understand the work of a Grammar School even though we ourselves were not educated in one?

2. When we signed an agreement to keep our child at school for seven years, did we then and do we still intend to honour it?

3. Even though we may both be out at work all day, do we still find the time and energy to take a positive interest in our child's work and play, if necessary to supervise and control them particularly in the early years?

4. Have we provided a place in the house where our child can study and learn, even if it can only be a warm and well-lit bedroom?

5. Do we encourage our child to take part in out-of-school activities and do we ourselves support the school in its attempt to educate beyond the classroom, by our presence at its games on Saturdays, at its concerts, its dramatic productions, its various functions to which we are invited?

6. Are we really concerned to take positive action when school reports are persistently unsatisfactory?

7. Does our child look to us for advice and guidance? When we believe our decisions to be right, can we make our will prevail in such small matters as dress, personal appearance, pocket money, and such deeper issues as standards of behaviour and morality? Does there exist in our family a parent-child relationship acceptable to us and willingly accepted by our child?"

If parents could truthfully answer yes to these questions, not only would there be fewer academic failures at "O" level, but we would be able to contribute still more to the number of highly educated people this country needed.

Dr. Evans concluded by expressing his gratitude to all those who in various ways contributed to the well-being of the School.

* * *

Mr. J. Scupham, O.B.E., M.A. Controller of Educational Broadcasting for the B.B.C., presented the prizes and challenge trophies and addressed the School.

He said that in the last fifty years we had seen the completion of the third revolution; the scientific and industrial revolutions had preceded the revolution in communications which had taken place during his own life-time. Today we lived in an exciting world of opportunities; there were signs of great expansion in education, and the Newsom and Robbins reports were harbingers of this. Sir Edward Boyle, two days previously, had said that he wanted to see all children given the opportunity to acquire intelligence and to discover for themselves the

difference education could make not only to their prospects, but to the meaning and significance of their lives.

Every Grammar School pupil should aim at getting at least five passes in the "O" level of the G.C.E. This achievement was well within the capacity of everyone at a Grammar School.

After the fifth form two avenues opened: one led to the sixth form (and Mr. Scupham mentioned that the number of people in sixth forms had increased by fifty-five per cent in the last four years), and this was the way to the universities and the colleges of advanced technology. He reminded the boys that the technologies were as exciting and important as any academic pursuits, and advised the girls to equip themselves academically, for it was becoming the fashion for women in middle life to return to a career. Those who left after "O" level should ensure that they entered some trade or profession that required further study.

Mr. Scupham advised all children to have two aims: the first, to acquire an easy and fluent command of their own language; the masters of the world had been masters of words; Mr. George Woodcock, General Secretary of the T.U.C., had said that the greatest deficiency in understanding lay in the lack of ability to communicate. Their second aim should be to master another language.

His own organization, the B.B.C., had to provide, in the main, what the public wanted. The value of broadcasting depended on the quality of the people who used it and what they wanted to do with it. In short, it depended on the quality of the education the schools in this country gave.

A Vote of Thanks to the Speaker and Visitors was proposed by the Head Boy, and Alderman Mrs. N. D. Stephens, M.A., Chairman of the Ealing Education Committee, replied on behalf of the visitors. The evening ended with a short programme of music by the School Chamber Orchestra.

PRIZE WINNERS 1962-1963

First Forms:

A. W. Cala
J. H. Fenn
E. McGreal
P. A. Thomas

Second Forms:

J. H. Gidley
R. A. Hasker
N. G. S. Palmer
S. E. Thomas

Third Forms:

S. M. Grainger
L. A. Knight
A. L. Squirrell
G. Y. Thomas

Fourth Forms:

G. R. Edwards	<i>English, History, Modern Languages</i>
D. Fort	<i>Sciences</i>
A. T. Gamble	<i>Mathematics, Modern Languages, Woodwork</i>
S. L. Goodchild	<i>Domestic Science</i>
G. R. Grainger	<i>Music</i>
D. J. Hale	<i>Latin</i>
D. Knight	<i>Sciences</i>
R. T. Pawlik	<i>Mathematics, Sciences</i>
D. E. Peake	<i>Modern Languages</i>
V. Penfold	<i>Geography</i>
A. M. Robinson	<i>History</i>
L. J. Rowe	<i>English</i>
A. Wakeman	<i>Art</i>
K. N. Wilson	<i>Geography</i>

Fifth Forms:

C. P. Ashfield	<i>Music</i>
R. W. Chamberlin	<i>Sciences</i>
P. S. Fiddes	<i>English, History, Latin</i>
I. F. Haynes	<i>Art, Geography</i>
G. G. Kentish	<i>Greek Literature in Translation</i>
J. Knight	<i>Sciences</i>
A. Powell	<i>History</i>
S. J. Reeves	<i>Mathematics, Modern Languages, Sciences</i>
R. W. Stephens	<i>Woodwork</i>
J. S. Stimpson	<i>Geography, Mathematics, Modern Languages, Sciences</i>
G. D. Stratton	<i>Sciences</i>
N. A. Walker	<i>Modern Languages, Sciences</i>

Lower Sixth:

S. Fleming
A. Jamieson
B. A. Kitching
S. Pepper
J. R. Tobin

Upper Sixth:

C. M. Buck	<i>Physics, Pure Mathematics</i>
L. Concannon	<i>Art</i>
N. E. Cross	<i>Chemistry, Physics</i>
R. V. Hems	<i>Chemistry</i>
M. J. McLaren	<i>Geography</i>
A. G. Peddle	<i>English</i>
R. G. Ritchie	<i>Applied Mathematics, Pure Mathematics</i>
C. E. Wilkinson	<i>Chemistry, Pure Mathematics</i>

War Memorial Prize: A. G. Peddle, N. T. Upsdell

CHALLENGE TROPHIES

Girls' Winter Games Shield	Athenians and Spartans
<i>Presented by Frank Day, Esq.</i>					
Football Cup (Seniors)	Trojans
<i>Presented by John Hunt, Esq.</i>					
Football Cup (Juniors)	Trojans
<i>Presented by K. G. Reeves, Esq.</i>					
Girls' Summer Games Cup...	Spartans
<i>Presented by Mrs. Mills</i>					
Cricket Cup	Trojans
<i>Presented by Fifth Form Boys, 1938-39</i>					
Parents' Cup for Games	Trojans
Parents' Cup for Work	Athenians
St. Michael Trophy	Trojans
<i>Presented by Alderman and Mrs. H. J. Baker</i>					
Fencing Cup	B. V. O'Brien
Alexandra Chrzanowska Cup	M. Duffield
Christine Cole Cup	J. H. Manchester

Fourth Form All-Round Cup	K. N. Wilson
<i>Presented by Barbara and Margaret Peters</i>					
Fifth Form Academic Cup	S. J. Reeves
<i>Presented by Pamela Morris</i>					
Sewell Allenby Memorial Cup	C. M. Buck
Athletics Cup	Trojans
<i>Presented by A. L. Binns, Esq.</i>					
Victor Ludorum Cup	N. T. Upsdell
<i>Presented by Mrs. F. Taylor</i>					
Victrix Ludorum Medal	S. A. Beldham
<i>Presented by Miss E. Harding</i>					
Phoenician Public Speaking Trophy (Seniors)	P. S. Fiddes
Public Speaking Trophy (Juniors)	S. M. Grainger
<i>Presented by Parents' Association</i>					

PHOENICIAN SPEECH COMPETITION

The eight finalists in this year's competition were: Jean Baatjes, A. Briggs, Ann Buckingham, C. Carr, P. Fiddes, J. Kerr, P. Phipps and S. Pepper. Although the audience was regrettably small the speakers were not deterred and presented their speeches with remarkable fluency. The speeches were very varied in style and content and generally were of a high standard. An unusual number of them were humorous and although this kind of speech is difficult to deliver all the attempts were successful.

The adjudicators were Miss P. Bartlett, M.A., the County English Adviser, Mr. Norman Upsdell, an old pupil of the school and a representative of the Phoenicians, and Mr. R. Johnson, B.A., Head of the English Department. The adjudication was delivered by Miss P. Bartlett; we are indebted to her for the constructive criticism she gave to the competitors from which they no doubt have benefited and which aided us considerably in this report.

The competitors had a choice of the following subjects: How would you cure hooliganism? Is amateurism dead in sport? Should dancing be a social pleasure or a primitive ritual? A woman's place is in the home? Modern tourism; The place of television in education; and The play's the thing.

Jean Baatjes gave an interesting speech on "Should dancing be a social pleasure or a primitive ritual?" Her voice was clear and well modulated. She is a promising speaker but there was an element of spoken literature about her contribution which prevented the subject matter from being thoroughly digested by the audience.

Briggs was a very confident and relaxed speaker on the subject: "A woman's place is in the home?" He made immediate audience contact, for his views on the subject were entertaining and his remarks about women were disparaging and provocative. If he had developed his points more fully he would have obtained a higher mark.

Ann Buckingham's speech on the same subject was a humorous and striking contribution, delivered with great sincerity. She commanded complete control of herself and the audience and defended the career woman with such conviction that she consoled the female section of the audience after the attacks made on them by Briggs.

Carr spoke very fluently on "Modern Tourism" and although his voice was not as clear as it should have been, the audience were captivated by his quiet wit.

Fiddes' speech on "The place of television in education" was an exceptional contribution to the evening's speaking. It was full of profound thought and very well spoken; the only criticism that could be made was that his phrasing was a little jerky.

Kerr also chose the subject "A woman's place is in the home?" He began by making some challenging remarks about women which really made one's feelings rise. After some humorous comment he ended on a serious note by telling of the true work of women. He showed the skill of a first-class orator both in the style and presentation of his speech.

Speaking on "How Would You Cure Hooliganism?" Phipps expressed some interesting ideas, although he had chosen a difficult subject. In future speeches he should try not to allow himself to be tied to his script.

The final speaker was Pepper who chose "The Play's the Thing" as his subject. His relaxed voice was easy to listen to. He was obviously interested in this subject but the speech was not very well constructed and this spoilt what was otherwise an intelligent contribution.

The adjudicators placed the speakers in the following order: first, J. Kerr; second, P. Fiddes; third, Ann Buckingham.

Mr. John Dunham, the Chairman of the Phoenicians' Association, congratulated the competitors and presented the Speech Trophy to Kerr and prizes to the other winners.

P.S. and J.W., U. VI. A.

THE JUNIOR SPEECH TROPHY COMPETITION

This year the finals of the Junior Speech Trophy Competition were held in front of the whole school; nevertheless, a high standard was reached by the eight finalists, Carol Dyke, Rosemary Hasker, Rita Osborne, Janet Rogers, Ann White, Fena, Palmer and Randall.

Speaking on "Our wise elders", Carol Dyke gave an interesting criticism of the older generation. She spoke clearly and fluently, her speech was well constructed, her material all relevant and she was a deserving winner of the trophy. Two other speakers chose the same subject: Janet Rogers spoke fairly well and was the only First Former amongst the finalists. If she can improve on the content of her speeches and show a more subjective attitude to the topic she is treating, she should do well in future years. Ann White, who also chose this subject, spoke confidently. Her good presentation of the speech and fluent, expressive speaking, which compensated for material of rather low intellectual quality, gained her third place in the competition.

Fena gave a humorous speech on "Here's hoping" and put it over well but it was unfortunate that he offered no practical suggestions on the reform of the transport system (about which he seemed to have an obsession) and simply fired at the audience a host of pedestrian-biased opinions about cars, zebra crossings and public transport, with very few original ideas.

The two speakers who chose the subject "The Artist" showed us completely different views of the subject. It was unfortunate that Randall spoke on an aspect of art which he understood little about. His material was intelligently phrased

and well spoken, and speaking on a different subject he might have done very well. In sharp contrast Rosemary Hasker treated this subject in the widest possible sense and by depicting a world which is completely practical, showed us how necessary the artist, musician and architect are not only to make life pleasant but to make it bearable. The speech was fluent and well presented and she deserved to win second place.

Palmer made a good beginning on the subject "Gambling" but his confidence seemed to peter out after a while and his voice became quieter and more hesitant.

Under the title "The burning question" Rita Osborne gave some prejudiced views on coloured immigrants (after stating at the beginning of the speech that she was not prejudiced). She spoke with conviction towards the end of her speech but could have made better points to justify her opinion.

We congratulate Carol Dyke on her fine achievement of gaining first place against such high competition and thus winning the trophy presented to us last year by the Parents' Association.

P.S. and J.W., U. VI. A.

MUSIC NOTES

Preparations are already being made for next year's programme and, as far as orchestral music is concerned, we hope to rehearse music by Grieg, Cimarosa, Mozart, Kodaly, Beethoven and Bartok. There are also plans for concertos and chamber music, the details of which are not yet fixed. I am hoping, after a year's interval, to revive the senior choir but this will depend absolutely on a good response from the upper school. Time is too precious to waste on inadequately attended rehearsals.

Since the last issue of the magazine the school has provided music for a service at St. Thomas's Church and at Speech Day. These performances included an overture by J. C. Bach, a Suite by Handel, Mozart's Flute Quartet in A, a trio for two clarinets and bassoon by Haydn, and oboe solos.

The school concert in March of this year provided a very varied programme and included solos for oboe played by Janice Knight, for guitar by Gordon Bellamy, for violin by Richard Morbey and for piano by Gillian Grainger. Margaret Manchester and Patricia Penny shared the flute part of the three movements of Mozart's A major quartet in which Mary Moore (viola), Rosalind Porter (cello) and I also took part. Joan Wade was the soloist in Mozart's last B Flat Piano Concerto and Mr. Thompson in Haydn's Trumpet Concerto. Among the orchestral items, in two of which Christine Ashfield successfully made her début as a conductor, were a Dvorak Slavonic Dance, Handel's overture to the Occasional Oratorio, a movement from Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, Chabrier's Joyeuse Marche and Khatchaturian's Lullaby from the Gayaneh Ballet. The Junior Choir, a much appreciated item in the annual concerts, and as usual impeccably turned out, contributed four fairly substantial songs. Although some items were really well played, I did not feel that, as a whole, the performances were as satisfactory as last year's. There were difficulties in some of the orchestral works that were not overcome, due possibly to our limited opportunities for rehearsal. Our vital need is for good violinists. At this concert we again had the generous help of former pupils G. Warren, P. Oxer, A. Hodges, F. Mullarkey and Christine Norman as well as of Mr. Chamberlain (trombone).

It is a great pleasure to me, and I hope to all of us, to welcome them back at school, and I wonder how many realize that their presence at a rehearsal and two concerts involves, in some cases, a financial sacrifice on their part.

In the last issue of the magazine I mentioned that Susan Brand had obtained her A.R.C.M. (piano) diploma. We now wish to congratulate her for adding A.R.C.M. (clarinet) to her achievements.

Finally I must express our very grateful thanks for substantial financial contributions to our music fund from Mr. H. Squirrell (last year) and from an anonymous parent this year. This practical appreciation of our efforts is like a whiff of oxygen to a gasping body starved of air by officialdom.

W. HERRERA.

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

The Association, now in its fourth year, continues its work to provide financial and other help to school activities.

The Autumn Fair raised approximately £350 and while the proposed Squash Court remains the fundamental objective, the Executive Committee felt that owing to the present local government reorganization this project could not even be considered by the new authorities for at least another year. After consultation with the Headmaster and staff it was therefore decided that the sum of £300 from the Association Funds should be given to the school to provide needed instruments for the Music Section, equipment for the Fencing Teams and a duplicator for the Commercial Section. The latter item would be available for the use of the Association, which has long felt its need.

In addition to the above donation the Music and Dramatic Sections also received the monies resulting from the sale of refreshments at the School Concert and Play, the Association having provided the material for these.

This would seem a suitable juncture at which to point out once again the very great debt that we all owe to the ladies on the Social Committee for the very hard work they invariably put in at all these functions.

In addition to the usual Social Evenings the Association in November was privileged to have the opportunity of hearing the Deputy Headmaster talk on "Further Education" and in February a panel consisting of the Headmaster, Deputy Headmaster and Senior Mistress provided the answers to "Any Questions" on educational matters put by the parents.

