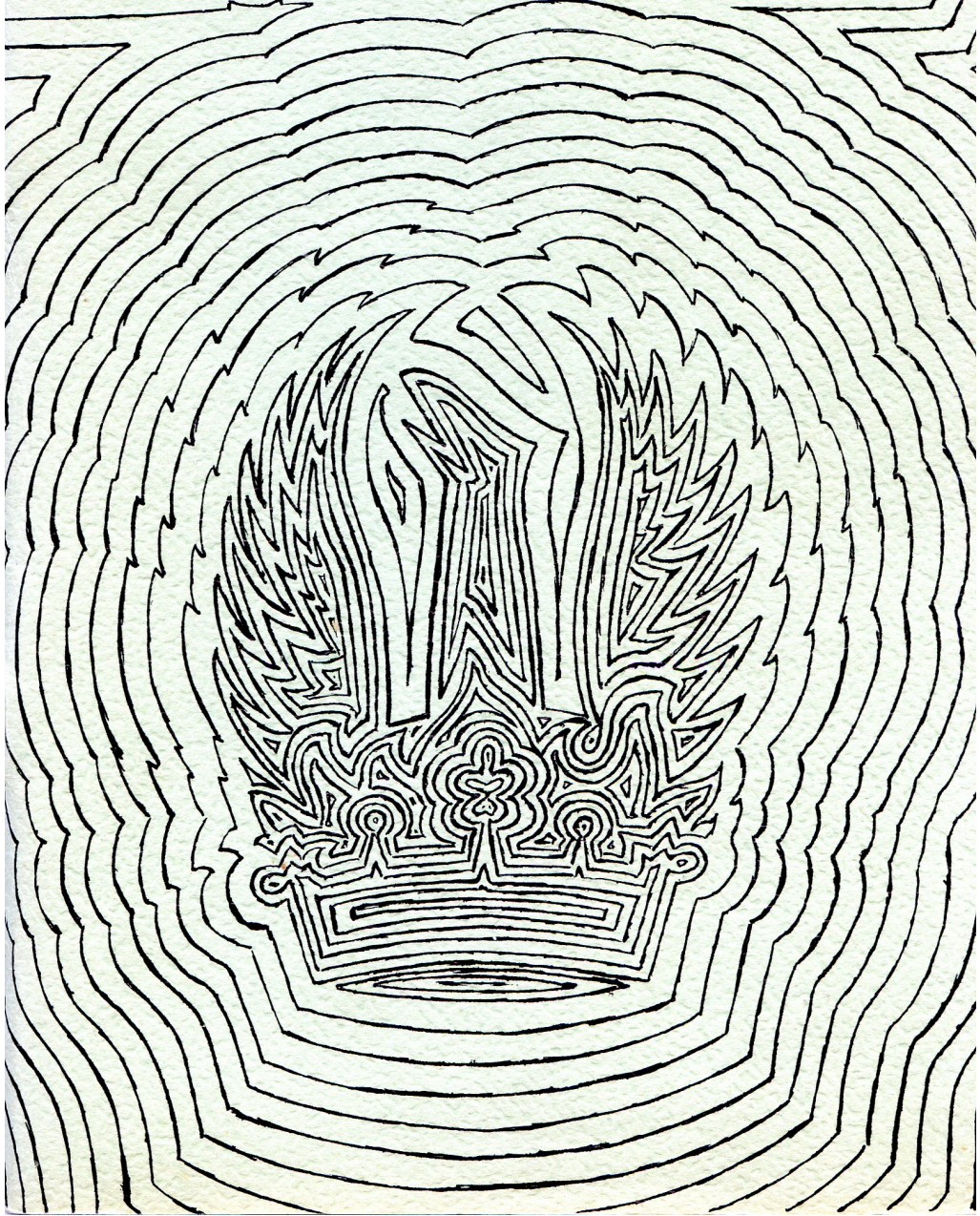


PHOENIX 69



PHOENIX

DRAYTON MANOR GRAMMAR SCHOOL
1969 - 70

DRAYTON MANOR GRAMMAR SCHOOL STAFF

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Senior Mistress:

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D. Arm B.A. (Leeds)

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d'Honneur

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R.H. Khan M.Sc. (Sind, Pakistan)

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

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A. Mulliner

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

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Richard Curtis

Head Girl

Linda Manley

Deputies:

John Fenn

Theresa D'Oliveira

EDITORIAL

In this edition of Phoenix we have once again tried to give a review of the last school year, showing the wide range of activities at Drayton Manor, and to combine this with some original writing. Unfortunately members of the school still seem to be rather reluctant to present stories or poems for publication and the original work section suffers accordingly.

The whole of the magazine is typed in school and it now seems inevitable that each year most of the work falls to one or two people. This year we are indebted to Joan Beattie and Janet Livesey who have willingly and cheerfully undertaken this task.

PHOENIX 1969 -70

Editor: Miss M. Snow
Business Manager: Mr. D. H. Adams
Editorial Committee: K. Barbrook, S. Batten, K. Brandreth,
C. Buddell, V. Coaker, D. Cowgill,
L. Cowley, P. Howse, J. Jakubowski,
A. Offord, A. Williams
Typing by: Joan Beattie and Janet Livesey
assisted by, Valerie Brind, Susan Brown,
Angela Chapman, Judith Gamble,
Margaret Grant, Jacqueline Last

E. F. BARBANEL

At the end of last Summer Term we said goodbye to Mr. E. F. Barbanel. To a few of the older members of staff and to many of his former pupils his leaving marked the end of an epoch, for he was almost the last link with the birth of the school in 1930.

Mr. Sewell Allenby the first Headmaster, is dead, Miss M. Redman, the first Deputy Head, and Mr. P. H. Arnold, the first Senior Master, have long since retired. Mr. Barbanel completed the quartet who launched the then tiny school nearly forty years ago. In this they were greatly aided by Miss M. Scott who, fortunately, is still with us.

Frank Barbanel is unique because he is the sole member of staff to whom we have said farewell twice. He left us in 1954 to become Head of Department of General Studies at Ealing Technical College and subsequently he went to Eliots Green Grammar School as Deputy Headmaster. In 1963 he retired and returned to Drayton Manor on a part-time basis.

I find it difficult to do justice to his achievements. He founded the Modern Languages Department, and initially taught both French and German and took many parties to both France and Germany. His examination successes were remarkable and, when the department expanded, his expertise and kindness were a source of inspiration to many young and inexperienced teachers, of whom I was one.

During the difficult years of the war half the school, together with Mr. Allenby, was evacuated to Torquay. The other half, swollen in numbers by accretions from Ealing County and Chiswick Grammar, remained in Hanwell where Mr. Barbanel was Acting Headmaster. There he presided over the fortunes of the school, organising firewatchers who, incidentally, dealt with the incendiary bombs which penetrated the ceiling of the Master's Staff Room, and still teaching French and German, until the return of the evacuees.

In 1946 Mr. Allenby retired and then followed four difficult years until the appointment of our present Headmaster in 1950. During these troublesome years Mr. Barbanel by virtue of his integrity and industry, was largely responsible for upholding the standards of work and discipline in the school. It was with regret that we parted from him in 1954 and with pleasure that we welcomed him back in 1963.

It is a mark of his greatness as a man and as a teacher, that he, who had once acted as Headmaster of this school, cheerfully accepted a comparatively junior role and cheerfully did whatever he was asked by me, who was once his most junior member of staff and who eventually succeeded him, having learnt so much from his wise guidance. During his all too brief six years Mr. Barbanel proved that his hand has lost nothing of its cunning and his examination successes were still as remarkable as they had always been.

I hope I have been able to convey what Frank Barbanel had meant to Drayton Manor. I have the greatest respect and admiration for him and so have many old boys and girls who revered (and feared) "Ba - Ba", as he was affectionately known.

F. R. J. Russell

STAFF CHANGES

At the end of the summer term we said goodbye not only to Mr. Barbanel, but also to two full-time and two part-time members of staff. After ten years at Drayton Manor Mrs. Winterborne left us and is now hoping to find a teaching post near her home in Windsor. Miss Davies also left and is now teaching at a comprehensive school in Essex. We also said goodbye to Mrs. Fookes and Mrs. Jones.

In September we welcomed three full-time members of staff: Mrs. King (French and German); Mrs. Poyser (Chemistry), and Mr. Khan (Physics and Maths). We also welcomed two part-time members of staff, Mrs. Gosling and Mrs. Renk (Commercial Subjects).

Frances Davey 5A

It was with deep regret that we learned of the death of Frances in February of this year.

She was a most promising pupil, and was also very talented in all branches of Physical Education. Since her arrival in school she had earned her place in every team open to her, and it was in this sphere that she hoped to make her career.

Her pleasant disposition and good humour added much to the life of her school friends, and they, and the members of staff who knew her feel a great sense of personal loss.

Her courage in continuing to work hard and remain cheerful throughout her long illness has been a lesson to us all.

E.D.W.
S.R.C.

IN SCHOOL AND OUT

PRIZE DAY, 28th February 1969

At our Prize Day this year we were pleased to welcome a former pupil of Drayton Manor, Mr. Colquhoun G.M., D.F.M., D.F.C., who was accompanied by his wife, also a former pupil here.

Dr. Evans made the customary summing-up of the events of the school year, and then introduced Mr. Colquhoun, who was to distribute the prizes and make a speech to the school.

In this speech, which, for our benefit he said he would keep fairly short, he remarked on the way the school had changed for the better, since his school-days here (1932 - 1937).

Since he left school, Mr. Colquhoun has had a distinguished flying career in the R.A.F., which includes being the first pilot to fly a production Attacker Naval jet fighter, and the first pilot to land one with one wing folded, which won him the George Medal.

His D.F.M. and D.F.C. were awarded to him for his work during the war, on photo-reconnaissance flights from Malta and over Italy.

His skill as a pilot made the change to piloting hovercraft easier; he was the second man in the world to do so. He then became concerned with the development and testing of the various Vickers hovercraft, demonstrating them to NATO chiefs. In 1964, he tried out the Vickers V.A.2., which so impressed American Marine Corps leaders that a military research project was set up to make their own assessment.

Hoverlloyd is a five million pound transport system operating a ferry service from Ramsgate to Calais. Mr. Colquhoun joined Hoverlloyd in 1966, when they began pioneering the cross-Channel service, as their chief of operations. Last year he became the managing director of the company, and is looking forward to even greater success in the future of hovercraft.

Mr. Colquhoun, who has made such a successful career for himself, finished his speech by advising us not to drift about in life, but to make up our minds, and to work for success.

Susan Batten VC

SCHOOL PRIZES 1967 - 1968

FORM I

FORM II

FORM III

FORM IV

M. Fennell, N. P. Franklin, J. A. Slipper, C. D. G. Smith	
M. J. Dobbins, T. Kidby, C. H. Rundle, P. Wyatt	
S. Barker, L. M. D'Oliveira, S. B. Munns, L. A. Rogers	
S. Batten	English, Modern Languages
M. L. Blackwell	Home Economics
K. D. Brandreth	English
C. R. Buddell	Art
B. A. R. Chapman	Biology, Modern Languages

ORDINARY
LEVEL

D. Cowgill	English, History, Modern Languages
J. E. Dunkley	Geography, Music
J. G. Moore	Chemistry
N. J. Peake	Geography, Woodwork
G. F. Powell	Physics
A. L. H. Baruch	Mathematics
J. R. Blackwell	Music
S. C. Boxshall	Geography
L. M. Churchill	Modern Languages
S. G. Cole	Greek Literature in Translation
P. T. Curtis	Astronomy, Chemistry, Geography, Mathematics, Physics

J. B. A. Davies	English, Home Economics, Modern Languages
P. Durrans	Biology, English, Geography
J. M. A. Laslett	English
J. A. McConnell	History, Latin
A. J. Palmer	Woodwork
A. Pond	Art
K. Ridley	Modern Languages
E. A. Ryan	English

FORM VII

G. T. Glenn, L. Manley, D. A. Mann, D. W. Morris, P. M. Sprules
N. Turbayne

ADVANCED
LEVEL

N. B. Asbury	Economics
L. M. Berthoud	French
K. Carrington	History
C. Colaco	Physics
J. H. Gidley	German, Latin
R. A. Hasker	English
E. M. Kaluzynska	French
P. A. Nash	British Constitution
N. G. S. Palmer	Chemistry
V. M. Stephens	Applied Mathematics
P. Wallia	Pure Mathematics
L. A. Warren	Zoology

SPECIAL AWARDS

War Memorial Prize

Fourth Form All Round Trophy

Fifth Form Academic Trophy

Sewell Allenby Memorial Trophy

N. B. Asbury, V. M. Stephens

K. D. Brandreth

P. T. Curtis

R. S. Curtis

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION REPORT 1968/9

Mr. Gidley and Mr. Hawke retired from the Committee after serving for seven years in one capacity or another. We extend our thanks to them for their long and devoted service to the Association.

During the Autumn term we organised a "Persian Market," which proved to be successful, both financially and socially. The proceeds from this event were used to buy new instruments for the School orchestra.

Two members of the staff - Mr. Johnson (English) and Mr. Clarke (Art) addressed meetings of parents during the year. These were most interesting, and we thank Mr. Johnson and Mr. Clarke for giving up their time to speak to us.

The Committee has agreed to help purchase some prints and pictures to hang in the school corridors.

The Committee would like to thank all the ladies who, during the year, have helped to serve refreshments at the various school functions.

F. Chapman.

Beggars line the steps of Drayton Manor

The school on Saturday afternoon, October 26th, became a quaint old-fashioned Persian market as arranged by the Parents' Association. About seventy parents, pupils and staff, almost unrecognisable in their brilliant costumes, ushered, entertained and successfully persuaded their hundreds of visitors to part with £250 sterling and costs.

The school hall, surmounted by two huge, fantastic paper palm trees made by the Art department and a simple stage set sparkling in Mr. Jewell's magic electric lighting, was lined with crowded tents and laden stalls, while pennies rolled continuously on the roulette tables. An original part of the Eastern Scene was a parade of ultra-modern western women's costumes modelled by pupils under the direction of Mrs. Cowgill and Mrs. McIntosh with the generous co-operation of Mr. Taplin. Later an impromptu entertainment shook the stage and fortunately serious political and social comment passed unnoticed in the shadow of the brilliance of the folk club orchestra's variations on familiar 'Persian' tunes, and pupils displayed their talent in song, dance and mime before a grand gentleman surrounded by part of his harem, who proceeded, when he had time, to pluck numbers from his fan to register his opinion of their efforts.

A recently-invented steam train puffed in the playground to the delight of small visitors who paid what they could afford for the joy of a ride. A form of golf was played in the deserted distant Geography room and delicious refreshments were served by parents in the dining hall.

It was an enjoyable afternoon but it is dull again today with the snakes back in the Biology department and the hookah 'quickly fitted' into the Chemistry fume cupboard where the genius in charge now wears only his white overall.

J. C. 28.10.68.

Lower Sixth Geology-Biology Field Trip, The Gower Peninsula, South Wales, November 1968

One bright Friday morning at the beginning of half-term a group of Lower Sixth geologists and biologists set off for the Gower Peninsula. Fully kitted out with haversacks, all the clothing and cooking utensils necessary to sustain life in such a wilderness, we set off by train to be met in Swansea by a coach, which took us to our campsite.

Feeling a little sad at the loss of our last link with civilisation - the coach- we set about conquering our environment. The next few days were spent on field classes and we discovered that the Gower was quite a beautiful place; in fact it is designated as an area of outstanding natural beauty.

The highlight of our trip was a visit to a coalmine where we were all dressed up in overalls and helmets, and were given lamps to descend by lift into the dark abyss. After a very interesting tour of the coalface we ascended to hot showers and refreshments.

It all proved to be a very worthwhile and enjoyable trip and I should like to thank Miss Williams, Mrs. Cleary and Miss Woodall for an interesting, revealing and well-spent weekend.

D. Elliott Lower Sixth

Austrian Ski-ing Holiday 1968-69

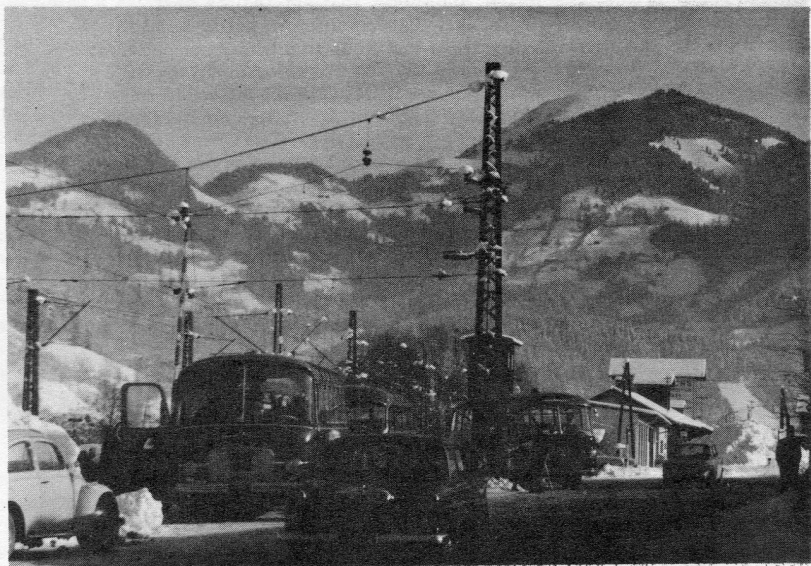
Our party assembled at Victoria station on the afternoon of Saturday, 27th December and boarded the train to Dover. There we embarked on a Channel steamer for Calais, later diverted to Boulogne due to the rough conditions in mid-Channel. We travelled with an organization called the 'School Travel Service' which books travel to and accommodation at various ski-ing resorts for school parties. Boarding couchettes at Boulogne, we prepared for the long journey through the night. Travelling through Switzerland was spectacular, the train emerging from tunnels through the Alps to overlook villages deep in the valleys below. Eventually we arrived at Innsbruck where we boarded a fast train to Worgl, thence to the village of Leukental by coach.

After an evening meal, we were fitted with skis, ski-sticks, and ski-boots. although one lower sixth former was of the opinion that some were fitted with the latter better than others'. However, he limped bravely around for the week.

