



PHOENIX
1965

PHOENIX



DRAYTON MANOR GRAMMAR SCHOOL

JULY, 1965

SCHOOL PREFECTS 1964—1965

Head Girl: Jacqueline Stimpson

Virginia Barnes

Marilyn Blomfield

Christine Duchesne

Julie Earl

Janice Knight

Vivienne Loosley

Margaret Manchester

Susan Reeves

Valerie Stoneman

Janet Thomas

Head Boy: Brian Durrans

Stephen Buck

Christopher Carr

David Crittenden

Paul Fiddes

Ian Haynes

Warwick Hooper

Adrian Kemmenoe

Richard Mackay

Alan Powell

Neil Walker

PHOENIX 1965

Editor: Mr. Curtis

Business Manager: Dr. Muir

Assistant Business Manager: Miss Snow

EDITORIAL

"Where's the editorial?" was the surprised cry of some people who opened last year's "Phoenix"; did they really want to read it (I have been assured by a member of the Magazine Committee that nobody ever does), or did they just feel that a magazine should have an editorial, and that an editor who does not write one is not doing his job properly? (After all, what else does he have to do?)

This editorial is written not to please these readers, or those whose proud boast "I never read the editorial" sounds rather thin when there is no editorial for them to ignore, but primarily because I have some acknowledgements to make. The first is to Dr. Muir, who is resigning his position as Business Manager after seven years with "Phoenix". I am sure I am speaking for past editors when I thank him for his services. He has relieved us of all worries about the business side of the magazine, and ensured a steady flow of revenue from our advertisers which has enabled us to produce a better magazine than would have been possible without his work and their support.

My second "Thank you" is to Mr. Pepperill, whose advice and practical help as printing-time approached will be missed when he leaves, and my third is to the Magazine Committee. Most of the Committee have been sitting their "A" level examinations this term, so formal meetings have been replaced by hurried consultations in corridors between lessons, but I should like to thank them all for their help with the last three editions.

Most of the selection for this "Phoenix" has been done by Marilyn Heatley and Graham Edwards of the Lower Sixth, and they will form the nucleus of a new committee next year. They will be joined by Nicholas Palmer, who will be our official photographer, and we shall be glad to hear from anyone in next year's Fourth Form or above who is interested in joining us.

Finally, a word about this particular edition. We try to give each "Phoenix" a characteristic of its own, so we are following last year's "Fingers and Claws" section with something very different: a survey, prepared by G. Edwards from the earliest editions of "Phoenix", of some of the more interesting details of the first years of Drayton Manor's existence. Perhaps this is appropriate at a time when we expect soon to be facing radical changes in the School, due to the coming re-organisation of secondary education in Ealing.

It may help readers to know that "Phoenix" is compiled in sections in this order: first, school activities in general, followed by a selection of miscellaneous original writing, then the House Reports, a section on Open Day, our special survey, sport and finally all the lists, and a report from the Phoenixians.

STAFF CHANGES

Last summer we were sorry to lose Dr. Taylor, who left to become Deputy Headmaster at Willesden County Grammar School, and Mrs. Shavreen, now Senior English Mistress at Mitcham County Grammar School for Girls, in whose place we welcome Miss Snow to the English Department. Mrs. Jeffers also left a year ago, and last September Miss Bracken joined the staff to teach German and Spanish.

Mr. Walford Johnson left at Christmas, and has been succeeded by Mr. Crowe.

Since September we have had three temporary teachers of Chemistry: Mr. Attridge, Miss McDougall, and this term Mr. Martin.

At the end of this term Mrs. Bates will be leaving; Mr. Adderson is leaving to become Senior Biology Master at Nobel Grammar School, Stevenage; and Mr. Pepperill is joining the Staff of the Leicester College of Education.

Next term we shall welcome the following new members of staff: Miss Calow (French), Miss Woodall (Biology), Mr. Holbrook (Chemistry), and Mr. Westbrook (Art).

MUSIC NOTES

In one respect this is a sad season for the orchestra as we are losing a large number of players who have given outstanding service to the School. No fewer than eight are from one form, Mr. Barker's, the players being Christine Ashfield, Marilyn Blomfield, Peter Dawson, Christine Duchesne, Paul Fiddes, Janice Knight, Margaret Manchester and Patricia Penny. From the same year group we are also losing Christopher Carr. No orchestra could have members more loyal, always ready to give up their free time for extra rehearsals or to play in functions outside the School. I fear it will be some time before we see their like again as, in addition to their personal qualities, several are outstandingly good players. We have two further departures to note. Mr. Walford Johnson left us at Christmas but returned to play in the Concert in March, and Trevor Cox is leaving us this year. So we are now without any trombones. However, on the other side of the balance sheet we welcome Miss Bracken (Oboe) who arrived last September and is already filling a key post in the orchestra.

In the annual concert this year we essayed a little mild avant-garde music which was tolerably well received. A choir drawn largely from the junior school with some sixth form stiffening performed Harrison Birtwhistle's "Music for Sleep". The solo group was composed of Pamela Elson, Sonja Llewellyn, Helen Vaux and John Blackwell, the whole work being supported by piano, woodwind and an assortment of percussion. The concert reached a very satisfactory standard and included orchestral music, concertos and chamber music. The only other instrumental activity carried out this season was the provision, by a small group, of music, which was pre-recorded, for the school dramatic society's production of "Macbeth".

Possibilities for next season's performance include Beethoven's Piano Concerto in C Major, Weber's Clarinet Concertino and some chamber music, probably a String Quartet. Meanwhile the hunt for new music goes on.

A great treat was provided for the School on the last day of the Spring term by a group of players from the Royal College of Music who gave a fantastic performance of Stravinsky's "L'histoire du Soldat". This will long be remembered.

The orchestra was the recipient of an unexpected gift of £150 from the Parents' Association. This generosity, unmatched by public funds in my time here, enables us to buy a basoon and another double bass. As we get so little support from public funds, and our orchestra is an expensive group to run, this magnificent donation was exceptionally welcome. We must also thank Mrs. Cole for the gift of a trombone and Mrs. Last for a violin.

I am sure the orchestra will wish me to thank Dr. Muir, Mr. Curtis, Mr. Thompson and Miss Bracken for their unselfish support of our activities as well as for their artistic contribution.

W.H.

JAZZ CLUB

While attendance figures have suffered from the general unwillingness of most pupils to stay in school any longer than they have to, Jazz Club, unlike some other school activities, still flourishes and has survived yet another year. Indeed on those afternoons when live performances have been held attendance figures have soared, even reaching double figures! Early on in the school year the Manorhouse Five presented their particular brand of traditional jazz and we are very grateful to A. Wakeman, D. Thompson, R. Wakeman, R. Palmer and D. Salmon. A second and equally spirited performance was given by the band shortly after Christmas, and while Salmon was now absent Bryany Wallbank, P. Dawson and C. Carr were included in the band on this occasion. On another afternoon an assortment of blues and folk music was played by an assortment of Sixth Formers: R. Mackay, P. Dawson, J. Szmigin and C. Carr.

We have tried throughout the year to play records illustrating the many contrasting types of jazz and we are fortunate in having jazz lovers of these different varieties in the school who are prepared to lend us their records. Next year we hope that any secret hoarders of jazz records will come forward and so ensure the continued success of the Club. We would also like to see more younger pupils attending and trust that further budding musicians will make themselves known so that the innovations of live jazz can be continued.

Finally, we are most grateful to the passive way in which Mr. Herrera has put up with Jazz Club, allowing us access to the record player, piano and harmonium.

C. CARR, U. VI. A.

FILM SOCIETY

This year the school Film Society came under the supervision of the fifth year, i.e. M. Hewitt, E. Fisk, P. Kendall (treasurer), P. Roberts and myself.

We had a moderately successful year but were let down badly by one of the major film companies, and by our own projector. Attendances by the juniors were not encouraging at times.

We held an evening film show for the whole school. The films shown were "The League of Gentlemen" and "The Little Island". The evening was a success.

We must thank Mrs. Crewe for her invaluable assistance in selecting films and Mr. Grant and Miss Cracknell for all their help.

At the time of going to press we are hoping to show, for the benefit of the fifth year, the classic, "Henry V".

M. PAWLIK, 5C. (*Hon. Sec.*)

CHESS CLUB

The remnants of last year's Senior Team, Stratton, Sweeting and Kendall, were joined by promising new players, Kille, Morris and Wilson, who had gained valuable experience in the Junior Team. Special mention should go to Kille, a fourth-former, who now plays on Board 1 for the Seniors. The Senior Team started well, but faded slightly towards the end of the season. Results in the Thames Valley League were:

Played 10 Won 6 Drawn 0 Lost 4

As in the previous season, the team reached the second round of the Sunday Times Tournament only to be eliminated by a 4-2 defeat at Hayes County. The Seniors have had a reasonable season and I am sure they have the potential to win the League Championship next year.

In contrast, the Juniors had a disappointing season. The previous Junior Team had actually won the Junior League Championship, but because of their age, were all forced to retire this season to make way for a nucleus of a new Junior Team, Clarke, Carter and Morris. Results were:

Played 11 Won 0 Drawn 3 Lost 8

Finally, I should like to thank Mr. Behmber for his interest in the team, and also the girls who kindly prepared the teas for school matches.

G. STRATTON (*Chess Captain*).

THE MATHS CLUB

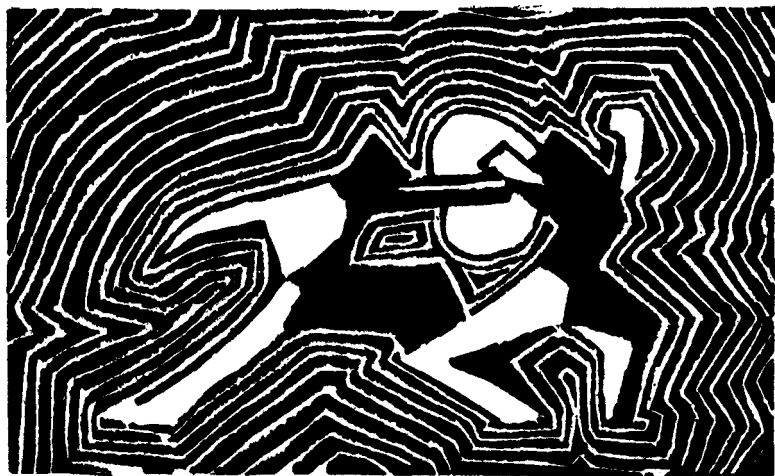
Monitors: G. Price, D. Pitteway, A. Phipps, J. Palmer, C. McNicholls, C. Wagstaff.

The Maths Club is open each day during dinner break. On Tuesday there is a Junior Maths Club which opens at twelve-thirty and closes at one. Every other day the club closes at one-thirty. In the club various desk calculating machines and slide rules from five inches to five feet are available. There is a teach-yourself filing system provided to teach you how to use them. Paper is provided for Geometric Patterns if you feel like drawing. Algebra dominoes are great fun and a good way to master those brackets, or to drive home that two minus signs make a plus. Any mathematical equipment available can be used such as the binary adder, or the punched card sorting system. The club is supervised by a member of staff and there is a rota of monitors who will help anyone who asks them. They have all passed their Senior Calculator Test.

A new addition to the Maths Room is an electric desk calculator which has been kindly loaned by a parent. A special ability of this calculator is that it can divide automatically.

The Maths Club is a useful and very interesting place to spend your lunch break.

C. WAGSTAFF, 1BB.



ANNUAL FENCING REPORT

The season 1964-65 has been fairly successful for the School Fencing Teams. With one match to come the results so far are:-

	<i>Played</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>
Seniors	5	1	4
Juniors	3	2	1
Beginners	1	1	0

The year got off to a promising start when thirty-two beginners attended the first meeting. As was to be expected, this number has dwindled; but the few who have persevered through Mr. Pepperill's weeks of rigorous training, which makes muscles feel stiff that you didn't even know you had, are very good indeed.

Only one full colour was awarded this year, to Alan Squirrell, the Team Captain, but half colours were awarded to Marek Pawlik, Phillip Roberts and Stephen Gitter.

Two Championships have been held, one for the Beginners, which was won by G. Glenn, and a Junior and Senior Championship combined, as lack of participants due to illness made the holding of separate Championships impossible. The Senior Championship was won by A. Squirrell. Our electrical equipment was used for the Senior Championships, and it was also demonstrated at the School Fete and on Open Day. We hope to get a metallic piste to use with this equipment, but the cost of this is a bit beyond us at present.

All the present members of the Senior Team will be available next year, so with added experience there is the prospect of better results.

P. ROBERTS (*Hon. Sec.*).

GEOGRAPHY FIELD WORK TRIP. EASTER 1965

Souvenirs; we brought no end of them back from Yorkshire. Unfortunately most of them were rock specimens for the Geology Department. Someone obtained a particularly good rock specimen from the caves at Ingleborough.

Memories; we have our share of those too; of the happy hours spent peeling potatoes, and others spent tramping about in the rain! Unfortunately we only enjoyed one wet day—but we really enjoyed that. Thirty-two dripping wet people arrived back at the Youth Hostel just in time to have dinner.

The purpose of the trip was to study Geography. I can honestly say that I have learnt a great deal. I now know that they keep sheep on the Yorkshire moors. I shall never forget the black faces and the long shaggy hair of those sheep (or were they boys from Drayton Manor?) Anyway whatever they were, they were definitely attracted to Mr. Wright!

I found that being out in the bracing air was very exhilarating. The wind really was bracing and whistled right round your ears. My nose, however, has still not been able to discriminate between the smell of Haynes' herbal mixture (which he smoked in his pipe) and the smell of burning gorse.

Perhaps Haynes was a little disappointed that he couldn't create quite so much smoke as the South Durham Iron and Steel Company, where we spent an afternoon. The tour of the plant, for which we all wore white helmets, was highly organised. We even received tea at the end of our guided tour. Both the tea and the tour were appreciated.

The whole trip was very enjoyable and I am sure that it was very beneficial to all of us (to some of us, beneficial in more ways than one). On behalf of everyone I should like to thank Mr. Hunter, Miss Cleary and Mr. Wright who made this trip possible and made it enjoyable.

Special thanks goes to Dilly, our coach driver. The best thing about Dilly was the way he drove down the one in three hills. We all fell for him in a really big way then.

GILL BROMLEY, L. VI. A.

THE CHRISTIAN EDUCATION MOVEMENT LONDON FESTIVAL

On Friday, 21st May, a group of pupils from both upper and lower forms of the school travelled to Westminster to take part in the twenty-first anniversary festival of the Christian Education Movement (formerly S.C.M.). The day began with an up-to date folk youth-service in the morning at the Central Hall, which students from London University organized with specially chosen prayers and readings appropriate to the modern age. During the lunch-hour many of the 1300 teenagers taking part, including some of us, visited Westminster Abbey.

In the afternoon there were many diverse activities arranged, including visits to Fleet Street, the B.B.C., London Churches, factories and hospitals, to say nothing of a film show for those who remained at the Central Hall. My own particular excursion was concerned with the valuable work of the Catholic Housing Aid Society. A hired coach, under the leadership of a very friendly Roman Catholic Priest, Father O'Casey, took some thirty-four of us to Notting

Hill, Clapham and Paddington to see the appalling conditions in which some people have to live through no fault of their own, even in this so-called affluent age. We were shown examples of how the C.H.A.S., which is only one of many such organizations, have been buying up houses and converting them into modern self-contained flats at low rents for the homeless and destitute, regardless of race or creed.

Our thanks and appreciation go to Mr. Jacob for so kindly arranging our most interesting and enlightening day.

G. R. EDWARDS, L. VI. A.

THE EASTER VISIT TO PARIS

Most of my Easter holidays, and that of about sixty other pupils, was spent abroad, in or near Paris, this year.

It was quite fine when we, ranging from second formers to sixth formers, left in two coaches at 8.55 a.m. on Friday, 2nd April, 1965, accompanied by Dr. Muir (the leader of the party), Miss Bracken, and Beryl Kitching, (an ex-pupil of Drayton Manor). When we reached Dover, the sun was shining brilliantly, the sea was calm, and with the sea air and the marvellous weather, everybody seemed to get "holiday fever". Especially excited were the members of the party who had never before been abroad; but the excitement of all culminated in our having to stop for nearly an hour just off Calais harbour because of dense fog! However, we finally arrived in Paris at the "Gare du Nord", nearly two hours late; but luckily there was a member of each French family to meet us all.

The first important experience for nearly all of us was going to "Lycée J.B. Corot"—the grammar school of our French correspondents. It is very much larger than our school (it has about 3,400 pupils compared with our 540) and the grounds are vast and picturesque. They are very attractive mainly because of the numerous long paths, the trees, the grass (which must NOT be walked on) and the castle with its moat. BUT, the teachers in that school, were, for the most part, very impersonal indeed and there was a definite barrier between pupil and teacher. I have therefore come to the conclusion that Drayton Manor is superior to the "Lycée J.B. Corot", for it is surely the atmosphere in a school that is most important.

When the French school term had ended, we had two and a half weeks in which to visit marvellous, romantic Paris. However, although it was Spring, we had very mixed weather—including snow and hail! Nevertheless, I believe that most of us saw a great number of the famous monuments and sights in Paris. These included the very attractive "Ile de la Cité"—the most prominent feature of which is most certainly Notre Dame—the Louvre, the Arc de Triomphe and l'Etoile, the Champs Elysées (the most beautiful and impressive road in Paris), the "Madeleine", and the "Place de la Concorde", the main feature of which is the obelisk, which was brought back from Luxor by Napoleon at the end of the eighteenth century. Of course, we all saw the Eiffel Tower, and I think most of us enjoyed the breathtaking panorama seen from it.

Other places we visited were the "Sacré-Coeur" at Montmartre and the village itself, (this is on the outskirts of Paris) and outside Paris, some of us visited Versailles, Fontainebleau, and Orly Airport, all of which impressed us greatly.

A few pupils were fortunate enough to visit the theatre while in Paris, and in this way widen their knowledge of French literature. Sandra Goodchild, for example, saw "Les Troyennes"—an adaption by Jean-Paul Sartre at the Théâtre National Populaire, and I myself enjoyed tremendously "Les Femmes Savantes" by Molière, which was playing at the "Comédie Française".

Others among us were extremely fortunate to be taken on holiday by their hosts. Barbara Floyd, for example, went skiing in the French Alps; Sandra Goodchild stayed over Easter near Caen in Normandy, and Raymond Palmer went hiking!

The return journey went off smoothly—except for the slight panic when, at the "Gare du Nord", we discovered that our train was due to leave three quarters of an hour earlier than we had been told, and only half of the group were present! Fortunately we were able to meet the others at Calais.

Our thanks and appreciation go to Dr. Muir, who so ably arranged this most enjoyable visit.

JEAN BAATJES, LVI. A.

A BIOLOGY FIELD COURSE

Slapton Ley Field Centre is in the small village of Slapton which is about six miles from Dartmouth in South Devon.

The Ley is a freshwater lake about two miles long, separated from the sea by a shingle bar. The course was on ecological fieldwork and nearly all the work was on animals and plants living in and around the Ley (Ecology is the study of animals and plants in relation to their environment). There were twenty two lower sixth pupils on the course, from all over England.

Every morning for about an hour we had a lecture by the assistant warden who was in charge of our course, before we went out into the field. The first day we spent collecting flowering plants and later identifying them in the laboratory. We spent the next three days collecting animals in the Ley, counting them, identifying them and working out the frequency of different species occurring in an area.

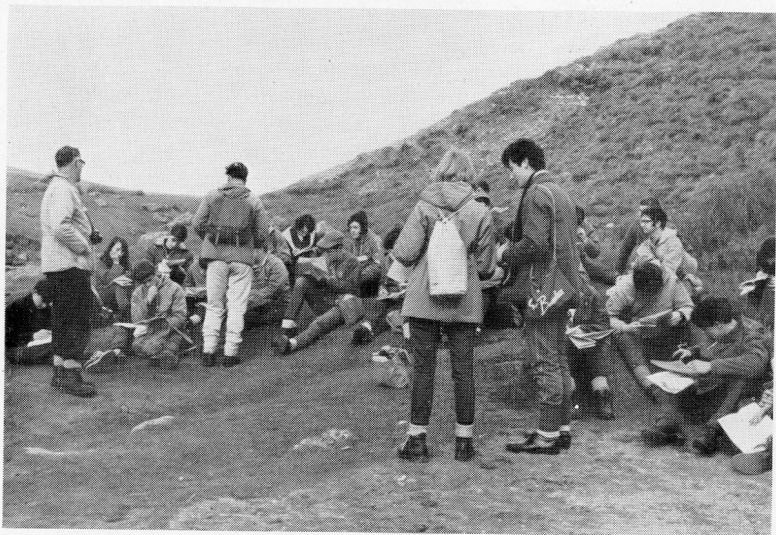
After this we went to the River Gara which is about nine miles long and supplies the Ley. Here we had to collect animals in four different areas—a waterfall, rapids, slow running water and a backflow, and compare them with those found in the Ley to see if they varied in different habitats within the area.

For the last day each group chose a project to work on. We chose submerged plants and we spent most of the day in a boat on the Ley collecting plants (and dreaming, so Mr. Adderson thought!) Later we identified and drew those that we had collected.

We had great fun fishing for animals and rowing on the Ley. The only disadvantage was that we managed to get our Wellingtons full of water more than once and we also lost a ruler and very nearly a dish in the rapids. During one of



The first form football team *Photograph by Nicholas Palmer*



The geography field-course party *Photograph by Miss Cleary*



“Macbeth” The murder of Banquo

Photograph by Nicholas Palmer

the tea breaks we went for a swim in the sea and the water was so cold that only two others decided to brave it.

The week was very enjoyable, and to anyone interested in Biology we recommend this course.

JANET SPINK, }
GLYNIS HULLAH, } L. VI. Sc.

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

The Association's major event of the year, the Spring Fair, has once again come and gone. Approximately £260 (final figure at A.G.M.) was raised, which was some £100 less than the previous Autumn Fair.

A decision has not yet been reached as to the distribution of this money, but a percentage of it will be lodged with the "Squash Court Fund" and the remainder will be used for other school amenities, yet to be decided.

The Committee would like to express their appreciation for the considerable amount of help given by parents and pupils running stalls, sideshows etc. and to all those parents who gave so generously when we appealed for bottles and fancy goods. We should also like to mention the two pupils who sold over 600 programmes each. This, you will agree, is quite a feat.

Once again the ladies of the Social Committee deserve a special vote of thanks for their sterling work providing refreshments for our social events and various school functions, including Open Day, Parents' meetings and the School Play and Concert. The proceeds of the last two events were donated to these two particular activities to help swell their funds.

The French Exchange is now an established annual event with some 50 pupils visiting France this year, and the French friends returning to this country during July.

The new Borough of Ealing is to implement the comprehensive system of education, and in order that parents' opinions can be heard, several Parents' Associations in the borough have joined together to form a committee known as "Joint Parents' Committee of Grammar Schools of Ealing". Two representatives from each of the schools in the membership meet at frequent intervals in order that up-to-date news of developments can be passed back to the individual committees. It has been agreed by the Borough Education Committee that this joint committee will be advised as soon as their "Working Committee" has reached a decision. When we have any precise information a meeting will be organised to put forward the proposals for your comments.