The Association co-operated with the school in the very successful visit of our children to France and provided transport to and from Victoria, and arrangements are currently proceeding with regard to the second visit of the French pupils in July.

It has been decided to hold an Easter Fair on Saturday, March 27th, 1965 in place of a Summer or Autumn Fair this year. In order to raise funds this year a STOP WATCH competition is being organized, the result of which will be announced at the Carnival Social to be held in July.

Finally, the Association has to record with regret the loss of one of its founder members, Mr. Smeed. An appreciation appears below.

MR. W. SMEED

The sudden death of Mr. Smeed on December 9th was a sad blow for the Parents' Association and the School. When the idea of a Parents' Association

was first suggested in 1959 Mr. Smeed was among those elected to work out its constitution. He became its first Vice-Chairman and on the retirement of Mr. Gillanders in 1961 he was elected Chairman. This office he held with distinction for two years. In 1963, in order to give experience of office to other members of the committee, he accepted the office of Vice-Chairman.

The School is very conscious of the outstanding service he has given. His professional skill as an engraver has always been willingly available (many cups, medals and plaques are permanent reminders of his skill) and he helped enormously in the installation of the stereophonic equipment in the Hall. He took on a heavy load of work in helping to organize the social occasions (dances, socials etc.). His cheerful smile, his breezy manner and his dedication to the welfare of the School are sadly missed.

THE FIRST YEAR IN TEACHER TRAINING COLLEGE

Like most other first year students, I did not have a room in college but was boarded out. I share a room with another girl in my landlady's house. We are fortunate in having an extremely nice landlady and prefer living "out" to living "in".

The first day at college was probably the worst; hundreds of unknown faces; would we ever come to know them? We had to discover in which division we had been placed, that is to say which age-range we were to learn to teach. I had forgotten which I had asked for at my interview, but found I was in the Junior division.

During the first week we got to know who our lecturers were and decided on our main subject. I wanted to take Geography so I went to the introductory lecture in which the syllabus was roughly outlined. Geography, they said, was the most difficult subject, where far more is required of you than in any other. To me this meant one thing—I was going to do Biology.

In the first year one morning a week is devoted to teaching in a local school. This is not really as frightening as it sounds. My first term was spent in a very small infant's school at Tooting Bec. At the beginning of the summer term I shall spend a month on Teaching Practice. The first Teaching Practice is supposed to be the easiest, as the student teaches only about half the time, and the aim is to see how well she can get on with children rather than how well, at first, she can teach. This is all very comforting, but I must admit that I am more than a little apprehensive.

The social side of college life, in the London Colleges and University at least, seems to be very well developed. There is never a lack of entertainment, but entertainment that is not self-made is expensive, and students are not particularly well off.

Rules and regulations, though necessary, can sometimes prove frustrating. Unfortunately those in charge do not always see the student's point of view. However, in three years' time I shall, no doubt, see things from a different angle.

PAULINE FREEMAN, *Furzedown Training College, Tooting.*

GOING OUR WAY?



If you aim to start out on a career (not just to take a job); if you like meeting people (all sorts of people); if you are interested in what goes on around you (and in the larger world outside) then there is much that will satisfy you in our service.

For we provide an amazing variety of banking facilities through an organization of over 2,480 branches—large and small—in the cities, towns and villages of England and Wales and the Channel Islands. We have, too, offices at the leading airports, at the Ocean Terminal, Southampton, and in several of the Cunard liners. The Midland is everywhere—in everything. You will find no lack of variety if you join us.

SALARIES ARE GOOD

The basic salary scale compares favourably with any in similar fields. Examples are:—

Age	17	18	21	24	31
Provinces	£345	420	495	630	1,035
Central London	£495	570	645	780	1,185

But do remember that these are only the *basic* figures. Every young man of promise is given practical help and encouragement and those, for example, who move into a Special Grade will receive at least £185 above the figure quoted.

PROSPECTS ARE EXCELLENT

Promotion is based solely on merit (and, moreover, on merit regularly, impartially and widely assessed). Training is provided at every stage to prepare all who respond to it for early responsibility and the Bank's special scheme for Study Leave will be available to assist you in your studies for the Institute of Bankers Examinations. A very high proportion indeed of present-day entrants will achieve managerial rank, many of them in their 30's. For these, the minimum salary will be £1,925 a year with the certainty of rising to higher—often very much higher—figures.

The highest positions in the bank are open to all and at the top are rewards that would satisfy even the most ambitious.

PENSIONS ARE FREE

A non-contributory Pension Scheme brings a pension equal to two-thirds of final salary after full service.

YOU SHOULD HAVE

a good school record (G.C.E. passes at 'A' level are an advantage and earn exemptions in certain subjects of the Institute of Bankers Examinations); sound health, absolute integrity and the will to succeed.

WE SHALL HAVE

pleasure in arranging for you to have an interview with a District Staff Superintendent at one of a number of convenient centres in London and the Provinces, but please write first to:—

THE STAFF MANAGER

MIDLAND BANK

HEAD OFFICE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2

EXAMINATION RESULTS
ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS EXAMINATIONS
EASTER SERIES

Shorthand:

60 w.p.m.	R. L. Duffield M. L. Smeed
50 w.p.m.	S. M. Wenborn S. Beldham S. Y. Ruel J. Taylor J. Day

LONDON UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION RESULTS
JANUARY 1964

Advanced Level

M. D. Glover	Chemistry
M. J. McLaren	Economics, History
B. V. O'Brien	Art
B. L. Worrall	Art (Pass at "O"), Physics (Pass at "O")

Ordinary Level

S. A. Beldham	Economics
J. Day	Economics
P. W. Stimpson	English Language
S. M. Wenborn	Pure Mathematics
J. Arszewski	Economics
N. V. Bailey	German
M. L. Fox	Additional Pure Mathematics
S. Wierzbinski	English Language
C. B. Anderson	Geography
S. R. Asbury	Art
M. Blomfield	Geography, German
C. E. Carr	French
M. C. Y. Chaimowicz	Art, History
W. Dmowski	English Language
V. J. Looseley	English Literature
R. D. MacKay	English Literature, Physics
M. K. Manchester	English Literature
R. M. Monger	Art
P. A. Penny	English Literature
J. A. Richardson	Art, French
V. Stoneman	German, History
J. Szuzman	Biology
J. Woods	French
B. J. Andrews	Art, English Language
V. C. Barnes	Additional Pure Mathematics
S. D. Buck	Additional Pure Mathematics
D. Crittenden	Additional Pure Mathematics
P. G. Dawson	Additional Pure Mathematics

J. E. Earl	Art, English Literature
M. N. Glover	Additional Pure Mathematics
W. J. Noad	Additional Pure Mathematics
C. C. Rogers	English Literature, Geography
A. G. Sayer	Physics-with-Chemistry
J. Szmigin	Physics
V. M. Ashworth	English Language, English Literature
C. A. Carter	English Literature
A. Churchill	English Language, Woodwork
R. A. Garrett	Biology
A. Lawrence	Woodwork
D. J. Lawrence	Geography
G. W. Leyster	English Language, Geography
B. A. Shuttlewood	Art, English Language
B. Thorncroft	English Language, English Literature, Pure Mathematics
P. Waite	French, German, Pure Mathematics
G. Bromley	Pure Mathematics
D. Fort	Pure Mathematics
M. Jamieson	German
C. J. Laver	German, Pure Mathematics
A. J. Page	Pure Mathematics
V. L. Penfold	Pure Mathematics
B. R. Troop	Pure Mathematics
T. Weeks	Pure Mathematics
A. D. Beldham	Pure Mathematics
S. E. Broom	Pure Mathematics
J. E. Bush	Pure Mathematics
J. A. Coombes	Pure Mathematics
P. M. Elson	Pure Mathematics
S. L. Goodchild	German
S. Llewellyn	German
F. R. Shilling	Pure Mathematics
L. D. Wells	German, Pure Mathematics
J. S. Andrews	Pure Mathematics
J. M. Baatjes	German, Pure Mathematics
C. A. Carr	Pure Mathematics
S. R. Davis	Pure Mathematics
L. J. Duffin	German, Pure Mathematics
G. R. Edwards	German, Pure Mathematics
A. T. Gamble	German, Pure Mathematics
G. R. Grainger	German
D. J. Hale	German, Pure Mathematics
G. Hart	German, Pure Mathematics
M. S. Heatley	German
H. A. Juster	German
J. Kellett	Pure Mathematics
J. H. J. Kidd	German, Pure Mathematics

D. Knight	Pure Mathematics
M. L. Moore	German, Pure Mathematics
R. A. Palmer	Pure Mathematics
T. Parker	Pure Mathematics
R. T. Pawlik	Pure Mathematics
D. E. Peake	German, Pure Mathematics
A. M. Robinson	Pure Mathematics
L. J. Rowe	German
D. C. Thompson	Pure Mathematics
B. R. Ward	Pure Mathematics
E. A. Wiles	Pure Mathematics

STAFF CHANGES

There have been few staff changes since the last issue of *Phoenix*. Mrs. Barker left at Christmas, and her place has been taken by Mrs. Jeffers, whom we welcome to the School. Mrs. Coveney, who has been teaching French part-time, left at the end of the Spring Term.

MRS. P. L. BARKER

It was with very mixed feelings that we said good-bye to Mrs. Barker at the end of the Autumn Term. We, the Staff, lost a popular colleague who had contributed so much to the school, whilst our pupils lost a teacher whose impeccable scholarship and firm but friendly discipline had played so great a part in their progress. On the other hand, if she had to leave us, she could not have left for a better reason and no one would begrudge her the happiness of a child of her own.

We are all looking forward with the greatest pleasure to seeing Mrs. Barker and her baby in the near future.

F.R.J.R.

A MISUNDERSTANDING

Charlie Crump was a rather crafty cab-driver. He was in his forties and thought he knew the tricks of the trade fairly well. Charlie, one mild evening, set out in his cab with hopes of a fat profit. He sat in the driver's seat and perched his grubby cap further over his forehead. He started his cab up, wiped his nose on his sleeve, and he was away with a grunt.

Not far off, a young man was on his way to a fancy dress ball. He was dressed as a highly sophisticated gentleman and for a laugh he decided to take a taxi. When he saw Charlie's, he quickly turned over in his mind what he was supposed to do and after assuring himself, he twisted his broly in his hand and waved it at the taxi. Charlie could almost see the five pound notes pouring from the young man's pockets. "Wow", thought Charlie, and he halted his cab as he turned on his old buddy, the fare-meter. "Where to guv?" he asked in a respectful way and he lifted his dirty old cap for a few seconds.

The young man thought that this was a real giggle and he answered in a posh voice, "Oh, could you make it as quick as possible to Queen's Park Terrace, old chap?" "Of course guv, anywhere you like!" Charlie answered with a greedy grin. Charlie carefully started his cab up and drove smoothly up the main street.

The overjoyed young man at the back coughed artificially and said, "Would

you mind opening a window, old chap?" Charlie grinned and eased one down a little as he kept one eye on the road. "Nice evening, eh guv?" Charlie briskly called.

"What? Oh! Oh yes, very nice, eh what?" said the young man. He was really having fun back there, but he realized that the fare-meter was busy ticking and so he politely asked the driver to halt because he felt like a short walk. Charlie agreed that it would do him good to walk and he carefully stopped the cab as he turned the meter off.

Charlie got out, raised his cap and opened the back door, "Thank you sir!" he said and the joker got out too. Charlie slyly glanced at the man's pockets and said, "Three and six, sir!"

The young man grunted, realizing that he had precisely that much with him. He gallantly brought out the money and made such a rustling sound in his pocket that Charlie could see fivers rustling before his eager eyes.

Charlie held out his hand and instantly blurted out one of his many speeches: "Thank you sir—very kind eh? Drop in again some time eh?—ta' very much—good evenin' sir—must be on me way. Ha! Ha!" Then he glanced into his itching palm and stared solemnly at one half a crown piece and a shilling bit.

"Sorry old chap. No change you see!" said the young man and he briskly walked off, waving his broolly.

"Huh!" Charlie murmured. Then five minutes later as he sulkily drove on, he was hailed by another smart-looking young man. Charlie couldn't resist it. He just had to—so he poked his tongue out and sped past. "Me? Defeated? . . . Never . . ." he murmured.

LINDA McDONALD, III. A.

WHAT A FINE PLACE!

As I went down to the beach on the first day of my holiday, I thought exultantly to myself, "This is a fine place to spend a holiday." It was a beautiful morning with the sun shining brilliantly out of a blue sky and the air was hot and still.

The caravan we had hired for our holiday was large and modern. When we had arrived, late the previous evening, we were feeling very tired, after a long, rather tedious coach journey; and after a hurried meal, we had been very pleased to go to bed. I found my bed the most comfortable I had ever had, and I slept like the proverbial log.

Awakening early, I murmured to myself, "I must go down to the sea again." Snatching my bathing trunks, I hurried off.

As I returned to the caravan, after a delightful swim in the calm, blue water, thinking expectantly of the coffee and bacon and eggs which would be awaiting me, I thought to myself with even more conviction, "This is a fine place to spend a holiday."

When I arrived at the caravan, to be greeted by a strong smell of burning and my mother's pathetic apology, I was not quite so sure of the advantages of the situation. After breakfast, when I discovered that a storm of rain had blown up and I had to cross a soaking field of long grass, I was even less sure.

When, after a long tramp in pouring rain I came to the so-called town to find a short street of small, squalid-looking shops, where I could find neither the provisions my mother had asked me to bring in, nor the sweets, cigarettes and

books I wanted for myself, I totally revised my opinion, and said in a tone of deep disgust, "This is a fine place to spend a holiday."

A. BRACE, III. C.

TEN POUNDS TO SPEND

One morning I woke up and Mum told me that my Uncle John had arrived.

"Hello David," said Uncle John.

"Hello uncle."

"Well, here is ten pounds to spend on what you want."

I knew uncle was rich and he would give me a present, but ten pounds! Wow!

That morning I went out and wandered around the shops wondering what I should buy.

"A transistor radio? No, I have one already. A crate of beer? No, I have two already. Gosh! What am I going to buy?"

I came home that night still with the ten pound note in my pocket. So I took a drastic step! I lay awake all night thinking.

Next morning I went out again and the wind was blowing hard. Suddenly a gust of wind blew the note from my hand and it flew down the road. I chased it, falling over peoples' shopping baskets. After a few miles I was almost with it.

"Aha, gotcha! oops! no I haven't, ah! Yes I have!"

But on my travels after the note I knocked over four men, two old ladies and six children. It was not long before they arrived on the scene. Each had a free whack. When they had gone I glared at the note.

"Now look at the trouble you got me into!"

I ran into a nearby "Boot's the chemist" and bought an attractive "Brother" typewriter.

"Well, that has got rid of the ten pounds at last."

But fate was about to strike another blow. I went home by the canal as it was quicker than going all the way past the shops again, and suddenly I saw a small boy floundering in the water. I dived in and pulled him on to the bank. His parents ran over to me and said,

"Oh! How ever can we thank you? We should not have left Tim alone. Please accept this ten pound note as a reward!"

"Oh no! not again, I can't stand it," I said.

"What is the matter?" they said.

"Well," I said, "it's like this, I woke up this morning and Uncle John had arrived and . . ."

D. BANNER, I. C.

The sun dawned reluctantly over Riviera Boulevard and restrained itself from returning whence it came. For the name, like so many others, conveys a completely false impression of the Manhattan back-street slum.

The sun, filtering through a grimy, cracked window woke Terry to a room with damp, peeling walls and a cracked ceiling; a room typical to the row of slum tenement houses where he lived. He rolled over and closed his eyes again, intent on sleep. Suddenly he was wide awake! He had remembered that this was probably going to be the most exciting day so far in his eighteen years.

A few blocks away from Riviera Boulevard, at about the same time, another

boy was being woken up by the sun but in slightly different surroundings. His brightly decorated room was in a new block of flats where he and his family had been moved when their former home, in a road identical to Terry's except for the breed of cats, had been demolished. He too had reason to stir quickly, the same reason as Terry in fact.

