



PHOENIX
1966

PHOENIX



DRAYTON MANOR GRAMMAR SCHOOL

JULY, 1966

DRAYTON MANOR GRAMMAR SCHOOL STAFF

Head Master:

R. L. Evans M.A. (Birmingham), Docteur de l'Université de Paris

Deputy Head:

R. D. Wright B.A. (London)

Senior Mistress:

Miss M. Fine M.A. (Cantab.)

Assistant Staff:

J. Barker B.A. (London)

A. F. Behmber B.Sc. (London), A.K.C.

R. D. C. Bunker B.A. (Oxon.)

T. E. W. Cherry

B. Crowe B.Sc. (Econ.) (London)

D. Curtis B.A. (Leicester)

R. Edgecliffe-Johnson B.A. (London)

B. J. Grant B.Sc. (Southampton)

W. Herrera B.A. (Dunelm), B.Mus. (London), Chevalier de
la Légion d'Honneur

T. Hislop

J. B. Holbrook B.Sc. (London)

A. C. Iles B.Sc. (Exeter), M.Sc. (London)

A. C. Jacob B.A. (Oxon.)

D. E. Jewell B.Sc. (London), A.F.I.M.A.

B. D. R. Kurt B.A. (Birmingham)

A. J. Muir M.A., Ph.D. (London)

F. R. J. Russell M.A. (London)

A. H. Thompson B.Pharm. (London), M.P.S.

M. Westbrook A.T.C. (London)

Miss E. G. Bracken B.A. (London)

Miss J. Calow B.A. (London)

Miss S. M. Cleary

Miss J. Cracknell B.Sc. (London)

Mrs. C. E. Davies

Miss G. D. McDade B.A. (Witwatersrand)

Miss M. J. Snow B.A. (Birmingham)

Mrs. E. Winterborne B.Sc. (Sheffield)

Miss K. M. Woodall B.Sc. (London)

Part-Time Staff:

E. F. Barbanel B.A. (London)

Mrs. E. M. Andrews

Mrs. M. M. Crewe B.A. (Manchester)

Mrs. P. Double

Assistants:

Madame M. Grouffal (French)

Herr T. Schelbert (German)

Secretaries:

Miss M. Scott

Mrs. B. Watson (Assistant)

GOVERNING BODY

Mr. G. Barnham
Councillor F. Bavister
Councillor R. A. H. Eggleton
Mr. M. Gallaway
Mr. H. E. Gilmour M.A.
Mr. G. R. Howe
Alderman Mrs. Margaret Lorde (*Chairman*)
Mrs. H. Murray M.A.
Councillor K. G. Reeves B.D.
Mr. R. A. Turner
Mr. D. W. Tyler B.A.
Councillor R. J. Westmarland A.A.C.C.A. (*Vice-Chairman*)

PREFECTS 1965—1966

<i>Head Boy:</i> Keith Wilson	<i>Head Girl:</i> Jean Baatjes
Graham Edwards	Catherine Carr
David Fort	Susan Davis
Nigel Fudge	Sandra Goodchild
Andrew Gamble	Gillian Grainger
David Hale	Marilyn Heatley
John Kidd	Valerie Penfold
Roman Pawlik	Janet Spink
David Peake	Helen Vaux
Richard Prickett	Bryony Wallbank
John Rankmore	Linda Wells
Eric Wiles	Barbara Wiggett

PHOENIX 1966

Editor: Mr. Curtis
Assistant Editors: Marilyn Heatley; Graham Edwards
Art Editor: Mr. Westbrook
Sports Editor: John Wilson
Business Manager: Miss Snow

Editorial Committee

Janet Ashworth	Alan Brace
Eva Kaluzynska	Douglas Fowler
Linda McDonald	Stephen Gitter
Rita Osborne	Andrew Goodall
Jennifer Scherer	Nicholas Palmer

JOHN RAYMOND HUNTER
30th April, 1930—8th August, 1965

As the school re-assembled for the beginning of the Autumn Term we learned with very deep sorrow and shock the news of the death of Mr. Ray Hunter during the holiday. We knew that he had been gravely ill in hospital since Easter, but, though his recovery had been erratic, the doctors had expected him to be well enough to go home in early August. This was not to be.

Mr. Hunter joined the staff in September 1959, thus fulfilling an ambition to be a geography teacher, for which he had worked unrelentingly for several years. Having left Grammar School in Wrexham, he had to accept several jobs before he could arrange to come to London to study geography and geology the hard way—by evening classes at the Birkbeck College of London University. By determination and sheer stamina he won through and when he graduated with honours in 1959 he had earned the respect of all the staff of the Birkbeck Geography Department. I have heard high praise of him as a student from both Professor Henderson and Professor Drury.

With us he did memorable work. His keenness for field work will be remembered by all of us who followed his driving pace as he led the straggling field, map in hand, over Cader Idris or Brecon Beacons, or who waited with ill-concealed impatience as he hacked a rock to extract a fossil or a mineral. His knack of finding a cup of tea in the most unlikely places was quite remarkable, and his misery if he failed to find one quite unbearable.

Though a rugger player himself, he tried to learn the rules of soccer (he would claim no higher than this himself) to help the school games. His magisterial performance of Macbeth in the school play in 1964 revealed another side to the man. Whether we knew him as colleague or teacher, we are grateful for all he did and for all he was. He lived fully, gave willingly and served honestly. To his widow and his two young daughters we give our respect, our sympathy and our thanks.

R.D.W.

SOCIAL ACTION

ONCE . . .

Once I was a boy, young and gay,
But now I am old and grey.
Once I was only four,
But now I'm fourscore.
Once I never did cry,
But now I shed a tear.

Once I was a little girl,
But now I am an old lady.
Once I used to be impatient,
But now I only wait.
Once I used to play,
But now I only watch.

LORNA CASEY, 1A.

As our special feature this year we print some accounts of the activities of pupils working with Mr Jacob in "Social Action".

Voluntary service by the young is part of the swinging Britain of the Sixties. Church and, later, State have worked to eliminate poverty and hardship down the ages, but the present surge of activity is very much a product of the Age of Youth. It began with school-leavers spending a year in Voluntary Service Overseas, it continued with the Kennedy Peace Corps, and now it is exploding in dozens of different schemes of social action throughout the land. The nearest to Drayton Manor's experiment is Task Force, run by barrister Anthony Steen to find grand-children for the lonely old. In Wandsworth, 2,500 "grandchildren" help 800 old people. "I'm not interested in doing things for young people," he says, "and what they get out of it I don't really mind. I'm concerned with the unnecessary neglect of people in need." And the need is great. Despite the façade of prosperity, the suburbs hide all kinds of loneliness, hardship and unnecessary suffering, which the Welfare State cannot begin to deal with on its own. 80 per cent of old people who died in Leeds last year were found to be on their own. An elderly man living by himself near the school suffered from depression after discharge from the Day Treatment Centre and finally took his life. Loneliness is only one among the whole range of problems where the young can be of use.

What success have we had? The articles which follow speak for themselves, but time and again it has been obvious that the elderly and handicapped have looked forward to their visits more for companionship than for the jobs that can be done. Some have moved away to Homes in other boroughs, one has died; but in every case it is clear that members of the school have the opportunity and the privilege to help and to serve those less fortunate than themselves.

A.C.J.

BEGINNINGS

We began in September 1965. Our aim was to try to prevent loneliness amongst elderly and disabled people in the Ealing area. To do this we work in close conjunction with the Ealing Day Treatment Centre.

Early in September Sister Hayter from the Day Treatment Centre came to the school to give a short talk on the techniques of successful visiting. The talk was well attended and gave us considerable encouragement.

A little later in the month we received a list of about twenty-five old people who wanted to receive visitors. We tried to find visitors for all of them, but this was not possible with the available number of volunteers.

Support has come principally from the Sixth Form, but an increasing number of new volunteers are drawn from the Third and Fourth Forms. For those not anxious to commit themselves to regular visits, there are openings in woodwork, decoration and other useful jobs.

Social Action hopes to expand further in the coming year. In particular we hope to hire films and hold lectures on various aspects of social work, especially for those considering a career in welfare.

GILLIAN BROMLEY, U.6.A.

CROSSING THE THRESHOLD

After sorting through the names and addresses, Janice, Iris and I decided which two people to visit. We arranged when to visit them and then the day came. We were rather dubious but we had stepped in up to our necks, so that was it.

We visited our first old lady, Mrs. T. Surprisingly she is only 59 years old.

We knocked at the door, still scared. It was answered by one of Mrs. T's relations. After explaining who we were and our purpose in calling, we were welcomed in. That Thursday afternoon we stayed for about two hours, much longer than we had anticipated, but we had enjoyed our first visit. We now visit regularly every Thursday after school, and we are given tea, crumpets, biscuits, and even fruit and ice cream.

Even though Mrs. T. has a husband and a son living with her, she does feel lonely sometimes during the day, and very much looks forward to our visits.

Our second old lady, Mrs. P. would not let us into her house on our first visit, but we persevered and went back the following week, when we did some shopping for her. Eventually we were allowed in and we just talked until past 5 o'clock. Mrs. P. thoroughly enjoyed our visits and we enjoyed making them. She always spoke about when she was our age, her boy friends and her lodger who had lived with her about 20 years but who originally only came to stay the night.

BARBARA FLOYD, L.6.

Although the lady I visit is very fit for her age, she is constantly troubled with a bad back; she cannot get out of her flat for weeks at a time, and often never goes out at all during the winter. During this time she relies on me to do her shopping and cleaning. Each week I take her some soup and some other tinned foods such as bacon or ham. During the warmer weather I usually take her some salad and home-made cake.

From my first visit I was accepted more as a friend than a helper. I visit her every Tuesday after school; I tidy her flat and change the sheets on the bed.

I go there about 5 p.m. and leave about 7.30 p.m.

Social Action is very much open to Third and Fourth Formers and we are glad to play some part in this new school activity.

LYNNE SMITH, 3.B.

FIND ME A BACHELOR

Susan Douglas and I have been visiting Miss D. now for almost five months. On our first visit we were rather nervous, and when we knocked at the front door a young man answered it. After we explained who we were and why we had come, we were shown into Miss D's room. Her room was upstairs at the back of the house. We were rather nervous when we went in but we need not have worried because within a few minutes we were talking quite freely. She is a very friendly person and told us that she has a home-help for an hour a week, and although she is a member of a large family she hardly ever sees her relations. Each time that we go she welcomes us with a cup of tea and a piece of cake and quite often says that she looks forward to seeing us as she gets so lonely. On many occasions we have had to search her cupboards for her cups because she has forgotten where she has put them. Unfortunately her room is rather untidy because she has had to move her furniture into the centre of the room, and this means that she has only just enough room to move. The reason for this is that three of her walls are very damp. She says that she would like to move; but if she does, she does not know where she will find another room with a gas cooker and wash-basin. Miss D. is sixty-two years old but says she never feels her age, and in spite of arthritis in both legs, resulting from a fall, she is in good health. One of the things that Miss D. likes to talk about is her past "boy friend" experiences. She told us about the boy she was fed up with, whom she left sitting in a punt at Richmond after courting him for seven years, and also another whom she met at Eastbourne. We were so engrossed with these tales that we did not leave her house for three hours instead of the usual one. She has asked us to find her a wealthy handsome bachelor of about the same age. Can anybody help us? We very much enjoy doing this very useful work, and we can see by the smile on this person's face how much she welcomes our visits. So please won't you participate in this very worth-while cause?

SUSAN LAWS, L.6.

DO IT YOURSELF

Some practical work has been done for the Ealing Day Treatment Centre, most of it for physically handicapped people.

A nail file, for instance, was adapted so that people who are able to use only one hand can file their nails. The file had a hole drilled in the handle, which was positioned in a slit in a block of wood. The file was held tightly by a screw passing through the wood and the handle, and into the wood on the other side. After this, a slot was cut near the base of the block to take a clamp, so that it could be clamped to a table, ready for use.

Two lengths of 1 in. \times $\frac{1}{4}$ in. wood were fixed to the ends of each long side of an ordinary wooden tray, so that they met above the mid-point of that side.



Old Man
C. Buddell 2B

A length of $\frac{1}{4}$ in. dowel rod was attached to the peak of each triangle, forming a central handle, enabling people with the use of only one hand to carry the tray.

Many more useful articles could be made if there were more boys interested in the practical side of Social Action, and who would be willing to spend some periods in the Woodwork room, or during their free time, doing this sort of work.

M. LAST, L.6.

AND TAKING OUR COURAGE IN OUR LITTLE FINGERS . . .

We found ourselves standing nervously before the front door of a rather dilapidated-looking residence. The bell was answered by a shriek from an upstairs window, the owner of the shriek informing us that the lady we wanted dwelt in the lower part of the house attainable by—on further discovery—a precarious pathway leading to the side gate. (Any intrepid future female volunteers will be well advised not to wear their most stilettoed heels on their visits). Through the gate, and we thumped furiously for the best part of a quarter of an hour on the side door, despite the protests of a yapping dog.

The door was opened (at last) by a shrunken old lady whom we assumed was our "victim". However, gathering from her incoherent mumbles that she was not, we were allowed to proceed into a small inner room—well lit and heated, in which a very cheerful and much younger-looking lady sat huddled in a chair. She was 71. Around our feet danced the yapper—a beautiful white poodle.

"We, we've come to visit you," I stuttered bluntly. Decidedly feeble. My companion, who is noted, by myself at least, for her astute common sense and presence of mind, explained that we had volunteered for a visiting scheme arranged by our school and principally organised by the Hanwell Day Treatment Centre. "Our" lady was quick to welcome us. She was extremely pleased to be visited and we chatted for an hour about her circumstances, our school life, and anything we found we had in common.

After that first visit we arranged to visit her each Tuesday for about an hour after school, and looked forward to our visits as much as she said she did. She never failed to provide us with a cup of tea and cakes, was remarkably young at heart, loved to talk of her youth and compare her experiences with ours, and was in every way a very entertaining companion. Were we just lucky?

SUSAN READING, L.6.

OLD PEOPLE'S HOMES

Many people dislike intensely the idea of spending the last years of their life in an Old People's Home. They say that once they are in the clutch of these places they have no money, no freedom, and that their life is ruled for them.

This is definitely untrue because by living in one of these places they have no worries as to what they should buy for their meals and no bills to pay. If they fall ill there is always somebody to look after them. Many matrons say that they should be in by half-past ten, but they are usually understanding, and if a person wishes to be in later for various reasons they will give permission for them to

do so. As regards the Old Pensioners' saying that they have no money, this is false because they are given about £1 of their pension which they can spend as they wish. So why not think again before condemning these places?

SUSAN LAWS, L.6.

A PIG-HEADED RUSSIAN

After being given the address of "our old lady", Mrs. A., Myra and I set off with some trepidation as to what to expect. As we are all aware, elderly people are very often rather cantankerous. With quivering knees we gently knocked on the door, and after a few moments of silent anticipation the door was opened. An elderly lady stood before us gazing in silent appraisal. "This is her," we thought, but we soon found that this was not "our old lady" but her companion. The surprise was still to come. She led us into a bed-sitting room, where we met Mrs. A. She suggested a cup of tea and biscuits, which we naturally offered to get. But her companion, who didn't think of us as being very capable, insisted on getting it for us. So we sat down and chatted, finding in the course of our conversation that Mrs. A. was, in her own words, a "pig-headed Russian". She also seemed very well cared-for and only needed us as company to talk to. Her lady companion came in every day and stayed most of the evening. She did most of the cooking and some housework, and generally kept our lady company. Mrs. A. also had a home help every other day.

However, we continued to visit our lady every week, and we were always well received and given tea and biscuits. During the winter, when her companion slipped on the ice and had to go to hospital, we became of more help to our friend. We got together and took her laundry, and helped with a few menial tasks, and so we felt much more needed. We were now more at home and settling down to a friendly relationship. When her companion returned from hospital, she continued her daily visit to Mrs. A. When we paid our next visit we found that her lady companion had become more possessive and did not appear too pleased with our arrival. She was rather irritable throughout our visit, and while taking tea Mrs. A., who had a tendency towards sarcasm and rudeness (but never meant to hurt anyone's feelings) began to "take the mickey" out of her companion's way of eating. Naturally she became rather angry. Mrs. A. then told us that she felt perhaps our visits upset her companion, and asked us if we would mind very much not coming any more. We could hardly believe what we were being told, but as Mrs. A. repeated the statement most apologetically we decided that she must mean it, and so after leaving her our addresses in case she ever needed them, we left there for good.

We are now visiting another old lady who appreciates and needs our help more.

Myra and I find that visiting the elderly is a very worthwhile occupation, and we would recommend others to join Social Action and to have a go.

ANNE TILLEY, L.6.

A good **G.C.E.**?

THEN DON'T WASTE IT!

You owe it to yourself to make a career — not just to “take a job”. There are no better career prospects anywhere than those afforded by the



Midland Bank

where a unique combination of opportunity and security awaits boys of ability and character.

Examples of commencing salaries are:-

£365 at age 16, £445 at age 18,
increasing to

£550 at age 20, £645 at age 22
and continuing to be progressive
thereafter.

Interviews will gladly be arranged.

Please write first to:

**THE STAFF MANAGER,
MIDLAND BANK LIMITED,
POULTRY, LONDON EC2**

IN SCHOOL AND OUT

THE 1966 ELECTION

When Mr. Wilson announced his decision to send the British people to the polls for the second time in eighteen months, the Discussion Group was arranging a censure motion for debate, that "this house is exasperated with the present Labour government". Immediately all enthusiasm for that was turned towards the provision of a member for the division of Drayton Manor.

When nominations closed on March 7th, several interesting facts became apparent. It seemed that the women of the constituency, though keen behind-the-scenes supporters and canvassers, in true Victorian style preferred to leave the tawdry business of electioneering to their male colleagues. Had this trend been reflected over the whole country, there would today be 630 men in parliament instead of 603. There were ten nominations on the ballot papers, which were printed soon after nominations closed and stored deep in the masters' common room. Most political commentators regarded the number of independent candidates and unusual parties as a healthy sign for democracy in Drayton Manor, though the three main parties expressed concern at their presence, one of them going so far as to say that they were totally irrelevant to the fundamental problems with which the British people must and would deal when Mr. Heath became Prime Minister on April 1st.

A room was allocated to each candidate as headquarters, and the campaign, which happily did not reflect the national mood of boredom, was swiftly launched with fighting speeches on most sides. Party meetings and discussions were well attended, spirited, and noisy. Despite the presence of an Anarchist candidate, the days leading up to polling day saw little lunchtime violence, other than on one occasion, memorable to prefects, when an Independent Conservative's audience, growing impatient of his policy, left Mr. Westbrook's art room in no little disarray. Although the best-attended meetings were indubitably those of Mr. Dean, the election returns provide ample proof that his audience went away for the most part unconvinced. In as much as the artistic merits of the posters could not be judged so much by impartial aesthetic standards as by the political persuasions of the beholder, it was very difficult to arrive at any objective conclusion on this score.

Polling day was on March 30th, the last day of term, when the school turned out in force to put their crosses on the ballot papers provided, which were then placed in black-daubed cartons, vaguely resembling ballot boxes, kindly provided by the art department, and acquired in the first place from a well-known manufacturer of tuck-shop merchandise. While the count was being held behind closed doors in the library, some of the candidates exercised their right to witness that fairness prevailed. The declaration of the ninety-plus per cent poll at the end of the morning was followed by a short speech from each candidate, who demonstrated the eloquence he had acquired during three weeks of active campaigning.

There remains merely to give the result for the record, but first thanks should go to Mr. Barker, the superintendent of the venture, the candidates themselves,

the electoral officer, and to Miss Lynne Mancey, secretary to the electoral committee, whose competent management of a considerable mass of typing and duplicating showed how worth-while the course in the Commercial Sixth is.

The result itself was similar to the 1959 result at Drayton Manor, though the Labour and Liberal candidates increased their share of the poll somewhat at the expense of the Conservative. There were no Independent candidates or off-beat parties in 1959, and seven years ago the authorities did not consider the erstwhile first form, who make up the present Upper Sixth, politically well enough informed to make up their minds.

