



Phoenix 1971

The Magazine of Drayton Manor Grammar School



THE DRAYTON MANOR GRAMMAR SCHOOL • HANWELL

LONDON

Drayton Manor Grammar School

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Phoenix 1971

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"We're having a new-style Magazine this year", said the Editor to the newly assembled Magazine Committee gesticulating emphatically with a pencil. "Oh yes . . .", we thought doubtfully. "What are we doing – giving away free gifts?" "Now, if each of you would make yourselves responsible for one particular section we should be able to get enough material to fill it

And so the annual preparation for the "Phoenix" began. Piles of material kindly donated already from Forms 1 and 2 were sorted through, approved or rejected; rarer epics, such as the one contribution from Form – let us say – xy, were carefully scanned and returned to the bank-vault grasp of the Editor lest they should evaporate irretrievably into the morning air along with Hamlet's ghost.

Towards the last week of Summer Term we concluded that we did not have sufficient original work of the sort which our self-respecting printer would consider printing. We also discovered that we should have to collect all the entries before the end of September. ("September '73?") The annual coaxing and bullying got under way.

"Well, we'll just have to make sure that we cover every single school function. Now what about that visit by nine of the Lower Sixth to the Victoria and Albert Museum last month ...
("No, we ended up playing with the handles and buttons in the Science Museum – we can't put that in ...

"Look, - pontificated the Editor on a subsequent occasion, "we really must get some original work from the Senior School – there's hardly any at all from the Sixth Form. And what about something from the Art Department
Result: fair to middling. Sixth Form, nil – Fifth Form, two. ("I know why it's called the 'Phoenix' – because it dies out every year"). Glare from the Editor.
"Photos! We could get some photos to put in!" (Space filler did someone murmur?) Right settled. Co-opt an extra Member. (Snag – no photos).

The typing was, by now, well under way.

"Hmm – it doesn't look much when it's typed out like this, does it." (How about calling the blank pages Surrealistic Art – snowball having a black-out in a milkchurn sort of thing?")
Towards the end it was like waiting for your horse to come in – will he make it before the tape comes down? Provided one has a sound heart, good nerves, and thick skin, working on the Magazine Committee could be enjoyable – but the pain would be eased if some of these new-style pages were filled more readily in future

Brian Gasser, UVI

School Notes 1970-71

After several years of experiment (sometimes two magazines on time, sometimes one six months late), arrangements have now been made for the Phoenix to be published by our new printers every Autumn and to contain in approximately equal proportions, pupils' original contributions, both literary and artistic, and the usual accounts of the previous year's activities. The last date for the handing in of material will be the end of September, and it is hoped to have the magazine in pupils' and parents' hands soon after half term.

Normal and inevitable retirements have meant that during a period of no more than fourteen months, Drayton Manor has had three Headmasters and two Deputy Heads. Dr. Evans retired in July 1971, Mr. Wright was Acting Head for a term; the present Head took up his appointment in January 1971; Mr. Wright retired in July; and Mr. Phillips has just joined the school as Deputy Head.

Mr. Wright's retirement after thirty nine years of service is fully recorded elsewhere, but it is perhaps fitting that I should express here my personal thanks for his work and advice during the last six months of those thirty nine years. Such staff changes in so short a time may appear to mark the end of an era, but I am sure that the best tribute to the work of Dr. Evans and Mr. Wright lies in our determination to preserve, whatever changes the future may bring, the atmosphere which they did so much to develop, in co-operation of course with a great many staff and pupils.

We welcome as Deputy Head, Mr. J. Phillips who comes to us from Archbishop Tennison's Grammar School where he was Head of the Modern Languages Department. After graduating with honours in Modern Languages at Oxford, Mr. Phillips spent a year as a lecturer in a French University and subsequently held the post of Sixth Form and Careers Master at St. Marylebone Grammar School. It may interest some to know that quite apart from his more obvious academic and professional qualifications, he was once the Captain of the England Schools' Cricket XI – as the school may come to appreciate if the fixture between staff and boys is ever revived.

At the end of January, Mr. R. H. Khan returned to Pakistan, his place in the Mathematics and Physics Departments being filled for the remainder of the year by Mr. D. Yamell. At the end of the Summer

Term Mrs. Ralph retired from teaching, Miss Woodall moved to Bristol to become Head of Biology at Churchill School, Mrs. Higgins decided to seek a part-time appointment, and Miss Skelan left to undertake "voluntary service overseas". To all of these we extend our thanks and best wishes for their future career.

In their places we welcome Mrs. Spikes – no stranger to the Mathematics Department; Miss Virgo to the Biology Department; Miss Westwood to the English Department and Miss Moan to the Geography Department, of which Mrs. Preston is now the Head.

1970-71 will be remembered as the most successful football season in the history of the school. Full details will be found on another page, but it should be said that it will be difficult for any future team to equal the 1st. XI's success in winning both the Middlesex Schools' League Championship and the Middlesex Schools' Knock Out Cup Competition, and impossible for anyone to exceed it!

The activities of our various Clubs and Societies have continued much as in previous years and are described in separate articles. One new venture – the open air Concert should be mentioned here. A great success in itself, it may prove the first of many opportunities for 'music making' at appropriate times (such as the lunch hour) in the quadrangle!

The process of syllabus/ curriculum development and change – the never ending task of schools to ensure that the work undertaken is up to date and well adapted to the needs of people in the late 20th and 21st centuries – has continued, although there are few far reaching changes to be recorded. Perhaps the most important has been the inclusion of Physics as one of the basic subjects of the fourth and fifth year courses, the others being Mathematics, English and French.

The school is again greatly indebted to the Parents' Association for their active help and encouragement; in particular, it is very largely through their generosity that the school now has its own video tape recorder and associated equipment. The educational possibilities which this opens up can hardly be discussed here, but there is no doubt that many generations of pupils will benefit.

During the year the Borough of Ealing provided two new relocatable classrooms on the edge of the playing field. These are now in full use by the 6th form and as a result pressure of accommodation in the main building has been substantially eased.

As the magazine goes to press, further proposals for the re-organisation of education in Ealing, and others for the reform of the 'O' level/C.S.E. examination system throughout the country are very much in the air. Although neither of these proposals is likely to affect pupils already in the school, some changes may well be inevitable in the long run. The vital consideration, especially with examination changes, is the choice of appropriate extensions to and modifications of our present work.

C. J. E.

R. D. Wright

With the retirement of Mr. Wright at the end of the Summer Term, one more of the few surviving links with the origin of the school in 1930 has been severed.

Although Mr. Wright served the school for thirty-nine years, a record period for any member of the teaching staff, he was not present at the opening of the school forty-one years ago. He did, however, know intimately and work closely with the founder-headmaster, Mr. S. Allenby, the first Deputy, Miss M. Redman and the first Senior Master, Mr. P. H. Arnold and therefore came to be regarded by us, the slightly younger generation, as one of the "old gang".

For the last thirteen years Mr. Wright was Deputy Headmaster of Drayton Manor and all our present and many of our past pupils will remember him as such. It must not be forgotten, however, that during this period and for more than a quarter of a century previously, he was Head of Geography and entirely responsible for the success of that department in obtaining passes in the public examinations for the academically weaker pupils who often failed miserably in the majority of their other subjects.

Mr. Wright's tenure of office as Deputy was distinguished by the tolerance and compassion which he extended to all pupils, even to the most hardened miscreants. But for his forbearance and understanding many a now successful boy might have had his hopes for the future abruptly terminated. Thus the atmosphere of kindness and self-discipline which characterizes the Drayton Manor of today, was gradually evolved and it is for this that we shall perhaps best remember our old colleague.

All of us at the school hope that "Robbie", as he was affectionately called by the staff, or "Dickie", as he was irreverently known to his pupils, will, together with his wife, Myra, enjoy a long and happy retirement and not forget to visit us from time to time.

F. R. J. R.

E. G. Ralph

Mrs. Ralph's modest and charming personality could easily divert one's attention from the great contribution she made to the life of Drayton Manor, both inside and outside the school.

I am personally extremely grateful to her for her success in teaching German and Spanish and for the enthusiasm she inspired for those subjects. Her success derived not only from her outstanding qualities as a teacher but also from the tremendous efforts she made to arrange exchange visits to Germany for parties of our pupils. This involved hours of work on her part, most of which was done after school and during the holidays.

Apart from her work in her own department, Mrs. Ralph also played a considerable role in the work of

the Dramatic Society, not only as an actress but as a “behind-the-scenes” seamstress.

Last but not least, I should like to mention that Mrs. Ralph followed the old tradition (established by myself twenty-eight years ago) of the Modern Languages Department and married one of her former pupils. And that, indirectly, is the reason for her much lamented departure. She is expecting a baby later in the year.

We all hope, “Lis”, that you will bring the baby along to see us as soon as he/ she is strong enough to stand the journey.

F.R.J.R.



The double dealer

The Double Dealer

Any play in which an extraordinarily complex plot has to be revealed using a single setting by elaborately dressed characters speaking archaic English is surely a very difficult production for amateur actors; no doubt inebriated by past success, the Dramatic Society chose to attempt just such a play. A splendid production of Congreves' "The Double Dealer" was the happy result.

"As well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb" seemed to have been the motto as the audience was shown a very creditable representation of what life was like in the early eighteenth century – elegantly dressed ladies swished round the stage in flowing dresses; over-dressed beaux preened themselves as they elegantly carried their handkerchieves; scantily-clad cherubs floated through the arched windows (well done Mr. Clarke and the Art Department!)

Although the setting was agreeably plain – most of the time it consisted of two gilded wooden benches and a single piece of scenery – a very great deal of attention was paid to minor details, the wigs, courtesy of Mrs. Preston, were especially authentic-looking (that of Paul Cowgill was, so my neighbour assured me, so life-like it almost looked natural).

After a somewhat cautious start – possibly because one or two members of the cast were having trouble with their affected accents – the play ran along like a well-oiled machine, with the players timing their cues perfectly. It was evident that Mr. Adams had seen to it that every sign, step, and syllable was well rehearsed; even Michael Dobbins, Mark Lacey, and Marion McCraith, who took the minor roles, achieved an air of gormlessness quite befitting their humble stations. (My very sincere apologies if this was not intentional!)

The standard of acting was, as always very high, another tribute to the very able producer. Where one or two possibly lacked conviction – Careless's sheepish smile as he threw himself to his knees before his lady-love was somewhat inappropriate – they made up for this in ability: the romantic, lovesick Mellefont (Paul Cowgill), victim of the cruel plots of others; Cynthia (Angela Williams), his promised wife, coy but resolute, dutiful to her foolish father; the ostentatious beaux, Lord Froth (Colin Wagstaff) and Mr. Brisk (Trevor Morris) providing some fun between the serious comedy scenes; the doddering and senile Sir Paul (Keith Barbrook) shuffling round and sucking frantically at his clay pipe, dominated by his wicked wife; Lord Touchwood (David Reading), permanently choleric and with a curious gait which shot him six inches into the air at every other step; Lady Touchwood (Diane Cowgill), the most sought-after lady in the piece and instrumental in confounding the villain; Lady Plyant (Louise Rogers) the scheming wife of Sir Paul who utterly dominates him while having affaires de coeur with his friends; Lady Froth (Linda Baker), not quite so well-read and poetical as she pretended, with a flattened-thicket-hedge hairstyle and delicately-waved fan; Careless (Anthony Offord), Mellefont's friend, whose affaire with Lady Plyant is arranged by her unsuspecting husband; Mr. Saygrace, the broadbrogued chaplain (on the second night David Guy's sanctimonious air was rudely shattered by fits of hysterical laughing from a member of staff in the second row – the pious parson all but lost his saintly simulacrum); and, of course, the villainous Double-Dealer himself, brilliantly played by Tom Nolan – a fiend of chameleonic character who was at once sly, oily, romantic, friendly and, in the end, utterly defeated.

A word of congratulation too to Mr. Jewell and the Stage Crew; the back-cloth displayed a series of discreetly changing coloured lights, and, (a novel idea), they succeeded in moving furniture on and off while the stage and hall were plunged in complete darkness. (The screen which seemed to discover the secret of Perpetual Motion was also an interesting notion.)

