



PHOENIX

**DRAYTON MANOR
GRAMMAR SCHOOL**

1970 – 71

DRAYTON MANOR GRAMMAR SCHOOL

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1970 was a significant year for Drayton Manor: at the end of the summer term Dr. Evans retired after twenty years as headmaster. We wish Dr. Evans well in his retirement.

We also said goodbye to Mr. Herrera who for so many years had been in charge of music at Drayton Manor.

There were also a number of other staff changes. Mrs King left at Easter to go to Thailand where her husband will be working for several years. She was replaced, for the summer term by Mr. Rogers. Mr. Arm left to become head of the French department at Thames Valley Grammar School. Mrs. Shipley left us to move to Yorkshire where she has taken up another appointment. Mrs. Cleary left in order to devote her time to her family and Mrs. Poyser left to move to Chile with her husband.

It now remains for us to extend a warm welcome to our new headmaster, Mr. C. J. Everest.

DR. RAYMOND L. EVANS M.A.
HEAD MASTER 1950-1970

The retirement of Dr. Evans after 20 years as Head Master of Drayton Manor is an event whose significance in the life of the school it is difficult at this stage to assess. One needs a sense of history as well as of foresight to appreciate fully just what was aimed at and what was achieved in those 20 years and perhaps we live too close to the event to form a true judgement.

If I may, through my long and close knowledge of Dr. Evans, try to interpret his style as Head Master, I would stress first the emphasis he laid upon the striving after excellence, the search for quality in every aspect of school life. A first class Honours man himself, he worked always to instil into others the need to "hitch your wagon to a star", to have vision and to strive unceasingly to realise that vision. To accept mediocrity from a pupil capable of better was unthinkable. Many a pupil has been quietly shamed and encouraged after a long, private session in the Head Master's study. The long list of graduates on the Honours Boards speaks eloquently enough of success in the academic sphere.

His greater achievement however, was, in my view, to create and maintain in the school an atmosphere of easy, human relationships in which individuals are free to be individuals (whether staff or pupils), where quiet self-control removes the need for any external compulsions. He ran a school with virtually no school rules, where everyone is expected to behave sensibly and where irresponsibility is not only regrettable but surprising. Rarely indeed was his voice raised in anger. More typically, one heard his quiet voice of reason, good sense and moderation. His faith in the innate goodness of ordinary folk was never shaken by the occasional encounter with original sin. Never a believer in the efficacy of punishments, he preferred the longer and time-consuming method of persuasion, encouragement and discussion which, in the long run, produced much more lasting results and stamped his character and style upon the whole school atmosphere.

To those of us on the staff who worked with him he gave great freedom and constant backing. Having delegated a responsibility he left us to carry it through supporting us with good advice if we wanted it.

In all, Dr. Evans has passed to his successor a school in good heart, healthy in social attitude and strong in terms of human relationships. Truly he was a liberal educationist.

To Mr. Everest, our new Head Master, we offer a sincere welcome. We hope he will enjoy working with us. New problems are inevitably posed for the school by the re-organisation plans which will make us into a larger Comprehensive High School and which will probably come into effect from about 1973 onwards. But there is something about the character and personality of Drayton Manor which persists and survives through generations of pupils and staff, a humanity, a feeling of good sense, an ease - and even a happiness. It will continue.

Dr. Evans takes with him into retirement at his house in the South of France our thanks, our appreciation and our respect.

R. D. W.

We give a sincere welcome to Mr. C. J. Everest who joins us in January 1971 as Head Master. A native of South Devon, he was educated at Exmouth Grammar School and Brasenose College, Oxford, where he graduated with Honours in Modern History in 1953. After a further year at Oxford he qualified for the Diploma in Education.

Before entering his professional career as a teacher, Mr. Everest served in the Royal Navy as Instructor Lieutenant.

His first teaching appointment was at Battersea Grammar School, Streatham (1957-64), from which he was appointed Head of the History Department at St. Nicholas' Grammar School, Northwood (1964-68). For the last two years he has held the post of Deputy Head Master at Heath Clark Grammar School, Croydon, where he has been actively concerned in planning the re-organisation of the school as a Comprehensive Senior High School. Mr. Everest is married with three children.

We look forward to working with him and we hope he will enjoy working with us.

R. D. W.

W. Herrera, B.A., B.Mus.

In the history of schools, as of nations, there appear from time to time personalities who become rallying points for noble traditions; they are remembered, sometimes with awe, often with affection and always with admiration.

Such a person was Mr. Herrera who spent twenty-two years of his professional life in building up a tradition of musical excellence at Drayton Manor Grammar School. We remember with affection a colleague and teacher who was warm-hearted and generous, and with respect a musician who combined scholarship with a truly amazing practical ability. Nobody who performed for Mr Herrera will forget his astonishing versatility at demonstrating just how an awkward passage should be played, whether on a flute or a double-bass, a violin or a bassoon.

In terms of statistics alone his achievements are outstanding. There is an impressive list of most competent professional musicians who, after passing through his hands, have left the School and have done well. From him they acquired the basic skill which is the fundamental of all craftsmanship, and from him, too, they received encouragement and the stimulus which did not always take the form of praise and congratulation. Most could tell of the trenchant, but well-deserved, censure which greeted them when they were guilty of slipshod, careless work, but can remember with amusement the wit which marked his most cutting criticisms.

His colleagues on the Staff will long remember his chuckling laugh and his anecdotes which usually had sufficient autobiographical content to give them an air of verisimilitude, or to stir feelings of envy, even when doubts as to authenticity crept in.

His pupils will recall a very human, understanding person whose knowledge of his subject was vast. He talked with authority on composers from Byrd to Boulez and on compositions as far-ranging as Plainsong and atonality; never could it be said of him that he did not "know his stuff" - that most damning of all judgments passed on teachers - for he did, and it was the very essence of his life.

Time has moved on relentlessly and Mr. Herrera has left us to go into retirement in Spain. He takes with him our sincere good wishes for a long and happy life in a different sphere of activity - for it is impossible to imagine him content to do nothing. We thank him for his work here and we treasure the "monumentum aere perennius" which he has left us - a symposium of sound scholarship, boundless enthusiasm and an undeviating determination to reject all that is not of the very best.

A. J. M.

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IN SCHOOL AND OUT

DRAYTON MANOR GRAMMAR SCHOOL DRAMATIC SOCIETY

"THIEVES' CARNIVAL"

"Thieves' Carnival" is a sophisticated and witty play which demands of its cast great speed and lightness of touch. With Mr. Adams' skilful attention to detail and his ability to bring out the best in his actors, however, we were treated to a very entertaining school play last December.

The tone was immediately set by the lively gardens scene in Act One, as the three thieves are made aware of each others disguises. We also see the byplay with the policemen and the nursemaid and meet all the characters including the able clarinettist (Mark Lacey) in his natty yellow suit. Keith Barbrook, Gerard Nolan and Graham Morris sometimes showed considerable ability in their roles of charming, if somewhat unsuccessful con-men. Keith and Gerard especially made much of the various scenes where quick thinking was necessary to maintain their impersonations as Spanish grandees - particularly effective was Peterbono's account of the death of his various relations and his cry "Hold me back, Hector" when defied by Gustave. Their rivals as fortune hunters were most amusingly played by Norman Brown as the doting Dupont-Dufort Senior and David Barker as his ineffectual son. In spite of his father's admonishments to sparkle and to make himself irresistible, son and father fail miserably, to their own amazement and the audience's entertainment, to make the desired impression on the two young ladies, Eva (Diane Cowgill) and Juliette (Angela Williams). Eva's langorous boredom contrasted very effectively with Juliette's ingenuous romancing. The attitudes struck by Eva and her enunciation and intonation are particularly worthy of comment - was that an echo of "Heavens, no" somewhere?

Bewildered and confused by everything around him is Lord Edgard (Terry Prickett). Terry was convincingly and amiably vague and endeared himself to the audience every night by prancing with rage and such pleas as "How much longer do I have to stay crumpled?" Viewing her companions, the puppets she is temporarily manipulating so that she should no longer be as bored as a piece of old carpet, is Lady Hurf, excellently played by Linda D'Oliveira. Just as Lady Hurf deftly manages the puppets in the play, so Linda was the cohesive force among the cast.

The actors, together with the pleasingly designed costumes and sets, combined with the hard work of Mr. Jewell and the stage crew, produced a coordinated and satisfying whole. It is only a pity that such effort cannot be rewarded by better support from the school.

E. G. R.

One Way Pendulum

"One Way Pendulum", presented by the School Dramatic Society on the 13th, 14th, and 15th May 1970, is a critic's nightmare. It helps to read the sub-title, "A Farce in a new dimension"; it certainly was:

Kirby Groomkirby (Peter Muller), the lunatic mass-murderer trainer of singing weighing-machines, was rather restricted by the script in his vocal efforts; it is not easy to enthuse about "mi mi mi mi" and "doh me soh doh", but he was daft enough in all conscience, and the stage crew, lighting and sound assistants produced the Hallelujah Chorus admirably on time.

Robert Barnes (John Mulliner) guided us in a folksy, friendly way towards some semi-comprehension at the beginning of the play, and admirably presented his evidence before the Judge (David Adams). Sylvia Groomkirby (Margaret Woodall) demonstrated what might be called the "de-generation gap" and belatedly recognised the power of her memento mori, a skull presented to her by her boy-friend (played by both David Arm and John Rogers). The most ostensibly insane of a potty family, Aunt Mildred (Elizabeth Williams) by sheer querulous tenacity persuaded us that she did leave St. Pancras twenty-five years ago and that she was in the Outer Hebrides; one rather hoped that she would find her destination eventually, even if it meant moving from her wheel-chair to a tricycle with a side-saddle.

Myra Gantry (Elisabeth Ralph), employed by the Groomkirby's to eat all the food they did not want, amazed us by her gargantuan appetite and the figure resulting from its indulgence. No Prosecuting Counsel has ever been as pretty as Diane Cowgill, and seldom as eloquent; and Keith Barbrook, in his role of Defending Counsel, with a poise worthy of the Bar itself, would, and did, have a madman acquitted.