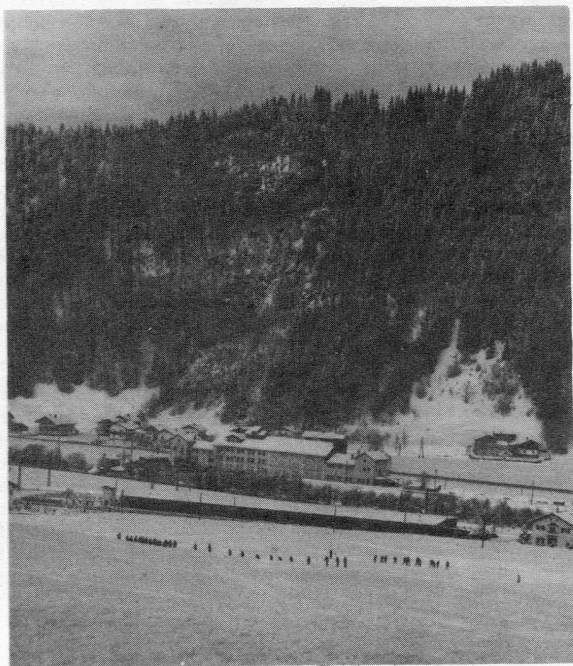
The next morning we met our ski-instructress, Evi Kecht, who was the daughter of the head ski-instructor and was found to be, to everyone's surprise, only sixteen years old. We began our lessons with zeal matched only by our initial incompetence, but we soon made progress and found ourselves braving the hazardous journey by ski-lift to the higher slopes. Perhaps I should stress here that this 'ski-lift' has no chairs, but could better be described as a 'ski-tow', its operation involving pairs of ski-ers grasping a length of wood behind them to be hauled up steep slopes with their skis resting on the ground. The highlights of the holiday were to be caused by this apparatus, as when Mr. Arm succeeded, by a miracle of precision balance, to avoid a head-on collision with a heap of bodies in his path, only to be tripped at the last moment by a ski which caught him on the ankles. He thus joined the small group left behind by the ski-lift.

Conditions for ski-ing were generally good except on the day of our ski-ing test, when a lot of soft, freshly-fallen snow lay around making it difficult to see one's skis let alone control them well. However, we all passed the test, based mainly on our previous progress, with a grade four or grade three, the latter being a higher grade. We thought it best to leave grade one test for another year.

Austrian Ski-ing Holiday



Village of Leukental, Austrian Tyrol



Village of Leukental, Austrian Tyrol

We celebrated the New Year with traditional fervour, eventually retiring at 3.00.a.m. . It was no surprise, therefore, that ski-ing the next morning was not so enjoyable as usual. Other points worthy of mention must include the participation of most of our group in a talent competition, singing a well-known song. We were of the unanimous opinion that we deserved first prize for our efforts, and attribute our utter failure to make any impression on the judges to their being bribed by inferior contestants.

The holiday, as I hope I have shown, was eventful. Even on the last day, when we rose at 6.00.a.m. and arrived at the hotel for breakfast, we found it locked. After a hurried meal obtained only through nearly breaking down the door to attract attention, we left for souvenir shopping in Innsbruck. We departed by train at 4.30.p.m. travelling overnight to arrive at Calais at 8.10 a.m. for breakfast. It was a contrast to see grass in France after the great blankets of snow in Austria and Switzerland. From Calais to Folkestone by boat, and by train to Victoria at 4.00 p.m. were the final stages of the return journey.

I believe it was a very successful holiday, due greatly to the efficient organization on the part of Mr. Arm, to whom we all owe our great appreciation.

Peter Durrans LVI (i).

"BODAS DE SANGRE"

or

THE UNPLEASANTNESS IN THE MILE END ROAD

As a trip to Spain was deemed too expensive because of the paucity of senior pupils interested in such a ruinous exploit, Miss Bracken and I decided that a trip to see a performance of a modern Spanish classic would be a suitable substitute. The play was Garcia Lorca's "Bodas de Sangre" ("Blood Wedding") as performed by Spanish students at Queen Mary College. Our small group of faithful Hispanophiles was prepared to accept many shortcomings in view of this. After all, the main object of the venture was for us to be able to hear Spaniards speaking in their native tongue, in one of the most powerful tragedies ever to come from the pen of a Spanish dramatist. The fact that it was written in fairly easy modern Spanish increased the appeal of the spectacle. Alas, we were little prepared for the fiasco that awaited us as we made our several ways to the grimy East End - a more unlikely setting for a drama, full to bursting with the hot-blooded violence and passions of Lorca's beloved Spain, has yet to be imagined.

However, the prospect brightened as we reached the college for, in true Spanish manner, no one attempted to check that we had tickets. Our seats were comfortable enough, although the vast hall looked cold and uninviting. Not that it mattered, for we were here to watch a play, and, after all, we could, if we so desired, be entertained by the antics of the lighting crew, firmly ensconced in a converted box to the right of the theatre and in full view of the audience. What a treat! Not only were we going to see the play, but we were also going to have our attention distracted by the lighting crew in death-defying acrobatic feats along the edge of the box and hear every command bawled by the stage manager over a defective intercom system to the ever-alert technicians.

The curtain music was hailed by the unmistakeable sound of a gramophone stylus ploughing a short cut to the centre of a record of Rodrigo's guitar concerto. This brought an already-becalmed audience to utter stillness. What an ingenious ruse! The lighting crew were poised, arms raised, ready to cue down the house lights in time to the final chords of music. However, with the theatre in pitch darkness, the music carried on and showed no signs of abating. It would appear that the end of the exposition had been mistaken for the coda. What was going to happen? We did not have to wait long for an answer. Up came the house lights to stay at their zenith for a further ten minutes.

At least this pause enabled us to peruse our programmes. In these we read that the male lead - el Novio, the bridegroom - was being played by the producer. A sudden noise from the stage made us look up to see that the first scene had begun. The mother of the bridegroom was bewailing the loss of her husband and first two sons in blood feuds. Her performance throughout was very good; in fact it was the only good piece of acting in the whole play. Suddenly her son - the producer, remember! - struggled on stage, having just lost a duel with a door that was reluctant to let him onto the set, and struck a variety of entertainingly mistimed poses and fluffed several of his almost inaudible lines. This set the dramatic tone for the rest of the play.

People wandered on stage, muttered a few equally inaudible lines, propped up pieces of scenery, sang a few verses of song, and wandered off again until the end of the first act. Here, in a highly dramatic finish, the bride-to-be hears her former lover galloping by on horseback and admits to her maid that it is indeed Leonardo, her first love, who has returned to claim her. Unfortunately, the lighting assistant, who, in true coarse tradition, was falling out of his box with zeal, in an attempt to get at least one cue correct, cut the last page of dialogue, plunged the theatre into inky darkness, and deafened us with the sound of galloping horses. Obviously, Leonardo was 'showing off' to his ex-girlfriend by performing one of his circus tricks and straddling several steeds at once. The unmistakeable sound of a tape recorder being switched off was apparently the cue for the dressage to finish and the house lights to go up. But who was this, struggling frantically to get through, under or over the curtain? Why, it was none other than our heroine, trapped in front of the proscenium curtain by a stage assistant, who must have been one of her jilted boyfriends. A seasoned ham actor would have turned this situation to his or her advantage by performing a few card tricks, but we were watching a poor timid creature on whom some mean trick had been played. What could she do but march meekly off stage with flashing eye and dilated nostril?

The play continued in this vein for three and a half hours instead of the usual two and a quarter. There was some attractive dancing and solo guitar-playing which drowned much of the dialogue. We were glad to see the end of the hero and were enchanted by a scene, normally of great poetic beauty, in which the moon came down from the sky and discourses with Death, an old woman. Unhappily, most of us were more moved by the perilous exploits of the lighting assistant poised on the very edge of the box, manually operating the moon's spotlight. The actor playing the Moon did his best to thwart his attempts with some measure of success. At last this ill-starred performance came to an end with a final curtain that was the most memorable part of the play. I should like to assure our students that Miss Bracken and I did not beat a hasty retreat from the theatre to avoid a summary execution; we just felt too embarrassed to let them see how moved we were!

I sincerely hope that they will all endeavour to read Lorca's play so that they may

see for themselves what a really great play it is, and that they will not judge it on the demerits of this mediocre performance.

And next year? Well - anyone for Madrid?

D. H. A.

THE STAFF HOCKEY MATCH, 1969

It was a cold, cloudy morning, the second of April. The whole school was standing expectantly around the field, awaiting the appearance of the two teams. First on the scene were the Reverend, Mr. Mulliner, accompanied by his orange hat, and Mr. Barker, clad in maxi-length shorts. The other teachers followed at intervals, all looking shy, but confident. Then appeared the challengers, led by Mick Fletcher and his band. Excitement rose as the players took their positions, after an attempt at the National Anthem, by the band.

The match began. At once the magnificent skill of Mr. Barker was shown. Within a few minutes, after the Funeral March had been played by the band, M. Gallet scored a goal. Reverend Watkins was wounded on the leg, and soon retired, limping. He was replaced by the Chemistry Assistant. Miss Cleary, showing skill in defence, fouled Walia, leaving him sprawled on the grass. The half-time whistle blew.

Would it be a victory for the teachers, or would the pupils win through? Miss Williams daringly stripped in the centre of the pitch, revealing scanty blue shorts (very cheeky!) amid cries of approval from the male spectators.

After a slight rest, the players were once again ready for the fray. The staff certainly showed skill, but we did notice that Miss Woodall and the ball rarely came in contact. The pupils, however, led by Walia, did try very hard and it was sheer bad luck that a goal was not scored.

The match was finally clinched by Miss Williams, who scored after a great brawl in the goalmouth. She was subsequently raised by an enthusiastic Mr. Muller.

The match was all too soon over; a two-nil victory for the staff. I would like to thank, on behalf of the school, our staff and sixth form for such an entertaining match.

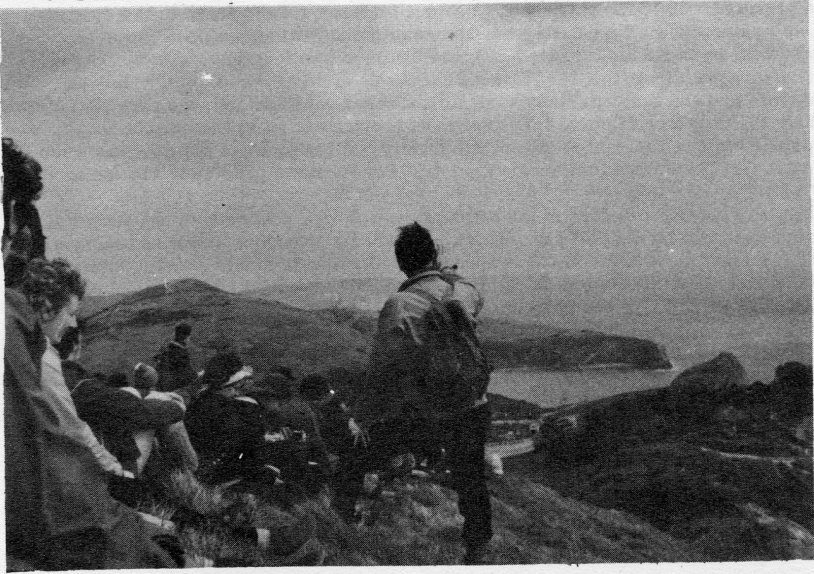
P. Howse VB

Geography Field Class 1969

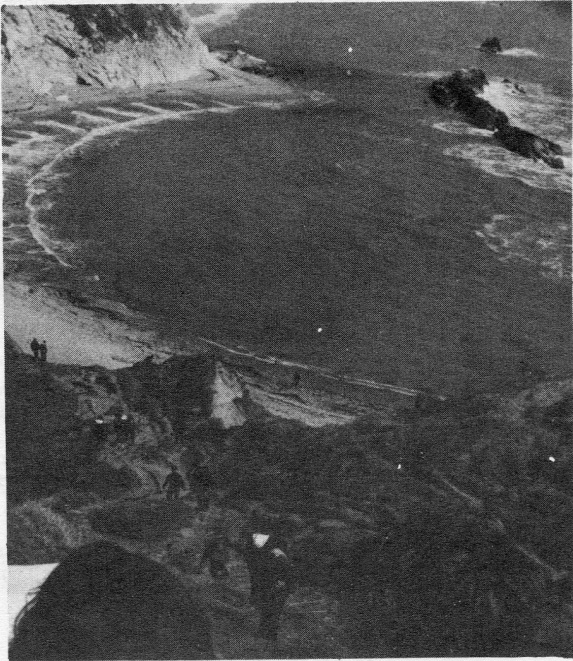
A coachful of enthusiastic geographers, consisting of lower and upper sixth formers, with a few fifth formers, left Hanwell at 8.15 a.m. on Saturday 19th April for the Easter field class.

Our first stop was at Fawley Oil Refinery near Southampton. This refinery, owned by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, U.S.A. ('Esso'), is the sixth largest in the world, producing about three million gallons of petrol daily. We departed after an interesting guided tour and a pleasant meal (although some thought that the lettuce was lacking in flavour!). After another stop in the New Forest, we arrived at our destination, Swanage Youth Hostel.

Geography Field Trip



West of Lulworth Cove



St. Oswald's Bay, Dorset

On the Sunday, we endured a 'forced march' of some seven miles from Peveril Point to near Poole Harbour, to study coastal features, only to learn in the evening that we had crossed an area strewn with unexploded wartime shells. However, all our party returned intact !

Heavy rain and the resulting poor visibility spoiled our third day when we attempted to study the cross-profile and long profile of a river valley at Chapman's Pool, and paid a visit to the nearby Swanworth Quarry. A highlight of the day was when two sixth formers enjoyed an unexpected dip in the village pond at Worth Matravers!

Tuesday saw an improvement in the weather, which was now occasional showers. We travelled first by coach to Weymouth to study its location, and then to Chesil Beach, an impressive shingle ridge some sixteen miles in length, and reaching a height of forty feet above high water at Portland. This proved a popular subject for the photographers in the party. A visit to the Sutton Poyntz pericline completed the day.

The fifth day began and continued with good weather, and so we visited the Lulworth area. Stair Hole and Lulworth Cove itself were first explored, and after eating packed lunch we walked to Durdle Door and St. Oswald's Bay. I believe all would agree that this was the most enjoyable day of the trip.

The village of Corfe Castle was invaded on the Thursday, and the formation of its castle mound investigated. This was followed by a south to north cross - section study of the valley of the River Frome, the day finishing with a visit to Wareham.

On the last day the party was divided into groups of about six people with the object of studying features along different cross - sections marked on the Ordnance Survey maps. In the evening each group nominated a spokesman to provide a few details of the information found. The observations were used to construct transect diagrams for each section.

Each evening, after dinner, we discussed what we had found during the day's work, and could then write up notes.

Fortunately everyone returned in good health, or at least no worse than when they set off (unlike the previous year) and we enjoyed most of it greatly. Our thanks go to Mr. Wright, Miss Williams and Miss Cleary, who organized the trip with their usual efficiency.

Peter Durrans LVI (1)

SAVIGNY - 1969

The exchange-visit to Savigny at Easter will go down in the records as one of the most eventful to date. We went a day later than we had intended because of a "misunderstanding" with British Railways. We were beset by illness and mishap while in France and we had such an eventful return journey that the memories of an objectionable official, enforced delays, missed connection and hurried changes of plan will long remain with us.

Nevertheless, a group of our pupils did complete a generally enjoyable visit to France and were able to reciprocate by receiving their French hosts in England during the summer.

During our visit to France we had a more than usually plentiful crop of petty difficulties and most of these were easily resolved; but it must be pointed out once more that everybody going on such an exchange-visit must realize that he is going to live in a foreign country where customs and the whole way of life will almost certainly differ from those we know in England. This realisation calls for a mental adjustment which is, in itself, not difficult to achieve, but which is absolutely essential if the exchange scheme is to be a complete success.

If we have to record some problems during the 1969 visit we can also report a large number of successes, evidence of which is to be seen in the requests for "renewals" in 1970.

This is something of which the school can be justifiably proud, but I still look forward eagerly to the time when a visit to a French family will be looked upon by everybody as an essential part of the language-teaching in the school, and not just an activity which is enjoyed only by a small minority of the pupils.

A. J. M.

The German Exchange

Unfortunately, or fortunately, during the train journey we mislaid two of our travelling companions; later it came to light that we had also mislaid several carriages of the train.

Such was the dramatic beginning to an eventful German exchange. The Wetzlarer people, as usual, welcomed us warmly, and the day after our arrival we had a reception at the Town Hall, which rendered us immobile for the rest of the day.

Our excursions included a trip to Frankfurt, well-known as a good shopping centre, on Good Friday when all the shops were closed. We also went to Rudesheim where some of our hungry compatriots waited a mere two hours for a plate of exotic "egg and chips". Soon the time for the annual celebration was upon us and like good troopers we suffered the waltz and foxtrot, with an interval of heart-rending squeaks from two of our lasses, accompanied on the guitar by our able, and sole Ealing Grammarian. The Grand Finale came with cries of "Oh, the Okey Cokey" and "Knees up, Mother Brown" in true Cockney style.

Now for the highlight of the trip: an excursion to Berlin. After a gruelling all-night ride and innumerable checkpoint stops we arrived at 6.30 a.m. at 'Doctor Schreiber's Youth Guest Home'. Our hopes were raised when we digested our first meal there, breakfast, which we found out later was the only edible meal. However, our hopes were soon shattered when we saw the dormitory with its metal bunks, cold washing water and bare floor boards. We still bear the scars of our trip to Berlin but if we were asked if we enjoyed ourselves the answer would be positive, and many will return to revel in the marvellous hospitality of the Germans.

We should like to thank the staff involved in the exchange, particularly Miss Bracken, and the families of Wetzlar who offered us hospitality.

The German Party

Biology Field Trip

During the month of May 1969, six pupils in the lower-sixth attended a course in ecology at the Leonard Wills Field Centre, Nettlescombe Court,

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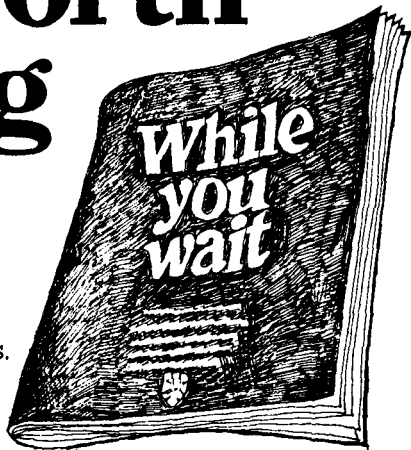
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Somerset. We travelled there by train with Mrs. Cleary, whose presence on this course prevented her possible appearance in the staff play.