Terry went to the kitchen-cum-dining-room-cum-living-room for breakfast. His mother was there, adorned in curlers and dressing-gown, preparing breakfast.

"Are yer gonna look fo: a job today?" she asked, handing him his breakfast.

"Not today, ma. I've got things to do."

"By things, I suppose yer mean lounging in a coffee bar with those scruffy pals of yours," she retorted.

"Nope, today we're meeting Steve Reinhart's gang for a punch-up on the Boulevard," he said with a mean glint in his eye, "and I don't mean a friendly punch-up!"

"I don't know what's gott'n into you," she snapped, "before Steve moved you were just friendly rivals, but now it's developed into a war practically."

"Aw, quit nagging," he said and swaggered out with the weight of a knife against his hip. . . .

"It's no good ma," said Steve. "For some reason, known only to himself, Terry's decided on full-scale war. He seems to think that just 'cos we've moved here we're different and I don't want to be friends any more."

"If you ask me it's jealousy," replied his mother. "It started when you got to High School and he didn't, and us gettin' moved and them not was the final blow. If I were you I'd steer clear of him."

"I can't," said Steve miserably, "not today anyway. We're meeting with our gangs at two o'clock."

The sun had passed in relief behind the houses in the Boulevard and the street was as dim as if a huge mosquito net was spread over it.

A knot of youths gathered at each end of the street brandishing knives and chains. Children and cats alike scattered into reeking alley-ways to hide fearfully behind dust-bins.

The two groups advanced slowly, but halfway down the street two figures seemed to separate from the others. It was as if their friends knew that this was really a private fight.

That evening the sun had more reason than ever to hasten from Riviera Boulevard. Two figures lay motionless in gruesome attitudes in the road and the filth in the gutter was stained red. The sun disappeared to the musical accompaniment of sirens sounding suitably like a dirge. JOAN NEWPORT, IV. B.

3.45 P.M.

Shuffling, whispering, scraping of chairs.
Impatiently fidgeting, taking up books,
Stealthily sliding the books in the case,
Glassy eyes fixed on the master's face.
Everyone waiting, ready for flight.
Poised in position, thoughts way ahead,
Master speaks louder, words coming fast
Racing the buzzer,
Ah, freedom at last!

BERNICE CLARE, I. A.

A SCHOOL DAY BEGINNING

Who calls? The clock upon the shelf
In rasping voice declares the hour,
While I beneath the sheets still cower.
Feel for slippers, eyes still dim,
Rude awakening 'neath the shower.
Down the stairs,
Collect the post;
Sizzling bacon,
Pass the toast!
Tea's too hot
Can't stop for more,
Father's waiting
At the door.
Grab my coat
My hat, can't stay.
Now begins
Another day.

BERNICE CLARE, I. A.

A BROKEN DREAM

The bugle called, a far off sound,
He layed his sickle on the ground.
In the midst of booming guns
The dream of home was rod and staff.
Victory bells, and home again.
But where's the tower upon the hill?
No cottage, but a broken heap,
As broken as the shattered dream.
A wall, no roof, and hanging door,
The garden overgrown with weeds.
And then the sky began to weep;
The dream was lost for evermore.

BERNICE CLARE, I. A.

3.45

- 3.35. The work's still going,
Learning things we should be knowing.
3.39. A little fidget
Teacher wags a warning digit.
3.42. The end's in sight
Nearly there, but still not quite.
3.44. Another minute
(More than 60 seconds in it!)
Then the buzzing in the hive,
Out we fly—3.45!

P. LOCKETT, I. A.

EXCITEMENT, TRAVEL, VARIETY—

A Royal Air Force career offers high rewards

As an officer in the Royal Air Force you could serve in any one of a dozen countries and visit twenty others. The aircraft you fly could vary from helicopters to Mach 2 fighters, and your regular runs from a hundred miles to right around the world. Pay is excellent: by the age of 21 you could be earning over £1000 a year.

Two ways to a Flying Commission

With 'A' level G.C.E. you may apply for entry to Cranwell, the R.A.F. College which trains you for a flying and executive career that can take you to the most senior ranks in the Service. You must be 17½-19½ and have G.C.E. in English language, mathematics, science or a language and two other subjects. Two subjects must be at 'A' level.

With 5 'O' levels including English language, mathematics and three other acceptable subjects you may apply for a Direct Entry commission. This gives you guaranteed service to the age of 38 and you have good prospects of service to the age of 55. Alternatively you may choose to leave the Service at the 8 or 12 year point with a tax-free gratuity of up to £5000.

If you are Technically Minded

If you have 'A' level in pure and applied mathematics and physics you may be eligible for a cadetship at Henlow, the R.A.F. Technical College. Here you train for a permanent commission in the Technical Branch and read for the Dip. Tech. which is equivalent to an honours degree.

R.A.F. Scholarships

Boys over 15 years 8 months may apply for an R.A.F. Scholarship worth up to



£260 a year, to enable them to stay at their own school to take the necessary 'A' levels for Cranwell or Henlow. If you would like further information, write, giving your date of birth and details of education to Group Captain J. W. Allan, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., R.A.F., Adastral House (SCH), London, W.C.1. Mention the subject that most interests you: Cranwell, Direct Entry, Henlow, or R.A.F. Scholarships. Alternatively, ask your Careers Master to arrange an informal meeting with your Schools Liaison Officer.



The Royal Air Force

RUSH HOUR

Quick, Quick, hurry, scurry,
Everybody's in a hurry
Busy getting nowhere fast.
Does it matter if you're last?
Drivers, manners quite forsaking,
Spend their time just overtaking,
Not because they're wanting to
But just to be in front of you.
Every morning, every night
Rush hour really is a fight.
The tube is like a sardine tin;
It's just a race, no-one can win.

P. LOCKETT, I. A.

When young I went in the army
And served under Caesar himself.
I plundered many a city
And came home with enormous wealth.
When older, I came to my village
And searched for the home I once knew;
But all I could find was a ruin,
And friends that I once had were few.
Other armies had been there and plundered
Whilst I in my turn far away
Had also done this thing to others,
And Justice had thus come to stay.

P. LOCKETT, I. A.

CRAZY WORLD

Everybody's crazy
The world is upside down.
A rich man wears an overcoat
A poor man wears a crown.
Men sit down on buses,
Don't give a girl a seat.
Life is as full of trouble
As your shoes are full of feet.
There's a moral to my story,
But what's that to do with *you*?
Even butchers have a heart—
And steak and kidney too.

LINDA POWELL, I. C.

HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF UNPOPULAR WITH TEACHERS: A GUIDE TO NEW PUPILS

Registration and Assembly

Arrive late in classroom out of breath, hair dishevelled, fall over chair on way to desk, open desk lid too wide so that it hits pupil in front. Get out a great many books, drop them, retrieve them, muttering under breath about schools, teachers and books, (rudely of course). On way to Assembly fall down stairs, landing conveniently on top of Prefect standing at the bottom. Snatch hymn book from distributor and walk very fast down aisle to row of chairs. Make as much noise as possible all through Assembly, i.e. scuffing feet, talking, singing off key and scraping chairs at intervals. Run all the way back to the classroom, collect books, (wrong ones of course), and go to first lesson.

Lessons

Call out wrong answers all through lessons, make up fantastic excuses for not doing homework on previous night. Ask ridiculous questions and generally annoy teacher by pulling hair of pupil in front, banging desk lids, shouting loudly if anyone so much as touches you. But most important of all, be rude, noisy, unco-operative and as stubborn as possible all the time.

Break

As soon as bell goes rush out of room, downstairs into dining-hall, knocking teachers, pupils, prefects, (or whoever happens to be unlucky enough to be passing at the time), out of the way. Grab bottle of milk and about six straws, drink until nearly empty then tip remainder of milk in bottle upside down in crate, tear straws and milk tops and scatter round crate as confetti. Go back to classroom again at speed.

Games

Fuss in changing rooms about clothes and boots, keep doing hair in front of mirror, tread on friend's foot with hockey boot. When told to walk outside run and vice versa. Pick hockey stick very carefully, taking care to see if it has a nice new rubber on it first, waiting to be rolled up and down. Walk on to field wielding hockey stick round heads of everyone nearby, (not hitting them, merely warning them off). During game take care to give teacher a nice crack across the shins, apologizing profusely with tongue in cheek. Fall in nice big pool of mud, and afterwards spend long while in showers trying to clean off. Take as long as possible dressing and be late for next lesson.

Conclusion of day

On your way back to classroom sing at the top of your voice; when put into detention fail to turn up. Do not wear hat on way home, and run past teachers shouting, "Down with teachers and books!"

With this guide, I guarantee anybody can be the perfect teachers' nightmare, most unpopular!

JANET ASHWORTH, III. A.

THE BEATLES

They went to Paris in a plane, they did.
In a plane they went to Paree.
No matter what all the girls might say,
On a cold, cold day by B.E.A.
In a plane they went to Parcee.
And when they disappeared inside
All the girls stood up and cried,
"Don't go,
We love you, we love you,
Don't leave us behind."
They called back, "You can cry,
You can shout all you like,
But we won't come out."
Up in the North, up in the North.
Is the place where the Beatles dwell
Their boots are high
Their hair is long.
And they make girls scream and yell.

MARY WYLLIE, I. A.

THE BIG HEDID BEEN

Wonce upon a time there was a been. He was an unhappy been. He was the ownly been at the been faktry wiv a big hed. Meny uffer beens had big feet, but nun had a big hed. It was jigantick. Free foot by too foot, sick inches.

He tryd lots ov gadgits witch were supposed to make it shrink, but, alas! It did knot make eny divrance. It stil reemanded big. He was knicknamed "Hewge Hed".

He went to the docter. "Plees, docter," he sed, "Eye hav tryd every fing avay labawl to tri and get mi hed to contractt."

"Did thay knot work?" inchoired Dr. Bell.

"Well, thay reduiced it bye an inch ownly each thyme."

"Yes, but iv u went on like that, efentulee it wood bee the normall sighs."

"Troo, but it is vearee expensive."

"O".

Knowboddy new wot cood bee dun. Won day, houeever, a tramp calld at the been faktry.

"I hav cum to reduce the sighs ov 'Hewge Hed's' hed," he exclaymd.

"Eye bet u can't," the cheef been reeplayed."

"Eye bet eye kan," he arnseder.

"Go on then."

"Oh kay."

He went to see "Hewge Hed".

He plaiced a goldfish tank over his hed. At ferst it wood knot fit, but after a long thyme he maniged to get it on.

And, *abracadabra*, it had shrunk. He was so happy. But, knot for long.

He tryd efery gadgit too maik it big agen. And so our story starts agen.

But it's time four tee now.

Good afternoon.

D. BUTCHER, I. C.

HOMEWORK

What is this thing called homework?
An abstract noun or not?
The subjects are quite proper
But learning them is not.
I wonder if it's abstract,
My father says it's so,
My mother says she's doubtful,
So how am I to know?
The dictionary doesn't help,
Too late to change my mind,
I wish I'd chosen Space or Hope
Or some much easier kind.
The dog keeps staring at me,
I expect he thinks I'm mad,
I've scratched my head and crossed my nib,
Should I consult my Dad?
The sound of television
Is coming through the wall,
At the rate I'm going
I'm sure to miss it all.
I'm feeling tired, it's time for bed,
I haven't got a clue,
So this is it, and now it's done
I hope that it will do.

T. DEAN, I. C.

THE SAGA OF THE SHEPHERD'S BUSH EXPEDITION

One fine day, when it was raining cats and dogs, on the night of February 31st, 1961, three men set out to explore darkest Shepherd's Bush. The three men, a Slobovian, Nickiya Nobblyknees, a Mornation, Slingbarza Sonniebaba, and a Varaguyan, Letnitika Lonbarda, met in 1960 at a coffee bar in the Savoy Hotel. They wanted something to do, so they decided to set out to capture a rare, wild Shepherd's Bush; found only in Shepherd's Bush, London.

The three explorers set out on their "Safari into the Unknown", from the Tower of London; but their progress was brought to a halt by a native ceremony, the Rush Hour. Then they spied a fast-flowing river, known to the natives as the Thames. Quickly they assembled a miniature, collapsible submarine, and flew through the air above the river. They ran aground near Cleopatra's Needle, but taking their bearings, they started off again.

They travelled to Hyde Park via Liverpool, Edinburgh, John o' Groats, Land's End, and Dover. When at last they reached Shepherd's Bush they were confronted by a large notice, which read:

SHEPHERD'S BUSH HUNTING

SEASON CLOSSES JAN. 1ST.

1961, REOPENS DEC. 31ST. 1961.

So our three hunters travelled home very happy.

A. PALMER, I. C.

THE WORKING GIRL'S LAMENT

"Drink A's tea." "Eat B's pies."
"Wash cleaner than clean."
All day I'm bombarded
From my T.V. screen.
I'm brain-washed, conditioned,
It gets worse and worse,
They mention a new one,
I reach for my purse.
"Try wave-glow—it's magic!
Your boy-friend will stare."
My escort just grunted,
"What's that on your hair?"
They're all so convincing
I've run into debt,
I wish they'd persuade me,
To switch off the set.

M. HICKEY, I. A.

"ADVERTISERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS"

DO YOUR DENTURES DESCEND AT AWKWARD MOMENTS AND CAUSE YOU EMBARRASSMENT?

If so, buy DR. FANG'S DENTURE LOTION

A slight sprinkle on the dentures will give you comfort all day long—your teeth will remain firm and fast—no awkward moments when you laugh.

You can buy this stupendous product at any chemist's for the modest price of 2/6.

Read below glowing testimonials from some of our grateful purchasers:

From Mrs. N., The Rectory, Saffron Walden

"I have to attend many tea-parties given by the Women's Institute, and invariably, when sampling the inevitable rock cake, I would find my bottom denture in the top and the top denture in the bottom.

Thanks to DR. FANG'S DENTURE LOTION, I can now eat rock cakes with ease."

From Mr. P., University Lecturer

"I felt I must write to express my delight at the success of Dr. FANG'S REMARKABLE DENTURE LOTION.

When I was lecturing my teeth were in the habit of falling out, causing my students much merriment—hence my nickname of 'Old Choppers'.

Thanks to DR. FANG'S LOTION I can now lecture without fear."

* * *

Do you suffer from fairies at the bottom of your garden? If so, then solve your problem by using the new improved POTT'S FERTILISER (now with new MCLVV77321).

Gets rid of all known fairies.

A good brushing seventeen times a day will clear your garden of these pests IN LESS THAN SIX (6) YEARS.

Remember POTT'S FERTILISER

By appointment to Her Majesty Queen Boadicea

SHOES SHOES SHOES!

PRICED AT 10 GUINEAS A PAIR.

PRICE SLASHED TO £5*

* * *

YOU'RE NEVER ALONE—————

—————with someone else

Consult the "NEWLY-WED" Marriage Bureau—"for close company"

* * *

GO TO WORK ON AN EGG.

It rolls evenly—gives a smoother ride.

* * *

Are you tired of Dishpan Hands?

Then wash up with WONDER ACID—and get rid of them!

* * *

If you want to put your "SOLES" in heaven,

try "TOOT-EEZ" for tired feet.

It's "TOE-TALLY" effective.

* * *

PUGH! THE NEW SOAP

THAT GETS RID OF OLD FRIENDS

Get your life-like, plastic sea-anemone with a bar of PUGH today! One week only! Wash yourself whiter than white with PUGH. It puts bouncing energy and life into all dry, lifeless faces.

With most soaps you get those nasty little bits left over that stick in the sink. But not with PUGH—it is hollow, and there are no bits left over.

And apart from our fabulous offer of the free sea-anemone, you can collect the coupons for a wonderful, inflatable, plastic BEATLE, four feet tall. You can play with it and knock it down.

Remember our rhyme:

Chicken fat put the Ugh! into PUGH!

BY MEMBERS OF III. A.

* Each shoe

HOW STRANGE!

My mother loves flowers

Will listen for hours

To Beethoven, Schubert and Bach,

I can't understand why she doesn't prefer

To play football instead in the park.