The figures, as announced, were as follows:

Oliver (C.)	208
Sills (Lab.)	141
Sweeting (L.)	76
Parker (People's Ind. Party)	23
Palmer (Anarchist)	20
Dean (Ind.)	18
Morris (Comm.)	18
Fenn (Ind.)	13
Brown (Ind. C.)	5
Fincham (Ind. C.)	5
Conservative majority						67

G. R. EDWARDS, U.6.A.
(Acting Returning Officer)

Footnote. National Result: Lab. 363 seats; Con. 253; L. 12; Rep. Lab. 1; Speaker 1.

FENCING

This year has been rather a poor one for the Fencing Club.

At the beginning of the year there was great enthusiasm from the third form, but by Christmas most of this had died out and only a few beginners were left.

We have not been able to play any matches this year as we could not put forward either a senior team or a junior one.

Next year we hope to see many more new enthusiasts joining the Fencing Club, and also some old members returning.

S. P. GITTER, 5.B.

CHESS

Senior Chess Team had an exciting season, only narrowly failing to win the championship for the first time for some years. They eventually finished joint second in the Thames Valley League.

There were four particularly important matches in the season. In the first of these, against Hampton, the team really rose to the occasion and held the Hampton team, which had won the League for the two previous years, to a draw.

The second was a great disappointment, for the school team found itself out of form and floundered badly against Isleworth, losing 5-1.

The third, the real highlight of the year, was the return match against Isleworth, where brilliant individual play by Kille and Squirrell helped the team to romp home 4-2.

The last match of the season was, however, catastrophic, and the less said about it the better, for we lost the match 2½-3½, and with it the championship.

The team, however, won all the other League matches. Probably the major reason for the success was that the same team played in every match, with one exception, and here Fincham drew his match splendidly.

Randall seemed to be somewhat erratic as regards form and was never predictable. However, he had 2 majestic wins against Hampton.

Squirrell improved steadily throughout the season. His highlight was a tremendous win against Isleworth.

Wilson again proved his class at the game, losing only one game during the whole season. His highlight was a tremendous attacking success against Hampton.

Kendall proved somewhat disappointing, but his continuous fighting, even when losing, earned him a tremendous victory against Isleworth.

I went hopelessly out of form after the Christmas recess, only gaining 50 per cent in this time. My highlight, from a personal point of view, was a draw I got against Isleworth—my opponent should have won.

Kille was below his best form throughout the early part of the season, but for a player out of form he played tremendously well. When at last he did hit top form he gave the Isleworth Board No. 1 a real thrashing.

	P	W	D	L	Per Cent
G. Kille	10	5	4	1	70
P. Sweeting	10	4	5	1	65
P. Kendall	10	2	3	5	35
A. Wilson	9	5	3	1	72.3
A. Squirrell	10	3	3	4	45
C. Randall	10	5	2	3	60

The team, as usual, made its bid for fame in the *Sunday Times* Cup, this year losing to Bishopshalt.

The Junior Team's record of

Played 14 Won 0 Drawn 1 Lost 13

seems to sum up their performance adequately.

I and all the members of the team would like to thank Gillian Stops and Susan Douglas for their invaluable help in preparing the tea.

P. SWEETING, L.6.

MATHS CLUB

The Maths Club has more monitors than ever now, as there is an increasing number of people who wish to learn how to use the calculators. Owing to this popular demand, the Maths Club is now open twice a week for Juniors, on Monday and Tuesday at 12.30. Senior days are Tuesday to Friday inclusive, at 1 o'clock every dinner hour. The Monroe electric calculator, which was on loan, has now been donated by Mr. Bowles. David Carpenter, a monitor, was very lucky when he won a competition set by ADDO, a desk calculating company.

His prize was a Japanese Soraban or Abacus. This is a frame containing beads used for counting. A skilled operator can add faster on a Soraban than on a desk calculator. After mastering it David Carpenter donated it to the club, and anyone who comes in may use it if they wish. An added advantage of the club is that it gives an opportunity for asking about classwork, since a member of staff is always on duty.

C. WAGSTAFF, 2.C.

ASTRONOMY CLUB

This mysterious body was formed in September 1965 and enthusiasts have attended 4 o'clock Tuesday meetings regularly. Activities have included study and construction of lens telescopes, celestial map making, and old radio and television dismantling in preparation for fifth form members' radio telescope project. Talks given by members, ranging from second to sixth formers, have been appreciated, and film slides taken by many practical-minded members have added interest and enjoyment.

During winter months supervised observation meetings have been held later on Tuesday evenings, to which members have brought their own binoculars and telescopes. Thanks to Paul Curtis, Nigel Johnson and Jonathan Jones we have experienced using 2½ inch refractors and 6 inch reflectors.

We thank Miss Cracknell for her much appreciated help, the donors of spectacle lenses, radio and television parts, and Dr. Evans and Mr. Joy for permission to hold meetings.

Our club is affiliated to the Junior Astronomical Society for which several of our members are now making regular observations.

N. P. FUDGE, U.6.S.

THE PHOENICIAN SPEECH TROPHY COMPETITION

It was a small but determined audience that managed to tear itself away from homework and the television set to attend the annual Senior Speech Trophy Competition on Ascension Day, May 19th. Their hopes of an enjoyable evening's entertainment were well and truly fulfilled. It is worth commenting that the standard of the speeches this year was outstanding.

The school was very happy to welcome as chief adjudicator, Father Orchard, headmaster of St. Benedict's School, Ealing, who was assisted by Miss Judith Covington, representing the Phoenicians, and Mr. Johnson. Everyone agreed that the task with which they had been presented was a particularly hard one.

Richard Curtis was the first speaker. His speech was especially noteworthy for its clarity of tone and audibility—though none of the speeches heard was marred by indistinct diction—but despite his obvious care in preparation, the presentation of otherwise good material on the subject of "Progress is an illusion" was unimaginative. Shirley Grainger, the winner of the competition, followed with a very interesting argument that "The world is too much with us". She deprecated what she considered to be the modern preoccupation of "getting and spending", and in convincing style went on to condemn our apathy towards things of natural beauty. The result speaks for itself. Martin Hewitt, the third speaker, gave the first of two controversial speeches on "There is no colour bar,

only an intelligence bar". Although his diction was less clear than most, what he had to say, and in particular his appeal for more understanding of coloured peoples' problems, was well received.

Brian Oliver, undaunted by the fact that the school mock general election was now seven weeks past, ascended the hustings once again on behalf of the Conservative and Unionist party in the ingenious argument that "British problems will not be solved by" SOME (=Labour) "politicians"—and won third prize for it. (Were the adjudicators Tory?). Leaving politics aside, it was a well-deserved prize for a well-prepared and persuasive speech, delivered in an air of quiet confidence. Nicholas Palmer, who followed, was impressive and lively, though at times his speech on "The world is too much with us" came dangerously near to "Progress is an illusion". However, it was a good speech, but the adjudicators frowned upon his use of an exercise book, which was frequently consulted for guidance, instead of the regulation postcard.

John Ralph's speech on "Progress is an illusion" well deserved second prize. His forceful and convincing argument tore at the conception of science being synonymous with progress. He asserted that progress essentially meant the advancement of civilization in a moral sense, and showed how by the production of such evils as the atomic bomb scientific advancement might well impede the real progress of civilization. This well-delivered speech was (in my opinion) the most sincere we heard.

Marilyn Reading spoke on "Women at work". She proved to be a charming speaker, quiet yet always audible, and her speech, delivered in a Pankhurst vein, was most entertaining. Philip Sweeting followed with the second controversial speech on the colour bar question, and launched an attack on the writer of the topic, "There is no colour bar, only an intelligence bar", for the unforgivable heresy of even thinking such a thing. In a hard-hitting argument, reminiscent of those heard in the Liberal party campaign headquarters during the mock election campaign, he demolished any idea of an intelligence bar, and condemned such landladies as sought to impose a colour bar, the existence of which he took great pains to expose with reference to attitudes in various parts of the country. The adjudicators were disappointed that he did not develop his points even further, by going into the psychology behind the colour bar—which is easier said than done. The deliverance of the speech was excellent, except for occasional shouting when a major point was being made.

Every year somebody manages to produce a humorous speech, and this year was no exception. The last speaker, Richard Wakeman, discussing the subject of "Women at Work", provided an amusing account of his rather pessimistic views on female workers, based, he made quite clear, on a comprehensive experience. It was popular among the audience, but the adjudicators, while wholeheartedly agreeing that it had great potential for the London Palladium, would have preferred a more serious approach.

The adjudicators appreciated the way in which the two ladies refrained from hiding themselves behind the school lectern, in contrast to their male colleagues. They also complimented the three fourth formers who took part, Richard Curtis, Martin Hewitt, and Marilyn Reading, for their excellent performance, especially in view of their ages, and urged them to try again in years to come.

Father Orchard praised the school for its excellent performance, and proved that the selection of the first three prize-winners was most difficult by revealing that only 2½ marks separated the first and third prize winners.

When Father Orchard had completed the adjudicators' summing-up, Dr. Evans proposed a vote of thanks to them, and Mr. John Dunhem, Chairman of the Phoenicians, awarded the prizes, assisted by the Secretary of the Phoenicians, Colin Kemp.

(Result of the Junior Speech Trophy Competition: 1. G. Nolan. 2. S. Hinton. 3. Susan Monk).

G. R. EDWARDS, U.6.A.

DISCUSSION GROUP

The Discussion Group did continue to function throughout the year, although not many meetings were held.

In all, most of the discussions were rather flat and thinly attended. However, what Mr. Barker had to say was always very interesting.

The debates, though, were much better attended. Debates were held on "Comprehensive Education", "Rhodesia", and "Vietnam". There was also a meeting in which various teachers were asked to say why they thought pupils should study their subjects at Advanced Level.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking all those people who took part in the various debates, and also Mr. Barker.

P. SWEETING, L.6.

STAFF CHANGES

This term we are sorry to be losing Mr. Iles, who is moving to Canada, where he will take up a post at a High School in Alberta; he takes with him our very best wishes for the future.

We regretfully say goodbye also to Miss McDade, who has been teaching Geography at the school this year, and to Mr. Bunker, who joined us to teach French this term.

In September we shall welcome three new members of staff: Mr. Arm (French), Mr. Farrow (Geography), and Mrs. Katis (History).

We gratefully acknowledge a generous gift to the Library from Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, whose daughter, Susan, was in the sixth form last year, and is now studying Mathematics at the University of East Anglia.

SOME NEWS OF FORMER PUPILS

John Pencavel (1955-62) has gained a B.Sc. First Class Honours Degree in Economics at University College, London, and has won a scholarship to Princeton University, U.S.A. He goes as a Jane Eliza Procter Visiting Fellow for the academic year 1966-7.

Michael Jackson (1954-61), having completed Part One of his Banking

Diploma, has been working for "The Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation" in Hamburg, and will soon be starting a three-year tour of duty in the Far East.

Audrey Draper (1954-61) is teaching French at Mellow Lane Comprehensive School, Hayes.

Ronald Lott (1952-60) gained a Dip. Tech. in Metallurgy in 1963, and is now working for I.C.I.

Colin Stevenson (1954-61) has recently completed a degree course at the University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, and has a London External B.Sc.(Econ.). He hopes eventually to return to Rhodesia after gaining some experience of social welfare administration in England.

Rodney Barker (1956-62), having gained a B.A.(Econ.) degree at Sheffield University, is now living in Israel, on a Kibbutz near Haifa. He is intending to return to England to do research in psychology.

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

The prospect of re-organisation of secondary education has, of course, influenced the activities of the association during the past year. Many meetings have been held concerning this, and a talk by Mr. D. Heather at the last Annual General Meeting was much appreciated. Until the position of Drayton Manor in the new scheme is finally decided it was thought advisable to wait before spending any of the association's funds on school projects. As usual, however, donations have been made to the Dramatic and Music Societies.

Talks were given by Mr. A. F. Behmber "The New Syllabus in Mathematics", and by Mr. R. D. Wright "The Sixth Form and beyond". These were well attended and were much appreciated.

A Christmas Fair was held, and thanks to the hard work of the stallholders and helpers, who produced a really colourful display, approximately £85 was raised.

Mrs. Roberts will be retiring from the Committee at the end of this year and we would like to express our appreciation for all the hard work she has done during her long period of office.

In addition we have lost the services of Mr. McEleny and Mr. Warren, who have both moved away from the area, and thank them for the hard work they have both cheerfully done.

Our special thanks must go to the ladies of the Committee for providing refreshments when called upon.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

The following extracts, from PHOENIX, January 1936 and July 1936, were taken from copies in the school library:

January 1936

"The School will long remember the Autumn Term of 1935, for it was a term crowded with interest. A novel experience was a Full Dress Inspection in October by the Board of Education, the first of its kind since the School opened

in 1930. This inspection occupied a week and although the first few days were anxious and a little strained, the School had learned before the end of the week to regard the Inspectors with friendliness and to be easy and natural in their company.

The General Election took place on November 14th, and provided a different kind of thrill and during the preceding fortnight many of our budding politicians proved to audiences ranging from one upwards that his party was completely right and all the rest were definitely wrong. The date of the Election had been confidently given by certain of our daily newspapers as November 21st. Consequently our Speech Day was fixed for November 14th. Mr. Baldwin then, without consulting the Headmaster, fixed the Election for that same day, the fourteenth. Dr. Harrison's speech, however, was ample compensation for missing the excitement of the Election.

The end of the term was celebrated by a School Concert on two evenings, when the singing of the choirs and the graceful movements of the girls' gymnastic groups delighted everybody". (From "School Notes").

"A mock trial was the chief activity of the History Society last term. This was attended by most of the School, and proved very enjoyable. Abdulla Umbulla, an Ethiopian, admirably played by Lawler, was accused of the attempted murder of Mussolini. The trial was in no way rehearsed, but nevertheless things went very smoothly and the proceedings lasted for almost two hours. There was some "dressing up" but nothing elaborate was attempted, in fact the judge appeared in an old red carpet, and some of the wigs were made in less than ten minutes".

"The Drayton Manor Geographical Society was formed at the beginning of the Autumn Term and well over eighty members of the fourth, fifth and sixth forms thought it worth their sixpences to join. On October 18th, 1935, about eighty members packed the Geography room for the first meeting, when Messrs. R. Cowley and R. D. Wright told of their experiences while cycling in Switzerland, Austria, Italy and Germany, in the previous summer holidays".

July 1936

"We were very pleased last term to welcome on the Staff a new member, Mr. Cherry, who is in charge of the boy's P.T. Mr. Cherry spends half his time at Kingsbury School. As the saying goes, "You can't make two bites of a cherry". We hope it will be possible some day for him to spend all his time with us". (From "School Notes").

"The programme of the History Society during the Spring Term was accomplished very successfully. It consisted of a debate and a trip to places of interest in London. On March 30th a Parliamentary Debate on part of the King's Speech, concerning Rearmament and the League of Nations was held. After many interesting speeches had been made, a hurried vote was taken by all present. The majority were in favour of rearmament but seemed rather "hazy" on the League!"

Edited by G. R. EDWARDS, U.6.A.

BIOLOGY FIELD COURSE

This year a party of seven of us and Mr. Iles went to Dale Fort in Pembrokeshire. The course was on marine ecology, but the first day was taken up by an

eight-mile hike around the Dale Peninsula, which involved climbing up cliff faces, paddling through muddy fields and clambering over rocks. That night we were all thankful for an early night, which, incidentally, happened to be the only one during the week.

For the rest of the time we were comparing life on a sheltered, rocky shore, an exposed, rocky shore and in an estuary. On the exposed rocky shore we nearly lost three of our party and the assistant warden when two large waves broke over the rocks and flowed along the gully they were standing in, much to the delight of the other students.

On the Sunday we did not work, but enjoyed ourselves lazing on the cliffs in the sun at Martinshaven. That evening four of us and four others went swimming, and through lack of swimming trunks John Wilson dived in fully clothed.

During our week at Dale we learned a great deal about marine life, and a variety of new card games. We made many new friends, and it really was an enjoyable working holiday.

J. SPINK, U.6.S.

1966 GEOGRAPHY FIELD-WORK TRIP

This year the Geography field class, led by Mr. Wright, Miss Cleary, and Miss McDade, spent a week in Swanage, where we stayed in the Swanage Youth Hostel. Dilly being unavailable, we had a new coach driver, namely George, who easily met Dilly's standards, and proved especially helpful to those rebel members who feared the inauspicious glare of the warden at 11 o'clock at night. However, we never had to meet this glare because George always provided welcome transport.

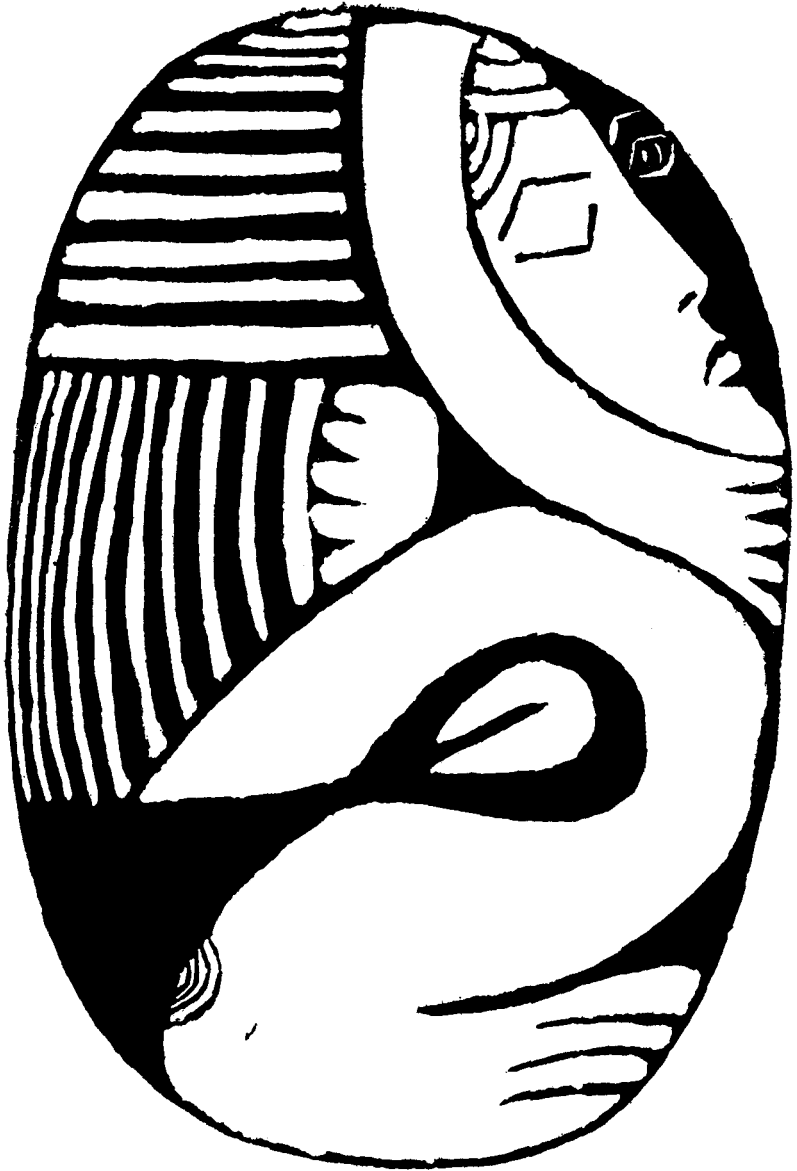
During the day we went out and studied local features; after dinner at night we had a lesson about work done during the day. The lessons generally finished at about 9.30 p.m., after which we had an hour to ourselves to do as we wished.

The main purpose of our field class was to study coastal features, which entitled us to long exhilarating walks. We were soon broken in after the first day, when we had to walk over miles of sand dunes in a howling gale, or so it seemed at any rate. Had we been studying wind erosion in the desert lands, the weather would have been ideal! In actual fact the weather was very co-operative, and this factor made our work more enjoyable. We were able to go out every day. Although it was cold and windy, several hardy girls and boys in jeans in the party were not deterred from the inspiration to take a dip.