A very great deal of work went into the costumes, which gave a superb atmosphere to the play. Well done girls! Mrs. Ralph and Miss Snow, in charge of the make-up, also did a very good job – Keith Barbrook seemed to have aged fifty years overnight, and the redness of Lord Touchwood's face gave almost as much indication of his character as David Reading's acting. However, in one or two cases the make-up was rather visible – Mr. Brisk, for example, reminded me vaguely of a French tricolor.

The last word, as is fitting, must go to Mr. Adams, who had the unenviable task of producing "The Double Dealer". As I have said, this was an ambitious production – the dialogue was hard, the cues innumerable, the setting difficult to work with. Yet out of this he produced a magnificent play, one which it was evident an enormous amount of work had gone into; "The Double Dealer" was a triumph for the cast, both on stage and off, and a credit to its producer.

Brian Gasser, LVI



*Scene on the boards
17th Century*

*Scene on the boards.
17th Century*

‘Black Comedy’

by Peter Shaffer

A play which opens with the stage in complete darkness? Mr. Adams flinging himself over tables and chairs? Mr. Richardson mincing around in a panther-pink suit and carrying a hand-bag? Miss Kierney transformed into a spiteful mistress?

“Black Comedy” is one of the most amusing and unusual plays to have been written in the last decade. If it were performed badly it would disintegrate into so much slapstick and sick jokes; but when the Staff presented it as this year’s Staff Play they were able to draw upon enough talent to provide the audience with excellent entertainment.

Brindsley Miller (Mr. Adams) has invited two guests to his flat: Colonel Melkett (Mr. Mulliner) – whose consent he needs to obtain to marry Carol – and Georg Bamberger (Mr. Clarke), a stone-deaf millionaire who is interested in buying some of his sculpture. In order to impress his guests, Miller has been persuaded by Carol Melkett (Miss Skehan) to borrow some valuable furniture from the flat of Harold Gorrige (Mr. Richardson), an antique-dealer who has gone away on holiday.

But black comedy turns to light tragedy as a fuse blows; the audience can now see the actors groping their way through a series of catastrophes as the carefully-planned evening turns into a horrible shambles.

Much to the delight of the audience, Mr. Adams showed yet another side of his considerable acting talent as, throughout the play, he expertly tripped over furniture (occasionally with unforeseen results) and performed remarkable gymnastics in carrying furniture on and off in the “dark”. Coupled with this, Mr. Adams also achieved an ever more dishevelled look and manner which was very convincing.

His Fiancée, Carol, was very ably played by Miss Skehan. Bleating in a well-maintained “deb” accent (very ‘cleverpegs’), spoiled, selfish, and stupid, Carol proved to be exactly the millstone around Miller’s neck to drag him to the very depths of exasperation.

First of all, Miss Furnival, a little grey-haired old lady from upstairs makes her hysterical way in, terrified of the dark. Later on, drinks get mixed up, and soon this pious daughter of a saintly parson is singing a drunken chorus of “Rock of Ages” from the sofa. This was a very good performance from Mrs. Hayward; her irrelevant, comi-priggish remarks were spoken in a quiet, calm voice which commanded the attention of all her listeners.

Further problems are presented when the Colonel arrives. Military, pompous, obtuse, he is outraged at every hint of ‘funny business’ in the dark (and there were plenty), but missed most of what Mr. Adams was in fact getting up to. For this part Mr. Mulliner was adorned with an enormous walrus moustache, and barked in a most convincing, crusty way, which terrified Miller.

At this point Miller begins to give up. The Electricity Board can not send someone to fix the fuse until later in the evening; Harold arrives unexpectedly, and Miller has to make use of the dark to move the furniture back and replace it with his own dilapidated belongings; Clea, his ex-girlfriend sneaks in, overhears his plan to marry Carol, and proceeds to wreck his frantic efforts to save what has become a hopeless situation; Schuppanzigh (Mr. Muller), a German-born electrician, arrives and is mistaken for Bamberger; then Bamberger arrives and is driven out in a torrent of abuse because he is mistaken for Schuppanzigh. Meanwhile, Clea has broken up Miller’s engagement, and Harold discovers that his furniture has been tampered with; the play closes with Miller about to get the thrashing of his life from the Colonel and Harold. If he survives this presumably he and Clea are going to live happily everafter.

Mr. Clarke had provided an excellent setting; Mr. Jewell and his team saw to it that the technical side was impeccable (even the telephone rang on cue!); the undisputable talent of the cast was waiting to be utilised. Only the prodigious skill of Miss Snow was required to co-ordinate the whole into what is one of the best plays we have seen for some time. Bravo!

Brian Gasser, LVI



Stage Crew

Stage **Manager:** Ian Dodd

Lighting: Gordon Powell, Robert Brandreth The stage crew continues as a permanent group of volunteers, not recruited for each production but meeting weekly to service the equipment as well as to prepare for the production of the moment, and also to provide some lighting for concerts and parties.

The year under review has seen two plays. That chosen for the school production was “The Double Dealer”. This play had so many changes of locality that it was decided to construct a fixed set of arches and painted panels to suggest a corridor or a room, and the changes of scene were indicated principally by the lighting which focussed on different parts of the stage and also by the colour seen through the arches. This was linked in a rather complex way to the principal characters of each scene so that as well as a change of room it would also indicate whether villainy, love or some other theme was about to occur. The lighting was designed by Gordon Powell to meet the producer’s ideas and is I think the first time a major production on this stage has been lit entirely by a pupil. The scenic requirements

centred around the provision of a double bed which, although not seen very much, dominated the technical side by its size and weight.

A-level examinations forced the resignations of Ian and Gordon so the crew has lost a partnership of several years standing. Several new young members have been taken on, and three of these have so far been accepted by the crew as permanent members.

The staff play – “Black Comedy” – was supposed to take place in a blackout but in order that the audience could see the lights came on for the darkness and went off if any light was present. The set had a very convincing bedroom on a raised level but the bed was actually poised over a three foot deep hole in the set with two legs on the platform and two legs fastened to the wall some two feet away. It was fortunate that the play did not really take place in darkness but the reversal of light meant that if a torch or match was lit, the whole stage had to darken. This needed careful rehearsal and cueing which made the new switchboard a key factor in the success of the play.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the members of the crew for the many hours of work they put in unknown to the majority of the school.

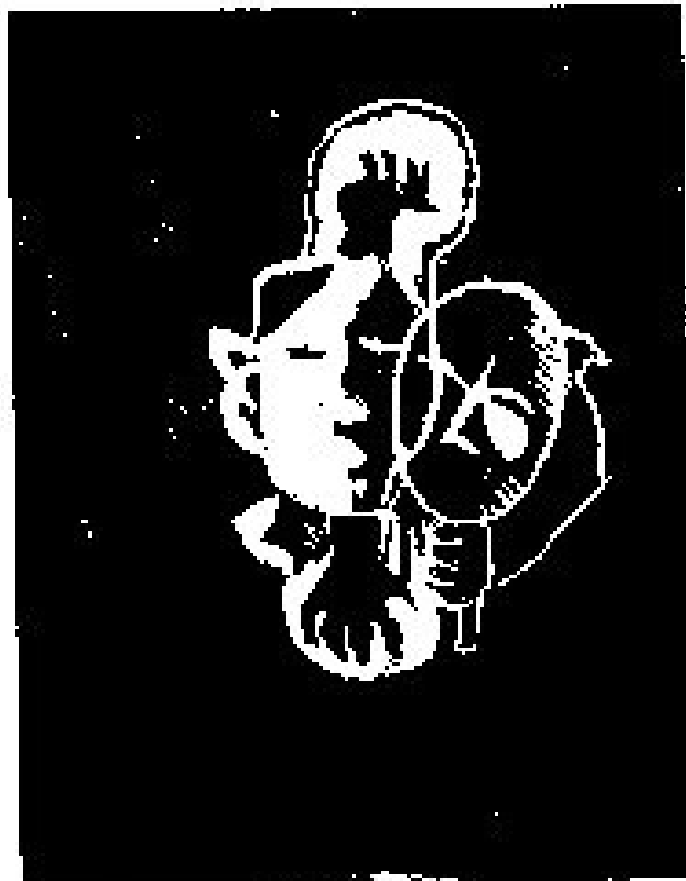
D.E.J.

Film Society

The 1970-71 season offered a wider choice than ever before at no increase in price of membership. The original aim of the film society to show English and Foreign films not easily available elsewhere was main tamed in the screening of three films in foreign languages, and five films more than ten years old. This aim has been overlooked by some critics of the society’s programmes who sometimes have demanded films which could easily be seen in local commercial cinemas. The majority of members were evidently satisfied; the numbers who attended some meetings exceeded all expectations. It is regrettable that the willingness to contribute any written opinion has declined and regular publication of ‘FILMRAG’, launched at the beginning of last season, died very quickly through lack of support.

All members thank Mrs. Ralph who has been treasurer since the society was formed five years ago and hope that she will return to see her favourites in the future. We thank also all other members who worked so very hard to make the season a success, particularly our-retired projectionists, David Clarke and Alan Smith, those who served refreshments and those who moved the chairs. Thank you all.

J. C.



GARY DUNBAR LVI

Gary Dunbar LVI

Bicycle Thieves

'Bicycle Thieves' was interesting in many ways and I think what strikes you first is its realism. At the time that it was made films still tended to be corny. Not so this. It was harsh, real and very believable.

The acting was outstanding especially that of the boy who built up an incredible relationship with his father making a silent bond of thought with him so that they responded to one another without even speaking.

I am very interested in the theatre and was consequent intrigued with the effect of only knowing what the important speech was about. The words that were not subtitled were irrelevant anyway and thus the noise left was a very good substitute. The best example of this was when the whores drove the worker out of the brothel. What they were saying was of no matter, all they were doing was creating a noise as an animal does to show another off its territory. The photography was spectacular and effective.

Personally what I liked most was the end. To re-word that, I do not mean I liked it but I thought it was the best, most clever part. The thief who stole the worker's bike presumably did not need it but still reality let him get away with it. The worker had no such luck. The part that moved me was when the reasonably well-off man let the worker go free. It showed love and compassion, something rarely seen in the affluent. The film closes with "A fine way to bring up your boy." To my mind a real social comment as in this world the poor nearly always stay poor and it was more than likely that the boy as an adult would have some kind of similar experience.

A marvellous film which in a way I felt was directed against me and you.

Trevor Morris, 5c

Hamlet

On January 20th, 1971, the 'A' level English groups with Miss Snow and Mr. Johnson, spent an enjoyable evening at the Cambridge Theatre. The purpose was to see a production of "Hamlet," as this is one of the 'A' level Shakespeare plays being studied.

We were lucky to obtain good front stall seats, which enabled us to have a very clear view of the production. The principal role was taken by Alan Bates. As the critics had condemned the scenery and Alan Bates, we were expecting a disappointment. We were, however, pleasurably surprised. Although this was an unusual role for him, he was convincingly tragic, although he did appear to be carried away by his emotions, and rolled around the stage in an uncontrolled manner. Miss Snow later informed us that was not the best production she had seen. Also several actors were playing dual roles, which was noticeable.

The other main characters, Claudius (Douglas Wilmar Polonius (Tenniel Evans), Gertrude (Celia Johnson) and Ophelia (Angela Sconlar), were very good, and Polonius who was played in the best tradition of the doddering old man, was especially convincing.

One of the most impressive points of the play was the scenery. This consisted of three upper and lower sections, which could be slid aside to reveal or conceal steps, battlements, passageways etc; as required.

Altogether, we spent an enjoyable evening, and would like to thank Miss Snow and Mr. Johnson for arranging it.

Lesley Norman LVI, Jane Grimwood LVI

On January 16th of this year at approximately a quarter past seven in the evening a group of intrepid culture vultures assembled in the foyer of the Cambridge theatre, Earlham Street, W.C.1. Their purpose? To smell out with their olfactory nerves the 'something rotten in the state of Denmark' (not Danish blue) in other words to witness the dark deeds in the tragedy of Hamlet pungently performed by the inmates of the Nottingham Playhouse.

This economy-sized version of Shakespeare's tragedy had played to packed houses in the provinces and had already shocked many an elderly member of the Primrose League before bursting upon the London theatrical scene.