The fabulous Beatles and Rolling Stones

Make her frown, I can't think why.

For some strange reason it's almost high treason

To be seen without collar and tie.

Maybe she's right, she usually is,

People say that mothers know best,

But why on earth when I'm going to bed

Must I take off my socks and my vest?

P. KAPSIA, I. A.

GOOD MORNING

My parents both wish me goodnight,
It seems to me they like me,
Until the sun's first rays appear
When it begins to strike me
They do not.

"It's seven o' clock," my mother says,
"Aren't you out of bed yet?
How many times must you be called?
Now for the last time,—GET!!"
How can this sweet and gentle soul,
Usually so charming,
Find the energy to make
Her threats sound so alarming?
Now it's nearly eight o' clock,
She's very nearly raving,
One would be inclined to think
I had been misbehaving!

P. KAPSIA, 1. A.

THE OLD HOUSE

This old house has stood for years alone,
And now is dead;
The winds of age have round about it blown,
And life is fled.
Once, long ago in weathers warm and dry,
When time was slow,
The wealthy squire would on the terrace lie,
And watch the spreading chestnut grow.
Those days of old are all o'ergone, and now,
With evil hate,
The garden is o'ergrown with weeds that bow
To nothing but the pelting rains of late.
The town has encroached on the country-side,
And peace has flown;
The traffic goes by in a thundering tide,
And aircraft drone.
The orchards that once bore autumn pears
Do not exist:
Instead, the smoke of chimneys now usurps
The country mist.
The evil conurbations outward spread
Their clutching hand,
And soon the fields that gave our daily bread
Will harbour man.

G. EDWARDS, V. C.



A Career in the Bank

Never before have opportunities for young people been as promising as they are today in Barclays Bank. Here is a brief outline of the career that awaits them.

For ambitious young men

The Bank wants young men of character and integrity, with a good standard of general education. Given these qualifications and an aptitude for the job, there is no reason why a bright young man should not find himself a Branch Manager in his thirties, with a salary upwards of £1,865, and the chance of doubling his pay by the time he is 50. Looking ahead, he could be one of those Managers whose salary exceeds £5,000 a year—a man with a big job, full of interest and responsibility. A goal worth striving for; and those who reach it will have a pension at 65 (without any contributions on their part) of £3,000 a year or more. For the early years there's a minimum salary scale for satisfactory work: £340 at 16 to £1,030 at 31 with a year's seniority for a good Advanced Level certificate and three years' for a degree. From 21 onwards merit can take the salary well above these figures; if the early promise is maintained, the salary at 28 can be £1,155, instead of the scale figure of £905.

And there's scope for girls as well

The women's salary runs from £340 on entry at 16 to a minimum of £735 at 31. A wide range of positions apart from the usual secretarial and book-keeping duties are now open to women in Barclays. For instance, girls can—and do—become cashiers, supervisors, income tax specialists and officers in the Executor and Trustee Department. And Barclays has two women branch Managers. For those who are keen to get on, prepared to study and not afraid of work, Banking is a good career. Incidentally, a girl who marries after five years' service in the Bank qualifies for a gratuity.

For further particulars write to the Staff Managers at 54 Lombard Street, London EC3.

Barclays Bank

Money is our business

THE POINT

One day I shall no longer be;
When pictures fade and voices die,
I too shall lie
Beneath the ground.

What shall I think of on that day,
When I shall know I breathe my last
And all is past,
What will recall?

It matters little what I think,
No doubt I'll care not what I've thought,
For I am nought
Among the crowd.

My life is but a blade of grass
That softly whispers on the lawn,
For I was born
To be as dust.

Although the morning sky be bright,
Yet life is dim, despite the morn,
For in the dawn
Appears the dusk.

So when my tombstone towers up,
I'll find my life will not much change,
Nought will be strange—
I'll be at home.

G. EDWARDS, V. C.

CAUTIONARY VERSE—for the Edification of the Young, and the Entertainment of their Elders.

TELL THE TRUTH

Since she was just a babe in arms
Ruth Richards had got many charms;
Just one thing spoiled our little Ruth:
She did not always tell the truth.
Never bothered by her conscience,
She thought that telling truth was nonsense,
If by lies, this naughty gal
Could shift the blame onto a pal.
Her stories made the neighbours livid,
"But her imagination's vivid,"
Said her parents with a smile,
And they believed it . . . for a while.
But when her stories got too tall,
And even they didn't believe them all,
She was expelled, for the staff despise

Girls who will keep telling lies.
Then she was left without a friend.
Her parents thought it was the end,
So because of discipline she lacked
For the first time ever she was smacked.

LINDA WARREN, III. A.

DOLLY DALES

This is the tale of Dolly Dales,
Did nothing else but bite her nails.
Each morning she would miss the bus.
Her teacher made an awful fuss.
But Dolly didn't want to squibble,
She was content to stand and nibble.
Her Mum refused to give her sweets
And all those other special treats,
She made her do some extra chores
And then she took her to the stores
To buy some mustard and some salt
To bring her biting to a halt—
But of course she didn't stop,
This habit she would never drop.
Then slow, but surely, day by day
Dolly's friends would fade away.
She hardly had a friend in sight,
She only had her nails to bite
So she had a little think—
Her nails, they weren't a pretty pink;
Dolly wished that they were longer,
And as her will power became stronger
To the doctor's she did go
Just to find out if he'd know
The perfect thing that she must do
To stop her everlasting chew. . . .
The doctor's face was long and stern;
He said, "Now, Dolly, you must learn
That your nails won't grow again.
Short and ugly they'll remain."
Dolly, she felt so forlorn.
All she did was sit and mourn.
Each day she wandered round in shame
Her parents chanted, "You're to blame!"
The life she led was very poor—
Until she died at eighty-four.
And that was the end of Dolly Dales
Did nothing else but bite her nails. . . .

LINDA McDONALD, III. A.

SENIOR CHESS

With four players from last year's team still at school, this year's team looked set for another successful season. Having taken six out of a possible eight points during the Autumn Term, the senior team occupied second position in the League, one point only behind the leaders.

However, shortly after Christmas three of our better players (Matthews, McLaren and Worrall) left us, resulting in the team taking only one point from four matches during the Spring Term. The team was finally placed joint third, having won seven matches and lost five.

Appearances: Mersh 12, Stratton 12, Worrall 9, McLaren 9, Peculich 10, Matthews 7, Kendal 5, Sweeting 5.

The senior team once again entered the *Sunday Times* National Tournament. After a convincing 5-1 victory in the first round, our progress was halted by a strong team from Harrow, who defeated us by four games to two.

The school also played two friendly matches against a team of young ladies from Godolphin and Latymer School, Hammersmith. The boys won on both occasions.

The outstanding individual performance this season came from a junior, Q. Kille of the Third Form. His brilliant play is reflected in the high degree of success which he has obtained, both in school and outside activities. He has won all of his twelve League games for the school, and has played several times in the Middlesex Junior Team. Both he and Mersh played for the Thames Valley League team in a representative tournament.

G. MERSH

I would like to thank Carol Carter for the efficient way in which she supplied tea for school matches. Thanks also to Mr. Behmber for maintaining his keen interest in the varied fortunes of the chess teams.

JUNIOR CHESS TEAM

The Junior Chess Team did very well this year, finishing at the top of the Thames Valley Junior Chess League. The success of the team is mainly due to the better chess players being so willing to participate. In actual fact, the reserve was only called upon twice, and both these games were won by the team. At the end of the season, results showed that every player had put the team where it was, every player having a very good average. The team was never defeated, every team played being beaten at least once, the only other results being three draws. The standard of play was extremely high, (perhaps due to the excellent teas provided by Carol Carter), and my wholehearted thanks go to the members of the team.

Results

	P.	W.	D.	L.	Average score per game
A. Kille (<i>Capt.</i>)	12	12	0	0	1
A. Squirrel	12	10	0	2	.833
Morris	12	7	4	1	.75
P. Worthy	10	5	1	4	.55
C. Randall (<i>Res.</i>)	2	1	1	0	.75

Q. KILLE

THE SENIOR DISCUSSION GROUP

In the few months between the last publication of *Phoenix* and Easter the French and German conversationalists have been the main attraction in the Discussion Group. Both Herr Köck and Mlle. Sortais very kindly gave talks about their respective countries. The subject of Herr Köck's talk was "What it means to be an Austrian", and we learnt much about the rather unfamiliar, mountainous land. He told us of Austria's educational system and gave his analysis of present-day Austrian feeling towards Germany and Britain, and also Germany's attitude towards Britain. This was most interesting, but not so hilarious as his description of his experiences on the ski runs.

Mlle. Sortais was also most entertaining when talking about France. She told us of a typical day in the life of a French schoolgirl. She also had a film showing how cheese was made and brought a piece with her which we sampled with a long French loaf.

After these two talks we had a discussion on "Britain's Place in the World". Both Mlle. Sortais and Herr Köck were kind enough to attend and told us how people on the continent regarded Britain.

This year we had very few formal debates but we have had many informal discussions on a wide range of topics. At one time the Discussion Group went through a phase of very poor attendance. We believed this to be due to the fact that now we have a far greater opportunity to discuss many topics in current affairs lessons. However, in the few weeks before Easter the attendance was far more encouraging, and I hope many of you will attend the Discussion Group when it restarts next term.

Once again we are most grateful to Mr. Barker for his excellent chairmanship and we would like to thank him for devoting so much of his time to us and initiating so many enlightening discussions.

S. PEPPER

X.Y.Z. CLUB

(Exceptional Young Zoologists)

This is a club for people under eighteen years who are especially interested in animals and other branches of natural history. It is sponsored by the Zoological Society of London, also being closely associated with both London Zoo and Whipsnade Park.

The Zoological Society organizes many activities for X.Y.Z. members; for example, there are meetings with such well-known speakers as Maxwell Knight, David Attenborough, Desmond Morris, and Peter Scott.

The activities also include films and trips; among the latter are tours of either London Zoo or Whipsnade Park, field courses, lasting a week, in such areas as Pembrokeshire, and specimen collecting trips in the countryside.

Many young people, from this country and overseas, belong to the X.Y.Z. Club, and here at Drayton Manor we have a group of ninety-five members, possibly the largest school group in this club. This group was formed in December 1963 by Mr. Adderson, for whose interest, work, and time all members of the group are grateful.

JUDITH E. HOLLOCKS, L. VI. Sc.

JAZZ CLUB

Despite my pleas in the previous edition of the magazine, attendance at the Jazz Club has not improved to any appreciable extent. We have seen a few new faces over the past few months and I am glad to say that some of these people have continued to turn up. On the whole though I am quite disappointed in the lack of response. It seems that the tastes of the majority of the pupils are centred around the Top Twenty and the noises emitted by its occupants; at the mere mention of the word jazz they begin to shy away. This unhappy state of affairs will, I fear, continue until people wake up to the fact that this music has no value.

We have played some excellent music in Jazz Club over the past year and have been able to represent nearly every variety of jazz. Folk music and blues have proved especially popular with many of our patrons but I feel that this is mostly because this music is very much in vogue these days.

We still have trouble in obtaining records and here I must add a plea to all members of the school who are secret jazz fans, do not be shy, discard the mask of anonymity behind which you hide your true features and come to Jazz Club. (Any records you may possess will also be gladly received.)

Last term the Headmaster gave us permission to play a prelude of the music we were to play in Jazz Club in the hall after prayers. The first week we played jazz in the hall, attendance in the evening showed a marked increase. However, this phenomenon did not continue for long, and after a few weeks the novelty had worn off.

One thing which does seem to draw people along is a live performance. Quite recently some members of the Sixth Form, P. Dawson, C. Carr, G. Mersch and myself, and a Fifth Former, Wakeman, gave a demonstration of our virtuosity when we performed some folk songs and blues. We were, quite frankly, extremely surprised by the reception which this performance received and seeing that everybody enjoyed it so much we will attempt to make similar features an integral part of our agenda.

I would like to thank all those people who have lent us their records, and also Mr. Herrera for allowing us to use his record player and the music room.

G. BELLAMY, U. VI. Sc.

DANCE COMMITTEE REPORT 1963/64

M. Smeed

L. Fox

K. Rose

G. Bellamy

S. Pepper

The Dance Committee has organized three successful dances during 1963/64. The first was a Record Dance, with the added attraction of the Phoenix Thumpers, the second was the Christmas Dance to Guitars Incorporated, and the third and most successful was the Easter Dance. We were fortunate in engaging an excellent Rhythm and Blues Group, the Hobos, who seemed to be extremely popular (especially with the Third Form).

The Committee would like to thank Mr. Jewell for setting up lighting on the dance floor, and in gratitude for the loan of these lights we have made a donation of £10 to the Dramatic Society.

At the time of going to Press the Committee is hoping to arrange a School Dance at the end of the Summer Term.

HOUSE REPORTS 1963-64

ATHENIAN HOUSE

House Staff: Mr. Behmber, Mr. Russell, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Pepperill, Mr. Hunter, Mrs. Winterborne.

Prefects: G. Mersh, Shirley Ruel, Susan Fleming.

House Captains: G. Mersh, Susan Fleming.

Games Captains: T. O'Leary, Valerie Stoneman.

Cross Country

An uninspired effort by the senior members of the Athenian House ended our hopes of retaining the Cross-country Trophy for the third year running. The team was finally placed fourth. Individual placings were as follows:

2nd	O'Leary.
10th	Mersh.
18th	Dawson.
22nd	J. Wilson.
26th	Crittenden.
28th	Page.

Football

Senior

This year the soccer house matches were run on a knockout basis, resulting in only two matches being played instead of the usual three. Having defeated the Romans in the first match, we went on to meet the Trojans in the final. In a closely fought battle, the Athenian team was eventually defeated, missing, no doubt the thrust of Mackay on the left wing, as he was unfortunately unable to play.

v. Romans won 2-0

v. Trojans lost 3-1

Placed 2nd.

Junior

The junior team had the same degree of success as the senior, winning their way to the final, in which they lost.

v. Romans won 2-1

v. Trojans lost 2-4

Placed 2nd.

Hockey

Senior

The senior girls did well at hockey this year, and were unlucky to be placed only second on goal average.

v. Spartans drew 0-0

v. Trojans won 1-0

v. Romans won 1-0

Placed 2nd.

Junior

The junior team failed to obtain success in any of their games and were consequently placed fourth.

v. Trojans lost 0-4

v. Spartans lost 0-5

v. Romans lost 0-4

Netball

Senior

The seniors did well to win two of their three matches, and were finally placed first on goal average.

- v. Spartans lost 8-12
 - v. Trojans won 17-2
 - v. Romans won 14-5
- Placed 1st.

Junior

- v. Romans lost 0-14
 - v. Trojans lost 1-10
 - v. Spartans lost 5-12
- Placed 4th.

Junior Speech Trophy

Congratulations to Janet Rogers and Rosemary Hasker, both of whom won their way into the final of this competition. Both delivered exceptionally good speeches, especially Rosemary, who was placed second.

Senior Speech Trophy

The only speaker representing the Athenian House in the final of the senior competition was Jean Baatjes. In spite of producing a highly commendable effort, she was, unfortunately, unplaced.

This year has been one of varied success in all the fields of house competition. I feel, however, that with a little more effort from many persons in the House, our number of successes would be considerably higher.

It is interesting to note that almost half of the school chess teams consist of members of the Athenian House (R. Matthews, G. Mersh, G. Stratton, P. Kendal, Q. Kille)—a pity the inter-house chess tournament has not been restored!

G. J. MERSH

ROMAN HOUSE

House Staff: Miss Cracknell, Mr. Hislop, Dr. Taylor, Mr. Iles, Mr. Kurt.

House Captains: P. Phipps, Ann Buckingham.

Senior Games Captains: K. Wilson, Mary Smeed.

Junior Games Captains: P. Worthy, Marilyn Tye.

Roman Prefects: Mary Smeed, D. Baxter, J. Kerr.

Cross Country

This year we managed to field a full team of eight without undue pressure. Despite adverse wind conditions we managed to secure second place with some good individual placings:

Spooner—5th, Hooper—6th, Palmer—11th, Sweeting—13th, A. Wilson—15th, Fisk—20th, Hewitt—21st, K. Wilson—29th.