Along with sixth-formers from many other schools following courses in human geography and ecology, we stayed in an old but well-equipped building set in beautiful surroundings.

The first day was spent studying marine ecology at Porlock Weir, a sheltered rocky shore. A total of fifteen species were studied and their distributions at three-foot vertical intervals above sea-level were estimated by reference to abundance scales. The exercises were repeated the following day at Hurlstone Point, an exposed rocky shore, and the results compared with those obtained at Porlock in the form of a graph.

Probably the most exhausting and unsuccessful research was carried out on the third day. Having studied distribution in relation to space, we investigated distribution in time. A net was placed in a nearby stream and its contents were emptied and examined every ninety minutes for a period of twenty four hours. This required many people to stay up all night staring into plastic bowls looking for the species the numbers of which we were counting - flatworms, fresh-water shrimps, stonefly and mayfly larvae. After about four o'clock in the morning, people imagined they could see tiny animals swimming about in the air, a sign of strain! When our results were tabulated, it was found that the numbers were high when they should be low, and vice versa. Mr. Litterick, who directed the course, consoled us with remarks to the effect that every so often completely unusual results (like ours) did occur for no apparent reason. Sunday was spent recovering from the previous night's ordeal.

On Monday morning we began a slow journey by coach (top speed 30 m.p.h.) to an upland stream in Exmoor. Collections were made by placing nets in the water and kicking about the stones just upstream from it, any dislodged organisms being swept into it. Dissections of some of the larger insect larvae and a study of their gut contents were made in the laboratory, to determine what each feeds upon in its natural environment.

The last day's work involved studying the relationship between the different forms of a snail common in the area (*Cepea hortensis*) and two chosen habitats. Our results indicated that natural selection was taking place and affecting the relative numbers of the types that survived best.

The course proved most interesting and enjoyable due mainly to the efforts of Mr. Litterick who directed it, and Mrs. Cleary, who arranged our attendance and encouraged our efforts.

P. Durrans LVI (1)

The Senior Speech Trophy Competition

On the evening of Wednesday the seventh of May the school held its annual speech trophy competition. Mr. Dunham, chairman of the Phoenicians Society, took the chair. The audience who deigned to attend was particularly small, no more than about fifty and although the weather

was not at all pleasant, a larger gathering was anticipated and would have been appreciated.

Keith Barbrook opened the evening's entertainment with a speech about the 'End of Life'. This speech was obviously well prepared with good content and excellently delivered. Following Keith we had Diane Cowgill speaking about 'Guys and Dolls'. Again this was a very good speech with an outstanding vocabulary. Diane delivered the speech fluently and audibly and she expressed her views clearly but concisely. Peter Durrans was next speaking on the topic of 'Student Power'. This was a long speech and at times it was delivered rather stiltedly. Apart from this though Peter's speech was most interesting and often interspersed with humour. John Fenn spoke next on the subject of 'Religion in Schools'. The content of John's speech was excellent and it was presented very forcefully. John's speech was highly professional and well polished, obviously having been well planned. Martin Hewitt next gave us a long speech entitled, 'Too Much and Too Many'. After a 'shaky' beginning he warmed well to his task. Gerard Nolan spoke next about the 'End of Life'. Gerard relied somewhat on his notes but nevertheless argued well to produce an entertaining speech full of interesting ideas about this particular topic. Gerard's brother Thomas followed next and his speech was about 'A Modern Decalogue'. Thomas' speech was delivered in a clear and audible voice and was not too long. He kept well to the point and the result was a good concise speech. Gordon Powell was next to speak and his subject was 'Religion in Schools'. Gordon spoke confidently and clearly and his speech had an excellent content. This speech was delivered very smoothly and could easily be heard by people sitting at the back of the hall. David Reading next gave us a speech about 'Too Much and Too Many'. The content of David's speech was good but unfortunately his presentation was rather stumbling. David's sister, Marilyn, was last but one and her speech was about 'A Modern Decalogue'. This, like so many of the evening's speeches, was extremely good. The theme of the speech was well sustained and again the presentation was good. Louise Rogers concluded the speeches with an entertaining delivery upon the topic of 'A Modern Decalogue'. This speech was very well thought out and was full of humour all the way through.

The judges at this stage retired to decide upon the final placings. Not unexpectedly John Fenn won the competition with Marilyn Reading a worthy second. Peter Durrans took third place. Miss Carter, who was invited along to help judge the speeches then spoke about each of the speakers in turn offering praise and advice to the competitors. She especially bestowed praise upon Keith Barbrook expressing how close he came to taking third place. Miss Carter next said a few words about the speeches in general. She thought that the standard of English at Drayton Manor must be exceptionally high for so many good speeches to have been produced. Finally she expressed her gratitude at having been invited to help Dr. Evans and Mr. Johnson judge the competition. She said it had been an exciting and stimulating experience. Mr. Dunham ended the evening's entertainment by thanking Miss Carter for having attended to help adjudicate.

A. Offord. VB.

The Junior Speech Trophy Competition

This year's Junior Speech Trophy Competition was a very successful one. A large number of people volunteered to take part and proved to us that the competition can exist without House System. All of the speeches were

of a high standard and we were particularly encouraged to see so many competitors from the First Form; indeed the eventual winner was a first former, Jane Clegg, who gave a most entertaining speech on the subject Modern Gods.

Modern Gods

Madam Chairman, ladies, and gentlemen, today I am going to speak to you on the subject of modern gods.

Many thousands of years ago, the days of the week were named after the ancient gods. For example, we have Woden and Thor influencing the days Wednesday and Thursday. The gods of today are, when you think about it, very numerous, and I have made a guess at what the days of the week might be, if we let the names of some of today's gods influence the words.

The first day could be very easily changed, from simply Monday to Moneyday. As we all know, money plays a big part in our lives, and no matter how hard we try to escape from the fact, not all the best things in life are free. I nominate God Money as chief of the Gods.

Next comes Tuesday; again I would not make a very drastic change to the word, and I would call it Teleday, after God Television. A great many people watch television far too much, and they let it rule their lives. This is not good, but I'm afraid that I'm not one to preach about this because I'm always in front of the box myself. God Television is a very varied god, and he has something to please everyone, which is good, and the world, in my opinion, would be a boring place without him.

Speedday takes over from Wednesday. This suggests to me, people racing for the top, and increasing the speed of things every day. God Speed can be very useful for getting people to certain places on time, but he can also bring about tragic accidents. God Speed has also given us some wonderful achievements; for instance, if you can build a rocket and get up enough speed, you could land on the moon or something amazing like that.

Now for Thursday! Poor God Thor, chief of the gods, would cease to exist as well, and a suitable god to take over his place could be God Pop, who would have the day, Popday. God Pop is fast changing, and getting better all the time. He has a great many subjects called Pop Groups, and these make records which the human race like or don't like. God Pop and his subjects are mostly good, and they don't do any harm. They give the younger generation something to rave about and believe in. However, I am sure that if a popular pop group, told a fan to go and bury herself at the bottom of her garden, she would not hesitate to do just that, which shows that Pop can be a powerful god too.

The next is a goddess, who would replace Friday with Fashionday. Women, and men as well, will put up with many discomforts to keep up with Goddess Fashion's standards.

Just like God Pop, Goddess Fashion is always changing, bringing more people into her world every day. People who want to be 'in' with Goddess Fashion, will spend a great deal of God Money, and even go without God Television for her sake. Goddess Fashion is a harmless and successful Goddess.

Superday would take over from Saturday. God Super has a great many meanings, one could be soup, and another might be supermarkets, (you know, those big stores into which poor unsuspecting housewives are lured and bullied into spending the housekeeping). Superday is a weekend day, and so on that day, you would have a 'super' time. This would then lead on to Sunday, which I would rename Dropout Day, to get over all the events that God Super lays on. God Dropout is a peaceful, quiet, god who just lazes around watching God Television. He is to prepare for what the next Moneyday will bring on.

I expect you all think that my idea of a week is rubbish, but GOD what will happen next?

Jane Clegg 1C

First Aid Course

Each year, there are many accidents occurring both in the home and at school, and it is comforting that there are those amongst us who have a knowledge of elementary First Aid. This year we have been pleased that Mrs. R. Bareham of the 185th. (Hanwell) division of the St. John Ambulance Association has been able to give instruction in the Essentials of First Aid. The classes have been held on Wednesday afternoon between four and five o'clock and members of the third, fourth and fifth forms have attended.

Since the experiment has been successful as judged by the number of candidates who received certificates, the classes will continue during 1969/70

K. M. Woodall

The following people have taken and passed the

St. John Ambulance Essentials of First Aid Course

- | | |
|--|--|
| 3A Christine Condon
Gillian Horne
Janet Lepper | 4B Baker David
Boase Alain
Cooper Stephen
Barbara Roter
Yvonne Skipp
Lorraine Taylor
Yeo David |
| 3C Victoria Campbell
Susan Foster
Fraser Charles
Morris Reginald
Morris Trevor
Anne O'Loughlin | 4C Hill David
Nolan Paul
Anne Underwood |
| 4A Caroline Baruch
Elaine Mayhew
Susan Phelps
Joanne Ridley
Shutie Winston
Solinski Andrew
Deirdre White
Catriona Woolcombe | 5A Maureen Blackwell
Nolan Thomas
Linda Snell
Maria Wimbush
5B Paula Howse
Palmer John
Angela Williams |

Questions School-leavers ask us before they come and join us at the National Westminster



Q "Can I become *really* successful in banking?"

A If you call earning anything between £2,300 and £6,000-plus a year successful, yes. That's the kind of rarified air National Westminster management breathes.

Q "Will there be much routine?"

A Not much, and the higher you go the further away from it you'll get. Money is the fuel that powers peoples' lives and banking is as varied as life itself.

Q "Do I need to be good at maths?"

A Not necessarily. We have computers which are *very* good at maths, but we like you to be good at thinking.

Q "Will it be fun?"

A Well, people won't exactly be doing handsprings and blowing up coloured balloons all over the place. But they will be earning good money to buy clothes and holidays. Independence is fun. And so is working with bright and friendly people. And so is dealing with peoples' affairs. This is what banking is all about.

Q "Okay, what qualifications do I need?"

A A good G.C.E. and the energy to cut out this coupon or drop into any branch of the Group and ask to talk to the manager. Okay?

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The General Manager, Staff Control,
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41, Lothbury, London, E.C.2.

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

.....'Phone.....

I have G.C.E. "A".....
passes in these "O"
subjects:

This year I'm
also taking.....

Please tick

Send me appropriate literature

I am available for interview

TASK FORCE

September saw the initiation of new members from the Fourth Year into Task Force; we now have a record number! This, however, does not include the many who throughout the year have given valuable help and obtained satisfaction and pleasure in doing many important jobs. Among these are decorating, gardening, shopping and the Task Force Walk. This walk found great support in the lower school, who do not usually have the opportunity to participate in Task Force activities.

Last Christmas two large stores in West Ealing - Marks and Spencer and British Home Stores - arranged to stay open late for two evenings to enable old age pensioners to do their Christmas shopping at their own pace. Members of Task Force escorted some of these elderly people and assisted in choosing the gifts.

Decorating is one of the most popular Task Force activities. It is arranged for school holidays and I am sure that all who participate would agree that the relaxed atmosphere makes it most enjoyable.

Gardening, although one of the less popular activities, finds most support amongst the boys. However, more volunteers for this would be greatly appreciated.

The Annual Rotarian evening was held at the school in June. Once again the Rotarians offered to include the pensioners associated with the school through Task Force in their evening. This was very successful due to the pleasant drive in the country followed by a meal carefully prepared and organised by Mrs. Macintosh and entertainment provided by the Rotarians.

This brought to a close another very successful year under the supervision of Mrs. Cleary and Mrs. Shipley.

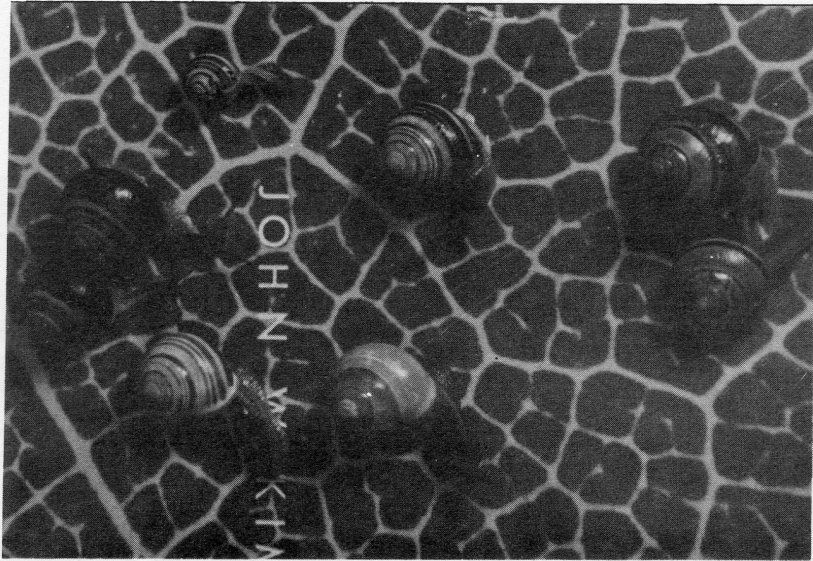
Anne Baruch)
Irene Blazewicz) U6
Susan Brown)

Autecology of *Cepea hortensis*

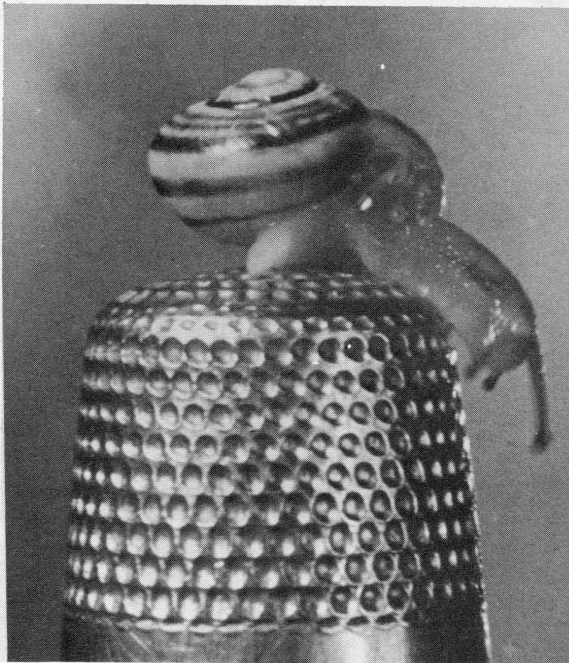
The work described in this account was carried out by a group of sixth-formers attending a course in ecology at the Leonard Wills Field Centre, Nettlecombe Court, Somerset, during May 1969. The course was directed by Mr. M. R. Litterick, B.Sc., assistant warden, whose interesting lectures enabled this article to be written.

Cepea hortensis is a species commonly known as the white-lipped garden snail, and is widespread in the area of Nettlecombe Court. The word 'autecology' in this context refers to the scientific study of this particular species in relationship to different habitats. The white-lipped garden snail varies greatly in its colouring and banding (fig. 1) as can be seen from the photographs opposite page , i.e. there are many different forms in the same species.

The purpose of our investigations was to determine how the different forms of *Cepea hortensis* varied in numbers in different habitats, and to try and explain any variations. Two habitats were selected; the first was patches of stinging nettles (growing thickly and tall without too much grass), the other was thick grass four hundred yards away, with no nettles. The procedure adopted, having



Polymorphic variations of *Cepaea Hortensis*



White-lipped garden snail

first established the presence of *C. hortensis* in the patch by a quick search, was to search thoroughly an approximately equal area in each habitat, collecting all varieties of *C. hortensis* found. This was more easily said than done, however, when some eager ecologists found themselves among stinging nettles without gloves! We then returned to the laboratory with our two separate 'catches' from each habitat. A total of ten groups each made a collection in both habitats. We carefully classified each example in turn according to its colour and from the results the scatter diagram in fig. 2 was constructed.

Thrushes are the natural predators of *C. hortensis*, and if the first three (upper) bands are missing the snail appears to be unbanded from the view a thrush would have. The results shown in fig. 2 indicate that the majority of *C. hortensis* found in both habitats were effectively banded and light (yellow) in colour. Since the genetic factors brown (dark) and unbanded (fused bands) are dominant over yellow (light) and banded (unfused bands), more dark unbanded types would be expected than the light-banded kind. This is due to the fact that if the former type mated with the latter type, most of the offspring would be of the brown unbanded type (the dominant genes). However, the brown unbanded types were not the most common, and an explanation for this anomaly had to be found. It was suggested that the process of natural selection could be playing a role in this balance of numbers. It appears that the yellow banded types are more successful in producing young which survive than the brown unbanded types, and so the former must be better adapted to their environment than the latter. Since the only differences between the types are their colouring and banding (various bands may be absent or fused), camouflage would seem to be the obvious consideration. Thus it would appear that the lighter banded snails are better camouflaged than the darker unbanded types, as the thrushes seem to have mainly overlooked the former whilst preying on the latter. This explanation seems reasonable if one considers that most of the light penetrating nettles or long grass is well diffused, making the banded shells merge with the undergrowth, whereas the unbanded types stand out from it. Similarly, the lighter (yellow) colour more closely resembles that of the habitat of *C. hortensis* than the dark brown. Therefore the thrushes are probably preying selectively upon the variants of *C. hortensis*, influencing their numbers by natural selection.

Further evidence to support this theory could probably be found if a study were to be made of the broken shells around a thrush's 'anvil' (the stone to which the bird returns every time it catches a snail, upon which it is broken open) and the distribution of the varieties of *C. hortensis* in the surrounding twenty yard radius area (the estimated maximum distance that a thrush will carry a snail to its 'anvil'.) Results from such a study should correspond to those obtained by our investigations, and would thus contribute proof that the numbers of the polymorphic variations of *Cepaea hortensis* are controlled by the process of natural selection.