With bated breath our group made its way into the spacious auditorium to find that almost every seat was occupied by an eager 'A' level student or his mentor, ready to drink in every word that fell from the lips of that poor prince. As we settled in our seats we glanced around at the tasteful late Odeon decor of this theatre. All that was lacking was a Reginald Dixon to pop up from the front of the stalls to delight us with hits from the show on the theatre organ. However, a quick glance at the rest of the audience confirmed the view that no such stimulus was required. They were obviously deeply moved by the prospect of the tragedy to be played out before them as boys in their teens belaboured one another with programmes and ice-cream cartons; a spontaneous foreshadowing of the clash between Hamlet and Laertes.

The curtain rose to reveal an aluminium-finish set which reminded one that S.A. (steel appeal) was not dead. Various sections of what appeared to be a solid steel wall slid aside from time to time to reveal staircases, galleries, battlements and stage-hands. At the beginning of the play the upper section of the wall had been removed to reveal the battlements along which the ghost of Hamlet's Father was to weep, wail, gnash his spectral teeth and chill the audience to the marrow. But no! We were to be denied the Hammer Film horror tactics.

This economy-sized 'Hamlet' began at scene two with Hamlet standing on the lower level, looking very much as though he had just had an argument with his tailor and lost. The legs of Claudius and Gertrude appeared on the upper level which in the steel appeal set made them look as though they were waiting on a platform at one of the new Victoria line stations for a tube train to take them to the Chelsea Arts Ball.

The set, in fact, created several difficulties, not the least being that the cast was obliged to make too many feet-first entrances down the stairs. This was ludicrous when Alan Bates, as the prince, rushed down the stairs to deliver his sotto voce and slightly out-of-breath soliloquy 'To be or not to be Mr. Bates' whole conception of the part was obviously based on the assumption that, as everyone knew the play, it did not really matter if those people at the bac of the upper circle did not hear a word. To be fair to the actor, one must say that he did achieve one or two moments of lyricism, notably in the nunnery scern with Ophelia. On the other hand his permanently greasy hair and scruffy appearance did little to add to his portrayal of madness but greatly enhanced the conviction that there was indeed something rotten in the state of Denmark. As far as dementia was concerned the dented codpiece that Mr. Bates acquired early in the play held far more force as a symbol (albeit accidental) of a personality disorder than any other histrionic device.

And what of Claudius and Gertrude? One could hardly imagine Claudius actually wanting to marry Celia Johnson's Gertrude. As brilliant an actress as Miss Johnson is, she is by no stretch of the imagination a beauty and she restricted her portrayal of Gertrude to that of a pop-eyed fury who in the manner of a visiting diva at Covent Garden had brought her own gowns to the party. It was no wonder, therefore, that Douglas Wilmer in cloak and frown as Claudius always held her at arm's length. One could hardly conceive of anything more intense than a speedy goodnight peck between the supposedly autumnal lovers

The rest of the cast was suitably opaque and unmemor~ and engaged in a charade called spot-the-wig as seven actors played no fewer than nineteen parts. However, Polonius, the programme assured us, was played by only one person but we could be forgiven for thinking that the seven actors were taking turns at the role with varying degrees of failure.

The blood bath at the end of the play was suitably laugh able although the duel between Laertes and Hamlet was well-staged. While the two men parried and thrust Miss Johnson gave a splendid impersonation of Bette Davis as she reeled from side to side under the effects of the poison. One could almost hear her quoting the star's famous line 'Fasten your seat belts; we're in for a bumpy night!' Claudius was stabbed clutched at a curtain and crawled off stage never to be seen again not even at the curtain call. The winner of the spot the wig competition came on stage as Fortinbras and brought the play to a welcome close.

But what did happen to Claudius? Were we to suppose that he really was dead? Was it that he could not bear the prospect of standing next to the resurrected Gertrude at the curtain call or had he just dashed, crown in hand, to Charing Cross to catch the 10.40 to Bromley? We never knew and after three hours of discomfiture in the Cambridge Theatre, we little cared.

D.H.A.

Parents' Association News

The association has, with the help of staff and pupils, had quite a busy year and it would perhaps be right to start with the function that not only gave the association a great financial fillip but also saw a marvellous effort by the school.

The **Autumn Fair**. This raised some £261 for funds and the school sold no less than 10,000 programmes. It is perhaps just as well for the school that not everybody turned up. We also ran a jumble sale, not a great financial success, but it did make £29 profit.

Parents of new pupils to the school were invited to meet staff at a cheese and wine party in October. This was well received and will be repeated this year. Refreshments were served at the Staff and school plays, and again at the promenade concert.

During the course of the year we provided the school with the video-tape, careers pamphlets, wigs for the dramatic society and plaques for the players to commemorate success in the football field.

The year for us finished on a very successful but nevertheless sad note with the cheese and wine party to say farewell to Mr. Wright, who had been associated with the Parents' Association since its inception. However, we must look forward and we welcome Mr. Phillips to the committee, and hope that in the following year we may again be of assistance to the school.

Task Force

Last year was a very successful and exciting year for us. As usual we have our stalwarts who visit their elderly friends each week. In the holidays, we have decorating and gardening, and last summer we had a gardening Sunday, arranged by senior members, our concerted effort to rid Hanwell of its unwanted greenery.

At Christmas we had shopping after hours at Marks and Spencer and British Home Stores (the staff giving their services free) in which all the schools in Ealing joined. We also had our own Christmas party for the elderly people of Hanwell, complete with tap-dancing, bell-ringing (hand-bells!) and singing –including carols, brilliantly led by the senior choir!

We also embarked upon a film project after having been shown one made by another school. Hopefully, one of the scenes is one where we see a coachful of elderly people disappearing into the distance on the start of a mystery tour. This was financed entirely by money raised by junior members (helped by parents and staff) by making what can only be described as "objets d'art" which were sold after school functions.

'I am assured that "a good time was had by all" especially as the sun was on our side.

We have also had an envelope collection for the Greater Ealing Old People's Home; flag selling for the Rotary Club; and the measuring of doorways etc. of public places for a survey which gave details of the facilities available for the elderly and disabled of Ealing.

We hope this year will be even better than last, but more helpers are needed, especially "big strong men" for handy work. Our thanks at Task Force must go to Linda (our T. F. lady), all our helpers, especially the staff and parents who have been so good providing transportation and nourishment for our gluttonous O.A.P. 's. Most of all, we should like to thank Mrs. Preston, Miss Aldridge, and Miss Matts for everything.

Louise Rogers, UVI (ii)

The Windsor Trip

On the 16th of July, Miss Matts kindly arranged to take her fourth history group, on a day's outing to Windsor. The day started at nine o'clock, when we assembled at Ealing Broadway Station. We caught a non-stop train to Slough where we changed to the Windsor connection. The rest of the morning was spent looking around the town and the castle.

In the afternoon, we had an hour's "cruise" down the river Thames as far as Runnymede, where some were brave enough to go swimming. Then followed a mile walk to Egham station where we caught the 5.20 train to Richmond, from where we returned home by bus.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Matts and Miss Aldridge for accompanying us on what must have been for them, a very trying day.

Nigel Franklin



Janet Davenport, 14

Music Notes

This year's musical activities have been directed towards not just one concert but two. In addition to the traditional concert held before the Easter break, an open-air concert was held in the quadrangle at the end of the Summer Term.

One of the highlights of the Easter concert was the appearance of the Junior Choir, formed last September: they sang a suite of songs by Richard Rodney Bennett (accompanied by the orchestra), followed by a spirited rendering of 'The Daniel Jazz', which proved to be one of the most popular items in the programme. The Senior Choir sang pieces by Britten and Seiber, and 'Two Songs of the Sea' specially composed by Graham Eacott. The orchestra played pieces by Dvorak, Haydn and Bizet and accompanied the guest soloist, Christopher Robson, in Purcell's 'Sonata for Trumpet and Strings'.

Undoubtedly the most unusual piece in the Easter concert was Paul Patterson's 'Rebecca' for speaker and ensemble in which much of the music is improvised by the players. In rehearsal the players showed some bewilderment at the sounds which they were expected to produce. However by the day of the concert they had overcome their inhibitions and were able to produce suitably agonising noises to accompany Mr. David Adams' narration in a performance which was highly entertaining both aurally and visually.

The evening of the open-air concert thankfully turned out to be calm and cloudless, and the setting was ideal for the sequence of poetry and music on the theme of 'Night' which formed the latter half of the programme. This included some short instrumental pieces devised by a junior form, a performance of Harrison Birtwhistle's 'Music for Sleep' and recitations by both juniors and seniors. The Junior Choir again collaborated with the orchestra in two nonsense songs by Stravinsky.

During the interval 'Heavy Water' performed a new piece by Jonathan Banks called 'Parable Parabola'. The whole evening, being of an informal nature, was intended to provide a contrast to the earlier concert, and it gave an opportunity for the juniors (many of whom had not previously considered themselves 'musical') to show their worth.

Several members of the Junior Choir and the Orchestra participated in a performance of Britten's 'Noye's Fludde' performed at Whitsun as part of the Hanwell Festival. It was encouraging to see the effort made by our contingent throughout some long and arduous rehearsals and this when most of their friends were on holiday. Laraine Davies and Robert Wells both made a fine contribution in their solo parts.

Robert Wiffin deserves our congratulations on being accepted into the National Youth Orchestra as a trombonist. He can now boast the distinction not only of having played under Pierre Boulez but also of having played at one of the Promenade Concerts in August which was shown on BBC Television. Graham Eacott, who left this July, made an invaluable contribution to the musical life of the school, particularly during the last year. Not only has he shown considerable competence as a trombonist, pianist and composer, he has also been a much needed, efficient, but tactful, assistant to me in taking over the reins from Mr. Herrera. Graham hopes to go to University next year to read music. Amongst our other leavers this year we are losing two useful hornplayers, Mervyn Barrett and Richard New and violinist Maria Wimbush. To all these we offer our best wishes for the future.

N.J.W.R.

During the year Mr. Richardson has organised several trips to concerts held in London. In February a number of pupils and members of staff attended two concerts held on the same evening on the South Bank. Most of the party attended a concert given by the London Symphony Orchestra under Jascha Horenstein in the Festival Hall. The rest of the party went to a recital given in the Queen Elizabeth Hall by the Bartok String Quartet. Both concerts were very much enjoyed.

Early in September another party attended a Promenade Concert, given by the BBC Symphony Orchestra under Charles Groves. The programme was varied and ended with a performance of Walton's 'Belshazzar's Feast', in which various choral groups also took part. The result was a most impressive performance, which I enjoyed very much.

The following week we attended another Promenade Concert. This began with a performance of J. S. Bach's 'Concerto for Two Violins in D minor'. This is not one of my favourite pieces of Bach, so I did not really enjoy it. The concerto was followed by Stravinsky's 'Requiem Canticles', which unfortunately not many of the party enjoyed. This disappointment was soon made up for by what followed. The BBC Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, the BBC Choral Society, and four soloists, conducted by Cohn Davis, gave a most enjoyable and impressive performance of Beethoven's 'Ninth Symphony'.

Thanks go to Mr. Richardson for organising the trips, hiring the mini-bus, and providing information about the works we listened to. Thanks are also due to a certain fifth-former for providing biscuits to eat in the mini-bus on the way home from the last concert.

C. Woollcombe, U6 (ii)



The Geology Field Course

1970

Owing to unforeseen circumstances (a council strike), fifteen Lower Sixth form geologists arrived at Port Talbot without any notion of their fate for the next few days.

A coach took us to our accommodation at Neath – a scout hut (five star!)

On the first day, after a hearty breakfast of burnt toast, we ventured out to see the rivers Neath and Mellte and to walk along a wet, dry river valley.

On Wednesday, undaunted by the weather, food and a restless night, we looked forward, with great joy, to a day at the seaside. Helped up slopes by Mr. Muller and with Mr. Mulliner adding a touch of humour, the day was a success, despite a two hour wait for our coach.

On the last day we arose at the crack of dawn for an excursion around a coalmine (Wyndham western of Ogmere Vale). After disposing of the boys down a shaft, the girls roamed around the surface with delight. The boys had a shower afterwards, but the girls, just as dirty, had to carry half the South Wales coalfield back to London.

The lesson that night was conducted by Mr. Mulliner, Mrs. Preston and Helen Witcher.

We would like to thank Mrs. Preston for arranging the trip and for the work she put into the handouts that were so useful in writing up our field trip, and we would also like to thank the other members of staff.

We hope our successors in the Lower Sixth have as much fun doing as much work as we did!