A Social and Dance held at the Park Hotel on Friday, 30th April, was attended by approximately 50 parents and friends. A very pleasant evening was enjoyed by all those present, and we are sure that events of this nature would be equally rewarding to those who could not attend this one. Many thanks to Mr. Warren and his assistant for a very well-planned programme.

H. T. GOSLING (*Chairman*)

"MACBETH"

It is usual when reviewing the performance of a play to write almost entirely about the actors, yet what one remembers about the Drama Society's production of "Macbeth" last November is not so much the acting of individuals, but the effectiveness of whole scenes, to whose success the lighting, sets, make-up, direction, and acting all contributed. The witch scenes, for example, which often strike modern audiences as funny, were played in a mysterious subdued lighting, that gave an air of tension to the witches' caperings and weird wailings; the phantoms seemed to appear from nowhere; the cauldron simmered ominously.

The banquet scene was particularly well staged: with the unearthly accusing stare of Banquo's ghost (Brian Durrans) fixed upon him, Macbeth, with a cry of "Avaunt and quit my sight" that conveyed both fear and desperate courage, rushed at the ghost, who seemed to melt from sight. This disappearance was cunningly repeated on the other side of the stage, so that its effect should not be lost on any of the audience.

Mr. Hunter's Macbeth was most convincing when stretched to the limit in these scenes of action. One almost felt the audience shudder when he tugged his sword from Young Siward's body in the final battle—an incident typical of the production's attention to detail: in the banquet scene the eager eating and conversation of the nobles contrasted with Macbeth's horrified silence when the ghost confronted him; the immobile sentries relaxed and became ordinary men when they came off duty; a milling and bewildered crowd gathered when Duncan's death was discovered (though here a rather un-Shakespearean cry of "What's up?" was audible from the front row). Perhaps naturalistic behaviour was carried a little too far in the cases of Banquo's back-slapping and the prodigious scratching of the villainous-looking murderers (Philip Evans and Trevor Cox).

One individual performance that must be mentioned is Lorna Knight's portrayal of Lady Macbeth. Her calm deliberation in the early scenes underlined Lady Macbeth's inhumanity; later, in the sleep-walking scene, each hushed syllable made an impact, and her subconscious terror and remorse were vividly conveyed in one searing burst.

Among the supporting characters Ian Haynes was convincing as Ross, particularly in the scene where he breaks the news of the death of Lady Macduff and her children to Macduff (Robin Plough); the latter also deserves praise for his handling of this difficult scene, and for the way he overcame the handicap of a rather soft voice by using a particularly venomous tone when seeking his revenge. Special mention must be made of the assistant director, Richard Mackay, who directed rehearsals for some weeks as well as playing the parts of Duncan and the Doctor; but it would be wrong to single out more individuals, for the keynote of this production was successful teamwork, and all seventy people involved deserve congratulations. If they got as much satisfaction from their work as the audience did, then they will agree that it was all worth-while.

D.C.

“MACBETH”—An Actor’s Point of View

The majority of readers of this article will have come into the school hall on the 2nd, 3rd or 4th of December, and have been entertained for about three hours, and that, as far as they are concerned, is the end of it. But to the actors, it is quite another story.

The first auditions were held almost at the end of the preceding summer term. The other, smaller parts were given out at the beginning of the autumn term. When everyone had his part, rehearsals began. At first these were rather boring affairs in the geography room, but as the scenery was constructed, the rehearsals moved to the stage, and became more interesting. Rehearsals in both places continued for another two months with books, then books were slowly discarded, some sooner than others.

On the 27th and 30th November and the 1st of December, there were dress rehearsals. On Friday the 27th, we all went into first lunch, in order to get started at a quarter to two. All this, however, was in vain, as some costumes were being hired, and after being sent by rail they were stuck at one of the Acton stations. After these had been collected, and we had changed, and about half of us had put make-up on, we eventually started at three o’clock. I myself left school that evening at half past seven.

On Monday, we all left school a good deal earlier, as all costumes were now at the school. Again for this rehearsal all concerned went into first lunch. On Tuesday, however, a very different dining arrangement was adopted. We had a very early lunch at 12.0.

On Tuesday we had our first audience, which was composed of local secondary-modern schools. The actors’ performances, although easily not our best, were reasonable, and the same can be said about the stage crew, but the audience was terrible. There is only one part of the play in which the audience is supposed to laugh: the Porter scene. The readers who have come to a performance will know what is humorous, and as I play the Porter, I was expecting to have laughter all the way through my speeches, but the only sound from the audience was an occasional cough. In scenes which should definitely not be laughed at, for example when Macbeth’s head is cut off, there was a large amount of giggling.

When we eventually reached the end of this “performance”, our acting was applauded by one very short curtain call, which was probably by the teachers only. As can be expected, after this we were all pretty depressed, and not looking forward to Wednesday’s performance, although there would be an adult audience.

Although the audience was much more appreciative on Wednesday, again we did not receive a great amount of applause, but both actors and stage-crew felt much more confident than before. On the following morning, I walked to school with someone who had attended the previous night’s performance. To my horror, he said that my name did not appear in the programme. I said, quite politely, that he could not read properly. He then said that mine was the first name he looked for. With rather less conviction, I repeated my retort that he could not read properly. After this the subject was dropped, and the conversation turned to the more mundane matter of French lessons.

On Thursday evening, I was in the empty hall, when I saw on one of the seats a dirty and folded programme left over from the previous night's performance. Remembering what my friend had said that morning, I grabbed it and sat down and studied it. To my surprise, my friend was right!

I rushed out of the hall, and went to the Physics Prep. Room, where I knew Mr. Grant, who was in charge of selling programmes, was. I told him of my complaint, and he suggested that I should see Mr. Jacob, who wrote the programme. He, although not claiming responsibility, suggested that I should ask someone to make an announcement.

I went back to Mr. Grant, who was also the house manager and made an announcement about refreshments, asking if he could include in his announcement an extra one, saying that "The part of the Porter was played by John Fenn". To my surprise he did. The audience on this night was much better than on the previous night, and consequently we gave a better performance. I hope that I helped to this end, by saying as I let Macduff and Lennox in through the gate, "Is anyone there?" As they have been knocking for the past five minutes, this is funny, and some people in the audience actually laughed. After this performance, we got four curtain calls.

The final performance on Friday was the best one of all. After our acting we got five curtain calls. After the performance the most noticeable thing about the actors and stage-crew was the feeling of depression, although this was not noticeable in the Art Room which we used for make-up. Several members of the cast who shall remain anonymous decorated the room with a roll of pink toilet paper (used for removing make-up), and its inhabitants with vanishing cream.

After I had changed and put my costume away, I walked through the music-room and on to the stage. All the scenery was lying around, never to be used again. The only light on the now deserted stage was provided by the working lights, which made everything look even more unattractive. I wandered through the hall, which was littered with sweet papers and empty cigarette packets, and looked back to the stage, where for the past 3½ months, I had been acting away, and now it was gone from my life for ever. "All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis! All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor! All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be King hereafter." (Act I Sc. III).

JOHN FENN, 3C.

STAGE CREW

A. Kemmenoe, I. Cole, N. Palmer, A. Beal, A. Phipps, K. Wakeman, N. Richardson.

The main task in the last year has been the staging of "Macbeth". As this involved several changes of scene there were many items such as rocks and archways to be constructed and several extra hands were needed to scene-shift during the play. The timing of changes was linked to the action of the play, giving no time for asking questions. Fortunately the crew were well able to cope with this and also developed a sixth sense for walls which were about to topple. The enthusiasm to complete the changes quickly certainly caused Macbeth some consternation when he started his second scene in the castle, only to find the castle had already disappeared into the wings. (This was at the dress rehearsal,

fortunately).

With help from the Parents' Association the Dramatic Society were able to purchase a backcloth and equipment for rolling it up to the ceiling. It was used for the first time in "Macbeth".

It is only fair to mention that the permanent crew do not stop work when the play ends: there are also dances and visiting drama groups to help and maintenance work to carry out on the equipment. They also staged an exhibition and demonstration during the recent Open Day.

A small excerpt from the Stage Manager's Script for Macbeth.

The action is taking place on the right of the stage while Dunsinane castle is whisked away on the left, then in the dark the next scene is set.

ACT V SCENE VI
Dunsinane. Before the castle.

As soldiers approach Change (67)
and Right Trailer Opens
(Cyc. 3. Pros 1 and 5, Bar 1, R Arch.)

(Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, old SIWARD,
MACDUFF, and their ARMY, with boughs).

Strike

R and S 16 and 21 (Parapet and Chair)
N1 and K18 (Wall)
H and Nk Arch 11
B push on 3 (Rostrum)

MALCOLM. Now near enough: your leafy screens
throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

SIWARD. Fare you well.

Do we but find the tyrant's power tonight,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

MACDUFF. Make all our trumpets speak; give them
all breath,

Change (68) to Blackout (Little Cyc.)

R and S set 1, N1 set 2, K set 5,

H set 6. (Various Rocks).

Change (69) when front safe

Trailers when back safe.

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

(Exeunt.)

(both Dips, Cyc Blue, Bar 1, 4, 5. F O H and Pros.)

SCENE VII
Another part of the field.

A career that provides challenge and security

*Why a talk with your local
Westminster Bank manager will change
your ideas about banking!*

DO YOU THINK of a bank as just a fortress in the High Street? Then prepare to change your views. A lively bank, like the Westminster, is very much more. It plays a key role in the life and work of your community. To be able to do it the Westminster needs men with intelligence and human sympathy. You could be one of these men.

In return

In return the Westminster will offer you a challenge *and* security. The challenge of real responsibility (one man in two becomes a branch manager). And the challenge of dealing with people—with their business and personal problems. The security of professional training. The security of a large and growing organisation. The security of insurance for dependants, non-contributory pensions and low-interest housing loans.

The rewards

The commencing salary for a Branch Manager is approx. £2,000 p.a. But that is not the ceiling by any means. Managers earn up to £5,000 p.a. in large branches. Executives and specialists can earn even more.

We are seeking men under 25 years of age, and whilst we have a preference for, and offer enhanced salaries to, the applicant with A-level qualifications or the National Diploma in Business Studies, there will still be excellent opportunities for the candidate with a good G.C.E. at Ordinary level.

Changing your ideas about banking? Then explore a little further. Ring your local Westminster Bank Manager and arrange an interview. Or write to the General Manager, Staff Department, Westminster Bank Ltd, 41 Lothbury, London, EC2.

"HOW TO BE A GOODY-GOODY"

School Dress

Cap peak parallel with the ground. Black shoes polished to such an extent that if a light of 70 candle-power is pointed towards the shoe at an angle of 85° the reflection is of 39.672 candle-power. White shirt in preference to grey; after test described above has been applied, reading should be 77.06231 candle-power. Tie should be hanging down at an angle of 90° to level ground, and the front part which is left over should be 34.92845% of total length of tie. Other points as indicated in circular distributed at beginning of term.

Registration and Assembly

Enter classroom at a pace of 2.743821 m.p.h. at 8.57 a.m., after allowing 2 minutes for taking off coat which is worn if more than 0.0026" of rain has fallen during the previous night, or if temperature is below 7.5°C . or 45.5°F . If form master happens to be late, do not yell out at top of voice, "Where's old?". Instead remark to neighbour in a low voice of 22.634 decibels, "I wonder why Mr. is late. I hope he will not be long". If it is Monday, place 2 half-crowns, not handful of small change, gently on desk. On way to assembly, walk down corridors at rate of 2.279 m.p.h., without stopping, rotate arm through an angle of 78° and take hymn book. Walk at rate of 3.0002 p.m.h. down aisle and go into first available row and sit on first available chair. Listen intently to notices, and if new rule is announced make a silent mental note to carry it out to the letter.

Lessons

Always go into right room with right books. In French lessons put hand up to an angle of 90° with ground to every question. When having chemistry, and Mr. 's complicated experiment unfortunately goes wrong and obnoxious smell is produced, frown on other pupils, who between splutters are laughing, cruelly. When having woodwork, do not throw other people's wood about, but work quietly and efficiently. When Mr. tells you to come round this bench, do not drop chisel on neighbour's feet and throw wood to the other end of the room, but lay them down gently.

General

When out, and a teacher is seen, the cap should be raised till there is 20.007% of it touching the head. When going to dinner, take hot plate from pile, receive dirty coloured "meat" and even dirtier looking vegetables with thanks and sit down where directed.

If these points are followed, a pupil is well on his way to being the most goodly goody-goody.

JOHN FENN, 111. C.

HOW TO DO THE "CRONK"

The Cronk is a dance, and can be danced with a partner or without. If you have a partner, turn and face him or her. To begin with you do a little jump on the spot and move your right leg slowly out to the side, sliding it along the floor

and bringing your left foot up to it. Clap your hands together a little to the right of you, and clap to the left of you. Twist round once to the right and clap your hands together above your head. Step two steps backwards, bend your knees, turn your head to the right and clap. Then step forward two steps, bend your knees, turn your head to the left and clap. Jump one step forward and bend your knees a little. Jump another step forward and bend your knees a little more. Jump forward (still with knees bent) and bend them a little more until you are kneeling on the floor, then do a summersault backwards and land upright on the floor, and then follow this with the splits. The next few steps you will probably miss, as you will need someone to pull you up, as the splits are rather a difficult position to land in. Anyway if you are clever you can probably pull yourself up by gradually sliding your feet together along the floor so that you are coming up slowly until you have two firm feet on the floor.

Before the Cronk continues, as you can see, this is a very unusual dance, because it never repeats itself. It is very easy to remember and very easy to do. The record recommended for this dance is "You are a Sprout, no doubt", by Billy J. Brussels and his Sprouts.

Now to carry on with The Cronk. After doing the splits, you have to kick your right foot high in the air, then your left, and then both Get up from the floor, and shake your head from left to right and stamp your feet on the floor to the rhythm of the music. Next, jump up as high as possible, and do a double backward summersault and come down on your head. If you are still fit, then keep on "Cronking". To be really with-it, you must shout out "Let's Cronk", so people will know what you are supposed to be doing.

There is no real end to this dance but variations can be made. The Cronk is very good for the Mums and Dads as it is not too energetic. Lastly, remember to use a fairly large space to do the Cronk, and not Mum's front living room where all her precious ornaments are.

And don't forget you 'with-it' people. "Let's Cronk".

SHEILA HART, III. A.

THE 1965 IMAGE OF A MAN

A few years ago the only beauty aid used by males in the upper sixth was hair cream. A glance at the school photograph taken seven years ago makes this plainly evident. All the older boys have smarmed-down, oily hair, obviously resembling the idols of the time. These boys were afraid to wash their hair, afraid they might remove the carefully built up layer of grease.

The boys in the sixth form are now even vainer than this, more than any girl; to what purpose I am not sure. Being in class with them you know immediately who is sitting behind you without looking by the smell, or rather the perfume.

Without disputing the fact that they need beauty aids I carried out a survey, investigating not only their attitudes towards such articles but also their preferences.

Very few blushed with embarrassment when asked "What kind of soap do you use?" or even on admitting "Pink Camay". Three boys refused to answer any questions, probably because they do not use any soap. The sixth form boys are

not only open as regards their personal freshness, but compete with each other with the class of article they use. Class distinction in the sixth form now depends on how expensive their "after-shave" is. On informing me that he uses Cusson's after-shave lotion (which I could smell quite distinctly anyway) one member immediately added, "My brother's". Immediately I presumed, and rightly, that Cusson's is one of the cheaper brands, one of gaudier smell, not subtle and refined of name like "Arden for Men".

Those who did not use after-shave lotion were not the strong, athletic type, but the quiet, shy and retiring boys.

I was amazed to find that they shampoo their hair. Even I am not averse to using a bar of soap on mine, but when I mentioned that I thought all boys used soap they were quite aghast at the idea. Not only do they use shampoo but they wash their hair more frequently than girls do. Considering these facts it is quite easily deduced that more shampoo is used by the males of this country than the females. May I suggest that shampoo manufacturers stop wasting their money by advertising in women's magazines; they will gain better results in "Car Mechanics" or "Eagle".

No boys use haircream; it is considered very old-fashioned. Today, boys prefer the silky, shining bouffant look.

The following results were obtained from my survey. I must emphasise that it was carried out amongst the upper sixth and is quite representative of them.

The most popular after-shave lotion is "Old Spice", with seven users, which is why many boys in the sixth form smell like bread pudding.

The others are:-

Max Factor	4
Avon's Spice	1
Onyx-Lenthéric	1
Cedar Wood	1
Black Stone	1
Yardley	1
Corvette	1
Cusson's	1

Out of twenty-one boys, sixteen use after-shave lotion. The fact that eighteen appear in the list is because one enterprising sixth-former, not content with the cheaper brands and unable to buy an expensive make, mixes his own; Old Spice, Yardley and Corvette mixture to be exact.

When choosing soap many leave it to their mothers, but are quick to complain if they have one they do not like. Most prefer white soap, or a luxurious pink bar.

The most popular soaps are Lifebuoy and Palmolive. Pink Camay and White Lux follow; no doubt these boys need that little extra care and preservation. The complete list is as follows:-

Lifebuoy 4, Palmolive 4, Pink Camay 3, White Lux 2, Imperial Leather 2, Knight's Castile 1, Buttermilk 1, Boot's Blue Fern 1, Boot's Lavender 1, baby soap 1, and the last boy insists upon buying soap made by the blind.

It must be emphasised that the boy who uses Knight's Castile only does so to get his free bath-cubes.

I mentioned previously that nearly all boys use shampoo, and owing to the many brands available the list shows a wide deviation:

Vaseline 4
Vosene 4
Silvikrin 2
Sunsilk for normal hair 2
Sunsilk lemon for greasy hair 2
Avon Shampoo 1
Brylcreem 1
Gibb's Two-Step 1
Focus Auburn Highlights 1

One boy buys his shampoo at the hairdressers, after he has had his hair done, and the last boy uses "Fairy Washing-up Liquid", to keep him soft in the head no doubt.

One sees so much on television about how important it is to be "nice to be near"; tooth-paste manufacturers may be glad to know that their warnings do not go unheeded amongst the sixth form boys.

Colgate is easily the most favoured tooth-paste; it also happens to display the most accusing advertisement. From the list Colgate's lead is clearly seen.

Colgate 7, Gibb's Fluoride 4, Maclean's 3, Eucryl Powder 2, Steradent 2, Signal 1, sodium chloride 1. One has great faith in Dentyne Chewing Gum.

Although these boys have a definite preference I believe they have no discretion. They use after-shave lotion far too lavishly and being in class with them the various intermingling perfumes are quite overpowering. I admire their new approach to toilet requisites for men, but they have not had quite enough practice using them yet. May I suggest that regular visits to their local beauty counter will repay them handsomely and the increase in experience with a little patience will result in "*the well-groomed male*".

One member of the sixth form has already announced that he uses a deodorant, Old Spice Deodorant actually, and he assures me he is the "1965 Image of a Man".

JACQUELINE STIMPSON, U. VI.

THAT ROSALIND GIRL

Rosalind, if I may say so, is a very queer girl. I say queer perhaps because the people with whom she associates at her school are also queer. Let me first try to give a short description of her appearance. I will start at the top and work downwards.

Rosalind's hair is definitely straw-coloured, and when dirty, it certainly looks like straw. Her eyes are small and become rather lost behind a hideous mask of dark-rimmed spectacles. Her ears protrude from her head like wings, and I think she must have damaged her nose sometime when she was a baby. Her mouth is large; in fact the very first thing the nurse said to her mother when it happened was:

“My, what a large mouth it has, Mrs. Porter!”

Rosalind’s legs are very straight, not beautifully designed at all. Her feet, well I’m sure you can guess appropriately about those. Though quite well built, Rosalind tends to be plumpish around the arms and hips.

Rosalind’s personality is quite perplexing. She laughs when there is nothing to laugh at, and she is the picture of solemnity whenever everyone else is laughing. Another point; that girl is forever combing her hair. Whenever I visit her family, Rosalind is always in front of a mirror, primping and preening as if she thought that her life depended on it. Brushing and combing for ages she is, and, by Jove, her hair certainly needs tidying sometimes.

Oh well, I suppose Rosalind can’t help what she is like. It takes all sorts to make a world.

MY FRIEND ROSALIND

I must say that my dear friend Rosalind has a most individual appearance and character. I don’t know why, perhaps because she likes to be different from everyone else. Let me first delight in giving a short account of her appearance. I will start at the top and work down.

Her hair is of the most gorgeous colour imaginable, and really suits “her down to the ground” (It is long!) Even when it is dirty, it still shines (with grease).

Rosalind’s eyes are like cool refreshing pools of water, and they sparkle intelligently. The glasses she wears are really very becoming. Her ears are small and neat.

Rosalind has the sweetest little nose, and her mouth has a good, definite shape. Rosalind’s legs are like model’s legs, so infinitely welded onto her feet, which have the most pleasant perfume. Her figure is altogether stunning and her posture is extremely well established.

Rosalind’s personality is not unduly unusual, and is so interesting. She is always laughing at . . . things, and she can be, in herself, amusing.

She keeps herself well groomed, never for a second allowing herself to look dishevelled.

After reading all these nice things about Rosalind, you won’t be surprised to hear that the first thing her father said when he saw her was:

“Well, dear wife, it was certainly worth all the trouble to see her.”

Summing up the whole description, I would judge that Rosalind Porter is unquestionably *the only one of her kind*.

ANON.

It was 1940, and the cold streets of the large Dutch city were deserted, for it was yet only six o’clock in the morning. A chilly wind blew a few dry leaves across the dimly lit streets against the houses, the occupants of which were reluctantly leaving their beds after a night rent as usual by the wailing sirens, the sounds of tragedy striking yet again. One of the houses was occupied by a spare little woman, whom we shall call M and her mother. She had returned to live with her mother since her husband had left to fight in Italy, after having been married only a matter of months.

M was preparing, as she did each morning of the dreary week, to leave for her job at a munitions factory. The work she hated; she knew that every time she released another shell from the huge machine, she was signing someone's death warrant. So why co-operate? Why help these German swines to victory? For she was no fonder of them than the English. But still she continued, day after day, shell after shell. "How long must this go on?", she thought. "How many people will be killed before this bloody slaughter they call war stops? And I wonder if I shall still be here to see the end of it all". So went on M's life, following almost the same pattern every day; news of a cousin's family evacuated, neighbour's son killed, houses in the next quarter bombed, and so on, until every tragedy was just another drop of water in the ocean, and soon she did not know how to care, her emotions having been spent so often over so many.

As she made her way home one night, she perceived some unusual activity down the long, narrow street. Then she realised what was happening. Into the two lorries were being loaded Jewish women, with their children, a pitiful, miserable sight in the half light. She knew they were to be taken to one of the concentration camps, where it was inevitable that they would die. "Ah well," M murmured to herself, "what can I do about it without getting thrown into a camp too?" and she hurried along.

She felt a gentle pull on her sleeve. One of the Jewish women had managed to evade the guards for a moment. She was not more than twenty-four, and her dark eyes, brilliant with tears, stood out, appealing, in the gaunt, hungry face. She was leading a child of about three. "Take my child, take my baby, I beg you, I beg you!" she implored. "But I cannot." M was undecided. She knew she could, she could, but . . . "If you love God, take my child."

M looked at the little girl, and saw the same dark eyes staring out of the tiny face. She would be beautiful, this child, and it was she who would give her a chance to live. M hesitated.