It is to be doubted that the text contains the phrase "stone the crows" ejaculated by Robert Barnes at the entry of the Policeman (Brian Crowe) whose audible uniform (boots, seemingly, size twelve) maintained the majesty of the Law; the Usher (Bernard Kurt) and the Clerk of the Court (Michael Clarke) solemnly kept straight faces in the welter of argument conducted in the Court.

And it was the Old Bailey itself, built by Arthur Groomkirby (Alex Muir) in his own living-room, the latter always calmly presided over by his wife, Mabel (Gwenda Hayward). Even the superbly brilliant performance of the Judge (David Adams), from whom we have learned to expect a professional perfection, could not over-shadow the potty sincerity of Arthur (Alex Muir) who gave up masochism because "it was taking up too much of my time", and his wife Mabel (Gwenda Hayward). The latter was seldom off-stage, always imperturbable and she and her stage-husband most thoroughly merited the loudest applause for their performances; and the bouquet presented by "husband" to "wife" was never better awarded.

All this for a farce! But well-worth doing, and impossible without the professional expertise of David Jewell and his crew in charge of lighting, Joan Cracknell in charge of sound, on whom so much depended, and Michael Clarke who provided a setting worthy of any West-End theatre.

To take a farce of such alarming and bewildering complexity, to make its possibilities intelligible to so many performers and back-room boys, to weave all its diverse threads into a pattern comprehensible to an unprepared audience, and to win from that audience unstinted applause and acclamation, was the task of the producer, Marjory Snow. And she did it, superbly.

R. E-J.

STAGE CREW

Stage Manager: Evan Griffiths
Assistant Stage Manager: Ian Dodd
Stage Electrician: Gordon Powell
Stage Carpenters: Alisdair Horn, David Thurston
Assistants: Melanie Essam, Brett Ewins, Kevin Kelly
Lighting Assistants: Robert Brandreth, Graham Trevarthen

Jean Anouilh's 'Thieves Carnival' was chosen by the Dramatic Society for their 1969 December production. For it the stage crew was led, for the first and last time, by Evan Griffiths due to the retirement of Peter Durrans.

The play opened in a garden scene and the first scene change involved removing various items of the park's furniture, and then constructing a set representing the Drawing Room of Lady Hurf. As this scene change did not coincide with the interval the crew had to do another of their fast scene changes for which they are now becoming quite famous. The only other scene change was between Acts III and IV when the Drawing Room set was modified, to represent a conservatory. The lighting for 'Thieves Carnival' was designed by Gordon Powell, his first attempt at lighting design. Fortunately, the lighting required was not complicated and good coordination between the designer and the operators ensured the smooth running of the production. Special mention must go to Robert Brandreth, who from some well-timed cues from Evan Griffiths, managed, every time that actors were supposed to switch lights on or off, to coordinate his movements precisely on time.

The staff play in May 1970 was N. F. Simpson's 'One Way Pendulum' and this saw certain changes in the stage crew; Evan Griffiths and Alisdair Horn having to retire due to A' Level commitments, Ian Dodd was made Stage Manager and David Thurston his assistant. Eric Hodges and Peter Richardson were also able to lend their assistance for this production.

Most of the play took place in the Living Room of the Groomkirby's, apart from a few scenes that took place on the fore-stage; something that gave more problems to the lighting crew more than anyone else. The interior did however have to be adapted for the second act. This entailed the removal of the back wall of the living room, the living room furniture and replacing it with Groomkirby's do-it-yourself Old Bailey kit. This presented somewhat of a problem to the crew, who were mainly rather young and inexperienced. It was therefore decided to change the set during the interval. Unfortunately for the crew the interval 'refreshment period' was substantially reduced due to this change of scene, something which did not affect the electricians. Despite the difficult conditions the stage crew managed to complete the Act II scenery well before the end of the interval on every night (- could it have had something to do with refreshments?)

The main problem that the crew were presented with during this production was how to remove, apparently unaided, three rather large weighing machines from the fore-stage. Following Kirby's eccentricity it was decided to animate the machines; this was effected in the case of the largest machine, Gormless, by installing one of the smaller members of the crew in it; Kevin Kelly very successfully led it off everynight unseen (or so we hoped) by the audience. The two smaller machines however presented a greater problem as there has always been a shortage of stage crew members less than four feet tall, who could have got inside them. It was eventually decided to remove these two smaller machines by pulling them to the specially constructed annexe at the side of the stage, using nylon fishing line; which remained not only invisible to the audience but also to most of the cast who persisted in tripping over it during rehearsals.

Finally it must be remembered that the crew would not be able to produce such good effects and function so well were it not for the efforts of Mr. Jewell, who always ensures that everyone has plenty to do.

I. Dodd U61
G. F. Powell U611



"The Performer"

C. R. Buddell UVI

MUSIC NOTES

In the concert of March 1970 there were some departures from the usual pattern in that we had a brass quartet, a brass ensemble, a wind band and music for harp and small orchestra. A shortage of competent violinists prevented us from performing any major work. This failure to produce a sufficient number of violinists is a serious matter for the future of the orchestra, and unless we get pupils entering the school who already play, at least to some extent, I can see great difficulties ahead. To add more interest to the concert programme four former pupils, all trained at the Royal College or Royal Academy, treated the audience to a most enjoyable recital of music for clarinet (Mrs New, formerly, Susan Brand), oboe (Mrs Block, formerly, Janice Knight) piano (Gillian Grainger, now Mrs Morbey) and cello (Rosalind Porter). Miss E. Williams kindly trained a small choir who sang some part-songs, but unfortunately there was no room in the programme for a junior choir.

Several pupils who are learning instruments at school have been successful in passing Associated Board examinations in trombone, clarinet and oboe, and their number will soon be increased. We have had some bad luck lately in that some promising instrumentalists have left the school long before completing their career here. Instruction is provided on organ, all brass instruments, flute, oboe and clarinet, violin and cello entirely free of charge, and I am very grateful to our part-time music staff for their patient and skilful work. I am also disturbed at the occasional lack of courtesy shown by some pupils who absent themselves from lessons without adequate notice or reason.

A section of the orchestra provided music for the play 'Maria Marten', an exacting and tiresome chore as a great deal of revision had to be carried out on an indifferently produced score of little musical value. Again our musicians made a contribution to Anouilh's 'Thieves' Carnival', the major task falling to Mark Lacey, clarinet, which he carried out very well indeed. Many of our senior girls took part in a performance of Messiah at Ealing Grammar School, last winter, and I am sure they enjoyed themselves. Recently, a small choir has been singing, occasionally, an anthem at morning assembly, a practice which I hope will continue. Miss Williams has been the inspiring force in this connection.

I must thank my colleagues Dr. Muir, Mrs Higgins, Mrs Ralph and Miss Williams for the help they have given with the orchestra and choirs at various times.

I hope that all the musicians in the school will give every support to my successor Mr Nicholas Richardson, and that all those who enjoy singing will do their best to ensure that large scale choral singing may again become an important feature of the school musical life as it was until some eight years ago.

It might be of interest if I give the news of some former pupils. Peter Oxer is now a full member of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, where he joins another of our pupils, Francis Mullarkey; Mrs Morbey (Gillian Grainger) is instrumental instructor to the borough of Waltham Forest (violin) as well as maintaining a private piano teaching practice; Mrs Block (Janice Knight) has recently concluded a successful tour with the Welsh National Opera Company (oboe); Graham Warren is third horn, deputy, first with the Halle; Derek Sinclair (violin) is playing in the Bremen Symphony Orchestra; Jeanette Boot (flute) is with the Queensland Symphony Orchestra at Brisbane; Dick Wakeman (piano, electric organ etc.) is playing with "The Strawbs" and his cousin Alan (saxophone) is making increasingly successful appearances in the West End, as well as having had his own band broadcast by the B.B.C. And there are many others. I hope the school will continue to turn out players of comparable status.

W.H.

Task Force 1969-70

Under the supervision of Mrs. Cleary and Mrs. Shipley the Drayton Manor Task Force Group continued to flourish. Visits by pupils to the old and lonely continued and many pupils helped with gardening, decorating and the annual Christmas Shopping event.

There were several money-raising ventures, the most prominent being the Task Force Walk when twenty of our pupils arrived footsore and weary at Waterloo Bridge after a twenty five mile walk.

Individuals in the group have also given help to other organisations which help the aged such as the door-to-door collection in the Autumn for the Greater Ealing Old People's Homes and the Rotary Club Party for old people held at school in the summer.

All members have and continue to work extremely hard and their work is much appreciated by the older citizens of the Borough.

GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP 1970

This year the 6th form geographers spent five days at Bangor Youth Hostel in North Wales, in an attempt to do some field work.

Despite blizzards and gale force winds, we left the shelter of the coach on the first day, and reluctantly studied the coastal features near Harlech.

The second day was spent climbing the hazardous mountain slope which forms the back wall of Cwm Idwal. Within inches of the top, Mr. Wright made us turn back due to the treacherous conditions of ice and snow. It was a rough slide down. Sore and wet we gaily continued on a leisurely hike down the Vale of Nant Ffrancon.

The highlight of the week was our uneventful climb up Snowdon, but doomed to failure once again, we were prevented from reaching the summit by heavy snow and swirling mist.

The following day we had a brief respite, when we visited Bangor University Farm, and a cattle auction on Angeisey.

On the last day we split up into groups and attempted some individual research. Abandoned in the middle of the countryside and left to our own devices in the pouring rain, survival was our objective.

The exhausted group which returned was very different from the cheerful party which had left Hanwell a few days earlier. Nevertheless we did enjoy ourselves and our thanks go to Mr. Wright, Mrs. Preston and Miss Cleary for arranging the expedition.