Helen Witcher, Laraine Davies, LVI

Geography Trip Easter 1971

Our party of thirty consisting of members of the Upper and Lower Sixth, aided and abetted by Mr. Wright, Miss Skehan and Mrs. Preston, were driven up to the West Riding of Yorkshire in a luxurious coach with running water and showers provided.

On the first day we visited the White Scar Caves after which we had an exhausting climb (especially for one) of 2, 373 feet up Ingleborough and naturally as we neared the summit, it started to sleet. Upon reaching the top the wisdom of Dick Soper announced “Bit breezy up here”.

On the first night in the youth hostel a large number had sleeping problems created by knots which had been strategically placed in sheets and pyjamas.

On Sunday we walked along river valleys and watched divers exploring the Stainforth Falls.

Monday and Tuesday were taken up by a general study of the lime-stone scenery and a coach tour of the general area.

The last day was spent in making a comparative survey of the towns of Skipton and Nelson, one of the most interesting facts to emerge, being that the inhabitants of Skipton were endowed with thirty-seven drinking establishments. The number in Nelson, the second town visited, was considerably smaller owing to the declining health of those conducting the survey.

This being the last of Mr. Wright’s many field trips with the school, a suitable presentation was made and we would like to thank him expressly as well as the other members of staff for their great help and patience over the years to successful groups of geographers.

Kay Sims, Barbara Roter and Alain Boase, LVI

Biology Field Trip – Lower Sixth – April 1971

On the 2nd of April, a party of fifteen Lower Sixth Biologists left Drayton Manor, accompanied by Mrs. Massen. Our destination was the well known ‘St. Mary’s Bay School Journey Centre’. Some members of the party had visited the centre before, and were therefore somewhat worried about what awaited them. All was well, however. This time the food was edible, and we did not have to suffer Dr. Syn. And so.....

The next day we made our way towards Dymchurch, battling against a Force 9 gale the other way, and trying to collect some specimens of marine life at the same time. By the time we had almost reached Dymchurch we were absolutely frozen. We could see what looked like a café in the distance, but when we reached it, it was only to discover that it was not opening until the following Friday. So we had to walk a little way into Dymchurch where we found the equivalent of the ‘Costa Brava’ cafe. After a brief rest Mrs. Massen and Miss Woodall (who had followed us down to St. Mary’s Bay by car) pushed us out into the cold again.

During the course of our stay on Romney Marsh we ventured to go to Dungeness to see what grew on a shingle bank ...not much!

We also went to Rye to look at the Salt Marsh there, and to Folkestone to study the ecology of a rocky shore. Here we had some problems reaching the rocky shore. We had to climb down a rather steep, chalky slope, and for some this was rather difficult. Still, with a member of the party playing the part of St. Christopher we managed to be all present and correct at the bottom.

We returned somewhat exhausted by our efforts, but with some idea of what ecology is about and a lovely tank-full of specimens – including a sea-slug discovered by a member of the party whilst looking for a sea-anemone of a rare and elusive variety. Nevertheless, what you lose on the swings you gain on the roundabout

Thanks are due to Miss Woodall and Mrs. Massen for organising the field trip so well.

C. Woollcombe, LVI (ii)

Football

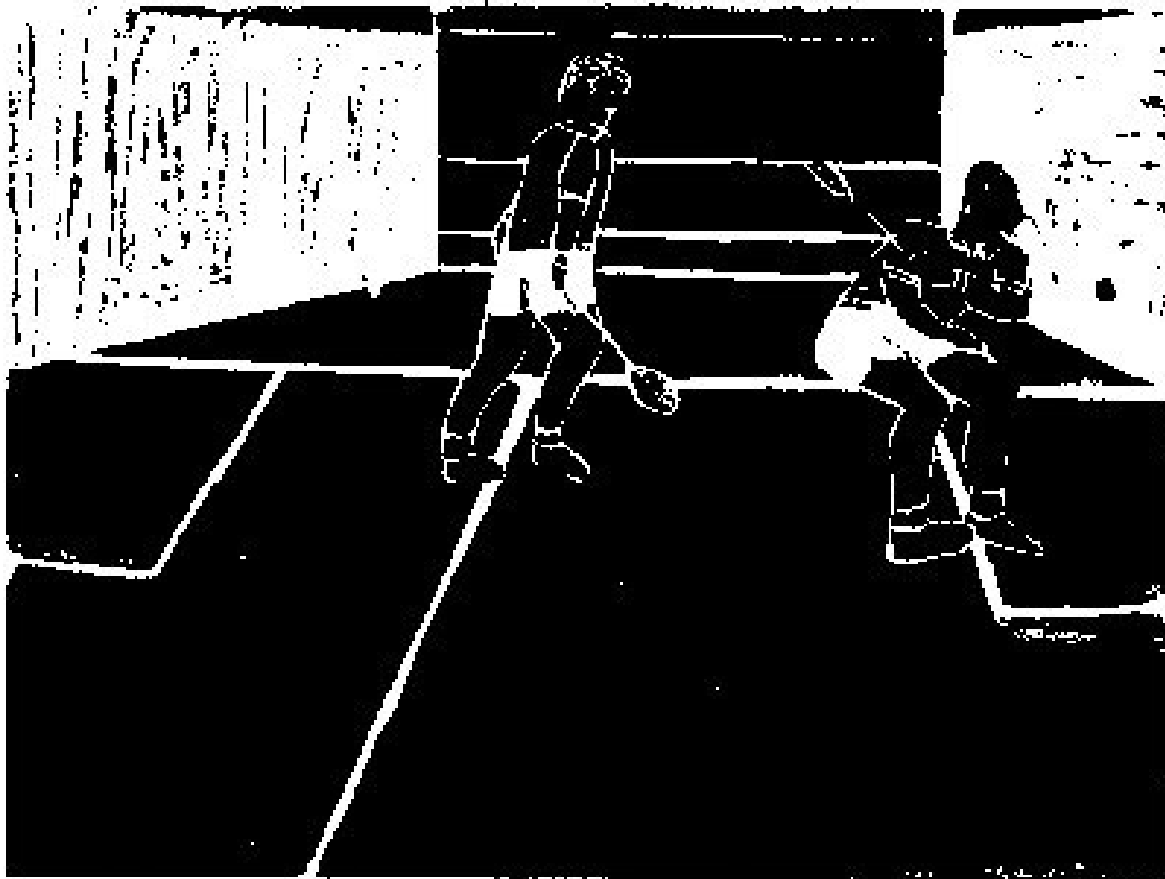
There is no doubt that this was the most successful school 1st XI ever to come from Drayton Manor. For the first time in its history the school won the Middlesex Senior Schools Football Association Cup and in its inaugural season the Middlesex Senior Schools League came to Drayton Manor to complete a magnificent "double". Such a season deserves a great deal of space in the Magazine and before I go into any detail about the successes on the actual field of play I am sure that I have the backing of the whole 1st XI in saying that this season was also a personal triumph for Mr. Gaskell whose unflinching dedication as team manager played a major part in the school's success.

The beginning of the season offered much more incentive with the introduction of the League and as well as the usual crop of friendlies the school played its first League match in September away at Alperton and scored a convincing 4-0 victory. There then followed two close home victories over Preston Manor and Bishopshalt. A runaway victory over Sunbury gave the 1st XI all the confidence required and as the season got into full swing so did the school side. Vernon Coaker was having a splendid season in goal and the defence continuously looked sound with Richard Farrell and John Bailey outstanding. In midfield excellent performances from Brian Coombe were rewarded with County Representative Honours. Further County honours went to V. Coaker, R. Grimes B. Jones and J. Bailey. However, at this point special mention must go to Ian Dodd the captain who set an excellent example to the team throughout the season and, in fact, not only played for the County Side but also the Home Counties Senior Schools Representative Side.

Progress in the League was sensational and despite a controversial draw away to local rivals Greenford, the school won the League Trophy with a magnificent record.

Played	Won	Lost	Drew	Goals		Points
				For	Against	
14	13	0	1	67	9	27

However, in the cup progress was much harder and this became increasingly so following the tragic accident to John Bailey in which a broken ankle left him on the sidelines for the second part of the season. This was a great blow to the school 1st XI as John was playing probably the best football of his school career and his performance in a vital League match away to Bishopshalt was quite outstanding. However, it was the following week while trouncing Alperton 10-0 that the injury occurred, but the all-round strength of the squad was such that there was a replacement of such calibre as Charlie Lowther who settled down to give many first class displays.



John Collier, 4A

John Collier 4A

The goal scoring honours were shared mainly between Billy Jones and Richard Soper, with David Guy scoring a number of vital goals. All the cup matches were close, the first three rounds were all odd-goal victories over Lampton, Hampton and Isleworth respectively, but an excellent 3-1 semi-final victory over Bishopshalt put the 1st XI in the final against Kingsbury. The final was held under floodlights at Southall Football Club ground and roared on by an excellent gathering of supporters the school clinched the 'double' with a first-half goal from Richard Soper, and so finished with an overall record which will set a tremendous challenge to any school team in the future.

Played	Won	Lost	Drew	Goals	
				For	Against
27	26	0	1	132	18

The record shows an excellent defence which consisted of Len Shilling, Vernon Coaker, Richard Farrell, John Bailey, Charles Lowther and Ian Dodd; in midfield, Brian Coombe, Keith Barbrook and Richard Grimes played splendidly throughout as did the goal-hungry forwards namely Richard Soper, Bill Jones, David Guy and David Baker.

Support and team spirit were two of the main reasons for the success and an end of season "booze-up" and dinner with loyal supporters Miss Matts, Miss Aldridge, Miss Kierney, 'Francoise', Mr. Crowe, Mr. Mulliner, Mr. Chery, John Williams and, of course, Mr. Gaskell, finished perhaps the greatest football season in the school's history.

Keith Barbrook, UVI

Badminton 1970/71

The Badminton teams had a fairly successful year, the boys' team winning seven of their ten games and the mixed team winning five of their ten games.

Barbara Roter, LVI

THE JUNIOR FOOTBALL XI

The Junior Football XI had a very successful season. Of their 24 games only two were lost with none drawn. In the course of these games one hundred and sixteen goals were scored. Several times double figures were reached, with Keily usually leading the scoring. In fact, Kelly scored 41 goals, Lepper 19, Shapley 19, and Jones 6. At the other end, however, it is fair to mention that goalkeeper Bungay played very well throughout the season.

To round off the season we had a very good victory in the 5-a-sides. In the first round we met Eliots Green the holders, and dealt with them easily. The second round brought us against Greenford. This game was very close, with Bungay making some excellent saves. In the Final we romped home to an easy win with Keily, as usual, leading the scoring.

As well as those mentioned, our other players all played well especially Whitthorn without whom we would have conceded more than the 30 goals we did.

Malcolm Elster, 3B

Girls Games 1970-71

The girls teams have all progressed steadily with varying degrees of success. The senior team members are usually prepared to put in some extra practice just before matches or a rally, but a more regular attendance of all the players at all practices would help to improve the general standard of their game and combination work between team members.

The junior teams always work enthusiastically and attendance at practices and matches has been very good.

The most successful team this year was the third year netball team who won six of their nine matches, drew one and only lost two. Such results promise well for the future.

S. R. C.



Wood engraving from a Tyrolean calendar
16th century

The Wye Valley Holiday

We departed from school by coach, at ten o'clock on Saturday, 24th July. Our destination, Tan Troed adventure centre, Llangorse, Breconshire, was reached by 4.30 that afternoon. After our evening meal, which was rather off-putting although food greatly improved, we went on a hike over the mountain towering over the camp-site, to return to camp exhausted.

Although told not to be up until 7.30 next morning, the people in our tent were up by 5.30 and likewise those in several other tents. A short while after breakfast we assembled for the mile walk down to the lake for a day of sailing.

Monday was set aside for pony-trekking over the mountains. This was a rather sore experience for many of us for whom it was the first time in the saddle. Although several were removed from their mounts by low branches and one girl was thrown, it was an exhilarating experience.

Tuesday was to be a day of sailing but because of the lack of wind it was a case of "Man the oars".

Mid-morning the boats converged and a "sea battle" ensued. Unfortunately Mr. Mulliner "slipped" into the water in the midst of the fray and missed all the fun. Late that afternoon we staggered back to camp worn-out with our clothes thoroughly wet.