During our trip we completed many tours along parts of the Dorset coast, which we found very informative. On our way down to Dorset we stopped and visited Poole Pottery, which proved very interesting, and on our journey home we were given a guided tour round Southampton Docks, where we saw the famous dry dock "King George V", and saw the "Queen Elizabeth" depart on her cruise to the Bahamas.

We arrived home on Tuesday, tired but bubbling over with geographical knowledge. I am sure we should all like to thank everyone involved for such an enjoyable trip, especially Mr. Wright for all the work he did in arranging it and carrying it out.

M. SMALES, L.6.



Pamela Elson U6A

MARIENBERG DECEMBER 1965

On Sunday evening, December 5th, 1965, four representatives from school left Liverpool Street for Germany, where they were to attend a German-British Seminar. In spite of the rough crossing we survived to the Hook of Holland, and from there we went by train to Cologne, where we had our first German meal.

Then we boarded our bus for Marienberg, a little town about 2 hours from Bonn. On the bus and at Europa House, our centre from December 6th-12th, we met the rest of the British party. The party, about 30 people in all, was made up of representatives from 3 other London secondary schools and 2 British student unions. The same evening we met our opposite numbers and were welcomed by the director of Europa House.

The purpose of all this was a conference at which we would discuss the possibilities of increasing existing ties between German and British youth at school and university. We met twice daily to hear lectures on the topic for the day and took part in discussions about facilitating future links. Suggestions included drama, science, and sports weeks; meetings between leaders and heads of various student and pupil organizations; and general visits to both countries to widen background knowledge. All these discussions were translated simultaneously.

As well as excellent facilities for our more academic activities we were pleasantly surprised to discover that there was a wide range of entertainments in Marienberg. Europa House had a cellar bar, where the German contingent did their best to make us feel welcome by their lively conversation and sometimes by their performance of German Volkslied masterpieces! Also one day there was an excursion to Bonn and a reception at the British Council headquarters in Cologne, followed by an evening of chamber music. The German Ministry for Youth Affairs also held a reception at Europa House.

The governmental and financial support for this conference underlined the lack of similar resources in this country, but in spite of the fact that nothing concrete on a national level has as yet resulted from the Seminar, we as a school now have a link with Wetzlar because of it. This contact has already resulted in a visit after Easter—the first, we hope, of many.

J. BAATJES, D. PEAKE,
K. WILSON, E. BRACKEN.

FRANCE 1966

About 60 pupils, accompanied by Dr. Muir and several other members of Staff, left for Savigny on the morning of April 1st. After a comfortable journey, we arrived at the Gare du Nord almost on schedule, there to be met by M. Rapoport. Of course, this was just too good to be true; we finally arrived at Savigny two hours late, owing to our coach driver's insistent perambulations around the back streets of Paris, and a jam on the Autoroute—much to everyone's annoyance, especially M. Rapoport's, who, in excellent English, yelled down the coach, "Shut up! We're only two hours late!"

Having been paired off with our French pen-friends, we met the families with whom we were to stay for the following three weeks.

The choice of correspondent seems to be the main factor upon which the

success of the exchange depends; whilst many of the "first-timers" came back enthusiastic and full of plans for the summer, when the French return the visit, others would only vaguely volunteer such comments as "It was all right, but I don't want to go back next year. Not to the same girl/boy, anyway". The French did, this year, ask for photographs of us, to avoid the more serious errors of previous years; perhaps also it would be possible for a few words describing the main traits of character of each applicant to be added to the photograph by a teacher; but would this be effective in a school the size of J.-B. Côté? Do the teachers know their pupils?

This is undoubtedly one of the most serious faults of large schools, whether French or English—this remoteness of the pupil from the teacher. Several of us have been, with our correspondents, to the annex of the lycee at Juvisy. This is nothing more than a collection of huts around two dusty playgrounds, and holds about 250 pupils, but the difference in the atmosphere which exists in the school and that of its annex is striking; whilst at Savigny everyone is in a hurry to arrive at their next lesson three blocks away during "récréation", at Juvisy these intervals between the one-hour lessons approach rather our own "breaks", the atmosphere is altogether more communal.

Most of us visited or re-visited the principal sights of Paris, and its beautiful shops; some were lucky enough to be taken farther afield, to the Val de Loire, with its renowned châteaux, or to picturesque Brittany.

April in Paris? To judge from the experience of the past three years, by no means as enchanting as travel brochures would have us believe. What, then, makes Paris, and France, for a young person on a basically educational trip? What are the impressions that remain?

We must all have experience of the terrifyingly wide cobbled roads with unmarked crossings, and no islands of refuge in the middle. The traffic lights with the "cross now" sign are barely visible from the opposite side, and it was sometimes with surprise that I watched a row of cars draw up for no apparent reason. Each window, with its unmistakably Parisian wrought-iron grating and shutters, lends a touch of quiet gaiety to what would otherwise be the austere and dull frontage of one of the thousands of many-storeyed houses of Paris. The Paris one sees from the rear platform of a bus has its own peculiar fascination, as do the countless "Dubonnets" down the tunnels of the Metro, with its long corridors and unsprung carriages inadequately seated with unsprung seats, the whole faintly smelling of old tobacco and garlic.

Most of us must have eaten peanuts under the Eiffel Tower, and then thrown the husks in the Seine; and at home, discovered that we were able to abandon some of the more pointless homeland niceties at the table—why do we try to balance peas on the backs of our forks? In France, this is impossible because there are rarely mashed potatoes into which to stick them so one is forced to either shovel them up or suffer on in silence into the next course.

The relieved-looking men emerging from the convenient green-painted structures in the middle of the pavements, the warm, brown smell of French tobacco; the indescribable odour of Camembert, surprisingly tasty once past the nose; the crisp, yard-long sticks of bread; the stinking shellfish in the markets;

the café terraces; the coolness of the tree-lined streets of the huitième after a shower; the cars rattling over the cobbled streets; all these go to make Paris and a way of life to which many of us will certainly return, I hope next year many others will take advantage of this wonderful opportunity.

We should all like to thank Dr. Muir, who so ably organised the visit.

E. KALUZYNSKA, 5.C.

B. GRABSKA, 5.C.

“UP TOPSAIL”

This year a party of sixth-formers sampled a weekend at sea aboard a Thames sailing barge. A party, which consisted of eleven students, Miss Bracken, Miss Woodall and various others, met at Victoria Station laden with as much food as luggage. After a short journey we arrived at Gillingham, in typical British weather, and made our way to the quay where the “Lord Roberts” was moored. She is an old Thames sailing barge, with an 83 foot hull and large red ochre sails. She was originally used for carrying grain, but the holds have now been converted into sleeping accommodation, a large saloon and a galley.

The same evening (Friday), after a hearty meal of fish and chips, we explored Gillingham. Eventually everybody returned and we talked well into the early hours. That night proved to be rather chaotic and highly amusing as we had only one Tilly lamp to share between three cabins. After devising many ingenious methods for getting our two most awkward girls onto their top bunks, which were at least five feet from the floor, the remainder of us found our sleeping bags relatively easy, and eventually all was quiet.

In the morning, after an expertly cooked breakfast, for eighteen of us, we set sail under the expert guidance of our skipper, Jim. We sailed down the Medway and out into the Thames estuary, where several of us tried our hand at the helm, whilst others were still finding their sea legs. We were unable to reach Maldon as originally planned, because of an easterly wind. In the evening we anchored at Leigh-on-Sea, where two obliging members of the crew rowed us ashore in dinghies. The return journey was somewhat prolonged by members of the school who thought they could row but were not as expert as they imagined against a fast flowing tide. We boarded our barge to the mouth-watering smell of Spaghetti Bolognese, which had been cooked by the school's answer to Fanny Craddock—Miss Woodall. We were serenaded during the evening by the guitar playing and vocal accompaniment of Mr. Farrow, our prospective Geography teacher. We retired that evening with less difficulty than before, exhausted by lack of sleep the previous night.

On Sunday morning we started sailing at six, and, leaving the estuary, sailed up the Thames. We passed Tilbury docks, where amongst other ships we saw the “Arcadia”. Eventually we arrived at Grays, which had to be our destination. That evening the saloon acquired a “Monte Carlo” atmosphere, when everybody indulged in games of Bridge and other complex card games. The next day we were sculled ashore in three boatloads, by Jim. To reach the quay we had to climb up the side of a Dutch timber ship via a rope ladder. We all then made our way back to London after a tremendous weekend.

Our thanks must go to Miss Woodall for arranging the trip, and to the skipper and crew for helping to make the weekend such fun.

J. SPINK, U.6.S.

G. HULLAH, U.6.S.

MUSIC NOTES

The main activities this year have been the annual Concert in March, a musical programme for Speech Day, and the provision of some recorded music for *She Stoops to Conquer*. I thought that the performance of the music for Speech Day reached a very good standard. It was provided by Gillian Grainger, who played a Chopin Fantasia; Rosalind Porter, who played Saint-Saëns's *Allegro Appassionato* for 'cello, accompanied by Richard Wakeman; and Alan Wakeman, clarinet, plus a string quartet, who played the last movement of Mozart's *Clarinet Quintet*. The annual concert reached a fair standard in places and we were fortunate in being helped by a few old pupils who, as ever, are so generous towards us with their time—Peter Oxer, Christine Sedge (ex-Norman), Christine Ashfield, Richard Morbey, John Whitworth and Janice Knight. The orchestra should be very grateful indeed to them.

Alas, as usual, for a few players it was their last concert as pupils here. We are losing Gillian Grainger, who achieved the unusual distinction of being leader of the orchestra and playing a piano concerto at her last concert. She is going to the Royal College of Music in September and takes our very best wishes with her. Alan Wakeman, principal clarinetist and soloist in Weber's *Clarinet Concertino*, is going to the London College of Music. He will be missed very much as he has given so freely of his time in coaching younger players, as well as promoting the school's jazz activities which for the first time were given a well-deserved place in the concert. I don't know what we shall do without him. Mary Moore is also leaving. As well as appearing as a violin soloist in the concert she has led the second violins and has played the viola in a large number of concerts and recitals. Her sound technique has stood us in good stead. We are losing Derek Thompson, trumpeter, for long a loyal orchestra member and also player in the jazz band, and Jean Baatjes, who has helped us in many ways—as a substitute "cimbalon" player, pianist, and percussion player. The school owes a great deal to all these players.

This school year has seen a most important innovation, and a most welcome one. The local authority has permitted us to engage more part-time instrumental teachers, and we now have Mr. Stowell (flute and bassoon), Mr. Dolphin ('cello), Miss Knight (oboe and clarinet beginners) as well, of course, as Miss Jardine (violin and viola). I am trying to cope with double bass and brass pupils.

While at present the orchestra is going to encounter serious difficulties, it is worth mentioning that this year's first forms contain considerable potential instrumental ability. They have already shown what they can do vocally as they formed the bulk of the choir which sang Britten's *Psalm 150* in the last concert.

Will all instrumentalists in the school please note and remember this. A musical instrument is a delicate article and needs looking after carefully and regularly. After playing a woodwind instrument see that the inside is dried with

a mop on each occasion and wipe the outside thoroughly. Keep the keys clean. Brass players must lubricate the valves and the slide mechanisms regularly and keep the outside of the instrument clean. If some of our instruments have a very second-hand look now, the reason is that they have been grossly neglected. This eventually involves the school in payments for overhauls that we can ill afford. Attention to one instrument can easily cost us a third of our available funds. String players habitually neglect their bows. These must be rosined from end to end every time you play and not once a term. If players are unwilling to spend a few shillings on valve oil, vaseline, woodwind mops, rosin and so on, after being provided with a free instrument and free tuition, then they don't deserve to have their instruments.

We give our thanks to Mr. Howe, a governor of the school, for his kindness in remembering us when he was able to provide a free box for a concert at the Albert Hall. Needless to say, we could have filled it many times over.

Finally, I thank all the musicians for what they have done for the school music, and for their patience and efforts during rehearsals. Especially do I give most sincere thanks to my colleagues Dr. Muir, Mr. Thompson, Miss Bracken, Mr. Curtis and Mr. Westbrook for their invaluable help and the sacrifice of their time.

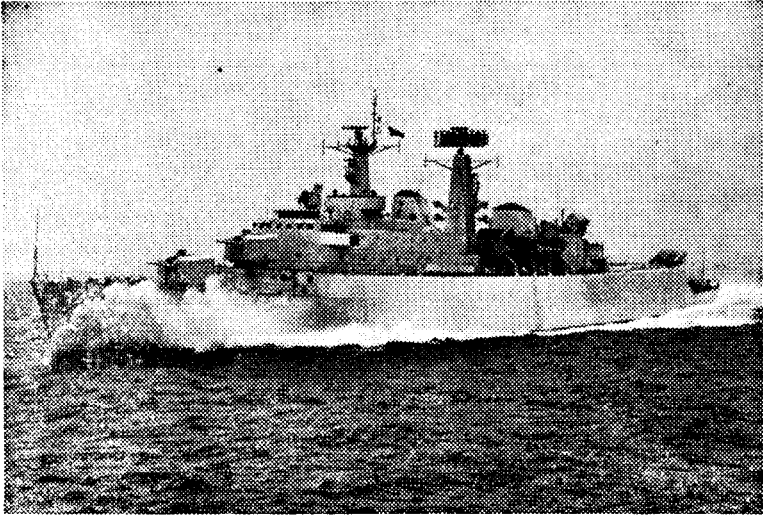
W. HERRERA.

JAZZ NOTES

Owing to lack of support the Jazz Club has ceased to exist, and the fact that its passing has gone practically unnoticed would seem to sum up just how lacking the support was. I feel, however, that I must apologize for the club's liquidation to the few who did attend regularly or at all; but my colleagues and I little relished the possibility of sitting in the music room by ourselves on a Friday evening listening to our own records with not another sympathetic ear for miles.

The disheartening prospect of the school without jazz, on the face of it, seemed imminent at the beginning of the year but Richard Wakeman, Derek Thompson and myself have played together with various personnel under the striking name of the *Manorhouse Five* since the fourth form, and have continued to do so in sixth. We were joined at the beginning of the year by Mr. Westbrook, and since then the band has enlarged to eight members, and anyone who was present at the recent school concert would have heard the result of the band's work during the last six months.

It is interesting to reflect that although there was for the most part no active jazz society during the past year to further the cause of jazz, in fact jazz has most certainly established itself as part of the school's life with the advent of the appearance of a jazz group in the school concert. Previously the audience for jazz in school has consisted only of a minority of pupils but in the concert jazz reached a wider audience, including the staff and parents, as well as pupils. I wonder if the impact was enough to start a steady conversion to jazz; a conversion which could perhaps be epitomised by the jazz group's personnel, because in fact the four newest members, Peter Phipps, Ian Cole, Edward Fisk, and an ex-pupil, Christine Ashfield, had previously never taken any active part in jazz, and although two have been ardent jazz fans for some time, the music for the other two was completely alien to their way of thinking.



Find the freedom, the challenge and the adventure that make life worth living

Will you be content to sit behind an office desk when you leave school? Or do you want an active, outdoor life? A life that has plenty of freedom, challenge and adventure—and gives you every chance to get on in an exciting, well paid career. If so, you'll find it in today's modern, expanding Royal Navy. You can join at 15.

The Royal Navy will train you to be a Seaman, Engineer, Electrician or Radio Operator. An Artificer or Mechanician. A Naval Airman (ground duties) or Air Mechanic. A Writer, Cook or Stores Accountant. Or as a sailor/soldier in the Royal Marines.

Can you qualify for a commission?

If you are aiming for a degree, 'A' levels, or expect to get at least five 'O' levels, you could well qualify for a permanent or short service commis-

sion—and enjoy the very special status and prestige of an officer in the Royal Navy.

Whether as an officer or rating, you'll have ahead of you a future of scope and opportunity. See the world. Enjoy every kind of sport. And get at least 6 weeks' paid holiday a year. Send the coupon for full details.

**Royal Naval Careers Service,
OL/2, Old Admiralty Building,
Whitehall, London, S.W.1.**

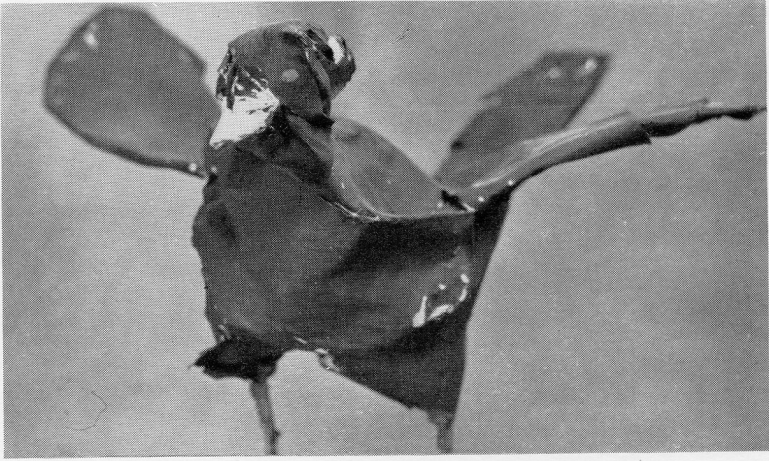
Please send me full details of the careers open to an officer/rating* in the Royal Navy. *Delete whichever is not applicable.

NAME _____

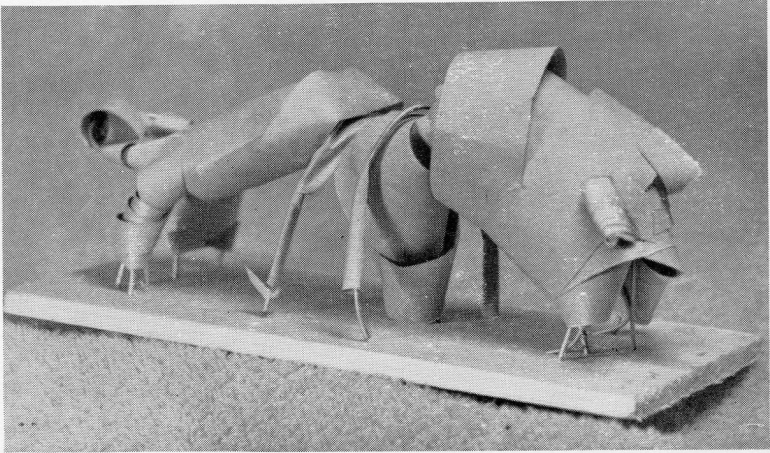
ADDRESS/SCHOOL _____

Age _____

Royal Navy 



Christine Walker 2C



Maria Wimbush 2A

Photography by Nicholas Palmer 5C



It seems strange that the band emerged during the so-called "trad boom" and now finds itself in the middle of the avant garde movement in jazz, owing mostly to Mr. Westbrook's influence. I refer specifically to an experiment in new sounds we attempted recently, in which connection I would like to thank Rosalind Porter and Gillian Grainger, for their services on the 'cello and violin respectively, and Roman Pawlik and Andrew Gamble for recording the music and for all their previous cooperation chiefly on the electronic side.

As far as records are concerned there have been various recordings played during the dinner hour in the art room for the lucky ones who found out about them, and I am sure the whole school would like to thank the Headmaster, and Palmer and Fowler of the fifth form, for making it possible for it to listen to jazz every Friday morning after assembly.

I should like to extend my special thanks to Mr. Herrera for his consistent support in all our jazz activities and for making possible the band's appearance in the concert, and also to Miss Cracknell for the loan of the school tape recorders and record players so frequently without any questions.

Unfortunately, for a summary of the situation in jazz generally, casting aside the fact that jazz will never be popular with the masses, it would appear that the sixty years the music has been in existence will have to be doubled before jazz is recognised as a genuine and sincerely-meant form of art.