Susan Batten, Sheila Dorsett, Paula Howse U61

GEOLOGY FIELD TRIP TO SOUTH WALES NOVEMBER 1969

The sixteen Lower Sixth geology students spent five days at Afon Lido, a sports centre at Aberauch in Port Talbot. It was typical that the boys had a luxurious dormitory with soft, quilted beds, armchairs, carpets and television, while the girls had a bare room, used for judo, with very hard beds!

On the first day we visited the colliery at Glyncoirwg. The boys dressed up in helmets and overalls and went down the coalmine to the coalface. The girls, Miss Williams and Mr. Muller (also wearing helmets) were shown around the surface. In the afternoon we travelled around in the coach, frequently stopping to see objects of geological interest.

Friday, a beautiful, sunny day, was spent at the coast of the Gower Peninsula. There was a moment of alarm when we got cut off by the incoming tide; and this entailed either climbing the cliff face or wading through the water!

On Saturday we travelled up the Vale of Neath, to observe limestone features on the River Mellte. In the afternoon we visited a mountain centre. That evening, three of us brave girls and Miss Williams went swimming in the sea. We were numb and blue when we came out and were still shivering when we had the lesson that night.

On Sunday we spent the morning using Afon Lido's sport facilities, and we returned home in the afternoon.

Apart from the mouse in the lavatory and having chips every day, we all agree that we had a marvellous time; and thank Miss Williams particularly, and Mr. Muller for such an enjoyable and memorable trip.

Paula Howse

Savigny 1970

A party, somewhat smaller than usual, went to France on Friday, 20th March and returned safely three weeks later. After an adventurous start to the journey when an Irish coach driver seemed determined to go the wrong way at every possible turning and to ensure that the train had left before we arrived at Victoria, we did just manage to hustle the last pupil into the train before it gathered too much speed. This was an agonising experience which was repeated in August when the French pupils went home. However, one quickly recovers from such shocks, and the rest of the journey was sheer joy; the day was sunny, the Channel smooth and soon we were in France.

It had been cold in England when we left but the temperature was higher in Paris and everything was bright and spring-like when the pupils cheerfully waved good-bye to the accompanying staff and departed from the Gare du Nord in a coach en route for Savigny, there to be received and welcomed by French families.

In the course of the next three weeks these pupils learned rather more than the French language; how to fit in to a different way of life; to see a point of view which is new and often difficult to appreciate; to adjust cheerfully to novel situations. How well they did so may be judged from the fact that there were no crises and few problems to be solved either by the two "accompagnatrices" or by me.

At the end of the stay, when we gathered together in Paris, everybody was looking forward to coming home, but, with one or two reservations, the general opinion was that the exchange system works surprisingly well. It is, indeed, possible to arrange visits which are valuable in themselves and offer the opportunity of enjoying a happy holiday in France - and this makes me wonder why in 1971 when the arrangements have been ruined by the postal strike, there have been so very few pupils willing to take part in the scheme.

Having led parties similar to the one which went to Paris last Easter, I should like to place on record how satisfied I am to notice that year after year the pupils of Drayton Manor maintain an extremely high standard in their conduct and bearing. I offer them my thanks for making my task so easy and so pleasurable.

A.J.M.

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ORIGINAL WORK

THE LOST CAPSULE

The great space rocket slowly lifted itself off the barren steppes of Central Asia, in a Russian attempt to put a man on the moon. In less than five minutes the ground viewers could see nothing more but a clear blue sky. For two days, afterwards, regular contact was observed between the ground command station and the crew of the capsule. On the third day, however, there was disaster. Something had caused the capsule to lose its course, and for all the populace of the world knew, it could have been going anywhere into the depths of the infinite.

For weeks on end, the capsule travelled, floating helplessly in the depths of space, moving farther away from earth all the time. However, one particular planet came into view after about fourteen weeks. The men were completely exhausted. Their emergency food supplies had been long since used up, and they had not eaten for a good fortnight.

The capsule soon crash landed on the strange planet. There was a violent explosion and the capsule shattered. The first man to recover found himself in a wilderness of dark, foreboding, deserted rock. Great ranges of mountains could be picked out in the distance. It seemed that there was nothing, not even a small tarn. He sat himself down and tried to think of something to do. He decided to find his two companions and see if he could bring them round. He stepped over the first and felt his pulse. He looked horrified as he realized that the man was dead. He then looked at the motionless body of the third man. He looked dead too. He looked really scared as he realized that he might be alone.

However, the third man, in fact the captain of the expedition soon came around, but had a broken leg. The other astronaut pulled him over to the dead man.

They sat there looking at the dead body for a few minutes when the captain noticed something moving in the dead man's boot. The other astronaut, Frazi, pulled the boot off. His blood ran as cold as ice. The toe nails were growing to great lengths. He noticed the body's finger nails and teeth doing more or less the same thing. They both backed away, the captain crawling. Slowly the body's eyes began to open. It got up, slowly, and let out a terrific roar. It was, by now, a terrible sight. The face was a mass of blood-stained hair and craters like acid burns. Blood ran from its teeth. The arms had biceps so large, that one hundred men would probably lose in combat against this creature; as the body now was. Its teeth had grown to a horrible size with streaks of poison between them. Its fingernails and toenails were just like daggers, sharp enough to slash a man's throat open in no time.

The horrible creature advanced. Frazi ran, leaving the captain to his horrible fate. The creature fell upon him and bit his broken leg right off. The blood gushed out of the screaming captain. The creature then proceeded to suck all his blood out. After the body was drained, the creature picked up the leg and fitted it back on with a glue, produced through the gap between the fingernails and the finger. The captain then proceeded to change his form into one of these terrible creatures.

High up on a nearby rock, the only inhabitant of the planet was pleased. He was one of these creatures, the only survivor of a lost race of so called "dead" monsters. He had a superior brain and found a way of transforming dead humans into "dead" monsters. This was the very moment in his life that he had been waiting for; for some human beings to find their way into his trap. His trap was a device which sent the capsule off its course in the first place. He chuckled merrily to himself as he looked upon his two creations bounding along after Frazi.

In the whole history of man, no man could have suffered the fear and eventual pain which Frazi suffered. The "dead" monster up on the rock smiled to greet his three companions.

J. Poulter 5A

F E A R

Then the first cruel fingers of pain seized my stomach, squeezing into a knot of agony. I tried to cry out, but the pain stopped the sound in my throat. I was afraid. It was not so much the pain, as the fear, which threatened to blot out the hope in my heart. The hope that someone, somewhere would still be alive. Since the soldiers' mass attack, I had heard no sound, except that of my own tortured breathing. The fear that I was alone, the only one left, wavered the hope in my heart as I struggled to get up from the floor.

All around me lay debris and wreckage. The roof of the school-house had been blown off and the hot, noonday sun beat down upon a scene devastated by wreckage and fallen bodies. The silence was terrifying. Dust hung in a thick shroud over everything. If only someone, somewhere would make some movement, breathe.

I clutched my stomach suddenly as the pain returned, more terrible than before.

Somewhere, a girl screamed as the soldiers killed off the rest of the people at the village two miles away. The silence was so profound, that I could hear the sound of their boots as they tramped away from the scene of another massacre. Was there no pity for others of the human race in their cold, war-hardened hearts? Was I the only one to escape their vile tortures?

All that I could hear was my breath, coming in laboured gasps, as the pain continued and the warm wind stirred the trees and mourned the death of our people among the branches.

As I tried to rise, a sudden sound filled the silent vacuum of the wreckage-filled room, where I lay. A soft cry, that of a child, hung, momentarily suspended in the still air. Then an arm was thrust out of a mass of chalk dust and debris. A half-smothered moan clutched at the dust-filled air, gasping for breath. I tried to steady myself and I began to tremble violently as the bright blood stained my hand. I lay helpless, as the child struggled under half a ton of fallen dust and bricks. A door lay across one of his or her legs.

Later, when the child had long stopped moving, dead from lack of air, I lay and watched the stars coming out, like jewelled eyes watching the world below them. "And I never went on the trip," I whispered to the gravel, thinking of the journey to Ohio I had planned that autumn. "God! Where are you now?" I cried, the sudden rush of salt tears filling my eyes.

A sudden sound filled my brain and footsteps closed in on me. They were too late. I could feel a darkness closing in my thoughts. A wild jumble filled my mind, greens and yellows and the blinding sun - then misty faces. My God! I only hoped there was such a place as heaven. Perhaps I could have made something of my life, but for the war.....

Ruth Atkins, 3B

"Marching As To War..."

The golden sun is beginning to rise gracefully above the jagged tops of the distant purple mountains. The elusive wraiths of the swirling morning mist begin to disappear; leaving spots of dew to glisten and sparkle like ten thousand million tiny diamonds in the velvet-like grass.

Look to your left and right, along the ranks of men and horses waiting patiently for the signal. See the gleaming coats of the great war-horses, the shiny leather saddles and bridles; admire

the polished breast-plates, the spotless tunics with their gold braid. Let your hand rest gently on the hilt of your sabre, your fingers moving gently along the ornately-worked metal. You are ready, your comrades are ready, on that green plain in a far-off country, waiting for the trumpet-call that will send you into battle.

At last it comes. The holy silence of the dawn is maimed by the shriek of the call to charge. Touch your mount's flank with the spurs, and without further encouragement it leaps forward; it breaks into a gallop across the smooth ground. Pull the sabre from its sheath, point it towards the enemy lines. The wind rushes against you as you gather speed, sending the plume in your helmet streaming behind you like a triumphant victory-banner. The only sounds are the thud of iron-shed horses, the metallic clatter of accoutrements.....

This, perhaps, is war in all its splendour. To the gallant sons of the rich this glorious cavalry-charge which will sweep all the Kings' enemies in confusion before it, was in no way wrong or immoral. The conflict was noble, exciting; a career offering fame and fortune. It was - they said - quite permissible to hack and slash at the peasant-infantry who opposed you; quite justifiable in the eyes of God and in the interests of your country. If the war was lost, no matter, because it was fought on someone else's land. A glorified game.