At ten o'clock that evening we were transferred by coach to the canoe centre at Hole-in-the-Wall near Ross-on-Wye; about thirty miles from Llangorse.

Next morning, after instructions on how to handle a paddle, we were allocated canoes which we then had to carry down to the river, about three hundred yards away. That morning was spent practising how to handle the canoe and capsize drill – how to get out of a canoe when it turns over and you are under the surface; not as horrific as it sounds!

In the afternoon there was an opportunity to practise paddling against the current in a rapid, or how to tire yourself out in ten seconds flat!

At ten o'clock next morning we set off on the first ten miles of the journey to Monmouth. Accompanied by four instructors we made our way downstream to Ross-on-Wye where we stopped for lunch.

After lunch Mr. Mulliner and Miss Woodall were helped into the river by a group who felt that all those who had not got wet on the journey should get wet somehow – and they did! When we were nearing the end of our day's ten mile journey, several canoes converged on that of Mr. Mulliner and thanks to Mr. J. Churchill, capsized it. In the battle that followed several canoes including my own were aided in capsizing; however we were all on our way again long before Mr. Mulliner, whose canoe and paddle were towed downstream by someone wishing to remain anonymous.

The canoes were left on the top of the river bank and a coach took Mr. Mulliner (still cursing under his breath and muttering about revenge) and the rest of us, back to camp and out again next morning.

The last day presented us with twenty miles canoeing in slightly faster flowing waters. We passed the Seven Sisters rocks and halted at Symonds Yat for lunch. The first thing to contend with that afternoon was the fast-flowing Symonds Yat rapid. Surprisingly only one boat capsized and one was holed above the water line; to see the rapid one would regard it as a fair success. Monmouth was reached about 4.30 with everyone complaining of sore backs and blistered hands.

It was a very tired and subdued party that returned to Hanwell next day. Although tired everyone had thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Anyone who can swim fifty yards, and has plenty of surplus energy, this is a holiday for you! We are all indebted to Mr. Mulliner and Miss Woodall for arranging and accompanying us on what was surely an unforgettable holiday.

Nigel Franklin, 4C

Original Work The Oak

Like an old man, bent and withered,
Its back is arched over the winding stream.
Squirrels live parasitic in its hollows
Gathering nuts for winter and pilfering leaves for pillows.

But the ancient wood has no protection
From bitter frost and icy wind.
From lashing rain and dampening snow.

This solitary tree, its branches bending
Its leaves falling earthward bound
A sorry sight for all to see.

Its thick brown bark, gnarled and cracked
A tattered coat to hide from the world
This, truly a tramp among trees

A. Dolan, 4B



In a World of His Own

With a twig for a machine-gun,
And a grenade – a stone,
The daring commando, in
A world of his own,
Fights for his country,
His loved ones, his land.

With a battered old “Teddy,”
And machine-gun in hand.

Or in silver-grey armour,
With fierce battle-cry,
On a fine milk-white steed,
The bold knight gallops by.
Destroying all evil,
Defending all good,
Lost in his magic land of
Fantasy; he stood.

And clasping his sword,
Taking courage once more,
He charged – fighting all
His imagination saw,
Yes, ogres and giants,
Dwarves, demons all die,
So real, yet so unreal,
In a young boy’s “mind’s-eye.”

Dirty and tired,
Our young hero returns,
But for excitement,
He, in his heart, yearns.
With a twig for a machine-gun,
A grenade – a stone,
Our sleeping commando,
In a dream-world of his own.

Barbara Aberdein, 2b

Seasons of Nature

Winter, the hardest of them all,
When fields of flowers fall
And die.

When the beautiful snows come,
And the St. Bernards carry rum,
And people sigh
At the North wind’s icy blast.
In this season they pray will not last

Spring, the season of new hope and birth,
When the rays of the sun
Warm the seeds of the earth;
The hare goes mad,
And the spider goes sad,
And lambs frolic and play
In the light of the day.
Summer, when the bird starts singing,
Bringing the good news
To the mews.
When the birds do swirl
And hurl themselves across the clear blue sky.

Autumn, when leaves turn from green to brown

And die.
The conkers fall down
From the branches overhead,
Lying in the dead leaves.
Philip Grice, 1A

Where am I?

Is this the place where I was born?
I don’t remember this place
I don’t remember your face
Oh! Where am I?

Where am I?
Is this where I have lived?
I don’t remember the green, green trees,
I don’t remember the gentle breeze,
Oh! Where am I?

Carole Sherville, 2C

All on the Earth

Shapes and squares,
Apples and pears,
Oval and round,
Sky and ground,
All on the earth
From beginning of birth.

Open books,
Tramps and crooks,
Boys and girls,
Screams and squirrels,
All on the earth
From beginning of birth.
All so natural,

Talk with your friend or pal,
All the bright flowers,
And rare April showers,
All on the earth.
From beginning of birth
Susan Lightfoot, 1C

Mayhap

Everything’s so industrialised, modernised, computerised.
It’s nice to get away to some other place:
Sit in a field and dream.
To think, to realise, no more ties, no lies,
No more people to rate, hate,
No crush or rush, just lots of hush.
No superiors correcting, selecting, rejecting.
A hill far away, on a sunny day, a new way.
Life as I think it should be, perhaps could be, but never would be.
Mary Rowe, 4A

The Orphan

Now I was alone, because of the flood. As I wandered along the dirty, smelly back streets of the sea port, I tried to remember exactly what had happened last night. I had been sitting in the drawing room in our house with Mama and Papa, never even thinking such a dreadful experience could happen to us, and so shortly after we had all seemed so secure in our little home. Our house had been right by the sea, and after years of living there, we had grown used to the raging storms of the sea, the harsh buffeting of forceful waves, or the constant lap of gentle ripples. But last night, last night..., had been our worst experience of the sea for a long long time.

Last night had been the night of the flood. As I looked around now, the wrecks of the flood were still apparent. Families, with mothers hugging their children close to them for warmth and protection, were standing in the shattered doorways that there were. Bricks and rubble were lying around everywhere with the odd dead body that nobody had been bothered to kick aside.

I felt sick. Never in my life had I seen an actual dead body lying in front of me. These families and everyone else had been struck by tragedy but at least they had a mother and father – even if they had no home or belongings. I had not anything or anyone.

I was scared. What could I do running around the streets of the city by myself? The only clothes I had were the rags I was standing in – I was too young to work. I knew that no one would take me in. My brother had only started work a week ago and he was thirteen. I was only ten. I realised that the ache in my stomach was not only for my parents and brother, but for food; I was hungry. I would have to steal – steal! However poor my family had been, it was a strict principle that we should never steal.

I wish Mama and Papa were alive and with me now, or even my brother, at least there would be someone to share my sorrow with, someone to ease the pain – I was an orphan. Oh, how I loved and missed Mama and Papa. I began to pray to God to let them come back, but I knew they never would. Indeed, only the previous night I had run from the scene of their dead floating bodies because I was scared.

Mama and Papa had heard a terrific bang and had gone to open the window to see what it had been. A rush of cold air had filled the room and cold water gushed in past dear Mama and Papa, drowning them forever. I ran out into the Street with my brother, but the water had rushed past the sides of the house and was filling the market place outside our house. After that everything seemed pretty vague and unimportant. I had lost my brother in trying to escape, and had crouched down in a dirty black corner of a church to sleep.

Reluctantly, I pushed aside the memories of yesterday and looked around me at the grey dismal atmosphere that seemed to hang round everywhere. Now I had come to the more deserted streets and was just deciding to turn round and go back when I saw a shabby looking boy about my age come stumbling towards me.

I smiled shyly at him and felt sympathy flow out of me. Somehow I felt reassured; maybe things would be all right. I could see everything in his eyes, even though we didn't say a word. I felt a comfortable companionship between us and I smiled and said "Don't worry, we'll find help." And his eyes glowed with happiness.

Joanna Lambe, 4A

Nightmare

Here am I,
I sit alone on my bed,
Tears roll down my cheek,
I feel a thumping in my head,
The future looks so very bleak.

Any minute now it will start again,
Those pictures flashing in my mind,
At first I see that awful plane,
How can life be so cruel and unkind.

Once again I hear that cry,
People running everywhere,
And I see that child die,
God, please end my nightmare.

My parents were killed that day,
I wish that I'd been too,
To end my life this way,
Is surely a nightmare come true.

Lesley Scogings, 3B

A Trembling of Trees

(Portrait of three people in Kew Gardens)

A trembling of trees.

The world is outside me,
I am supreme, separate, my own self.
Only a trickling of touching
And the changing of the seasons.

In amongst the winding of paths
People are finding themselves and discovering
Their own inner striving
Towards a final peace.
Someone is perfecting equations as he plucks a petal from a bluebell.
A girl with her dreams cast about her
Like a cloak,
Straightens her hat and wonders if she will ever find
Her great love.
The little girl in a blue dress
Looks up in wonder at the cool canopy far above her ...
Distantly dancing ...

The sunshine softens the scene into a green glowing ...
A trembling of trees,

And here am I
In the miracle morning.

Ruth Atkins, 4B

From Beginning to End

In the beginning, God created the heaven and The earth.
And the earth was without form and void; and
Darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the
Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

Then God said, "Let there be light", and there
Was. And God called the light, "Day", and the
Darkness, "Night."

And God separated the heaven from the waters,
And the waters from the land, – which he called
"Earth," and the water, "Seas."

Then God caused the earth to be covered with
Grass, flowers and trees; and the seeds in the ground
To germinate. And he caused the flowers to bloom
In the spring, the trees to bear fruit in the
Summer, the seeds to ripen in Autumn, and the
Whole earth to rest and recuperate in Winter.

Then God created sea-creatures, to swim in the
Seas, and the birds to fly in the air and
Sing. And there were birds and fish of all
Shapes and sizes imaginable.

And God said, "Let the earth bring forth cattle,
Sheep and land-creatures, that they may graze
On the earth," – and, there were!

And all these things, God made, were good.
Then God created man, and woman, and he
Blessed them, and everything to which he had given
Life, and said, "Be fruitful and multiply

In the beginning, God created man, and man
Created God. And the name of the God, which he
Had created was called, "Evil."

And man looked at the sun, but he was
Discontented because it shone only by day. So
Man said, "Let there be ETERNAL light!"
So man created the electric light-bulb, which gave
Him light at night.

However with lack of sleep, man became ill, weak and lazy.
He grew easily tired, and neglected his work during the day.
And Evil entered his brain, And began to control his mind and body.

And man saw the heavens above the seas and
Said, "Let the heavens be opened unto me, that
I can see what dwells within them!"
So man built "Apollo Spacecraft," which
Took him to many unknown worlds, but at
Each one, he found desolation, and no sign
Of any God.
And God became more displeased with man
And he became more discontented.

And man saw the grass, trees, flowers,
Fruit and crops, which God had caused the
Earth to bring forth. And he looked on them
With displeasure, and said, "Let the earth bring
Forth cars, motorways, "Jumbo" jets and great
Industrial towns.
So gradually, man eliminated all sylvan
Places, and in their stead, put great smoking
Factories, which caused the air to be polluted with
The fumes.

And the factories brought forth cars, which
Discharged detrimental gases into the atmosphere,
Which caused the plants to disease and die.

The factories created aeroplanes, which made a
Great noise, and disturbed the once peaceful
And tranquil earth. And there was only the
Wild, raucous cacophony of jet-engines
And motors.

And man saw this and was worried, as the
Crops perished, and the birds ceased to sing. So
He created plastic foods, and made fungus become
Meat. He created television and radio to replace
The birds' singing.

And God saw all this with dismay and disappointment.
And evil saw this in great delight as his
Influence on man took a firmer grip.

The Pollution caused the plants and trees
To die, so there was nowhere for the land-
Creatures to breed, and one by one, each
Species became extinct.

And man was greatly frightened and prayed
To Evil, who gave him the "Fertility Drug," which
Caused humans to multiply at too great
A speed.

So man created the nuclear bomb, and
Wiped out the whole civilization.

And God was deeply grieved as he looked
Over the unhappy planet, slowly destroying itself.
So he sent fire and lightning to complete the
Destruction, – till nothing remained of the doomed
World, except a dark and silent planet,
Drifting into space.

In the beginning, God created the earth,
And in the end, man destroyed it!

Barbara Aberdeen, 2B

Peace

Peace, what is peace?
Do we have to start a war to gain it?
Does war have to take thousands upon
Thousands of lives to gain peace?
Or is peace when there is not a sound
For miles around?