Junior Speech Trophy Competition

With fairly difficult subjects to contend with, the following six Romans were entered: Beattie, M. Bromley, C. Thatcher, S. Hannafin, Nolan, and Randall who gave an admirable speech in the preliminaries and succeeded in reaching the final.

Boys' House Matches

Owing to a comparatively short Spring Term the soccer matches this year took the form of an experimental knockout competition. The senior team, without

the support of Hooper, played their first match against the Athenians; in a fairly even game we were unfortunately defeated by two goals to nil. The second match against the other losing team in the first round, the Spartans, was very exciting and resulted in a 4-4 draw, Peake and A. Wilson scoring two goals each. We tied for third place with the Spartans (goal averages cannot be used to decide ties in a knockout competition).

The junior team were placed third in their competition. The first match against the Athenians resulted in a 2-1 defeat for the Romans while the second match against the Spartans resulted in a 7-1 victory for us.

Girls' House Matches

The senior teams this year were only satisfactory while the junior teams were supreme, winning both the junior hockey and netball competitions.

In the senior netball matches the Romans were placed third, being narrowly defeated by the Spartans on goal average; the results were:

- v. Trojans won 12-8
- v. Spartans won 8-5
- v. Athenians lost 14-5

The senior hockey team were also placed third, the results being:

- v. Trojans won 2-0
- v. Spartans lost 1-0
- v. Athenians lost 1-0

The junior netball team won the competition with three clear wins.

- v. Trojans won 7-2
- v. Spartans won 9-3
- v. Athenians won 14-0

The junior hockey team also had three clear wins:

- v. Trojans won 2-1
- v. Spartans won 1-0
- v. Athenians won 4-0

Senior Speech Trophy Competition

This year we, understandably, had difficulty in getting together a team but we finally entered five people, of whom Ann Buckingham, John Kerr and Peter Phipps reached the final. Both John Kerr and Ann Buckingham were placed in the first three in the final, the former gaining first place and the latter third; congratulations to them both on their superb performances.

Diverging a little from the trends of former house captains I do not intend to grumble at the unavailing pleas for support, as I put the lack of response down to modesty, but would like to thank those pupils and members of staff who have given up their free time to better the name of the Romans. I only hope that this support will be encouraged by the desire to succeed.

P. G. PHIPPS

SPARTAN HOUSE

House Staff: Mrs. Shavreen, Mr. Herrera, Mr. Johnson, Dr. Muir, Mr. Adderson.

House Captains: J. Wade, S. Pepper.

Games Captains: S. Reeves, B. Howe.

Junior House Captain: R. McGhie.

Junior Games Captains: P. Stimpson, A. Goodall.

We have had a fairly successful year so far, although the results of the boys'

games have not been spectacular; we must hope for greater effort in the Summer Term. The four competitors who were among the first ten in the cross-country, must be congratulated on their magnificent effort, which gained our house second place in this event.

Unfortunately we had only four entrants in the speech competition this year, but we would like to offer our congratulations to all these for their fine attempt and the courage, which the rest of the house lacked, to speak to a large audience. Pepper and Briggs, because of their excellent speeches, both reached the finals. We wish them the best of luck in the finals.

In the junior speech competition two Spartans reached the final, Rita Osborne and Ann White. Ann White gained third place with a very confident speech.

The results of the girls' house matches were very good. Both the senior and junior hockey teams won two of their games and drew one; the seniors were placed first on goal average, and the juniors gained second place. The netball results were equally good; both the senior and junior teams were placed second, having won two and lost one of their games.

Unfortunately the results of the inter-house football matches were not up to the usual standard. The senior boys, in a knockout competition, played two games of which one was lost and one drawn. They were finally placed equal third. The juniors lost both of their games and were naturally placed fourth. We are sure that an increased endeavour on their part would not be amiss.

As Sports Day approaches we hope that all Spartans will make an effort to contribute to the house score, if not by actual participation, by working hard to obtain as many grades as possible.

S. PEPPER
J. WADE

TROJAN HOUSE

House Staff: Mrs. Davies, Mr. Barker, Mr. Curtis, Mr. Grant, Mr. Jacob, Mr. W. Johnson.

House Captains: Louise Fox, J. Tobin.

Senior Games Captains: Beryl Kitching, B. Worrall.

Junior Games Captains: B. Duffin, J. Coombe, C. Thurbon.

House Prefects: H. Moore, J. Manchester, L. Fox, B. Kitching, P. Stevens, G. Bellamy, J. McNeill, K. Rose.

Once again this year the Trojan House has managed to assert its superior ability in many directions, but this success has been partially marred by our efforts in a few spheres suffering complete defeat.

Although we were only represented by three boys in the preliminary round of the Phoenicians' Speech Trophy Competition, their efforts did not pass unrewarded, as both Fiddes and Carr reached the final, the former finally being placed second. In the junior competition, Carol Dyke, Fenn and Palmer qualified for the finals, Carol's excellent performance resulting in her being placed first.

The enthusiasm shown by the house for the school cross-country race was most commendable, and the ensuing success highly deserved. Greatly helped by Durrans, who finished first, and McNeill, third, the Trojan House was deemed the overall winner of the race. Let us hope that this fine performance will be repeated next year.

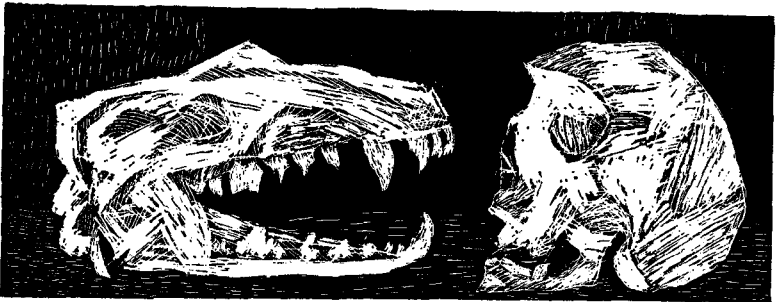
The boys' games results were extremely encouraging, as both the senior and

junior football teams gained first position. However, despite the quite unexpected enthusiasm shown by the senior girls, both the netball and hockey teams were placed fourth! Although a better effort is called for next year, it would be unfortunate if the welcome willingness to compete has been dampened by failure. The junior girls managed rather better performances as the hockey team tied for second place, and the netball team was placed third.

The Trojan House has still the chance to repeat last year's excellent performance on Sports Day, and there is still time for dividends to be reaped by entering into the inter-house academic competition with renewed vigour. Perhaps with a little extra effort in these spheres, the Trojan House could again be judged the overall superior house for the year.

LOUISE FOX

"FINGERS AND CLAWS"



K. Wakeman, 4D

Plato having defined man to be a two-legged animal without feathers, Diogenes plucked a cock and brought it into the Academy and said, "This is Plato's man." On which account this addition was made to the definition—"With broad flat nails".

Diogenes Laertius

The following pages contain an assortment of thoughts, in prose and poetry, upon the relationship between men and animals. The majority of these articles show the enquiring finger of man extended towards the animal kingdom, in sympathy for the fate of tigers, in uneasy admiration at the superciliousness of the cat, in revulsion at the sinister and, we are told, ubiquitous spider. However, man

is not always the inquisitor, as is shown by a piece of dialogue which allows a dog to shake a dominating claw over his mistress. Fact supplied by the Science Sixth is placed beside the more imaginative contributions of the lower forms, and the total effect may enable the reader to gain a new insight into the relationship of people and animals.

“TO BE—OR NOT TO BE”

Early in his history man discovered that the structure and physiology (the way in which an organism carries out its life processes) of animals and plants can be changed by selecting and breeding for certain characteristics. For example, he has found that he can breed sheep especially for their wool—the merino sheep has an abundance of wool which cannot be seen anywhere in the rare wild forms of sheep. This deliberate breeding of species is known as artificial selection.

Domesticated animals are supplied with all their needs and many characteristics necessary for survival in the wild have been lost from them, whilst other characteristics, encouraged by man, accumulate. These latter characteristics may or may not have normally been in nature, but under man's influence they become developed or accentuated and the species loses much of its “wild” identity and becomes domesticated. For instance in nature, factors other than the reproductive capacity of an animal are important for the species to survive. Of major importance is adequate food supply. Wild animals need to have methods of obtaining their food, whereas domestic species are given all their needs and do not have to catch their own food or even know how to do so.

What would happen if domestic species were set at liberty and left to fend for themselves? There are two possible answers to this problem: either the species would find the difficulties in a new environment too great for them to overcome and they would become extinct, or they would revert to the form of their wild originals. For example, for many years tropical birds—canaries, budgies and parrots—have been kept in captivity in relatively cold lands. Here they are fed on an adequate diet and protected from their enemies, and therefore they learn to be unafraid of man, who cares for them, and of other animals which are also kept by man. When one of these birds escapes it finds itself in a cold climate; it has little or no foods at hand and fails to know its enemies; it is therefore killed by cold, hunger, or a predator.

This helplessness of domestic forms has been caused by man and, paradoxically, the maintenance of domestic species as such rests in the hands of man.

Domestication may therefore serve to preserve species which, in the wild state, have become extremely restricted in numbers and location, or even extinct.

An example of this conservation of species can be seen in the domestic horse (*Equus caballus*). Under the influence of man it has evolved into numerous breeds, ranging from the Shire Carthorse to the Shetland Pony or Racehorse in this country alone, whilst wild horses have become extinct in all parts of the world except for Chinese Turkestan and Western Mongolia, where small herds of the only true wild horse, Przewalski's horse (*Equus przewalski*), may be found.

Thus in an effort to improve his lot at the expense of nature, man has unwittingly preserved forms otherwise doomed to extinction.

JANICE KNIGHT, L. VI. Sc.

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Jennifer Taylor, U VI.

THE TIGER HEAD

The soft, dawn light shone through the window on to the old tiger head that had been hung on the study wall ever since some great uncle had triumphantly brought it back from India.

It had been different then, it had glared fiercely with its teeth bared, but now its fur was faded and moth-eaten, its teeth had gone green and the fierce glass eye-balls had been cracked and chipped.

Once it had stalked the plains of India, looking for its prey. It had been a king there; all the animals had been afraid of it there, even the simple natives of the nearby villages. It had killed one of them and a white man, one whom the natives bowed to, had come and, unsuccessfully at first, tried to trap the tiger. He had tried to shoot it, he had tried to net it and then he had dug a pit and the tiger had fallen down it. It had been left in the pit for two days and then the white man had come and shot it.

Then there had been a triumphal procession with the white man holding its head above him so the natives could see. After that it had been stuffed and

mounted and taken back to the house where it had been proudly hung on the wall and had been gazed at admiringly. Now, though, nobody took any notice of it.

J. PARKER, III. A.

There he hangs upon the wall,
Once the mightiest of them all,
Through the forest he would roam,
Once the place that he called home.

The other animals kept well clear
For nothing did this tiger fear;
One day he was slaughtered
In a pit he did fall,
To be brought back and stuffed
And hung on a wall.

D. NORTON, III. A.

THE TALE OF A RAT

I entered the cellar.
What's that? In the corner,
Staring at me with small red eyes,
Was a rat, his long tail curled around him,
Just like a contented cat.
I gripped the handle of my shovel tighter.
He moved swiftly behind the sacks.
I kicked the sacks.
He ran,
And the grey flash scuttled to the other side.
What an insult!
Fancy coming to my cellar,
The dirtiest of vermin there is.
Get out of here!
The flying shovel,
Which missed him by inches,
Sent him scampering again,
In quick jerking movements,
Looking for a good hiding place.
Suddenly he stopped.
I followed his gaze.
It was on the open cellar door.
He ran,
I grabbed my shovel,
Now he was nearly at the door,
I threw,
He seemed to falter,
But he escaped.
I picked up my shovel and saw—his tail!
All that was left,
As I entered my room,
Was a trail of blood leading out of the open window.

G. SWEATMAN, IV. B.

EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL LIFE

Does life exist on other planets? It is very probable that it does. The life-forms on Earth have evolved from increasingly less complicated forms which, traced far back, originated from chemical compounds. These chemical compounds were combinations of elements which were part of the matter from which the Earth was formed. Spectroscopic analysis of light from other planets and stars indicates that the same elements are present throughout the Universe, though not necessarily in the same proportions in any two places. As Terran life-forms originated from some of these elements on one planet (Earth) it is quite conceivable that life could have originated from this same range of elements on other planets. It should not be inferred from this that the life-forms would resemble those found on Earth; indeed, the differing environmental conditions would probably give rise to life-forms quite alien to those of Earth.

Recently, a group of leading American astronomers worked for two years on the probability of life on other planets. They concluded that there must be at least one hundred million inhabited planets in existence. Their second conclusion was that the inhabitant life-forms of many of these worlds would be far superior to us in every way—converting this latter sentence to the present tense (as will be the case if the calculations are correct) impresses the full gravity of the situation.

Yet many people scoff at the mere mention of the irrationally ridiculed and mawkishly misnamed "Flying Saucers" as being extra-terrestrial spacecraft controlled by alien intelligences. But life probably does exist beyond Earth, and if it is intelligent the inhabitants may be undertaking ventures similar to ours, that is the construction of spacecraft to visit other planets. Perhaps their disbelief could be rationalized as follows: first, the desire not to appear foolish, as the public hears mostly about "Flying Saucer" hoaxes; second, a possibly partly subconscious belief that Man is unique; third, an inherent suspicion of anything fundamentally new. However, unidentified flying objects (U.F.O.'s, "Flying Saucers") are not fundamentally new, for ". . . strange bell-like objects moving across the sky . . ." have been seen for centuries only the discouragingly bad communications, sparsity of scientific knowledge and thought, and a censoring religious superstition prevented progressive discussion. As for the hoaxes, even if all the alleged sightings of U.F.O.'s by the public (in which body most of the perpetrators of hoaxes are numbered) were discounted, there would still be a mass of irrefutable evidence supporting the existence of "Flying Saucers". In citing this I refer to the many thousands (literally) of sightings by experienced (and often formerly sceptical) aircraft pilots and crews, many of them in national air forces. Ten years ago the Pentagon imposed a secret rule that all sightings of U.F.O.'s by United States servicemen were on no account to be released to the Press unless they were known definitely to be hoaxes, but were to be immediately reported to the Pentagon. At this time many countries (e.g. Sweden, Canada, Egypt, Brazil) were officially investigating U.F.O.'s while the United States, probably the largest sole sighter of U.F.O.'s in the Free World, preferred secrecy and discredited all alleged "Flying Saucers" as, for example, meteors, stars and planets, clouds, temperature-inversions, ice crystals, aircraft, flights of geese and weather balloons! The Pentagon might, at this time, have been asked why it was continually scrambling squadrons of its most powerful jets and in one case even

fired a "Nike" missile at . . . a mere hallucination, or was it a weather balloon?
(*The Flying Saucer Conspiracy*, Major Donald E. Keyhoe).

George Adamski's famous alleged conducted tour in a "Flying Saucer" is now generally regarded with suspicion by serious students of U.F.O.'s. However, materially substantiated contacts with extra-terrestrials have a chilling common denominator; the beings are described as short but with an extremely tough and somewhat hairy outer skin and a prodigious strength in relation to their size. If this outer skin were not a protective garment, a zoologist might compare the toughness and strength with the tough exskeleton and internal muscle-attachment of a Terran arthropod. In simpler terms it means that our extra-terrestrial superiors may be—insects.

I. HAYNES, L. VI. Sc.

HIPPOPOTAMUS

I went to the Zoological Gardens
On a warm, summer afternoon, and I approached
The mudpond to watch the hippopotami.
In the unfamiliar scent of the mudpond
I advanced to the thin wire fence and stood,
Stood and stared, at one of the huge figures before me.
He rested on the muddy slab, sunbathing
And lazing in the glorious warmth.
His skin seemed to be tinged with a rose-coloured blush,
But too covered with mud to wear any other appearance
Than that of a dirty brown.
He raised his head from the surface
And looked at me slyly, with his small, small eyes
And flapped his insignificant tail
And twitched his open nostrils.
Something inside me seemed to say,
He is dangerous and he doesn't belong here
But in Africa, where he is perfectly harmless,
When unprovoked.
And a small, quiet voice repeated to me,
Take a stone and hurt him now, for he is dangerous.
I could give no obvious explanation for my feelings,
For I knew that I liked him,
But as I stood watching him, a hot, burning twinge
Sent shivers through my spine,
And I was afraid.
What of, I didn't know,
Possibly the sly and secluded habits of the animal,
I was a coward.
And I turned around,
Ashamed.