A. WAKEMAN, U.6.A.

DRAMA

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

Being a journalist has its brighter moments. This we realised when we entered the wings of the school theatre for the four-night marathon production of Oliver Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer". The scene that greeted us there was one of excited anticipation as we crept in trying to look inconspicuous, but failing to do so amongst all the 18th-century characters. Despite all the excitement the cast was surprisingly in command of the situation, and there was even a cry for beer and sandwiches.

The play opened and we were soon sharing with the actors the anxiety when the audience did not respond appropriately; fortunately this did not occur too often.

The production began in a chamber of an old house, and this room, like the other scenery, was well designed by Mr. Westbrook. Mrs. Hardcastle and her husband, played by Pamela Fox and George Badowski, were the first characters to be seen, and they began the first act with strong voices and a calm air, giving consistent performances throughout. The lack of acting experience, visible also in one or two other characters, was neatly compensated by a swift, dextrous production. The continuity of the play was assisted by the smooth and efficient operations of the backroom technicians.

Theresa D'Oliveira, playing Constance Neville, niece of Mrs. Hardcastle, gave a remarkably good performance; but perhaps the voice was a little too young for the part? One scene which was very popular with the audience was

with Theresa and David Peake, who played Tony Lumpkin, where Constance was plaguing Tony with pretended fond caresses to satisfy her aunt, who was intent on making a match between them.

As we look back on the play, the scene that springs most readily to our minds was the one in the "Three Pigeons" where Tony Lumpkin and the "Shabby Fellows" were enjoying the delights of punch and tobacco. The scene was acted with great gusto, and the character of Tony Lumpkin was so well suited to his portrayer, that the latter was extremely at ease on the stage, not only in this scene but in his whole performance, which he carried out admirably.

The production was not entirely devoid of mistakes. There could have been a little more attention paid to detail, especially where make-up was concerned; in one scene David Hale, playing Sir Charles Marlow, appeared to have a somewhat sooty countenance, and Diggory, a servant, played by Stephen Gitter, shuffling around with a bent back, had a remarkably smooth and youthful face, but this did not hinder his performance, which was a good one.

Richard Prickett played Hastings (Constance Neville's lover) and he acted with vitality and a certain eccentricity which was pleasing. Hale, as Sir Charles Marlow, played a small part. He had some awkward lines to deliver which were a source of much amusement, but he managed them well.

The acting of the hero and heroine was undoubtedly the reason for the success of the play. Lorna Knight played Kate Hardcastle and Nicholas Palmer played Marlow; both performances were excellent. Lorna's portrayal of Kate, with her feminine schemes and wiles, was a great pleasure to watch and was indeed very professional. When Marlow meets Kate, his future wife, for the first time, he sees her as a refined, sophisticated woman, and consequently dissolves into awkwardness, becoming tongue-tied and red with embarrassment. In his own words concerning women of reputation he says, "I can't say fine things to them; they freeze, they petrify me. But among females of another class you know . . ."

So Kate later dresses plainly and Marlow, true to his word, finds her very attractive and turns into a wolf. Lorna's natural west-country dialect proved very effective in this part. Marlow's two sides were acted by Palmer with praise-worthy ability; the shy stammering Marlow was particularly strong and very well received by the audience.

The rest of the cast provided strong support and it would, of course, be impossible to mention every character by name. We realise that the play was not a perfect production, but it was certainly up to the very high standard usually achieved by the Dramatic Society. We know that the cast, with its two producers, Miss Bracken and Miss Snow, thoroughly enjoyed themselves during the four nights that the play was shown to the public, who, we are sure, derived just as much enjoyment from it.

J. SCHERER, 5.A.

J. ASHWORTH, 5.A.

With a week to go, certain members of the cast had honestly decided that it was going to be the worst school play yet staged. In fact, a few days before the first performance of *She Stoops to Conquer*, a certain "shabby fellow" even had the courage to tell the producers, Miss Bracken and Miss Snow, that he

definitely considered it a big failure. From witnessing a few rehearsals he had formed the opinion that something was lacking—even the actors who were type-cast as shabby fellows could not really portray drunk, riotous, country yokels.

The cast were still not sure of their lines; an insignificant servant forgot his lines in the dress rehearsal—he had only three to learn.

To add to the producers' worries was the fact that the same "shabby fellow", alias servant, walked quite innocently into a rehearsal to be met with a scream from Miss Bracken: "You've had your hair cut!" Here we had a person who was to play an untidy lout with short well-styled hair.

What the producers were thinking at this time I cannot imagine. They must have lost a lot of sleep.

However, the cast rose admirably to the occasion, the friendly spirit of our producers no doubt having a beneficial effect, and the play was one of the best the school has performed.

Of course it had its unpleasant moments. Every night of the performance the insignificant members of the cast who were quietly playing cards in the music room were disturbed by the shout of, "George . . . !" Miss Snow added the cry, "Find him!" There was a mad rush in an attempt to find Mr. Hardcastle, who was to appear on stage in a few minutes. Nevertheless he always appeared with at least three seconds to spare.

On another night, a servant was so intent on hiding the beer-stains (collected in the inn scene, of course), on his elegant costume that he left the chandelier on the table with the button for lighting the cleverly-concealed-electric-light-bulb-type candles facing the audience.

Even this was met by laughter from the producers, although Mr. Jewell may not have been so amused, as it rather spoiled the effect of his hard work.

This same clot of a servant caused even more trouble. It was Saturday night and the last performance. To the producers' horror this member of the cast hobbled into the make-up room with an ankle injury gained by playing gallantly for the school football team in the morning. Sympathetic cries like "He's done it again" were heard. Kendal and Gitter nobly took his place as a respectable servant.

Perhaps the most notable event of the whole play was the party which took place on Saturday evening . . . "A SHABBY FELLOW".

THE STAGE CREW

Since the last issue of the school magazine the Stage Crew has coped ably with two plays, the School Concert, and another play for a local dramatic society.

The first play, *She Stoops to Conquer*, was performed near the end of the Autumn Term, but the set had been designed long before, providing the Stage Crew with a continuous stream of work throughout the half-term holiday. The main problem was that of changing the set from a house to an inn and back again in three minutes, as the change could not be made to coincide with the interval. Fortunately the house is mistaken for an inn according to the plot, so the general shape and colour was not changed. The actual changes took



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 £2,100, 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: £360 at 16 to £1,085 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 £1,280, instead of the scale figure of £955.

And there's scope for girls as well

The women's salary scale runs from £360 on entry to a minimum of £775 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

only one and a half minutes, and in this time a beam was lowered, pictures and chairs changed, the staircase was removed and the porch repositioned. The latter was achieved by attaching wheels to the underside of the rostra on which the set was built, and carefully adjusting them in such a way that the joins between the scenery were (we hope) unnoticeable. When at last, the play was presented before the audience the general feeling was that of achievement over a somewhat complicated set. This fact was quite noticeable, as some newcomers to the Stage Crew found themselves left behind by the reputedly fast older members, fortunately only during the rehearsals.

She Stoops to Conquer was followed by *Postman's Knock*, an Edwardian confection, which was presented by the East Lane Dramatic Society at Elms Hall, Sudbury. The play, which is set in South West London at the end of the year 1902, is a musical, which provided the Stage Crew with a change from the type of play which is normally presented by our Dramatic Society. Six people assisted East Lane Dramatic Society by changing scenery and executing the lighting, which we had installed.

The most recent enterprise, *A Man For All Seasons*, left the drawing board at the beginning of March, and from that time until the first night of the play the set slowly increased in complexity. The erection of the permanent set was only halted once, this being for the School Concert, in which the Stage Crew assisted in moving orchestra stands and also produced some unusual lighting effects. With the concert over, the effort put into the play increased, building up to a climax on the days before the play was presented. The play itself presented more problems for the lighting department, who had to install much additional hired equipment and have it ready for the dress rehearsal, than for the scenery department, which had a great amount of assistance from their indispensable asset The Common Man, played by John Fenn, who moved many of the smaller pieces of scenery, and it is to him, I am sure, that they would like to offer their thanks. The play made use of the Linnebach (projection) effect, which is basically a spotlight without a lens, with its beam directed through a sheet of plastic, on which was painted the appropriate design. The design is then visible on the wall behind in an enlarged form.

N. RICHARDSON, 4.A.

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS

The overall impression of *A Man For All Seasons* was one of competence. It was no small achievement to present convincingly Robert Bolt's tragedy of Sir Thomas More, who died a martyr's death because he believed that the English Parliament could not bestow on the King the supremacy which belonged to the International Church. The opening scenes and the trial scene did not reach the standard of the rest, however, although the tedium of the trial might be partly the fault of the dramatist. The impressionist scenery, consisting of symbols and made extremely effective by the use of varied lighting, forced the cast to project themselves instead of relying weakly on elaborate scenery.

John Fenn gave a neat, humorously detached performance as the Common Man, who draws the audience into the play, and speaks to them from within it. Peter Kendall was thoroughly convincing as Sir Thomas More, gentle and considerate towards his family and friends, whilst dignified and determined not

to yield what he calls "a little area" where he must rule himself. Mr. Grant gave a robust performance as the Duke of Norfolk, bolstering up the play in several places where the pace had begun to slow down.

John Ralph was excellent as the ruthless Thomas Cromwell; he was suitably malevolent and relentless in his interrogation of More. The vacillation of the youthful Henry VIII between affection for More and a relentless determination to get his own way was brought out well by Nicholas Palmer.

Laurence Abrahams, as the Spanish ambassador Chapuis, maintained his accent very well, without exaggerating it or lapsing into some mongrel dialect.

Both Lynda Buchanan, as Lady Margaret, and Pamela Fox, as Lady Alice, More's daughter and wife, conveyed well their affection for More and their failure to understand his refusal to acknowledge the King as Head of the Church. They coped well with the prison scene, which could have been either stiff or embarrassingly uninhibited, with the result that the scene was quite moving. Alan Squirrell played the part of William Roper competently enough, but he seemed to lack conviction.

The production was an ambitious one which, all who saw it will surely agree, was altogether very successful.

K. SPOONER, U.6.A.

M. HEATLEY, U.6.A.

ORIGINAL WORK

AFTER THE BOMB HAD FALLEN

The bomb had fallen,
The silence was intense,
All that remained of next door's garden
Was the garden fence.

A smoking pile of rubble,
A broken car or two,
Upon the road a patch of oil,
Shone in every hue.

People emerged from their shelters,
Looking bewildered and dazed;
Some were solemn and silent,
Others were staring half-crazed.

The silence was suddenly shattered
By crying and praying in vain.
All that suddenly mattered
Was fear and hope and pain.

D. CARPENTER, 3.A.

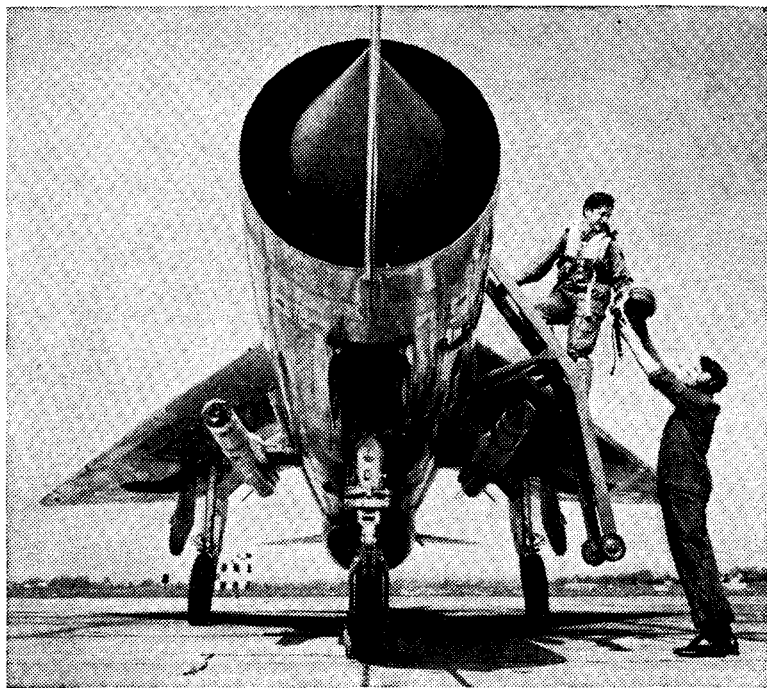
AFTER

After the bomb will the grass be green?
After the bomb will the sun be seen?
How many will live? And how many will die?
Who will survive; will it be I?

And if I live, will I walk,
See and hear, and maybe talk?
Or will I be a crippled thing,
Like a broken bird without a wing?

And what of my children still to come?
Are they ever to see the sun,
To know the joy of the deep blue sky,
Or hear the lark singing high?

P. HOWES, 3.A.



How about a career as an R.A.F. officer?

YOU CAN BE TESTED WHEN YOU ARE 16

In choosing its officers the R.A.F. is, naturally, selective. It doesn't ask for supermen, or expect them. What it does ask for, and get, is young men who will be likely to respond to the advanced and intensive training which they undergo. Three main things are necessary. First, character: you must be able to keep calm under pressure, and be ready to take responsibility. Second, you must have the aptitude for whichever of the R.A.F.'s many specialities you wish to take up. And third, you must meet the academic requirements.

Your Careers Master can give you

leaflets about R.A.F. careers and he can arrange for you to meet your R.A.F. Schools Liaison Officer for an informal chat. Or, if you prefer, write to Group Captain J. W. Allan, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., R.A.F., Adastral House (SCH 305), London, WC1. (*It will help if you give your age and the educational qualifications you hope to get, and say whether you are more interested in flying, technology, or administration.*)

The Royal 
Air Force 

WHAT HAD THEY DONE?

A little girl played all alone,
But no one else was there.
She played amongst the rubble and stone,
But no one else was there.

She looked and looked for someone,
But no one else was there.
She wanted to ask "What have they done?"
But no one else was there.

Where were her friends, her Mum and Dad?
But no one else was there.
She was so frightened, worried, and sad,
But no one else was there.

She saw a person on the ground,
But no one else was there.
Dead was the person she had found,
And no one else was there.

N. WARREN, 3.A.

THE SEA

The mysterious sea. Home of the friendly dolphin, the lonely whale, the teeming herring. Many strange and grotesque creatures swim through the forests of seaweed, creatures of every shape, size and form. The vast expanse and extent of the sea spreads from Arctic regions to the equator and to the Antarctic, washing the shores of many lands. Ships of all nations use the water for carrying their goods. The bulk of world trade is carried on the broad back of the sea.

It is surprising to think that the sea is larger than the land. The sea, like the earth, has its own rivers, valleys and mountains. The mountains are volcanic islands, the valleys are the great deeps, the rivers are the fast-flowing currents.

In wintertime the sea comes roaring in, in grey mountains, bursting into spray on the rocks, and smashing everything in its path. The beach is littered with white foam, broken shells, torn seaweed and mangled dead fish, above which the countless screaming seagulls quarrel. Great ships lurch and stagger in the fury of the angry sea.

In summer time the placid blue waves ripple against the beach, looking so quiet and innocent that it is hard to believe they could hurt anything. The beach and the rockpools are strewn with multi-coloured pebbles. Purple and pink, yellow and golden are the many-coloured sea shells. The sunlight flashes on friendly waves.

Night and day on a thousand sandy beaches break the restless waves of the sea. Hauled by the moon, frozen by Arctic winds, burnt by tropical suns—the blue, the wonderful, savage, kind, pitiless, grey, remorseless, infinite, eternal sea.

D. WHITE, 1.A.

THE END OF THE WORLD

I've helped them before, guided them,
I will help them no more.
Their folly has brought them to an end,
And I did nothing to stop it.

I have watched over them from above,
Watched their population increase,
Their brains become more advanced,
Wondered at their inventions.

I admired these people, the control they had,
The way they taught their young,
How they developed from early days,
These people, the ones I had made.

But why are they not satisfied?
They have everything they desire;
Why do they destroy each other
In their vain attempts for power?

I have laughed with them, shed tears of joy,
They failed me many times, but I forgave,
They tried my patience, till I had no more;
Of life, there is an end.

I am tired of watching, sick of the thought
That innocent people die
For a few who are not content with life.
No, why should I have stopped it?
In previous wars I guided them,
Preventing unforeseen disaster,
This time they had stronger weapons—bombs,
And they blasted the earth asunder,

There is nothing there now,
Nothing at all,
Just one dead planet named earth;
Nothing lives, everything choked and burned to death.

In time I will build another world,
With a different animal, a different brain;
But now, I will rest for a while,
Before I must labour again.

L. FARISH, 4.C.

CONVERSATION IN THE KITCHEN

The casserole simmered with indignation: "Fancy leaving me all brown and greasy like this!"

The cuckoo-clock hiccupped twice as if he'd been at the sherry. "Hold your tongue; it was a jolly fine dinner party and 'They' were as tired as we are."

"Speak for yourself," said the soufflé dish. "I'm not tired. I had the night of

my life. Even the guests said I'd produced the most perfect soufflé. It was much too elegant for you to comprehend," she said loftily. "There I was surrounded by the finest linen, cut glass and the family silver."

The mixing bowl nudged the copper pot, "She should talk; I mixed that soufflé before she took it from me."

The stock-pot said, "Take no notice, love, we may only be peasants but we do know what is good. Look at dear old coffee pot, he goes into the dining-room regularly and for all his good breeding and fine perfume, he doesn't show off."

Coffee-pot remained cold and silent, though he could be a talkative fellow when on the boil. Teapot, who felt him to be something of a usurper, winked merrily at the kettle, who was his own staunchest ally. The kettle had a fine voice when he got steam up, but he also remained silent.

Casserole, who had been sulking all this time, spoke up, "Kettle's lost his tongue. No one could say he's got polish."

"Talk about the pot calling the kettle black," spouted Teapot, defending his friend. At this remark the casserole subsided into greasy silence.

The tap, tired of all this bickering, suddenly spat in annoyance.

Cuckoo began to rumble deeply, "So much for your fine cuisine. Someone is coming downstairs for the bicarbonate of soda."

A stair creaked as Cuckoo's rumbling turned to a loud whirring. "Cuck . . .," he hiccupped, as the door opened.

B. CLARE, 3.A.

OLD HORSE

Underneath the ragged trees,
Cowering in the autumn rain,
Standing in the winter wind,
Grey my coat and torn my mane.

I remember better times,
When I lived in homely barns,
Fed on tasty corn and hay,
Kept away from any harm.

Now I live in open fields,
Lonely, tired, old and sad,
Kept there any kind of weather;
Gone are pleasures I once had.

All I wish to do is die,
Nothing else is left for me.
Day by day the end draws nearer;
When I'm dead, I shall be free.

Just a hole in the ground to cover his bones;
Old Dobbin has reached the end of his race.
Cover him over with rubble and stones,
Shovel the earth on his poor old face.

D. WHITE, 1.A.

THE COUNT-DOWN

- From untroubled skies the sun shone down
On to a peaceful and happy town.
- TEN, Children were playing in the park;
There's nine more seconds till the world becomes dark.
- NINE, A little girl laughs because she sees
Two birds that are singing in the trees.
- EIGHT, An express train goes rushing by;
There's a speck of darkness in the sky.
- SEVEN, Old men fishing in a stream,
The water gushes past, cool and green.
- (SIX), —'Neath yonder ivy-mantled tower,
With rusty clock that strikes the hour.
- FIVE, The farmer is working in his field,
Hoping a fine crop of wheat he'll yield.
- FOUR, Women are at their daily strife,
Thinking how hard it is to be a wife.
- THREE, Children sitting at desks in schools
Write out their lengthy lists of rules.
- TWO, The sirens give out a warning sound;
People rush for safety, underground.
- ONE, The babies scream, people fill with fear;
They know that their time of darkness is near.
- ZERO! The bomb comes down, destined to kill;
The dust-clouds settle, and all is still.

P. BRAKE, 3.A.

BOND TAKES A BATH

He walked into the bathroom, wearing a maroon dressing gown and leather sandals. He made sure that everything he wanted was at hand. A white flannel hung over the towel rail and a folded blue towel lay on the stool. A pale green toothbrush hung in its holder with two others on the wall, over the hand basin. A new tube of toothpaste lay, uncreased, on the window sill.