The guard brusquely pushed the woman along with the rest into the line entering the lorry. In a last desperate effort, she pushed her child towards M. The guard took the child by its hair and flung it back, and turned to M to rebuke her for aiding the woman. She assured him she had had no intention of doing so. She turned and hurried on home, stumbling on the cobbles. All she could see before her were those eyes, those dark imporing eyes. Should she have taken the child? She dared not answer the question herself.

Within the last few hours a change had come over M. Her hand shook as she poured out the soup into the two dishes that night.

For the young woman came back to her, in dreams sharpened by hunger, her dark eyes, not rebuking, not reprimanding, but full of pity for a spirit weaker than her own.

EVA KALUZYNSKA, IV. C.

"I am the greatest six year old alive," Alfred Andrews announced to a crowd of schoolchildren

"Course you're not, I am," announced another small boy. "Anyway I've got more friends than you."

"I've got three girlfriends," and looking towards the school he shouted, "Patsy, Myrtle, Bertha, come here." Three large schoolgirls raced from the building.

"Oh Alfred," squeaked Bertha, "did you want us?"

"Tell him you are my girlfriends," Alfred ordered.

"Course we are," Myrtle said, "and one day I'm going to marry him."

"You are stupid," announced another boy by the name of James. "Fancy liking girls."

"Girls are much better than boys," Alfred replied, and bringing out a short chubby arm he attempted to hit James, but by some strange happening he missed, and James took hold of the arm and proceeded to drag Alfred unceremoniously round the playground. He put Alfred down at the end of circuit two and proceeded to jump on him.

"He'll be killed," squeaked Patsy.

"No I won't," came a voice from under a large foot belonging to James. Then quite suddenly Alfred rose, sending James sprawling, and made a dash for the school.

"Coward," shrieked a multitude of voices.

A head appeared round the side of the school, a body followed slowly after it, last of all came a grubby hand clutching a broom.

"Come on, Alfred," yelled Bertha.

Alfred advanced on the still prostrate figure of James, who, on seeing the broom, began to rise; Alfred pushed the handle end of the broom into James' abdomen and when he fell he put the brush end into his mouth.

"Now," he said, placing his foot on James' body, "am I the greatest six year old alive?"

"Yes," James answered through a mouthful of brush.

Alfred removed brush and foot and stood serene above the other boys whilst the three girls flocked round in admiration.

FRANCES OLDERSHAW, III. A.

ON FAILING EXAMINATIONS

To fail an examination is to realise that the past years of your youth have been wasted. You are an academic drag on society and can see no possibility of the matter being rectified.

Your chances now of ever doing anything remotely worthwhile are positively nil, and any notions or hopes of intellectual prowess which you might have had have been dashed to the ground.

Examinations were originally devised to illustrate the pupils' ability, to give them a goal to work for and perhaps to give an impetus to their thirst for knowledge. Little do they know of the devastating effect that these endurance tests and tortures have on the susceptible and gullible pupil. He is open and vulnerable to these attacks, these blows to his confidence and his pride and is completely demoralised by them. He is a victim of nihilism and depression, and an overwhelming sense of inferiority engulfs him.

The more enlightened pupils, with the hale and hearty mental constitutions, may shrug off the failure and become more determined to show everyone they are really capable of passing the exam. What they do not know is that nobody else is worried either way; nobody else cares.

But most of them are absolutely staggered, with fear and a dull feeling of failure. After tense hours before the exam and the agony following, through and after the events, to be thus shattered is a terrible thing. Years of security-filled upbringing and relentless work have been wholly obliterated in one uncushioned fell swoop.

The candidate is doomed from the first moment, when the swishing of exam and blotting paper being laid out on the desk give "dreadful note of preparation." Maybe he knows this, and is aware also of the probable result, the victory of the scheming examination-setters. But when he drags his eye up to the top of the papers—to the be-ringed and encircled position and percentage marks the knowledge that he is a failure comes no easier to him.

Surely there is some more humane method of discovering a pupil's worth. Surely, there is a way in which a pupil can be saved from the dreadful anxieties provoked by the mere endeavours to secure knowledge of his abilities. Certainly many potential Prime Ministers and eminent physicians are lost, forfeited in their youth by the country that needs them.

The time has come when we must do our best to stop this wilful and brazen cruelty. We must let the world know of its crime. But I fear it will be a long struggle, by which time we shall grow old and be overtaken by a similar fate. We shall fail to feel for those who are young, and shall forget the bygone trials which we endured. This is obviously what has happened, for I am persuaded that someone who remembered his days at the examination desks could not possibly invent new exams and inflict the same punishments on his successors.

GILLIAN THOMAS, V. C.

WHY?

Paul felt proud, he was six and now grown-up. He lived with his parents and younger sisters just outside town. Soon he would be going to school, another sign that he was grown-up. At school he would meet other children and have lots of friends.

Whenever Paul had gone into town he had always been with his mother or father. But to-day Paul, who was now six and grown-up, would go into town by himself. He waited by the bus-stop and a few minutes later a bus turned the corner at the top of the street. Paul's stomach turned. Should he go? Why not? Paul began to get excited, the bus was coming nearer and nearer . . . and passed by. Why? Why didn't the bus stop? Paul didn't know why.

For a minute he just stood by the bus-stop. Thoughts rushed through his mind and suddenly he began to march proudly down the road towards town.

During his journey Paul saw no one, so nobody asked him where he was going. After a while the noise of the town floated towards Paul which made him walk a little faster. The noise got louder and louder as Paul got closer and closer.

Before long Paul was near the centre of the town. It was not a very large town but to Paul, small and alone, it was huge.

For a moment Paul just stood and stared. He could not remember ever coming to this part of town with either of his parents. Paul felt in his pocket; he had a little money. What could he do with it? Buy something for his mother; that would be grown-up. Paul started off down the road peering in each shop window wistfully. A few boys older than himself came along the road. Seeing them come along Paul moved out of the way but one of the boys moved purposely out of line pushed Paul against the wall and said, "Get out of the way, brat." Paul felt annoyed and degraded but kept silent.

Paul continued on his way. A little further down the road two men stood in Paul's way. Paul moved to one side but the men moved too. Gradually Paul edged past. Why wouldn't the men let him pass? Paul just didn't understand.

A few minutes later Paul heard a voice harshly shout, "Get on the other side of the road." Paul ignored the remark. Surely the man wasn't speaking to him.

The next shop looked very intriguing: Paul peered into the window for a long time; he looked carefully at each article and then at the money in his hand. Finally he made up his mind and walked into the shop. There was already someone being served so Paul politely waited behind. The person was soon finished and left. The assistant ignored Paul and began to busy herself. Why didn't she serve him, Paul began to wonder. Another customer came in, the assistant hastily served the customer. Why? Paul didn't understand.

"You won't get served here, sonny," the customer kindly said.

"Thank-you," Paul stammered and walked out of the shop bewildered. He didn't understand at all; perhaps he wasn't grown-up. Once outside Paul began to walk thoughtfully along the road. Perhaps he shouldn't have come, he should have stayed at home, he just didn't understand what was happening. All of a sudden a hand pounced on Paul's shoulder. He jumped.

"Get on the other side of the road, you!" the voice of the shadow bellowed at him. "Before I make you."

Again Paul didn't understand, "Yes, sir," he said, trembling, and obediently walked towards the nearest crossing.

On the opposite side of the road everyone was more friendly towards Paul. He found a nice shop and went in. Here, things were completely different.

"Yes, son," the assistant asked as soon as he walked in. Paul collected his purchase and then began to think about returning home. He decided not to wait for a bus, but walk.

All the way home Paul thought about his experiences. He didn't understand at all. At the top of his road he saw his mother waiting anxiously at the gate.

"Honey, where have you been? I've been so worried."

"I've been into town, Mama," Paul answered.

"Oh!" was his mother's reply.

"Why didn't the bus stop, mama, and why did I have to walk on the other side of the road?" he asked. "Was it because I'm a different colour?"

CHRISTINE MORTON, IV A.

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 organisation of over 2,500 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 £200 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 commencing 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 centres in London and the Provinces, but please write first to:—

THE STAFF MANAGER

MIDLAND BANK

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

So we have strayed, strange comfort in Congo, go down
Moses while Mississippi waits for Luther's faith.
Out-worked white-works dead, ah! dead; only a wraith
Of alabaster pavements where the dust at least was brown,
Alabama slavements where the barbed white cotton grounded by cabin-squalor
Tom, or Sam Esquire.
We shudder, horror the hollow other's udder, we liar
Men spew love and tears, and joy spurts only from a clown.
Still darkness pores across the turf, blade-bent dripping green,
Night's cool-folded curtain falls, wrapping the battered earth,
Birds drowse, raise the night-owls, whirring in air's blurred sheen,
And sheep, white fleece still pricking the dusk with light, sparrows-worth
Sheep, wandering far from pastures ah! so often seen,
Welcomes each the fold-arch where all sighing dies in mirth.

P. FIDDES, U. VI.

A FACE IN THE CROWD

Two different approaches to the same subject

Catherine gazed about her in wonderment. The scene was tremendous. She looked up and saw the gleaming cut-glass chandeliers, linked together by gaily coloured streamers. She saw the walls draped with brightly coloured cloths, spangled with gold and silver. The music players were dressed in crimson and orange, their numerous instruments gleaming. Food was arranged in silver dishes, spread over a long table which stretched along one side of the hall.

Her eyes were dazzled. She felt as if she was dreaming. Never in her life had she seen anything so spectacular. The ladies were meticulously dressed, their precious jewels glittering in the light. The gentlemen were splendid, every one of them more regal looking than the last.

Catherine was still considered a child, being only fifteen years old. She was at her first dance, in the main hall of the earl's palace.

The name 'Philip Everest' was announced. She looked to the top of the grand red-carpeted staircase, where the main door was.

There stood the finest figure she had ever seen. He was dressed in black and silver with white hose. She was attracted to his dark, black hair and tanned skin. He had a strong-set face and broad shoulders. She noticed that he wore an emerald ring on his left hand.

Gradually she became more and more attracted to Philip. She watched his every movement—the way his eyes lit up when he laughed, the way he joked with his friends, the way in which he teased the ladies, the way he danced—so well. He knew every step and for a man of such a build as his, he danced extremely lightly.

Even though she had never seen him before, he gave her a sense of security. She loved him from the first moment she saw him. If only he would notice her!

Then Philip began to survey the wondrous scene. He glanced up at the unsurpassable ceiling, then at the magnificent walls. Then suddenly their eyes met and they stared at one another.

Philip rose and walked regally towards her. Catherine clasped her hands together, to stop them from trembling. Every nerve in her body was alert.

"May I have the pleasure?" he asked. Catherine knew the dance, for her dancing master had taught it to her a few weeks ago.

Her cheeks flushed as she glanced at the floor.

"Yes," she managed to whisper.

As they danced in silence, he knew that he had never seen a more beautiful face. It was pale, and framed with long black hair. The eyes were large, the nose exactly in proportion, and the mouth curled up at the corners, portraying the joyous feeling she felt in her heart now that at last he had noticed her.

Then he thought of his wife and two children, whom he loved so dearly, and he knew that to him, Catherine must always remain just 'a face in the crowd.'

LORNA FARISH, III. C.

Jane Simmons was an attractive young girl of twenty-eight. She lived a life of extreme monotony: she would get up at half past seven, catch the late train to town, and a number twelve bus to her office.

Monday nights would see Jane playing Bingo, a game she enjoyed very much. This Monday as usual she was queuing for her bus when she saw an old lady of about sixty staring at her.

She was a rather prim-looking lady with tightly compressed lips, small beady eyes and a hair net. Jane had had a busy day, so she impudently stared back.

Jane did this so deliberately that most people would have turned away quickly, but not this old lady. She pressed her lips up tightly and gave her face a set of jerky movement upwards. She was probably sizing Jane up.

Jane paid no attention to this at the time; she had no inclination to "stare the lady out," so she turned away, rather red in the face.

Luckily Jane's bus came along then and she jumped on, but the old lady stepped on also. Jane ran upstairs, and when she was getting off opposite the Lido she saw the old lady paying the Indian conductor; she was looking at him as she had looked at Jane.

After Bingo Jane went home, but she could not cast the old lady from her thoughts; something about her made Jane feel that she was different.

The old lady's face was not frightening, nor repulsive, but just different somehow. Jane's dreams about the old lady became distorted nightmares; she could not sleep at nights.

One day she saw the old lady again. Jane stood there, her heart seemed about to burst out of her body. Throb, throb, throb, it beat; Jane broke into a cold sweat. She wanted to run, but why, where to?

The dreams came again that night. What was it about a prim old lady that terrified Jane? Her friends persuaded her to see a psychiatrist.

She went into the long corridors which smelt "medical", and walked along. It was an awfully long corridor, Jane decided; her heels clicked, resounding loudly in the drab hospital.

She had been told to see Dr. Hobbs. An old friend had described her to Jane: 'She's a sweet old dear; like a mother she was to me after my breakdown.'

A nurse interrupted Jane's thoughts: "Doctor Hobbs will see you now." Jane walked in. A prim old lady turned round and smiled.

Somewhere an insane scream echoed round the building.

R. LASLETT, III. A.

SOME OF MY EARLY MEMORIES

I started school in 1957 at Oldfields Infants School. I was very happy there, as the headmistress was very kind and understanding and we looked on her as an Aunty. But when I went to school one day something happened that I won't forget for a long time. A boy called Robert Hyde was boasting about his new sword that his Mum had bought him, and as we had been life-long enemies he threatened to kill me the next day. That night I went home very unhappy and made a special point of going round to see my grandparents for what I thought was the last time. That night in bed I started crying my eyes out and when at last my mother heard me and came in to see what was wrong, I poured out the whole story, sobbing frantically. She burst out laughing. For one horrible moment I thought, "she wants me to die." But when she saw how upset I was she sat on my bed and we talked it over and I decided maybe he wouldn't kill me after all; and he didn't

I used to pester like anything when I wanted a new pair of shoes and when the time came to buy them I would be very excited. I tripped along the street and as soon as we came to a shoe-shop I'd drag my Mum inside. I loved having my feet measured and was very proud when they had grown. I always wanted to wear my new shoes home but if I did I'd be so busy looking at them I'd keep bumping into people. All day I'd tramp round the house in my new shoes and would beg to wear them out to play so that I could show them off.

That night when I went to bed I'd put them back in their box and place this on the floor next to my bed. All that night I'd have blissful dreams of my new shoes and as soon as I woke up in the morning I'd pick up the shoes, inspect them, smell them, and feel the soles. When I went to Sunday School and the teacher was asking us what we wanted to say thank-you for I'd pipe up, "Thank you for my new shoes." At this the teachers used to laugh. I often wondered why—now I know.

When I used to get a new pair of shoes I promised faithfully to clean them when they needed cleaning (this was when I was about eight); I did for about a week; then it was left to my Mum. Poor Mum! The state I used to get them in!

JANET DIAMOND, II. B.

THE MAN AND HIS MACHINE

"'Allo, Fred."

"'Allo, Steve. Miserable day."

"'Yeah." The two men in workers' caps and shabby coats went through the small door in the side of the building. The chimneys on top let small threads of black smoke out into the drizzle of rain that dripped miserably down. When they

shut the door the vague sound of traffic ceased and they went into their private world of machines. There was a peaceful humming all around and some of the cold, grey machines vibrated gently. The small windows at the top of the walls let grey light filter in but this was lost in the glare of electric light bulbs. Fred walked to one end of the large room after hanging up his coat and cap. Steve stayed at the other end and sat at his machine.

It was very big. It stretched all around him, whirring and clicking. Lights flickered along it and every so often a larger light came on. This was where Steve came in. He pressed the red button, then the black, and then the green.

He knew that the product of the factory was nylon stockings; he took home cheap pairs for his wife. But he never saw them being manufactured, just the finished product. There were only a few men that worked the machines in the whole factory. The days of white-overalled girls lined up by benches were gone. It was now all done by machines. They did all the work and had become almost human to Steve and Fred and others like them. Some men did not like the machines. They pushed buttons viciously and read the paper between times. But Steve liked his machine. It was soothing away from his wife with the friendly monster around him, running smoothly and causing no trouble as people do.

Every morning he would say hello to the machine and every evening he said goodbye and patted it. He didn't give it a name because somehow this would make it more like a human being and spoil the whole atmosphere of the factory. He was content to refer to it as "the machine." He thought it beautiful. To him the grey seemed warm and welcoming. He looked forward to the light coming on so that he could press his three buttons. It gave him a great sense of achievement. He knew that each time he did this a dozen pairs of nylons came out of the chute at the other end of the room.

The day passed on its way. In the factory nothing changed. The men ate their packed lunches by their machines, never leaving them. They never knew when the danger light might go on if the machine got overheated. A couple of weeks ago Stan Jones had left his machine and when he got back the gauge had registered danger! That had been a near thing, the whole machine would have been out of action for weeks had it blown up.

Five o'clock came. Outside, the day was darkening and the rain got heavier. A buzzer sounded over the factory. Time to turn off the machine, give it a pat and go home.

"Goodbye, Fred."

"Bye, Steve. See you tomorrow."

The smoke still poured out of the chimney, as they tramped back into the world of people.

PAMELA SPRULES, III. C.

MY VIEWS ON EUTHANASIA

(This arose out of a class discussion on the question of mercy-killing [with special reference to the cases of the incurably ill, people in constant pain, and babies who are born abnormal] and whether it should be legalised or considered morally right. This is one of the most convincing arguments against euthanasia.)

Is euthanasia right? Have we the right to take another person's life? I think

the answer to both these questions is "no". Taking euthanasia to mean the definite taking of life then I'm sure that this is wrong and I will endeavour to give my reasons for my decision.

Firstly, who are we to have the authority to end someone else's life, even if he is in pain and suffering gravely? Supposing someone was gravely ill and had no chance to live (according to the doctor) and even if he was to scrape through he could no longer take an active part in the life of community. Many people would say that in such a case it would be better to kill this person and end his suffering than to let him live and consequently endure much agony and hardship. But how do we know, how can we know that this person will not live? I have heard of many people who at one time were told that they had only a few days or even less to live yet they lived a full life and died at the average age. Someone only the other day pointed out to me a person whom she herself had nursed, and who had been told she had only fourteen days more to live. Yet today, fifteen years afterwards, she is still living and is probably healthier than most people of the same age.

If we say we had better take life from people who are in extreme pain then we are really murdering them as we do not know whether or not they will make a sudden recovery or have a miracle performed on them. Many people think that miracles are a thing of the past, yet they are still happening today.

Another aspect of this subject is that by killing, we naturally destroy life. Life is precious and indeed sacred. Many people would say in review of this remark that we are living in a scientific age—a world of action—and life is no longer sacred. These people probably live mechanical lives that have no purpose. How many people could honestly say they have a purpose in life and that they treasure their lives? Probably not very many. Some would say they lived to make money so they could have a nice home and bring up a family and have as many luxuries as they can. These things, however, give us a false security.

Life has got a purpose for those who believe in God, and as He has given us our lives then surely we must keep people alive even if they don't believe, so they can prove this faith for themselves and we can really help them especially as they are in great need. Anyway, how can we know what is best for them? God alone knows whether someone is to live or die, but even so we must give medical treatment and we must think ourselves fortunate in having it. Can we possibly deny someone such facilities? Some people will say that it might cost a lot of money to keep someone alive. And so to save expense, as they might never fully recover, it would be better to kill them, but I ask you, is this right?

Another case I must mention is that of babies who are born abnormal. Firstly I must relate a very precious experience of mine which decided my views on the matter. I happened to be fortunate in visiting a Dr. Barnado's Home, and there they looked after children who had not been wanted by their parents. They had a special part for those who had been born abnormal and have not been wanted. As soon as I walked into the room where they were I couldn't help noticing the happy atmosphere. One boy I shall never forget. He was about six years old and had no pelvic girdle and subsequently he only came a couple of feet off the ground, yet even in his condition he was radiantly happy. He may not have been able to

do what any normal boy of his age could do, but he tried to do as much as he could and he was so very happy. I have never seen such a contented group of children playing together. Many people pity those children but once you have seen them you just cannot pity them. They don't want or need pity, they are happy. After all, theirs is the only life they know and is probably happier than that of most normal people. Surely, no one in their right mind could deny somebody such immense happiness? To take the life of a baby who is born deformed, however badly, is in my mind one of the worst kinds of murder; and today marvellous things can be done to help these people to be more flexible.

I have only mentioned cases of children who were not wanted by their parents, yet many of these deformed children are wanted when their parents have got over the shock, and these parents can give them extra care and love. They also realise to a greater extent how much their child is completely dependent on them so they give more love to one another. This is also noticeable in the case of mongols and cretins. All these children are really loveable and give a lot of happiness and also get a lot back. I really feel strongly that they must be allowed to live. A doctor has no right to say they were still-born and then deny people so much happiness.

I think that euthanasia is definitely wrong and should not be practised. I think the slogan we must adopt is: Live and Let Live.

MARILYN JOHNSON, IV. A.

MATTHEW BROWN AND THE CHAFF CUTTER

I shuddered as Jim thudded up the staircase. The dim shadows seemed immense, and now that Jim had taken the light, only the moon shining through a tiny window lit the stairway like a silver carpet. I heartily wished that I had never come. It was like Jim to plan a midnight hunt over the old mill to follow up a gruesome legend which we had heard. One of these days his curiosity would take him too far. I wondered nervously whether my last escapade with Jim had come.

A scuffle about my feet made my pulses race, but it was only mice. I tried to call after Jim, but I couldn't summon the words. The silence around me was almost unbearable. Suddenly, Jim's voice drifted down to me, not strong and brave as it usually was, but thin and ghostly itself. Was it Jim's voice at all? No, I told myself sharply, there are no such things as ghosts; but then, that was what we had come to find out, whether they existed or not.

My heart grew cold, and I trembled with terror. The distant voice kept calling me, enticing me to follow Jim's path. It ceased abruptly. Perhaps it was Jim in trouble. I tried to pull myself together, and walk up those stairs. A piercing shriek shattered my thoughts. My hands felt sticky, my mouth dry, my blood cold. Slowly, I moved towards the staircase, with stealthy, faltering steps. I laid my shaking hand on the rail, which shuddered at the touch, and proceeded up the groaning stairs. My eyes grew used to the shadows, and picked out things I would never have seen before. One of these was a handkerchief, a white handkerchief. I stooped and picked it up. An embroidered J in the corner caught my

eye. A shiver ran down my spine, and I dropped the handkerchief, continuing my course.

My eyes darted to and fro; ever watching I felt terrified, and yet my feet kept their paths. I seemed to have no control over my body. Automatically, I turned to a closed door. It was like a strong force, pulling me to its source, drawing me onwards, helpless. I had forgotten all about Jim. It was as if all the thoughts in my mind had been swiftly expelled.

The door opened of its own accord, but I didn't notice. The room was almost empty, containing only a huge chest and a broken chair. A cold wind blew through the windows opposite, and a silvery stream of moonlight showed up motes of dust.

I vaguely took note of my surroundings, but my attention was centred on Jim. He was flattened out against the wall, with his face and hands as white as a sheet. His eyes were wide and staring, his mouth open. He hardly noticed my company again. He looked, literally, as if he had seen a ghost.

I stared at him. His fingers trembled as he turned to me. I felt a stab of terror as he turned his cold eyes on me.