But peace, what is it? Could it be when
You are taken from life, civilization into
The great unknown?
Do we have to wait that long for peace?
What is peace? Will we ever find the meaning
Of peace?

Carol Watson, IB

Emptiness

Once there was happiness and laughter and there were birds singing in the trees. Once the world was a place of beauty, but now all that exists is a deadly silence and sickening smell of death. There are the ruined dwellings of people who were innocent and were killed because of others' greed. In trying to gain power the belligerent, argumentative creature called man destroyed all that existed, including himself. He put an end to hundreds of thousands of years of evolution, perspiration and toil.

It started with the coming of the most terrible types of death, nuclear and germ warfare. Everywhere are strewn dead bodies, their cells either destroyed by radiation or by deadly viruses, the whole world gone. The constant disturbance to its core has put the earth in a new orbit, straight for the sun. If it does not collide with another planet it will be swallowed by the flames of the sun.

When it does, there will be nothing left of a great civilisation, nothing

Simon Terry, 1A

Two Kinds of Battle

Plumes of silver helmets,
Shining spears and Swords,
Shields with painted emblems,
Chasing back the peasant hordes.

Mud on green tin helmets,
Bombs and dirty guns,
Tanks with turrets pointing,
The battle must be won.

Both wars are full of death,
Both wars are full of sorrow,
And both leave people screaming,
With the agony of horror.

N. Glasson, 2C

War and Peace

War and peace,
Peace and war,
What is life,
Worth living for.

People killing,
One another,
Killing, killing,
Sister and brother.

Fighting, fighting,
All the time,
Killing in war,
Should be a crime.

Why, oh why
Do people hate?
Why do they die?
Death is a fate.

Lynda Clarke, 4A

The Storm

Hark! The thunder roars aloud
Black is every lowering cloud,
Swift the lightning comes and goes,
All around the storm-wind blows.
Now there comes the falling rain.
Crash! The thunder speaks again.
What a grand and lovely sight
Is a storm by day or night!

Anne Borman, 2C

Houses

Decrepit houses, with sordid rooms,
Gutted houses, the wallpaper showing of ages past
Houses;
Posh houses, "no hawkers or circulars"
Respectable houses, for the elderly business man.
Houses;
Council houses, with the bare necessities,
Shacks, for the castouts of society.
Houses;
Iron and wooden frames, the beginning and end;
Houses;
Houses;
Houses;

R.Templer, 1B

The Old House

With shutters on the windows,
And paper on the floor,
The old house says 'Goodbye'
To its inhabitants, once more.

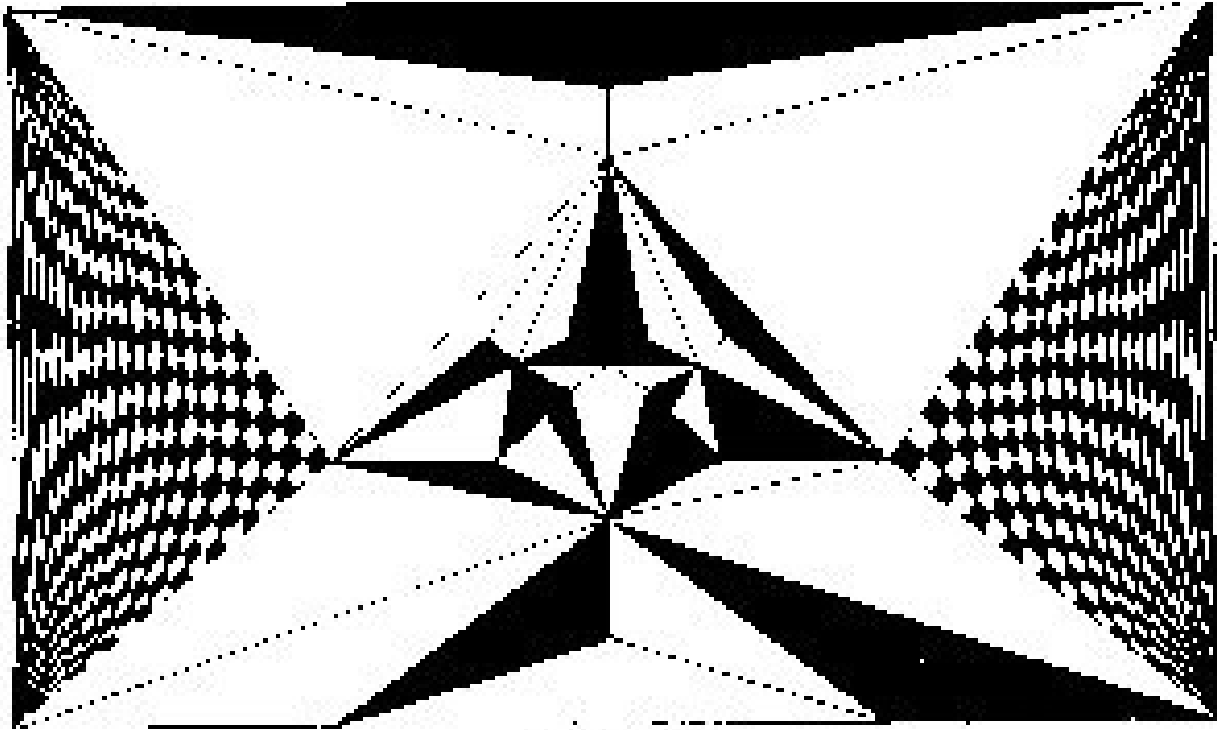
Noise crackles in the darkness,
Rats speed across the floor
Into holes and cracks and crannies
And build their nests, once more.

The estate agent arrives
With his notebook, case and pen,
He quickly checks the rotting wood
And quickly leaves again

It's several weeks before
The 'For Sale' sign arrives,
'For Sale, apply Reed and Johnstone Phone 65 3665'.

No family applies
For the badly rotting house,
And soon it is filled full
With lice, rat and mouse.

Youths smash its dirty windows,
They knock the crumbling walls,
They break the door and hinges ...
And then it falls.
The bulldozer moves away,
The house lies on the ground,
The spirit of the house is gone,
But its remains lie all around.
Ian Kempson, 2C



George Orwell, 1949

Lorna Casey UVI

The Computer

I am a computer,
My task to compute,
I'm programmed and planned
But don't give a hoot.

I muddle the messages
Multiply the bills,
Send programmers running
For tranquiliser pills.

Chaos surrounds me
I sure cooked their goose,
When I was assembled,
They left one screw loose!

Ruth Harding, 4B

Wondering

I lie here and wonder,
About all sorts of things,
About "shoes and ships and sealing wax
And cabbages and kings".

I wonder why the sky is grey,
And why the grass is green,
And why the air is full of smoke,
And why all diamonds gleam.

And why hot's hot and cold is cold,
And day is not the night.
And why I'm me and you are you,
And the left's not on the right.

And why the earth goes 'round and 'round,
Yet I stay where I am;

And why a triangle is not
A parallelogram.

I lie here and wonder,
'Till thoughts all melt away,
'Till drowsy sleep steals on me
At the end of a long, long day.

John Baruch, 2B

A Boring Job

Jack Curtis, a middle-aged pilot, quite tall and of a slim build, sat thoughtfully as the small bus ferried him and his crew to their air-craft. His large brown eyes stared dully out of the window as they passed the first of a line of 747's.

"What's up, Skip?" asked Doug Paxman, his new copilot nearly fresh from air training college and always eager. Jack turned his head towards Doug and uttered one word,

"Bored."

"With what?" ~ queried Doug.

"The regularity of each flight day after day and the same thing happening all the time."

Doug did not reply; he just shrugged his shoulders towards Ann, one of the two stewardesses. She replied with a smile which was cut short as the bus jerked to a halt outside the plane.

They entered the plane following each other up the gangway. The steward and stewardesses moved to the back of the plane and into the small kitchen whilst Doug, Jack and Frank Collins, the navigator, went into the cabin. Jack watched as his co-pilot started his safety checks. As he moved from dial to dial, Jack compared him to a bee visiting flowers.

When the checks were finished and Jack was sure that the passengers had settled, he moved into the cockpit and sat down in his seat. A few seconds later the radio crackled and Jack heard ground control.

"Echo, Delta, you are cleared to taxi to the runway." Jack acknowledged the message, gently pushed the throttle slightly forward and already whining engines pushed the plane forward. The plane trundled slowly along the approach to the runway and halted fifty yards behind a Boeing 707. The cockpit crew felt the vibrations on the windscreen as the Boeing thrust down the runway. Jack contacted ground control,

"Ready for take-off."

As the runway was clear, the ground control gave him clearance to take off. The four throttles were eased forward and the Trident Three accelerated quickly. Jack pulled gently on the joy stick. The aircraft's undercarriage left the runway and the plane climbed quickly. Ann came in and started her regular speech.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we welcome you aboard BEA, flight 048." She carried on speaking, but Jack had heard it so many times that he carried on as if nothing had been said. The plane levelled out and then banked gently in a wide curve. Doug retracted the undercarriage, informing his skipper when the retract light came on Frank handed Jack the flight plan which was confirmed over the radio by Air Traffic Control. A few minutes later, they were on the radio again.

"Exercise caution as a private plane with engine trouble is in your flying channel at an unknown height."

Jack glanced down at his engine temperature gauge. He noticed that the starboard engine's temperature was a few degrees hotter than the others and pulled back slightly on its throttle. Jack looked up and saw what he thought to be a red spot disappear behind a cloud. He shouted "Bank, - and frantically pulled the wheel on the joystick to the left. The private plane just carried on in a straight line.

"Watch it," cried Doug.

The wings met. There was a sound of shearing metal, the tip of the Tridents and the whole of the Cessna's fell, embedded together into a layer of cloud below the plane.

"Give me our position quickly," Jack calls to Frank Collins whilst the co-pilot shouts into the radio,

"Mayday, mayday, Echo. Delta we have lost five feet of our wing in a mid-air collision, position 1076 degrees east by 26 degrees north." At that moment, Ann came rushing into the cabin.

"I'll turn her around," says Jack, "check the damage properly, Frank." Ann made an announcement over the loud speaker system.

"As you can all see we have trouble with the aircraft and are trying to make it back to London. We should be there in ten minutes time. Please remember to remove all sharp objects from your pockets, put your seats into the vertical position and tighten your seat belts. Be ready to take your shoes off when I tell you."

Whilst this announcement was being made Jack was ensuring a clear passage back.

"We're approaching the airport now," announced Ann, over the loud speaker system.

"Please assume emergency landing positions and be ready to leave by the emergency exits."

Jack lined up the nose of the plane with the runway and slowed it down for its approach. He could see the tiny red dots which were fire engines waiting alongside the runway. Jack found it hard to keep the plane level as the runway drew nearer and nearer. The landing gear made the plane bounce as it touched the ground. He let the plane run for a few hundred yards and then flipped back the engine covers and reversed the thrust of the jets.

"A perfect landing, skipper," Jack was told by his copilot and navigator.

"So flying is always the same nowadays?" asked Ann.

R. Dressel, 4C

The Battle of Britain

Spitfires, Hurricanes over there,

Banking, diving everywhere.

Messerschmitts flying all around

And spinning down, to the ground.

Stalling,

Falling

Round and round.

Guns blaze, there's quite a haze

Flying on and on

Till the day has gone

Christopher Newman, 1C

American Barn Dance

(To be read with an American Accent)

Clap your hands and stamp your feet,
Get on the floor and out of your seat,
It'll make you happy and out of breath,
And it's called the dance of death.
Crawl for hours on the floor,
In guerilla warfare there is no law,
It's you and your machine gun all alone,
Not like David, with a sling and a stone.
Dance around to the rhythm of the gun,
It's a regular rhythm just like a drum,
But all of a sudden the dance could end,
A bullet through the brain's too hard to mend.
When you're not a fight'n' there's pot to smoke,
But don't take it down or you'll find you'll choke,
Just spew it out as quick as you can,
It'll prove to the others you're a real big man.
All of a sudden there's a shower of Napalm,
You lose your head, the other guy an arm,
If you're lucky you'll get back to the States,
Where you can dream about the deaths of your mates.
But still the war goes on in Vietnam,
Into Viet-Cong guts, your bayonet you ram,
And if they don't die there on the spot,
Shoot 'em up a bit and leave 'em there to rot.
Flush out the Viet-Cong from their holes,
Line 'em up and shoot 'em and pray for their souls,
Then just leave 'em there to writhe in pain,
Carry on Lieutenant Calley; do it again.
Okay Guys, hit the Ho Chi Minh Trail,
Tomorrow, if you're lucky you'll get your mail,
Chew on your gum, whilst the jungle you comb,
God..... Stop this war and let 'em go home.