He turned on the taps and poured some liquid into the cool, green bath. He didn't know what the liquid was, it was green, and it came from a transparent bottle on the shelf. He slipped off his dressing gown and sandals and got into the bath. The water immediately clouded when he placed his body in it. His eye fell on the newspaper which he had brought in, meaning to read later on. He climbed out of the bath to reach it and then settled down to read it. When he finished reading it he turned the tap on with his foot because the water was getting cold.

He turned on the radio and tuned into a Russian pirate station. It wasn't very interesting so he switched the set off.

Bond relaxed. The water slopped about him noisily as he immersed his brawny body even further into the green tub. He thought, the bath is an ideal place for thinking; he thought about the day which lay behind him; he thought about the day which lay before him . . .

Ten minutes later there was a great transformation. The edge of the cool green bath was now coated in scum; some cold, dirty water was left because of the flannel, which was preventing the water from running out of the plughole. There was toothpaste around the cap of the tube and spit in the hand basin. The mirrors were steamed up and on one of them was a drawing of a pin man running, made by using the tube of toothpaste as a pencil. A wet towel draped the stool, and a dirty cup and saucer decorated the windowsill; there was a brown ring on the edge of the bath where they had previously stood. There were puddles of water and foam everywhere. His dressing gown was strewn over the floor and one sandal was in the handbasin. The other was not to be seen. The plug was hanging on its chain from the tap. The scene was chaotic. Little Jimmy Bond had taken a bath.

M. BROMLEY, 3.A.

THE BODY

He crouched in the bushes and looked through the tangle of leaves and creepers at the velvety dark blue sky, splashed with the tropical gold and pink rays of the sunset. There was a gentle breeze that ruffled his hair and the topmost branches of the trees, cooling his hot body at the same time. The sharp tangy smell of the sea assailed his nostrils, and he shuffled into a more comfortable position. The pale golden beach stretched as far as he could see to the end that hid the first straggling shacks of the natives and then the concrete buildings of the white people. Waves rolled up to the glistening sand, licked it, and then rolled back into the silver ocean that heaved into the distance.

The native scratched at an insect that was crawling up his arm and watched the stain run out of the broken creature as it fell onto the earth. He was one of the natives who had refused to accept the conventions of the white people when they came, and had run into the jungle. He watched the sea creep in nearer to him, making soft soothing noises while the first luminous stars appeared in the great dome above and glittered there.

On an extra large wave that swept in and then broke into clean white foam, an intrusion to the scene was carried. It was dumped and rolled back slightly as the wave receded. It was a much washed, much worn body, devoid of clothing and a lot of skin. It was washed further up the shore, then came to rest. The native was startled and regarded it from his shelter. He could tell that the man was white from the way the body gleamed in the weak light, and he was afraid of it and the evil spirits that would surround it. With rolling eyes he watched it, afraid to move away and not daring to approach it. He was so deeply concentrated on it that he hardly heard the soft blur of voices until he saw the two fishermen coming. When they got to the body they stopped and made alarmed noises, then both ran along the beach and round the corner. The native waited to see what would happen next.

Half an hour later he heard a great noise, faint because of the distance but growing louder. Lights appeared from round the bend and shone through the darkness, intruding into the peace of the dead body and the native.

First came an ambulance, jolting and moving slowly, churning up the pale sand and throwing it up in a spray. Two policemen on motor bikes followed, their badges shining coldly. Then came three other cars with small "Press" notices stuck onto them. Finally came a group of people who had followed the parade, people on holiday or from hot-dog stalls, shivering in the coolness of the night, talking in harsh American voices and crowding round the police and men from the ambulance.

The noise swelled and filled the beach. Torches and car lights lit up the scene and glared on the body. Flash bulbs shattered the remaining gloom and left lights in front of the native's eyes. The noise became a pressing, swelling jumble, the sand was mutilated by tyres and feet. The reporters gabbled among themselves, wrote furiously, snapped their cameras and added to the confusion by pushing people around importantly. More people trudged round the corner and made more noise by asking what it was about. The ambulance drove off with the battered body but the crowd remained, grown larger and noisier. Small children, who should have been in bed, were crying, everyone was talking, screaming, laughing, calling. Lights were flashing blinding, glaring. The sand was being trodden, kicked, thrown, and everything rose over the head of the native and swamped him as he threw his arms over his head in fear.

He trembled there for over an hour until he heard the last of the crowd going. The shouts faded into the distance and his eyes followed the dim figures as they merged with the blackness. He sat and savoured the sacred peace—the black silence, the cold, still stars, the silver, gentle sea and the motion of the wind.

But it was not the same. Wafting in with the smell of the sea was acrid cigarette smoke. His eyes still imagined flashes breaking through the blackness and shamelessly revealing every subtle beauty of the beach. The beautiful infinity of sand was scarred by matches and empty packets of crisps, cigarette ends and dead bulbs. Down the middle of the beach was a maze of tyre tracks which had churned up the smoothness. The whole area in front of him was a crumpled, broken, trampled mass of gritty sand now. And over the whole atmosphere hung the presence of the dead body which had been taken out of its seclusion and made into a showpiece. Silently the native rose and went back into the jungle

P. SPRULES, 4.C.

LONELINESS

I sat there all alone,
Hearing nothing but the bees drone,
Varying but half a tone.

A spider dangled from a thread
From the corner of the room,
Swiftly spinning his glistening web
As surely as a factory loom.

I sat there all alone,
The room as silent as a tomb;
No whispered words, no scuffing feet,
Just spider, bee, and empty seat.

Then for one moment panic came,
I was alone upon the world,
No other being near or far,
Then—O wonderful sound, a car!
I sat there all alone,
Hearing nothing but the bees drone,
Varying but half a tone,
And thought happily of Home.

J. MITCHELL, 1.A.

THE INEVITABLE END

“Mummy, where are you?” screamed the child.

It was obvious that the child was in agony. The dead silence brought no relief to its pains. Tears, wet tears, started to trickle down the thin, sunburnt face. First they came out of the pale blue eyes, which were deeply set. From a distance the eyes seemed to disappear and two hollows in the face were seen. Then the tears flowed over the projecting cheekbones and then they descended rapidly in the form of two waterfalls on to the ground, where they were absorbed by the thirsty sand.

The child cried and cried. It was shaking from head to foot. Thin blue veins appeared on the side of the forehead. It was in some mental torture. Gradually the tears stopped flowing. Soon there was no sign of tears on its face as the sun quickly dried them. The now small eyes were surrounded by red rings. The thin nose had become a red fat one.

The child looked around. The desired person was nowhere to be seen. In fact there was no one there. The child could only see vast and endless stretches of sand everywhere. It moved slightly but it did not get up.

“Why has everyone left me?” it asked itself. “Where is mummy? I want my mummy. Has she left me? Has everybody left me? I love you, mummy. Can you hear me?”

Here the voice died down and there was silence for a few minutes, which was followed by sobbing.

“No one loves me. Mummy does not love me. She hates me. Everybody hates me and I hate everybody.”

The child slowly stood up, but the hot sun beating down on to it forced it to sit down again. The child was tired and it lay down. Soon it forgot about everything and enjoyed the sun, although it was so hot, day after day. Tiredness crept over it and it gave way and fell asleep.

When it woke up it was not so hot. Its stomach started to rumble and the child decided to eat. What the child did not realize at once was, that there was nothing to eat. It got up, but it was too weak to stand on its feet. It started to crawl. The hot, dry sand hit against the feeble knees. But the child was determined to find something to eat.

It crawled for at least an hour and feeling tired it lay down again. It felt the hot sand again.

“Why must everything be hot? Why is everything against me? Where is my dinner? What has happened? Where am I?”

The child was trying to work out all the answers but as it was tired it had no strength to do anything. It just lay there, doing nothing, while its stomach was demanding food. The child pretended not to hear the rumbling.

It was still hot, and the child had no strength at all. It lay there like a dummy, while the sun was scorching its back. The child's nose was buried in the sand. Its eyes were closed. Hunger was its vital enemy, which it knew would not be satisfied.

"I am going to do what my nanny did. I am going to die."

These words were said with all the energy and strength it had.

Slowly the wind began to blow. It became stronger and stronger. The child's clothes flapped about. Then the sand was lifted up neatly and in one go it covered the lying body. The last human being was dead.

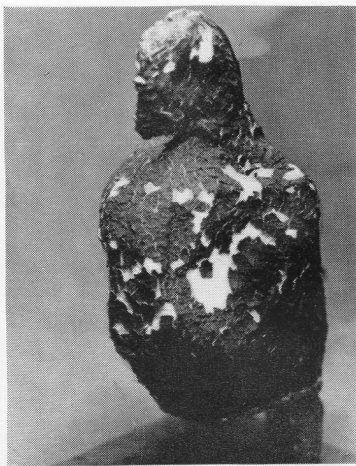
A. CALA, 4.C.

THE KILL

There was a young Tory,
Quite new to the house,
Who was asked by Sir Alec
To come and shoot grouse.
He came with a shotgun,
And a pair of plus-fours,
To shoot the wild life
Off the cold Scottish moors.
He saw all the others
Killing the birds,
Killing them cruelly,
Like butchers they were.
Sir Alec came over
To teach him to kill,
To kill with precision,
To kill with skill.
He pulled back the trigger,
As Sir Alec had said,
And down fell a young grouse,
All bloody and dead.
He remembered the words
That taught him to kill,
"You must kill with skill
When you kill, kill, kill."
So he took up his shotgun
And aimed it once more,
And down fell Sir Alec
With a head oh so sore.
He remembered the words
That Sir Alec had said,
"You should make sure your victim
Is quite, quite dead."



Judi Vincent 4A



Linda Cowley 2B



Diane Cowgill 2A

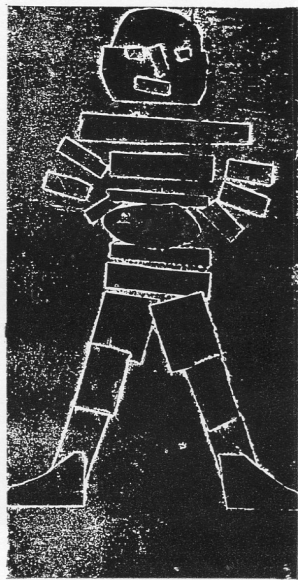


D. Ingleby 2A

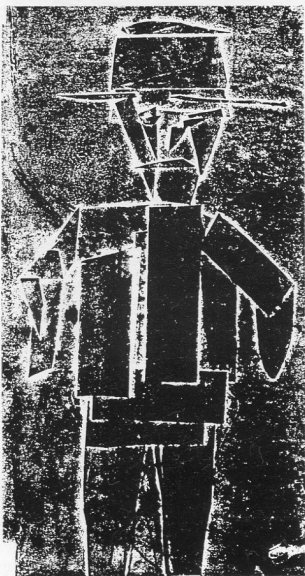
Photographs by N. Palmer



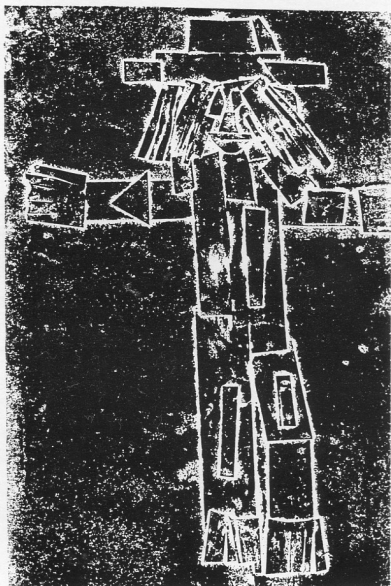
J. Wilmot 1B
"Winnie the Witch"



D. Baker 1B
"The Rugby Player"



S. Cooper 1B
"Farmer"



S. Price 1B
"Scarecrow"

He fired it again,
He fired it with skill,
And there on the moor
Lay, expiring, his kill.

C. HAYNES, 4.C.

BEFORE AND AFTER AN UNEXPECTED BOMBING RAID

Saturday morning. The shops were packed with people doing their Saturday morning shopping. Tesco's had a large queue inside, with people waiting for their Green Shield stamps. Woolworth's was crowded as usual. The record centre at Smith's was quite crowded with people waiting to hear or buy their favourite records. Supermarkets were crowded with women trying to discover the latest bargains. Outside the cinema there were many children waiting to see the Saturday morning pictures.

The bus queues were very long, the buses running a terrible service as usual. Outside the Wimpey Bar there was a whole crowd of Mods with their motor scooters. There was a traffic jam right down the high street because a driver wanted to turn right across the other lane of traffic. Frustrated drivers were driving around in circles trying to find a parking space. Impatient drivers were tooting their car horns.

Angry people at the front of the bus queue were cursing those at the back who pushed in when the bus came. Suddenly a deafening noise came as five jets swooped over the town. They appeared to be dropping something. As the first thing dropped a great crash was heard. The terrified people suddenly realised, they were being bombed . . .

. . . Not a thing moved, not even the wind made a murmur in the trees. Not even a bird twittered. The street was just a pile of rubble. No horns sounded any more. No crowds lined the streets. Woolworth's was just a pile of rubble. The jets soared into the distance. No happy children stood outside the cinema now. Scattered wrecks of cars were everywhere. All that remained of Smith's was one of the doors which still stood erect. A little child started to cry. A lady ran and picked her up. Little groups of people started to gather, still dazed, not knowing what had happened. Mothers without children, husbands without wives, and sisters without brothers.

J. HAWTIN, 3.A.

The old, worn-out boots thudding along the interminable road.
The owner of them, a soldier, intent on finishing his task.
He has left the army to find his kin.
Hard, hard and dusty is the road he toils along;
"If only I had not left, I would not be so hungry."
The grass is brown and dry and dusty.
The road at last is at its end, but what lies in wait there?
A house tumbling, with roof gone and door off hinges;
Two graves with crosses, their sticks hardly standing.
He falls on his knees and his heart weeps bitterly.

K. SIMS, 1.C.

CONSTANCE STEVEN'S STRUGGLE

It was a bitter night as Frank hurried home from work. As he entered his flat the heat was pitiful. That was his wife's fault. He went into the living room and saw his wife. Any other man would have been appalled at her but Frank was accustomed to it by now. She lay stiffly sprawled in an armchair. She had not dressed and wore her nightclothes which were creased and stained. Her right arm lay limply over the arm of the chair and in her feeble grip was an empty bottle. Her other arm lay on her stomach holding an upturned glass. She looked as if she was asleep and so Frank was grateful.

She had turned to alcohol two years ago when Frank was involved in a plane crash and was believed dead. In her anxiety for him, alcohol was the answer to calm her nerves. For three months she continued to drink and to hope, and when he did eventually return home alive she no longer had to hope but she had to drink. Frank remained faithful and kind to her as he blamed only himself.

Frank picked his wife up in his arms and she opened her eyes.

"Hello, darling," she said. "I'm so tired; are you taking me to bed?"

"Yes, Con," he replied.

He gently placed her in bed, pulled the bedclothes around and kissed her.

"Oh darling," he said, "I love you but. . . ."

"But what? You hate me drinking don't you? I love you too, Frank, and so I'm going to stop drinking for you. I know I can do it; I know I can; you believe me, don't you? Say you do."

"I believe you."

She smiled and closed her eyes. Frank once again kissed her and went down stairs. He looked around and there was just a small drop of brandy left, so he drank it.

The next morning when Connie awoke, Frank had already left for work. For a moment she forgot her promise and rushed downstairs for some brandy. When she saw that there was none left, she remembered. Closing her eyes, she tensed herself, took a deep breath, and ascended the stairs. She was determined to keep her promise. She put on a new dress she had never worn, made up her face, and put her hair up in an elegant style. As she surveyed herself in the mirror she realised that she was beautiful.

"What can I do?" she thought. "Got to keep myself occupied. I know, I'll make an exciting dish for Frank, if I can find that old recipe book." She found it in a drawer. Looking around her home she thought what a state it looked. "I'll tidy it up after," she said.

She found the recipe difficult, but was very proud of it when it finally entered the oven.

"I could just have a drink now," she thought. She went into the living room, and when she found the bottles empty she once again remembered her promise, but she was so thirsty. She ran into the kitchen and poured out a drink of water. It was no good, it just quenched her thirst but not her desire.

"Got to get a drink, but from where? I haven't spoken to any of the neighbours for years, and the off licence does not open for another thirty minutes. What am I saying? I do not want a drink," she said aloud, "I'll go and tidy up."

She carried out her suggestion for about five minutes, but her craving for alcohol was overpowering. She pretended to forget it, but every minute bottles and glasses floated across her vision! Her tongue yearned for the taste. It was hopeless, she could not help her longing, and an idea crossed her mind.

She rushed over to Mrs. Harris's across the road and knocked on her door. Mrs. Harris was surprised at Connie's appearance. Never had she seen her so tidy. She was just prepared to believe that Connie had given up alcohol, but Connie altered her judgement when she blurted out, "I wonder if you have a small drop of brandy for a cake I'm making."

"Oh! No, I'm afraid I have none, Mrs. Stevens," she lied.

Connie knew she lied and she wanted to hit her but then she thought of Frank and was grateful.

"Oh, thanks anyway, Mrs. Harris. It'll have to do without."

Mrs. Harris smiled and closed the door, so pleased with herself.

Connie paced up and down in her house, tearing at her hair, biting her nails, and she felt so depressed. "If I could have just one drink." At that moment she remembered a place where she used to secretly hide her brandy. She tore across the room to the bookshelf and flung the books everywhere, but there was nothing there. At this, she sat down exhausted in the chair nearby. The nausea swam around her head and this caused her to sob out aloud. When she looked at the clock, she realised that the off licence would be open now. The thought was wonderful, and so she pulled on her coat and was just leaving when the photograph of Frank on the mantleshelf was smiling at her.

"No, I mustn't," she declared. To make sure, she bolted all the doors thinking it would stop her.

She went upstairs and lay down on the bed beating the pillows with her tiny arms. Her weak legs were pounding the bed until her whole body became weak. The next several hours were bliss although she was not aware of it.

When she awoke it was five o'clock. She went downstairs to get a drink but remembered everything. Licking her dry lips she went upstairs and tidied herself up. For a while she felt cured but the depression returned. Her head became heavy and her body became weak. She was desperate for a drink.

She forced herself into the kitchen to prepare Frank's dinner. She was pleased with the dish she had made him. Whilst cutting a slice of bread the desire was so great that she stuck the knife into the new table.

Frank entered the house at approximately five thirty. He went into the living room. It was not a familiar sight that welcomed him but he saw his wife sitting on the floor crying with all her might. Around her were broken crockery and vases, ripped books and clothes and upturned furniture.

"Darling, what the devil . . .?" Frank shouted.

"Oh, Frank . . . I'm just a blasted drunkard and I can't stop being one. Oh I've tried, but I must have a drink, I must, I must, Frank, I must, please, a drink, Frank please, please!" she screamed.

He pulled a bottle of brandy from his pocket. He had bought it because he had been worried about what she might do. She snatched the bottle from him and drank it down gratefully. Her head became light, the depression and nausea drifted away, she no longer felt weak.

"Oh darling," she said, "if only you knew how hard I tried, but I had to have it, you see, I'm not strong enough. You understand, don't you?"

"Yes, I understand."

She smiled, closed her eyes, and fell asleep.

J. JONES, 4.C.

It is spring,
Life's a swing,
Golden hours—
"Don't pick flowers."

Let's join the queue
To get in the zoo,
Animals' lairs—
"Don't feed the bears."

My dog wants a run,
Let him have fun—
A notice to read
"Keep dogs on a lead."

Down by the lake,
Half awake,
I held out my rod
To catch a cod:

No use in wishing—
The board says
"No fishing."

The fun we would have
Living without
The nasty conditions
Of petty restrictions!

P. BRAKE, 3.A.

THE GIRL

Tom is always called a goody-goody by his class mates. All the bullies picked on him and he could never fight back. The other boys never talked to him because he was a goody-goody and could never be relied upon for fun. The few friends he had teased him whenever possible. The girls in his form never took any notice of him.