"I saw him, Rodney, I saw him," he said simply.

"S-saw who?" I stammered nervously.

"I saw Matthew Brown," Jim replied, with perfect calm.

Matthew Brown! I remembered the awe-inspiring and bloodthirsty tale of the murder in this mill. The murder of Matthew Brown, who was mixed up in a robbery and who "knew too much" about a secret gang. That, at least was true, and Jim had determined to discover the rest of the tale's truth: whether the chaff cutter in the stable still bore the ghastly, bloody smudges, and held the remains of the brutal murder, and whether Matthew Brown's ghost wandered aimlessly about the old mill in the silence of the night.

I gazed at the floor. Suddenly, a deathly wail made our hearts skip a beat. It rose to a terrible scream and then died, died to nothing. I shook myself vigorously. Jim broke out into perspiration. With a creak and a groan, the lid of the chest rose up. I heard Jim gasp. I shrank back into the shadows as the lid slowly righted itself. The creaking stopped. I held my breath until it hurt, while a noisy clanking began. It came from the chest.

Our eyes bulged as a shadowy figure emerged from the chest. It bore no features where its face should be; it wore a long black garment, but when I looked again, I could see the wall on the other side of the apparition; it had no hands or feet; behind it was a white mist. Blood trickled down from the head.

Slowly this dreadful phantom moved towards the window, shrouded in white mist, and then, to our astonishment, vanished into thin air.

I stared at Jim, horrified, and he gazed back. An impulse made me run to the window. The cool night air dried the blood dripping from the window sill. Down in the courtyard below, the phantom moved silently towards the stable, where the chaff cutter was kept. The stable door was closed, but that didn't daunt the ghost. It glided smoothly through the wood. Everything was quiet for a moment, and then there was a deathly shriek. It seemed to last for a long time, and then ended abruptly.

The wind grew colder. Above the stable a spiral of mist rose up in accompaniment to a low wail. I had to turn away for a moment, and when I looked again, both sky and courtyard were empty. "Let's get out of here," said Jim huskily.

I led the way down the stairs at lightning speed, and blindly rushed outside in the moonlit courtyard. We didn't stop there, but ran on and on, the vision of what we had just seen haunting us and driving us away from the ghostly mill. We ran through the wood, the shrieks we had heard ringing in our ears. Then I fell headlong into a stream and everything went black.

SUSAN BATTEN, I. C.

HORSE SENSE

It is often said that animals, particularly horses, are colour-blind. This is not the view shared by Thomas Augustus Snapes.

The late afternoon was warm and close, and in the busier part of town, as expected, the roads were very congested. At the junction the all-too-familiar sight of queuing cars was ever present. But in the queue, waiting to get through the traffic lights, was a more rare sight, an old cart pulled by a large grey horse; and who should be perched on the bench of the cart but old Thomas.

The lights turned to green, and once more the long queue started forward, each driver hoping to cross the line before the red reappeared. When once again it did appear, Thomas found himself first in the line. The wait was longer this time, as traffic in the junction was delayed in clearing. It was then that the work and heat of the day took its toll on Thomas as he dozed off into a light sleep. As the lights changed again he did not move. Motorists began to get impatient, and shouts were answered by the vacant expression of the grey, who was content to stand in the sun.

A hoot from the car behind promptly jolted the horse into forward movement, at the same time waking Thomas with a start; who to this day will tell how his horse is able to distinguish different colours, particularly the red and green of traffic lights.

N. WAKE, I. C.

KEEPING LOCUSTS

These strange creatures, although perfectly harmless, appear rather fierce. This is probably the reason why we, as locust keepers jump every time one jumps from one side of the cage to another. We have no cause at all to be afraid of locusts, in fact if we could overcome this fear, we would enjoy our task much more than we do.

Locusts are very easily satisfied. The cage is kept very warm, with a bulb inside, as the locusts are accustomed to tropical climates. They are provided with a few twigs to climb on, but unless they are disturbed, locusts are not very active. We give them fresh water each day, not a dish, but a piece of cotton wool soaked, so that a young one can drink with ease. A dish of bran is also provided. We give them fresh bran about once a week. Their diet consists mainly of grass, not too wet, not too dry. The grass is changed every day.

The cage is inclined to get dirty, so we clean it out every day, thoroughly. For this, we use a stiff brush. Cleaning is fairly straightforward, but to use it presents its little problems. The locusts will insist on trying to escape when we lift up the glass front and the lid. If one does manage to, it causes chaos. Usually, the little ones escape and in that case, we simply pick them up ourselves, unless, that is, they decide on a tour round the lab. equipment. The adults are more calm. One of us nervously puts the net over it. In fact, there is only one of us who has ever handled a large one.

Before a locust becomes fully grown, it has to go through several stages. After they are born, they are about the size of an ant. It is quite a task looking after them at that stage. It is not till the third stage that they begin to grow their wings. Each stage has its own colour, and by the time they are grown up, they are light brown and fawn. Their wings are quite large, a sort of brown pattern. Locusts have six legs, the two long hind legs are used for jumping. Instead of having teeth, they have four or five mouth-palls outside their mouth. Locusts are like large grasshoppers in appearance and have one particular difference from other animals: their skeleton is on the outside of the body.

Now (May 14) we have about eight adults and fifteen to twenty young ones, which should be fully grown in a few days. The four of us volunteered for this job and asked to stay on, so the locusts cannot be all that terrible.

DIANE COWGILL, I. A.

MERDER IN DED MAN'S WOULD

Won evening, at aprocksimatelee midnite, "Heuge Hed," de faymus big hedid been was stroling froo de woulds. It wos veree darc, and de moonlite shon froo de trees. Der was a futeparf going froo de would (witch, insidentalee, wos called Ded Man's Would). At about harf parst won, a yung gurl caim along dis parf. Er naim wos Griseld Carrot. "Heuge Hed" did knot like er becos she ad left him two go and luv anuffer man, Bertram Bannana. He fort dat iv she wos ded he would hav gayned revenge. Sew he got out a nife. He stelthilee aproachd er from behind. He got hold ov er around er waste and stabbed her ten tymes in de chest. Needless to say, she wos ded.

At Scotland Yard, Cheef Inspector Proon wos veree consirned about dis def. He calld a nayshan-whyd sirch. Aftir ten days "Heuge Hed" was found, and flung in prison wile de please carid out der investigayshuns.

But won nite "Heuge Hed" excaped from prison. He cosht a warden and climed ofer de prison wal. And too dis day, de please ar sirching for im, wile he, too my nolidge, still hides in a barn in a plaice, calld simply, Llanfairpullgwyn-gyllgogerycheryindidullantysilliogogoch.

If u sea "Heuge Hed" tell Cheef Inspector Proon, as the reward for im stands at tuppense haypenee.

D. BUTCHER, II. C.

HOW TO APPLY FOR A COMMISSION IN THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

As an officer in the R.A.F., you are a member of one of the most important, well paid and most truly satisfying professions. You will see the world, you will always be in the best of company, and your work will be absorbing. So it is only sensible to read this advertisement with some care.

If you expect to gain 'A' level G.C.E., you may apply for entry to Cranwell, the R.A.F. College which trains cadets for a full career in the Service. When you enter Cranwell, you must be between 17½ and 19½, with G.C.E. in English language, mathematics, science or a foreign language and two other subjects. Two subjects must be at 'A' level.

If you have 5 'O' levels including English language, mathematics and three other acceptable subjects, you may apply for a Direct Entry commission as an aircrew officer. This gives you guaranteed service until you are 38, with good prospects of serving on until you are 55. Alternatively, you have the right to leave at the 8 or 12 year point with a tax-free gratuity of up to £5,000. Commissions are also available in certain ground branches, including those dealing with air traffic control, logistics and administration. Minimum age at entry is 17½.

If you plan to be an engineer, and expect to gain 'A' level in Pure and Applied mathematics and physics, and appropriate 'O' level subjects including English language and chemistry, you may be eligible for an R.A.F. Technical Cadetship. You would serve your cadetship at Cranwell, where a new and superbly equipped Institute of Technology has just been built at a cost of £2½m. Here you would read for the B.Sc.* and train for a full career in the R.A.F. Technical Branch.

If you have a provisional University place you can apply for an R.A.F. University Cadetship in the flying or technical branches. If you are selected you are commissioned as an Acting Pilot Officer and receive R.A.F. pay as well as certain allowances while up at University. Apart from this you live and work like any other undergraduate. When you have taken your degree and completed your professional training you have an assured career ahead of you as a permanent officer.

If you are 15 years 8 months or over, you may apply for an R.A.F. Scholarship worth up to £260 a year. The idea of this is that you should stay on at your present school and take the necessary 'A' levels to qualify you for a flying or technical cadetship.

If you would like any further information ask your Careers Master to arrange for you to have an informal talk with the R.A.F. Schools Liaison Officer; or write, with details of your educational qualifications, saying which method of entry most interests you, to Group Captain J. W. Allan, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., R.A.F., Adastral House (SCH 224), London W.C.1.



The Royal Air Force

ONE SATURDAY AFTERNOON

One Saturday afternoon I decided to go shopping. I collected some money, my bag and a few assorted sweets to keep me going, and started out.

Suddenly I heard a tremendous noise of shouting, screaming, banging and stamping. This appeared to be coming from the park, which was just around the corner. I hurried over there, and saw a mob of people apparently having the time of their lives, throwing things at each other. From out of nowhere a large cabbage hit me; I picked it up and threw it in the direction from which it had come. Immediately two or three more vegetables of various types were thrown at me. I threw them back. Very soon I was joining in the "fun", and throwing things about everywhere. When I came out, I had been dressed fairly neatly for me, in a sweater and jeans, a large duffle coat, and new stockings. Now my hair was all over my face, my coat was covered in tomato juice, egg, and something that looked like rice-pudding; my stockings had long ladders in them, and most of my coat buttons were missing.

I found shelter behind a large door that had come off its hinges, then suddenly I noticed someone else there. It was a middle-aged woman, Her appearance, which once had probably been neat, was now scruffy, and all her face, hands and coat were covered with the juice of vegetables and fruit. When she noticed me she smiled, displacing a set of white teeth. She replaced them and inquired, "Which side are you on, dear?"

I smiled back and said "I've no idea; I didn't even know there were sides as I came in the middle of it all!"

"Well, well!" she exclaimed, "Imagine anyone not knowing that this is election day."

"Which side are you on?" I asked.

"Why, Mr. Poplehampton's, of course!" she gasped.

"Who is . . .," I began, but a large grape fruit prevented me from finishing, and when I peeled it from my face, and so regained my vision, she had gone.

I stood up and cautiously backed out of my hiding place, then I felt a large person bump into me.

"Hello!" she said, "Are you trying to get out? I am, but I doubt if we'll manage it; we never do. Of course, if we meet Lady Cuninger she will help us; she always does."

"Yes, I am," I replied, "Where's the gate?"

"Somewhere to the left," she explained, pointing vaguely through the shouting mob.

I decided to make a run for it, and five hectic minutes later, I arrived at the gate, breathless but alive.

I ran home, forgetting about my shopping expedition. Fortunately for me Mother was out, and I had time to get cleaned up and changed. That was the last time I ever took any interest in a country election.

CHRISTINE FRASER, III. A.

A STRANGE MEETING

We were on holiday at Weymouth and one Saturday evening I had nothing to do. I started to read the paper and saw an advertisement in there about an exhibition of things from the sea. Knowing I had nothing to do, I thought I may as well go, as it was better than nothing, so I got myself ready and went along.

I had to pay one shilling to see the exhibition and it seemed to me well worth the money. The things they had got hold of were incredible. Never before had I seen so many weird sea-creatures, sea-plants, and sea-shells. All the sea-creatures were dead—or supposed to be. I walked over to a table where there were a number of sea-creatures—octopus, tropical fish, sharks, and others. Suddenly I heard a voice say, “Oi”. I looked around but saw no one who was really near me. But it came again, only this time louder. “Oi.”

“Pardon?” I said.

“It’s me, old girl. The oc.”

“The who?” I asked, feeling quite mad talking to the air.

“The octopus, yer noodle.”

“The OCTOPUS!” I shouted.

“Ssh. Not ser loud. Someone might hear yer.” I looked on the table near me, and saw a large black octopus staring at me with big yellow eyes. I nearly had heart failure when I thought I heard THAT talking. But no. It just couldn’t. I mean, it was supposed to be dead. But it wasn’t. It spoke again, and I even saw his mouth open!

“Aren’t yer gonna speak to me then?” it said.

“I-I don’t know, I mean, I’ve never seen an octopus who can talk,” I answered.

“Well yer lookin at one now, aren’t yer?” he said proudly.

“Are you the only octopus who can talk?” I asked.

“Think so” he said, “and the best.”

“Well, I don’t know”, I said. “You’re a bit shabby.”

“Well, of all the bloomin cheek!”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to be rude. You must excuse me. I mean, it was rather a shock when I heard, you, an octopus, talking.”

“There yer go again”, he said, “Insulting me again.” I corrected him. “Insulting.”

“What!” he said.

“Insulting,” I replied.

“That’s what I said.”

“No you didn’t. You said insulting.”

“I can assure you, my dear, I never did, an if yer wanna pick a fight, pick on some one yer . . . well, not on an octopus anyway.”

“But I’m not fighting with you. I was merely correcting you. It’s you who’s doing the fighting”, I said angrily.

"Huh," he said. "You'd better go away unless yer wanna slash round yer face with a tentacle."

"You wouldn't dare," I said laughing.

"Oh, wouldn't I?"

"No, you wouldn't."

"Well," he said, "p'raps not, but only because someone might see me move, and then they might kill me cos I'm s'posed to be dead, but I'm not am I, so I'd better not move, had I?"

"No," I said. "You'd better not. But how do you keep still all the time?"

"Control, my dear," he said. "Just a matter of control." I laughed and said "You sound like a professor."

"How clever you are," he said.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I am."

"Am what?"

"What you said I was."

"What did I say you was, I mean were?"

"A proseefer, or something."

"You mean a professor," I said.

"Yeah."

"Then what do you do as a professor?" I said laughing.

"I shan't tell yer cos yer don't even believe I am a—whatever you said. You don't have faith in me, that's what's wrong with you," he said angrily.

"Yes I do. Of course I do. Please tell me."

"Well, it's usually kept a secret, but I'll only let you know, if you promise you won't tell no-one else."

"I promise," I said. Just at that moment the attendant came up to me.

"Come along now," he said. You've been long enough here. Other people want to see these things too you know."

"But I was only talking to the octopus," I said, but stopped. He'd never believe that.

"Er, only joking," I said. "I'm going now, anyway—Cheerio." As I went, I saw the octopus give me a wink. I winked back at him, and the attendant thought I was winking at him, so he winked at me.

I arrived home late in the afternoon. My mum asked me if I enjoyed myself. I told her that I had, and said that I talked to an octopus. She replied, "Oh, how nice."

SHEILA HART, III. A.



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 you there.

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 you should not find yourself a Branch Manager in your thirties, with a salary upwards of £1,865, and the chance of doubling your pay by the time you are 50. Looking ahead, you 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, plus certain allowances if you work in large towns (£150 a year for employment in Central London). 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 scale runs from £340 on entry to a minimum of £735 at 31, plus large town allowances (again up to £150 for those working in Central London). 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. If you are keen to get on, prepared to study and not afraid of work, why not think about Banking as *your* 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

MY NEW BED AND ITS PROBLEMS

The day, November 16th. The event, the purchase of a new bed.

The enormous red van pulled gingerly to a stop in front of our house; the snow lay tailored to an exact fit on the road and pavement. My new bed had arrived.

Two men jumped out and kicked angrily at the snow which clung to their boots. They flung open the doors and the gaping belly of the monster was revealed. My bed lay dozing in the centre of the emptiness which was the van. I was amazed at the speed at which they got up the stairs and into my bedroom. Within minutes my new bed was in position and my old bed was being chauffeur-driven to wherever old beds go.

I pushed through the admiring audience of my father, mother, sister and grandmother, and took up my rightful place. I stretched out on the bed like a cat in front of the fire, and yawned lazily. The bed was as soft and luxurious as a purring Persian cat.

It had been agreed that the position of my bed should be changed. My father took one end of the bed, I took the other, and we moved it into the corner as I had wanted. My mother brought fresh sheets from the airing cupboard and made up the bed. The clock struck seven; two hours to bedtime.

I shut the door behind me and drew the curtains; everything lay still and quiet. I lay on my bed and found a large black cat staring at me from above. I knew this figure as a charcoal circle, from my old position. I turned over. There in front of me stood a cross between a hedgehog and a bird; this was not familiar either. My model plane was not on my side anymore but was diving at me as an enemy. My clock stood glaring at me from its twelve green eyes. I rushed to switch on the light and found I was still in my own room.

We changed the bed to where I was at home.

Hot cocoa, warm pyjamas, ah—bedtime.

MARTYN BOWLES, II. B.

"He that loveth his son causeth him oft to feel the rod."

Ecclesiasticus.

"Schweets, mummy, sweeets!" said little Tommy to his mother. Tommy was two and a half years old and he was at the shops with his mother. He asked for some sweets but his mother wasn't in a very sweet mood and she gave a short direct answer: "No!"

Tommy didn't take the answer very well and his face puckered up into an expression that his mother knew too well.

"Don't start crying, Tommy," ordered his mother. "I won't give way. You're not getting any sweets."

Tommy's lower lip dropped and he looked at his mother with his pleading eyes and said,

"Pease mummy, pease let me have some schweets." But his mother was adamant and said, "No!"

Tommy started to cry, quietly at first but gradually getting louder. The wail grew and in an effort to stop it his mother gave him a sharp, stinging slap on his legs. Instead of giving the desired effect Tommy only cried louder.

People began to stare. Some were cold uninterested stares and others were looks of sympathy for Tommy's mother from mothers who had been in the same predicament themselves at some time or another.

"Stop it, stop it", said Tommy's mother in a low fierce voice. But Tommy didn't stop. He just went on. His mother grabbed his hand and dragged him along. Her face was getting red but her attempts to stop Tommy crying were all in vain.

Tommy was getting angry. He wasn't used to getting the answer "no". Tommy was getting desperate. He had tried to get his own way but he had failed. Now he was down to his last resources. So Tommy put his plan into action. He screwed his eyes up tightly and took a deep breath. Then he opened his mouth and at full force of his healthy lungs, he screamed.

His mother went a bright red and dragged Tommy along a little faster. But Tommy's answer to that was prompt. He let his legs give way beneath him and he sat down. He continued to scream, but now he accompanied it with stamping his feet.

Tommy's mother tried to pick him up but his legs were kicking in every direction and it was impossible to get very near him.

In desperation his mother walked away in the hope that Tommy would think she was leaving him and get up and follow. But Tommy didn't move so his mother came back.

Quickly she said, "Tommy, I'll buy you some sweets." Miraculously Tommy stopped crying.

He went with his mother to the sweet shop and came out smiling, and with a packet of chocolate buttons.

"Schweets," he said.

EILEEN MCGREAL, III. C.

SCHOOL ALPHABET

A is assembly first thing in the hall.
B is for break and the chance to play ball.
C is for classes where work can be done.
D is for dunces, at Drayton we've none.
E is for English, some find it enthralling.
F is for French with accents appalling.
G is for Geography, German and Games.
H is for History (dates and great names).
I is for ink which gets on our thumbs.
J, Mr. Jewell who teaches us sums.

K is the kicking (at games we do that in).
 L is for lessons, for lunch and for Latin.
 M is for Merit Marks earned for fine work.
 N is for Netball (now, girls, do not shirk!)
 O is for orchestra (what funny sounds!)
 P is for "Phoenix" (where wit oft abounds).
 Q is for questions, in exams we get many.
 R is for Romans, the best House of any.
 S is for Socials and Science and "stinks".
 T is for Teacher and thoughts that he thinks.
 U is for unity, that's what we need.
 V, violinist, the orchestra's lead.
 W, Mr. Wright, your career he will guide.
 X for X-ray tubes, to see your inside.
 Y is the Youth here at Drayton G.S.
 Z is the Zest and the end of this "Mess."

D. READING, I. C.

DISENCHANTMENT

I had seen it all before;
 Those dazzling lights with beam toward the shore.
 I had heard it many times:
 The delighted cries of children splashing in the brine,
 The noisy fairs,
 The creak of swings as they whirl around,
 The pop-corn vendors and smell of crabs aground;
 The unvarying faces,
 The superficial grins of excitable anticipation whilst unpacking cases;
 Doubtful postcards. lovely views,
 Screaming brats in lengthy queues.
 How dull is all this gaiety!
 How jaded to my eye.

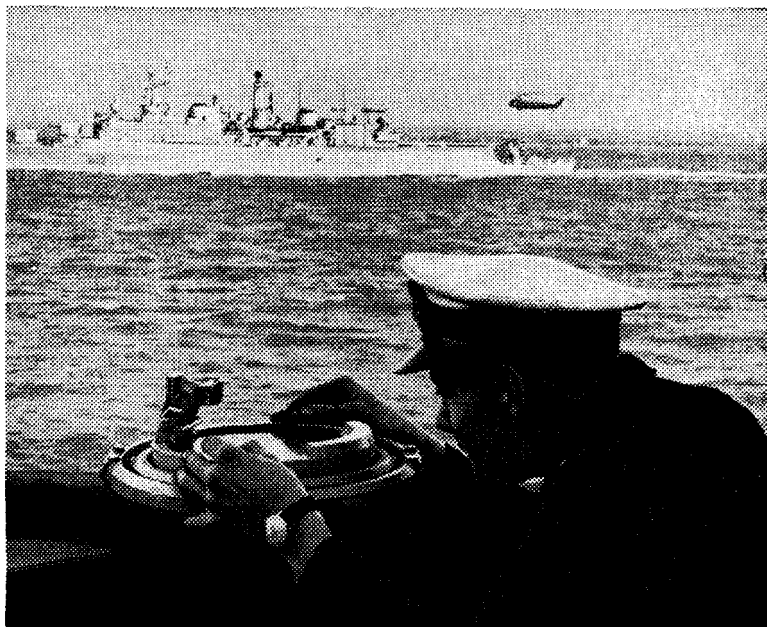
MARGARET ROGERS, IV. A.

"WELL IT'S A LIVING"

"Blast those men with their dark probing eyes,
 Tailor-made suits and old school ties,
 Sweaty fat faces and clammy hands,
 Socks held up by rubber bands,
 I parade before them every night,
 While they drink their brandies and end up tight.
 If they knew what it's like to stand up here,
 They'd not be so eager to whistle and jeer."

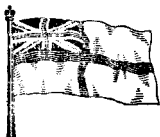
K. HEPPLE, IV. A.

The go-ahead
LIFE
of a **NAVAL OFFICER**



begins at DARTMOUTH

You can enter for a permanent commission in any one of the many branches of the Royal Navy. These include: Seaman, Fleet Air Arm, Engineering, Supply and Secretariat, and Royal Marines. Short service commissions are also available. For full particulars, write to:



Officer Entry Section, FSM/21, Royal Naval Careers Service, State House, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

HOUSE REPORTS

ATHENIAN HOUSE

ADMINISTRATIVE:

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

Prefects: R. D. Mackay, D. Crittenden, A. Kemmenoe, Virginia Barnes, Valerie Stoneman, Christine Duchesne.

House Captains: R. D. Mackay, Virginia Barnes.