But what about this: You huddle down into the rough material of a filthy great-coat, ignoring the stench it gives off because you have lived so long with it that it has become an everyday thing. Your feet, clad in damp, ill-fitting boots rest in a mixture of ice and solid mud in the bottom of the trench. The early morning mist engulfs you in its penetrating coldness; you can barely see the earthy wall in front of you. From somewhere further along the trench a man whimpers faintly. Grasp your rifle more tightly, let your finger touch the rusty bayonet on its muzzle, enough inches of solid metal to pierce a man right through the spine.

A whistle shatters the silence. Clamber up the rotted wooden ladder, over the bags of sand. Pause for a moment, then run across the uneven ground, keeping low, and trying to avoid tussocks of coarse grass and gaping shell-holes. You cannot see your enemy; nothing but the wall of deathly mist around you. Half-decayed corpses rot in the solid mud. A low wall of wooden posts and barbed wire looms up; the man in front suddenly staggers and falls sideways. He screams as he is crucified on the steel spikes.....

By 1914 war had changed. For a long time the generals could not appreciate this; twenty million men died during the Great War. An offensive from one of the trenches was like a pneumatic drill being attached by an egg. War was no longer a game.

And now: You sit in the kitchen of your own home. The room, the house, is in complete darkness. Faint rustlings come from the dark-grey squares in the wall where the black-out curtains move gently in the draught from the window. You are conscious only of the darkness and silence. The narrow margin between being alive and dead. You are alone, tortured only by your own fears and worries; you can no longer arouse enough hope to counter them. Your straining ears catch the first faint rumble from the sky; the barely perceptible drone of many engines. Nearer and nearer they come, until the very darkness shimmers with their intensity, and the floor trembles beneath your feet. Involuntarily your fingers tighten their hold on the edge of the table, a subconscious effort to find security in the firmness of its substance. Whisper a prayer as the bomb-blasts come closer.

The wars of the people were worse than the wars of kings. Blast the cities, they cried, flatten the factories and murder the women and children; never mind the tiny fingers rotting as they clutch the teddy-bear buried beneath the rubble of a home - demoralise the men in the front-line. Don't kill the enemy one at a time - blow him to eternity in his thousands.

The world has come this far, reasonably intact. What happens next time?
Brian Gasser

The War-Being

The war-being sits;
An instrument among instruments,
His eyes agog, afraid, surveying blue,
His body taut and ready as he sits up high
And waits, as he kills, to die.
But yet he cannot hate the man
Who must be destroyed or destroyer be,
For he has learned to know that this man is he,
But in a shell of a different hue.
He cannot even outwardly show
A love for his friend, incapable
As he is of the overtone ostentation
Of his inward extremes.
He can only pale and think his thoughts alone,
For he never knew the soft caresses
Of a warm woman's heart,
Only the hard, prohibitive crust.
He only knows the glimmer that is
A common purpose he shares with friends,
Who fight and die beside him as he looks,
And sits and waits for his time.
But he understands that he could not live
A different way, for he is afraid,
Is this war-being fool; this tool.

C.R. Buddell U6i

Love and War

War - The grey morning.
And no birds sing.
Men lie dead or dying,
Even the wind is sighing.
Fortunes lost, hopes shattered by gunfire,
Fears trodden down into the hard earth
With leaves of promises.

Love - Sunshine streams like silken ribbons
in a clear sky.
Eyes look, the heart sorrows
With the thoughts of dark tomorrow
When time will fly
As reflections in a clear river
Laughter and tears mingled, flow down in memories
Where light brightened the darkness softly
- An inspiration.
Tomorrow will never come
The world thinks hate and breeds violence,
As we love.
And a robin sings in the garden of the world.

Ruth Atkins 3B.

ESCAPE

From the smokey streets of London,
To the cool harbours of Brazil,

From rain and snow,
To glorious sun,

From roast-beef and gravy,
To lobster, exotically done,

From tugs around the River Thames,
To yachts and pleasant yarns,

From the huge sycamore,
To gently swaying palms,

From closed in cafes,
To open-air pools,

From gale force winds,
To breezes, gentle and cool,

From the cramped space in London,
To the open plains of Brazil,

A step from prison to freedom,
From London TO BRAZIL.

Jacqueline Slipper 3C

Leaf-Music

Listen to the leaf-music,
How it whispers of ages past,
Of budding trees and flowers
Of scented hours in summertime,
When rivers ran high,
Then wells ran dry
And the green of spring time cracked and withered,
When locusts rose, whirring, from the timber
And the skies were too sad to cry.
Listen to the leaf-music,
Listen as it throbs in the air,
How it whispers and laughs at the foolishness of children
playing at their make-believe.
Listen, as it tells you of the wisdom learnt through the years,
And if you cannot understand,
Then you are sad indeed.
Go..... Shed tears.

Ruth Atkins ?P.

God in Man

My tears tear down the sky,
My sighs rush like falcons over the univers,
My heartache endures for eternity,
My pain is forever.
My eyes are eternal stars,
My tears are The Flood,
The red flush over the hill
Is my blood.
The pulse in my veins is the tick - tick of Time,
I am the world and the world is mine.

Ruth Atkins

Two Aspects of Freedom

God looks through his window
And sees far below,
The earth as it spins
Through a block cloud of woe.

To the people on earth
Who flourish upon it,
The world is a wonderful place,
But to those up in heaven
Who look through the window,
The world is a man-made rat race.

The King of the Jungle
Lies in his den
Watching the people
Go by him again.

His eyes are hypnotic
So constantly staring
Out from his cage
To the freedom outside.

But surely he knows
As he looks through the bars
That all that he sees
Is mere fantasy.

For the people around him
Are sad and alone,
And secretly long
For his cage as a home.

Their freedom is meagre,
Their pleasures are few
But bravely their sufferings
Are hidden from view.

Helen Mealor 3C



C. R. Buddell UVI

The Vault

I walked into the strange, dark lonely place and a gust of musty, damp air greeted me in the face. I turned on my pocket torch to see where I was going. I walked down a flight of steep, stone steps until I reached the tiled floor. Suddenly, without any warning, the large oak door of the vault slammed shut. I was locked in. I shone my torch around the vault looking at all of the refridgerated glass coffins that lined it. I began to feel uneasy, for the corpses looked so life-like. They looked as if they were watching my every move.

I walked around the vaults looking at the coffins. Suddenly I noticed that one of the coffins was empty. I shuddered at the thought of one of the corpses being alive and walking, but managing to overcome my fears, I felt better.

I was suddenly aware of a pattering noise which was coming from one corner of the vault. I shone my torch to where the noise was coming from and saw a large black rat. Watching the animal scratch around made me feel sick. I felt around in my pocket for a pen-knife, but alas I did not have one. Suddenly I realised that there was more than one rat, and they gradually began to get nearer to me, baring their sharp white teeth. I ran across the vault screaming in sheer terror. The rats still followed me, but I had an idea. I saw on the floor a loose tile. If I could get it and throw it at the rats, it might do some good.

Fortunately it did, and the rats soon dispersed. I sat down on the floor with my head in my hands. Suddenly I was aware of a groaning noise. I looked around the vault, but could see no apparent cause for the sound. The groans came again and again and I began to feel rather frightened. All of a sudden there was a loud bang and all of the noises ceased. I was left in complete and utter silence. I got up from where I was sitting and walked around the vault. Suddenly terror ran through my body, for the coffin that I had once seen empty now contained a corpse.

I opened the glass coffin lid and looked at the awesome, life-like body. It seemed to be gloating. Suddenly without any warning its hands started moving and then all of its body moved. It was alive! It climbed out of its coffin and walked towards me. In sheer horror I ran up the stone steps to the heavy oak door and banged on it as hard as I could, but all to no avail. The body still came after me lifting its fists high ready to give me a blow, which he did. I must have lost consciousness and fallen down the steps for when I awoke I was at the bottom of the flight. Everything was still and quiet. Yes, silence indeed is the most terrible thing of all. What will become of me here? Who knows?

Vincent Fiedorowicz 3C

GONE FOREVER

In days gone by in Suffolk,
There came the Roman men,
They built their walls and houses,
And settled to defend.

The sea in all its fury,
Pulled Dunwich slowly down,
Till now this ancient fortress,
Lies deep beneath the sand.

Madeline Barrance 1C.

THE FOOTBALL SUPPORTER

There he was in the football ground,
With Rangers supporters all around
Gathered to watch the football match
A crucial one, for if they could catch
The leaders, they would be at the top
Of the football league, if they the lead could lop.

His team was winning two-nil, you see
And it seemed that it would be
An impossible task for the challengers
To pull back on top, and win the applause
That they deserved for such a great feat.
It really seemed that they could not beat
The present winners of the Southern League,

The Tottenham Hotspurs, to be precise,
And they were playing as cool as ice.
Both teams were at the peak of their form
And the noise from the ground was like a storm,
As supporters of each team arose,
To sing their team's praise in bawdy prose.

Our Spurs supporter in dark blue and white
Had suddenly grown quite pale at the sight
Of a brave supporter of the same team
Being beaten up well, and coming apart at the seam
Was most of his clothing, and some of his skin,
Was torn and bloody from the great sin
Of supporting Hotspurs; he really was dim.

Then the full-time whistle blew
And with a sigh of relief, withdrew
Our good supporter, with a vow
To never again sink so low
As to support Spurs, or anyone else,
He would never attend again, without someone else.

Bryan Smith 3C

SEPTEMBER

September is the harvest month,
When everything has ripened,
The corn was cut from a shimmering field,
And nuts are gathered in hedgerows.

Fruit ripens and is ready to eat,
And the apple pickers, baskets fill,
And cider apples in a pile,
Ready to be crushed and liquified.

The warmth brings out the scented flowers,
In days of Indian summers,
The drowsy wasps begin to die,
As winter now approaches.

Madeline Barrance 1C.

PARTY PIECE

Going to a party was, for Jane at least, a very exciting occasion. There were people to get to know, records, dancing and everybody could relax and be happy. It was rare for Jane to be happy, for despite her carefree exterior, underneath she was lonely, shy, and afraid. But tonight only the happy side would have a chance to go to the party; the lonely side left locked away in her memory.