But there was one girl that Tom liked. She never took any notice of him but he secretly adored her. He longed to tell her of his feelings but was always too shy to say anything. He didn't even tell his friends because he thought that they would laugh and tease him. He noticed that she mainly kept company with older boys, but this didn't discourage his hopes that someday he would date her.

One day he had an idea. He would have a party. It would be a Christmas party, and he would invite her. That way she would see him without his goody-



Carol Haynes 4C

goody mask, and she might like him. He'd have to invite some boys, of course, and some other girls, but he would definitely invite her.

It was about ten weeks before Christmas that he thought of the idea, but he decided to leave it until nearer Christmas to invite her. Three weeks before Christmas he thought the time was ripe, but he had to be careful how he asked her. He wouldn't just walk up to her and ask her, he would attract her attention to him first, show off a bit, not too much, start talking to other girls and gradually start a conversation with her. Then he would ask her.

This, however, was easier said than done. To get her attention he began tidying himself up before he went into class. He began wearing smart clothes, talking to the older boys and also started arguing with the teachers to get rid of his goody-goody image. Trying to start a conversation with a girl for the first time is not easy, especially for a shy person like Tom. He tried over and over again, but just couldn't manage to hold a girl's interest for more than a few minutes at a time.

A week later Tom decided to ask her. He got into the classroom extra early and waited for her to come in. It seemed like hours that he sat there waiting. When she came in he stood up. She walked towards him. He cleared his throat and thought of what he had to say.

"Hey you! Want to come to a party?" No. That is no good. "Er—I'm having a Christmas party soon. Would you like to come?" Yes. That is it, he thought.

He looked back to where she had been and saw his form master standing there. He looked around and she was talking to a group of other girls. He sat down and got his books ready for the next lesson.

The next day he decided to try again. He was later than usual, but the form master hadn't arrived so he walked straight up to her and tapped her on the shoulder.

"Excuse me," he said. She turned around and he found himself looking into the bluest eyes he had ever seen. He "swam" in their beauty for a few minutes, then he managed to pull himself out of his dream.

"Er—I'm er—having a er—party soon and I er—wondered if you'd er—like to er, er . . .," he stuttered.

She didn't let him finish. She threw back her head, filled her lungs and laughed. She laughed so loud that it rang in his ears. His eyes filled with tears but he didn't let them roll down his face. He turned and hurried out of the room, her laughter still echoing in his head.

It didn't take long for the story to spread around the school.

For the next few days Tom was rarely seen. He hid himself away at break and dinner time. He couldn't understand how anyone so beautiful could be so cruel.

It didn't take too long, however, for the story to die from the lips of the school. Then Tom came out of his corner.

The other boys still didn't talk to him, his friends still teased him, but there was something that wasn't there before. There was respect. Respect for the goody-goody that did something that no one thought he could do.

G. GLENN, 4.C.

They'd made a mistake,
Their successful operation,
A planetquake,
Utter devastation.

It's coming.
Run to the fallout station,
Run or die,
Escape the radiation.

No! Mrs. Brown,
Leave the washing,
Run or die,
The bomb is coming.

The shelter at last.
Don't, Mrs. Jones, don't pray.
Prepare for the blast.
—Into the safety bay.

Attention! two minutes to go!
I'm going to die,
Wiped from the face of the earth.
The bomb comes from the sky.

I stumbled outside
Death to see,
And prayed to God—
It hadn't been me.

G. NOLAN, 3.A.

THE END OF A FRIENDSHIP

Ella Baron was a great star. She had travelled the world on concert tours and appeared before the Queen on one occasion. There was rumour of a romance between her and a very popular modern photographer. And yet she stayed the same unspoilt young girl that she had always been.

In the days that she was rapidly forgetting, the days before she became famous, Ella had been very friendly with a young girl of her own age who went to her school. She was still friendly with this girl, Sue, although they were now worlds apart. Their friendship had often been written about and held up as an example of how real friendship could survive between two people of different environments.

One afternoon, in Ella's mews flat in Knightsbridge, the two girls were drinking coffee in the lounge. It was a beautiful sunny day outside, music was playing from Ella's stereo gramophone, and the whole room seemed relaxed.

"I like your outfit," said Sue after a silence, and waved at the expensive-looking trouser suit that Ella wore. She had felt that she must say something to break the slight atmosphere of tension that was present. When Sue had arrived Ella's photographer had been there, and Sue had heard him make a remark about "what a bourgeois drag" she was. She knew that Ella knew she had overheard this and didn't like to say anything, either about it, as that would have been embarrassing, or not about it, as she would have been avoiding unpleasantness.

"Oh thanks. I thought it rather suited me actually." Ella's voice sounded

artificial to her ears and she added hastily in a more common voice, "I like your dress."

"Thank you," said Sue, and felt the ridicule of the situation, as her dress had been bought cheaply in a sale at C & A's. She had discovered recently that they were faintly uncomfortable in each other's presence and had to make conversation and ignore anything which was ridiculous or embarrassing, like a pair of strangers.

Ella found herself hoping that Sue would leave soon, as she had to see her manager. She felt guilty about her thoughts and despised herself for despising her friend because her clothes were cheap and her make-up uneven. In a burst of remorse, she said, "Would you like to come to Celia's party with me tomorrow?" and instantly prayed that her friend would refuse.

Sue knew that she would be awkward and a nuisance, although she hated to admit this to herself. As she refused she suddenly realised that Ella was actually ashamed of her. She had never admitted this thought to herself until now, and as soon as she thought of it she knew that she should say goodbye and stay out of Ella's life after that. She didn't fit and never would. But she couldn't do this. Not through reasons of regret about leaving her friend, but because she liked her name being linked with Ella's, and bathing in the small amount of reflected glory that she got.

As soon as she heard Sue's refusal of the invitation, Ella thought, "She knows how I feel about her, and that I wish she were gone." At this, her conscience pricked her for even admitting this to herself.

Both girls knew now, for certain, that their friendship was gone, and Sue suddenly came to a decision, leaping to her feet and saying, "Well, I must go now, thanks for the coffee."

"Oh," said Ella, "that's all right," and she got up too. As the girls parted at the doorway they both felt fleetingly sad, but knew that their parting was a necessary and convenient happening for both of them.

P. SPRULES, 4.C.

In the land where the aeroplanes swim in the sea,
The fish all fly in the air;
And every black cat has a green bowler hat
And rides on a white polar bear.

The horses and hens all smoke tipped cigarettes,
The donkey drives round in a bus,
The birds and the bees are all made of green cheese,
And the turkey makes dinner of us.

The oceans and seas are all full of green peas,
The mountain's a sugar-loaf group.
The rivers are made of blue lemonade,
The lakes of mushroom soup.

The buses and cars all smoke fat cigars,
The milkman drives round in a cup.
The traffic all meets in vertical streets,
And the rain comes pouring up!

D. WHITE, 1.A.

WHEN I HAD RESPONSIBILITY

Deborah, aged four, was on a long visit to her grandparents, who are neighbours of ours. One Saturday morning, when I was alone at home, Mrs. Stonebanks called and asked if I could look after Debbie, as she had to go out unexpectedly. I felt very important and excited that she should consider me trustworthy.

Suddenly I was alone with Debbie. I took her into the sitting room, where I had a collection of old baby books. I selected the best and settled with her and read to her. Afterwards we played lots of games quietly for about an hour. Then Debbie curled up in a chair looking at the books again. I sat a few minutes in bliss. "Wouldn't it be lovely if she were my little girl." Next Debbie demanded a drink. When she had had this I did the washing-up. Then she began to get restless. She went to the cupboard where I kept my toys. One by one she pulled them all out and threw them over the floor. In vain I called her name and tried to prevent her, for I could see what she was doing from the kitchen. But she was happy when they were all out and then she played quietly with them, which enabled me to finish washing-up and drying the dishes. Debbie then disappeared upstairs and I began clearing up the mess she had left. While I was doing this, the responsibility began to weigh on me. Looking after a small child for the first time on my own! It had seemed wonderful at first, but now it seemed like a nightmare. I felt miserable and full of despair. I wished my mother was there to sort things out and . . .

I heard a thump. I rushed upstairs. Supposing Debbie had hurt herself, or broken a limb, or . . . or knocked herself unconscious, or perhaps even dead? I wished I had never taken the task upon myself. Of course, I thought, she couldn't be dead, but if something had happened to her I would be to blame. I could never live it down and people would never think me capable of being responsible for a task, especially such a big one as looking after a small child. I reached my room. There was Debbie sitting on the floor by my bookcase quite unhurt, pulling out books and dropping them on the floor. Just to reassure myself I asked her if she was all right. Yes, she was. I then felt very annoyed. There was I, worrying myself sick and she was wrecking my room. Not that I wanted her to be hurt. My anger was more relief than anything; I did not show my momentary anger, thinking it would make matters worse, so I tried to be pleasant and entertain her. When I looked around the room there were dolls and animals scattered about. Many of them were tucked up in my bed. Dolls' clothes in small piles were put in various places, making my room look like a pigsty. Then she found my small sewing machine. I managed to bribe her. If she were good and quiet and did as she was told she could take it into the dining room and play with it. I took it down for her and got her settled and she began turning the handle, even though it was empty of thread or material. I finished tidying my cupboard and then started on my room. There was only one hour more before mother was due to return, and I could get finished in time. At least Debbie was happy and nothing had happened to her' . . . but supposing something did? Anything could happen in an hour. Perhaps I ought to stay with her. She might get her fingers under the needle of the sewing machine. What would happen then? Serves her right if she does! She shouldn't be such a trial. But she *is* in my

care, and it would be my fault for giving her something dangerous to play with. I'd soon hear her if she did hurt herself. A needle through one's finger can't be that bad. Oh, I do wish someone were here to help me.

I probably thought many other fierce thoughts too, but these I can't recollect. "Nearly finished. Only 15 minutes till Mum comes home." Quickly I finished and went downstairs to Debbie. She was still solemnly turning the handle.

A few minutes later my Mother came home, followed soon after by Mrs. Stonebanks. She said thank you for looking after Debbie, and hoped I had enjoyed it in spite of the responsibility. I said I really had. Even when asked by my parents, I said I had enjoyed it. When Debbie left she was very sad, so I am sure she had enjoyed herself. Afterwards when alone, I thought, "How stupid I am getting worked up over nothing, and little children can't keep still all the time. I am no worse for my responsibility!"

B. CLARE, 3.A.

THE FINAL PROTEST

Down with Labour,
Down with Tory.
Ban all foxhunts,
Bullfights gory.

Ban the bomb,
The marches, too.
Go home, Yanks!
Ignore the Jew.

Keep Britain white.
And Fascists out.
Keep Britain tidy,
You litter lout.

Factory farming,
Battery hens,
Bang that drum
With ballpoint pens.

Strike because you're hungry—
Strike because you're not.
Big brother may be watching
And you'll be on the spot.

Don't hesitate
Or think or pause,
Hear the shout
And join the cause.

PROTESTING
Is the thing to do.
I feel exhausted
And so should you!

B. CLARE, 3.A.

REPRIEVE FOR SEAN

I sprang to the scooter, and Joey, and he,
I revved it, Fred revved it, we revved them all three,
"Good speed," cried the drunkard outside the Red Rose,
"Watch it!" growled the copper as we flattened his toes.
Ahead lay the dark road, wet gleaming from rain,
We roared through the suburbs, a fast-moving chain.
Not a word to each other, we sped smoothly on,
Our motors put-puttering, soon one would be gone.
I turned in my low seat, and made the bike live,
Then bullied for more speed, which it could not give.
Out into the country we streamed two and one,
With the wind whistling low, each knew what's to be done.
Then Joe hit a stone and bounced into the ditch,
And as morning drew on, there came one more hitch,
For Fred had a puncture, and muttering low,
He stayed at the roadside to fix it, and so . . .
I, only, went onwards, my pennant still flying,
Thank heavens that motor bikes don't take much to shying
From dangerous journeys alone, such as this,
Although company now would not come much amiss.
But the engine was tiring, my petrol burnt fast,
I knew that at this rate it just could not last.
The sun was up shining aloft in the sky,
The engine was wheezing—"Oh dear!" thought I,
Leaning over the bike and urging it on,
"I must reach the prison before break of dawn."
We limped gallantly onwards, my old bike and I,
Reaching the gates as the sun reached the sky.
The crack of the rifles came clear through the dawn.
I'd got there too late to save poor old Sean;
And still, in the mornings, I think of that sound,
Twelve rifles repeating, Sean slumped on the ground.

S. BATTEN, 2.C.

A CEREMONY

Rays of sunlight from the big round window above the altar pierce the otherwise gloomy atmosphere of the church, and illuminate the millions of dust particles dancing in the air. The sunlight ends on a cold, slippery-looking pew, upon which there are already a few people sitting uncomfortably, fingering, in most cases, the unfamiliar hymn books.

The organ begins to play, at first unsteadily, and then it changes to cool, restful music. More people come into the church and savour the heavy air—that of mustiness mingling with the scent of flowers and smell of polish from the pews. The people add colour and vivacity to the stolid church with their new and

THE MAD

I'm in a preventing mood today

PREVENTOR

I'll try preventing the cat from having a tail

Miaow!
Ouch!!

I enjoyed that, Hee Hee!

Don't you know that's illegal! I arrest you in the name of the law

I think I'll prevent him from having a truncheon

Next I'll cut his throat

What a Beautiful Specimen

I should never have joined the force

Bah! I've gone and blunted my scissors. That's the end of my preventing for today

DETECTED C. Vosper

bright clothes. The best man and groom wander up with a false air of nonchalance, feeling incongruous in morning dress, and carrying their steel-grey top hats.

The guests, now complete, sit segregated—the bride's people on one side, and the groom's on the other, chatting sociably to their neighbours.

From above, the scene is amusing, with a sea of the inevitable frilly, flowery hats worn by the women. A few skinny boys and fruity females make up the choir, who sing reedily as the vicar, looking important and crisp swathed in his white and blue robes, walks in. His massive bald head catches the sunlight, which lights up one or two coarse hairs that stick upright. Then with a sudden vibrant clang, the organ whirs and begins its boring task of "Here Comes The Bride". As she comes, she enjoys all the hundred faces that peer round at her and inspect her every feature, but at the same time her heart thumps wildly. A troop of bridesmaids trails happily after her, also enjoying this short spell of limelight. The small procession treads noisily up the hard, splintery aisle, and the bride and groom come together.

The wet, blubbery lips protruding from the thick face of the vicar begin mouthing the words that they have mouthed so often. The congregation sings heartily, and the vicar enjoys the vision of a full church. The service ends, and the procession wanders untidily into the vestry to sign the register. It comes back later and begins its journey, more quickly this time, down the aisle, followed by the people talking noisily. As they leave, they glance back into the church, which is full of peace again, and make the most of the scene, because doubtless it is the last time they will see the inside of a church till the next daughter or niece or cousin gets married. Likewise, the vicar watches the crowd disappearing through the doors, sighs, and hopes the flowers will keep fresh until the next wedding . . . or funeral.

J. SCHERER, 5.A.

IT WAS ONLY A LADYBIRD

Simon was lying on the grass in the hot sun. He was very hot and sticky, and he could feel an insect tickling his chin. Instinctively Simon shut his mouth, and he rolled over onto his front. He knocked it off onto the grass and looked at it. It was only a ladybird, a yellow and black one. He let it climb onto his finger, and as he lay there examining it, it crawled along his finger. It had more spots than an ordinary red ladybird, but the spots were smaller.

Simon liked it; it wasn't like an ordinary friend, it couldn't fight him, or argue with him, or make him unhappy; it just did everything that Simon wanted it to do. If Simon put his finger in front of it, it would climb onto it; if Simon blew on it, it would stop; and if Simon turned his hand upside down, it would walk upside down.

It clambered awkwardly over the thick hairs on his arm, and when it came to his mole it got stuck on the long, thick, black hair growing out of it. Simon gave it a push and it continued its journey up his arm.

Simon put his finger out and carried the ladybird back to his forearm, but it didn't appreciate it. It opened its wings, as if to fly away, but Simon jealously brought his hand down upon it, to stop it from flying away; but he brought it down too hard, you see, he killed it.

Oh well, it was only a ladybird.

C. HAYNES, 4.C.

SPORTS SECTION

FOOTBALL

FIRST ELEVEN

Results:

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals for	Goals against
20	8	3	9	59	53

One appearance in Middlesex Grammar Schools Knock-out Cup v. Finchley C.G.S. Lost 5-2.

Goalscorers: A. Wilson, 19; Davies, 18; Hepple, 5; Hale, 4 (2 pen.); K. Wilson, 3; Cato, 2; O'Leary, 2; Squirrell, 2; Sweatman, 2; Arnold, 1; Thurbon, 1; 2 o.g.

Colours

Re-awards: Hale, J. Wilson, K. Wilson, O'Leary, Reake, A. Wilson, Cato.

Full colours: Arnold, Hepple, Davies, Squirrel, Worthy.

Half colours: Phipps, Prickett, Sweatman, Thurbon.

The 1st XI Football Team had their best season this year since the days of O'Brien and Co., and this was undoubtedly due to the great amount of spirit in the team. They would never accept defeat, even though the match might appear to be well lost. Notable examples of this spirit were in the matches against Greenford away, when they were 3-1 down with ten minutes left, but roared back with only ten players to win the match 4-3, and against Ealing at home, when they were again 3-1 behind but forced a draw with 2 goals in 2 minutes.

Indeed the team had some very good wins apart from these: 5-1 against Spring Grove (home); 7-2 against Ashford (home); 7-3 against Eliots Green (away).

For every match the team was picked from a first team "squad" of twelve, according to their form. These were: Dixon, our regular goalkeeper who, although rather small for a goalkeeper, always gave a very good account of himself.

Worthy, full-back or centre half, who came into our team for our match against the Phoenicians and remained there. He is undoubtedly one of the most improved players and one of the successes of our team.

J. Wilson, a most experienced and consistent player, who always gave his best and never gave up trying.

O'Leary, who plays at full-back, half-back, or inside forward. Our sole Middlesex representative and easily the most versatile footballer in the team. He played most successfully at full-back, in which position he represents Middlesex. He was vice-captain of the team.

Arnold, who came to the school only this year and was ever present at right half. A very cool and calm player and therefore very consistent.

Hale, the captain of the team.

K. Wilson, played left half. It was his fourth year in the 1st XI. A very robust and artful player, who completed a fairly firm defence.

Hepple, our regular right winger who possesses very good dribbling ability. Perhaps his only failing is his tendency to try to dribble too much. But he played many excellent games.

Squirrell, inside right. Another player who always gives his utmost and was undoubtedly one of the most enthusiastic players, and added to the success of the forward line because he added solidity to it.

Davies, an excellent free-scoring centre-forward, who combined well with the two inside forwards. He possesses excellent heading ability.

A. Wilson, who combines great artistry with very good scoring "know how". He always performs well for the team and scored in almost every match.

Cato, a good winger, who, although somewhat light, possesses a very good shot, and will undoubtedly do very well in his future years in the team.

As one can see, the team consisted of very good individuals, but they did not always combine well enough to win matches, which is why they lost matches against bad teams, but beat some very good teams. Only three players are leaving this year, and it is to be hoped that next year's captain will be able to improve on this year's record.

D. HALE, U.6.

SECOND ELEVEN

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals for	Goals against
17	7	2	8	43	52

Goalscorers: Poland, 14; Thurbon, 8; Nash, 7; Probyn, 5; Peake, 3; R. Wakeman, 2; Cato, Ralph, Wardle, 1; Opponent 1. Total 43.

The Second Eleven experienced a somewhat better season than in recent years. The team played well in the first half of the season, but after an injury to our regular centre-forward, Poland, the attack became somewhat unruly. The loss of form was also inherited by the defence, and the team as a whole became less enthusiastic.