Peter Durrans L. VI(i)



FILM SOCIETY

REVIEW 1968/69

Increased membership left us at the end of the second season with a large balance, which prompted us to obtain more films for the third season, making the total nine. The first was shown on October 31st and was entitled "The Heroes of Telemark." It was set in 1942 and concerned a desperate attempt, by a group of Norwegian Resistance fighters to destroy the Norsk Hydro heavy water plant, in the Rjukan Valley. The plant was being used by the Nazis in the race to perfect the first atomic weapons. This film included some scenic views of Norway with fancy skiing and a distinguished cast which was headed by Kirk Douglas, Richard Harris, Michael Redgrave and Eric Porter, of "The Forsyte Saga" fame. A good colourful action-packed adventure story.

"On the Beach" was adapted from a good novel by Nevil Shute, dealing with the human reactions of a few people waiting for an atomic dust cloud to reach them. The cast included Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner, Fred Astaire and Anthony Perkins who made the best of the material in this rather bad film. Stanley Kramer who directed "Death of a Salesman" by Arthur Miller, failed miserably on this occasion. He chose a vast, deserted, international setting to underline the emptiness of atomic warfare, and I believe this was wrong for three reasons: the basic idea was a study and the setting should have been confined to the house in Australia where the film opened; if the setting was international a few dead people should have been shown; the major part of the film should not have been pivoted on the investigation of the incomprehensible bleeps radiating from the United States. I am afraid I found it disappointing.

"East of Eden" was the film version of the novel by John Steinbeck. I have never read the book so consequently I am unqualified to comment on the adaptation. The publicity handout stated that it was not easy or comfortable to watch because of its subject. Set in the First World War period, the plot concerned Calab's (James Dean) efforts to gain his father's (Raymond Massey) affection and interest. This is a complex story delving into the emotions and inter-relationships of people in a predicament created by their environment and themselves. The best performances were by Julie Harris, Raymond Massey and there was a fair but slightly immature performance by James Dean. Elia Kazan did a good job as director in creating an atmosphere of intense depression and despair of the era and people with ingeniously "seedy" sets. Unfortunately the film was made more depressing by the rather dark black and white copy of the film that we received.

Some of the committee were a bit apprehensive about the likely turn out for our January film "Some Like it Hot", because the B.B.C. chose it as a Christmas highlight. Any fears were diminished by the large audience, some trying to recapture the magic the film radiated, others enjoying it for the first time. It was one of the funniest films that I have seen for years. It starred Tony Curtis, Jack Lemmon and that vivacious blonde, the late Marilyn Monroe. The plot revolved around two musician's played by Tony and Jack, who unwittingly witnessed a St. Valentine's Day-type massacre. They manage to elude the leader Spatz (George Raft), by impersonating female musicians and joining an all girls' band. Here they meet Sugar (Marilyn Monroe) and the rest of the film concerns the affection Tony has for Sugar and the men's illusion act. Billy Wilder satirises the female shape with subtlety and finesse without vulgarity. He also manages to coax a good performance from M. M., who was very obnoxious during the making, owing to personal matters.

The music was the only reason that motivated me to see "A Hard Day's Night" and it was its only attraction. Songs like the title one and "She Loves You" are odd, but they brought back memories and were just fun to listen to. This was also a chance to see the Beatles in more recognizable circumstances in the light of their recent appearances. Unfortunately their antics were not as funny as intended, which was disappointing because the scripting was by Alun Owen, who wrote the brilliant trilogy for "Saturday Night Theatre", screened on television this year. Significant performances were produced by Wilfred Bramble as Paul's grandfather, and Victor Spinetti as the effeminate television producer.

Using the criminal file recount technique, the 1967 film "The St. Valentine's Day Massacre", retraces the incidents that lead up to the event. Authentic dates, times and family backgrounds were commented in this slightly glossy film. Jason Robards, played Al Capone and George Segal one of his gangster opponents. An unnecessarily violent film which must have used gallons of tomato sauce!

Completely authentic locations were used in the filming of "Electra", a Greek tragedy by Euripides. In my opinion, it was the best film of the year and deserved a larger audience. Agamemnon, a war hero, returns to be murdered by his wife Clytemnestra and her lover, Aegisthus. His children Orestes and Electra are bound by code to avenge his death. To prevent this Orestes is sent away and Electra confined to a tower until she is married off to a peasant farmer. Later the children meet, plan and murder Clytemnestra and Aegisthus and are consequently exiled from the village.

Irene Papas from the "Guns of Navarone" played Electra, and the other parts were taken by internationally unknown Greek actors. Director Michael Cacoyannis wisely chose the dusty locations, and also made the film in black and white, which underlined the intense hatred the children had for the murderers. To execute this poignant plot, he employed more actions and facial expressions instead of speech, thus creating a universal appeal.

Music and photography are used to best advantage, particularly in the sequence when the children murder their mother. Horror and disgust are sensations created by the unusual camera angles and the icy soul-searching music. Surprisingly, we see nothing of the victim and little of the assailants. I am sorry for those who missed this fine, dramatic film.

"Viva Maria", was the last film of the season and for me was a complete flop. I believe it had a rather vague plot, and no cinematic value or appeal. The film continually exploits the physical magnetism of Brigitte Bardot and Jeanne Moreau, together with trivial jokes to bind it. It opens with Brigitte and Jeanne as young girls, blowing up bridges and buildings for some obscure reason.

Due to circumstances the two, now grown and howl, perform a semi-striptease song and dance act, which is part of a Vaudeville troupe. The film employs this act several times with fatal results. After a tangle with some ruffians the plot dissipates completely. The next intelligible sequence depicts a full scale revolution, led by the girls! Again the purpose is unknown. The girls' side is apparently victorious and the two are declared saints, which was received inhospitably by the church. They are abducted by the High Priest who unsuccessfully attempts to have them tortured. This accounts for the only witty scene. Finally, there is a showdown (I do not know why) and the Vaudeville leader uses his gun to fire around corners and the magician employs a dove to drop grenades on the opposition, in order to win.

I hope that during the third season we presented a wide choice of films which satisfied the varying tastes of the majority of members. We wish good viewing and enjoyment for our fourth season members.

Patrick Lau LV1 (2).

Some Like it Hot

The almost-plausible plot involves two musicians (Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon) accidentally witnessing the murder of one gang by another gang of gangsters headed by 'Spats'. Fleeing out of terror for their lives (Spats dislikes live witnesses) they join an all girls' band, disguising themselves as Daphne and Josephine. Also on the train to Florida in Sweet Sue's band is Marilyn Monroe. There is a grand finale with Spats being himself liquidated, Tony Curtis (disguised yet again, this time as head of Shell Oil) eloping with Marilyn Monroe, and Daphne being engaged to a millionaire (male !)

The jokes come so fast that unless you control your laughter you miss too many of them. The superb acting and 1929 background have the effect of making the film seem brand new and not ten years old. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon come out at their best and in fact the film is the best one I have seen from the U.S.A. and is in sharp contrast to 'On the Beach', the flop of the season.

No review of the film would be complete without mentioning Marilyn Monroe. She added the absolute in glamour and in her last song the soft music, her soft voice, low-neckline dress and super looks had a magnetic effect. It is easy to see why she ranks with the late Jayne Mansfield.

The accompanying shorts were 'The Rope Trick' and 'What Happened to Uncle Fred', the second of which was infinitely better than the 'Mickey Mouse' offerings of the past and on a par with the charming East European shorts also shown before.

David Ingleby. 5.A.

"The Battleship Potemkin"

Sergei Eisenstein, a twenty-seven year old producer, was entrusted by the Soviet Government in 1925 to make a film to commemorate the 20th anniversary of the first Russian revolution of 1905. With cameraman Eduard Tisse, assistant - producers Alexandrov, Shtraukh and others, he first planned to cover all the major events of the 1905 Revolution, including a piece about the mutiny on the Battleship Count Potyomkin-Tavrichesky (the 'Potemkin'). However, during conversations with people who had taken part in the revolutionary events, Eisenstein was overwhelmed by the tragic pathos of the uprising, and decided to base his film entirely on the events in Odessa, thereby sacrificing a detailed history in favour of an artistic interpretation. Lenin's appraisal of the events in Odessa was decisive for Eisenstein.

"The tremendous significance of the recent events in Odessa lies precisely in the fact that, for the first time, an important unit of the armed force of tsarism - a battleship - has openly gone over to the side of the revolution."

Before filming could start, a suitable battleship to represent the Potemkin had to be found. Military consultants suggested the battleship Twelve Apostles, which was being used as an ammunition dump. Having moved the vessel, which was in danger of exploding at any moment, to a position where the shoreline was out of sight, and restoring the outline of the Potemkin's superstructure, Eisenstein began filming.

First shown in December 1905, the film opens with a huge wave smashing against a stone jetty. Lenin called 1925 the waves of the revolution, "the heralds of the approaching storm". The grim scenes of humiliation in the sailors mess and the mounting smouldering anger are followed by the tense scene when the sailors are herded on the ship's stern to be shot, but the rifles of the guards at the ready waver opposite the slightly-stirring tarpaulin covering the group of sailors.

"Brothers, you are not going to shoot them, are you!" cries Vakulinchuk. The tension was broken and the sailors hurled themselves into action: the officers were thrown overboard, the surgeon's pince-nez dangled from the yard-arm, and Vakulinchuk was killed in a fight with an officer.

The scene of impetuous action on the battleship switches to the scene on the misted shore. For the first time, the world cinema witnessed the large-scale, breathtaking scenes of the quayside, bridges and long jetty swarming with angry crowds.

The red flag is hoisted to the Potemkin masthead, and as colour film had not then been developed, the red was painted by hand on each copy of the film! Skiffs speed across the bay to the battleship with greetings, food parcels and presents for the sailors from the townsfolk. Festive crowds throng the quayside and the famous Odessa steps running down to the sea. Then comes the terror. Ranks of soldiers advance down the steps firing repeated volleys on the unarmed crowd. At the foot of the steps, the fleeing crowd is met by galloping Cossacks, lashing out with whips and sabres.

The mounting tempo of the scene and the fate of the people has provided food for thought for critics and producers ever since. A panic-stricken mother rushes up the stairs with a dead child in her arms to meet its killers. A young mother is struck down by a bullet, sending the pram with her baby careering down the steps. It goes faster and faster, rolling over the dead bodies.

Then the battleship's guns open fire on the generals' H.Q. The house and gate crash down in a cloud of smoke and dust.

A squadron of warships under the Admiral's flag summoned to finish off the rebellious battleship, is steaming "half speed ahead" across the Black Sea. "Battle Stations" is sounded aboard the battleship. The heart of the battleship and those of its crew beat in unison. Everyone is ready to die rather than surrender.

Once again the slowly-mounting tension is broken by an outburst of joy. The squadron refuses to open fire. The overjoyed sailors rush out on deck, waving their caps, laughing and shouting. The huge towering bows of the Potemkin, taken from a very low angle, move slowly towards the audience. It seems to sail straight out of the screen and into history. Revolution proves invincible in the end of the film, which, although a bold experiment in cinema art, is simple, clear and understandable for every cinemagoer. This is what makes it immortal.

The film provoked a political scandal in Germany, the first country to buy it, and was banned by the censors on the grounds that it was "part of the full-scale revolutionary propoganda, teaching the tactics of uprisings" and "instigated personnel of the armed forces to mutiny".

In the U.S.A. in 1926, it had a mixed reception. Typical of the many enthusiastic comments made about it is the following:

" 'The Battleship Potemkin' is the best film ever made", said Charlie Chaplin. The crew of the Dutch ship Seven Provinces are said to have rebelled against their officers after seeing the film.

Eisenstein's later films, including 'October' and 'Alexander Nevsky' followed in the wake of 'Potemkin', which has had a sound track added to it and still proves popular. 'The Battleship Potemkin' impresses and inspires by its revolutionary pathos, historical truth and perfect artistic form.

P. Durrans L.VI (i)



'Spacemen' by Barbara Trevarthan 2B

DRAMA SECTION

THE ALCHEMIST

Last year's school play was a production of Ben Jonson's classic critique of avarice, 'The Alchemist', by the well-known team of Miss Bracken and Miss Snow. This brave choice called for great expertise in the players and it was unfortunate that the cast, especially some of the leading actors, by virtue of their youth and inexperience, only attained the required cracking pace without loss of clear enunciation on the last night of the production. However, if the first performances lacked the panache of the last, there was much to enjoy in both the production and the acting at each of the performances.

Stephen Hinton, in his first leading role as Subtle, the alchemist and wry exploiter of avarice, maintained a performance of cheerful and unflinching, if somewhat unsubtle, exuberance. His vigorous resourcefulness managed to create a good effect of spontaneity and alertness, ever ready to use the greed of others to line his own pocket. Angela Williams made a promising debut as Dol Common, and was especially hilarious in the mantle of the Queen of Faery and in her gibberish tirade. Her enunciation was perfectly clear from the first night and her generally well-judged performance balanced perfectly with Hinton's Subtle and Martin Hewitt's reliable, if uninspired reading of Face.

Keith Barbrook was a noteworthy sceptic, Surly, although he tended to appear somewhat less than abashed in the face (?) of Hewitt's triumph. Norman Brown was an excellent and sadly all-too-ephemeral Lovewit. Here was a fine piece of casting and acting. Nigel Wake, Joe Jakubowski, Colin Bowler, and Roy Cooper provided good support with portrayals which improved with each performance.

However, from the very first, the real scene-stealers on each night in performances of sheer hell-fire and brimstone dynamism were David Reading as Tribulation and Gerard Nolan as Ananias. Their scenes were especially well received by the audiences. Although the added tribulation of a nonconformist hat increased the visual humour, Reading did not really need this concomitant adornment to win the audience's appraisal. Both he and Nolan, with his vehement blasts of righteous wrath against popery, were an outright success. Their diction was never less than perfect.

The producers and the designer, Mr. Clarke, had worked hard to make the most of an ingenious set which provided two acting areas divided by lighting changes. Miss Bracken and Miss Snow exploited these two areas to the full in a production which aimed at accentuating the visual comedy in an attempt to illustrate the extremely difficult text of Jonson's play. The larger left-hand acting area provided an excellently intimate stage for soul-searching and shaking off mis-givings prior to confrontation with Subtle.

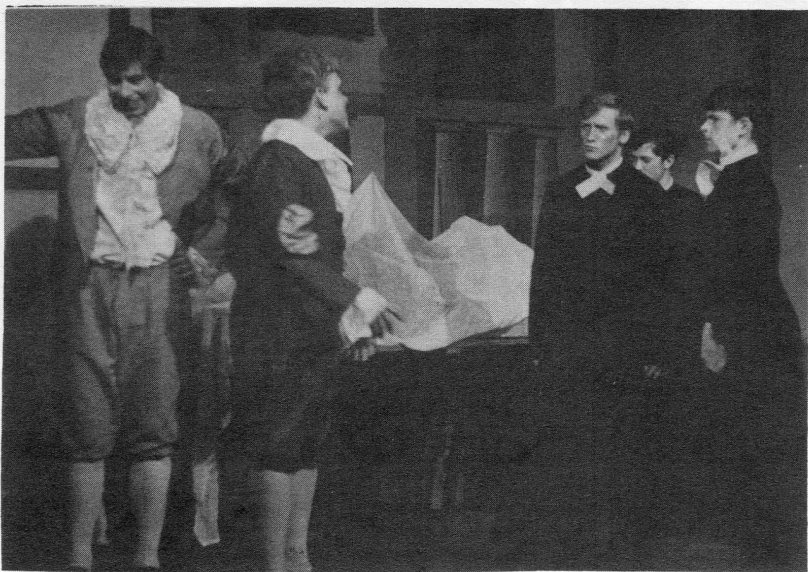
The producers had obviously done their utmost to achieve a constant rhythm and speed throughout the performance and this unfortunately resulted in a loss of clear diction. Clarity of enunciation is essential in any play but especially so in a period play of the linguistic complexity of 'The Alchemist'.

Otherwise this was an enjoyable production which increased in dash and sparkle with each performance. The costumes were well designed by the producers and

Scenes from "The Alchemist"



Left to right, K. Barbrook, S. Hinton, N. Wake



Left to right, M. Hewitt, N. Brown, G. Nolan,
T. Nolan, D. Reading

made by an unusually large body of seamstresses. The lighting and scenic effects were of their usual excellence, for which thanks are due to Mr. Jewell, his stage manager, Anthony Phipps, whose last production this was, all their stage, lighting, and sound assistants, and last but not least, Mr. Gaskell, for his display of amazing pyrotechnic virtuosity. With all due respect to the stage crew it must be noted that the hand that was to be seen from time to time switching on Drucker's hieroglyphics only added to the knavishness of Subtle's deception.

One final vote of thanks must go to our retiring House manager, Richard Curtis, who alone has remained calm and unflustered in many a crisis and whose capable handling of business matters under the guidance of Mr. Grant has relieved many a shoulder of irksome arrangements and problems.

The list of names of people connected with this production is too long to mention here and so I shall restrict myself to thanking them all on behalf of the producers, the stage director, and Dramatic Society, for their help in realising this difficult play.

D.H.A.

THE MURDER OF MARIA MARTEN

OR

THE RED BARN

"A triumph of imaginative interpretation" is a true assessment of this production. The play itself is trite and lacking in literary value; in the hands of Miss Cracknell it came to life with astonishing verve.

From the very beginning, the entrance of the Victorian rabble and the distinguished guests, Mrs. Jewell, Miss Lees, Mr. Cherry and Mr. Kurt, (an innovation most happily conceived by Miss Cracknell) linked the melodrama with the twentieth century audience; and the suitably-Victorian presence of the House Manager, (Mr. Crowe) added verisimilitude to the occasion. (Was that pewter mug always empty?)

In the early part of the play Nell Hatfield (the gipsy) played by Miss Williams, assured the continuity of the action, and a very convincing gipsy she was too, alive and malignant with a Celtic-Romany fire and fury. Beside her poor, deluded Maria (Miss Bracken) shone with an even sweeter innocence, typical of the purity of the rustic villagers of the nineteenth century, and an easy prey to the scheming, ruthless, villainous seducer. We were led to believe that these simple people saw, heard, thought no evil, devoted their lives to family living, good, plain fare, honest ale, country ditties, and making the untidiest Maypoles ever found in rural England. Of course, if ever a girl asked for trouble, Maria did, and it says much for Miss Bracken's interpretation that the pathos came over the footlights.