LINDA MORRIS, III. B.

ARE PEOPLE FAIR TO ANIMALS?

- BONGO Give me that bone!
- JENNY I beg your pardon?
- BONGO Give me that bone!
- JENNY I notice you do not say please.
- BONGO No need to.
- JENNY Why not?
- BONGO Because you should give me things without my having to say please or thank you. Now give me that bone! Give it to me!
- JENNY Ow!! Don't bite. Now you cannot have it. Do you really think that you can get things by biting?
- BONGO Of course. Especially from human beings. They are so dumb. They must have heads full of sawdust. Now give me that bone! Will I have to bite you again? Yes it looks as though I shall.
- JENNY Ow!! Ooh! That hurt. Don't think that I am going to give way. I am keeping this bone for the dog down the road, so don't think you can get it, because I have already made up my mind, so go out into the garden. You can have something to eat this evening.
- BONGO Something to eat this evening? Something to eat? Don't make me laugh. All I get is scraps and your horrible left-overs.
- JENNY Now don't say things like that; I do my best for you. I would do anything for you.
- BONGO You would?
- JENNY Of course I would.
- BONGO Sure?
- JENNY Mm.
- BONGO *Well give me that bone then! Give it to me. GIVE IT TO ME!!*
- JENNY No I will not! It is not for you.
- BONGO I thought you said you would do anything for me.
- JENNY I know I did. Well?
- BONGO Well give me that bone!!
- JENNY I just don't see why you are carrying on like this.
- BONGO Well, isn't it obvious?
- JENNY No.
- BONGO Oh dear, I always said human beings were dumb. Look, a gorgeous juicy bone means a lot to me just as your dinners do to you.
- JENNY But what I eat at dinner doesn't mean an awful lot to me.
- BONGO Well I'm afraid then, that you were made that way. Just a little bit soft in the head I would say. Now come on, give me that bone.
- JENNY No!
- BONGO Yes!
- JENNY No!
- BONGO All right then. I am going.
- JENNY Where?
- BONGO Out, and you have got to take me.
- JENNY Huh, you'll be lucky.
- BONGO Then I will have the bone instead.
- JENNY No you will not!

BONGO Well make up your mind. Either you take me out for a walk, or I have that bone. Now which is it to be?

JENNY Neither.

BONGO You're asking for it.

JENNY Ouch!! Don't do that please.

BONGO Why not?

JENNY Well, it's not right for a dog who cannot get his own way to go around biting people.

BONGO You just make me angry, that is all. Now please. Come to your senses and give me that bone.

JENNY Oh well. It is better than going out to take you for a walk.

BONGO Gee thanks. You're swell.

JENNY I wasn't just a minute ago.

(Five minutes later)

BONGO Oh, that was a lovely bone.

MOTHER Jenny! Jenny!

JENNY Yes Mum?

MOTHER Take Bongo out for a walk will you? He hasn't had much exercise lately.

JENNY Oh no!!

BONGO Never mind Jenny. You know now that I will always win, so why bother to argue?

JENNY I would argue my head off just so that you could not have your own way. Just remember; you will not ALWAYS get your own way. I'll see to that.

BONGO What will you do.

JENNY Well, . . . I'll I—I—I'll, um, I'll . . .

BONGO Yes, I'm sure you will; now hurry up I want my walk.

Are animals fair to people?

SHEILA HART, II. A.

RESCUED IN TIME

Timmy was the small son of Mr. and Mrs. Hart. He was six years old and was very happy because he was on his way to the sea-side for a week. He proudly stepped into the train with his parents. He was wearing his brand new suit and he felt very grown up.

The family seated themselves in one of the compartments and settled down by taking their coats off and getting the daily newspaper out. Timmy reached forward into his mother's shopping bag and brought out a small, cardboard box with holes all over it. Timmy clutched it tightly. Its contents were very precious to him. Timmy opened the lid and peeped into the box—he smiled. "Oh, look Mummy, he's asleep!" he said, "Can I hold him?" His mother nodded, so Timmy put his hand into the box and brought out a tiny, pink object. Timmy held it up in the air. He was proud of it. His parents had given it to him a few days before because he had always longed for one. His parents smiled and then the train started with a jolt. Then they were on their way. People waved out of their windows and a few cheers could be heard. Lots of people were heading for the coast—it was such a lovely summer.

Timmy leaned back in his chair and popped a toffee into his mouth. "I'd give a bit to you," he whispered earnestly to the mouse, "But it isn't good for you

'cause Mummy told me!"

Not long afterwards, they were miles away from home. The train was packed with holiday-makers and each carriage was filled with the happy laughs and jokes that were being told. Here and there were business men and haughty ladies, but the joy from everyone else, drowned their solemnity. Timmy's mouse was nibbling at a piece of cheese in the bottom of his seaside bucket and Timmy was trying to copy it by nibbling his apple.

Suddenly the train jolted and all the people in the train jerked forward. Shopping baskets fell over and the happy talking temporarily changed to low muttering and the occasional, "Oh dear", and "Ooooh!" But the train carried on the same as before and everyone continued what they were doing—except Timmy. "Mummy!—Mummy!" he cried, "My mouse has run away!" The train had caused Timmy's bucket to knock over and the mouse had scampered off. "Now don't worry, dear; it can't have got far," comforted Timmy's Mum. "Now, don't cry, son; be a brave boy," echoed his father, "Let's go and look for him."

They got up and started the search while the mother stayed with the baskets. They asked the passengers in the next compartment if it had got in there but they shook their heads.

In the next compartment was a posh old lady, sitting all prim and proper, with specs balanced on her nose, reading a book on Florence Nightingale. "Er, excuse me!" piped up the boy. "Have you seen my mouse?" The old lady lifted her head and peered at him through her spectacles. She stared and then without any expression on her face, she muttered, "Certainly not!" Timmy looked sad. He and his father tried many more people without success. But he wanted to be brave. "Well, Tim, it looks as though he's run away for good," said his father. "Come on, son. I'll buy you another mouse." But Timmy didn't want another one, he wanted his own back. It wouldn't be the same otherwise.

Suddenly there came a terrific scream from a compartment farther down. "What's that?" said the father in a startled voice. Timmy's eyes lit up and he ran into the compartment where he had heard the scream. Then it came again, "Aahhg!" and what a scream it was—all caused by the posh old lady whom they had already questioned about the mouse. An apologetic-looking man of about forty was already in there, trying to help out. He was holding the poor animal in the air by its tail. The lady was horrified. She looked most revolting as she knelt on the seat holding up her long, dowdy dress. "Get that thing away from me!" she screamed; "Help! Police! Take it away!" The man hesitated and then he strode to the open window. He pushed his hand out and said, "Don't worry, madam, I'll drop it out."

"No, don't!" squealed Timmy, "Give him to me!"

He ran up to the man; with tears in his eyes, he tugged at his arm and cried, "He's mine. I want him, please!" The man looked down at Timmy and then glanced at the struggling mouse. He drew his hand in from the window and handed the mouse to Timmy. "Thank you," he smiled and then he ran off to his mother. His father was still standing at the door.

"Thanks," he said to the man gratefully, and then to the lady who was just recovering. "I don't know what I would have done otherwise." The man smiled awkwardly, "Oh! It was nothing," he muttered. "It was just—rescued in time, as you might say."

LINDA McDONALD, III. A.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY

This country road is just the place,
To take a snap or photograph,
Do turn around and show your face,
And please do try to smile or laugh.

That quaint old farm behind you
Just gives that final touch,
But hark! I think I hear a moo;
It's the haunting voice I hate so much.

I turn around and oh dear me,
The owner of the voice is here;
Come on, it's nearly here, let's flee.
Oh dear I'm scared and full of fear.

The cow is coming for us now,
And oh I've fallen by the field;
On turning round I see the cow,
Alas! my wicked fate is sealed!

The cow comes lumbering up to me,
I'm shaking now from head to toe,
It starts to chew the cud I see,
I think I'll go—I'll go.

LINDA MAYHEW, II. B.

FOX

On walking from the grey thatched farmhouse,
I heard the hens, disturbed from their usual quiet
Drowsing, within the inner shadows of the hut.
Aroused by the crispness of the morning,
I unlatched the door,
And stood aghast; before me lay the signs
Of a slaughter.

Feathers wavered in the air, and below the
Five remaining hens clucked and scuttled, and
Hopped around, in a truly agitated fashion.
They flung themselves at the new-born daylight,
And ate their breakfast with unusual greed.

A broom and pail, kept on a hook outside
The hut, served useful instruments.
As I began cleaning away the stains of battle,
I laid my eyes upon a shadowy ball,
Rolled into a far corner.
On closer looking I saw the ball to be a tiny fox cub.
It panted softly as I picked it up,
And my heart warmed towards the bedraggled,
Half dead creature.

My first thought was to bed and feed it.
But my hens! Who'd had my hens?
The parents of the wretched thing, it was certain!

The warmth of my hands stirred the beast,
And again my first thought came to mind.
On this I ran towards the house; on entering
The kitchen I removed my boots,
Sticky with blood and feathers.
I laid the cub upon the hearth and within
Five seconds had placed upon the stove
Some milk.
I watched it squirming.
Was I doing the right thing?
One day it would do as its parents,
And may even become a culprit, who'd
Kill more of my hens.
But meanwhile he was soft, and starved,
And parentless.

MARILYN YOUNG, III. B.

The tiger finished cleaning himself and looked around. A fine mist was beginning to form itself in the jungle. It was growing darker. He had left it late. He must get back to his cave before the darkness came and the flashes and roarings came and then the wet. He didn't know what it was but he knew it was bad to be out in. He had seen animals drowned in puddles bigger than themselves, he had seen the terrible destruction caused by the flashes and he was frightened of the roarings. He ran; he would make it, just before it started. He got back to his cave in time, and sat looking out on the dismal scene.

The rain lashed down with the flashes and roarings at irregular intervals. He knew it would not last long; it came every evening, and then he could go and hunt for food for his cubs. He looked around. He saw his cubs huddled up in one corner and ambled over to them. They looked cold and miserable. Ever since their mother, his mate, had disappeared when she went on a hunting trip, they had had no-one to keep them warm as he had to do twice as much hunting now. Suddenly, as suddenly as the storm had begun, it stopped.

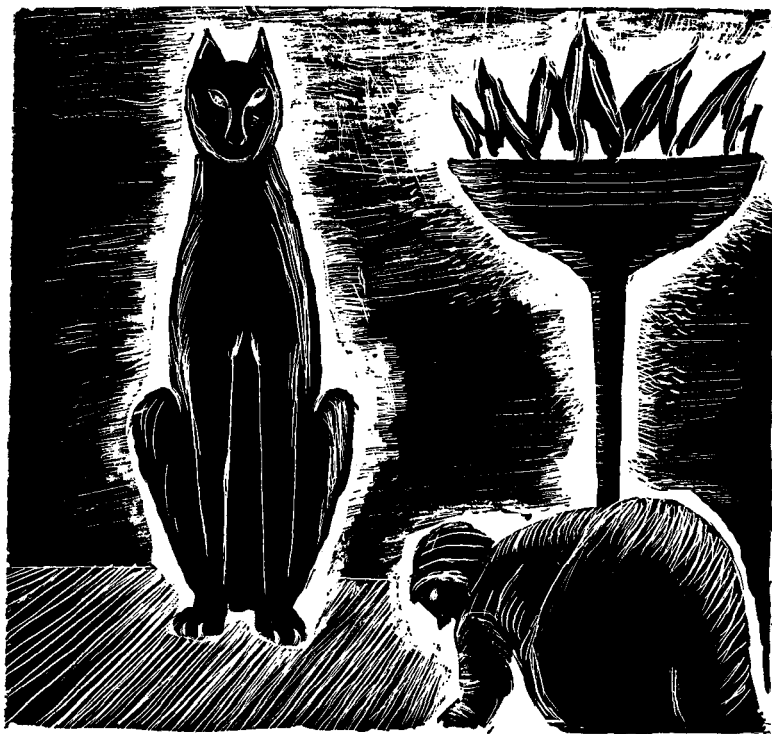
The jungle was silent. He ambled to the front of the cave and looked out. All was clear. The cubs would be safe until he came back. He leaped into the jungle in search of food. But he could find nothing. He moved farther afield. This was strange land but he had to get food for the cubs. And then, suddenly, the jungle stopped. In front of him were great expanses of land, but, more important, a herd of strange animals. He had to kill one. He launched himself at one but suddenly crack! he felt a sharp pain in his chest and fell to the ground, dead.

"Good shot, Jules," cried out a man, "That's one more who won't kill any more game."

"No" replied Jules, "that's two we've got this week, him and that tigress."

But they were not to know they were exposing three tiger cubs to the terrors of the jungle, were they?

S. HORNE, III. A.



Joan Newport, 4 B.

CAT

Oh, lazy, indolent creature,
How long you have traded on our generosity
And your royal blood?
Worshipped by Egyptians, your kind has
Come through the ages to rely at last
On despised man's support.
Spoiled and idolised as you are
Your sport has become merely to watch your natural prey;
Even they can mock you from their lofty perch,
Safe, they know, from tooth and claw.
Your faults, however, could never detract
 From your splendour.
And although now pernicious, you will
Change in a moment to a Prince Charming.

JOAN NEWPORT, IV. B.

MY CAT

Cunning and gay in his feline way,
Each night he prowls on the tiles,
He walks up and down with many a meow,
And he really must cover miles.
Some mornings he comes home tired and wet
And curls up on the mat.
He only wakes to eat his meals.
For he's such a lazy cat.
At night he's ready once again
And slinks out through the gate
His green eyes flash and then he's gone—
And he won't be home till late.

LILIAN LAURENCE, II. B.

HUMAN AND INSECT SOCIETIES

On investigation of an insect society, such as that of the ant, it is inevitable that some conclusion be reached as to the relative efficiency of the societies of social insects to that of man.

The fundamental difference between the society of man and that of the ant is that the latter is dependent upon instinctive behaviour which is pre-determined by hereditary characteristics so that it is beneficial to the colony, whereas in the former the emphasis is more upon the individual and non-instinctive, "learned" behaviour according to a personal interpretation of a situation.

In both the societies mentioned there are distinct divisions of the population according to occupations: in the ant society the division is into castes, the number of different castes and the number of each caste in a colony being dependent on the species. The most common caste in ant colonies is the worker, which is usually a female which has lost all powers of reproduction. These worker ants are wingless and carry out all the work in the colony except the laying of eggs and mating; the workers may have specialised organs for feeding, constructing, defending, and attacking.

The other two castes are the sexually mature males and females and both have wings since emergence from the pupa. The male is merely the expedient of genetical variation; the female, however, after mating, may return to her original nest or, more usually, found a new nest some distance from the other one. She will then break off her wings and spend her life laying eggs.

In human society, two divisions may be made at two different levels; the division of society into classes, and the division of a family into individuals, both generally, but not necessarily, according to occupation. Other divisions could be made according to geographical boundaries, politics, religion, and science.

The capturing of worker ants of one species by those of another species in order that the former should tend the grubs of the latter may seem analogous to the past enslaving of negroes; however, in most species of ant which carry this out, it is necessary for the survival of the species. Again, the ant uses its weapons for defending or aiding its colony and never against its own species except in the exceptional case when an ant is dead or unable to recover from some wound, in which case a live ant of the same species will first kill it by biting off its head and

then return it to the nest as potential food; this is nothing compared with man's nuclear and thermonuclear bombs in connection with which the terms megaton and "overkill" are quite freely used.