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

SCHOLASTIC DIVISION

Junior Speech Trophy

Congratulations to Theresa D'Oliveira who won her way into the finals in which she did very well by coming third.

Senior Speech Trophy

Commendable performances by Lesley Hantman and Geoffrey Stratton brought them into the finals in which however they were unfortunately not placed. We should like to thank them for achieving so much.

SPORTS DIVISION

Football

Senior

v. Spartans	Lost 0-6
v. Trojans	Lost 2-3

Junior

v. Romans	Lost 2-7
v. Trojans	Won 4-1

I think a glance at the senior record will suffice to give the whole story. The juniors did well, coming second.

Hockey (Girls)

Senior

v. Romans	won 2-0
v. Spartans	drew 2-2
v. Trojans	won 3-1

Junior

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

Netball

Senior

v. Romans	drew 5-5
v. Spartans	drew 8-8
v. Trojans	won 8-6

Junior

v. Romans	lost 3-13
v. Spartans	lost 2-7
v. Trojans	won 6-2

The girls' senior hockey and netball teams both came second, and the junior hockey and netball teams third in their respective divisions.

The results of the cross-country in which, apart from a very good run by O'Leary who came second, Athenian House came last, showed the depths to which the senior boys can fall. We hope to do better in the cricket and in the athletics to make a positive attempt to stop the rot. Needless to say we have no complaint to make against the girls who, under the able leadership of Valerie Stoneman, have done well this year.

R. D. MACKAY.

ROMAN HOUSE

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

House Captains: Carol Thornber, P. Phipps.

Senior Games Captains: Judy Mair, K. Wilson.

Junior Games Captains: Sheila Hannafin, S. Bennet.

House Prefect: W. Hooper.

School Sports

It was a great pity that continuous rain until a few hours before the meeting worsened the chances of record breaking, for the school at this time had quite a few outstanding performers. The bad conditions did not, however, deter the Romans who managed to win the sports by quite a convincing margin from their closest contenders the Trojans.

Cross Country

Heavy rain on several days prior to this event gave rise to very muddy, slippery conditions but the Romans undaunted by this setback secured second place with only $5\frac{1}{2}$ points separating them from the winners, the Spartans. Raymond Palmer, a Roman, won the race with A. Wilson 6th, Fisk 8th, Sweeting 12th, Waite 16th, Peake 20th and with Hooper and Phipps making up the rest of the team.

Speech Trophy Competitions

This year the finals of both the junior and senior competitions were held on Open Day. In the senior competition five people were entered (the sixth being absent) of whom Warwick Hooper, Helen Vaux and Valerie Penfold reached the

finals. Warwick Hooper with a lively and entertaining speech was placed third in the final.

In the junior competition six people were entered but although none reached the final the efforts of these six must not go un-noticed.

Girls' Netball House Matches

The Roman senior team was placed third, drawing with the Athenians 5-5 in the first round, beating the Trojans 6-2 in the second round, and being beaten by the Spartans 9-3 in the third round.

The Roman junior team was placed first beating the Spartans 9-2 in the first round, the Trojans 8-2 in the second round, and the Athenians 13-3 in the third round.

Boys' Basketball House Matches

The finals of this new event were offered as an exhibition on Open Day. The senior team won their competition, narrowly beating the Trojans in the first round, and convincingly beating the Athenians, who played with the help of C. Rogers, a Trojan, to present a more even display for Open Day.

The junior team were placed second in their competition, gaining a walkover against the Trojans in the first round and losing to the Athenians 14-8 on Open Day.

Boys' Soccer House Matches

The soccer matches were again played on a knockout basis. In the first round the senior team played the Spartans and had a rather easy match winning by 8-1, Squirrel scoring four goals. In the second round the senior team played the Trojans and were beaten 4-1, Woolley being the goalscorer for the Romans.

The junior team won their competition by beating the Spartans 13-4 in the first round and the Athenians 7-2 in the second; McConnell scored six goals in the first match against the Spartans.

Girls' Hockey House Matches

The junior team were placed second in their competition, beating the Athenians 1-0 in the first round, drawing 1-1 with the Trojans in the second, and drawing 1-1 with the Spartans in the third.

The senior team were placed fourth on goal average though their points result was equal to that of the Trojans; they lost to the Spartans 4-0 in the first round, to the Athenians 2-0 in the second, and drew 1-1 with the Trojans in the third.

In conclusion it is worthy to notice that the Romans won the inter-house academic competition for the Spring Term.

P. G. PHIPPS

SPARTAN HOUSE

House Staff: Miss Snow, Mr. Adderson, Mr. Herrera, Mr. Johnson, Dr. Muir.

House Captains: S. Reeves, A. Powell.

Games Captains: G. Hullah, M. Glover.

Junior Games Captain: M. Lloyd.

So far this year Spartans have recorded some fairly varied performances. In the Winter games both the senior and junior boys finished low down in the football competitions, although their prestige was restored when they were victorious in the school cross-country. As in the previous few years the girls tended to surpass the performances of their male counterparts in their corresponding house matches. The senior girls remained undefeated in both the hockey and netball, while the juniors won the netball competition.

In the speech competitions Spartans did not meet with their usual success. Jacqueline Coombes and Haynes did reach the senior finals, but unfortunately Jacqueline missed the final through illness, and Haynes, despite his most entertaining speech, was unplaced. In the junior competition Carol Bryan, Griffiths and Saltern all produced most commendable efforts in reaching the final but did not manage to be placed.

Finally there is Sports Day. With a concerted effort from the boys, combined with the undeniable power of the Spartan girls, there is no reason why Spartans should not end the year on a victorious note.

A. POWELL.

Sports Notes

I am relieved to be able to report that the pernicious death-watch beetle of apathy has been successfully driven from the apparently rotting foundations of the Spartan domicile.

The senior girls in particular, under the astute leadership of that paragon of womanhood, Susan Reeves, have been particularly victorious. The girls took the senior girls netball and hockey championships in their stride, winning easily on goal average. Their closest rivals were the Athenians who could present nothing, however, to overcome the adroit skill and enthusiasm displayed by the Spartans, despite the boastings of the members of the House!

The junior girls also upheld the good name of the house, being most successful at netball; a fact undoubtedly connected with the abundance of lengthy women in our House. They also played Hockey.

The senior boys were unlucky in the football competition, despite the greatest odds of injury, absence and Greer's goalkeeping, to lose the first round of football to the Romans by 8 goals to 1. Even our opponents, however, will not deny that the highlight of the match was our goal scored by Locke, who, after a dazzling solo run down the wing, cut inside and ran into the ball, which rebounded with the speed of light and trickled into the bottom corner of the net. The boys finished 3rd after beating the Athenians by 6 goals to nil—our thanks

must be extended to Kemmenoe for his invaluable assistance in this game.

Owing to circumstances beyond our control we were unable to enter the basketball competition which we would otherwise have won.

The junior boys were the least triumphant section of the House owing to the lack of fitness of its members—a condition induced by the inhalation of nicotine, the swallowing of alcoholic beverage, and a lack of porridge. They lost both rounds of football and were beaten at basketball by the Athenians. Fortunately the lack of a referee prevented them from playing the Trojans at Basketball in the 2nd round.

The esteem of the school for the Spartan boys will be immediately restored by an account of the cross country. This was a brilliant example of team work. Those Spartans who supported their house at the finish of this marathon, run over the most treacherous course, part of which is uphill, will have seen Lightning Laver lolloping home in great style. Roberts, who actually volunteered to run, was also well placed, followed closely by Hamer, who had to keep close as he didn't know the way: Cooper was thirteenth and Poland, the last placed Spartan, took a respectable eighteenth position. MacMahon and Locke were the other team members because we were a trifle short owing to last minute sickness.

M. GLOVER

TROJAN HOUSE

Long ago the city of Troy was besieged for a decade by the armies of the city states of Greece and Sparta. Lonely little Troy had walls as invulnerable as the insurance companies. Yet, being mortal, Trojans fell short of perfection. The wooden horse ruse flattered their vanity. In the night the wooden belly opened up, the gates of the city were opened to the waiting hordes of dandruff-ridden hooligans and the devil himself rampaged through the streets.

Trojans had allowed their vanity to divert their attention from danger. They had rested on their laurels and had only themselves to blame for the result. Exorbitant was the price of folly in shame and suffering.

Many centuries later it is found that the Trojans have gone a long way in restoring the true image of their superiority. They have learned from the mistake of their ancestors. The Senior Football Trophy, for example, has been won by the Trojans for the third year running and this noble achievement has been accomplished by what team-captain D. Hale calls "tremendous team spirit," together with the striking quality of innate Trojan superiority. Continuing what is fast becoming a habit, Trojans gained the first two places in the Phoenicians' Speech Trophy Competition in the persons of Fiddes and Durrans respectively. This pair had earlier brought further honour to the house by reaching the finals of the Evening Standard Metropolitan Schools Debating Tournament.

Those who were awake on Monday mornings as early as assembly would have heard the names of many Trojans who had gained three or more merit marks for the previous week. In the merit mark competition as a whole and in the cross-country race, the house failed to attain its full potential, although this was not

due to apathy. Trojans will doubtless regard it as their duty to improve both these performances in future.

The gods were heavily against Trojan senior girls in the netball competition, though half-time scores are said to be encouraging. The juniors too showed that participation is the main thing. Senior girls fared better in the hockey matches and were finally placed third, while the juniors became the heroines of the house by winning the championship.

At the time of writing, Sports Day is imminent, and at the time of reading the results will have been decided. Trojan success in this competition rests not only on individual performances but on the teamwork of all members of the house who will either secure victory or narrowly miss it.

B. DURRANS.

MIDNIGHT SEARCH

I sat up straight, still and poised;
What was that? that funny noise!
Now I stood upon the stair,
Had my foxes 'scaped their lair?

Quickly, quietly, down I went,
Knelt down low, and there saw bent
The pin that had held closed the door
Of the cage of my foxes four!

Susie, Sam, Brush and Phil,
There they are—on yonder hill!
Riding fast, with all my might,
Bother it, the girth's not tight.

Sliding, slipping, crashing, falling;
There I lay 'til early morning.
Those four foxes I ne'er did find,
My house, my home left far behind.

Now don't cross the hills if the moon is full,
When the stars are out and the wind is cool,
'Cause as the clock strikes twelve once more,
You will see a Phantom! Searching, for foxes four.

LYNNE SMITH, II. B.



R. Potter 4B

AN ODE TO TOM

Twas the last night of December
Down the bombs fell one, two, three
One exploded, two exploded,
But the third fell silently.

There the third lay cold and dreadful,
Unexploded by his door.
Terror grew in his expression—
He was face to face with war.

Frantically he called his loved-ones;
"Hurry, children; hurry, wife,"
Sprawling down the stairs still sleeping,
Each intent to save his life.

Far they scatter out of danger
Laughing now with pure relief,
Then the eldest son remembers
"Gran is there! What dreadful grief."

Swift he runs through brush and bracken,
Terror freezing in his breast,
Kicks the door, the Heavens open;
Unsuccessful in his quest.

Tom is now an unsung hero,
Buried somewhere in the earth.
As years go by the bombs get bigger;
What was his heroism worth?

MARTYN BOWLES, 2B

THE BORING LESSON

She sat there on her chair,
Pen and ink nearby,
Her fingers running through her hair.

.....
She stared—
She stared at nothing.
Her face a grey, November sky.

He droned on; words a blur,
Nothing really taught.
His words meant nothing to her.

.....
She stared—
She stared at nothing,
Her mind drifting into thought.

Her eyes roved, looked outside,
Only rows of trees —
And grey clouds softly cried.

.....
She stared—
She stared at nothing.
The puddles, forming tiny seas.

On the seas, a galleon sailed.
Her teacher nearly drowned;
The sailors pulled—but failed

.....
She stared
And stared at nothing
But her thoughts which floated round.
Time was endless; so it seemed.
She noticed on her book
Scribbles drawn while she had dreamed.

.....
So she stared and waited quietly,
With a bored and sleepy look.

LINDA McDONALD, IV. A.

TIME

"My purpose is to entertain;
And yours, to be entertained.
As I entertain for your pleasure I'll tell you what is mine:
My pleasure is to wander, wander 'neath the whispering pines,
To drift towards my predetermined place
Among the hills and valleys of time—
The hills where tributaries begin and the pines reach up
To the sky, as if to burst the full clouds before their time.
And drench the valleys, overflowing the lakes,
Drowning everything.
'Oh! happy, happy days, containing such a happy man!'—they laugh
It's as if he is the very soul of mirth."
Oh yes I'm happy, happy to make you happy,
To make you laugh, laugh until you cry,
Until you cry, cry for your son, your daughter, your lover,
As you see them torn from their clouds
By the pines' forked branches,
As you yourself are dashed into those valleys where I was wont to
take my pleasure,
And you overflow the lakes.
Till then, I will entertain.
I'll keep you happy, happier than the happiest have been.
My purpose is to entertain
And yours to be entertained"

JANET ASHWORTH, IV. A.

OPEN DAY

The School's second Open Day, on March 17th, was no less successful than the first one two years earlier. There was a wide selection of displays, gymnastics, fencing, basketball and many exhibitions. Some visitors were shocked—electrically by the shocking machine in the physics laboratory, horrifically by the biology department's skeleton, or pleasantly by the generous prize offered by the library. The editor of "Phoenix" has revoked a decision he made when striding from the physics lab. nursing a sore arm, and has decided to leave the description of the Open Day activities to the experts; so there follow accounts of some of the displays, mostly written by the people responsible for them.

THE CHEMISTRY LABORATORY

The general theme for the Chemistry Department on Open Day was the relationship between the structure of matter at the molecular level and its properties.

In order to do this, molecular models made in the department from polystyrene spheres were used and compared with samples of active material. This approach is particularly profitable when considering an element such as carbon which exhibits two vastly different forms, diamond and graphite; only specimens of the latter form were on display.

Properties of the smallest molecule (hydrogen) were demonstrated, and molecular motion was shown by diffusion experiments. Included in the same laboratory were some modern methods of analysis including Chromatography—a very powerful analytical tool enabling identification of complex substances in a short time.

My one regret is that due to illness I was unable to be present and I would like to thank all the pupils who helped Miss McDougall, and particularly Mrs. Lomasney, the Laboratory Assistant, who worked with energy and skill to make the day a success.

A.H.T.

BIOLOGY

The School's human skeleton "Charlie" pointed ominously to the Junior Biology (ah, but proved to be no ill omen; those who ventured along the Biology corridor had plenty to see and think about.)

Several members of the first form had very kindly brought along their pet hamsters to exhibit alongside IA's "Hammy"; these pets proved very popular with visitors and no doubt the hamsters were pleased when they could settle down eventually to peace and quiet. Other first formers demonstrated experiments concerning conduction and convection of heat. The third formers dissected the structure of soil in a series of experiments, whilst the fourth form were concerned with mammalian blood systems and the structure and mechanics of plant stems and roots. Asexual and sexual reproduction were demonstrated by the fifth form, the highlights being models of flower structure and pollination and dissected mouse embryos with their placentae. Finally, of the live exhibits much interest was shown in the tropical fish aquarium, set up and stocked by a fifth former, and a small cage of desert locusts.

In the Advanced Biology Lab. the upper and lower sixth biologists had prepared a demonstration of heredity in the animal and plant kingdoms. Beginning with the structure and diversity of both animal and plant cells they showed how the heredity material is lodged in the nucleus and that the nucleic acids are the chemicals ultimately responsible for the continuity of characteristics and cell specialization. As material for genetical experiments, the pupils use the fruit-fly (*Drosophila*) and these were exhibited together with details of the experiments. For light relief, several of the upper sixth ran a biological quiz, which consisted of subjects gleaned from the hidden recesses of the Biology Lab. cupboards.

A TROPICAL AQUARIUM

With the coming of Open Day it was decided that a tropical aquarium should be set up in the Biology Laboratory to provide interest to the parents and, we hoped, interest to future forms 'living' in the laboratory.

The necessary heating equipment was already available and all that remained was to create a suitable medium in which fish could live. After we cleaned the aquarium (which had long been out of use) a layer of compost consisting of sand was put into the bottom of it. However it was found to be rather unsuitable as the majority of plants did not root successfully. The sand has now been replaced by a more efficient compost of gravel.

When we had filled the aquarium with water several plants were planted, their main function being to oxygenate the water. To keep the water clear a filter was provided but has since proved to be unsuccessful. A biological filter has now been installed underneath the gravel, from which better results are expected. Both types of filters employ the air-lift principle, the air being provided by a pump, which also helps to oxygenate the water.

A heater connected to a thermostat was also placed in the aquarium to maintain the water temperature at approximately 24°C.

When we had allowed the plants to establish themselves and the water to 'mature' some inexpensive fish—guppies—were put into the water to test for suitable conditions. These were found to be still alive after a week so that additional fish could be added without fear. The following fish were introduced into the aquarium: Black Molly; Tiger Barb; Black Widow, which unfortunately died during the Easter holidays; Kuhli Loach, an eel-like fish which is rarely seen, owing to its preference for nocturnal conditions; Red Platy; and a Catfish, that lives mainly by scavenging food off the bottom.

I. COLE, 5A

PHYSICS

An exhibition, "Force and Movement", arranged in the Advanced Physics laboratory by groups of fourth, fifth and lower sixth pupils was well attended. Visitors willingly took part in hair-raising and breath-taking experiments; a young one observed, "the best was the treacle experiment: every time I put in a marble I licked my fingers."

In the elementary laboratory a few films were shown, the sixth staged a "Sixth Form Challenge", and members of the third year arranged optics experiments.

Since this room was in darkness, not many visitors ventured in, much to the disappointment of the third formers who were most anxious to show people their own ingenious displays.

THE MATHEMATICS ROOM

In the Maths Room on Open Day there was great activity. The parents were sitting at their desk calculators trying to work them, perhaps being shown by their young son. The room was full of people, and things strange to them. Fudge of the sixth form was demonstrating his electric binary adder, which works by two rows of knobs working switches which turn on bulbs representing the addition of two numbers. It is a very complex process inside, though Fudge must understand it. There was a contraption¹ to show normal distribution of marbles in different chutes after rolling through a triangular bed of nails. Most marbles fall in the middle chute and fewer at the sides. There was a large display of geometrical models made by different pupils from all of the school with such names as icosahedron, and truncated cuboctahedron (we refer to the models' names, not the pupils'). The volume of a cone or sphere was shown by pouring a golden coloured liquid called fluorescein into different containers through a funnel. A new teaching gadget (nicknamed Miss Grundy) was on show to parents only: it looks like a television set and a series of questions appear on the screen with three different answers of which you have to choose one by pressing one of a series of buttons. A curved roof (called a hyperbolic paraboloid) made entirely of straight lines was also exhibited—this one by Gamble of the sixth. Placed around the roof were many of the project lessons which our form Ic have carried out. Every half hour for an hour there was a demonstration of either BIAC (Binary I a Computer) or DICK (Digital I c Komputer). These "machines" were three rows of chairs with pupils sitting on them operated by another pupil we call the programmer. The binary number, worked on the base of 2 instead of 10, was fed in by the operator making certain pupils stand to represent the number 1, the others remaining seated to represent 0. For addition the number is fed by the programmer tapping the pupil representing a certain number and the pupil adding his number in. For subtraction the same thing happens except the pupil subtracts his number causing a slight difference in the mechanism. The computer can deal with multiplication and simple cases of division.

KIM BRANDRETH AND GRAHAM HARRINGTON, I. C.

¹ *The contraption is known in the trade as Daltons Quincunx and imitates a situation of frequent occurrence in everyday life, such as shoe sizes, adult heights, or errors in measuring by machine. Sir.*

GEOGRAPHY

To those able to appreciate the relative values of the exhibits in the Geography Room on Open Day, the extremely accurate relief model of the North Yorkshire Moors was clearly outstanding. This model represented many hours of patient work by Mr. Hunter, in the course of which an error on the 1 inch Ordnance Survey map was discovered. So rarely do these errors occur that to discover one is indeed a feat. The model subsequently proved itself to be an exceedingly valuable help when our sixth form field class went to the Yorkshire Moors

during the Easter holiday. On display also were some sixth form class field notes from last year's work in North Wales.

The Ordnance Survey Department helped considerably by lending us a display of O.S. maps on many scales, including samples of their most recent Tourist Edition maps. The maps of old Hanwell as shown in successive editions of the six-inch map were particularly interesting.

Now that geology is being taught to 'O' level to the Geographers in form six, a display of geological specimens was staged in Room II to illustrate the scope of the work attempted.

MODERN LANGUAGES ROOM

It is not an easy task to present to visitors the glamour of French irregular verbs or to demonstrate in a captivating manner the intricacies of the agreement of Past Participles; the modern languages staff must think of other aspects of their work.

Mrs. Bates and Mrs. Crewe concentrated on French wines and cheeses, Miss Bracken thought nobly about German food and, as a result, Room 13 took on an unaccustomed air. Maps and pictures covered the walls, and the joys of good living, which are the indispensable accompaniment of language study, were blazoned.

We did also manage to show to those visitors who were interested some new methods of teaching French, but the main charm of the room lay in its quality of an oasis of calm and culture where one could browse.

In order to attain this goal it was necessary to call upon help from a large number of people, all of whom gave it as readily as one expects of Drayton Manor; it is most gratefully acknowledged.

A. J. M.

THE LIBRARY

In this, as in other departments, the main event of the year was Open Day on March 17th. All librarians were allowed the morning off to work in the library. In three hours, furniture was re-organised, notices were written, New Books were displayed, and, an innovation this year, the books were counted and visitors were asked to guess the total.

The ten or so librarians each counted a section of up to 500 books; these figures were written down, books on loan and in departmental libraries were also put down and the 21 figures were added up by the writer, who much appreciated the use of Mr. Jewel's calculating machines. The total was given to Mr. Curtis so that only two people knew the total. During the afternoon and evening, 169 people guessed the number in order to win a 25s. Book Token. The guesses ranged from Stephen Self's guess of 1,000, through such comments as "Too Many", to Judy Mair's "2 thousand billion". The correct answer was 5,635, and the winner was Marilyn Reading who was only 14 out with 5,649.

A feature of 1963's Open Day which was repeated this year was that of visitors giving books on display to the library. Several willing first formers asked visitors politely (we hope) if they would donate a book to the library. Exactly 100 books

(including one which has since mysteriously vanished) were given, and we would like to take this opportunity to thank, publicly, everyone who gave a book on Open Day.

JOHN FENN, III. C.

In addition to the books generously given on Open Day, we gratefully acknowledge the following gifts to the Library: from Linda Smee "History of the World's Art" by Hermann Lecht; from Dr. Muir a complete set of "Punch" for 1964, in excellent condition; this was particularly welcome, as it enabled us to throw away with a clear conscience our very tattered collection of loose copies of this popular magazine.

One gift deserves special mention. David Worsley, an ex-pupil of the School (1951-57) visited us early in the school year and noticed that the library shelves were not filled. In a letter to the Headmaster he asked for a list of books that we needed, and we sent him one. Some months later, after saving a few shillings a week, he sent us a parcel of no fewer than fifteen books. As we can never buy as many books as we should like from official funds, David Worsley's gift is very welcome, both in itself and perhaps also as an example of how former pupils and pupils leaving the School who would like to make a gesture of gratitude can also help the School in a practical way.

Finally we should like to thank Mr. Jewell for the many books he has given the library during this school year.