Ready at last, she went downstairs, and, after giving herself a perfunctory glance in the mirror to satisfy herself that all on her person was correct, walked out of the door in a much-rehearsed easy walk.

She arrived and as soon as she knocked on the door, it was opened and she was welcomed by a rain of gaudily coloured paper streamers, with a party hat following not far behind. Yes, she had come to the right address at least. As she walked in the door raucous music blared in her ears, and the shrieks and shouts of those already installed in the 'Dance Room' did not aid silence.

However, there was no time for thought, as she was immediately pulled by the hand into the room from where all the volume was escaping, and found that she too was jogging and jumping around in the customary manner that was proof to all that she could dance just as misguidedly as anybody else.

Eventually, as the last jangles died away down the hole in the middle of the record, shouts were raised in demanding voices as to where 'the nosh' was stored. Everybody serpented out of the previous room and into a smaller claustrophobic room where the desired sustenance was to be found.

When all had devoured their fill everybody swayed out of the small room - everybody, that is, except Jane - she sat quietly in a corner, feeling slightly sick. The room appeared to be doing a slow jog of its own round her head. She was not completely certain as to whether she was asleep or awake. The music to which the room danced seemed to envelop her, she felt herself getting up and moving in time to the rhythm, as it pounded through her head. She had to get out of the room, so she staggered and lurched through the door when it came round in front of her eyes after revolving around her head. She found some stairs and crawled up them. Her head ached.....

She found a room with a bed in it, and she fell onto the bed feeling decidedly queasy, and she then quickly fell asleep. She slept solidly for two hours, and was quite prepared to go on sleeping when what can only be described as an internal alarm clock awoke her. She sat up and yawned. Then it dawned on her that she was not in the familiar surrounding of her home. There was no light anywhere, and when she got off the bed she fell onto strange objects, alien to her memory. There appeared to be no light switch in the room and so she stumbled along the wall until she came to a door, which she opened and went through. All was dark and she could feel herself becoming apprehensive. No lights or switches, strange furniture loomed towards her. She ran into them and screamed as they hurt her, oh, where was a light? She found a banister with stairs attached, and she fell down them. When she reached the bottom she became aware of people's voices, and she steered herself to the place they appeared to be coming from.

Then she screamed out "Please put a light on. Help me! its dark. Please - somebody!" In response to her cries the voices flocked out of the place where they had previously been, to see what was the matter.

Jane was clutching onto the wall. Her hand was over a light switch. She pressed it. "The lights have fused - there's no light!" she cried. "Don't be silly" replied a voice "It's as light as anything here - and you've just put more lights on to prove it - you must be blind if you can't see that it isn't dark."

"Blind! No! No!" Jane fell against the wall and lay still.

Helen Mealor 3C

The No-one

I, who am no-one
I, who am as nothing,
I am a post to kick -
An object of little meaning -
A shadow of your shadow.
This darkness - this deep thing,
This blackness - my deluge of despair !
The highest height away, the farthest from fate, I would run to,
But my feet are stone and my blood is a mountain stream.
I am yours, but never shall be,
My heart is a mirror crack'd from side to side,
And hope is gone.
I reach for the brightest star with fingers of nothing,
My voice is the wind in the leaves.
I am the no-one,
The no-one whom no-one believes.

Ruth Atkins



C. R. Buddell UVI

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SPORTS SECTION

1st XI FOOTBALL 1969/70

V. Coaker
D. Barker J. Bailey R. Farrell S. Draper
R. Coombe J. McConnell I. Dodd
P. Hanafin M. Schulz R. Soper

Reserves: W. Jones, D. Guy, R. Grimes, R. Barker

The team was fairly stable throughout the season with the reserves rarely being called upon; the exception to this was when Farrell became ill over Christmas and Guy took over his position for the rest of the season.

All the matches played except one were friendlies and a summary is shown below:

<u>Played</u>	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against	Points
17	10	4	3	62	37	23

A quick exit was made from the Middlesex Grammar Schools Cup when we were beaten 3-0 by a strong Elliots Green side in the first round.

Special mention must go to Schulz, our leading striker and captain, who, playing well throughout the season, had twenty three goals to his credit at the end of it.

Three players attained County standard during the season and although Bailey was not, the other two players, Dodd and McConnell, were selected to represent Middlesex at the Festival of Football, held at Skegness in April.

I. Dodd

2nd Eleven

GOALS						
Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against	Points
16	14	0	2	95	30	30

The figures tell their own story of a marvellous season for the 2nd eleven. Many people were heard to say that this was the best second eleven the school has ever had. The spirit running through the team was superb. This is exemplified so well in Richard Grimes who played throughout the season with a very bad knee injury. The team never looked like being beaten and everybody who played last year deserves praise for putting up so many superb performances. I would like to thank Mr. Cherry and Mr. Gaskell for their help throughout this victorious season.

Appearances:

Barbrook 16, Lloyd 15, Wake 15, Prickett 14, Hayes 14, Shutie 13, Russell 13, Grimes 12, R. Barker 11, McGreal 11, Baker 9, Jones 9, D. Barker 8, Dobbins 4, Biati 3, Draper 2, Keps 2, Nolan 2, Oates 2, Lupie 1, Hannafin 1, Watkins 1.

Goalscorers:

Jones 18, McGreal 15, Baker 14, Russell 12, Grimes 8, Barbrook 8, Hayes 7, Prickett 4, D. Barker 2, Wake 1, Dobbins 1, Nolan 1, Watkins 1, Hannafin 1.

K. Barbrook

Netball 1969-70

Only the first and second year teams with their boundless energy and enthusiasm met with any success this year. Both won or drew at least half of their matches.

The third and fourth year teams were unlucky to lose many of their games by only a few goals. The results of these were usually uncertain until the last few minutes when a sudden spurt by the opposition decided the match.

The unsuccessful season that the first team had this year was due mainly to lack of coordination between defence and attack, unable to play as a team other than in matches because of the poor attendances at practices. Another contributory factor was the average height of our players in a game which becomes more and more suitable for the taller girl.

Girls Tennis 1970

Both tennis teams were rather unsuccessful this year with the first team losing all five matches and the Under 15 team winning only one, and drawing one of their six matches. Although the girls played with enthusiasm their losses can be attributed mainly to the non-availability of players due to Saturday jobs and therefore frequent changes of partners. To play Alperton both teams combined by contributing three players each and won with quite a convincing result.

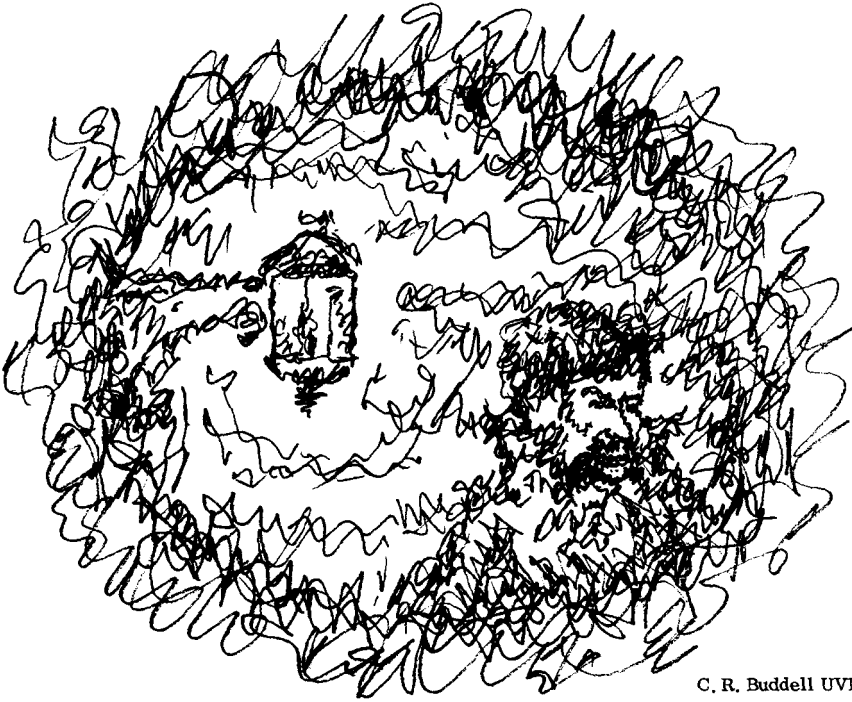
The girls tennis tournaments were well supported by entrants from the brave 1st form to the Lower Sixth. After an exciting final Anne O'Loughlin beat Irene Christopher, both from the fourth form, 6-2, 6-3, 6-1. In the Junior tennis tournament Susam Thomas, 3rd year beat Anne Tuhill, also 3rd year 6-2, 6-3.

GIRLS HOCKEY

This year the 1st eleven, unfortunately lost the majority of their matches. This was mainly due to an inconsistent team and the fact that not many of the 1st eleven players turned up for practices.

The under 15 team were unbeaten in the Autumn Term when they were able to field an unchanged team. Unfortunately many of the girls were not available on Saturdays after Christmas and their record was broken. Despite this, they had quite a good season and are to be congratulated on their results.

<u>Team</u>	<u>Played</u>	<u>Won</u>	<u>Drew</u>	<u>Lost</u>
1st XI	10	1	3	6
U.15 XI	10	6	2	2



C. R. Buddell UVI

Illustration of a poem. C. R. Buddell UVI

"And he is dead who will not fight.....
..... And who dies fighting has increased
The unreturning army that was youth;
The legions who have suffered and are dust.
In the chill trenches, hurried, shelled, entombed.
Winter came down on us
And hope with furtive eyes and grappling fists
Flounders in mud. O Jesus, make it stop!

Unknown author

SPORTS RESULTS 1970

200 METRES

Boys, Minor
1st K. Taylor

2nd P. Dowdeswell

3rd R. Westbury

29.2 secs.

Boys, Junior
1st P. Jones

2nd R. Lepper

3rd W. Fitzmaurice

26.3 secs.