D. PEAKE, (Capt.).

JUNIOR ELEVEN

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals for	Goals against
15	11	1	3	74	28

The Juniors had a fine season: eleven games were won, one was drawn and only three were lost. The success of the team was due to excellent performances by the defence. A rather nonchalant forward-line was not always effective, and it was no surprise that our chief scorer was a defender, Shulz. He finished the season with 20 goals to his credit, followed by the unpredictable McGreal who "netted" on 12 occasions. Howes was always confident in goal, and Ian Dodd played an exceptionally fine schemer's game. A great deal of credit must go to Shulz who covered a tremendous amount of ground in each game, and to Dick Farrel who played consistently well at full-back. A large percentage of the team were second formers which should make the foundations of another fine team

next season. On behalf of the players, I would like to thank Messrs. Cherry, Holbrook and Howes for refereeing our home games, and all members of staff who supported us. Our thanks also go to the girls, whose catering services were greatly appreciated.

J. McCONNELL, (Capt.).

FIRST YEAR ELEVEN

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals for	Goals against
9	8	0	1	69	9

The First Year Eleven had a surprisingly successful season. We started with a rather unsettled team. During our first match together, against Preston Manor, we started with little confidence, but after Hannafin "netted" the first goal we gathered great spirit and went on to win 12-2. Our next match was away against Spring Grove, some of our players arriving only just before the kick-off. We went on to win this match 14-0. We continued our string of successes until we met Ealing County. They fielded a tough side and we were also put off by the fact that they were the only team to beat the previous First Year Eleven. About ten minutes before the kick-off we were all changed and ready. Then the captains were called together; we lost the toss and kicked against the wind. We went straight into the attack. Watkins crossed to Jones, who sidefooted the ball towards the goal, but it was cleared by the 'keeper. We were continually surging forward, but with one quick breakaway they scored; they increased their lead twice more before the interval. During the second half Ealing were awarded a penalty. Roy Fossett made a great dive and turned the ball away for a corner, but the penalty had to be retaken; Fossett again made no mistake. However, he did later concede another goal, and we lost 4-0. We won the remainder of our matches in the season. The last match was at home to Spring Grove. We won 8-0, and special mention must be made of Paul Jeffreys, our reserve left-half, who playing in his first match had a fine game.

Our three top goalscorers were: Hannafin, 18; Watkins, 15; Jones, 13.

W. SHUTIE, 1.A.

B. JONES, 1.A.

NETBALL

Results

Team	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
1st VII	7	3	0	4
2nd VII	4	1	0	3
U 15 VII	6	1	0	5
U 14 VII	12	5	2	5
U 13 VII	17	14	1	2
1st Yr. VII	10	7	1	2

Despite having a very hefty (70 stone in all) and reasonably skilful 1st team this year, we were very unfortunate to have been placed against even heftier

and more skilful opponents! Consequently we began the season very badly by losing three matches very heavily. We then continued the season brilliantly by winning our next four games, and won our way through to the Middlesex Netball Finals, where, unfortunately, we met those hefty girls again and were placed third in our section.

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

Colours

Re-awards: S. Goodchild, G. Hullah, A. Beldham, B. Wiggett.

Full colours: J. Spink, J. Mair, M. Smales, A. Tilley.

Half colours: J. Coombe, J. Paines, S. Oldershaw.

S. GOODCHILD (*Capt.*).

HOCKEY

BOYS' TEAM

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals for	Goals against
6	2	2	2	19	14

Goalscorers: Rutter, 8; Hewitt, 6; Pawlik, Brace, Walia, P. Walia, 1.

The Boys' Hockey Team had, for them, a good season. The team had in its forwards a prolific goalscoring combination, led by the inspired captainship of P. N. Rutter. The defence was adequate in keeping out the opposition, despite having to play often with reduced numbers and against older, more experienced teams.

M. HEWITT, (*Secretary*).

GIRLS' TEAMS

Results

Team	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals for	Goals against
1st XI	6	6	0	0	29	4
2nd XI	8	5	2	1	17	8
U 15 XI	2	0	0	2	1	3

This season the 1st XI continued their successes of last season by winning all their matches. This year, we had somewhat better success in the Middlesex Schools' Tournament than last year, reaching the finals but unfortunately not winning. During the whole tournament the defence remained stable, only one goal being scored against us.

We all hope that future 1st XI's will continue the successes achieved this year. Thanks must be given to Miss Cleary for all the help she has given us throughout the season.

Colours

Re-awards: A. Beldham, G. Hullah, J. Spink, S. Goodchild, S. Llewellyn, H. Vaux, A. Wartanowicz, G. Bromley.

Full colours: J. Mair, B. Wiggett, A. Tilley, S. Oldershaw.

Half colours: M. Smales, B. Wallbank.

G. HULLAH, (*Capt.*).

SCHOOL v. STAFF HOCKEY MATCH 1966

Having been told beforehand that Mr. Johnson had stepped down from the Staff team to give the school players a fair chance, numerous spectators streamed down to the "boys'" field to see what promised to be a glamorous spectacle for the beholder.

The cold weather was soon dismissed from the minds of the onlookers when certain pupils provided stirring pre-match music. Mr. Curtis was the first member of Staff on the field, sporting a vivid green and white sweater; Mr. Barker followed.

Once on the field the Staff team began to demonstrate their skills. Cheers of approbation followed when Mr. Jacob's first shot went sailing past the goal. A varied assortment of background noises greeted the entrance of Fudge, who surely must have been awarded a medal for bravery beyond the call of duty!

The game duly started at 2.20, and was only one minute old when an all-too-enthusiastic member of Staff was caught offside. To say the opening stages of the game passed without incident would be a treasonable offence. To greet a remarkably effective piece of obstruction by Mr. Holbrook, a bag, doubtless full of chemistry homework, was thrown onto the field, and a few seconds later, a school cap suffered the same fate.

After only 11 minutes of the first half, the school opened its account with a brilliantly taken goal by Glynis Hullah, following a series of very good dribbles. Only four minutes elapsed, before Sandra Goodchild nonchalantly stroked in goal number two, following a dubious tackle by Mr. Curtis. But the Staff did not let this two goal deficit deter their highly imaginative play, and within 60 seconds, Mr. Jacob, with real flair and individual brilliance, took a cross firmly in his stride and hammered the ball ruthlessly into the net, only to discover that he had shot from outside the striking-area and his goal was consequently disallowed.

Thrill followed thrill, and a few seconds later, Mr. Barker brilliantly saved a dangerous school attack, at the expense of a corner. Nothing resulted from this corner, and half-time was called after only 20 minutes' play. Once again, the little musical group came to the rescue of the frozen spectators, by providing some heart-warming music.

Three minutes after the break, flurries of good fortune were seen to be flying aloft, when Mr. Iles received an inch-accurate pass as a result of an excellent dribble by Mr. Jacob—a sight which surely must have brought sweat from the school goalkeeper. Unfortunately his shot flew past the wrong side of the post—an effort which was universally described as one which would have caused the destruction of any lesser person's pleural cavity!

Another near miss to the credit (or discredit) of the Staff, was Mr. Holbrook's accurate punch towards goal.

Throughout the match, both sides had players whose general performances raised the whole standard of the game: for the school, Rutter, and Glynis Hullah, and for the Staff, Mr. Barker and Mr. Thomson. The latter, in particular, proved to be an explosive, creative influence in midfield, and near goal he often provided defence-splitting passes, or trod on the ball to prevent any of the school players taking possession of it.

Those who saw the last Staff v. School Hockey match, will doubtless remember the incident in which one player, suitably wearing L-plates, volleyed the ball

straight into the back of one of her colleagues. This time, however, the left back, Janet Spink, volleyed the ball straight into Mrs. Winterborne, who from that time onwards took a slightly less active part in the game.

As the game progressed, Rutter and Hewitt were seen to be the springboards of many good attacks; more often than not, these were stopped by Mr. Holbrook, who was operating in the middle of the field with unobtrusive skill. Some of Mr. Holbrook's interceptions could be described as no less than astonishing exercises in physical effort.

A loose ball suddenly floated over to the left wing, and Mr. Jacob, gliding with Corinthian flow along the flanks, had the school defence in a decorative tangle of tactical patterns. His inventive virtuosity up front, however, was wasted when the ball was easily cleared. Mr. Barker had, in the meantime, come into the attack like a true Crusader; he seized the ball, and thumped it towards the goal in determined fashion. The school goalkeeper turned the ball into his own net, and the goal was allowed by Miss Cracknell, who had been umpiring magnificently in the second half.

The game ended just one minute later, with the final score: School 2 Staff 1.
A.B.

HOUSE SPORT

FINAL PLACINGS

	SENIOR FOOTBALL	
1. Romans.	2. Trojans.	3. Athenians.
	JUNIOR FOOTBALL	
1. Romans.	2. Spartans.	3. Trojans.
	SENIOR NETBALL	
1. Athenians.	2. Spartans.	3. Romans.
	JUNIOR NETBALL	
1. Trojans.	2. Athenians.	3. Spartans.
	SENIOR HOCKEY	
1. Spartans.	2. Romans.	3. Athenians.
	JUNIOR HOCKEY	
1. Spartans.	2. Athenians.	3. Romans.
	CROSS-COUNTRY RACE	
Individual Result:	1. T. O'Leary (A).	2. E. Fisk (R).
		3. J. Mullarkey (S).
	(Time: 26 min. 34 sec.)	
Team Result:	1. Spartans.	2. Romans.
		3. Athenians.

SPORTS DAY, 1966

The athletes in the school must feel that the time between the opening of the Athletics season and Sports Day is always too short for adequate preparation; when these few weeks are spoilt by poor weather, as they were this year, it is unfair to expect a very high standard of performance and a lot of new records. A fine day and a lot of effort and enthusiasm from the competitors, however, did produce an interesting evening's athletics.

One of the best performances of the evening came from A. Probyn, who won all his three sprint races, although he was beaten in the individual championship

(Boys' Middle School) by G. Poland who, in addition to his two first places and one second, must have collected a large number of Standard Points.

Record-breaking this year was left to the girls. Janet Spink once again broke her own record in the Senior Javelin, this time with a personal-best throw of 119 ft. 3 in. Ann Beldham also broke her own record in the Senior Discus, and was the first winner of a new event, the Senior Girls' Shot.

The relay races provided some of the greatest excitement of the evening: the Roman House Senior Girls' team equalled the existing record in their race, and the Trojan Girls' Junior Team came very close to the record for their event. Perhaps it is a consolation to them that their time was faster than that of the winning Middle School Girls' team, and more than two seconds faster than the winners of the Junior Boys' race.

After the athletics the Headmaster introduced Councillor T. W. Newson, J.P., Chairman of Ealing Education Committee, who presented the trophies and certificates.

RESULTS

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

220 yards

Boys, Junior:	1, Farrell (T).	2, Guy (T).	3, Perowne (T).	29.5 sec.
Boys, Middle:	1, Probyn (R).	2, Vosper (T).	3, Walla (R).	26.4 sec.
Boys, Senior:	1, Asbury (A).	2, Phipps (R).	3, Prickett (R).	25.0 sec.
Girls, Middle:	1, M. Rooke (T).	2, T. D'Oliveira (A).	3, K. Ridley (R).	31.8 sec.
Girls, Senior:	1, A. Taylor (S).	2, A. Beldham (A).	3, G. Hullah (S).	29.2 sec.

Half mile

Boys, Junior:	1, Grimes (R).	2, Coker (S).	3, Reading (R).	2 min. 36.4 sec.
Boys, Middle:	1, Poland (S).	2, Beattie (R).	3, Walla (R).	2 min. 24.5 sec.
Boys, Senior:	1, Wilson, A. (R).	2, O'Leary (A).	Fowler (R).	2 min. 19.8 sec.

Javelin

Girls, Senior:	1, J. Spink (A).	2, J. Paines (S).	3, G. Hullah (S).	119 ft. 3 in.
----------------	------------------	-------------------	-------------------	---------------

100 yards

Boys, Junior:	1, Perowne (S).	2, Watkins (R).	3, Bragiel (A).	12.9 sec.
Boys, Middle:	1, Probyn (R).	2, Abrahams (A).	3, Ryan (T).	12.0 sec.
Boys, Senior:	1, Asbury (A).	2, Phipps (R).	3, Bedrossian (S).	11.1 sec.
Girls, Junior:	1, V. Huggins (T).	2, F. Davey (T).	3, G. Palmer (S).	12.5 sec.
Girls, Middle:	1, S. Byford (T).	2, A. Bezdell (T).	3, L. Churchill (S).	12.6 sec.
Girls, Senior:	1, P. Hawke (R).	2, A. Taylor (S).	3, S. Thomas (R).	12.7 sec.

Discus

Boys, Senior:	1, Foster (T).	2, Badowski (A).	3, Bedrossian (S).	109 ft. 9½ in.
---------------	----------------	------------------	--------------------	----------------

440 yards

Boys, Junior:	1, Hanafin (T).	2, Grimes (R).	3, Reading (R).	67.9 sec.
Boys, Middle:	1, Probyn (R).	2, Poland (S).	3, Vosper (T).	58.7 sec.
Boys, Senior:	1, Wilson, A. (R).	2, Hepple (T).	2, Prickett (R).	54.0 sec.

One mile

Boys, Senior:	1, O'Leary (A).	2, Fisk (R).	3, Sweeting (R).	5 min. 11.3 sec.
---------------	-----------------	--------------	------------------	------------------

Putting the shot

Boys, Senior:	1, Badowski (A).	2, Foster (T).	3, Gitter (A).	43 ft. 7 in.
---------------	------------------	----------------	----------------	--------------

Relay Races (4 x 110 yards)

Girls, Junior:	1, Trojans.	2, Spartans.	3, Athenians.	57.6 sec.
Girls, Middle:	1, Trojans.	2, Spartans.	3, Athenians.	58.9 sec.
Girls, Senior:	1, Romans.	2, Spartans.	3, Trojans.	55.0 sec.
Boys, Junior:	1, Romans.	2, Trojans.	3, Athenians.	60.0 sec.
Boys, Middle:	1, Trojans.	2, Romans.	3, Spartans.	53.0 sec.
Boys, Senior:	1, Romans.	2, Trojans.	3, Athenians.	48.0 sec.

Phoenician Relay Race (4 x 110 yards)

1, Phoenicians.

EVENTS DECIDED PREVIOUSLY:

Javelin			
Girls, Middle: 1, L. Spink (A).	2, P. Davies (T).	3, S. Byford (T).	72 ft.
Throwing the Rounders Ball			
Girls, Junior: 1, J. Dunkley (A).	C. Lea (A).	3, M. Crenin (T).	134 ft. 5 in.
Long Jump			
Boys, Junior: 1, Farrell (T).	2, Guy (T).	3, Perowne (S). Bragiel (A)	14 ft. 9 in.
Boys, Middle: 1, Poland (S).	2, Vosper (T).	3, Ryan (T).	17 ft. 9 in.
Boys, Senior: 1, Wilson, K. (R).	2, Prickett (R).	3, Nash (T).	18 ft. 8 in.
Girls, Junior: 1, G. Palmer (S).	2, C. Mace (R).	3, M. Tonner (A).	13 ft. 9½ in.
Girls, Middle: 1, A. Bezzel (T).	2, R. Porter (A), K. Andrews (S) (tied)		13 ft. 1½ in.
Girls, Senior: 1, L. Knight (S).	2, A. Taylor (S).	3, J. Coombe (T).	14 ft. 9 in.
Putting the Shot			
Boys, Middle: 1, Ryan (T).	2, McConnell (R).	3, Hryncyszyn (R).	38 ft. 9 in.
Javelin			
Boys, Middle: 1, Blair (A).	2, Cooper (S).	3, Laslett (R).	107 ft. 5 in.
Discus			
Boys, Middle: 1, Shilling (R).	2, Hryncyszyn (R).	3, Colaco (S).	85 ft. 10 in.
Javelin			
Boys, Senior: 1, Foster (T).	2, Davies (T).	3, Shilling (S).	121 ft. 10 in.
High Jump			
Boys, Junior: 1, Palmer (S).	2, Hanafin (T).	3, Merchant (A).	4 ft. 1 in.
Boys, Middle: 1, Cooper (S).	2, Laslett (R).	3, Shulz (S).	4 ft. 10 in.
Boys, Senior: 1, Phipps (R).	2, Bedrossian (S).	3, Cato (T).	5 ft. 1 in.
Girls, Junior: 1, C. Kirkham (R).	2, F. Davey (T).	2, L. Cowley (S).	4 ft.
Girls, Middle: 1, G. Lassalle (T).	2, R. Porter (A).	3, M. Rooke (T).	4 ft.
Girls, Senior: 1, B. Duffin (T).	2, M. Young (R).	3, J. Spink (A).	4 ft. 2 in.
Discus			
Girls, Senior: 1, A. Beldham (A).	2, J. Ashworth (R).	3, M. Tye (R).	97 ft. 2½ in.
Girls, Middle: 1, C. Best (T).	2, C. Oehme (A).	3, I. Blazewicz (A).	63 ft. 4 in.
Putting the Shot			
Girls, Senior: 1, A. Beldham (A).	2, G. Hullah (S).	2, J. Ashworth (R).	33 ft. 6 in.
House Championship			
1, Romans (933 pts.).	2, Trojans (841 pts.).	3, Spartans (740½ pts.).	4, Athenians (723½ pts.).
Individual Champions			
Girls, Junior: 1, F. Davey (T).	2, G. Palmer (S).	3, J. Dunkley (T).	
Girls, Middle: 1, A. Bezzel (T).	2, S. Byford (T).	3, G. Lassalle (T).	
Girls, Senior: 1, A. Beldham (A).	2, J. Spink (A).	3, G. Hullah (S), A. Taylor (S).	
Boys, Junior: 1, Farrell (T).	2, Grimes (R).	3, Perowne (S).	
Boys, Middle: 1, Poland (S).	2, Probyn (R).	3, Cooper (S).	
Boys, Senior: 1, O'Leary (A).	2, Foster (T).	3, Phipps (R).	

ADVANCED LEVEL RESULTS—JANUARY and JULY 1965

Anderson C. B.	Economics, Geography, Economic History (O)
Asbury S. R.	Economics
Ashfield C. P.	Art, English, Music
Blomfield M.	English (O), French
Carr C. E.	Art, Economics, Geography, History
Chaimowicz M. C. Y. W.	Art, Economics, French, History
Crossman S. C.	English (O), History (O)
Duchesne C. P.	Economics, French (O), Economic History
Fiddes P. S.	English (D), History, Latin
Hasker N. A.	French, History, Latin
Kentish G. J.	Economics, History, Economic History (O)
Kerr J. P.	History
Kruger R.	French, Economic History
Loosley V. J.	English, French
MacKay R. D.	Economics, History
Manchester M. K.	Economics (O), Music
Monger R. M.	Economics, Geography (O), History (O)
Penny P. A.	Economics, French (O)
Powell A.	Economics, History, Latin
Rawlinson A. L.	History (O), Economic History
Rose W. W.	Economics, History, Economic History
Suszman J.	Economics, Geography, History (O)
Thomas J. L.	Art (O), English, French (O), History
Whitfield J.	Economics, History
Andrews B. J.	Economics, Geography
Barnes V. C.	Chemistry, Pure Mathematics, Physics
Buck S. D.	Art, Chemistry, Pure Mathematics, Physics
Chamberlin R. W.	Chemistry, Physics, Zoology
Crittenden D.	Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics
Davies S. J.	Chemistry, Physics
Dawson P. G.	Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics
Durrans B.	Botany (M), Chemistry (O), Zoology
Earl J. E.	Botany, Geography, Zoology
Glover M. N.	Chemistry, Pure Mathematics (O), Physics
Haynes I. F.	Art, Botany, Geography, Zoology
Hazel D.	Economics, Geography
Hollocks J. E.	Botany, Geography (O), Zoology
Hooper W. R.	Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics
Kemmenoe A. V.	Chemistry, Pure Mathematics, Physics
Knight J. M.	Botany, Chemistry, Zoology
Moonan G.	Economics, Geography
Noad W. J.	Economics (O), Pure Mathematics
Plough R. H.	Botany, Zoology (O)
Reeves S. J.	Chemistry, Pure Mathematics (M), Physics
Rogers C. C.	Botany, Chemistry
Stimpson J. S.	Chemistry, Pure Mathematics, Physics
Stratton G. D.	Chemistry, Pure Mathematics, Physics
Szmigin J. R.	Art, Applied Mathematics (O)
Waite P. G.	Economics, Geography, Economic History
Walker N. A.	Chemistry, Physics, Zoology

Note: (D)=Distinction in Special Paper.