D.C.

THE PHOENICIAN SPEECH TROPHY COMPETITION

The competition, under the chairmanship of Dr. Evans, provided an enjoyable climax to Open Day, and a large audience was present to encourage the speakers. We are all proud of the high standard of public speaking maintained in the school and the speeches heard in this competition were all up to this standard.

Brian Durrans opened the proceedings with an intelligent speech upon 'Influence' which was delivered in his best, forceful style and held the audience's attention well. While the speech was not one of his best it was nevertheless good enough to ensure him second place. Paul Fiddes, with a good speech upon 'Science and Society', secured first place for the second time in three years. The fairly long speech was presented with force, without the use of notes and contained several interesting points. It was noticeable that there was a certain change in style, brought about to a certain extent by his over-employment of puns which it must be admitted somewhat stunned the audience in the earlier stages of the speech.

Leslie Hantman, the only fifth former to reach the final of the competition, spoke on 'History is Bunk', treating the subject in a humorous vein and, while somewhat dependent on her notes, presented the speech in a good manner and with clear diction. Ian Haynes also relied rather heavily on his notes, but his speech upon 'Influence' contained some interesting points and phases with some good touches of humour.

Warwick Hooper in his speech upon 'Influence' expounded his theory of women's influence over men with great hilarity and even managed to win over

the feminine section of the audience. His long speech was delivered in a lively style and while his sombre tone at the end was rather out of key with the rest of his piece he well deserved his third place in the competition.

Valerie Penfold chose to speak on 'Science and Society' and presented an intelligent speech with clear diction, though its length somewhat lost her the attention of the audience towards the end. Geoffrey Stratton threw some 'New Light on Old Problems', treating his speech as one on behalf of the Conservative Party. Though the general presentation of his speech was somewhat untidy there were good touches of humour. Helen Vaux concluded the competition with a well planned speech upon 'Influence', delivered in a good style.

The adjudicators, Mr. Howe, Vice-Chairman of the Board of Governors, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Jeffries then adjourned to make their difficult decision, after which Mr. Howe announced the result of the competition, and it only remained for Mr. Hollowday to award the prizes.

C. CARR, U. VI. AM

THE JUNIOR SPEECH TROPHY COMPETITION

I am sure that the three adjudicators—Mrs. Gilmour, who is the wife of the Chairman of the Board of Governors, Mr. Penfold, who was representing the Parents' Association, and Mr. Johnson, who is the head of the English Department—had a hard time picking the winner from the high standard of the seven finalists in the competition.

The finalists were chosen from twenty-two people who took part in the first round of the competition held in front of the junior school. The final was held in front of many pupils, parents and friends who had come to the school's Open Day.

The six topics upon which the competitors had to speak in the final were as follows:-

- Fears and fantasies
- As I see life
- Observation
- What I could teach my parents
- Music
- Growing pains

The majority of speakers chose "As I see life" as their topic.

The chairman, Mr. Curtis, called the first speaker, Barbrooke, who chose to speak upon "Music", the only competitor to do so. His voice was interesting and his speech well written but he did have a slight tendency to read his notes, as did one or two of the other competitors.

Theresa D'Oliveira made a powerful and amusing speech on "What I could teach my parents." She spoke fluently and with expression and gave an interesting criticism of her parents but I felt that her speech, however logically developed it may have been, was rather over-emphasised in places.

Carol Dyke gave a well constructed speech also on "What I could teach my parents" and was a deserving winner of the trophy for the second year running.

Griffiths made a well-thought-out speech with good relevant material on "Fears and fantasies" but unfortunately it was not put over well, and was simply fired at the audience.

Marilyn Reading made another good speech on "As I see life", which was the same topic the speaker, Saltern, chose. Saltern's material was of rather low intellectual quality, unintelligently phrased and had very few original ideas. However, he spoke clearly and well and he could do better in future years.

Congratulations to Carol Dyke on her fine achievement of winning the plaque presented to us by the Parents' Association, and to Marilyn Reading and Theresa D'Oliveira who received a book token each for coming second and third respectively.

K. WAKEMAN, III. A.

A STREET FIGHT

They stood, waiting;
twenty or thirty of them.
Then they heard it:
the click of Cuban heels.
One minute more,
then steel studs glinted
in the setting sun.
There was a quick flick,
and knives shone
ready for their work.
A short whirl,
and oily cycle chains
opposed the knives.

The fight began
Yells, shrieks and cries
broke the evening air.
People stopped and looked,
then hurried past.
A policeman came:
"Ere now, break it up."
but they fought on.

Gradually the fighters went,
until two were left.
They fought on
with only fists and feet.
The knives and cycle chains
were gone long ago.
Suddenly they realized
that they fought alone,

and one against one.
As if afraid, they stopped,
backed away, turned,
and ran like the wind
to the safety of home.

JULIE HENSHALL, 4C

WALKING IN THE DARK

The shades of night drew closer
As I stumbled down the lane
And my fear grew even larger
As I heard the steps again.

Then something touched my shoulder
With a finger cold and hard
And a tree bent down to whisper
To put me on my guard.

The road was banked by shadows
That grew monstrous in their shapes
And stood black against the moonlight
Like witches' fearsome drapes.

An owl sailed past in silence
And my heart jumped up in fear
While my feet fled even faster
As I saw my house appear.

JACQUELINE LAST, II. B.

HOMEWARD BOUND

Swirling dark, bible-black,
Looming huge behind my back.
Shall I run?

Knuckles white, ears straining.
Iron will, legs restraining.
I shall walk.

Darting bat, plastic wings,
Covered fears, terror sings.
I shall fall.

Lighted liner, courage back,
Wing lights flashing, homeward track.
I shall march.

Mother's cooking, carpet, warm,
Slam the door, light is born,
"Hello, mum."

MARTYN BOWLES, II. B.

PHOENIX: THE FIRST YEARS

The purpose of this section in "Phoenix" is two-fold: in the first place, to attempt to capture some of the atmosphere which pervaded the school during its infancy, and in the second, to lay the foundation for a "Thirty Years Ago" column, which it is hoped will appear annually in future editions of "Phoenix". When the workmen invaded the old school library, and began knocking down the walls which divided it from the then multiplicity of miscellaneous rooms and corridors, the librarians discovered a hoard of old "Phoenix" magazines dating back to No. 1. The following extracts are taken from "Phoenix" Numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4, Summer 1933, Summer 1934, January 1935, and July 1935. The school was in fact opened in 1930, but the first "Phoenix" simply fills the three-year gap with an article called "Record". Unfortunately, limited space only permits extracts, the first of which is a short history of the site and building of Drayton Manor County School:

"FOR MANY YEARS, Sir Montagu Sharpe's estate, with its magnificent house, had stretched from Argyle Road on the East to Cuckoo Lane on the West. The great iron gates opening into it were situated near what is now the West end of Cowper Road, and are remembered by many local residents who were frequently invited to fêtes and sports meetings, held on the lawns of which our playing fields were part. Greenford Avenue, a new road from the Park Hotel, and passing close to the school site, was made in 1886. Other new roads soon followed and Hanwell slowly encroached upon Hanwell Park House, which was by this time derelict. Drayton Bridge Road was cut in 1897 and built upon about 1906. Sir Montagu Sharpe's house was demolished about 1897. Our school site was purchased by the Middlesex County Council in April, 1926, and in 1929 plans were passed for the erection of the school. The County Architect prepared the plans and the building was entrusted to Messrs. W. Try and Sons, of Uxbridge. The cost of the building was £41,000."

There follows an article entitled "The Birth of a School", which goes on to talk about the school motto, the introduction of the school meal service, and the opening of the tuck shop:

BIRTH OF A SCHOOL 1930

"It was an unforgettable experience to be one of the eager, hopeful band which entered and took possession of our new school on the morning of November 3rd, 1930. It was thrilling to know that we were entrusted with the task of giving the school a good start, and of shaping those traditions of which we, and those who should follow us, were some day to be proud.

One hundred and thirty-six scholars assembled on that first morning. Fortunately, it was fine, for the asphalt surrounds were not yet laid, and the field appeared an uneven mass of clay, bricks and coarse weeds, intersected by rails, with tip-trucks, and all sorts of builder's debris.

These things mattered little, for we were all filled with the pioneer spirit and enjoying the enviable experience of being the first scholars and staff of a school whose history would reach to the end of the century and beyond. We were fully aware of the responsibility resting upon us of seeing that the foundations of

the real school—the living school—were as well and truly laid as the foundations of the building itself. Accordingly, at the first of the short services with which our day's work always opens, we sang "Onward Christian Soldiers" and meant it!

THE SCHOOL BADGE.

"Much satisfaction was given to the Hanwell residents by the Headmaster's announcement that the school had adopted as its badge the crest and motto of the seal of the Hanwell Urban District Council, thus keeping in remembrance what might otherwise have been forgotten owing to the incorporation of Hanwell with the Borough of Ealing a few years ago."

A CHRISTMAS PARTY AND THE FIRST SCHOOL DINNERS; THE TUCK SHOP.

"The staff and pupils were not yet very well-acquainted, and the process of becoming better known to each other was greatly helped by the Christmas party, in which the whole school joined.

The first pupils of the school were by no means from Hanwell only. They came from Hayes, Hillingdon, Yiewsley, Harrow, Ruislip, Greenford, Northolt, Wembley, and all parts of Ealing. Ninety brought their mid-day meal to school and during the first few days there were many picnics round the radiators. The dining room was, however, soon ready, with tables, chairs and other necessaries. On January 17th, the first school hot dinner, of stewed steak and carrots, prunes and rice ("niggers in the snow storm") was prepared by Mrs. Gregory, whose skill has been manifest every day since then.

The tuck shop was opened in February, and from its small profits, contributions are made from time to time towards school necessities, unobtainable through the ordinary channels".

Naming the houses was not an easy task as you can see—

"MUCH TIME was spent, and many alternatives were considered before a final choice was made. The idea of Drake v. Florence Nightingale battling for the school football championship broke down, and the classic names—Athenian, Roman, Spartan, Trojan—were adopted. Thus does history repeat itself, and these ancient heroes shall fight their battles over again; now, however, without bloodshed."

1931: THE FIELD; THE FIRST SPEECH DAY; A CHRISTMAS CONCERT.

"In early 1931 it certainly presented the appearance of a field, but little investigation was needed to show that in parts it was as full of shingle as Brighton beach, while docks, nettles, and particularly plantain flourished instead of grass. We know more of the persistency of horseradish since our attacks on it with knives, spades, acid and poison. It still occasionally lifts a slab of asphalt in sheer derision of our efforts. Stoning and weeding parties have rivalled the horseradish in persistency, and the constant attacks of the school have transformed the field. A flagstaff has now appeared on the field and wire netting around the fences, whilst rose trees and silver birch promise to make the surrounds of the grounds beautiful within a few years."

Even as late as Summer Term 1934 in Phoenix 2, 4A were complaining:

“O nasty little plantain,
Our footer field’s worst pest!
Who defiest all our efforts,
Nor sufferest us to rest.
We sprinkle poison round thee,
We dig thy sturdy roots,
We hack thy leaves with sharpened blades,
We kick thee with our boots.
My hands—they ache with weeding,
My knees are damp and cold,
And still thy flowers are seeding,
As they have done of old.”

The following year a poem about a “Jolly Plantain” replied, which included:

“For even though they strike me down,
They shall not win the day,
For they with large and heavy feet
Have trodden in the clay
My seeds to bloom another year—
I’ve won the victory!
I care for nobody, no not I,
For nobody cares for me.”

“The first anniversary of the school was approaching, and to mark our first birthday, Speech Day was held on November 28th. Our guests on that occasion included Sir Benjamin Gott, who distributed the prizes, supported by the Mayor (Ald. M. J. Stowell), Rev. C. J. Sharp, and many other governors, with many parents and friends filling the hall. At the conclusion of the speeches, the school gave a selection of songs.

Several weeks later, on December 18th, 1931, the school’s first Christmas concert took place, the stage having only recently been equipped with curtains and lighting. The singing, elocution, country dancing and dramatic performance which made up our programme, gave a most enjoyable evening’s entertainment; the first, we hope of many.”

1932: THE STAFF; SCHOOL UNIFORM; CHARITY; THE FIRST SPORTS.

Mention is made in “Phoenix” about the Staff of Drayton Manor in those days over thirty years ago. Among a host of unknown names one comes across three familiar ones in snippets from “Record”:

“In 1932, we welcomed Mr. Behmber and Mr. Wright.”

“In the room adjacent to that of the Headmaster, sits Miss Scott, who ably manipulates the typewriter and rotary duplication machine in her efforts to deal with all the secretarial work of the school.”

“The growth of the school has been accompanied by several minor changes. The boys’ caps have been altered and are still on probation. For the girls, a summer frock has been introduced.”

“It is pleasing to record that the children’s appreciation of their good fortune

in being members of such a modern and happy school has found willing expression in gifts to the Charity Fund. These gifts are but a halfpenny per child each week, but already eight guineas have been sent to the Mayor's Fund for the Local Unemployed, and five guineas to the London Orphan School, in which the school holds a life vote."

Is this something which might be revived in 1965?

"In 1932, we held our first Sports, and introduced the grade system, under which every boy or girl could obtain some points for his or her house. Both in that year and this (1933), exceptionally good weather blessed our Sports Day, when the finals of both boys' and girls' events were staged, and on each occasion a good crowd of parents of the children and friends of the school, saw some very keen competition."

SCHOOL NOTES 1933-4 (from Phoenix No. 2)

"Drayton Manor School has reached a happy period in its growth. Its oldest inhabitants already take pride in the traditions they have planted, while they still share with Form One the adventure of doing things for the first time.

The first School Play was "Julius Caesar": That 'CAESAR WAS AMBITIOUS' we all knew, but joy in the creation of character, costume, scenery and effects during months of preparation, no less than the applause of a generous audience on November 23rd and 24th, justified the ambition of our potential actors and craftsmen."

The first School Concert took place in the following March. Other things were going on as well, though:

"Occasions that rank as traditional include the Summer Expedition—last year to the G.W.R. Works at Swindon—the Victory of the Fathers over the First Eleven in July, Swimming Sports in September, Athletics Sport in April, and repeated onslaughts upon the Plantains that try to rob us of our playing field. The House Singing Competition at the end of the Spring term, another new feature, resulted in a victory for the Spartans.

The formation of two School societies, the Literary and Dramatic and the History Society, show we enjoy intellectual as well as athletic out-of-school activities. The History Society will shortly debate, "That Labour-saving Machinery is the main cause of Unemployment," and last term they spent a Merit half-holiday exploring the Tower of London. To the Literary Society Mr. Barbanel gave a delightful illustrated lecture on Paris. All who were present longed to go there under his leadership, and forty boys and girls were fortunate enough to make the School's first foreign journey in the Easter holidays."

Most of this seems very far-off and out-dated, and yet for those of the School who went to France this Easter (1965) it cannot seem too far removed.

SCHOOL NOTES

June 1934-December 1934 (from Phoenix 3)

Very little about the School can be gleaned from Phoenix No. 3, as it seems the School was at last settling down into a routine rhythm; however, this much is worth a mention:

"During the past half-year the school has added to its experience and its numbers. Four hundred and sixty pupils assembled in September for the new

term. Every classroom is now occupied, and form III G has had to be elevated to the platform."

A matter of some interest was the Staff play:

"THE STAFF PLAY, which was performed on the 14th and 15th of December, was one of the most enjoyable entertainments ever staged in our school. The very title, "The Chinese Puzzle," was most intriguing, and the plot was most dramatic and tense; it concerned a girl with a past who was forced to commit an act of deception, through her mother's unscrupulousness. She takes a photograph of a certain Chinese document; unfortunately, her lover, who later becomes her husband, is accused of giving away diplomatic secrets contained therein, and dismissed from the diplomatic service. An old Chinaman, Chi Lung, suspects her, and after torturing her with vague promises of revelation, takes the blame, so as not to destroy the hero's illusion as to the culprit's perfection."

Among the various succeeding notes of praise appear: "Mr. Behmber has an arduous task in producing and playing Marketel," and "The sincere sympathy of us all is given to Mr. Houston, whose unfortunate accident prevented him from playing "Littleport," and our grateful thanks to Mr. Wright, who rose nobly to the occasion and played the part very creditably at a moment's notice."

This is surely something else worth reviving.

FROM "PHOENIX" No. 4. JULY 1935.

"Until 1935 this School could pride itself upon rapid and healthy internal development. Now it begins to extend its influence into the outer world, for the Phoenicians will carry its spirit to a diversity of occupation. The Society was founded on February 18th at a happy meeting in the School. Hall A party of forty boys and girls with five of the staff spent a delightful week of the Easter holidays in Germany, under Mr. Barbanel's leadership. Two parties of the Literary Society went to see the offices and press of the Daily Sketch, an experience that everyone else envied."

EASTER WEEK IN GERMANY, 1935.

The following are extracts from the article written on the subject by P. Woodham (4A, Spartan).

"It was dark before we reached our first stop, Aachen, where we saw our first Nazis. We arrived at Cologne about 11 p.m. where we caught a local train that got to Königswinter, our destination, at 12.30 a.m. Königswinter was a delightful place, nestling between the Seven Hills and the Rhine. When we arrived many flags were hanging out to celebrate Hitler's birthday, and the streets looked very picturesque

We were impressed by the friendliness of the German people, and most of us made friends with some German boys and girls. On Saturday morning we had a very interesting talk on Nazism by Herr Kamp, a local Nazi official and tourist agent. He showed us national socialism from the German point of view, a change after reading some English newspapers. Of course, he left out the unpleasant side of Nazism, but he referred to Germany's right to re-arm."

THE FOUNDING OF THE CHESS CLUB, 1935.

"The club was formed in January of this year (1935), the strongest players coming from the old Upper Fifth, where the game had long flourished in an

unofficial way. These boys brought with them enthusiasm, and, considering their lack of experience, a fair measure of skill. There was a new-found keenness for the game in 3b, and a number from this form were taught how to play. Other forms were but sparsely represented. In all we had a membership of fifty boys and two girls."

"THE PHOENICIANS"

"Drayton Manor School until recently lacked something that is essential to the life blood of any good school—namely a strong body of old pupils. But now we have an ever-growing number of old boys and old girls, who have taken a very wise step by forming an association.

Why did they call themselves "The Phoenicians?" In the first place they rejected any name like "The Old Alsations", because in this age of wireless, people who call themselves old anythings are likely to be called cads. Secondly, "Drayton Manor Old Pupils' Association" could hardly be used by spectators at one of their football matches—it was too big a mouthful. Thirdly, although Athsparotro was suggested as a euphonious blend of House names, it was rejected because it was too strongly reminiscent of a vegetable. "The Phoenicians" was chosen because it bears some relation to our House names, and is easily remembered, said, shouted and printed."

I hope those of you who have read right through this section enjoyed it. If you wish to see the originals from which these extracts have been taken, these are to be found in the library for anyone to read.

Unfortunately we have not had sufficient space to print many of the poems and articles which appeared in "Phoenix" Nos. 1-4. That may be possible in years to come, when the editor need only cope with one year's literature. However, the Editorial Committee felt the following article well worth including in this year's "Phoenix."

Edited by G. R. EDWARDS, L. VI. A.

THE WORLD IN TWENTY YEARS TIME

(From Phoenix No. 2, 1934).

During the last twenty years vast changes have come about, and by the aid of a careful survey of recent inventions, it is not difficult to visualise the world of 1954.

Nearly all the buildings will most certainly be skyscrapers built in a very plain and modern style. The framework will be made of steel and reinforced with concrete. The buildings will thus have a clean white appearance, and, in order to keep it, a network of carefully camouflaged water pipes will possibly cover the exterior of all the more important buildings. This will make it possible to give the buildings a regular cleaning and will also dispense with the dangerous job of skyscraper window-cleaning.

The blocks of buildings will be separated by wide roads. The pedestrians will not be allowed to cross the roads as this will be far too dangerous. Lattice-girder foot bridges will be built across the road at all suitable points, and pedestrians will be compelled to cross the road by means of the bridges. A separate road will be provided for cyclists wherever it is necessary and possible. Thus, the number of road accidents will be greatly reduced. The system of bridges will allow the

motorist to concentrate on the traffic lights properly and thus avoid traffic congestion.

Wherever rebuilding is possible and worth-while, main line termini on the great railways may be rebuilt. All engine sheds and carriage sidings will be behind the station, thus the station will really be a through station. This system will greatly reduce the coal bill of the railways as it will allow an engine to be uncoupled immediately it arrives with a train. It will then run forward either to the sheds or another train.

Electrification may take place on all the railways, but there is still a lot to be said for the steam engines. A new invention or slight alteration in the principle of the steam engine may give it a new lease of life. If this is the case huge streamlined trains will rush across the country at double the speed of the present day trains.

Some engineers think that there is a great future for single-coach units such as the Great Western Railway's new Diesel-engined rail car. These may be used in conjunction with the steam trains. A small single-coach unit could be run ahead of an express train, thus stopping people using the express as a suburban train, much to the discomfort of the express passengers.

There is a great future for the aeroplane. In the future aerodromes will consist of huge flat-roofed buildings. Fast elevators will whisk people up to the roof, where they will embark on a huge cabin-helicopter.

This will rise almost vertically until it reaches the lower part of the stratosphere. The forward propellers will then be switched on, and owing to the rarified condition of the air, the plane will be able to travel at now unheard of speeds. The thin air, however, will make it necessary to have very efficient superchargers.

The cars of the future will possibly have a strong resemblance to the Prince of Wales "airship" car, which is designed and made by Bearney's. The epicycle-automatic gear selector will be almost universally employed. This device automatically adjusts the gear ratio according to the level of the road and load on the engine. It makes driving much easier as only the steering wheel and accelerator have to be used. This device is already employed on the latest model of the Austin 16 h.p. car.

Great improvements will be made in water transport, and although there are many very large ships at present, the tendency is already to build smaller ships. In the future, ship companies will own a large number of fairly small ships, instead of, as at present, a small number of fairly large ships.

Most companies will probably favour the Diesel-electric form of motive power, although an improved type of turbine engine may be employed on some ships.

Many labour-saving devices will be employed in the home such as automatic potato peelers, refrigerators, self crockery washers and automatic electric stoves.

All these developments will be chiefly to increase the speed and efficiency of transport, to save unnecessary labour, to eliminate as many accidents as possible, especially on the road, and to make life more comfortable in every possible way.

H. Brooks, (3B, Roman)

REPATRIATED

How often as I stood behind that wire—
(Cruelly barbed, and insurmountable),
My eyes would look up to the sky
And my thoughts take wing to a distant land,
Back to England.

At times my soul would sink in deep despair,
As the years stretched endlessly before me,
How long before I'd see my loved ones,
And how long would this nothingness last,
Until I get
Back to England?

And then I was free and sailing home,
No hunger pains to drive all sleep away,
No filth, no cuffs, no rifle butts—
Nothing but the quiet sea around,
Going back to England.

I scanned the faces at the dockside—
No familiar one there to greet me.
I found the place which had once been my home,
Bombed to the ground.
I had no one
Back in England.

DIANA WINGROVE, I. C.