Despite these points and many more like them there is one great advantage in human society and that is the adaptability of man to new environmental influences; it is this adaptability which allows the rapid rate of progress of mankind, but it is the same adaptability which allows for rebellion against the laws of society, rebellion which is not found in any insect society due to the lack of adaptability and consequent slow evolutionary development.

Yet there are few, if any, who have truly looked at our society and found it satisfactory; what then of the way of improving universal co-operation? Is this really beyond us?

R. CHAMBERLIN, L. VI. Sc.

SPIDER IN THE BATH

It was, Saturday, bathday,
Horrors to a proper boy,
Baths are all right as long as the soap's at bay.
After my wash I spotted a black spot on my shoulder,
I got the soap to wash it off,
But to my surprise it was on the soap holder.
It was a big black hairy spider,
And boys being like merciless animals,
And not any kinder,
I picked it up with tweezers from the first aid box,
And plucked its hairs from its skin.
Till it looked quite thin.
I put it in a little match-box,
And filled it with water,
And shut the top.

S. BANE, II. B.

It was a hot Summer's day, and I lay down on the grass in my garden. I was reading an interesting book and the sun made me drowsier and drowsier. I stayed awake as long as I could but it was difficult, very difficult. I must have fallen asleep for I don't remember anything until . . . I awoke with a start, I could feel something creeping on my leg. I lifted my head up to see what it was, I saw nothing, only a long piece of grass brushing against my leg as it blew to and fro in the breeze. I lay my head down again. I couldn't sleep, so I began to read my book.

"Shivers went up my spine," I read, "the monster came closer."

I felt uneasy as I read this last line. I was only glad that it was not night-time. Suddenly, I felt something on my arm. I dismissed it as another piece of grass. But even when I moved I could still feel it. I lifted my arm up. It was a spider. How I hated those things. I shook it off. It must have been at least an inch across. I got my book ready to squash it with, but it was no good. A silly thing like that

and I, thousands of times bigger than it, just couldn't kill it.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," I thought, "at not being able to kill a tiny spider."

I knelt down a few yards away making sure I kept it within my sights all the time. I watched it closely. I couldn't kill it. It wasn't hurting me anyway. I saw it creep along the ground towards a tree. Just then, my brother walked out of the shed in the garden.

"Oh, a spider," he said and stepped on it. The sight of the squashed spider made me feel sick. I never shall know why he killed it.

JOYCE BROWN, III. B.

HAUNTED

Spider crouching in the bath
Or crawling up the garden path;
Spider in the watering can,
Spider in the frying pan,
Spider in the old deck chair,
Spider in the rag doll's hair;
Black ones, brown ones, ginger too,
Spider in the pot of glue;
Spider in the litter bin,
Spider in an empty tin;
Spider in the lumber room,
Spider crawling through the gloom.
Everywhere I look, I see
A spider waiting there for me.

JEAN DEWEY, II. B.

THE BLACK SPIDER

The spider crept up the pillow of my bed,
I could see its hairy body, black against the pillow.
It had long legs, with nasty spikes on them.

I sat up and towered over the midget.
Kill it, I thought, kill it.
But no. I sat and looked at it.

It started to move, in an ungracious manner,
Looking at me with every step;
Kill it, I told myself again.
I took up a book, but dropped it.

I picked up the haunted pillow,
And threw it out of the open window
With the spider still hanging on it.
Gone was the wierd ghost, for ever.

J. PARKER, IV. B.

DEAD AS A DODO

In this modern world, man and his works are expanding to cover larger and larger areas of the three-tenths of the world's surface that is dry land. As he advances into a new environment so the organisms living there retreat; the animals are able to move away from the advancing roads, railways and towns, the plants, unable to move, are burnt, cut down and trodden down by the feet of advancing civilization. As the animals move away to the "peace" of the countryside, they eventually reach barriers all around them; they then slowly die out as their habitat is infringed more and more by man. If they are lucky, a few may survive in reserves and zoos.

Wherever man goes, the animal population decreases; when white men "opened up the West" they slaughtered millions of buffalo, until today there are only a few thousand left from the vast hordes that once roamed throughout North America.

There are, today, many animals in immediate danger of extinction, the final irrevocable climax of millions of years of evolution and change. The classic example of extinction, (only just outside human memory) is the Dodo, a large flightless bird which lived on the secluded island of Mauritius in the Indian Ocean. Just under one hundred years after the discovery of the island the few thousand Dodos there were extinct. The Great Auk, another large flightless bird, was exterminated by the combined forces of man and his pets. The settlers shot the adult birds, and the dogs devoured the eggs and the young chicks who were unable to defend themselves.

The Quagga was a small zebra-like animal that lived in two or three large herds in the uplands of South Africa. When the settlers came and drove inland in their wagons, they shot countless numbers of quaggas for their very palatable meat. Because of this slaughter the quaggas became extinct; they are known today only as pictures and skeletons.

There are many species of animals alive today that could literally be dead tomorrow. Amongst this set of unfortunate animals is the giant Panda, a large bear-like animal which lives in the very restricted bamboo forests of Central Asia. This very beautiful animal is now the mascot of the World Wild Life Association. There is the blue whale (the largest animal ever to live on this planet), the white Malayan rhinoceros, and the very beautiful New Zealand bird, the Notornis. All these animals and hundreds of others, from elephants to cave dwelling lung fish, are protected by the law and a large force of dedicated game wardens in game reserves from Africa to the icy wastes of the North Pole.

Many species of animals became extinct without the aid of man, through their inability to compete successfully with other animals. Man is the only force which will be able to prevent this happening to other animals in the future. Man must destroy, but he can also save the animals and plants, by the formation of more, bigger, and better game and nature reserves throughout the world. By the application of proper conservatory measures man may be able to prevent any more animal species becoming "as dead as the Dodo".

R. PLOUGH, L. VI. Sc.

This section was edited by G. Edwards and P. Fiddes.

**SPORTS SECTION
FOOTBALL 1963-1964
FIRST ELEVEN**

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals for	Goals against
21	5	5	11	36	65

Appearances: Page, Tobin, 21; Glover, O'Leary, 20; K. Wilson, Worrall, 19; Hale, 16; Matthews, J. Wilson, 15; Hooper, Laver, 11; Howe, O'Brien, Wierzbinski, 8; Szuszman, 5; Ralph, 4; B. Powell, A. Wilson, 3; Churchill, 2; Pepper, 1.

Goalscorers: Glover, 7; Matthews, 5; O'Leary, 4; Laver, O'Brien, Wierzbinski, K. Wilson, 3; Hooper, Szuszman, Worrall, 2; A. Wilson, 1; 1 o.g.

Colours

Re-awards: Hooper, Tobin, Worrall.

New Awards: Hale, Glover, Page, O'Leary, J. Wilson, K. Wilson.

Half-colours: Bellamy, Howe, Laver, B. Powell, Squirrell, A. Wilson.

A poor season was anticipated for the 1st XI prior to the beginning of the season. The team was young and inexperienced, containing only three of the previous season's team, but our first eight games produced only one defeat and horizons began to brighten. Our best of these games was against Spring Grove at home: the School won 2-0, but the highlight of the game was the success of our "re-treating" defence. After a weak team lost heavily to Southall, another lost 4-5 to Ealing away. This was our best game of the season; the lead was interchanged several times and attractive, fluid football was played throughout the game. Our next match was against Preston Manor at home; we continued playing good football and were two goals ahead within fifteen minutes. Then K. Wilson was injured and the team was reduced to ten men; the team collapsed utterly and we lost 2-4—this proved to be the turning point of the season, we rarely produced good football again and failed to win another match.

During the ensuing games the team was "carried" along by about half a dozen players. Unlike previous years we had no permanent team, this being due to lack of calibre players and the lack of interest throughout the School.

Goalkeeper A. Page started the season competently, and finished an excellent, confident goalkeeper with the ability to produce a brilliant save at the vital moment; his distribution was also excellent. The regular full-backs were D. Hale and J. Wilson, two very strong players who show immediate potential; the first named needs more confidence on the field whilst the latter is an intelligent footballer, who was regarded as vice-captain. Hooper, a regular wing-half in the latter part of the season, is a purely defensive player and lacks the ideas or ability to be a constructive footballer. K. Wilson, the other wing-half, always performed a quiet, efficient job, but he also needs more confidence on the field.

C. Laver on the right wing was not really of 1st XI standard; he has ability which he rarely used; usually he was slow and would not challenge opposing players for the ball. Our two inside forwards played consistently well. M. Glover was the most tenacious member of the team, playing a strong defensive and constructive game throughout the season. T. O'Leary, the other inside forward, had one fault in not challenging opposing players for the ball. However, his distribution was excellent, indeed many of his passes were not anticipated by the other forwards—he should mature to an excellent footballer.

At centre-forward and left wing we had no regular players. This did nothing

to help the functioning of the forward line and in fact severely reduced its capabilities. Matthews was the best centre-forward, but he left us halfway through the season and no comparable successor was found. The position of left wing has for some seasons been a cause for concern and this season was no exception. Wierzbinski was the most successful player tried in this position, but unfortunately, for one reason or another he was not a regular member of the team.

In conclusion, I would say that this season has been unsatisfactory, not because of the results, but owing to the apathy and laziness of some of the footballers in the School. On many weeks it was difficult to field two teams, and indeed next season could prove to be critical in the School's football. Obviously, when the School can field two strong teams, competition to gain a place in them will be strong and through the national Press prestige will be added to the School; however, before this happens more support is needed from the School as a whole.

J. WILSON

SECOND ELEVEN

Unfortunately the 2nd XI football team experienced rather a poor season. Although the first quarter of the season was quite promising, with regular attendance by most of the players, the initial enthusiasm seemed to fade after a few lost games. Added to this was the promotion to the first eleven of a number of players with the result that we could not field the same team from week to week. By Christmas the team consisted predominantly of Fourth Formers. I must also mention here a lack of support from certain members of the Sixth Form, who although capable players, refused to make appearances.

I would like to mention however several players who attended regularly and formed the backbone of the team. These were Bellamy, a very able goalkeeper, Peake, Wilson, Powell, Hamer and Sweeting.

There seems to be every chance that next year the 2nd XI will be a stronger side due to the experience gained this year by the Fourth Formers.

B. HOWE (*Capt.*), VI. U.

JUNIOR ELEVEN

The junior team had an average season, with the following record:

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals for	Goals against
16	9	0	7	54	40

Appearances

Cato 16, Dawson 16, Hepple 16, Lousley 16, Probyn 16, Thurbon 16, Asbury 15, Nash 15, Worthy 15, McConnell 11, Poland 8, Hughes 7, Bennett 4, Brimblecombe 2, Foster 2, Wardle 1.

Goalscorers

Thurbon 13, Probyn 9, Cato 8, Nash 8, Poland 6, Brimblecombe 3, Hughes 3, Worthy 1, Lousley 1, 2 own goals—54.

Special congratulations to Poland, Probyn and Bennett for playing while only in the Second Form and to McConnell while only a First Former.

The players would like to thank Mr. Thompson, Mr. Barker and Mr. Wright for refereeing our home games, the girls for catering services rendered, and other members of staff for supporting us on certain occasions.

C. THURBON

FIRST YEAR ELEVEN

The First Form team did not do very well this season, winning only one game, by a margin of 9 goals. This game was against Preston Manor at home. Our top scorer was McGreal who scored over 10 goals during the season. The scorers of our only win were McGreal 3, Howes 3, Shilling, Morris, Doherty. The outstanding players were McGreal, Shilling, Doherty, Howes, Saltern and Schulz. The best attendance was by McGreal, who played in every match and scored in every match except three. Our only draw of the season was against Southall, 4-4. After losing 3-1 we found ourselves winning 4-3 and at the final whistle the result was a draw.

Full list of results:

	F	A		F	A
Walpole (away)	4	12	Walpole (home)	P	P
Acton (home)	2	3	Acton (away)	1	3
Preston Manor (away)	P	P	Preston Manor (home)	9	0
Spring Grove (home)	1	3	Spring Grove (away)	P	P
Southall (away)	1	6	Southall (home)	4	4
Elliot's Green (away)	1	7	Hobain (away friendly)	3	0

How we finished	Games played	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	Pts.
	8	1	1	6	23	38	3

Although we did not do well this season, we hope to do better next.

M. SCHULZ (Capt.)

NETBALL 1963-1964

FIRST VII

Last season was the most successful ever for the first team. We suffered no defeats and drew only one match, against Acton. Our hardest match was against Lady Eleanor Holles School, which we narrowly beat, twenty goals to nineteen, and our most enjoyable match was against our old rivals Southall whom we beat, thirty-three goals to eight.

We entered a Senior Netball Rally at the beginning of the season but as we only managed to gain fourth place in our section we did not go through to the final.

I should like to congratulate all first team members on their excellent record and as most of them will be leaving this year I should like to wish the new first team every success in the coming season.

MARY SMEED (Capt.)

SECOND VII

The second team had a very successful season, winning six out of seven matches. This was an extremely good performance as the team was composed entirely of Fourth and Fifth Formers and opposing teams were often older. The team also played three matches as a Fifth Form team and won them all.

M.S.

FOURTH YEAR VII

This was not a very successful season for the Fourth Year team, mainly because their matches were very few and far between and they did not get much practice together. However, I am sure they will do much better next season.

THIRD YEAR VII

We had a good season and reached the finals of the netball rally. We had some good support and the team was enthusiastic.

BRENDA DUFFIN (*Capt.*)

SECOND YEAR VII

We played eleven matches, under fairly cold and uninviting weather. We won six matches and lost five, altogether scoring ninety-three goals with seventy-seven scored against us.

On the whole, considering the bad weather, it was quite a good season for us, and definitely better than our last season (1st Year VII, 1963).

ANNE BAGLEY (*Capt.*)

FIRST YEAR VII

The First Form team had a very successful year, playing six matches and winning four of them.

The players varied little and five of them were in the team all the season.

There was some very good play from Linda Wheeler who played wing attack and Elizabeth Cowell who played defence. These players did some very good attacking and defending and their good, high jumps put many opposing players off.

On the whole all the players played extremely well and took great interest in the game.

JANET LIVESEY (*Capt.*)

Summary of Results:

Team	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals for	Goals against
1st VII	7	6	1	0	151	83
2nd VII	7	6	0	1	134	87
4th yr. VII	5	0	1	4	17	43
3rd yr. VII	8	3	1	4	60	67
2nd yr. VII	11	6	0	5	93	77
1st yr. VII	6	4	0	2	41	31

Colours

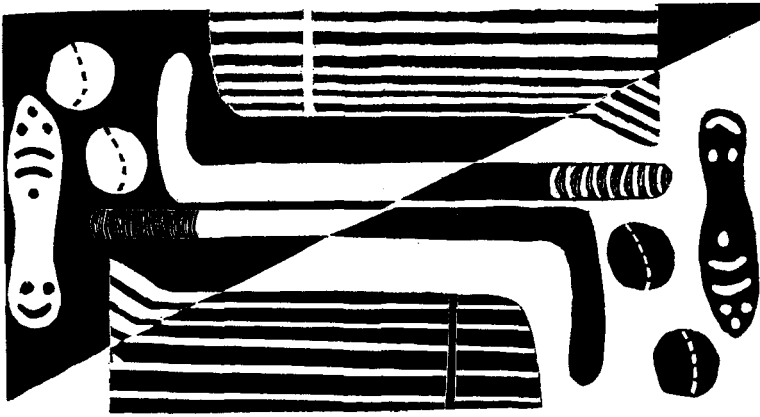
Re-awards: Susan Beldham, Sandra Goodchild, Mary Smeed.

New Awards: Ann Beldham, Beryl Kitching, Valerie Stoneman, Jennifer Taylor.

On behalf of all the teams I should like to thank Miss Cleary for the help and encouragement she has given us, and also the girls who turned up each Saturday morning to prepare our refreshments.

M.S.

HOCKEY 1963-1964



Lesley Dyer, IV. B

The hockey this year has shown a definite improvement on the previous, rather precarious season, and despite the bad weather, we were able to participate in a far greater number of matches than last year. Some welcome fixtures were arranged for several junior teams for the first time, helping to promote much more enthusiasm among the younger girls.