(M)=Merit in Special Paper.

(O)=Awarded Pass at Ordinary Level.

ORDINARY LEVEL RESULTS

Form 5A	
Beech T. C.	Biology, Geography, Woodwork, Pure Mathematics, Physics/Chemistry
Brown P. D.	English Language, Geography, Woodwork, Pure Mathematics
Cole I. M. P.	Woodwork, Pure Mathematics, Music, Physics/Chemistry
Cox T. S.	English Language, Woodwork, Music
Douglas S. J.	Geography
Duffield M.	English Language
Evans P. V. P.	English Language, Woodwork
Fincham L. H.	French, German
Fox N. P.	Biology, English Language, English Literature, Geography, Pure Mathematics, Physics
Johnson S. A.	Biology, Cookery, Geography, Pure Mathematics
Laws S. M.	Cookery
Moir P. A.	English Literature
Norman B. H.	Cookery, English Language, Geography
O'Leary T.	Biology, Chemistry, Geography, Pure Mathematics, Physics
Oliver B. P.	English Language, English Literature, French, Geography, Latin

Powell B. H. Geography, Woodwork, History
 Rossiter I. M. Art, English Language, English Literature, Geography
 Rutter P. M. Art, Chemistry, French, Geography, Pure Mathematics, Physics
 Skiller J. C. Art, Biology, English Language, French, Geography, Pure Mathematics
 Smales M. G. English Language, Geography, Latin
 Tancock J. E. Art, Cookery, French
 Taylor R. H. Art, English Language, German, History
 Tilley A. P. English Language, English Literature, French, Geography, Latin
 Warren M. J. English Language, French

Form 5B

Dixon B. J. Biology, English Language, Pure Mathematics
 Dyer L. K. Art
 Franklin N. R. Chemistry, English Language, French, German, Pure Mathematics
 Goodrick B. E. English Language
 Hamer W. J. Pure Mathematics
 Hawkins K. English Language
 Last M. J. English Language, French, Woodwork, Pure Mathematics, Physics
 Lett N. M. English Language, English Literature
 Locke M. A. Art, English Language, Geography
 McMahon K. A. M. English Language
 Maybury R. N. Chemistry, English Language, English Literature, French, German, Pure Mathematics
 McConnell B. English Language, French
 Parker J. W. Pure Mathematics
 Phillips R. English Language
 Rix E. M. English Language, English Literature
 Sayers B. G. English Language, English Literature, History
 Sweatman G. R. P. Biology, Chemistry, English Language, English Literature, French History, Pure Mathematics, Physics
 Thwaites G. M. Biology, English Literature, French, German
 Titheradge L. J. Art, English Language
 Waite B. Biology, English Literature, Woodwork, Pure Mathematics
 Watkins D. C. English Language, Woodwork
 Wood A. R. Biology, English Literature, Pure Mathematics, Physics

Form 5C

Appleton S. J. English Language, English Literature
 Arnold L. A. Biology, English Language, English Literature, French, Geography, Latin
 Chamberlin L. M. English Language, English Literature, French, Geography, German, Latin, Pure Mathematics, Physics
 Downing P. S. English Language, English Literature, French, Geography, German, History
 Ewen C. Art, English Language, French, Geography, Pure Mathematics
 Fisk E. J. English Language, English Literature, French, Pure Mathematics, Music, Physics
 Grainger S. M. Biology, English Language, English Literature, French, Geography, German, History, Latin, Pure Mathematics, Additional Pure Mathematics
 Hewitt M. Chemistry, English Language, English Literature, French, History, Pure Mathematics, Physics
 Kendall P. Biology, Chemistry, English Language, English Literature, Pure Mathematics, Music, Physics
 Knight L. A. Chemistry, English Language, English Literature, French, German, Pure Mathematics, Additional Pure Mathematics, Music, Physics
 MacDonald R. A. Chemistry, English Language, English Literature, French, Geography, German, Latin, Pure Mathematics, Mathematics, Physics
 Morris I. G. Chemistry, English Language, English Literature, French, Geography, German, Latin, Pure Mathematics, Additional Pure Mathematics, Physics
 Nicol P. A. Art, English Language
 Pawlik M. Biology, Chemistry, English Literature, Geography, Polish, Pure Mathematics, Additional Pure Mathematics, Physics
 Pooley A. J. Biology, English Literature, History, Pure Mathematics
 Power L. M. Biology, Chemistry, English Language, English Literature, French, Geography, Pure Mathematics, Additional Pure Mathematics, Physics
 Ralph J. M. Chemistry, English Language, English Literature, French, Geography, Woodwork, Pure Mathematics, Physics
 Reading S. P. C. English Language, English Literature, French, German, Latin, Pure Mathematics, Music, Physics/Chemistry, Religious Knowledge
 Riddalls J. S. English Language, French
 Roberts P. A. English Language, French, Geography, Woodwork, Pure Mathematics
 Squirrel A. L. Chemistry, English Language, English Literature, French, Geography, German, Latin, Pure Mathematics, Additional Pure Mathematics, Physics
 Stops G. Art, Cookery, English Language
 Sweeting P. J. Chemistry, English Language, English Literature, French, History, Latin, Pure Mathematics, Additional Pure Mathematics, Physics

Thomas G. Y.	Biology, English Language, English Literature, French, History, Pure Mathematics
Wakeman R. C.	Art, English Language, Music
Weiss J. E.	Art, English Language, English Literature, French, Geography
Wilson A. P.	English Language, English Literature, French, Geography, History, Pure Mathematics, Physics/Chemistry
Woolley R.	Biology, Chemistry, English Language, Geography, Pure Mathematics, Physics
Form 4	
Asbury N. B.	Pure Mathematics
Badowski G.	Pure Mathematics
Berthoud L. M.	English Language
Brace A. R.	Pure Mathematics
Brown J. M. A.	English Language
Colaco C.	Pure Mathematics
Coombe J. A.	English Language, Pure Mathematics
Etherington L. K.	English Language, Pure Mathematics
Fielding C.	English Language
Fowler D. C.	Pure Mathematics
Gidley J. H.	English Language, Pure Mathematics
Gordon C.	French
Hasker R. A.	English Language, Pure Mathematics
Hawke P.	English Language, Pure Mathematics
Henshall J.	Pure Mathematics
Hollister M.	Pure Mathematics
Kaluzynska E. M.	English Language, Pure Mathematics
Kerswell P.	English Language
Kille Q. L.	English Language, Pure Mathematics
Moore M. L.	English Language
Oldershaw S. M.	English Language, Pure Mathematics
Palmer N. G. S.	Pure Mathematics
Stephens V. M.	Pure Mathematics
Stimpson P. F.	Pure Mathematics
Taylor A. Y.	English Language
Thomas S. E.	English Language, Pure Mathematics
Wardle J.	Pure Mathematics
Watson C. F.	Pure Mathematics
Wheeler A. G.	Pure Mathematics
Williams A. M.	English Language, Pure Mathematics
Wood J. F.	Pure Mathematics
Worthy P. J.	Pure Mathematics

Form 6

The following pupils have passed in additional subjects:

Asbury S. R.	Economics
Blomfield M.	Spanish
Blomfield S.	Greek Literature in Translation
Carr C. E.	Economics
Crossman S. C.	Greek Literature in Translation, Spanish
Haynes I. F.	Geology
Hollocks J. E.	Pure Mathematics
MacKay R. D.	Economics
Moonan G.	English Language, History
Penny P. A.	Economics, Spanish
Plough R. H.	Geology
Richardson J. A.	Greek Literature in Translation
Stoneman V. O.	Greek Literature in Translation
Szmigin J.	Additional Mathematics
Szuszman J.	Economics
Waite P. G.	Economics
Andrews J. S.	History
Baatjes J.	Biology
Ball J. C.	English Language, Geography
Beldham A. D.	History
Bell R. E.	Biology, English Language
Bromley G.	Biology
Broom J. A.	Economics, Pure Mathematics
Broom S. E.	Geography
Burn G. C.	English Language
Bush J. E.	Art
Carr C. A.	French, History, Physics
Coombes J. A.	Biology, Geography, Greek Literature in Translation
Davis S. R.	History
Dickinson F. D. R.	History
Edwards G. R.	History
Elson P. M.	German
Fudge N. P.	German, History, Additional Mathematics
Hancock P. A.	English Language
Hughes W. M.	English Literature

Hullah G.	Art, Biology, Cookery, French, Geography
Kellett J.	English, Literature, German, Additional Mathematics
Mair J. K.	Cookery, History
Palmer R. A.	English Literature
Parker T.	Chemistry
Prickett R. M.	Additional Mathematics
Rankmore J.	Geology
Robinson A. M.	Additional Mathematics
Salmon D. L.	English Language
Shilling F. R.	English Language, Geology, Pure Mathematics
Spink J. E.	Art
Troop B. R.	Additional Mathematics
Wallbank B. H.	Biology, English Literature
Wartanowicz A.	Biology, Latin
Weeks T.	Chemistry
Wells L. D.	Economics
Wiles E. A.	Geology, Additional Mathematics
Wilson J. W.	Pure Mathematics
Wilson K. N.	Geology
Witzczak T.	Polish
Woods C.	English Literature, French

SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING EXAMINATIONS

	Shorthand (Pitmans)	Typewriting (R.S.A.)
C. Duchesne	120 w.p.m.	Stage I with Credit
M. Manchester	90 w.p.m.	Stage I
W. Noad	90 w.p.m.	Stage I
J. Richardson	80 w.p.m.	Stage I with Credit
C. Thornber	70 w.p.m.	Stage I

ENTRANCE TO UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES OF FURTHER EDUCATION

Asbury, Susan R.	Wentworth Castle Training College
Ashfield, Christine P.	Royal Academy of Music, London
Barnes, Virginia C.	University of Sussex (Chemistry)
Buck, Stephen D.	Bartlett School of Architecture (U.C. London)
Carr, Christopher E.	Southampton University (Sociology)
Chaimowicz, Marie C. Y. W.	Camberwell College of Art
Chamberlin, Roger W.	Liverpool University (Medicine)
Crittenden, David	Sussex University (Mechanical Engineering)
Crossman, Susan	Easthampstead Park Training College
Dawson, Peter G.	Swansea University (Electrical Engineering)
Durrans, Brian	University College, London (Anthropology)
Earl, Julie E.	West Middlesex Hospital (Physiotherapy)
Fiddes, Paul S.	St. Peter's College, Oxford (English)
Glover, Mallory N.	Sheffield University (Chemical Engineering)
Hasker, Norman A.	London School of Economics (Law)
Haynes, Ian F.	King's College, London (Geography)
Hooper, Warwick R.	Brunel C.A.T. (Mechanical Engineering)
Kemmenoe, Adrian V.	Swansea University (Chemistry)
Knight, Janice M.	Royal Academy of Music, London
Kruger, Ralph	Ealing Technical College (B. Sc. Econ.)
Loosley, Vivienne J.	Borough Road Training College (Arts Degree Course)
MacKay, Richard D.	Leeds University (Chinese)
Manchester, Margaret K.	Trinity College of Music, London
O'Brien, Brian	Newland Park Training College
Pantlin, Jacqueline	Battersea Training College
Powell, Alan	New College, Oxford (History)
Rawlinson, Ann	Chester Training College
Reeves, Susan J.	East Anglia University (Mathematics)
Richardson, Judith A.	Isleworth Polytechnic (Secretarial Course)
Rogers, Christopher C.	City of Portsmouth Technical College (Botany)
Stimpson, Jacqueline S.	Newnham College, Cambridge (Natural Sciences)
Stoneman, Valerie O.	Maria Grey Training College
Stratton, Geoffrey D.	Brunel C.A.T. (Mathematics)
Szuzzman, Janusz	West London College (H.N.D. Business Studies)
Thomas, Janet L.	Ealing Technical College (Sociology)
Walker, Neil A.	St. George's Hospital

SCHOOL PRIZES 1964-65

First Form:

S. Batten
B. A. R. Chapman
D. Cowgill
G. F. Powell

Second Form:

P. T. Curtis
P. Durrans
S. J. Grimes
A. J. Palmer

Third Form:

A. W. Cala
L. Manley
D. W. Morris
J. A. Saunders

Fourth Forms:			
R. Dawson	Woodwork
D. C. Fowler	Chemistry
J. H. Gidley	Modern Languages, Geography
R. A. Hasker	English, History, Latin, Modern Languages
P. M. Hawke	Domestic Science
J. Hughes	Modern Languages
E. M. Kaluzynska	English
N. G. S. Palmer	Music
R. C. Potter	Art
V. M. Stephens	Mathematics
S. E. Thomas	Biology, Geography
C. F. Watson	Mathematics
A. M. Williams	English
Fifth Forms:			
S. M. Grainger	Biology, English, Geography, History, Latin, Modern Languages
M. Hewitt	History
L. A. Knight	Chemistry, English, Mathematics, Music, Physics, Modern Languages
B. H. Norman	Domestic Science
L. M. Power	Biology
S. P. C. Reading	Modern Languages, Religious Knowledge
P. A. Roberts	Woodwork
P. M. Rutter	Art
A. L. Squirrell	Geography
P. J. Sweeting	Mathematics
G. Y. Thomas	English
Lower Sixth:			
J. M. Baatjes			
G. R. Edwards			
A. T. Gamble			
G. R. Grainger			
D. J. Hale			
R. T. Pawlik			
K. Spooner			
L. D. Wells			
Upper Sixth:			
C. P. Ashfield	Art, Music
S. Blomfield	Greek Literature in Translation ('O' Level)
C. E. Carr	Geography
R. W. Chamberlin	Zoology
M. C. Y. W. Chaimowicz	Economics, French
D. Crittenden	Applied Mathematics
B. Durrans	Botany
J. E. Earl	Zoology
P. S. Fiddes	English, History, Latin
N. A. Hasker	Latin, French
I. F. Haynes	Geography
J. M. Knight	Zoology
M. K. Manchester	Music
S. J. Reeves	Pure Mathematics, Physics
J. S. Stimpson	Chemistry, Pure Mathematics, Physics
G. D. Stratton	Chemistry
P. G. Waite	Economic History
N. A. Walker	Zoology
Trophies and other Awards			
Fourth Form All Round Trophy	S. Oldershaw
Fifth Form Academic Cup	S. M. Grainger
Alexandra Chrzanowska Cup	T. D'Oliveira
Christine Cole Cup	J. M. Baatjes
Sewell Allenby Memorial Trophy	P. S. Fiddes
War Memorial Prize	B. Durrans, J. S. Stimpson

ADMISSIONS FROM SEPTEMBER, 1965 TO MAY, 1966

Form 1A	Form 1B	Form 1C
Baruch, Caroline R.	Baker, David W.	Baker, Linda C.
Bragiel, Edward B.	Beale, Lynda M.	Barker, Susan
Brennan, Margaret	Blair, Andrew J.	Bromley, David G.
Casey, Lorna M.	Boase, Alain T.	D'Oliveira, Linda M.
Clayton, David M.	Cooper, Stephen R.	Gasser, Brian F.
Cowling, Peter J.	Dawton, Lynne M.	Goldsmith, Philip
Davies, Laraine	Earl, Antony D.	Grimes, Richard
Dunkley, Susan M.	Forrest, Sally M.	Hanafin, Paul S.
Evans, Diane C.	Grimwood, Jane A.	Hayes, Martin R.
Fisk, Richard C.	Hayne, Pauline	Hill, David L.
Fossett, Roy C.	Johnson, Paul R.	Linfield, Paul R.

Form 1A

Hodgkins, Helen E.
 Jeffreys, Paul W.
 Jones, William A.
 Kepa, Richard M.
 Maguire, Arlene R.
 Mayhew, Elaine A.
 Mitchell, Jill
 Munns, Susan B.
 O'Sullivan, Rita M.
 Patton, Elizabeth A.
 Phelps, Susan
 Poulter, Julian
 Ridley, Joanna
 Shutie, Winston M.
 Solinski, Andrew W.
 Thomas, Stuart R.
 White, Deidre F.
 Windsor, John W.

Form 1B

Lawther, Caroline A.
 Lee Christine
 Lowther, Charles
 McEleny Iain
 Merchant, Robert S.
 Newbury, Lesley
 Norman, Lesley C.
 Park, Mary A.
 Price, Susan J.
 Rooke, Stephen R.
 Smart, Brenda M.
 Snowdon, Marion
 Spring, Lesley J.
 Taylor, Lorraine M.
 Waldron, Gerard M.
 Wilmot, Jose
 Yates, Andrew D.
 Yeo, David J.

Form 1C

Lyon, Kathleen E.
 Mann, Ruth L.
 Millidge, Susan C.
 Monk, Susan M.
 Newmeir, Patricia J.
 Nolan, Paul D.
 Parker, Lesley A.
 Roffey, John R.
 Rogers, Louise A.
 Sims, Kay
 Smith, Alan G.
 Stone, Brenda M.
 Sullivan, Mark A.
 Tombs, Elaine M.
 Underwood, Ann F.
 Watkins, Glyn P.
 Wiffen, Robert K.
 Williamson David J.
 Witcher, Helen M.
 Wood, Duncan

Form

2B Taylor, Charlotte
 2A Ingleby, David
 3B Hinton, Stephen
 3A Glover, Martin
 4B Pilley, Kenneth
 4B Sikuljak, Zeljko
 4A Davies, Pamela
 4A Millard, Carolyn
 4A Walia, Rabinderpal
 5B Thanisch, Peter
 5A Walia, Preerpal
 L6i Arnold Paul
 L6i Davies, Stephen
 L6i Hodgson, Robert
 L6ii Sills, John

LEAVERS

Summer and Autumn Terms 1965, Spring Term 1966

Forms V and VI

C. B. Anderson, B. J. Andrews, S. R. Asbury, C. P. Ashfield, V. C. Barnes, T. C. Beech, M. Blomfield
 S. Blomfield, P. D. Brown, S. D. Buck, C. E. Carr, M. C. Y. W. Chaimowicz, R. W. Chamberlin,
 J. A. Coombes, T. S. Cox, D. Crittenden, S. Crossman, S. J. Davies, P. G. Dawson, R. Day,
 C. P. Duchesne, M. Duffield, B. Durrans, L. K. Dyer, J. E. Earl, P. V. P. Evans, T. M. Fenning,
 P. S. Fiddes, M. N. Glover, B. E. Goodrick, W. Hamer, L. A. Hantman, N. A. Hasker, K. Hawkins,
 I. F. Haynes, D. Hazel, J. E. Hollocks, W. R. Hooper, S. A. Johnson, A. V. Kemmenoe, G. J.
 Kentish, J. M. Knight, R. Kruger, C. J. Laver, N. M. Lett, M. A. Locke, V. J. Loosley, R. D.
 Mackay, K. MacMahon, M. K. Manchester, P. A. Moir, R. M. Monger, G. Moonan, P. A. Nicol,
 W. J. Noad, B. H. Norman, R. A. Palmer, J. W. Parker, T. Parker, P. A. Penny, R. Phillips,
 R. H. Plough, A. Powell, A. Rawlinson, S. J. Reeves, J. A. Richardson, J. Riddalls, E. M. Rix,
 P. A. Roberts, C. C. Rogers, W. W. Rose, J. S. Stimpson, V. O. Stoneman, G. D. Stratton,
 J. Szmigin, J. Szuszman, J. L. Thomas, S. A. Thomas, E. C. Thornber, L. J. Titheradge, B. Waite,
 P. G. Waite, N. A. Walker, D. C. Watkins.

Transfers to other Grammar Schools

L. M. Chamberlin, I. McEleny, I. G. Morris, G. R. Price, N. M. Warren, M. Wylie.