Tim Bobbin, brilliantly played by Mr. Mulliner, set the audience rocking with laughter; he was the wry epitome of the stage yokel and, in a consistent performance we remember particularly, his pogo-stick-like movements, his mime with the baby, his rounded eyes and his dress, his cowardly valour and sheer clowning, daft sagacity.

Rosa Post (Mrs. Sosabowska) gave a fine display of straight-faced ham acting, Petra Andrews (Mrs. Shipley) nobly supporting her. We must congratulate the detective Pharos Lee (M. Gallet) on his debut on the English stage and assure him that he had just enough of a foreign accent to be truly sinister. Mrs. Marten (Miss Snow) has a sad part to play; it is her conviction that her daughter has been murdered that leads to the discovery of the body in the Red Barn. This part Miss Snow filled admirably, though it offered little scope for interpretation as a matronly weeper. We saw only enough of Johnny Badger to be able to recognise him as Mr. Muller. Fraulein Lang made a brief appearance as Corder's maid. From what we saw we could have wished she had stayed longer! Miss Woodall, as Meg Bobbin, was inevitably overshadowed by her brother, Tim. Miss Davies, as Anne Marten, Maria's sister, gave a very charming performance, particularly in her duet with Tim.

Did a more villainous villain ever tread the English stage than William Corder, played by Mr. Adams? We doubt it. His flashing eye, the sinister sweep of his cloak, his whole-hearted devotion to seduction and murder, his complete selfishness, the excellent clarity of his diction, all marked out this performance as one far better than the best to be found in amateur theatricals. Of Mr. Adams we have learned to expect much; he did not disappoint us as the central character in this melodrama.

And the man who brought him to justice? No other than the honest rustic father of the sweet, deflowered, innocent Maria, Thomas Marten, played with a rare sincerity and passion by our accomplished actor, Mr. Grant who in the discovery scene in the Red Barn wept real tears and moved his audience to the willing suspension of disbelief. No-one will begrudge Mr. Grant his triumph; we offer him our sincere congratulations.

Our visits to other theatres make us appreciate how fortunate we are in this school to have not only the means of staging a first-class play but, more important than that, the highly-skilled people to do it. Our Stage Director, Mr. Jewell, is a past master at the art and he has built up a fine team of assistants. Mr. Clarke admirably designed the costumes and settings; we do not forget the brilliance of the scene in the Red Barn, where the simple shadow of a rafter-beam against a red glow most sinisterly suggested the cursed building. On such strokes of compressed inspiration the play abounded.

The modesty of our Mr. H is too well-known to need stressing. The exacting work he did with the musical interpretation and his training of the orchestra added tremendously to the value of this performance.

"The murder of Maria Marten" will be long remembered as a most cunningly contrived mixture of melodrama and burlesque; from the most unpromising material the inspiration of the producer, Miss Cracknell, and her assistants, produced a first-class entertainment employing the full range of the talents in which the school abounds.

R. E-J.

THE MURDER OF MARIA MARTEN

Those who ventured to see it, I commend for their bravery; to those who missed it, I extend my heartfelt sympathy, for it was an amazing, if disturbing, experience. The "it" referred to is the Staff Play: "The Murder of Maria Marten", performed on May 20th, 21st, 22nd.

To say it was extremely funny would be an understatement; to say it was supposed to be that funny would be presumptuous.

I feel it my duty as a witness of this memorable episode in the history of Drayton Manor Dramatic Society to reveal the overall effect of the play on the unsuspecting audience. Perhaps the blow will be less severe if I give my opinion first.

Entertainment-wise I think it was one of the best productions I have seen. I believe, more firmly than ever, that Mr. Adams is a wasted talent. Even when not speaking, he was convincing in his every move and twirling his moustache gave him an astonishingly evil air. However, there is always someone who steals the show. In "The Imaginary Invalid" it was Mr. Behmber; in "Maria Marten" it was Mr. Mulliner. It is true that he had some good lines, but even without them, his mere appearance would have been enough to convulse the audience. I must congratulate Miss Bracken on the way she resisted what must have been a very powerful urge to giggle, when a wide-eyed Tim Bobbin leapt all of three feet in the air in a fit of jealousy. While the audience and Mr. Bobbin rocked with laughter, she managed to remain composed, though with some difficulty, I believe, until the crisis had passed.

There was one scene, however, which Mr. Mulliner's clowning did not steal: Maria's murder scene. This was excellent. The performances by Miss Bracken and Mr. Adams approached and often reached professional standards. Despite the melodrama, I found myself sympathising with poor Maria and hating that evil, corrupt, lecherous brute Corder, (poor Mr. Adams, type-cast again).

As far as I have been able to ascertain, the only thing generally considered wrong with the play was that it was a little too long. Whether this opinion was influenced by licensing hours I am not at liberty to say.

I liked the simplicity of the sets very much and found that along with the pit-mob and the ladies and gentlemen in the box, it added the authenticity of a Victorian Performance. Mr. Jewell and his assistants once more excelled themselves with lighting effects, especially in the forest scenes.

Miss Williams as Nell Hatfield was perfectly cast; her costume was very colourful, and Mr. Grant as the grief-stricken father of Maria acted with great conviction.

Although on the first night Mrs. Sosabowska lacked conviction as the grief-stricken friend of the murdered Nell Hatfield, I think (I hope) her bored attitude had become intentional by the third night. She had the audience in hysterics and showed a natural flair for comedy.

The music fitted the mood of the various scenes and characters and added even more to the authenticity of the production.

Solid backing was given by all the supporting performers and the pit-mob hissed and wept with great sincerity.

To balance the dramatic quality of the production, there were many amusing highlights, culminating on the last night with Mr. Mulliner comparing the hairless head of Maria's poor child with that of a certain member of the French department.

On the first night, Pharos Lee, the representative of law and order (even sanity) in the play, should have been called in, in act three, scene two, to investigate the mysterious case of the disappearing gun. Mr. Mulliner vaguely attempted to conceal the error with:

"Eer! Wat's this oi' see? There should be a pup pf a gun!" or words to that effect.

At one point, when words like 'carnality' and 'perfidious' were met by "oohs" and "aaahs" from the pit-mob and bangings of Mr. Crowe's hammer, the scene was reminiscent of "The Good Old Days", and with identities like "Mr. Corder, the Squire's son", "Maria Marten, the Rustic's daughter", and "Mr. Crowe, the House Manager", the cast list resembled a Happy Family card pack.

I hope the cast enjoyed performing this play as much as I enjoyed watching it. Thank you Miss Cracknell, Mr. Herrera and all concerned for leaving me with such a beautiful, if slightly ludicrous, memory of Drayton Manor Staff.

Susan Chambers UV1

JUNIOR DRAMA CLASS

Our chief disappointment at the beginning of this year was to discover that we had been deserted by several promising actors and actresses, who must have felt that such activities were beneath the dignity of their status as members of the third form. Fortunately we retained some of our eager first year participants who were joined by keen enthusiasts from the present first form.

The pattern of initial breathing and relaxation exercises has been the same as in the previous year and we have tried several simple and varied improvisations on unoriginal themes such as watching a tennis match and escaping from prison.

A more complicated exercise was a highly successful chainimprovisation. To begin with, one pupil is chosen to mime an action and the next person has to continue this dumb show by improvising another action suggested by the first person's mime, and so on. In this way we built up an extremely interesting scene which included an unpleasant incident in a restaurant kitchen, a monotonous episode in the life of a dustman, which was so tedious that, in an unguarded moment, he knocked over a child on a zebra crossing, the scolding of the child prior to her demise by an irate mother, and the "arresting" capture of the transgressor by a vigilant police officer and his fellow patrolman.

The actors soon found that they were resorting to a dialogue which was extremely well-suited to the various situations.

Classes had to be cancelled during rehearsals for the staff play, but it is hoped that classes will continue now until the end of term. Our main enterprise will be to try and continue work on a thirty-minute mime play which we began just before classes were discontinued in the Spring term.

Meetings will begin again in September and we look forward to gaining the support of new pupils as well as that of the faithful who have graced our meetings with their presence.

D.H.A.

A CAREER WITH A WORLD-WIDE ORGANISATION

If you are interested in joining a progressive group of companies, whose vigorous expansion is constantly creating opportunities for young people, please write to Roy Spiers, Group Training and Education Officer, at 345 Ruislip Road, Southall, Middlesex.



TAYLOR WOODROW

THE WORLD-WIDE TEAM OF ENGINEERS AND CONSTRUCTORS

THE STAGE CREW

Stage Manager: Peter Durrans

Assistant Stage Manager: Evan Griffiths

Stage Carpenters: Ian Dodd, Alasdair Horn, John Palmer

Lighting: Gordon Powell, Robert Brandreth, Graham Trevarthen

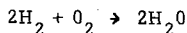
Assistants: Glyn Watkins, David Thurston

Ben Johnson's play 'The Alchemist' was the first production involving the Dramatic Society Stage Crew in December 1968. A glance at the programme reveals the amount of scene changing involved:

Act I		Lovewit's House
	Interval	
Act II	Scene I	Lovewit's House
	Scene II	Outside Lovewit's House
	Scene III	Lovewit's House

Unable to demonstrate their talents for lightning-fast scene changes, the Stage Crew devoted their abilities to the production of special effects requiring split-second timing, an art in which they have become highly skilful. Worthy of special mention was the production of lighted figures upon a seemingly solid wall (the figures representing a bell, man, cloak, and dog). The result of this special effect (produced in co-operation with the art department) could be described as nothing short of miraculous, although the actor concerned did tarnish the result during one performance by failing to keep pace with the Crew's rapid changes:

"Resounding cracks" were also provided by courtesy of the Stage Crew, thanks to the loan of a starting pistol and a mixture of two parts of hydrogen to one of oxygen. As everyone with an elementary knowledge of chemistry knows, these two gases react according to the following equation:



When mixed together in a large plastic bottle in the correct 2:1 ratio, with a lighted splint placed at the open end, the gases combine with a violent reaction'. (This particular effect was kindly provided by Mr. T. Gaskell, the renowned explosives expert). Following the ear-splitting explosions, great smoke poured forth from the upstage centre staircase, to represent 'All the works..... in fumo'. Again, a slight error of calculation resulted in 'smoke without fire', so to speak, during an early performance, but the problem was soon remedied.

The only change of scenery was produced by staging Act I Scene ii on the forestage, with the curtains closed, most of the other effects being largely produced by lighting changes. Although much effort went into the construction of the fixed set, there was little work during the performances themselves.

The staff play of May 1969 was "The Murder of Maria Marten" (or "The Red Barn"), a Victorian melodrama by Brian J. Burton based on various anonymous texts. In high contrast to the previous play, this production involved over twelve scene changes, the majority of which were accomplished during blackouts (a Stage Crew speciality'). The open set was basically simple, consisting of a second level upstage, with pieces of foliage and a beam suspended on ropes, enabling them to be raised and lowered;

bushes and trees, tree stumps and a mound being carried or pushed on and off, and various other items of furniture for the interior scenes.

The curtain opened to reveal the cast dancing round a maypole upstage centre, which, due to its unstable construction, was supported by an actress! The performances produced some notable highlights such as when Tim Bobbin (played by Mr. Mulliner) called out to Thomas Marten (Mr. Grant) that he had found a gun, but this property was not in position when he stooped to pick it up, and so he began to search for it again, convinced that it was 'here somewhere' (ad libitum). Various other minor mishaps went undetected by most of the audience, and any mistakes that were noticed merely added to the enjoyment of the production by inviting audience participation. An example of this was when a chair mysteriously appeared in the wood scene, having remained from the previous cottage set. Cries of "You've forgotten the chair" greeted those backstage and the eventual removal of this item produced a round of applause! The efforts made by the retired Stage Manager, Anthony Phipps, helping out at short notice in the unavoidable absence of Durrans and Griffiths, were much appreciated.

Members of the Stage Crew also assisted with the production of the comic opera "Tom Jones", by the Southall Operatic Company at Greenford Hall in April 1969.

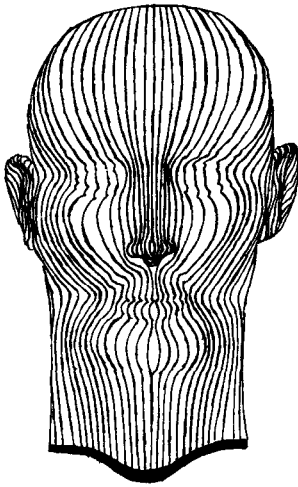
I am sure that everyone on the Stage Crew enjoyed their work and appreciate the efforts of Mr. Jewell, who always plans the construction work to keep everyone busy!

P. Durrans LVI i.

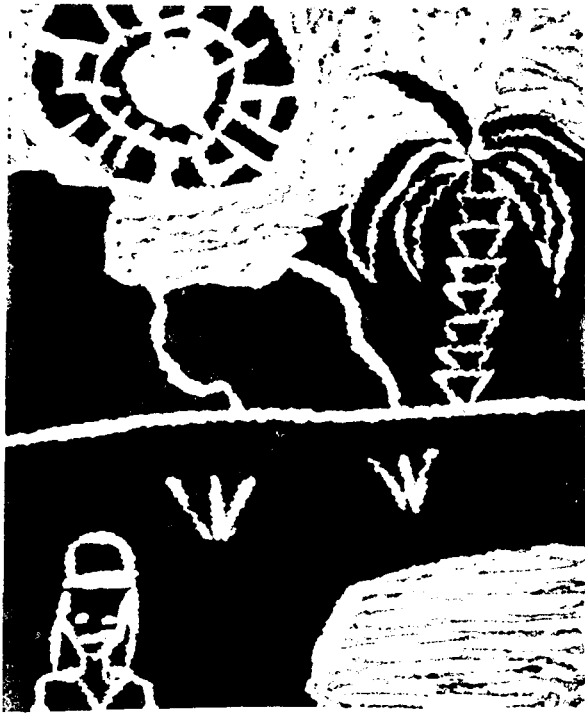
Lighting Department

The Alchemist gave the lighting department of the stage crew their first real chance to use the new switchboard that had been installed earlier in the year. Fortunately The Alchemist did not call upon any complicated lighting changes so the crew were able to adapt themselves to the new system gradually. The staging of the staff play in May did, however, pose certain problems to the lighting department, as the Senior Electrician, Gordon Powell, was unable to render his full assistance due to impending G.C.E. examinations. Robert Brandreth and the newly-appointed assistant, Graham Trevarthen, were thus called upon to deal with a play with a rather complicated lighting plot containing over eighty lighting cues. They did, however, manage to cope very competently, under the watchful eye of Mr. Jewell, of course.

G. Powell 5C.



'Head' by C. R. Buddell L6(6)



'Egypt'

ORIGINAL WORK

Student Power

(based on a speech for the Senior Speech Trophy competition)

Student militancy in Britain is an expanding force, the aims of which are partly represented by the slogan 'Student Power'. This means, initially, power to change, to work for progress, and then to participate in the control of the situation first, in the higher education system itself, and secondly, in society in general.

Quite apart from its real political significance, the growth in student militancy has provoked an orgy of startled comment and speculation from the mass-media by its dramatic reversal of the stereotype of the British student as a well-ordered, respectful and submissive potential blackleg. Student power challenges the academic structure and, by implication, the social order. Its immediate target is the academic powers-that-be, but ultimately the political ones. Its conception is that students, constituting the overwhelming mass of 'manpower' in the educational system, and conscious of its shortcomings, should act as an independent force, taking direct action where necessary and winning positions of influence and control inside the academic framework in order to fight for its transformation. Before advances can be gained, however, it is necessary to understand the faults of the present system.

The system of higher education is hierarchical, reflecting class divisions. Access is restricted to meet only the most urgent needs of a society increasingly dominated by monopoly capitalism, which is concerned to produce specialists on the cheap. This has led to a distortion of the educational process, as many staff and students are becoming aware, to a narrowing of the content of education, to a stress on mass teaching methods and in some subjects, to a rigid structure of courses, reinforced by an equally rigid system of examinations. Authoritarian methods of control, although being modified in some institutions, remain widespread.

Again, students, who are essentially no more than people in training for skilled and specialised occupations, are treated as recipients of charity and forced to subsist on an inadequate and means-tested grant. Furthermore, the education dispensed is more than simply an academic or technical training; it is fully in conformity with the needs and demands of this society and aims to indoctrinate certain attitudes and assumptions which have nothing to do with education, but plenty to do with fitting students to be skilled and submissive defenders of the social and political status quo.

It is the contrast of these sordid realities with the official image of 'academic freedom' and 'student privilege' which is becoming apparent to growing numbers of students. Student power challenges this situation, and calls on those at the receiving end to make their voices heard and their strength felt for reforming the system not simply for their own benefit, but to open the doors of higher education to everybody.

Having described briefly the faults of the situation at present, the next logical step is to provide alternative solutions.

All who qualify for a place in an institution of higher education should receive one. Every effort must be made to improve the opportunities of working-class children, and universities and colleges should be expanded to meet this demand. This improvement is immediately necessary as in 1968, 20,000 students who qualified for university education were unable to find a place, though some went to colleges of education which have recently expanded, and to colleges of technology. Yet despite this, the Government has heavily cut agreed expenditure essential for new buildings in higher education.

The content of education should be revised to enhance its educational value, rid it of distortions and emphasise the human origins and uses of knowledge. A revision of teaching methods is also required. Criticism is now being levelled at traditional techniques, such as an excessive reliance on the lecture system, and new forms of group discussion, project, research or thesis work, are starting to develop. The staff and students concerned should study the problems and determine the methods best adapted to particular courses, and to the overall need, for discovering the most effective methods of teaching and learning.

The examination system is also sharply criticised by students and others, under which the student is usually assessed only on the results of a single examination taken at the end of the course, consisting mainly of written papers upon which students are classified and which powerfully determines a student's future. I share the view that the main object of assessment should be not so much to place the student in a particular category (first, second etc.) at the end of his course, but to assist that student in making his own assessment of progress made during the course, so that he can consciously improve his work as a student. Furthermore, the failure of a student should not be seen so much as an individual failing, but as one for which the institution itself bears a responsibility. Such failure should be regarded as a challenge to remedy the situation, rather than taking the easy way out by ejecting those who do not succeed.

Universities and colleges should be run democratically instead of the present situation in which the control is monopolised by the senior academics and administrators who are so often out of touch with affairs in their own institutions.