The rain is coming down in torrents,
From the grey and leaden sky.
It chills, swirls, and gushes from overflowing drains;
And bounces off the pavements and patters on the window panes.
A small boy squelches his way homewards,
Blithely oblivious of saturated garments, and potential flu.
No small boy was he,
But a bold explorer crashing his way through African jungle.
A bedraggled cat hastens home, mewing plaintively;
But to him, a sabre-toothed tiger snarls warningly.
One brave warrior pulls out his gun
And shoots one sabre-toothed tiger,
Who leaps away and mews off home.
Then a wicked sly pirate he becomes
At the sight of a matchbox floating
Along the gutter like an abandoned ship,
"Ah ha", says he when he finds the treasure,
"Two gold bars," or rather two burned matchsticks.
A flash of lightning shatters his exciting world,
And as he opens the garden gate he hears the familiar cry,
"JIMMY look at your SHOES!"

ELIZABETH COWELL, 2B

SPORTS SECTION

FOOTBALL

FIRST ELEVEN

Results:

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals for	Goals against
18	3	4	11	38	83

Appearances: J. Wilson, 18; K. Wilson, 18; Glover, 17; Hale, 17; Laver, 17; O'Leary, 16; Hooper, 16; Cato, 15; Moonan, 14; A. Wilson, 14; Shilling, 12; Peake, 7; Hepple, 4; Szuszman, 4; Ralph, 2; Page, 2, Donnelly, 2.

Colours

Re-awards: Glover, O'Leary, J. Wilson, K. Wilson.

New Awards: Cato, Laver, Shilling, A. Wilson, Peake.

Half-colours: Moonan, Szuszman.

This season's results bring little credit to the 1st XI when compared to those of previous years. 14 goals were scored against us in the first two matches, 33 goals in the last 6 matches: a beginning which banished any illusions of greatness, and an ending which brought little honour to the name of the school. The three matches that we did win, we won decisively: Wembley 3-1, Walpole 4-2, Greenford 5-0. However, our unpredictability was typified by the return match against Greenford— we lost 9-1.

The team was young and small in comparison with many opponents, but these disadvantages were compensated by teamwork and the clever passing from our inside-forward trio, consisting of, O'Leary, Glover and A. Wilson. Goal-keeper Moonan was one of the weaker members of the team; his distribution was poor, and his anticipation slow. Full-backs Hale and J. Wilson are both strong, mature footballers who played consistently well. Both players should develop their attacking flair, but at the same time combine this with greater co-ordination in their defensive roles. K. Wilson, the left-half, displayed thoughtful positional play, and tackled aggressively. Frank Shilling, the regular right-half in the first half of the season, was a delight to watch, but he left large gaps in our defence. Peake, the right half-during the latter half of the season and captain of the second team, has the ability to create attacking moves; I hope for the sake of the school he uses this ability 100 per cent of every game.

C. Laver, on the right wing, has the ability to be a dangerous winger, and has shown he can score goals. I think he should play with more purpose, and not be discontented too easily. Cato, on the left wing, and youngest member of the team, although his finishing was occasionally inaccurate, showed deft ball-control and enthusiasm. I hope he develops these talents to the full.

Now having criticized the team I shall comment upon the team morale. The biggest fault was that whenever the team realized it was losing, it became disheartened and from that moment onwards treated the game as a joke. This frivolous attitude was patent in our play and results. Future captains please note: try to induce pride into your team's play; play to win and have no fear of

“knocking hell out of your opponents”; above all score goals and never, never concede defeat.

W. R. HOOPER.

Note: J. Wilson wishes it to be publicly stated that last year's first eleven report, attributed to him, was in fact written by J. Tobin.

SECOND ELEVEN

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals for	Goals against
16	4	0	12	26	64

Appearances

Phipps, Thurbon, 16; Worthy, 15; Squirrel, Sweatman, 14; Asbury, 13; Peake, Prickett, Hepple, 12; Macmahon, 10; Hamer, 8; Powell, 7; Dixon, 5; Ralph, Szuszman, Donnelly, 2; A. Wilson, O'Leary, Carr, Cato, Poland, 1.

Goalscorers

Hepple, 10; Powell, Thurbon, 3; Prickett, Peake, 2; Worthy, Squirrel, Sweatman, A. Wilson, Macmahon, Ralph, 1.

Owing to frequent unavailability and the enlistment to the 1st XI of several of our best players, the 2nd XI experienced rather a mediocre season. However, if the team can keep a backbone of regular players, its fortunes may take an upward trend in future seasons.

W. PEAKE, (Capt.).

THE JUNIOR ELEVEN

Owing to the absence on many occasions of various key members of the team, I was forced to reshuffle the line-up nearly every week.

Our record was as follows:

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
12	3	1	8

Special congratulations to McConnell, Schulz, Howes and Doherty for playing while only in the second form, and to Dodd and Farrell who are only in the first form. Also our thanks to Poland who netted nine goals and was absent on only one occasion.

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

A. PROBYN.

FIRST YEAR ELEVEN

The First Year Eleven's results are the most commendable of the four School football teams. They began the season with a 6-0 win over Preston Manor, and continued for eight matches without a single defeat until losing 1-3 to a strong Ealing County side (Ealing County G.S. have twice the number of boys that we have from which to select their teams). It is, perhaps, of interest that during the last four seasons the school Junior sides have won most of their matches,

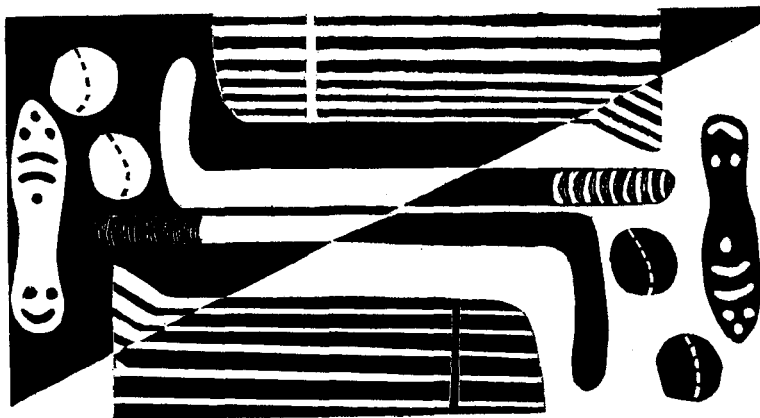
but when the same footballers play in our Senior teams the results are disappointing; there must be some reason for this.

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals for	Goals against
12	8	1	3	50	21

W. R. HOOPER (*School Football Captain*).

HOCKEY

FIRST ELEVEN



Lesley Dyer, V. B

The 1st XI has again enjoyed a very successful season, losing only one of their seven games. In the rally, however, the team were not so successful, being placed third in their section, and did not reach the finals.

Six members of the 1st team, Ann Beldham, Sandra Goodchild, Glynis Hullah, Sonja Lewellyn, Janet Spink and Helen Vaux, attended the preliminaries of the County Trials. Glynis and Sonja reached the finals, Glynis being picked for the team.

All the teams have done very well this year and thanks must go to Miss Cleary for all the work she has done for the teams, especially the time spent on holding practices. Unfortunately these were not always as well attended as they should have been.

Results

Team	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals for	Goals against
1st XI	7	6	0	1	29	4
2nd XI	3	2	0	1	5	4
U 15 XI	4	4	0	0	8	0
U 14 XI	1	0	0	1	1	2

Colours

Re-awards: Ann Beldham, Sandra Goodchild, Glynis Hullah.

Full-awards: Sonja Llewellyn, Susan Reeves, Valerie Stoneman, Janet Spink, Anna Wartanowicz.

Half Colours: Judy Mair, Barbara Wiggett.

ANN BELDHAM (*Capt.*).

SECOND ELEVEN

Owing to rather bad weather during the winter months the 2nd XI Hockey team were able to play only three matches, of which we won two and lost one.

ANNE TILLEY (*Capt.*).

UNDER 15 ELEVEN

The under 15 Hockey XI enjoyed a very successful season, managing to win all their matches with eight goals for and none against. The success continued in the hockey rally and we were pleased to reach the finals. Unfortunately, owing to very tough opposition and terrible weather conditions, a constant downpour the whole time, we were unplaced.

However, every member of the team has shown great enthusiasm throughout the season, and on the whole the support has been very good.

SHEILA THOMAS (*Capt.*).

STAFF v. PUPILS HOCKEY MATCH 1965

Some guardian of public morals once urged us "to love the game above the prize"; it was surely in this spirit that those members of staff who hazarded their dignity, and any myths about their physical prowess, upon the hockey-field, set out to provide entertainment rather than secure success. Should the Muses choose only to celebrate G. Hullah's two-fold victory (in the 28th and 32nd minutes of the game) they would be neglecting their best material, for many of the staff team chose to imitate ancient warriors by biting the dust in the best classical style. On that day fell the flower of the Geography, Zoology and Art Departments (were memories of American baseball still lingering?) However, the staff also displayed a real tactical skill on the wings, their strategy clearly flowing from the combined fountain-heads of Theology and History. Colours must be awarded post-humorously to Mr. J., whose return to the field in the second half was greeted with rapturous applause, and Mr. B., who had been well instructed in the art of troop movement; Shades of Grant (the general, not the physicist) and Sherman hovered around him as he intercepted a pass near the touchline with the memorable words, "Leave it to me". A shade of Jackson visibly blanched as a voice from the crowd roared approbation: "Leave it to The General!" Their efforts should have been crowned with success, although a study of history teaches us to sustain defeat philosophically.

Against such an array of personality and eccentricity the school could offer only efficiency, and one moment of misfortune when a player, suitably wearing L-Plates, volleyed the ball into her colleague's back. (Even this incident, however, was well matched by the sight of a member of staff hitting himself on the

knee with his own stick). But individuality, it seems, must always be suppressed by an efficient society, and a gloomy premonition aroused by the black kit of both members of the Physics Department was justified by the final score; they should have remembered, if we may paraphrase Chaucer's advice—"goal in phisik is a cordial." (Score: School 2 Staff 0).

SPECTATOR

NETBALL

FIRST TEAM

With only three of last year's first team remaining at the beginning of the season, things did not look too bright. However, with good play and good teamwork we were able to win all but two of the matches played. I should like to thank the first team for their support and attendance at practices, and wish them every success next season.

VALERIE STONEMAN (*Capt.*)

SECOND TEAM

The second netball team had a most unexciting season. Although there was a keen team at hand, only four matches were played. Perhaps next season will provide more matches for the team.

The team played enthusiastically, winning two of the matches.

MYRA SMALES (*Capt.*)

UNDER 15 TEAM

Unfortunately the fourth year Netball team only had two matches this season, owing to the fact that many members were needed for other teams. Although every member played with great enthusiasm, both matches were lost.

CHRISTINE MORTON (*Capt.*)

UNDER 14 TEAM

The third year Netball team had a fairly successful season. Playing with great enthusiasm, they managed to win four out of the eight games played.

SANDRA HIGGINBOTTOM (*Capt.*)

UNDER 13 TEAM

The season was reasonably successful for the second year team. The main reason for this was some extremely good shooting from Sylvia Skates, who played attack for the first time, and some good defending by Norma Warren.

ELIZABETH COWELL (*Capt.*)

FIRST YEAR TEAM

The first year team did very well, not losing a single match, and this promises well for the future.

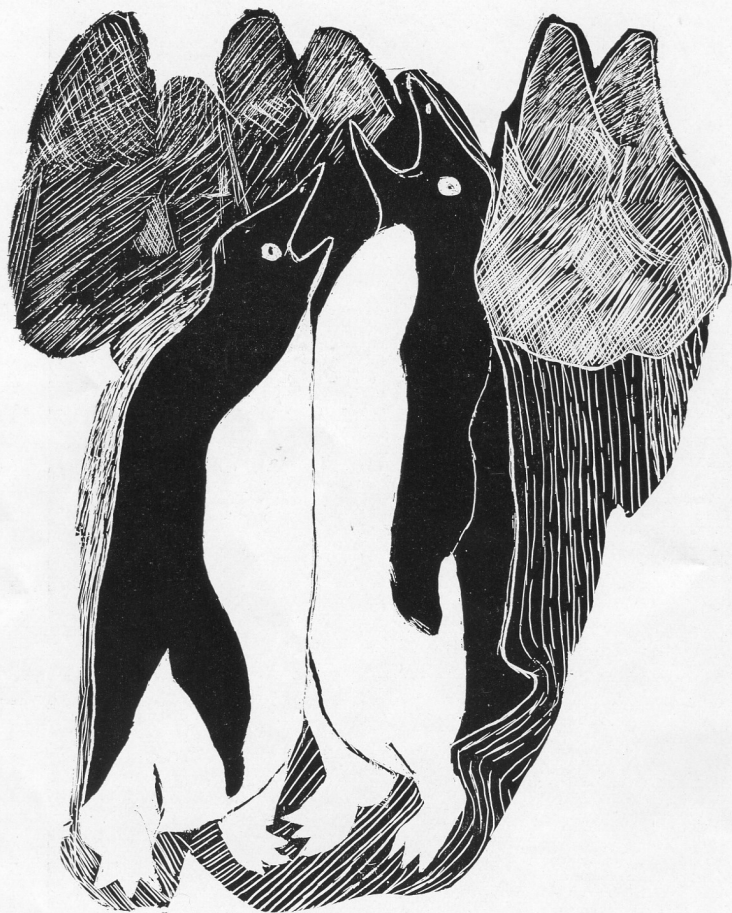
FRANCES DAVEY (*Capt.*)

On behalf of all the teams I should like to thank Miss Cleary for all the help and encouragement she has given throughout the year.

VALERIE STONEMAN (*Capt.*)



The Stage Crew Photograph by Nicholas Palmer



Anne Taylor 4C

Results

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals for	Goals against
1st team	6	3	1	2	87	82
2nd team	4	2	0	2	48	36
U 15 team	2	0	0	2	10	39
U 14 team	8	4	0	4	91	80
U 13 team	8	4	0	4	90	64
1st year team	3	2	1	0	34	22

FIRST ELEVEN CRICKET 1964

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
8	2	1	5

The School's first eleven did not have a very successful season, although there were signs of improvement as compared with the disastrous previous season. One reason for this lack of success was the continued reluctance among many senior members to represent the school. This apathy often prevented the school fielding its strongest side, and invariably led to some heavy defeats. The school was forced to play probably its youngest ever first eleven, and despite good efforts in most games, the results reflected the disadvantages of such an inexperienced side. However, one redeeming factor from this young team is that most players will still be representing the school in subsequent seasons, something which augurs well for the future.

Finally it was pleasing to see that the school regained the annual trophy in the Parents' match after two years.

Colours: A. Powell, A. Kemmenoe, D. Peake, A. Wilson.

Half-colours: C. Carr, K. Wilson, T. O'Leary, A. Squirrel.

A. POWELL (Capt.)

SPORTS DAY, 1965

The School Sports this year took place in weather that is becoming traditional for this occasion—cold wind and drizzle. In these conditions we could not expect many new records, but there were some exciting close finishes, and one new record was established when Janet Spink and Glynis Hullah both broke Janet's record in the girls' Senior Javelin; Janet won with a throw of 101 ft 9 ins. Perhaps the most creditable performance on the track was by the Trojan junior girls' relay team, who equalled the 1958 record for this event with a time of 57.2 secs.

The events decided before Sports Day produced some good performances in the throwing events. Jacqueline Paines achieved a new record of 96 ft 8 ins. in the girls' middle javelin, and G. Badowski was busy breaking the records of B. O'Brien, himself an outstanding performer, in the shot and discus. Badowski's new record for the boys' middle discus is 131 ft 6 ins, and his throw of 46 ft 7 ins in the shot beat the previous record by six feet.

Of the individual champions C. Hepple (boys' middle), Susan Reeves (girls' senior), and P. Phipps (boys' senior) were the outstanding performers, each amassing 50 or more points, but the struggles were often close, particularly in

the boys' senior championship, where K. Wilson and W. Hooper both finished within 9 points of Phipps. Significantly all three are in Roman House, which won the House Championship, for the second year in succession, with a lead of nearly 200 points. With Phipps and Wilson still only in the Lower Sixth, it is possible that the Roman athletics team may prove invincible for at least another year.

After the Sports the Headmaster introduced Miss Anne Smith, the Olympic 800 metres finalist, who presented the awards and trophies, and endeared herself to everyone present by not making a speech. So the field was left to the wind and the rain and the first form boys, who performed their annual task of clearing away the chairs.

RESULTS

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

220 yards—Boys, junior: 1, Vosper (T); 2, Beattie (R); 3, Butcher (S); 29 sec. Boys, middle: 1, Worthy (R); 2, Cato (T); 3, Davies (S); 26 sec. Boys, senior: 1, Phipps (R); 2, Wilson A. (R); 3, Buck (T); 24.9 sec. Girls, middle: 1, A. Taylor (S); 2, P. Hawke (R); 3, J. Coombe (T); 27.9 sec. Girls, senior: 1, S. Reeves (S); 2, G. Hullah (S); 3, A. Beldham (A); 28.3 sec.

Half mile—Boys, junior: 1, Vosper (T); 2, Shilling (R); Lassalle (R); 2 min. 38.6 sec. Boys, middle: 1, Hepple (T); 2, Davies (S); 3, Fowler (R); 2 min 30.2 sec. Boys, senior: 1, Wilson (R); 2, Glover (S); 3, Durrans (T); 2 min. 16. 4 sec.

Javelin—Girls, senior: 1, J. Spink (A); G. Hullah (S); J. Mair (R); 101 ft 9 in. (new record).

100 yards—Boys, senior: 1, Schultz (S); 2, Williams (T); 3, Butcher (S); 12. 6 sec. Boys, middle: 1, Asbury (A); 2, Biati (A); 3, Nash (T); 11.8 sec. Boys, senior: 1, Phipps (R); 2, Ralph (T); 3, Buck (T); 11.4 sec. Girls, senior: 1, S. Byford (T); 2, V. Huggins (T); 3, L. Churchill (S); 13.1 sec. Girls, middle: 1, A. Taylor (S); 2, P. Hawke (R); 3, J. Coombe (T); 12.8 sec. Girls, senior: 1, S. Reeves (S); 2, G. Hullah (S); 3, V. Stoneman (A); 12.8 sec.

Discus—Boys, senior: 1, Szuszman (T); 2, Hooper (R); 3, Watkins (S); 102 ft. 2 in.

440 yards—Boys, Junior: 1, Shilling (R); 2, Vosper (T); 3, Ryan (T); 67.3 sec. Boys, middle: 1, Hepple (T); 2, Davies (S); 3, Biati (A); 57.9 sec. Boys, senior: 1, Hooper (R); 2, Wilson K. (R); 3, Buck (T); 57.2 sec.

One mile—Boys, senior: 1, Palmer (R); 2, Fisk (R); 3, Sweeting (R); 5 min 20.4 sec.

Putting the Shot—Boys, senior: 1, Rogers (T); 2, Szuszman (T); 3, Hooper (R); 37 ft. 2 in.

Relay Race (4 x 110 yards)—Girls, junior: 1, Trojans; 2, Spartans; 3, Athenians; 57.2 sec (equals record). Girls, middle: 1, Romans; 2, Trojans; 3, Spartans; 56.7 sec. Girls, senior: 1, Athenians; 2, Spartans; 3, Romans; 58.7 sec. Boys,

junior: 1, Trojans; 2, Spartans; 3, Romans; 57.7 sec. Boys, middle: 1, Trojans; 2, Romans; 3, Athenians; 52.6 sec. Boys, senior: 1, Romans; 2, Trojans; 3, Athenians; 47.9 sec. Phoenician Relay Race (4 × 110 yards): 1, Phoenicians; 2, Old Danes; 3, Old Ealoniens; 47.8 sec.

DECIDED PREVIOUSLY:

Javelin—Girls, middle: 1, J. Paines (S); 2, C. Morton (R); 3, L. Spink (A); 96 ft. 8 in. (new record).

Throwing Rounders Ball—Girls, junior: 1, S. Peddle (R); 2, M. Davidson (S); F. Davey (T); 135 ft. 6½ in.

Long Jump—Boys, junior: 1, Blair (A); 2, Schultz (S); 3, Farrell (T); 13 ft. 11 in. Boys, middle: 1, Nash (T); 2, Cato (T); 3, Abrahams (A); 15 ft. 10 in. Boys, senior: 1, K. Wilson (R); 2, Mackay (A); 3, Ralph (T); 19 ft. Girls, junior: 1, A. Bezdel (T); 2, F. Davey (T); 3, M. Tanner (A); 12 ft. 4½ in. Girls, middle: 1, A. Taylor (S); 2, J. Coombe (T); 3, S. Oldershaw (R); 14 ft. Girls, senior: 1, S. Reeves (S); 2, L. Knight (S); 3, S. Davies (T); 15 ft 9 in.

Putting the Shot—Boys, middle: 1, Badowski (A); 2, Worthy (R); 3, Gitter (A); 46 ft. 7 in. (new record).

Javelin—Boys, middle: 1, Hepple (T); 2, Badowski (A); 3, Poland (S); 000 ft. 0 in.

Discus—Boys, middle: 1, Badowski (A); 2, Gitter (A); 3, Hryncyszyn (R); 131 ft. 6 in (new record).

Javelin—Boys, senior: 1, Shilling (S); 2, Rogers (T); 3, Powell (T); 133 ft. 8 in.

High Jump—Boys, junior: 1, McConnell (R); 2, Blair (A); 3, Ryan (T); 4 ft 5 in. Boys, middle: 1, Cato (T); 2, Nash (T); 3, Potter (R); 4 ft 8 in. Boys, senior: 1, Phipps (R); 2, Prickett (R); 3, Bedrossian (S); 5 ft. 3 in. Girls, junior: 1, A. Bezdel (T); 2, L. Cowley (S); S. Peddle (R); 3 ft 11 in. Girls, middle: 1, M. Young (R); 2, S. Oldershaw (R); R. Porter (A); 4 ft. 3 in. Girls, senior: 1, P. Penny (S); 2, J. Spink (A); 3, B. Norman (R); 4 ft. 1 in.

Discus—Girls, senior: 1, A. Beldham (A); 2, G. Bromley (A); 3, L. Dyer (S); 90 ft. 2½ in. Girls, middle: 1, J. Paines (S); 2, J. Ashworth (R); 3, D. Smallman (T) 71 ft. 11 in.

Cross Country—Teams: 1, Trojans; 2, Romans; 3, Trojans. Individual: 1, R. Palmer (R); 2, T. O'Leary (A); 3, B. Durrans (T); 25 min. 43.2 sec.

House Championship Points Record—1, Romans, 1030; 2, Trojans, 842; 3, Athenians, 732; 4th, Spartans, 727.

Individual Champions—Girls, junior: 1, A. Bezdel; 2, S. Peddle; 3, F. Davey. Girls, middle: 1, A. Taylor; 2, J. Paines; 3, J. Coombe; Girls, senior: 1, S. Reeves; 2, G. Hullah; 3, J. Spink Boys, junior: 1, Vosper; 2, Shilling; 3, Schulz. Boys, middle: 1, Hepple; 2, Cato; 3, Badowski; Boys, senior: 1, Phipps; 2, Wilson K.; 3, Hooper.