Nigel Franklin, 4C

A Man Lay Dying

The man lay dying on the floor
Head propped up against the door.
Blood spattered on the walls
The man twists and turns and calls.

No-one hears, not a sound at all.
The blood is drying on the wall.
The man just dies alone, there's
No-one to help, no-one to care.

The Americans move out in style,
One by one in single file,
Leaving their mark along the way,
People dying day by day.

Please, dead God, help everyone,
Are these cruel deeds to be done?
Help the poor Vietnamese,
Please dear God, please, please, please!

Jane Hort, 4C

I Must Die

Tomorrow I leave for war,
For battle and blood and death.
I may return no more,
Perhaps I go to my death.

I must go, they tell me,
Where others have gone,
Never to return.

"I went before," my brother says,
"And I came back okay."
Yes, with one arm and one leg,
I won't return that way.

I must go they tell me,
Where others once went,
Never to return.

God, I'm scared it makes me cry,
To kill a man I do not know,
To kill a man and then to die,
And be called a hero.

I must go they tell me,
To the field of battle,
Never to return.

Lord let me die now,
Here in my very own home.
Not in a land that I don't know,
Far across the foam.

I must die they tell me,
Tomorrow I must go.
I must die they tell me,
In a land I do not know.

Jackie Russell, 4A

The War

The bombs come down,
Cries go up,
As help is for the needing.
Men are dying for the Crown,
And others lie there bleeding.

Wives are mourning,
Children too,
As relatives lie there dead.
The sirens go, so must they,
The Commanding officer said.

This war must end,
And all agree,
As more and more are dying.
There should be peace, love and joy,
Instead of all this crying.

Diane Baker, 2B

The Sands Run Dry

As he walked he kept hoping that something, anything would happen. Even death was preferable to the terrible suffering which he was going through. His feet dragged in the sand as he stumbled along, searching for life or death.

He had been walking for many days after the Germans had completely destroyed the small British force at El Karga. They came in their hundreds burning, killing, murdering, destroying anything in sight in a surprise attack which completely overwhelmed them. It was hopeless to fight and the only thing to do was run before the wave of destruction swallowed up everything in its path. Those that survived the battle.....a battle bloodier than that at Stalingrad were rounded up and either sent to concentration camps or executed as they stood. Only Peterson managed to avoid the German patrols sent out to find him and others of his kind. He had long since run out of water and it was only determination, grit and the chance to avenge the murder of his friends and colleagues which kept him going.

The lack of water coupled with the blazing sun were slowly sapping him of his strength but he kept on going. Pure hate was driving him on. It was the only reason for his existence and it was changing him, physically and mentally, out of all recognition. His face was set in a mould of vengeance and hate. The stubble on his chin had grown as too had his hair, but it was his eyes which had really changed. They showed the white and were bloodshot and seemed immobile as he stared forward always in the same direction. All other thought; were driven out of his mind as if he were a zombie created for one purposeto kill. Would he still be even remotely like a human if and when he reached a British base or a hate-crazed animal incapable of anything except destroying?

He stumbled forward looking through his bloodshot eyes at what seemed to look like a small pool of water sheltered from the sun by a grove of date palms. Was it an oasis or some figment of his imagination? He tried to run forward but fell. He crawled the rest of the way dragging himself along with his hands and scooped up a handful. It ran through his hands but it was not water, it was sand, dry sand. He cried out and managed to drag himself to his feet. He was dying of thirst and he knew he could not go on but must, not only for himself but for the rest of the regiment, the ones who had died bravely in battle who had been spared this merciless torture.

A few hours later he collapsed, a beaten man, pushed to the limit of his endurance. As he lay there the sun beat down on his head changing him yet again. The sound of 'half-tracks' woke him up. He seemed alarmed but calmed down when he heard an English voice speaking. It was dark, pitch-black. He couldn't see a thing – no stars, no moon, nothing. This was extremely unusual, then a thought occurred to him. He was blind – the penalty for collapsing in the heat without adequate head protection, the penalty for not dying with the rest of his comrades.

Stephen Bates, 4B

Thunderstorm

The rain falls.
The wind howls.
The boughs of the oak bend
As the lightning flashes
Across the darkened skies
And the thunder-gods do battle.

The rain falls.
The wind howls.
Through the rain
Lightning strikes the mighty tree.
It burns.
And the thunder-gods do battle.

The rain falls.
The wind howls.
The branches of the burning oak fall
Onto the wet bracken.
Only a blackened trunk is left
And the thunder-gods do battle.

The rain falls.
The wind howls.
The tree stands there,
Looking like a witch's dream;
Black and contorted,
And the thunder-gods do battle.

John Ejsmond, 2B

Alone -- Till Summer Comes Again

Standing alone on desolate sea front, wind
And rain biting at me.
I feel drawn to the waves as they thunder down.
The sea, so much changed from the ice-cream
Wrapper, beer-can summer sea,
Is melancholy in its loneliness
No-one but the screaming gulls to talk to, but
brave and determined it heaves and dashes
rhythmically on the stones.
I walk towards it and stare in silent awe.
It seems so serene, but grim with foam-topped
mountains on chill grey sea.
In the distance a ship is tossed about
as the merciless waves play their games.
It misses the noisy summer crowd
with their candy—flossed children
covering the sand with gay striped chairs.
No longer is it friendly, with no-one to share
but me.
A lonely bedraggled figure on winter beach
turns slowly away.
But the friendless sea goes on and on.
Till summer comes again.

Lesley Bartlett, 4C

Silver Flash

Like a flash of lightning,
Flashing through the trees.
Like a silver birch,
Waving in the breeze.
Bounding through the countryside,
Over hedge and rail.
A mile with every giant stride,
And a silver gleam of tail.
Her eyes are bright and shining,
Her head is high and proud.
To ride her is simply wonderful,
Like floating on a silver cloud.

Deborah McKaine, 1A

Sun Rise

As the sun rises, the rivers shine,
The snow-peaked mountains form a line,
I walk in the valley, beneath the pale sky,
Soaring above me, the hawk, as she flies,
Searching for rabbits or any small prey,
Taking them with her, far, far away.
Back to her children she flies once again,
Over waters of silver, the gold of the plain.
One day with her, these children will fly,
Soaring above me, high in the sky.

Karen Bellchambers, 3B



Lorna Casey UVI

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Lorna Casey UVI

The Time Ring

The year was 2024, the month was June. The day and the exact date are lost forever in the long and winding corridors of my memory, and are irrelevant to my tale anyway.

The month of June was the month in which I finally completed the drawings for what was fated to be my last invention; a machine designed to carry me along the dark passages of time. Yes, I have invented a Time machine. You think it fantastic? It is. You ask why it is not widely used now, in 3035? It is this I am about to tell you.

I am a millionaire scientist, perhaps a little eccentric, and I made my fortune inventing a three -dimensioned colour television set. That was in 2015. With the money from this, I set myself up in a laboratory, with only seven robots as assistants.

I had just finished checking through my diagrams and circuit drawings at the time in question, and had started producing the prototype. I soon hit a snag. The hyper -fission relay circuits were not small enough for my purposes, and so I had to make some more. These turned out well, and were more powerful than even I imagined. The finished article was a black cube, barely five millimetres across. The dial was controlled by a small knob – crude perhaps, but effective – which could set the dial to the nearest thousand years. Even for this rough setting, you needed a specially incorporated magni -glass to see the scale. The range of the dial was a little unbalanced, ranging from two million years B.C. to a mere five thousand A.D. The cube also contained a micro-relay tuned to my brain-pulses for settings accurate to the split-second. This was, of course, used to get back to the time you started fromIf you came back before you had started you would have no memory of the trip, as it would not have happened.

Then came the moment of glory, the moment when I would test the cube. Five seconds left, and then I would press the micro-switch, activating the solar cells that would set the cube working, thrusting me back to the fantastic era of one and a half million years BC (preset on the dial). Four seconds more, three, two, one and I pressed the micro-switch. A flash, but nothing else.

I felt terrible at this incredible anticlimax to all of my hopes. Then I had an idea. Perhaps if I were to include my body in the circuit it would help. Now I needed a special metal, with good conductive powers. For this, I used a blue-green metal called Hygroleannium. I mounted the cube on a band of this, and covered the cube with a material not unlike ruby, to make it look more like a ring. I placed it on the middle finger of my right hand, and tried to remove it again. My efforts were not rewarded, and so I resolved to leave it there. I renamed the machine the Time Ring, and commanded a robot to commence a count-down.

I felt a thrill of excitement as I realised that in the remaining eight seconds, counted slowly away by the metallic voice of the robot, I would be preparing for the first flight in time ever attempted by Man.

This time I was sure it would work. Three seconds left, and no more time for thinking as I pressed the micro-switch and I disappeared from 2024 into the black abyss of time. As I plunged into the whirling vortex, I got a distinct impression of bitter cold, overwhelming immensity, and the fact that something was twisting into me, charging and compressing my very molecular structure. Then it was over, and I stumbled and fell onto the dark, dark earth of one and a half million years BC!

I lay there for several minutes, collecting my scattered thoughts, and then stood up, surveying my surroundings.

I seemed to be standing in a rough clearing of a prehistoric fern forest. I moved off along a wide path.

The light from the comparatively young sun of Earth streamed greenly through the tall, frondy foliage of the ferns as I moved through the forest. Suddenly, I heard a loud splitting sound, as if a fern had been uprooted and sent crashing to the ground. Quite a feat, as the ferns were mostly over a hundred feet tall!

Without warning, I heard a roar -like grunt. I turned, startled, and saw a massive saurian perched haughtily on its massive rear legs at twenty yards away.

It gnashed its dagger-filled jaws in rage and charged. I turned to run, but tripped, hitting my ring on a rock as I fell, apparently doomed, to the ground. The creature pinned me down, its horrible mouth opening as if to swallow me up, drenching me with the saliva that poured from its trap-like jaws, its bulging eyes glistening as it seemed to contemplate my coming fate, its hot breath blinding me, sending me half crazy with fear. As if in a dream-world, I moved the time-set control and pressed the micro-switch.

When I came to, I realised that I was in a laboratory so advanced that it made mine look like a child's chemistry set. I ceased my wondering as I saw the year on a calendar. From the age of dinosaurs, I had been rocketed into the year 3035 AD.

I found I was hovering in mid-air, unnoticed by a group of scientists clustered around the work-bench at the far end of the laboratory. I got closer merely by willing myself to be above the work-bench. It was then that I realised why I was not noticed. I did not, could not exist in the year 3035. If I did not exist in that year, then I was invisible. It logically followed that the same applied to the past, and so the dinosaur could not have seen me after all.

I was now at the bench, and could hear what the scientists were saying. It appeared from their conversations that they had just succeeded in inventing a time machine. It was then that I realised the awful truth. If time -travel was just being invented, then I had not succeeded in getting back to 2024 to exploit my invention. In simpler words, I was stuck here. Desperately I adjusted the ring for 2024, and pressed the micro-switch. Nothing happened. Feverishly I tried again and again, and then finally managed to compose myself. It must be the crystal for moving into the past that was faulty, I reckoned. It must have been damaged when I hit the ring on the rock. This meant I could still go forward in time, but would be invisible until I died. Even then, I might remain invisible. I could not repair the crystal, and could see no further reason for living. I came to the decision to destroy myself."

The scientist finished dictating into his pocket recordo-machine, and turned it off. As he watched his counterparts of the future preparing for their flight into the future, he finished his mental calculations. Gritting his teeth, he cut off his middle finger, with the ring still on it, and taped it to the recordo-machine. Then he set the dial to five hundred years into the future. He prepared for the mental effort of keeping the ring in a time -phase lock, five hundred years in the future with the knowledge that the mental effort of doing so would surely start a chain-reaction. This reaction would destroy the molecular structure of his brain and ultimately of his body. If his theory was correct, the recordo-machine should materialise in the time machine as soon as it passes through the five hundred year boundary it was placed in. Then they would learn of his sacrifice.