Firstly, in order to bring these institutions more closely in contact with the people, much greater representation on governing bodies should be given to popular democratic organisations - trade unions, the co-operative movement, local teacher and professional organisations, the staff and students of the institutions, and representatives of local and regional authorities. I believe that such bodies have a greater right to representation than the interests of finance and big businesses, who to-day often dominate the lay governing bodies of universities and technical colleges.

These organisations have important roles to play in the planning and development of higher education as well as in the control of financial matters.

Secondly, the internal organisation of the university or college should be under the control of all who work in it. This includes all teachers whether in senior or junior appointments, students, research workers, technicians

and other staff. Details of this change, which is already beginning, should be worked out for each individual institution. Recent dismissals of staff and students at the London School of Economics and elsewhere underline the importance for the establishment of adequate disciplinary procedures agreed by staff and students, to protect them from such arbitrary action.

Students should be regarded as doing a job equivalent to other sections of youth, and must be adequately financed. They should be paid a sum sufficient to prevent families suffering because of their decision to continue full-time education. There seems to be a remarkable contrast between the Lacey Committee's view of adult status at eighteen, the Labour Government's intention of introducing votes at eighteen, and the practice by which students are financially tied to their parents until the age of twenty-five. It is extremely important to move from a grants system to a wages system of student maintenance, for without an adequate system of finance, all proposals for reform will be ineffective.

Finally, there can be no doubt that the problem of capitalist education existing in this country is not going to be solved apart from the question of capitalism itself. The attitude among progressive students is that as advances are won through student power and organisation, as students mobilise on an expanding scale to protect and promote their legitimate interests, this fact will become increasingly obvious to them. They will recognise that in the long run, the basic issues of education are also political ones. As Lenin put it,

"Our job is to explain to the mass of 'academic' protesters the objective meaning of the conflict, to try and make it consciously political, to multiply tenfold the agitation carried on ... and to direct all this activity in such a way that revolutionary conclusions will be drawn"

P. Durrans LV1 (1)

Mum's Boy

Howard Laurence was a young, well-groomed lad of twenty four and he lived at home with his mother in a reasonably nice suburban house. Mrs. Laurence's husband had been killed in the war by a hand grenade and now she devoted her life completely to her son, Howard. She had always tried to be a good mother, and bringing up a child on one's own is not always an easy task. In other words, Howard was looked upon as mummy's boy. Every morning she brushed his suit and neatened his tie and made him smart for work. Howard hardly went out in the evenings. He nearly always stayed at home with mum. Yes, his was a life of seclusion.

On his mother's birthday he always gave her a wonderful surprise. Her Howard was sure to take her out for her birthday, this evening. Sure enough, Howard arrived home from work that evening and announced that they were going to paint the town. From his overcoat pocket he produced two tickets for a show and two reservations for a Chinese restaurant, afterwards. She was happy. It reminded her of when she and her late husband had an evening out. It was like living all over again. She would always be happy as long as she had Howard. Well, the show went well and the food was superb and when a taxi collected them and took them back to their door, Mrs. Laurence's joy was complete; "My Howard is such a good boy", she told all her neighbours. "He does anything for his mother."

The bird
you can't afford
to ignore.



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Head Office: Phoenix House, King William Street,
London, E.C.4.

Next morning Howard went off to work. He looked forward to the freedom it gave him. It was the only chance he had of untying himself from his mother's apron strings, from her possessive clutches. Besides, there was someone special at work, a girl. Even a boy dominated by his mother can fall in love.

Howard had known Sheila for over a year. Every lunch hour they had their dinner in the park and together they fed the pigeons. He did not take her out in the evenings; perhaps he did not like asking his mother. This was certainly the girl for him; his mind was made up, and this morning he was going to ask her to be his fiancée, and later his wife.

There was only one complication; he had not told his poor, unsuspecting mother. What would be her reaction? Soon he would know because he had decided to tell her that very evening. As fate would have it, Sheila did not come into work that morning, so Howard could not make his proposal. Howard's mind was made up, however, and he was going to break the news to his mother as soon as he got home from work, that evening.

It came as a great shock to her.

"You did not so much as breathe a word to me about it", said his mother in a voice of anxiety.

"I know, mother."

"Are you going to bring her here to live?" , she enquired.

"Why, of course not, mum."

"Then what is going to become of your poor mother? What am I to do?"

Howard's rash decision had hit her too abruptly. Soon she would have nothing left to live for. She would be alone.

Howard felt terrible telling his mother but it had to be done. He was certain that he was doing the right thing, marrying Sheila. Well, he still had to tell her. The next morning she was at work, and so here was his chance. When they were alone, having lunch in the park, Howard proposed to Sheila.

He did not bargain for the reply which she gave him.

"Marry you? You must be joking. To me you are just a friend, Howard. I hope you understand. I do not want to hurt your feelings "

Howard needed to hear no more. A numb feeling spread throughout his body.

Numb were his hands, numb were his feet and numb was his heart. How blind could he be?

He returned home feeling hurt. He returned home to the comforting arms of his mother. He rang the doorbell. He rang again. He knocked at the door. No answer. He took his key from his pocket, placed it in the lock and slowly turned it.

"Are you at home, mother? Mother! Oh God! "

His mother lay in the bathroom, dead, quite dead. By her side was an empty bottle which had contained barbiturates. Verdict; death from an overdose of sleeping pills.

Three days later Howard stood in the passage holding a wreath. He was waiting for the car to take him to his mother's funeral. He was to blame. He had driven her to it. Gone was everything he loved and trusted. Gone was his mother. Gone was the girl he loved. Now he was alone in the world.

Brenda Stone 5C

Metamorphosis

I awoke to the sound of my mother's calls blending harmoniously with the dog's barks. Out of the jumble of sounds, I eventually managed to isolate;
"Get up Paul; it's eight o'clock."

Gradually it dawned on me that she was telling me to get up, so I rolled out of bed, crawled into the bathroom, and up the wall. I got such a shock at what I saw in the mirror that I released my grip on the wall and slithered to the ground.

I regained my feet and crawled back up the wall for a second look. I could hardly believe that what I saw was really me. A hard, black face with no nose and jaws like something out of a late night horror show stared back at me.

"I know I forgot to wash last night, but this is ridiculous," I thought as I slipped down the wall again.

I crawled downstairs and into the living room. My mother screamed when she saw me, and was just about to hit me with her frying pan, when I told her to stop (I could still talk) because I was her son. She fainted. I then went into the garden and appeased my hunger on a pile of leaves.

My mother, having recovered, then said that she would take me to the doctor's to see what he could do. I felt rather conspicuous as we walked along the road, because as we passed, the postman climbed a lamp-post, and the milkman, throwing caution to the wind and milk bottles everywhere, disappeared rapidly in the direction of the police-station.

We reached the doctor's without further mishap, and, after getting over the initial shock of seeing a five foot long black beetle crawling into his surgery, the doctor said he could do nothing, but luckily, Sir Bernard Cribbins was visiting him that day, and might be able to help. Sir Bernard, he said, was an expert in cases like these.

Sir Bernard, a small, insignificant man, arrived, and after hearing about my case, prescribed an injection of "Pentalene", the latest wonder drug.
"Does wonders in cases like this," said Sir Bernard.

I was given the injections, and twenty minutes later, it had indeed done wonders. I had grown a lovely pair of shiny, transparent wings.
"Marvellous", I said, "now what do we do?" as Sir Bernard hung his head.

I looked around, and suddenly, I saw the doctor's face light up.
"Eureka!" exclaimed the doctor suddenly. "Of course. You say you changed when you were asleep, so I see no reason why you should not change back while you sleep."

Thinking along these lines, I returned home, scaring my dog out of its wits, and went to bed. On waking, later in the day, I found myself in human form again, much to my relief.

Charles Fraser 4.C.

Destruction

I knew, with sickening feeling in the pit of my stomach, that Armageddon had finally arrived as the sirens wailed in the crowded city. I dashed downstairs into the basement, opened a steel door and descended into my personal bomb shelter, quickly strapped myself to my gimbal-slung chair, and waited.

During the period of anticipation, (it must have been about three minutes), my mind raced back over the last nine months.

It was almost inevitable that war would break out, it had been obvious after the unfortunate 'police action' fought in Cuba instigated by the bumbling American administration (who were probably now speeding down into their air conditioned caverns under Washington).

After the incident, only halted by strong European pressure on both America and Russia, I had started work on the shelter. I believed that it would stand up to the bombing and though life would be uncomfortable, I had supplies of air and food for two months: enough time for radiation to partially subside, enough for me to get out of the city before a fatal dose had been administered. I do not really know why I built the shelter, I had no real reason to live after the Day. However, the complexities had occupied me and since money would not have any value after the Day, I spent all I had.

I glanced at my watch, ten seconds! I lay back and relaxed just in time for trip-hammer blows to start to rock the ground. My chair swung wildly, absorbing most of the shock, the rest of the shelter heaving around me. Then silence and peace, only an occasional rumble, presumably more distant explosions, causing slight trembles. I released my self from the chair stood up uncertainly, trembling in every limb and ready to collapse, but the drill I had forced upon myself in readiness took over. I checked radiation, checked either exit could still open, though I did not open them, and turned on the air supply. Two months of tedium passed; not a signal out of my radio, only static. The radiation did not rise inside the shelter and apparently there were no more missile strikes on the city.

It was only after two months that the full implications really hit me. What city? All my friends were almost certainly dead; all the places I knew were lying in heaps of heat-fused rubble, probably glowing at night with radiation. No more parties, no more concerts, no more poetry. My greatest wish was to go insane, and not care anymore but that was not to be. Then my supplies were exhausted; I had the choice of slowly starving and suffocating, or braving the unknown outside. I decided to try and survive, keep alive a spark of humanity so not all was lost. My Geiger counter showed the air outside to be fairly clear of radiation so I ventured out.

I had been expecting twisted wreckage, mere outlines of houses, possibly a few bodies but the scene was very different.

The area was near featureless everything blasted to a uniform greyness. The house above had collapsed on my original entrance but the other was under six inches of earth in the garden. I started to walk west to get to the countryside which I hoped would be relatively undamaged.

The centre of the explosion was to the east of me and right in the very centre,

where the 'eye' of the explosion had been, as with a hurricane, the damage was less. This meant that a few shattered buildings were left, which had not melted.

I did not go near these; radiation would be higher and there might be bodies. I strode further into the suburbs where damage became more visible and here I saw my first living thing as a rat scuttled out of some rubble and hurtled away. I continued on and started to sing: this soon died away in the awesome silence. When I was about fifteen miles from the site of detonation the buildings were intact though broken windows peering like cavernous eyes at me and the occasional cat or dog was to be seen. They came no where near me luckily. At nightfall the radiation rose slightly, something to do with ionization of the atmosphere, but nothing dangerous. The sunset looked peculiar; all the fallout caused weird hues of green and yellow, the sun itself appeared very red. Then I made camp.

Although the night was quiet, I did not sleep: the fear of rats coming and gnawing my eyes out was too extreme and in the morning I only felt worse. However, I struck camp and moved on.

It was because of the awful silence I heard a high-pitched whistling noise, I half suspected that the area might be bombed again to make sure and I went slightly mad. I suppose everybody did when they heard the sirens. My fears were unjustified as a helicopter, showing signs of wear, swooped down and landed. The door opened and a man holding a gun cautiously peered out,

"Hey, you, the war's over,"

"But was it worth it?"

"What do you mean worth it, we won!" he cried with a happy smile on his face.

P. Hughes 5C

My Early Days

I have been accident-prone from the moment I could walk. My first major disaster, apart from knocking over things, was at the age of two. I was in the garden helping my brother to dissect insects, when I screamed. My mother, in the kitchen, filled with horror, dropped a pie dish. The crash of that made my father hit his thumb with a hammer. His shouts made my sister drop a record, which smashed and knocked over a bottle of ink on to the carpet and one of her school text books. I can recall many other such incidents for which I am famous. My father says that I am "a disaster, looking for somewhere to have it".

Even before I was born I caused my loving brother some concern. He said that if I were a boy, it would be alright, but if I were a girl, I would have to stay in the attic. He soon regretted his words, for he discovered that I was an excellent guinea-pig for his experiments. I remember two of these experiments vividly. The first was the ski-slope. It had snowed quite heavily, and my brother and I shovelled up the snow to make a large heap of snow near the house, or rather my brother gave the orders and I did the work. He nailed a plank of wood to each of my brand-new slippers, put me on the top of the mound of snow, and gave me a push. I, however, went down the slope backwards and ended up a mangled heap of arms, legs and planks of wood at the bottom of a heap of melting snow, with cuts and bruises and a sprained wrist.

Then, of course, came the swing. My brother, Michael, made me a swing in the doorway of the shed. He gave me a push, and as he did so, I flew through the shed

window (there wasn't any glass in the window as I had broken it the previous day) and landed head first in the compost heap.

My first ambition was to climb a certain pole in the playground of my old infant school. I achieved that, so I decided that I would like to become fifteen, which at the time I thought was very grown up, and well in the queue for the old-age pension. However, I realised that fifteen was a long way off, and it was only a matter of time before I reached that age, so I thought I would try to travel around the world. I achieved that, so I thought I would like to speak Swahili. The extent of my vocabulary is limited to "Hallo", "I like you", and "the sea pounds upon the silvery sand. How far would you get in India with that?"

Fear meant to me telephones, spiders, people, in the dark, parties, ghosts and custard. I heard, on the news, that a criminal was held in custody; by that I thought they meant that he was drowned in custard. This accounts for my fear of custard.

Lesley Bartlett IIIc.

SONG OF MYSELF

I am, yet am not,
I would, yet never will,
I seem happy, yet I sorrow
I run, but I am standing still.
I can smile, I am laughing,
I can cry, I am weeping,
I cannot move, I am rooted to the spot,
Yet I can run, I am leaping.
I only am when others are not,
When they are, I am put away;
Like a rusted-over toy, which someone once forgot
I am locked up for another day.
When they are not, I seem to come to life,
I am divided between two worlds
Like an apple someone cuts open with a knife.
They laugh, they are glad
Yet I sit and look sad.
I am sad ---- perhaps.

Ruth Atkins, 2.B.

The evening steals in on soft, silver footsteps
And touches the air with frosted fingers.
The chill of late autumn whispers in the air,
A misty, white frostness which lingers
Long after the dew begins to glisten.
You can almost hear the chill air murmur
..... If you listen.

Ruth Atkins, 2.B.

Unlove

I have never been in love.
And if I have,
Love wore such a disguise that it passed by
Unnoticed.
Unappreciated.
In that case-
Love is not worthy of the time, thought and
energy devoted to its study-
I can only tell of what others think of love.
How it crept into their beings,
Swaying their thoughts,
Guiding their lives,
Because,
I have never been in love.
All the descriptions that lovers could give
Of emotions
And feelings
Unique to the experience of love,
Would leave me none the wiser.
You cannot attempt to describe
Red
To a blind man.
All the physics in the world has not the
capacity to explain the quality of
Redness
To one who cannot see.
And so;
Love mocks and taunts the unloved,
Torturing with desperate longings,
Unquenched thirst for the unobtainable nectar
Parches
The lips of the non-lovers
Until
The first kiss of true love
Solves a mystery,
The solution of which has yet to be revealed
to me,
Because
I have never been in love.

Linda D'Oliveira, 4.C.

BORN TO BE WILD

It's on the plain that they roam
Wild and free,
Untamed and at liberty.
No rope has ever touched
Their noble heads or silken hides.
No rider will ever touch their backs
The wild horses born to be wild.
Blacks and bays,
Roans and greys,
Here you'll find no colour bar.
The scent of man rarely stings
Their nostrils,
For here few men dare to go.
Men have tried,
But men have failed,
For their mighty leader each one kills;
With head held high and crest arched
His flailing hooves strike the
Fatal blow.
Then proud and triumphant
He gallops at the head of his herd
The mightiest stallion of them all
Born to be wild.

Elaine Tombs 4C

The Bomb and my Town

The bomb dropped, whistling, from the sky,
So quickly that people had no time to cry.
The people who buried their heads in pillows were sensible,
The noise of the whistle compared to the explosion was negligible.
The noise was loud but brief,
If ever anything deserved to be bombed,
And buildings deserved to be torn down,
And thousands of people deserved to be instantaneously entombed
It was not here, in this town, in my town.
The decadence and disaster that could possibly,
Beforeseen over a hundred years in the future
I saw take place before me
In the space of the blinking of an eye,
The complete destruction of buildings, their structure
"Blown sky high".

P. Nolan 4.c.

PROBLEM CHILDREN

(from a speech delivered in the preliminaries of the Senior
Speech Trophy Competition)

Every child is a problem child and yet bringing up children is perfectly simple, if you have the patience of a bird-watcher, the nerves of an astronaut, the understanding of a psychologist and the ability to manage with very little sleep. It also helps to have an extremely large income of around fifty thousand pounds a year.

Babies seem helpless little creatures who as yet cannot take advantage of the large world they have been thrust into, but are they? Give a baby a home and he is far from helpless. All he needs to do to have his every want and whim fulfilled is to let out one small peep. If help does not come at once, he need only extend this peep into a wail, and by forcing a bellow he can throw the household into a tailspin from which it may not emerge for days.

He cannot walk, he cannot talk, he cannot feed or bathe himself, and in that he has an unmixed blessing. Unable to walk, he can lie in his cot and sleep and kick his legs, the envy of every adult who sees him. Unable to talk he need never answer unnecessary questions, become involved in a political argument or politely tolerate a bore. When oppressed by the latter he can turn his head the other way, go to sleep and have his actions approved by polite society. Furthermore he need never worry over what he is going to wear today or what he is to have for lunch. If he doesn't wear a stitch he is quite content and nobody raises an eyebrow. If he does not like his food he can disdain to eat it or can spit, blow or bubble it into your face, no matter who is watching. He can emit a resounding belch and be applauded for what a few years later will be considered bad manners.

Soon the world at large will criticize the way his hair grows, although now all his admirers are enchanted that it grows at all. Soon it will criticize the way he eats although now all are jubilant if he gets it down at all.