L. Foster, 4B

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION RESULTS—JULY 1964 and JANUARY 1965

Advanced Level

Beldham S. A.	Art (O), History (O)
Buckingham A. L.	English (O)
Davies D. C.	English
Davies J. B.	English, French (O), History
Day J.	Art (O)
Duffield R. L.	French, German
Fleming S.	Economics, French, History
Gibbons K. L.	Art
Howe B. W.	Economics, French, History
Kerr J. P.	Economics, History, Economic History
Kitching B. A.	Economics, French, German
Kruger R.	French, German, Economic History (O)
Manchester J. H.	English, French (O), History
Moore H. M.	French, History, Latin
Morbey R. I.	Economics, French, German
Rose, K. A.	Economics (O), Geography
Ruel S. Y.	Economics, Geography, Economic History
Smeed M. L.	Economics, German
Spooner W. E. S.	English
Stevens P. F.	Economics, French, German
Stumpson P. W.	Economics, History (O)
Taylor J.	English, Geography (O)
Wade J. M.	Art, English, German, Music
Wenborne S. M.	French, Geography
Whitfield J.	Economics, French, History
Arszelewski J.	Economics, Geography
Bailey N. V.	Art, Botany (O)
Baxter D. R.	Chemistry, Pure Mathematics (O), Physics
Bellamy G. A.	Chemistry, Physics, Zoology
Briggs A. P.	Botany (O), Chemistry (O), Zoology (O)
Davies S. J.	Chemistry, Physics (O)
Fox M. L.	Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics
Jamieson A.	Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics
Kosiba J.	Chemistry, Pure Mathematics (O), Physics
Lynch J. P.	Art
Mersh G. J.	Chemistry, Pure Mathematics, Physics
Newman A.	Botany
Pectuch J.	Economics, Geography
Pepper S.	Chemistry, Pure Mathematics, Physics
Phillips J. M.	Botany, Zoology
St. Claire F.	Economics, Geography
Tobin J. R.	Pure Mathematics, Further Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics
Walmsley S. R.	Art
Wierzbinski S.	Botany, German, Zoology

Note: (O) = Pass at Ordinary Level.

English = Distinction in Special Paper.

Ordinary Level

Buckingham A. L.	Greek Literature in Translation
Gibbons K. L.	Geography
Kruger R.	English Language
Rose K. A.	Pure Mathematics
Spooner W. E. S.	French, Greek Literature in Translation
Stevens P. F.	Music
Taylor J.	Art
Anderson C. B.	French
Asbury S. R.	Economics, Additional Mathematics
Blomfield M.	Pure Mathematics
Blomfield S.	French
Carr C. E.	Economics
Chaimowicz M. C. Y. W.	Economics
Earl J. E.	Human Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene
Haynes I. D.	Geology
Hazel D.	French
Hollocks J. E.	Human Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene, Pure Mathematics
Knight J.	Music
Lawrence D. J.	English Language
Leyster G. W.	Greek Literature in Translation
Loosley V. J.	Latin
Mackay R. D.	Economics
Moonan G.	English Language, History
Penny P. A.	Economics, Spanish
Prickett R.	Additional Mathematics
Rawlinson A.	English Language
Richardson J. A.	Economics, English Language
Rogers C. C.	Additional Mathematics

Szmigin J.	Additional Mathematics
Szuszman J.	Economics, English Language
Waite P.	Economics
Witczak T.	Polish
Ball J. C.	Cookery, English Language, Geography
Bromley G.	Biology, English Literature, French, Geography, History, Physics-with-Chemistry
Broom J. A.	Cookery, English Language, English Literature, French, Geography, German, Mathematics
Corrighan H. J.	French
Fort D.	Chemistry, English Language, English Literature, French, Geography, German, Additional Mathematics, Physics
Hullah G.	Cookery, English Language, Geography
Humm J. R.	English Language, French
Humphreys A.	Cookery, English Literature
Jamieson M.	English Language, French
Laver C. J.	English Language, French, Woodwork
Mancey L.	Art, English Language, English Literature, French
Page A. J.	English Literature, Geography, Woodwork
Penfold V. L.	Biology, Chemistry, English Literature, French, Geography, Physics
Phipps P. G.	Chemistry, French, Geography, Woodwork, Mathematics
Salmon D. L.	Biology, English Language, Geography, Mathematics
Troop B. R.	Chemistry, English Language, English Literature, French, Geography, Additional Mathematics
Wackett S. L.	Art, English Language
Wakeman A.	Art, English Language, Geography, Mathematics, Music
Wartanowicz A.	Biology, French, Geography, History, Latin
Weeks, T.	English Literature, French, Geography, Latin
Wellings J.	Geography
Wiggett B. E. A.	Cookery, English Literature, French, Geography, German, Latin, Mathematics
Williams R. K.	Geography, Woodwork
Wilson J. W.	Biology, Chemistry, English Language, Geography, Mathematics
Beldham A. D.	Cookery, English Language, Geography, History
Bell R. L.	Biology, English Language, Geography
Broom S. E.	English Language, English Literature, French, German
Burn G. G.	English Language, Woodwork
Bush, J. E.	Art, English Language, English Literature, Geography
Coomes J. A.	English Language
Dickinson F. D. R.	English Language, English Literature, Geography, Woodwork, History
Donnelly M.	Art, English Language, Geography
Dunstan V. M.	Art, English Language
Elson P. M.	Art, English Language, English Literature, French, Geography
Goodchild S. L.	Cookery, English Language, English Literature, French, Geography, Mathematics
Guntrip K. J.	Woodwork, Mathematics
Hancock P. A.	Art, Chemistry, English Language
Hughes W. M.	English Language, English Literature, French, Geography, German, Mathematics
Llewellyn S.	English Language, English Literature, French
Mair J. K.	English Language, French, History
Manwaring D.	Art, Geography
Shilling F. R.	Chemistry, English Language, Geography, Woodwork, Additional Mathematics, Physics
Spink J. E.	Biology, English Language, French
Stacey R. S. A.	English Language
Vaux H. M.	Biology, English Language, English Literature, French, Geography ...History
Wallbank B. H.	Art, Biology, English Language, English Literature, Geography
Wells L. D.	Cookery, English Language, English Literature, French, Geography
Wilson K. N.	English Literature, French, Geography, Woodwork, History, Latin Mathematics, Physics-with-Chemistry
Andrews J. S.	Biology, Chemistry, English Language, History
Baatjes J. M.	Biology, English Literature, French, Latin, Mathematics, Music
Brock M. C.	Art, English Literature, French
Carr C. A.	Biology, Chemistry, English Literature, French, History, Physics
Cox P. M.	Biology, Chemistry
Davis S. R.	Biology, English Literature, French, German, History, Mathematics
Duffin L. J.	French, Geography, Latin
Edwards G. R.	Biology, English Literature, French, Geography, History, Latin
Fudge N. P.	Biology, Chemistry, English Language, English Literature, French, History, Mathematics, Additional Mathematics, Physics
Gamble A. T.	English Literature, French, Geography, Woodwork, Latin, Additional Mathematics, Physics
Grainger G. R.	Art, Biology, English Literature, French, Latin, Music
Hale D. J.	English Literature, French, Woodwork, History, Latin, Additional Mathematics, Physics
Hart G.	French, History
Heatley M. S.	Art, English Literature, French, History, Latin, Physics-with-Chemistry
Juster H. A.	Art, French, Latin

Kellett J.	Chemistry, English Literature, French, Geography, German, Additional Mathematics, Physics
Kidd J. H. J.	Chemistry, English Literature, French, Geography, Additional Mathematics, Physics
Knight D.	Biology, Chemistry, English Literature, French, History, Additional Mathematics, Physics
Moore M. L.	English Literature, French, Geography, Latin, Music, Physics-with-Chemistry
Palmer R. A.	Biology, Chemistry, English Literature, French, History, Physics
Parker T.	Biology, Chemistry, English Language, French, Geography
Pawlik R. T.	Biology, Chemistry, English Literature, French, History, Additional Mathematics, Physics
Peake D. E.	Chemistry, English Literature, French, Geography, Latin, Physics
Robinson A. M.	Biology, Chemistry, English Language, English Literature, French, History, Additional Mathematics, Physics
Rowe L. J.	English Literature, French
Thompson D. C.	Chemistry, French, Additional Mathematics, Music, Physics
Ward B. R.	Biology, Chemistry, French, History, Additional Mathematics
Wiles E. A.	Chemistry, English Language, Geography, Additional Mathematics, Physics
Woods C. A.	Art, English Literature, French, German
Beech T. C.	Mathematics
Cole I. M. P.	Mathematics
Fox N. P.	Mathematics
O'Leary T.	Mathematics
Oliver B. P.	English
Rutter P. M.	Mathematics
Smales M. G.	English
Taylor R. H.	German
Tilley A. P.	English
Dixon B. J.	Mathematics
Franklin N. R.	Mathematics, English
Maybury R. N.	English
McConnell B.	English
Sweatman G. R. P.	Mathematics
Wood A. R.	Mathematics
Arnold L. A.	English
Chamberlain L. M.	English, German, Mathematics
Downing P. S.	German
Ewen C.	Mathematics
Fisk E. J.	Mathematics
Grainger S. M.	English, German, Mathematics
Hewitt M.	Mathematics
Kendall P.	Mathematics
Knight L. A.	German, Mathematics
MacDonald R. A.	German, Mathematics, English
Morris I. G.	German, Mathematics, English
Pawlik M.	Polish, Mathematics
Pooley A. J.	Mathematics
Power L. M.	Mathematics
Ralph J. M.	Mathematics
Reading S. P. C.	German, Mathematics, English
Roberts P. A.	Mathematics
Squirrell A. L.	German, Mathematics, English
Sweeting P. J.	English, Mathematics
Wilson A. P.	Mathematics
Woolley R.	Mathematics

PITMAN'S SHORTHAND EXAMINATIONS, JULY 1964

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

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS STAGE I TYPEWRITING EXAMINATIONS AUTUMN 1964

C. Duchesne (Credit)
M. Manchester
W. Noad
J. Richardson (Credit)

PITMAN'S SHORTHAND EXAMINATIONS, MARCH 1965

100 w.p.m.	C. P. Duchesne
80 w.p.m.	M. K. Manchester
60 w.p.m.	W. J. Noad

J. A. Richardson
E. C. Thornber

ENTRANCE TO UNIVERSITIES, COLLEGES OF FURTHER EDUCATION etc

Annan, Christopher	Ealing Hotel & Catering School
Arszelewski, Zerzy	London School of Economics (B. Sc. Econ.)
Bailey, Norma V.	Bath Academy of Art
Beldham, Susan A.	Dartford College of Physical Education
Bellamy, Gordon A.	Exeter University (Zoology)
Buckingham, Ann	Chiswick Polytechnic (Dip. Social Studies)
Carter, Carol A.	Kilburn Polytechnic (Home Economics)
Fleming, Susan	Newcastle University (Anthropology)
Fox, Mary L.	Brunel College of Technology (Mathematics)
Gibbons, Keith L.	High Wycombe College of Further Education (Dip. A. & D. Furniture)
Hart, Gillian	Ealing Technical College (Secretarial)
Haywood, Ronald M.	Hull University (Psychology)
Howe, Brian W.	Exeter University (Sociology)
Humphreys, Anne D.	Chiswick Polytechnic (Dress Manufacture & Design)
Jamieson, Alexandra	Cardiff University (Mathematics)
Juster, Hilary A.	Chiswick Polytechnic (Secretarial)
Kitching, Beryl A.	Birmingham University (French)
Knight, Diane	West London College of Commerce (Secretarial)
Kosiba, Janusz	Chelsea College of Science and Technology
Manchester, Jennifer H.	York University (English)
Mersh, Gordon J.	Sussex University (Chemistry)
Moore, Heather M.	London Bible College
Peciuch, Jan	Ealing Technical College (Business Studies)
Pepper, Stephen	Birmingham University (Biochemistry)
Ruel, Shirley Y.	Hull University (Economics)
St. Claire, Felicity	Balls Park Training College
Stevens, Pamela F.	Newcastle University (Economics)
Taylor, Jennifer	Gipsy Hill Training College
Tobin, John	Manchester University (Science)
Wade, Joan M.	Phillipa Fawcett Training College
Walmsley, Sandra R.	Harrow Art School (Studio Design)
Wierzbinski Stanislaw	Isleworth Polytechnic (Chemistry)

PRIZE WINNERS 1963q1964

<i>First Forms:</i>	<i>Second Forms:</i>	<i>Third Forms:</i>
P. T. Curtis	A. W. Cala	J. H. Gidley
J. B. A. Davies	L. Farish	R. A. Hasker
P. Durrans	L. Manley	S. E. Thomas
S. J. Grimes	J. A. Saunders	
<i>Fourth Forms:</i>		
P. D. Brown	<i>Woodwork</i>	
L. M. Chamberlin	<i>Modern Languages</i>	
E. J. Fisk	<i>Music</i>	
S. M. Grainger	<i>Biology, English, Geography, Latin, Modern Languages</i>	
M. Hewitt	<i>Chemistry</i>	
S. A. Johnson	<i>Domestic Science</i>	
L. A. Knight	<i>English, Mathematics, Modern Languages</i>	
M. Pawlik	<i>Physics</i>	
J. M. Ralph	<i>Geography</i>	
S. P. C. Reading	<i>English</i>	
P. M. Rutter	<i>Art</i>	
P. J. Sweeting	<i>Mathematics</i>	
G. Y. Thomas	<i>English, History</i>	
<i>Fifth Forms:</i>		
J. M. Baatjes	<i>English</i>	
G. R. Edwards	<i>English, Modern Languages</i>	
D. Fort	<i>Physics</i>	
A. T. Gamble	<i>Mathematics, Modern Languages, Woodwork</i>	
G. R. Grainger	<i>Music</i>	
P. A. Hancock	<i>Art</i>	
M. S. Heatley	<i>History</i>	
D. Knight	<i>Biology</i>	
M. L. Moore	<i>Latin</i>	
R. T. Pawlik	<i>Chemistry, Mathematics</i>	
D. E. Peake	<i>Modern Languages</i>	
V. L. Penfold	<i>Geography</i>	
E. A. Wiles	<i>Geography</i>	
<i>Lower Sixth:</i>		
C. P. Ashfield		
V. C. Barnes		
C. E. Carr		
D. Crittenden		
P. S. Fiddes		

N. A. Hasker
S. J. Reeves
J. S. Stimpson

Upper Sixth:

J. Arszewski	Geography
G. A. Bellamy	Chemistry, Zoology
B. Howe	History
B. A. Kitching	French, German
J. H. Manchester	English
J. M. Phillips	Botany
S. Y. Ruel	Economic History
E. Spooner	Greek Literature in Translation
P. F. Stevens	Economics
J. R. Tobin	Applied Mathematics, Pure Mathematics, Physics
J. M. Wade	Music

Other Prizes and Awards

Fourth Form All Round Cup	A. L. Squirell
Fifth Form Academic Cup	A. T. Gamble
Alexandra Chrzanowska Cup	C. Fielding
Christine Cole Cup	V. J. Looseley
Sewell Allenby Memorial Cup	G. Mersh
War Memorial Cup	S. Pepper, P. Stevens

LEAVERS

Summer and Autumn Terms 1964, Spring Term 1965

Forms V and VI

J. S. Andrews, C. Annan, Z. Arszewski, N. V. Bailey, J. C. Ball, D. R. Baxter, S. A. Beldham, P. G. Bell, R. L. Bell, G. A. Bellamy, A. P. Briggs, A. Buckingham, G. G. Burn, C. A. Carter, H. J. Corrighan, P. M. Cox, D. C. Davies, J. B. Davies, J. Day, W. Dmowski, M. Donnelly, R. L. Duffell, V. M. Dunstan, J. Fairweather, S. Fleming, M. L. Fox, K. L. Gibbons, K. J. Guntrip, P. A. Hancock, G. Hart, B. W. Howe, J. R. Humm, A. D. Humphreys, A. Jamieson, H. A. Juster, J. P. Kerr, M. King, B. A. Kitching, D. Knight, J. Kosiba, D. J. Lawrence, G. W. Leyster, I. A. D. Little, J. P. Lynch, J. N. Manchester, D. Mainwaring, J. B. McNeill, G. J. Mersh, H. M. Moore, R. I. Morbey, A. Newman, A. J. Page, J. Peciuch, S. Pepper, J. M. Phillips, K. A. Rose, L. J. Rowe, S. Y. Ruel, F. St. Claire, D. L. Salmon, A. G. Sayer, C. J. Shears, M. L. Smeed, W. E. S. Spooner, P. F. Stevens, P. Stimpson, J. Taylor, J. Thompson, B. Thorncroft, J. R. Tobin, R. T. Virgo, S. L. Wackett, J. M. Wade, S. R. Walmsley, J. Wellings, S. M. Wenborn, J. Whitfield, S. Wierzbinski, R. K. Williams, C. A. Woods.

Transfers to other Grammar Schools

P. A. Cissell, J. M. Newport, P. M. Sharpe, E. S. Sutton, B. R. Ward.

ADMISSIONS FROM SEPTEMBER, 1964 TO MAY, 1965

Form 1A

Bird, Jeffrey D.
Blackwell, Maureen L.
Carter, Graham T.
Clarke, David H.
Cowgill, Diane
Davey, Frances R.
Dorsett, Sheila
Eacott, Graham J.
Farrell, Richard
Grierson, Ronald S.
Harrold, Paul D.
Hickey, Kathryn F.
Huggins, Valerie A.
Jachnik, Anna M.
Johnson, Nigel R.
Jones, Lynne D.
Kosmin, Gary
Lewis, Elaine C.
Little, Peter G.
Mace, Carol A.
MacLeod, Fiona M.
Munt, Vivien J.
Newton, Keith A.
Nolan, Thomas B.
Perowne, Raymond J.
Smith, Christopher L.
Snell, Linda A.
Sullivan, Trevor W.
Tonner, Marion
Walker, Alastair J. M.
Wimbush, Maria C.

Form 1B

Barbrook, Keith O.
Bowler, Colin
Buddell, Clive R.
Burrows, Diane H.
Chapman, John M.
Coaker, Vernon R.
Coombe, Brian R.
Cooper, Maureen J.
Cowley, Linda H.
Cremin, Margaret
Dekker, Veronica
Dobbins, Brian N.
Dunkley, Janet E.
Eagle, Sylvia A.
Guy, David J.
Howse, Paula R.
Ifill, Nigel B.
Jakubowski, Joseph A.
Kirkham, Carole E.
Lambeth Georgina C. H.
Marsh, Joy, A.
Moore, John G.
Offord, Anthony
O'Loughlin Catherine
Palmer, Gillian F.
Palmer, John C.
Stickley, Margaret A.
Wagstaff, Colin R.
Whitehand, Derek L.
Williams, Angela L.
Wright, Stephanie J.

Form 1C

Bailey, John M.
Batten, Susan
Brandreth, Kim D.
Carter, Stephen M.
Chapman, Barbara A. R.
Collier, Anne S.
Coumbe, Frances M.
Dodd, Ian
Harrington, Graham E.
Harrison, Jacqueline J.
Hughes, Paul J.
Kaluzynski, Richard W.
Lamb, Elaine M.
Leppard, Valerie M.
Parten, Jean M.
Peake, Nicholas J.
Puddle, Sally L.
Powell, Gordon F.
Punter, Michael A.
Reading, David D. C.
Rundle, Ian
Smith, Alan J.
Soper, Richard
Springham, Elaine
Stone, Michael G.
Taylor, Sharon E.
Wake, Nigel J.
Walker, Christine M.
Wilkes, Christina M.
Wingrove, Diana L.
Woollard, Susan A.

Form	
2A	Carpenter, David
2C	Walmsley, Gail
3C	Hunt, John
4A	Gordon, Carolyn
4B	Colaco, Cecil
4C	Fenning, Theresa
5C	Riddalls, John
L6A	Rankmore, John
L6A	Spooner, Kay
L6A	Witzzak, Teresa
L6S	Prickett, Richard

PHOENICIANS ASSOCIATION

At the Annual General Meeting held on 1st April, 1965, the following were elected to the General Council:

President:

Dr. R. L. Evans, M.A.

Chairman:

Mr. J. Dunham, 18, Hogarth Gardens, Heston, Middlesex.

Secretary:

Mr. C. R. Kemp, 5, Shelley Close, Woodley, Berks.

Treasurer:

Mr. E. Duffield, 26, Locamo Road, Greenford, Middlesex.

Council Member:

Mr. E. Mattingley.

Sixth Form Member:

Mr. W. Hooper.

Section Secretaries:

Soccer—Mr. J. Hunt.

Cricket—Mr. S. Gate.

Badminton—Mr. S. Gate.

Netball—Miss J. Covington.

Tennis—Miss P. Hill.

News of Old Scholars

Barnes, Sandra—Teaching at Costons Secondary Modern Girls School, Greenford.

Baxter, Brian—Married to ex-D.M.G.S. girl Miss Sheila Selby; now living in the West Country.

Boddy, Dennis—Training to be a landscape gardener in Brighton.

Cole, Robert—At present studying for a doctorate in Mathematics at Brighton (University of Sussex).

Dunham, John—A qualified Surveyor, working for Ealing Borough Council. Chairman of the Phoenician Association.

- Hodges, Michael—Recently returned from Northern Rhodesia, now employed by Fords of Dagenham. Is married to Erica Barnes, an ex-D.M.G.S. girl who is teaching biology for the Essex County Council.
- Keats, Michael—Working for Barclays Bank Ltd., and is married to Maureen Tobin, who is an ex-D.M.G.S. girl.
- Kaye, Michael—Is working in the accounts department at the Football Association office in London.
- Kaye, Leslie—Employed by the National Cash Register Co. Ltd., and is married to Marian White, another ex-D.G.M.S. girl. They have two children.
- Kemp, Colin—Recently married, at present working for the Mercantile Bank of India.
- O'Brien, Brian—Is teaching at Gifford Junior School whilst waiting to go into a training college for physical education. He has twice played soccer in the Old Boys' Football League representative side.
- Pencavel, John—Studying Economics at London University, and is hoping to continue his studies at Leicester University for a doctorate.
- Ratchford, Ronald—At present serving as a regular soldier in Malaysia.
- Rippeth, Brian—Is employed by Honeywell Controls Ltd. on their technical sales staff; studying for the Higher National Certificate.
- Salvage, Keith—An assistant buyer with Hoovers Ltd.; has just passed his Higher National Certificate in Business Studies.
- Salvage, Lynda—A shorthand typist employed by Hoovers Ltd.
- Cross, Stephanie—Secretary to the Personnel Officer at Glaxo Laboratories.
- Wells, John—Working for Burroughs Machine Co. Ltd., is married to an ex-D.M.G.S. girl, Carol Scherer.

Cricket: Phoenicians v. School

This year's match resulted in a draw, which the school managed to obtain with a very courageous batting display.

The Phoenicians batted first and scored 196-7 declared (Kemp 70, Wilkinson 44). The school bowlers especially A. Kemmenoe and A. Wilson, bowled extremely well, and apart from two dropped catches fielding was excellent.

After tea the school replied to this rather large total, by scoring 81-8 by close of play; some fine defensive batting by Squirrell and O'Leary in the last half hour saved them from defeat.

Phoenician Activities

Badminton, Cricket, Soccer, Netball, Tennis.

If any members of the senior school are interested in any of the above activities and wish to continue with them after leaving school, please contact the Association Secretary.

At present the Association is mainly a sporting organisation, but help will willingly be given to any person or persons who may wish to inaugurate a new section.



BARCLAYS BANK

Since the Advertisement
in the current issue
of the magazine was printed,
all salaries have been
increased.

SUMMER 1965