Boys, Intermediate
1st P. Hanafin

2nd A. Blair

3rd M. Wright

24.5 secs.

Boys, Senior
1st D. Guy

2nd G. Morris

3rd -

24.6 secs.

800 METRES

Boys, Minor
1st M. Clifford

2nd S. Veléz

3rd J. King

2mins 57.1

Boys, Junior
1st M. O'Neill

2nd A. Bonner

3rd P. Whitthorn

2mins 35.0

Boys, Intermediate
1st D. Williamson

2nd A. Evzona

3rd -

2mins 34.9

Boys, Senior
1st I. Dodd

2nd S. Draper

3rd V. Coaker

2mins 18.6

100 METRES

Boys, Minor
1st P. Dowdeswell

2nd K. Taylor

3rd R. Westbury

14.0 secs.

Boys, Junior
1st P. Jones

2nd R. Lepper

3rd W. Fitzmaurice

12.5 secs.

Boys, Intermediate
1st P. Hanafin

2nd A. Blair

3rd M. Wright

11.8 secs.

Boys, Senior
1st D. Guy

2nd A. Kwiatkowski

3rd -

11.9 secs.

Girls, Minor
1st E. Russell

2nd V. Gibbs

3rd F. O'Loughlin

14.8 secs.

Girls, Junior
1st J. Rossiter

2nd J. Hullah and S. Thomas

14.7 secs.

Girls, Intermediate
1st R. O'Sullivan

2nd W. Palmer

3rd E. Patton

14.5 secs.

DISCUS

Boys, Senior
1st J. Bailey

2nd N. Wake

3rd -

29.25 m

400 METRES

Boys, Minor
1st K. Taylor

2nd J. King

3rd R. Westbury

1min 15.6

Boys, Junior
1st A. Bonner

2nd A. Morris

3rd W. Fitzmaurice

1min 5.1

Boys, Intermediate			
1st T. Morris	2nd R. Baker	3rd -	1min 2.0
Boys, Senior			
1st V. Coaker	2nd S. Draper	3rd I. Dodd	58.4 secs.
1,500 METRES			
Boys, Intermediate			
1st R. Grimes	2nd D. Williamson	3rd -	5mins 0.7
<u>PUTTING THE SHOT</u>			
Boys, Senior			
1st R. Farrell	2nd J. Bailey	3rd K. Barbrook	10.08 m
<u>RELAY RACE 4 x 100 m</u>			
Girls, form 1			
1st 1C	2nd 1A	3rd 1B	1min 4.0
Boys, form 1			
1st 1C	2nd 1A	3rd 1B	1min 3.1
Girls, form 2			
1st 2A	2nd 2C	3rd 2B	59.6 secs.
Boys, form 2			
1st 2C	2nd 2B	3rd 2A	59.6 secs.
Girls, form 3			
1st 3B	2nd 3C	3rd 3A	1min 2.3
Boys, form 3			
1st 3B	2nd 3C	3rd 3A	55.5 secs.
Girls, form 4			
1st 4A	2nd 4C	3rd -	1min 1.5
Boys, form 4			
1st 4C	2nd 4B	3rd -	58.1 secs.
Girls, form 5			
1st 5A	2nd 5B	3rd 5C	1min 1.2
Boys, form 5			
1st 5C	2nd 5A	3rd 5B	53.0 secs.
Form 6			
1st L6	2nd Staff		
<u>JAVELIN</u>			
Girls, Intermediate			
1st F. Stephens	2nd B. Stone	3rd -	21.133 m
Girls, Junior			
1st S. Mendison	2nd J. Rossitter	3rd J. Hullah	15.913 m
Boys, Junior			
1st M. Draper	2nd S. Smith	3rd M. Moore	30.73 m
Boys, Intermediate			
1st M. Sullivan	2nd P. Hanafin	3rd A. Earle	25.62 m
Boys, Senior			
1st M. Schulz	2nd N. Wake	3rd -	47.17 m

THROWING THE ROUNDERS BALL

Girls, Minor
1st C. Elliott 2nd F. O'Loughlin 3rd V. Gibbs 33.274 m

PUTTING THE SHOT

Girls, Intermediate
1st C. Lee 2nd B. Stone 3rd F. Stephens 7.391 m

Girls, Junior
1st H. Badowska 2nd J. Hullah 3rd S. Mendison 6.731 m

Boys, Junior
1st D. Cook 2nd W. Gorman 3rd A. Morris 9.37 m

Boys, Intermediate
1st C. Lowther 2nd A. Boase 3rd P. Hanafin 10.95 m

LONG JUMP

Boys, Minor
1st P. Dowdswell 2nd M. Kapa 3rd R. Westbury 3.89 m

Boys, Junior
1st P. Jones 2nd W. Gorman 3rd A. Morris 4.97 m

Boys, Intermediate
1st A. Boase 2nd R. Barker 3rd D. Barker 5.1 m

Boys, Senior
1st A. Kwiatkowski 2nd D. Guy 3rd T. Prickett 5.6 m

Girls, Minor
1st J. Heffernan 2nd D. Baker 3rd V. Gibbs 3.569 m

Girls, Junior
1st C. Holden 2nd J. Hullah 3rd S. Thomas 4.013 m

Girls, Intermediate
1st W. Palmer 2nd Y. Skipp 3rd B. Roter 4.076 m

DISCUS

Boys, Junior
1st J. Collier 2nd C. Jones and S. Mann 22.7 m

Boys, Intermediate
1st A. Earle 2nd S. Rooke 3rd A. Boase 25.62 m

Girls, Intermediate
1st C. Lee 2nd F. Stephens 3rd B. Roter 20.878 m

Girls, Junior
1st C. Holden 2nd S. Thomas 3rd J. Rossiter 17.323 m

HIGH JUMP

Boys, Minor
1st P. Dowdswell 2nd M. Kapa 3rd G. Bavistock 1.27 m

Boys, Junior
1st P. Jones 2nd K. Francis 3rd C. Jones 1.45 m

Boys, Intermediate
1st A. Evzone 2nd R. Nunn 3rd - 1.27 m

Boys, Senior
1st A. Kwiatkowski 2nd J. Wyatt 3rd S. Draper 1.63 m

Girls, Minor
 1st F. O'Loughlin 2nd J. Heffernan 3rd E. Russell 1.193 m

Girls, Junior
 1st E. Jones 2nd J. Hullah 3rd S. Mendison 1.27 m

Girls, Intermediate
 1st B. Smart 2nd B. Roter 3rd M. Davies 1.27 m

CROSS COUNTRY RACE

Boys, Junior
 1st P. Whitthorn 2nd M. Kiely 3rd K. Kelly 16min 59.2

Boys, Senior
 1st R. Grimes 2nd D. Williamson 3rd V. Coaker 25min 10

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONS

GIRLS, MINOR
 1st F. O'Loughlin 20
 2nd J. Heffernan 19
 3rd V. Gibbs 16

GIRLS, JUNIOR
 1st J. Hullah 29
 2nd J. Rossitter 27
 3rd C. Holden 23
 S. Mendison

GIRLS, INTERMEDIATE
 1st F. Stevens 31
 2nd C. Lee 27
 3rd W. Palmer 26

BOYS, MINOR
 1st P. Dowdswell 30
 2nd R. Westbury 17
 3rd M. Kepa 16

BOYS, JUNIOR
 1st P. Jones 35
 2nd M. Draper 19
 3rd W. Fitzmaurice 18
 P. Whitthorn

BOYS, INTERMEDIATE
 1st P. Hanafin 50
 2nd A. Boase 34
 R. Grimes

BOYS, SENIOR
 1st S. Draper 39
 2nd A. Kwiatkowski 38
 3rd D. Guy 35



C. R. Buddell UVI

What's a 17 year old want with a bank account?

To keep your money safe, for a start. (Like it's easy to lose old socks, but how many banks get lost every year?) And to get yourself a cheque book. With proper identification (such as a personal letter, passport, or even driving licence) you can pay by cheque practically anywhere, and at any time you're short of ready cash.

Your cheque book makes it easier to keep track of your money, too—it guarantees you statements whenever you request them.

If you're going on to college, an account with Barclays can help you budget, so your grant doesn't run out before the term does.

Or if you're going straight out to work, you can have your salary paid directly into the bank—no fear of losing your hard-won earnings.

Finally, you may want an account with us because it's just plain sensible. You don't have a fortune now, but you've got a lifetime of earning ahead of you. Thousands and thousands of pounds. Managing that money – making the most of it – can become pretty complicated. Eventually you'll appreciate the help your bank manager can give you. Call in at your local branch today and have a chat. We look forward to seeing you.



BARCLAYS

a good bank to get behind you

ENTRANCE TO UNIVERSITIES, COLLEGES OF EDUCATION etc. OCTOBER 1970

Adams Lindsey M.	Brigham Young University, Provo, U.S.A. B.A. (English)
Barker Janette	Ealing Technical College, H.N.D. Business Studies, Tourism
Biati Hussain	Royal Dental Hospital, London
Blackwell John R.	Guildhall School of Music, London
Brown Norman E.	Kingston Polytechnic, C.N.A.A. Sandwich Course, (Civil Engineering)
Carpenter David	Sussex University, B.Sc. (Electrical Engineering)
Clare Bernice E.	Ealing Technical College, H.N.D. Business Studies, (Tourism)
Curtis Paul T.	Christ's College, Cambridge, B.A. (Natural Sciences)
Davey Ruth M.	Llandilo Technical College, Colwyn Bay, H.N.D. Hotel and Catering Administration Berkshire College of Education
Goodwin Jennifer	Waltham Forest Technical College, (Architecture)
Heffernan Christopher	Dundee University, B.Sc. (Microbiology)
Hinton Stephen J.	Borough Road College of Education, Isleworth
Horn Alasdair	Willesden Technical College, (Quantity Surveying)
Hryncyszyn Richard	All Saints' College of Education, London
Kille Elise V.	Brunel University, B.Tech. (Applied Chemistry)
King Paul	Westminster Hospital Medical School, London
Lau Patrick H.	Brixton School of Building, (Estate Management)
MacDonald John A.	King's College, London, B.A. (History)
McConnell John A.	Avery Hill College of Education, London
McCraith Brenda	University of Wales, Aberystwyth, B.A. (Geography)
McGreal John	The Polytechnic of Central London, H.N.D. Computer Studies
Palmer Allan J.	Hornsey College of Art
Pond Adrienne	Warwick University LL.B.
Ryan Edward A.	North Western Polytechnic, (Physical Education and Geography)
Schulz Michael	Southall College of Technology, Sandwich Course, (Electrical/Electronic Engineering)
Slade Philip J.	Hamble College of Air Training (Commercial Pilots' Course)
Vosper Christopher B.	East Anglia University, B.Sc. (Mathematics and Physics)
Walia Rabinderpal	Loughborough University of Technology, B.Sc. (Civil Engineering)
Wyatt John C.	