And yet from infancy to adolescence problems of all sorts arise. If a parent were asked what was the greatest obstacle to a happy parent-child relationship the almost immediate and unhesitating answer would be 'Children'

Adolescence is a perfectly normal stage of development, which everybody lives through, except, it seems, the parents of adolescents. And I would like to point out to any parents present that if your four-year-old embarrasses you in public you can get your own back when he is a teenager. You won't have to make a special effort; but just being seen with you will deeply humiliate your teenage son.

If your six-year-old often throws tantrums and says he hates you, you should not be shocked or worry about it for if your son throws his arms around your neck and whispers, "Mum, I love you," then you had better start worrying. He has either broken something expensive or he wants something expensive. Each one of us is a problem child but we're so adorable one cannot but help forgiving us.

T. Nolan 5D

SPORTS SECTION

FENCING CLUB

The fencing club continued last year although there was a shortage of members. Meeting after school on Thursday, and on Tuesday at lunchtime, the club made good use of its prize possession, the electric foil fencing equipment. Matches were arranged for both junior and senior teams, the results of which are below.

School v St. Benedicts.

Home:		Away:	
	Seniors won 5 : 4		Seniors won 5 : 4
	Juniors lost 3 : 6		Juniors won 7 : 2

School v St. Clement Danes.

Home:
Seniors won 6 : 3
Juniors won 5 : 4

Due to the success of the senior team, school colours were awarded to Biati, Glen and Wakeman.

N. Brown LV1

SCHOOL TENNIS TOURNAMENT

The 1968 tennis tournament was dominated by the younger element of the school. Five of the eight semi-finalists in the girls' and boys' events were fourth-formers.

In the girls' event the final was an all fourth-form contest between Marion Tonner, who defeated Pamela Hawke in the semi-final, and Diane Cowgill who defeated Linda Mayhew.

The final turned out as expected with Diane the victor in straight sets.

Of the four semi-finalists, three were fourth-formers. However, John Hughes broke the fourth-form domination by defeating Vernon Coaker in a surprisingly hard-fought match. The other semi-final was between Keith Barbrook and Graham Carter. Keith Barbrook repeated his junior successes by winning 6-2, 6-1.

The two champions, Diane and Keith, opposed John Hughes and Pamela Hawke in what was no doubt, the best final of the day. After a gruelling match Keith and Diane achieved another success for the fourth form.

K. Barbrook

BADMINTON

The Badminton club was, in fact, formed two years ago by pupils of the school, and has grown by leaps and bounds since. With team practice every Thursday the play throughout the club and especially in the team has reached quite a high standard. Despite the fact that we have lost such established players as Colin Williamson, Martin Wilson, Gerry Sikuljak, John Pearce, Nicky Walia and Carol Mace, the future still looks bright.

The female element in the club is quite strong; Elise Kille and Joan Beattie were prominent members of the school team, ably supported by Kate Newton and Marian Tonner.

On the male side we have L. Shilling, M. Schulz, R. Hryncyszyn and K. Barbrook available next year so the situation looks hopeful.

Perhaps the highlight of the season was our creditable victory over local rivals from Cardinal Wiseman. Perhaps this taste of victory will be repeated more often next year.

K. Barbrook

GIRLS' HOCKEY

Thanks to the enthusiastic fourth and fifth formers and despite the noticeable lack of senior hockey players, the girls have had a fairly good season. The standard of play is not particularly high owing to lack of attendance to team practices.

The goal average shows that we sadly miss our forwards from previous seasons, most of whom are now at P.E. Colleges.

In the Senior Rally we succeeded in drawing our four matches 0-0, and were awarded third place in our section.

The Juniors did well to win a match 1-0 in their Rally, and draw the others 0-0. They were placed fourth in their section.

Seven players enjoyed a seven-a-side match against Ealing Girls' School. Unfortunately we lost 2-0, but we learned that hockey on a red-grass pitch requires good stick-work and ball control.

We are grateful to the girls who spend their Saturday mornings serving the refreshments for the home fixtures.

Our thanks go to Miss Cleary, who has once more supported, encouraged and occasionally despaired of us throughout the season.

GOALS

1st. XI P10 W2 L5 D3 F5 A12

Linda Spink (Captain)

1st Netball Team. 1968 - 1969

This has been a disappointing season and perhaps one of the worst that I can remember.

The regular team members do their best, but as we are unable to field a second team, we have no regular reserves to call upon when they are needed. If all matches were to be played during the week, the number of players would not be so limited; we might then be able to field a very strong second team, as well as a first.

During the season we were very sad to lose such a dear friend as Frances Davey, who gave her support even when she was ailing. Needless to say, her place was never adequately filled.

I would like to thank all of the girls who played for us throughout the season, especially the regular team members and wish them more luck in the future.

Lastly, of course, our thanks to Miss Cleary whose tolerance must be rapidly failing. Let us wish her luck with her forthcoming teams and hope that matches do not disappear, due to lack of support.

Janet Livesey U6C (Captain)

Junior Football Team

The Junior team had an average season, drawing two, winning five and losing the remainder of twelve games. The first match of the season was a very remarkable game. At half-time we were losing four-one but sheer determination brought the score back to four-all, and in the very last minute the winning goal was scored by a joint effort from Oates and Russell.

In the fourth game Lloyd put on an acrobatic display, the highlight of which was a penalty save. The team leading, at half-time by three-one, deteriorated in the second half and could only draw four-all.

Our most decisive win of the season was against Greenford whom we thrashed yet again, ten-two. In this match Gibson, Barker, and Russell each scored hat-tricks.

At Bishopshalt, on a pitch as hard as a rock as a result of frost, we fielded two first-formers. We led by one goal to nil at half-time but the score at the end of this cold and gruelling match was one-all.

We finished the season, winning five, losing five and drawing two. The team played very inconsistently all through, but had their good games. Jones, a first former, played in nearly every game and Kiely played in three as well. I would like to thank the team for all their efforts and I would like to thank all the staff who helped us throughout the season.

Results:

					R. Barker		
					C. Russell		
Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals for	Goals against	Pts.	
12	5	5	2	49	39	12	

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CRICKET

1st XI

P	W	L	D
6	0	5	1

As you can see from the above results the First XI's cricket season was a short and disastrous one. There was a general lack of enthusiasm and interest throughout the season. The bowling and fielding of the side was satisfactory. The bowling of Coombe and Bailey was of a high standard throughout. However, the batting was far below expectations. Perhaps our two best performances were when the odds against us were the greatest, these being against Ealing and Greenford. Against Ealing, who are one of the most outstanding grammar school sides in the county, we did extremely well, bowling Ealing out for a small total. Again Coombe and Bailey were the stars of our bowling performance. However, the batting again failed and despite a gallant innings by Dodd, we fell short of the required total.

Against Greenford we had to face a strong side without Coombe and Bailey. However we put up quite a strong performance. For once the batting was quite successful with Hanafin, Barbrook and Coaker reaching double figures, but we again lost, but by a respectable margin. Perhaps the most outstanding feature of this most dismal season was Coombe's outstanding bowling figures against the Phoenicians - 11 overs, 7 maidens, 7 wickets for 11 runs, and this we think worthy of note.

Special mention should be made of Howes, Hewitt, and McConnell who all put up good performances. Also worthy of note are Hayes, Baker and Lowther who played for the team while still in the 4th form.

J. Jakubowski
V. Coaker
K. Barbrook

Sports Day 1969

A new era dawned in Drayton Manor's sports history on Thursday 22nd May, 1969. In accordance with the practice of other schools we changed to the metric system. This was the first sports day since the house system was abolished and the new divisions were introduced - Minor, Junior, Intermediate, and Senior. Unfortunately the day that promised so much produced very little.

The following results tell their own story of the success or failure of the competitive spirit of the school.

EVENTS DECIDED PREVIOUSLY

Javelin

Boys Junior	1, R. Barker	2, M. Draper	3, M. Wright	30.78m.
Boys Intermediate	1, N. Wake	2, I. Rundle	3, R. Farrell	35.30m.
Boys Senior	1, L. Schilling	2, J. McConnell	3, A. Ryan	44.37m.
Girls Junior	1, F. Stephens	2, Y. Furneaux	3, S. Condon	11.45m.
Girls Intermediate	1, L. Cowley	2, L. Rogers	3, C. Lee	21.87m.
Girls Senior	1, D. Spink	2, J. Livesey	3, -----	19.88m.

Throwing the rounders ball

Girls Minor	1, J. Hullah	2, J. Rossiter	3, A. Tuhill	37.74m.
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Putting the Shot

Girls Junior	1, S. Foster	2, M. Brennan	3, B. Spring	6.47m.
Girls Intermediate	1, C. Lee	2, S. Taylor	3, S. Munns	6.96m.
Girls Senior	1, L. Spink	2, A. Cala	3, V. Brind	6.42m.
Boys Junior	1, W. Lacey	2, D. Norton	3, C. Frazer	9.06½m.
Boys Intermediate	1, I. Rundle	2, J. Bailey	3, R. Farrell	10.13m.

Long Jump

Boys Minor	1, C. Jones	2, P. Whitthorn	3, A. Wingrove	3.88m.
Boys Junior	1, M. Wright	2, R. Barker	3, A. Morris	4.82m.
Boys Intermediate	1, D. Guy	2, D. Baker	3, A. Boase	5.86m.
Boys Senior	1, R. Cooper) A. Kwiatkowski)	2, -----)	3, T. Prickett)	5.79m.
Girls Minor	1, S. Mendison	2, K. Bellchambers	3, M. Davey) A. Tuhill)	3.91m.
Girls Junior	1, S. Thomas	2, W. Palmer	3, Y. Furneaux) S. Godwin)	4.38m.
Girls Intermediate	1, C. Mace	2, B. Roter	3, Y. Skipp	4.05m.
Girls Senior	1, G. Lassalle	2, J. Beattie	3, J. Goodwin	4.17m.

Discus

Boys Junior	1, D. Norton	2, R. Ford	3, C. Frazer	23.77m.
Boys Intermediate	1, J. Bailey	2, S. Rooke	3, N. Wake	31.49m.
Girls Junior	1, A. O'Loughlin	2, F. Stephens	3, W. Palmer	16.82m.
Girls Intermediate	1, L. Rogers	2, P. Newmeir	3, L. Cowley	19.76m.

High Jump

Boys Minor	1, A. Wingrove	2, C. Jones	3, P. Whitthorn	1.27m.
Boys Junior	1, R. Barker	2, P. Jones	3, D. Oates	1.39m.
Boys Intermediate	1, J. Palmer	2, R. Soper	3, S. Carter	1.52m.
Boys Senior	1, R. Cooper	2, A. Kwiatkowski	3, -----	1.62m.
Girls Minor	1, J. Hullah	2, S. Mendison) E. Jones)	3, -----)	1.21m.
Girls Junior	1, Y. Furneaux	2, P. Lewis	3, W. Palmer	1.24m.
Girls Intermediate	1, J. Dunklev	2, L. Rogers	3, M. Davies	1.27m.
Girls Senior	1, G. Lassalle	2, M. Rooke	3, -----	1.21m.

Cross Country

Boys Senior	1, C. Williamson	2, N. Johnson	3, V. Coaker	16m.46.4
Boys Junior	1, R. Barker	2, M. Fennell	3, P. Whitthorn	24m. 5.1

200 Metres

Boys Minor	1, M. Fennell	2, R. Lepper	3, W. Fitzmaurice	30.6secs.
Boys Junior	1, O. McManus	2, M. Writth	3, P. Jones	28.5secs.
Boys Intermediate	1, D. Guy	2, P. Hanafin	3, -----	24.5secs.
Boys Senior	1, J. Lassalle	2, G. Morris	3, T. Prickett	25.5secs.
Girls Intermediate	1, V. Huggins	2, C. Mace	3, L. Rogers	30.9secs.
Girls Senior	1, K. Newton	2, M. Rooke	3, M. Reading	31.3secs.

800 Metres

Boys Minor	1, M. Fennell	2, P. Whitthorn	3, M. Kiley	2m. 34.9.
Boys Junior	1, M. O'Neil	2, T. Morris	3, A. Evzona	2m. 32.7.
Boys Intermediate	1, S. Draper	2, S. Rooke	3, D. Reading	2m. 19.2.
Boys Senior	1, C. Williamson	2, T. Prickett	3, -----	2m. 18.7.

Discus

Boys Senior	1, L. Shilling	2, A. Ryan	3, H. Biati	27.34 m.
Girls Senior	1, I. Blazewicz	2, A. Cala	3, L. Spink	20.15 m.

100 Metres

Boys Minor	1, R. Lepper	2, P. Pribisevic	3, W. Fitzmaurice	14.9secs.
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Boys Junior	1, P. Jones	2, M. Wright	3, W. Lacey	13.9secs
Boys Intermediate	1, D. Guy	2, S. Draper	3, -----	12.1secs.
Boys Senior	1, R. Walia	2, G. Morris	3, H. Biati	12.6secs.
Girls Minor	1, S. Mendison	2, J. Williams	3, J. Hullah	14.9secs.
Girls Junior	1, W. Palmer	2, C. Holden	3, H. Mealor	14.3secs.
Girls Intermediate	1, V. Huggins	2, R. O'Sullivan	3, H. Hodgkins	14.5secs.
Girls Senior	1, K. Newton	2, J. Laslett	3, M. Rooke	15.1secs.

<u>400 Metres</u>				
Boys Minor	1, M. Fennell	2, P. Whitthorn	3, M. Kiley	60.8secs.
Boys Junior	1, R. Barker	2, A. Morris	3, C. Frazer	62.5secs.
Boys Intermediate	1, S. Draper	2, G. Carter	3, -----	60.7secs.
Boys Senior	1, J. Lassalle	2, R. Walia	3, T. Prickett	56.8secs.

<u>1500 Metres</u>				
Boys Intermediate	1, V. Coaker	2, S. Draper	3, D. Williamson	4m. 58.5
Boys Senior	1, C. Williamson	2, R. Cooper	3, J. Wyatt	4m. 48.5

<u>Putting the Shot</u>				
Boys Senior	1, J. McConnell	2, M. Hewitt	3, L. Shilling	11.22m.

<u>Relay Race 4 x 100 metres</u>				
Girls Form 1	1, 1A	2, 1C	3, 1B	61.6secs.
Boys Form 1	1, 1C	2, 1A	3, 1B	61.1secs.

<u>Relay Race 4 x 110 metres</u>				
Girls Form 2	1, 2B	2, 2C	3, 2A	61.6secs.
Boys Form 2	1, 2C	2, 2B	3, 2A	57.4secs.
Girls Form 3	1, 3C	2, 3A	3, 3B	60.2secs.
Boys Form 3	1, 3B	2, 3A	3, 3C	55.7secs.
Girls Form 4	1, 4A	2, 4C	3, 4B	60.1secs.
Boys Form 4	1, 4A	2, 4B	3, 4C	52.4secs.
Girls Form 5	1, 5C	2, 5A	3, --	59.9secs.
Boys Form 5	1, 5B	2, 5A	3, --	51.8secs.
Girls Form 6	1, L6ii	2, U6	3, L6i	62.5secs.
Boys Form 6	1, U6	2, L6	3, L6	50.6secs.

Individual Champions

Girls Minor	Suzanne Mendison Jacqueline Hullah Ann Tuhill	23 pts. 22 pts. 13 pts.
Girls Junior	Yvonne Furneaux Wendy Palmer Frances Stephens	30 pts.) 30 pts.) 27 pts.)
Girls Intermediate	Louise Rogers Valerie Huggins Carol Mace	39 pts. 29 pts. 25 pts.
Girls Senior	Linda Spink Georgia Lassalle Marion Rooke	35 pts. 26 pts. 21 pts.
Boys Minor	Mark Fennell Paul Whitthorn William Fitzmaurice	28 pts. 22 pts. 17 pts.
Boys Junior	Richard Barker Paul Jones Michael Wright A. Morris	46 pts. 27 pts. 24 pts.) 24 pts.)
Boys Intermediate	Stephen Draper David Guy John Bailey	51 pts. 39 pts. 27 pts.
Boys Senior	Roy Cooper Colin Williamson Leonard Shilling	43 pts. 39 pts. 37 pts.

ENTRANCE TO UNIVERSITIES COLLEGES OF EDUCATION etc. OCTOBER 1969

Abrahams Laurence	College of Fashion and Clothing Technology, Shoreditch, (Pattern Cutting and Tailoring)
Boot Gerald	Trinity College of Music
Cala Alicia	School of Slavonic and East European Studies, London University (Central European Regional Studies)
Chambers Susan	Harrow Art College
Curtis Richard	Leeds College of Commerce (Accountancy)
Dewey Jean	Whitelands College of Education (B. Ed.)
Dyke Carol	Balls Park College of Education (Art and Craft)
Essam Marilyn	Maria Grey College of Education (B. Ed.)
Farish Lorna	Cassio College, Watford (Advanced Secretarial)
Fenn John	Mid-Essex College of Technology (LL. B. London)
Glenn Graham	Leeds University (Mechanical Engineering)
Goldsmith Ian	Manchester College of Commerce (LL. B.)
Grant Janis	Goldsmiths' College of Education (General Degree Course)
Grimes Richard	Chelsea College of Science and Technology (B. Sc. Applied Biology)
Hewitt Martin	Waltham Forest Technical College (A.R.I.C.S. Land Surveying)
Jones Jacqueline	Plymouth College of Technology (London University), (B. A. General)
Kennedy Stephen	Slough College of Technology (H.N.D. Mathematics, Statistics, Computing)
Kille Quentin	Harrow College of Technology (Computer Sandwich Course)
Manley Linda	Surrey University (B. A. Hons. German)
Mann David	Southampton University (B. Sc. Electronic Engineering)
Martin Carole	Ealing Technical College (H.N.D. Business Studies)
Mayhew Linda	Maria Grey College of Education (General Degree Course)

McGreal Eileen	Holborn College of Commerce (H.N.D. Modern Languages)
Morris David	Leeds University (B. Sc. Hons, Bacteriology/Biochemistry)
Nicholls Jane	Yeovil Technical College (Secretarial Work Course)
Oldershaw Frances	Brighton College of Education (General Course)
Pearce John	Essex University (B. Sc. Econ. Hons.)
Pilcher Alan	Sheffield University (B. Sc. Hons. Mathematics)
Rangar Rajindar	Isleworth Polytechnic (Computer Science)
Reading Marilyn	Brighton College of Education (General Course)
Smyth Robert	Uxbridge Technical College (O.N.D. Business Studies)
Spink Linda	Caerton College of Education, Mon: (Art)
Sprules Pamela	East Anglia University (B. A. Hons. English and American Studies)
Turbayne Naomi	Nottingham University (B. Mus)
Vincent Judith	Stirling University (M.A. Hons. English)
Wakeman Keith	University of Wales, Aberystwyth, (B. Sc. Hons. Agriculture)
Williamson Colin	Brixton School of Building (Quantity Surveying)
Wilson Martin	Bradford University (B. Sc. Soc. Sci.)
Wimbush Hilary	Regent Street Polytechnic (B. A. Hons. French & German)

Pupils who left 1968-1969 who have now entered Universities etc.