Five girls, Ann Beldham, Susan Beldham, Louise Fox, Gillian Bromley and Glynnis Hullah attended the preliminaries of the County Trials, the last two being chosen to go through to the finals, at which Glynnis was picked as a team reserve.

Although throughout the season a great deal of enthusiasm was apparent on Saturday mornings, the rather poor attendance at practices during the Autumn Term undoubtedly impeded our early progress. This was made evident by a much higher standard being reached towards the end of the season, when the senior team tied for second place in the inter-schools rally, and the junior team was placed third in its section.

Assuming that the teams can begin next season with as much vigour as they finished the last one, I am sure that this augurs extremely well for the future of school hockey.

On behalf of the teams I should like to thank Miss Cleary for her invaluable help and support throughout the season.

Results

Team	Played	Won	Lost	Drew
1st	9	3	5	1
2nd	8	1	6	1
3rd yr.	4	3	1	0
4th yr.	1	0	0	1
5th yr.	1	1	0	0
Under 15	1	0	1	0

Colours

Re-awards: C. Bromley, S. Beldham.

Full Colours: S. Goodchild, L. Fox, G. Hullah, A. Beldham.

Half Colours: J. Spink, S. Llewelyn, H. Vaux.

LOUISE FOX (*Capt.*)

FENCING CLUB

The fencing teams, and particularly the senior team, have had a rather unhappy year.

The senior team played nine matches of which they won one, lost seven and drew one.

The beginners' team had three matches and unfortunately lost them all.

The junior team did better and won three of the seven matches and lost the other four.

Fencing has now more or less finished until next term. The championships are still to be decided but they should be over before Whitsun. As last year, there will be three championships: one for seniors, one for juniors and one for beginners. The senior and junior champions both receive cups and it is hoped that the beginners' champion will also have a cup this year.

A new fencing colour was awarded to John McNeill this year and re-awards to J. Kerr and K. Rose.

It is hoped that a large number of the present Second Form will join the club in September and that present members will continue next year with as much enthusiasm as has been shown recently.

I should like to thank Jacqueline Coombes for her able work as Secretary this year, and Mary Smeed for being Treasurer and chief tea-maker.

K. ROSE (*Club Capt.*)

FENCING CHAMPIONSHIPS

Senior

Winner—K. Rose.

Runner-up—J. Kerr.

Junior

Winner—A. Squirrel.

Runner-up—J. Parker.

Beginner

Winner—S. Gitter.

Runner-up—A. Wheeler.

Postscript to Report

It is very probable that next year the Fencing Club will have electric foil equipment. This has been made possible by a generous offer from the Parents' Association and we hope this will attract more members to the club and help present members to raise their standards of fencing.

K. ROSE

THE PHOENICIANS ASSOCIATION NETBALL 1963-1964

1963/1964 was a season of mixed fortune due to lack of members in this section, and roughly speaking we lost as many matches as we won. We managed

to beat our feared rivals 'Brentford Supporters Netball Club' at the Ealing Rally and won a cup. We are hoping that we might retain this cup again this season.

I am glad to hear that the girls at school are becoming interested in netball again. Things go in cycles—and for the last couple of years, hockey has been the main interest at school. Some of the girls in the 5th and 6th have played for the Phoenicians already, and intend to join the Association. We are very pleased to welcome them, and any other players interested—please contact me. As a result of these new members, things look very good for the next netball season.

TENNIS 1964

Last year a few Phoenicians decided that they would like to play tennis and we started to play at the school on Thursday evenings. Unfortunately, just as we were getting a good attendance, the School holidays were upon us and at that time we were not affiliated to the Youth Office and were not eligible to use the school premises during the recess. This year, however, we have joined and can have an uninterrupted season of tennis.

Any person wishing to join the tennis section, please come along on Thursday evenings at the school; you are most welcome. It is hoped that if we have enough support we shall be able to arrange some matches with other clubs.

Miss Pat Hill,
141, Windmill Lane,
Greenford, Middx.

BADMINTON 1963-1964

One of the lesser known activities of the Phoenicians is badminton.

This small but flourishing section was started some ten years ago by a few Phoenicians who desired a form of recreation other than cricket and football, then already well established.

Its beginning is of interest for it outlines one of the functions of the mysterious 'Phoenicians Association'. Interested members having discussed the matter amongst themselves formed a committee and made application to the Headmaster for the use of the school hall, and a request was placed before the Association to finance its creation. After due consideration, both requests were granted and as a matter of interest this facility was so successful that the loan from the Association was repaid at the end of the first season.

Other members, and especially our embryo Phoenicians in the sixth form, may well have pastimes which they may wish to introduce as a Phoenician activity and the Association will be only too willing to give any assistance within their powers. Any reasonable proposition would be encouraged.

We older Phoenicians are often criticised for our apparent lack of interest in the school leavers, but you will see that the machinery is there to assist any group who may wish to venture into a new sphere.

We are, I think, regarded at the moment as a sports club, but any type of non sporting activity would be keenly encouraged, and I hope you will contact us if you have any ideas. This can be arranged quite easily through Dr. Evans or Mr. Cherry, who take a strong interest in our affairs.

The badminton section meets each Thursday evening at the school and has

the use of the splendid facilities available in the new gymnasium.

The next season starts in mid September and we shall be glad to see any new members who may care to come along. The standard is very mixed; whether you are a top class player or a 'rabbit' an entertaining evening is assured.

Whilst we do not play in a league, friendly matches are arranged with other clubs, adding to the enjoyment, the cost being nominal and well within the pocket of a school leaver.

How about it you fifth and sixth formers just leaving school? Give us a try and I am sure that you will find we have something to offer to our mutual benefit.

Stan Gale, Hon. Secretary—Phoenicians Badminton Section.

PHOENICIANS FOOTBALL CLUB

Founded in 1936 the Phoenicians Football Club did not begin to attract attention until after it was reformed in 1947 since when it has been the backbone of the Phoenicians Association.

Nevertheless, despite providing the seeds from which other sporting activities of the Association have grown, the football club itself has not made the progress that the founder members envisaged.

True the organisation has increased in size, providing games for an ever increasing number of members but it is disappointing to record that the excellent progress in quality of performance made from 1947-54 was not maintained during the following decade.

The season recently concluded has however given firm indication that the period of stagnation in a moderate class of football is coming to an end and that the Club appears to be entering a period of great prosperity and success.

The first eleven, under captain Colin Kemp, has had a most successful season and a team which has included youth and experience in equal proportions has put Phoenicians football well and truly on the map. Only a wretched piece of luck prevented their reaching the semi-finals of the London Old Boys' Senior Cup and if only a more consistent start had been made to the league programme we would have given our friends from St. Clement Danes a great fight for divisional championship honours. Our victory over the Old Danes near the end of the season was probably the finest performance given by a Phoenicians side for many years.

Despite the success achieved with Colin Kemp as captain, the committee, after consulting the players comprising our premier team, has asked Brian O'Brien, probably the outstanding footballer produced by Drayton Manor School in recent years, to assume the duties of Club Captain. There is, of course, no reflection on Colin who has worked and performed diligently over the past twelve months. He has earned the respect of all members and we are pleased that he has agreed to act as Brian's deputy for the new season.

Owing to the resignation of several members for business and other reasons the Phoenicians will have only two league sides during 1964/65. This is regrettable but in no way a death blow to the Club's ambitions. To organise reserves capable of providing the first eleven with first class replacements the committee have appointed John Hollowday as captain and Martin Crawley as his deputy, again a combination of experience and youth.

The aim of the new Club Committee is to promote football of the highest



quality for this itself will ensure success.

School leavers interested in joining one of the Phoenicians' Sports Clubs should write to the Honorary Secretary of the Club.

Trevor Lloyd, 36, Cowper Rd., W.7.

SPORTS DAY, 1964

Everyone except Mr. Wright, who was in league with the Clerk of the Weather, seemed surprised when the rain stopped in time to allow the School Sports Meeting to take place as arranged on the evening of June 4th.

The best overall performance on the soaking track was by Susan Beldham, who won the Girls Senior Individual Trophy. Susan overcame the conditions to break her own record in the 220 yards by winning in 27.4 secs., and she equalled the eleven year old record of 12 secs. in the 100 yards

Previously her younger sister Ann had won the girls senior discus with a throw of 90 ft 7½ ins—a 50% improvement on the record set up by Susan last year.

The only other new record set up this year was also in the girls senior class, when Janet Spink threw the javelin 98 feet 9 inches.

The Senior Boys Individual Championship ended in a draw between J. Peculich, who won the shot, javelin and discus, and P. Phipps. Though only in his first year as a senior, Phipps won his three events, then led his team to victory in the final relay to make sure that the Romans won the House Championship, after a close struggle with last year's winners, the Trojans.

After the athletics the Headmaster introduced Mr. D. Taylor, the International runner and Acton youth leader, who presented the trophies and certificates. Mr. Taylor congratulated the winners, but said that those who did not win, or did not even reach the finals, should remember the Olympic motto: that the important thing was not to have won, but to have taken part.

RESULTS

(A: Athenians; R: Romans; S: Spartans; T: Trojans.)

220 yards—Boys, junior: 1, Vosper (T), 2; Ryan (T); 3, McConnell (R); 32 secs.

Boys, middle: 1, Wilson A. (R); 2, Asbury (A); 3, Franklin (S); 27.6 sec.

Boys, senior: 1, Phipps (R); 2, Buck (T); 3, Wilson (R); 25.8 sec. Girls,

middle: 1, Annette Taylor (S); 2, Glynis Hullah (S); 3, Jacqueline Coombe

(T); 28.8 sec. Girls, senior: 1, Susan Beldham (A); 2, Susan Reeves (S); 3,

Ann Beldham (A); 27.6 sec. (new record).

Half mile—Boys, junior: 1, Poland (S); Cooper (S); 3, Fletcher (T); 2 min. 38.6

sec. Boys, middle: 1, O'Leary (A); 2, Kendall (A); 3, Sweatman (T); 2 min.

22.8 sec. Boys, senior: 1, Durrans (T); 2, Spooner (R); 3, Palmer (R); 2 min.

16.4 sec.

Javelin—Girls, senior: 1, Janet Spink (A); 2, Judy Mair (R); 3, Sandra Good-

child (S); 98 ft. 9 in. (new record).

100 yards—Boys, junior: 1, Probyn (R); 2, Abrahams (A); 3, Williams (T);

12.8 sec. Boys, middle: 1, Asbury (A); 2, Ralph (T); 3, O'Leary (A); 12.4 sec.

Boys, senior: 1, Phipps (R); 2, Buck (T); 3, Mackay (A); 11.4 sec. Girls,

junior: 1, Stephanie Byford (T); 2, Sheila Thomas (R); Marilyn Young (R);

13.2 sec. Girls, middle: 1, Annette Taylor (S); 2, Jacqueline Coombe (T); 3,

Lorna Knight (S) and Ann Tilley (A); 12. 8 sec. Girls, senior: 1, Susan Beldham (A); 2, Susan Reeves (S); 3, Valerie Stoneman (A); 12 sec. (equals record)

Discus—Boys, senior: 1, Peculich (T); 2, Szuzsman (T); 3, Hooper (R); 120 ft. 8 in.

440 yards—Boys, junior: 1, Poland (S); 2, Abrahams (A); 3, Lassalle (R); 68.4 sec. Boys, middle: 1, Wilson A. (R); 2, Hepple (T); Franklin (S); 60.4 sec. Boys, senior: 1, Wilson K. (R); 2, Durrans (T); Palmer (R); 59.6 sec.

One Mile—Boys, senior—1, McNeil (T); Spooner 2, (R); 3, Troop (T); 5 min. 7.6 sec.

Putting the Shot—Boys, senior: 1, Peculich; (T) 2, Briggs (S); 3, Szuzsman (T); 40 ft. 6½ in.

Relay Race (4 x 110 yards)—Girls, junior: 1, Romans; 2, Trojans; 3, Athenians; 58.4 sec. Girls, middle: 1, Spartans; 2, Trojans; 3, Romans; 57.6 sec. Girls, senior: 1, Athenians; 2, Spartans; 3, Romans; 55.4 sec. Boys, junior: 1, Romans; 2, Athenians; 3, Spartans; 59 sec. Boys, middle: 1, Trojans; 2, Athenians; 3, Romans; 52 sec. Boys, senior: 1, Romans; 2, Athenians; 3, Trojans; 50.2 sec.

DECIDED PREVIOUSLY:

Javelin—Girls, middle: Glynis Hullah (S); Barbara Floyd (A); Margaret Warren (A); 66 ft. 6½ in.

Throwing Rounders Ball—Girls, junior—1, Denise Smallman (T); 2, Linda Spink (A); 3, Lilian Laurence (S); 161 ft. 9 in.

Long Jump—Boys, junior: 1, Poland (S); 2, Shilling (R); 3, Fletcher (T); 14 ft. 4 in. Boys, middle: 1, O'Leary (A); 2, Bedrossian (S); 3, Powell (T); 15ft 10 in. Boys, senior: 1, Bellamy (T); 2, Wilson (R); 3, Williams (A); 18ft 2 in. Girls, junior: 1, Sandra Higginbottom (R); 2, Marilyn Young (R); Rosalind Porter (A); 12 ft. 9 in. Girls, middle: 1, Lorna Knight (S); 2, Annette Taylor (S); 3, Jacqueline Coombe (T); 14 ft. 10½ in. Girls, senior: 1, Susan Reeves; (S) 2, Susan Beldham (A); 3, Susan Davies (T); 17 ft.

Putting the Shot—Boys, middle: 1, Ralph (T); 2, Donnelly (R); 3, Cole (S); 32 ft. 6 in.

Javelin—Boys, middle: 1, Powell (T); 2, Dawson (A); 3, Watkins (S); 118 ft. 8 in.

Discus—Boys, middle: 1, Bedrossian (S); 2, Ralph (T); 3, Donnelly (R); 100 ft. 7 in.

Javelin—Boys, senior: 1, Peculich (T); 2, Shilling (S); 3, Hooper (R); 136 ft 6 in.

High Jump—Boys, junior: 1, Cooper (S); 2, Mann (A); 3, Lazlett (R); 4 ft. 4 in. Boys, middle: 1, Bedrossian (S); 2, Cato (T); 3, Hewitt (R); 4 ft. 9 in. Boys, senior: 1, Phipps (R); 2, McKay (A); 3, Williams (A); 5 ft. 4 in. Girls, junior: 1, Marilyn Young (R); 2, Norma Warren (T); 3, Sandra Higginbottom (R); 3 ft. 11 in. Girls, middle: 1, Susan Oldershawe (R); 2, Brenda Duffin (T); 3, Lorna Knight (S); 4 ft. 1 in. Girls, senior: 1, Mary Smeed (R); 2, Pat Penny (S); 3, Linda Duffin (S); 4 ft. 1 in.

Discus—Girls, senior: 1, Ann Beldham; (A) 2, Jennifer Taylor (A); 3, Sandra Goodchild (S); 90 ft. 7½ in. (new record). Girls, middle: 1, Janet Ashworth (R) 2, Glynis Hullah (S); 3, Jacqueline Paines (S); 68 ft. 9½ in.

Cross Country—Teams: 1, Trojans; 2, Romans and Spartans. Individual: 1, Durrans (T); 2, O'Leary (A); 3, McNeill (T); 25 min. 25.6 sec

House Championship Points Record—1, Romans, 840; 2, Trojans, 804; 3, Spartans, 725½; 4, Athenians, 700½.

Individual Champions—Girls, junior: 1, Marilyn Young; 2, Sandra Higginbottom; 3, Denise Smallman. Girls, middle: 1, Glynis Hullah; 2, Annette Taylor; 3, Lorna Knight. Girls, senior: 1, Susan Beldham; 2, Susan Reeves; 3, Ann Beldham. Boys, junior: 1, Poland; 2, Cooper; 3, Probyn and Abrahams. Boys, middle: 1, O'Leary; 2, Bedrossian; 3, Ralph. Boys, senior: 1, Peculich; and Phipps; 2, Durrans.