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION RESULTS

JANUARY & JULY 1970

ADVANCED LEVEL

Adams L.M.	British Constitution (0), English
Barker D.S.	Chemistry, Physics (0)
Barker J.	English, French
Baruch A.L.H.	Biology, Chemistry, Physics
Beattie J.	French (0)
Beattie M.J.	British Constitution, Economics, Geography
Biati H.A.J.	Chemistry, Physics
Blackwell J.R.	Music
Blazewicz I.	Chemistry (0), Physics (0)
Boxshall S.C.	Chemistry, Geography, Physics (0)
Brown N.E.	Applied Mathematics, Physics

ADVANCED LEVEL (Contd.)

Brown S.F. English
Burns R. Economics, Geography
Butcher D.R. English (O), French (O), German
Carpenter D. Chemistry, Pure and Applied Mathematics, Physics
Churchill L.M. French, German
Clare B.E. English, French, German
Curtis P.T. Chemistry, Pure Mathematics, Physics
Davey R.M. English
Diamond J.I. Art
Durrans P. Biology, Chemistry, Geography (M)
Elliot D.J. British Constitution, Economics (O), Geography (O)
Floyd P.G. British Constitution, Economics
Gamble J.M. Art (O)
Goodwin J. English, History (O)
Grant M.H. Economics, History
Griffiths E.L. Biology (O), Economics, Geography
Heffernan C.J. Geography
Hinton S.J. Biology, Chemistry, Pure and Applied Mathematics
Horn A. Pure and Applied Mathematics
Hrynyczsyn R. Economics, History, Geography (O)
Jachnik A. Polish
Jones J.B. Geography (O), Physics (O)
Kille E.V. Biology, English, Home Economics
King P.T. Chemistry
Laslett J.M.A. English, History
Lassalle J. Economics (O)
Last J. Economics (O)
Lau P. Biology, Chemistry, Physics
MacDonald J. British Constitution, Economics, History
Mastin D. English, French
McConnell J.A. British Constitution, Economics, History
McCraith B. English, History
McGhie K.A. Economics (O)
McGreal J. Economics, Geography (M)
Morris G. British Constitution, Economics, History
Newton K. Home Economics
Nolan G.F. English, Geography, History
Palmer A.J. Pure and Applied Mathematics, Applied Mathematics
Phipps A.W.E. Economics, History
Pond A. Art, British Constitution, Economics, History
Prickett T. German
Reynolds G.E. Economics, Geography
Ridley K. English(M), French, German
Ryan E.A. British Constitution, Economics, History
Schulz M. Art (O), Economics, Geography (O)
Shilling L.T.G. Economics, Geography (O)
Slade P.J. Chemistry (O), Physics
Sugden G.A. French, History
Szmigin G. French (O)
Vosper C.B. Chemistry, Pure and Applied Mathematics, Physics
Walia R. Pure Mathematics, Physics
Wyatt J.C. Pure Mathematics, Physics, Technical Drawing

(M) - Merit in Special Paper
(O) - Pass at Ordinary Level

ORDINARY LEVEL

FORM V

Baker D.W. Woodwork
Baker L.C. English Language with Spoken English, English Literature, Food and Nutrition, German, History, Pure Mathematics, Religious Knowledge
Barker S. English Language with Spoken English, English Literature, Food and Nutrition, French, German, Greek Literature in Translation, History, Pure Mathematics
Barrett M. English Language with Spoken English, English Literature, Music
Baruch C.R.C. Biology, English Language with Spoken English, English Literature, French, Geography, German, Pure Mathematics
Blair A.J. English Language with Spoken English, English Literature
Boase A.T. Biology, Chemistry, English Language with Spoken English, English Literature, French, Geography, Pure Mathematics, Woodwork
Bragiel E.B.H. Chemistry, English Language with Spoken English, English Literature, French, History, Pure Mathematics
Brennan M.A. English Literature, French, German, History, Pure Mathematics
Casey L.M. Art, English Language with Spoken English, English Literature, French
Cooper S.R. Biology, English Literature, Geography, Pure Mathematics, Woodwork
Davies L. Biology, English Literature, French
Davies L.M. English Language with Spoken English, English Literature, French, Music
Dawton L.M. Art, English Language, English Literature
D'Oliveira L.M. Biology, Chemistry, English Language with Spoken English, English Literature, French, German, Pure Mathematics, Additional Mathematics, Music, Physics
Draper S. English Language with Spoken English, English Literature, Geography, History, Pure Mathematics
Dunkley S.M. English Language with Spoken English, English Literature, Food and Nutrition, French
Earl A.D. Biology, English Literature, Geography
Evans D.M. English Language with Spoken English, English Literature
Fisk R.C. Music
Forrest S.M. Pure Mathematics
Forsyth S. Chemistry, English Language with Spoken English, English Literature, Food and Nutrition, French, German, Greek Literature in Translation, History, Pure Mathematics
Fossett R.C. Biology
Gasser B.F. Chemistry, English Language with Spoken English, English Literature, French, Geography, German, History, Pure Mathematics, Additional Mathematics
Goldsmith P. English Literature, Woodwork
Grimes R. English Literature
Grimwood J.A. English Language, English Literature, Food and Nutrition, History, Geography
Hanafin P.S. English Literature, French, Woodwork
Hayes M.R.S. English Language, Woodwork
Hayne P.M. English Language, English Literature, French, Geography, German, History, Mathematics, Additional Mathematics, Physics
Hill D.L. Chemistry, English Literature, Woodwork
Hodgkins H.E. Biology, English Language with Spoken English, English Literature, French, Greek Literature in Translation
Jeffreys P.W. Biology, Chemistry, English Literature, French, Geography, Physics, Pure Mathematics, Additional Mathematics
Johnson P.R.T. English Language, Geography
Jones W.A. English Literature, French
Kepa R.M. Biology, English Language with Spoken English, English Literature, Geography, Pure Mathematics, Physics

ORDINARY LEVEL (contd)

Kirby L.P. English Language with Spoken English, English Literature
Lee C. Art, English Language
Linfield P.R. English Language, English Literature
Lowther C.A. Woodwork
Lyon K.E. Biology, Chemistry, English Language with Spoken English, French, English Literature, Pure Mathematics, Additional Mathematics
Meguire A.R. English Literature, Food and Nutrition, Pure Mathematics
Mann R.L. English Language, English Literature, French, German, Pure Mathematics
Mayhew E.A. Biology, English Language, English Literature, French
Merchant R.S. English Language with Spoken English, English Literature, Woodwork, Geography
Millidge S.C. Art, English Language, English Literature, French, Geography, German, Pure Mathematics
Mitchell J. Biology, Chemistry, English Language with Spoken English, English Literature, Food and Nutrition
Monk S.M. Art, English Literature, Food and Nutrition, Greek Literature in Translation
Munns S.B. Chemistry, English Language with Spoken English, English Literature, French, Geography, German, History, Pure Mathematics
Newbury L. Biology, English Language with Spoken English, English Literature, Food and Nutrition, French, German, Greek Literature in Translation, Pure Mathematics
Nolan P.D. Biology, Chemistry, English Language with Spoken English, English Literature, French, Geography, Pure Mathematics
Norman L.C. Biology, English Language with Spoken English, English Literature, Geography, History, Pure Mathematics, Physics
O'Sullivan R.M. English Literature, French, History, Pure Mathematics
Park M.A. Art
Parker L.A. English Literature, Geography, Pure Mathematics
Patton E.A. English Literature, Food and Nutrition, Geography, Pure Mathematics
Phelps S. Biology, English Literature, French, German, Pure Mathematics
Poulter J. Chemistry, English Language, English Literature, Geography, German, Pure Mathematics, Additional Mathematics, Physics
Price S.J. English Language with Spoken English, English Literature, French, Geography, German, History
Ranger N.S. Biology, Chemistry, English Literature, Geography, Pure Mathematics
Ridley J. Art, Chemistry, English Literature, Geography, Pure Mathematics
Roffey J.R. English Language, English Literature, Geography, Pure Mathematics
Woodwork
Rogers L.A. Chemistry, English Language with Spoken English, English Literature, French, German, History, Pure Mathematics, Additional Mathematics, Physics, Religious Knowledge
Rooke S.R. English Language, English Literature, Woodwork
Roter B. Biology, English Literature, Geography, Polish
Sccombe S. Biology, English Language with Spoken English, English Literature, Pure Mathematics, Music
Shutie W.M.I. Biology, Chemistry, English Literature, Geography, Pure Mathematics
Sims K. Biology, English Language with Spoken English, English Literature, French, Geography, German, Pure Mathematics
Smart R.M. English Language with Spoken English, English Literature, Geography, History, Pure Mathematics
Smith A.G. Biology, Chemistry, English Language, English Literature, French, Geography
Snowdon M. Biology, English Language with Spoken English, English Literature, Food and Nutrition, French, German, Music
Solinski A.W. Biology, English Language, English Literature, Geography, Pure Mathematics, Physics, Polish
Stone R.M. Biology, Chemistry, English Language, English Literature, French, Geography, German, Pure Mathematics
Sullivan M.A. English Language, English Literature, Geography, Woodwork
Taylor L.M. Art, French