Badowski George	Brunel University (Polymer Technology)
Ball Rachel	Stirling University (Sociology)
Hepple Christopher	Ewell Technical College (R. I. C. S. Surveying)

21.10.69.

UNIVERSITY RESULTS

JANUARY & JULY 1969

ADVANCED LEVEL

Adams L. M.	Home Economics
Biatl H. A. J.	Biology, Physics (O)
Boot G. S.	Music, Woodwork

Buchanan L. A.	Art, French(O) German
Cala A. W.	British Constitution(O), History, Polish
Carr D.	English, German(O)
Chambers S. E. A.	Art, English
Colaco C. B.	Chemistry, Zoology
Cooper R. E.	Geography(O), Physics(O)
Crook E. G.	Economics, Geography
Curtis R. S.	British Constitution, Economics, History
Davies D. T.	Economics, Geography, History
Davis J. M.	Economics(O), Geography(O)
Dewey J. E.	English, Geography
D'Oliveira T. J.	English, French(O), German(O)
Dyke C. M.	Art(O)
Essam M. H.	French(O), History, Latin
Farish L.	English, French
Fenn J. H.	British Constitution, Economics
Fletcher M. F.	Physics
Gabriel C. J.	Geography
Glenn G. T.	Pure Mathematics, Further Mathematics(O), Applied Mathematics, Physics
Goldsmith I.	British Constitution, Economics, History
Grant J. A.	Botany, Zoology
Grimes R. P. J.	Biology, Physics(O), Chemistry
Haynes C. G.	Art, German(O)
Heaver J. P.	Art, English, Geography, History
Hewitt M.	Economics, Geography(D)
Jones J. E.	Economics, Geography
Kennedy S. B.	Pure & Applied Mathematics
Kille Q. L.	Pure Mathematics
King P. T.	Physics
Lloyd M. E.	Economics, French(O), German
Manley L.	Economics, French, German
Mann D. A.	Pure Mathematics, Further Mathematics(O), Applied Mathematics, Physics
Martin C. A.	English
Mayhew L. S.	Geography, Latin(O)
McGreal E.	English, French, German
Morris D. W.	Biology, Chemistry(M), Physics
Nicholls J. R.	French(O)
Oldershaw F. A.	English
Pearce J. W.	Economics, Geography, History
Phipps A. W. E.	History(O)
Pilcher A. B.	Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics(O)
Rangar R. S.	Economics(O)
Reading M. R. J.	French(O)
Sadler R. J. M.	English, German
Saunders J. A.	English, Geography, History
Self S. K.	English
Sikuljak Z.	Art(O), German(O), Serbo-Croat
Smyth R. J.	Geography
Spink L. M.	Art(O)
Sprules P. M.	British Constitution, English(M), History
Szmigin C. R.	English(O)
Toone L. A.	English(O)

Turbayne N. A.	Latin, Music
Vincent J. B.	British Constitution, English, History
Wakeman K.	Botany, Zoology
Walia R.	Pure & Applied Mathematics
Williamson C. S.	Economics, Geography
Wilson M. J.	Economics, Geography, History
Wimbush H. S. M.	French, German

(D) = Distinction in Special Paper

(M) = Merit in Special Paper

(O) = Pass at Ordinary Level on Advanced Level Paper

ORDINARY LEVEL

JANUARY & JULY 1969

Bailey J. M.	English Literature, Geography, English Language, Pure Mathematics
Barbrook K. O.	English Literature, Geography, History
Batten S. R.	English Literature, French, Geography, German, Physics-with-Chemistry, English Language, History, Pure Mathematics
Blackwell M. L.	English Literature, French, Geography, English Language, Food & Nutrition
Bowler C.	Pure Mathematics
Brandreth K. D.	Art, English Literature, French, German, Additional Mathematics, Physics, English Language, Pure Mathematics
Buddell C. R.	Art, English Literature, French, Geography, German, Pure Mathematics, English Language
Burrows D. H.	Geography, English Language, Food & Nutrition
Carter G. T.	Biology, English Literature, French, Geography, Physics, Pure Mathematics
Carter S. M.	English Literature, French, Geography, Woodwork, English Language, History, Pure Mathematics
Chapman B. A. R.	Biology, Chemistry, English Literature, French, German, English Language, History, Pure Mathematics
Clarke D. H.	Chemistry, English Literature, French, Geography, German, Additional Mathematics, Physics, Pure Mathematics
Coaker V. R.	English Literature, French, Geography, German, Pure Mathematics, History
Collier A. S.	Food & Nutrition
Coombe B. R.	Chemistry, English Literature, French, Geography, German, Pure Mathematics, English Language
Cooper M. J.	English Literature, French, Greek Literature
Cowgill D.	Biology, English Literature, German, English Language, Pure Mathematics
Cowley L. H.	Biology, Chemistry, English Literature, French, Pure Mathematics, Physics, English Language, History

Dobbins B. N.	Chemistry, English Literature, French, Geography, German, Additional Mathematics, Physics, Pure Mathematics
Dodd I.	Biology, Chemistry, English Literature, French, Geography, German, Additional Mathematics, Pure Mathematics
Dorsett S.	Art, English Literature, French, Geography, German, Pure Mathematics, English Language
Dunkley J. E.	Biology, English Literature, French, Geography, Music, English Language, Religious Knowledge, Pure Mathematics
Eacott G. J.	English Literature, French, Geography, Woodwork, Music, English Language
Eagle S. A.	English Literature, French, Greek Literature, English Language
Farrell R.	Art, Geography, English Language
Grierson R. S.	English Literature, Geography, Woodwork, Pure Mathematics, History
Guy D. J.	English Literature, French, German, English Language
Harrison J. J.	Pure Mathematics
Harrold P. D.	French, Woodwork
Hickey K. F.	Art, English Literature, French, Geography, English Language
Howse P. R.	Biology, English Literature, French, Geography, German, English Language, History, Pure Mathematics
Huggins V. A.	Chemistry, English Literature, French, Geography, German, English Language, History, Pure Mathematics
Hughes P. J.	Biology, Chemistry, English Literature, Geography, English Language, Pure Mathematics
Ifill N. H. B.	French, German
Ingleby D. S.	Biology, Chemistry, English Literature, French, Geography, Physics, English Language, Pure Mathematics
Jachnik A. M.	English Literature, French, Geography, German, Pure Mathematics, English Language, Polish
Jakubowski J. A.	Biology, Chemistry, English Literature, Geography, Woodwork
Johnson N. R.	Art, Chemistry, French, Geography, Additional Mathematics, Physics, Pure Mathematics
Jones L. D.	Art
Kaluzynski R. W.	Biology, English Literature, French, Pure Mathematics
Kwiatkowski A.	Chemistry, Pure Mathematics, Technical Drawing
Lambeth G. C. H.	French
Leppard V. M.	Biology, Chemistry, English Literature, French, German, English Language, Pure Mathematics
Lewis E. C.	Biology, English Literature, French, Geography, Pure Mathematics, English Language, Food & Nutrition
Little P. G.	Geography
Lorde J. M.	Art, Biology, French, Geography, English Language
Lyster A. P.	Greek Literature
Mace A. C.	English Literature, French, Geography, German, Pure Mathematics, English Language
MacLeod F. M.	Chemistry, English Literature, French, Geography, German, Pure Mathematics, English Language

Marsh J. A.	Art, Biology, English Literature, French, English Language
Moore J. G.	Chemistry, English Literature, French, Geography, German, Pure Mathematics, Physics, English Language
Munt V. J.	Biology, English Literature, French, Geography, German, English Language, Pure Mathematics
Newton K. A.	French, Woodwork
Nolan T. B.	Biology, Chemistry, English Literature, French, Geography, Pure Mathematics, English Language
Offord A.	Art, English Literature, English Language
O'Loughlin C.	French, English Language
Palmer G. F.	English Literature, Greek Literature, English Language
Palmer J. C.	Biology, Woodwork
Peake N. J.	Chemistry, English Literature, French, Geography, Woodwork, Additional Mathematics, English Language, Pure Mathematics, Physics
Peddle S. L.	English Literature, French, Geography, English Language
Powell G. F.	English Literature, French, Geography, German, Physics, English Language, History, Pure Mathematics
Punter M. A.	Woodwork, Pure Mathematics
Reading D. D. C.	Chemistry, English Literature, French, German, Music, English Language, Religious Knowledge, Pure Mathematics
Smith A. J.	Biology, English Literature, French, Physics, English Language, Pure Mathematics
Smith C. L.	Geography, Woodwork, Pure Mathematics, Physics
Snell L. A.	English Literature, French, German
Soper R.	English Literature, Geography, Pure Mathematics
Springham E.	Biology, Chemistry, English Literature, French, German, English Language, Pure Mathematics
Stephens M.	Biology, Chemistry, English Literature, French, Geography, English Language, Pure Mathematics
Stickley M. A.	Biology, English Literature, Geography, Food & Nutrition
Stone M. G.	Geography, Woodwork, English Language, Pure Mathematics
Sullivan T. W.	French, Woodwork
Taylor S. E.	Geography, English Language, Pure Mathematics
Tonner M.	Art, French, German, Pure Mathematics, English Language
Wagstaff C. R.	French, German, English Language
Wake N. J.	Biology, Chemistry, French, Geography, Physics, English Language, Pure Mathematics
Walker C. M.	English Literature, Greek Literature, English Language, Food & Nutrition
Whitehand D. L.	English Literature, French, English Language
Wilkes C. M.	Art, French, German, Pure Mathematics, English Language
Williams A. L.	English Literature, French, German, English Language, Pure Mathematics
Wimbush M. C.	Biology, English Literature, French, German, English Language
Wingrove D. L.	Art, English Literature, French, Geography, Pure Mathematics, English Language
Woollard S. A.	Biology, Chemistry, English Literature, French, German, English Language, Pure Mathematics
Wright S. J.	Biology, French, English Language

Additional SubjectsForm VIU

Adams L. M.	Economics
Biati H. A. J.	Classical Arabic
Chambers S. E. A.	Spanish
Cooper R. E.	Chemistry, Technical Drawing
Crook E. G.	Spanish
Davis J.	Geology
Dewey J. E.	Economics
Fletcher M. F.	Additional Mathematics
Gabriel C. J.	Pure Mathematics
Grant J. A.	Pure Mathematics, Physics
Heffernan C. J.	Pure Mathematics
Jones J. E.	Additional Mathematics
Kennedy S. B.	Biology, Technical Drawing
Mann D. A.	Technical Drawing
Martin C. A.	Art
Mayhew L. S.	Art
Nicholls J.	Economics
Oldershaw F. A.	Spanish
Pilcher A. B.	English Language
Rooke M. I.	Economics
Sikuljak Z.	English Language
Sprules P. M.	Economics
Toone L. A.	Economics
Vincent J. B.	Economics
Wakeman K.	Physics

Form VII

Barker D. S.	French, Additional Mathematics
Barker J.	History
Barker S. M.	French
Beattie J. M.	History
Beattie M. J.	Geology
Blazewicz I.	Additional Mathematics, Physics
Bouette M. G.	Music, English Language
Bowles M. K.	Biology
Boxshall S. C.	Geology, Physics
Brown N. E.	Additional Mathematics
Burns R.	Chemistry, French, Geology
Carpenter D. B.	German, Additional Mathematics
Clare B. E.	Latin
Dean T. R.	French, Woodwork, Additional Mathematics
Durrans P.	Geology
Floyd P. G.	Chemistry, French, Physics
Gamble J. M.	Geography
Goodwin J. M.	Geography, English Language
Hawtin J.	French
Hinton S. J.	Chemistry, Physics

Holley J. S.	English Literature
Horn A. J.	Additional Mathematics, Physics, English Language
Howes P. J.	French, History
Humphreys D. F.	Woodwork
Hutchinson D. J.	German, Geography
Kille E. V.	Biology, English Literature, History
Laslett J. M. A.	Art
Lassalle J. D.	History
Last J. A.	Chemistry
Lau P. H. H.	Physics
Lipko V. A.	English Literature
Livesey J.	English Literature
MacDonald J. A.	Pure Mathematics
Mastin J. D.	Art
McGhie K. A.	English Language
McGreal J.	Geology, Additional Mathematics
Morris G. P.	History
Nolan G. F.	Latin
Palmer A. J.	English Literature, Physics
Pond A. A.	Latin
Prickett T. A.	English Literature
Reynolds G. E.	Geology
Ridley K.	English Literature, Latin
Scott D. M.	Pure Mathematics, History
Shilling L. J. G.	Geology, Additional Mathematics
Slade P. J.	Additional Mathematics
Twitchett D. T.	English Literature, Pure Mathematics
Vosper C. B.	Additional Mathematics
Whittaker S. P.	English Literature, Pure Mathematics
Winnert J. P.	Additional Mathematics, Physics
Wyatt J. C.	Physics, English Language

LEAVERS

Autumn Term 1968, Spring and Summer Terms 1969

Forms V and VI

L. H. Abrahams	R. P. J. Grimes	S. L. Peddle
S. M. Barker	J. J. Harrison	A. B. Pilcher
J. D. Bird	J. W. Hawtin	M. A. Punter
G. S. Boot	C. G. Haynes	R. Rangar
M. G. Bouette	J. P. Heaver	M. R. J. Reading
M. K. Bowles	M. Hewitt	L. Redford
V. J. Brind	K. F. Hickey	M. I. Rooke
L. A. Buchanan	S. E. Hill	I. Rundle
D. H. Burrows	P. J. Howes	R. J. M. Sadler
A. W. Cala	D. F. Humphreys	J. A. Saunders
S. E. A. Chambers	D. J. Hutchinson	D. M. Scott
J. M. Chapman	A. J. Jales	S. K. Self
C. Colaco	J. E. Jones	Z. Sikuljak
M. J. Cooper	L. D. Jones	R. J. Smyth
R. E. Cooper	S. B. Kennedy	L. M. Spink

E. G. Crook
R. S. Curtis
R. J. Cutler
D. T. Davies
J. B. A. Davies
J. M. Davis
J. E. Dewey
T. J. D'Oliveira
C. M. Dyke
S. A. Eagle
M. H. Essam
L. Parish
J. H. Fenn
M. F. Fletcher
C. J. Gabriel
G. T. Glenn
I. Goldsmith
J. A. Grant
R. S. Grierson

Q. L. Kille
G. Lassalle
V. M. Leppard
P. G. Little
M. E. Lloyd
A. Lyster
C. A. Mace
L. Manley
D. A. Mann
C. A. Martin
L. S. Mayhew
E. McGreal
C. M. McNicholls
D. W. Morris
K. A. Newton
J. R. Nicholls
F. A. Oldershaw
G. F. Palmer
J. C. Palmer
J. W. Pearce

E. Springham
P. M. Sprules
M. A. Stickley
M. Tonner
D. M. Toomey
L. A. Toone
N. Turbayne
J. Vincent
K. Wakeman
C. M. Walker
G. Walmsley
L. J. Wheeler
S. P. Whittaker
C. M. Wilkes
C. D. Williams
C. S. Williamson
M. J. Wilson
H. Wimbush
J. P. Winnert

Transfers to other schools

J. Ainsworth
S. Bayliss
B. B. Benn
R. M. Bull
G. J. Carter
S. M. Carter
D. Collins

F. Dennis
P. J. Doole
M. Fennell
D. P. Heldt
J. D. Henning
N. R. Johnson
M. A. Kidby

T. Kidby
L. J. Martin
M. Radcliffe
P. G. Silvey
A. Ward

NEW ADMISSIONS

Form 1A

Bowen Jeremy
Campbell Julie B.
Clifford Michael
Clough Melanie P.
Condon Paul
Cons Heather
Dowdeswell Paul
Parish Stephen
Gibbs Valerie J.
Hopkins Lee John
John Roelle R.
Joshi Harvinder K.
Kepa Mark J.
Kille Georgina L.
Long Raymond J. I.
Mawby Paul F.
Morris Brian
O'Loughlin Frances

Form 1B

Aberdein Barbara
Baker Diane
Baruch John D. R.
Baveystock Granville D.
Cook Kevin
Cunliffe Ian J.
Ejsmond John
Elliott Claire D.
Evans Paul
Facer Derek J.
Grubb Anthony J.
Heffernan Joanna
Holt Joan
Hughes Rosalie
Jennings Noel
Jones Susan B.
King James F.
LeCorre Christine R.

Form 1C

Barrance Madeline
Bedo Jane
Boeckstaens Andrew
Borman Anne M.
Brown Lynette
Chrisopher David
Dargue Eileen J.
Davies Janet E.
Dewey Gwendolyn C.
Dressell Mark
Fulton Edward J.
Glesson Neil L.
Ingle Digby S.
Kempson Ian
Moore Alison L.
Morris David T.
O'Mahoney Robert
Pearce Christine R.

Percival Steven
Punter Elaine P.
Quy Stephen W.
Roter Lila A.
Sheppard Peter
Simpson Janet
Trevatt Gillian A.
Walsh Anne
Ward Barbara J. S.
Wobschall Christopher

Price Nicola
Reeve Richard P.
Robinson Diane E.
Roffey William J.
Savage Yvonne
Stephenson Nova
Stone Gillian L.
Taylor Kevin
Vaughan Helen
Weeks Grahame F.

Penfold David A.
Pring Janet M.
Radcliffe Lynn P.
Redwood Christopher J.
Russell Elaine J.
Sherville Carole
Sherwood Graham J.
Waddell Margaret
Welland Gary J.
Westbury Ronald G.

2C Patricia Soloman
3A Christopher Towns
4C Heidi Barwick
L6(i) Dina Gold
Julia Haldane
L6(ii) Paul Lupi
Shingara Sekhon
Kulwart Sidhu
Paul Terry
Dalgit Thind
L6S Vanessa Edwards