Thomas S.R. English Literature, Pure Mathematics
 Tombs E.M.A. Biology, English Language, English Literature, Food and Nutrition,
 French, Geography, German
 Underwood A.F. Biology, English Language, English Literature, French, Geography,
 German, Pure Mathematics, Music
 Waldron G.M. English Literature
 Walters A. Biology, English Language with Spoken English, English Literature,
 History
 Watkins G.P. English Language, French, Geography
 White D.F. English Language, English Literature, Greek Literature in
 Translation, History
 Wiffin R.K. Art, English Language with Spoken English, English Literature,
 French, Geography, Pure Mathematics, Music
 Williamson D.J. Chemistry, French, Geography, Pure Mathematics, Woodwork
 Wilmot J. Art, English Language with Spoken English, English Literature,
 Geography, Pure Mathematics
 Windsor J.W. English Language with Spoken English, English Literature,
 Geography
 Witcher H.M. Biology, English Language with Spoken English, English Literature,
 French, Geography, German, Pure Mathematics, Physics
 Wood D. Biology, Chemistry, English Language, English Literature, French,
 German, History, Pure Mathematics
 Woolcombe C. Biology, Chemistry, English Language, English Literature, French,
 History, Pure Mathematics

ORDINARY LEVEL

ADDITIONAL SUBJECTS

FORM VIU

Barker J. Additional Mathematics, Spanish
 Beattie J. Greek Literature in Translation
 Blackwell J.R. Religious Knowledge
 Brown S.F. Economics, Spanish
 Chapman A.F. Economics, Spanish
 Churchill L.M. Spanish
 Clare B.E. Spanish
 Diamond J.I. Greek Literature in Translation
 Floyd P.G. English Language, Additional Mathematics
 Gamble J.M. Economics, Greek Literature in Translation
 Holley J.S. Economics, Greek Literature in Translation
 Jones J.B. Geology, Pure Mathematics
 Lau P.H. English Language with Spoken English
 Livesey J. Economics, Greek Literature in Translation
 MacDonald J. English Language
 Newton K.S. English Language with Spoken English
 Ridley K. Greek Literature in Translation, Spanish
 Sugden G.A. Economics, Spanish
 Szmigin C. Spanish
 Wyatt J.C. Additional Mathematics

FORM VII

Bailey J.M. Geology, History
 Barbrook K.O. English Language with Spoken English
 Batten S. Geology
 Bowler C. English Language with Spoken English, English Literature, Physics
 Brandreth K.D. History
 Buddell C.R. English Language, Physics
 Carter G.T. English Language, Chemistry

Clarke D.A.	English Language with Spoken English
Coaker V.R.	English Language with Spoken English, <i>Geology</i> ,
Collier A.S.	Art, English Language with Spoken English, Pure Mathematics
Coombe B.R.	<i>Geology</i> , Additional Mathematics
Cowgill D.	Chemistry, French, History
Dobbins B.	English Language with Spoken English
Dodd I.	English Language
Dorsett S.	<i>Geology</i>
Gold D.J.	History
Haldane J.	Additional Mathematics
Howse P.R.	<i>Geology</i> , Additional Mathematics
Hughes P.J.	Physics
Iffill N.H.B.	English Language with Spoken English, <i>Geography</i>
Jachnik A.M.	<i>Geology</i>
Jakubowski J.A.	English Language, Pure Mathematics
Kaluzynski R.	English Language with Spoken English
Kwiatkowski A.	Physics, Polish
Lambeth G.	Biology, English Language, English Literature
MacLeod F.M.	<i>Geology</i> , Physics
Marsh J.A.	<i>Geography</i> , History
Morre J.G.	Additional Mathematics
Munt V.J.	German
Offord A.	French
Powell G.F.	Additional Mathematics

ORDINARY LEVEL

Reading D.D.C.	Physics
Sidhu K.S.	Chemistry, Additional Mathematics
Smith A.J.	Chemistry
Smith C.L.	Chemistry, English Language, <i>Geology</i>
Snell L.A.	English Language with Spoken English, <i>Geography</i> , History
Soper R.	English Language with Spoken English, <i>Geology</i> , Additional Mathematics
Sullivan T.W.	English Language
Terry P.T.S.	Additional Mathematics
Twitchett D.T.	English Language
Wake N.J.	English Literature
Whitehand D.	<i>Geography</i>
Wingrove D.L.	Biology

The following pupils in Form IV passed in Pure Mathematics:

Brandreth R.	Brosnan M.	Campbell V.	Christopher I.	Davies J.
Dobbins M.J.	Fraser C.	Godwin S.	Hinton P.	Kennedy J.
Jepper J.	Morris R.	Reid C.	Rundle C.	Sugden T.
Thurston D.	Wiles J.	Wyatt P.		

Transfers to other schools

E. Bragiel	C. Hickey
J. Campbell	D. Ingleby
M. Draper	N. John
S. Draper	J. Lawrence
C. Dudley	P. Lupi
M. Field	S. Quy
P. Hanafin	P. Solomon

Admissions

2A Angela Blakesley
Michele Lane
4C Martin Frost
5C Saeeda Mirza
5B Clive Burton
6L Paul Cowgill
Navinder Dhir
Virginia Lau
John Leach
Robert Penrucker
Neil Pilcher
Patrick Talary

NEW ADMISSIONS

FORM 1A

Ayre Anthony E.
Barker Juliet
Brandreth Peter E.
Bray Christopher
Fowler Sharon
Grice Philip M.
Harvey Catherine L.
Kettlewell Lee
Lang John D.
McGreal Stephen
McKaine Debra
McMahon Gary A.
Medlin Susan C.
Michaels David G.
Moloney Kevin
Monk Julie D.
Nelson Sarah S.
Nolan Veronica A.
O'Reilly Sean T.
Peden Wayne I.
Roberts Karen L.
Sircar Sheila
Snashall Dylan
Stenford Timothy
Stewart Paul
Terry Simon M.
Thomas Lynda J.
Viggers Felicity
Wood Mary C.

FORM 1B

Barnett Angela L.
Boxshall Ian R.
Brashier Caroline
Browne Kevin
Carter Helen A.
Cooper Robert C.
Feeney Godfrey
Follett Louise
Garratt Christopher I.
Gates Philip W.
Gilbey Paul
Gopinathan Hahendra
Grendon Sandra
Higgs Laurie S.
Hollis Janet
Jennings Mary
Lyster Jane S.
Makins Ann J.
Martin Gary
Nilne Ronald
Pieri Margaret
Rhodes James
Stacey Derek
Straw Beverley A.
Templer Richard
Watson Carol D.
Wells Robert J.
Wilkins John W.
Williams Angela M.

FORM 1C

Allen Elizabeth F.
Bilson David G.
Bonner Christopher G.
Christodoulou Christopher
Church Graham
Collins Jayne
Davis Michael J.
Dawber Kenneth J.
Hewett Dianne C.
Hibbert Russell
Hobden John
Hurren Paul J.
Jones Elizabeth T.
Jubb Raymond E.
Lazaravic Lynn
Lightfoot Susan J.
Lynch Gaynor
Martin Peter D.
Meyer David H.
Narayanswami Vasanta
Newman Christopher H.
Pegg Karen
Reading Graham C. J.
Rodrigues Leonard
Sheppard Patricia J.
Slatter Colin J.
Stone Alison H.
Stratford Deborah A.
Valentine Teresa F.

LEAVERS

Autumn Term 1969, Spring and Summer Terms 1970

Forms V and VI

L.M.Adams
J.Barker
A.L.H.Baruch
J.Beattie
M.J.Beattie
H.Biati
J.R.Blackwell
C.Bowler
N.E.Brown
S.F.Brown
R.Burns
D.R.Butcher
D.Carpenter
A.F.Chapman
B.E.Clare
S.G.Cole
P.T.Curtis
R.M.Davey
I.M.Dawton
J.I.Diamond
J.E.Dunkley
S.M.Dunkley
V.J.C.Edwards
R.C.Fisk
P.G.Floyd
J.M.Gamble
P.Goldsmith
J.Goodwin
M.H.Grant
E.J.Griffiths

P.S.Hanafin
P.D.Harrold
M.R.S.Hayes
C.J.Heffernan
S.J.Hinton
H.E.Hodgkins
J.S.Holley
A.Horn
R.Hrynyszyn
N.B.Ifyll
R.W.Kaluzynski
E.V.Kille
P.T.King
L.P.Kirby
J.M.A.Laslett
J.Lasselle
P.H.H.Leu
C.A.Lawther
C.Lee
E.C.Lewis
V.Lipko
J.Livesey
J.Lorde
K.F.Lyon
J.A.MacDonald
D.Mastin
J.A.McConnell
B.M.McCraith
K.A.McGhie
J.McGreal
S.M.Monk

G.Morris
S.B.Munns
K.S.Newton
G.F.Nolan
A.J.Palmer
J.C.Park
R.J.Perowne
A.W.E.Phipps
A.Pond
S.J.Price
G.E.Reynolds
J.Ridley
E.A.Ryan
M.Schulz
Y.Skipp
P.J.Slade
C.L.Smith
G.A.Sugden
T.W.Sullivan
C.Szmigin
E.M.A.Tombs
D.T.Twitchett
C.B.Vosper
R.Walia
G.P.Watkins
D.L.Whitehand
D.L.Wingrove
S.J.Wright
J.C.Wyatt
D.J.Yeo

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS TYPEWRITING EXAMINATIONS 1970

Lower VI - Stage I

M. Blackwell Pass
A. Collier "
V. Edwards "
V. Huggins "
V. Hunt Credit
C. O'Loughlin Pass
L. Snell "
D. Wingrove Credit

Upper VI - Stage II

J. Beattie Pass
S. Brown "
A. Chapman Distinction
J. Gamble Pass
J. Holley "
J. Last "
J. Livesey Distinction

Upper VI - Stage III

J. Gamble Pass