The scientist smiled twice, slowly. The first smile was as he thought whether they would believe his testimony or regard it as a practical joke of someone who had found the time -secret first. The second smile was as the scientists climbed into their machine, and he pressed the micro-switch that was to so soon be the cause of his destruction.

Bryan Smith, 4C

Disaster

The Saturn Rocket is on the pad,
"Ten minutes to go," says the Captain.
The gases hiss, the hearts thump.
Houston Control is commanding.

"The Moon is many days away",
Says the pilot of the LEM,
The engines roar, the flames fire hard,
Houston Control is commanding.

"The Moon is now only miles away",
Says the Captain to one of the crew,
"Right down there we'll soon be walking",
Houston Control is commanding.

The "Big Day" is here, the module is down,
On that surface, clear and still,
The men, they walk, and walk and walk,
Houston Control is commanding.

They are now on their way back to the earth,
Are the heroes, tall and bright,
"Only miles to go," says the Captain,
Houston Control is commanding.

The atmosphere now is here to stay,
"It's mighty hot on that shield",
But soon, it gets too hot in there,
Houston Control is mourning

Andrew Boeckstaens, 2C

The Captured Town

That morning we rose early. It was bitterly cold. Nobody spoke much, but there was an atmosphere of grim determination that we should get through. Each one of us there was silently afraid of what we would find on the other side of the wall. Even the general, I sensed, was uncommonly worried. He was positive that we should take the enemy successfully as we were superior in numbers, and we had the element of surprise on our side. After all, as the general always maintained, we were British.

A small party of our troops had succeeded in luring the main body of the enemy away, and now we were to move in and force our way into the captured town. Nobody knew what we would find inside. After three months their supplies would be finished. Or perhaps they were all murdered anyway. Then again, the enemy might have taken care of them.

By midday we had captured the enemy troops with a relatively small loss of men. We broke open the gates and forced our way inside. The cheers and shouts of the people, that I had hoped for, did not occur. Instead, a deadly silence, with the stale stench of death which lingered in the air, greeted us. We were split into groups to search the town. It seemed to be deserted. In the first hovel we entered I saw a sight that I will never forget as long as I live. Three bodies, still huddled together as they lay, dead, were in one of the dark damp rooms. The expressions on their faces were indescribably horrible and haunting. They told of starvation, torture and fear. In each of the other houses, the same story was told. Starved corpses lay everywhere, and when we moved rats scurried away into dark corners. All of us were silent. I had a sick feeling in the pit of my stomach.

Suddenly we heard a noise. At first we thought it to be the rats. It was coming from nearby. We threw open the door of the house from which the noise came. Inside were a handful of bent, pathetically thin people, who staggered and crawled forward, groaning and wailing. They ripped and tore at our clothes with what strength they had in their feeble frames. I never imagined what terrible things the lack of food could do to people. In some cases, their bones actually protruded out of their flesh. It was a nauseating spectacle. We took these poor survivors back to the camp, dressed their wounds and fed them. They were so deeply shocked that they could not speak.

That evening the general, several other officers and I, sat around the fire. We were all silently staring into the flames. Suddenly, the general, proud veteran of sixty-two years though he was, fell to his knees, burned his head in his hands and wept.

Lesley Bartlett, 4C

The Disappearing Pea

The crowds grew thick, the air grew tense
A gate swung open in the fence,
A sudden jolt, the crowd surged on;
The swarms of reds and blues had gone,

The ref. looked at his polished whistle
And blew and blew did he.
They heard his shout among the bustle
“Oh no, I’ve lost my pea!”

And he did kneel on knobbly knees
And sighed away, “Heigh-ho!”
“I’ve got to find my pea
Or my whistle will not go!”

Then everybody joined the search,
You’d laugh and get a stitch,
For Charlie George, he does look funny
Crawling across the pitch.

But a Chelsea fan, he shouted out
“Come look, I’ve found it, see?”
And that my friend is the story’s end
Of the disappearing pea!

Cohn Slatter, IC

My School Week

I wake up Monday morning,
To the sound of heavy rain,
I’d like to stay in bed,
But I have to catch my train.

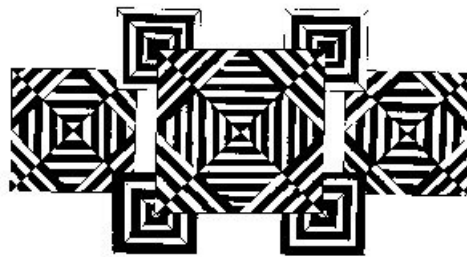
Tuesday’s not much better,
Though my homework has been done,
I’m not so sure the answer’s right,
I got it from my Mum!

Wednesday comes, and Wednesday goes,
With Music, Maths and German,
I’ll get home late, Dad’s at the gate,
Here comes another sermon!

Thursday’s here, thank goodness!
The weekend’s not far away.
I’m thinking when the buzzer goes
There’s only one more day.

My favourite day is Friday,
My favourite time is four,
Go easy with the homework, Sir,
I can’t think anymore!

Granville Bavistock, 2B



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Lorna Casey UVI

Her Fault for Prying

“Oh shut up or I’ll give you something to really complain about.” Then realising remarks like this could only worsen the situation she added, “Money isn’t everything you know.”

Mrs. Willard thought to herself sadly, why did teenage girls have to be so difficult? All they were after was money to buy things, and when you did not supply it on the spot you got the scenes and sulks. No, she definitely was not going to give in to Marsha again.

If she wanted some new shoes she would have to save up and buy them herself. She was money mad; surely no other girls were such ardent worshippers of the green paper god. A year ago she had just started on her “O” levels and she had not had time for all this nonsense, but now she had lost her grip of the schoolwork and was steadily falling behind; but what could the Willards do? One word mentioned about working a bit harder would start Marsha off threatening to leave school and not do any of the things they had planned for her. Oh, and the things they had planned. Good “O” levels, then good “A” levels, if she kept the work up. Then on to some kind of further education where she could get some really good qualifications. After that her father could give her a hand-picked job with his firm, and when the time came she could marry and settle down into a happy family life. With all this in front of her why was she playing up so? She stayed out until all hours, and as for the money, her mother had no idea what it was going on.

A year ago things had been so different. She was a good girl, helpful, cheerful, and most important, very open. She told her parents the truth at least ninety per cent of the time, but now they did not have a clue about what she was up to. It would have worked out better all round if they had, though.

Mrs. Willard noticed one morning how out of condition and generally run down her daughter looked. “Why don’t you go for a walk and get some fresh air?” she suggested.

Marsha got up.

“OK, I’m not going for a walk, but I’m going out somewhere. I’ll be back later.”

The door shut as Marsha slouched off somewhere. Mrs. Willard had an idea.

She could do something to get on Marsha’s right side, she could tidy her room. It was always in such a state anyway. She went upstairs to the room and made a start by making the bed, but it did not stop at that; she got carried away and started tidying drawer after drawer. Soon the room was transformed into some-thing that resembled a tidy one. Just one more thing to do. She knew, from previous experience, that there would be some rubbish under the bed to be tidied out. If she could just clear that away then her work would be done. She got down on her hands and knees, and looked; a few old magazines, some slippers, an empty cigarette packet – Mrs. Willard was upset, Marsha had promised not to smoke. Oh well, she thought, I suppose it was my fault for prying. Then she brought out a little box, the lid was firmly on. Should I look inside she thought, no, they are Marsha’s private things. She left the box under the bed and went out of the room.

Later Marsha returned and went straight to her room as usual. Five seconds later she came crashing downstairs and screamed,

“Who do you think you are to come messing around in my room?” “I can’t find a thing now. My bedroom’s for me, and only me!” Her face was purple and quivering. Mrs. Willard half rose from where she was sitting, “Sorry, love, I –” She was talking to herself for Marsha had gone upstairs again. She left her to go and did not worsen the situation by going after her.

A couple of hours later she called Marsha for supper but there was no answer. This was not unusual so she went to knock on her door. No answer. She opened the door a fraction and peeped through; then realising Marsha was not in the room she opened the door fully and went in. Suddenly it hit her as she looked around the room, all the bits and bobs had gone. After looking in the wardrobe, not wanting to but having to, it sank in. Marsha had vanished with not so much as a word. Under the bed, once more on her hands and knees, she found the little box still there. Surprising, she had expected her to take that. She grabbed and opened the box, the only thing her daughter had left, scrabbling with the catch as if trying to find an answer to what had happened in the box. Inside there was a note; it read:

“Now you have found out it is not worth my while spending any more time in this house. I have gone, don’t try to get me back, I will manage,

Marsha.”

What secret? Her mother was puzzled. Then she picked the note out of the box, under it lay the cause of all the trouble – a syringe. Marsha had obviously forgotten it in her hurry to get out. So this was what was kept in the box. Oh, if only she had looked in the box before, when she had first seen it, she could have saved her daughter. Meanwhile, Marsha had vanished, unlikely to return.

Jane Clegg, 3C

Lost Love

Endless nights of crying,
Hearing and yet not listening,
Part living and part dying,
Looking and yet not seeing.
Believing no more yet still praying
Simply for peace of mind.
Speaking without the use of words
Only tears choking and twisting
In the back of my throat;
Turning into haunting memories of him,
And until those memories fade into nothingness,
Both mind and soul shall write in torment.

Elaine Roffe, 4B

Torment of a Murderer

I shut my eyes tight in fervent hope
That it will go away;
The painful memory which haunts my soul.
But it won't.
I want to scream but it would do no good.
It would still be there, embedded in my brain
For life and beyond.
The spine-chilling scream, that face,
That horrible face of pathetic agony.
"No, please don't hurt me, please!"
Those words flow back.
And my hands,
Yellow fingers tightening around her tiny neck
Squeezing every drop of jewelled life.
Not mine. Oh no!
They belonged to that someone that lives within me.
Within the simple intricacies of my mind.
But the guilt is mine.
I am within these four tomb-grey walls for a purpose:
Never to do it again.
Little to suffer for the torment which is mine.
She is dead.
I live on to die each day for eternity.

Lesley Bartlett, 4C

Love and Hate

I lie in my bed in the dark room,
And think.
I think of life and death, of hate and love
I blink
The tears away which I can feel coming to my eyes,
Like burning flames I feel every time I cry.

I try to provide myself with an answer, to
How did the world begin?
If there's a God, he wouldn't like our world
But is it up to Him?

Have humans taken over the world which He created,
Caused hate and war and the shedding of blood,
And the only way for God to stop all hatred
Is like Noah's Ark and another flood?

I hate the thought of another war,
As each is worse than the last.
If with new bombs and planes, you add the score,
It would all be over – fast.

I don't know why I think these things so sad,
Because for me, life is not so bad,
But I just hear of others with no future,
And for them, I, myself do torture.

But then I think of sun, and joy, and love,
And for my good fortune, thank the Lord above,
I feel better now, but don't know why,
Love and hate still make me cry.

Susan White, 4A

Caviar and Chips

I enjoy food. I like the texture against my tongue. I like having my hunger melted away for a few hours.

I do not miss the taste. How can one miss something one has never known? If I had been born normal, I dare say it would matter to me, but I cannot understand what I am now missing.

How can you explain sound to a deaf person, or sight to the blind? Another sense, a great joy perhaps, but they cannot understand. Hearing is nothing like anything else; nor tasting.

People have tried to explain it. As far as I can gather, it is like feeling the texture, but in another dimension. It helps to distinguish between foods, as smell does, but it is a solid feeling. To me, I think, all foods must taste the same, but I do not taste anything so I do not know. I cannot explain this to you any more than you can explain taste to me.

As I said, I enjoy my food, and cannot conceive what I am missing any more than I can conceive a fourth dimension.

Of course, I learnt the biology and chemistry of taste buds years ago. I know why mine do not work. I know that it may one day be dangerous. I could take poison without being put off by the taste. It does mean I can take medicine though!

What many people cannot understand is that I can dislike a food. I do not like ice-cream. It is cold, and slips down my throat. I think meat is wonderful, especially chicken and duck. They have complicated textures, which rub against my tongue, with juices which seem to appear from nowhere. I like freshly baked bread, because of the smell, and the warm, homely feeling it radiates. I also like blood.

That sounds morbid, doesn't it, like a vampire, or some creature lost since before time? I like it, though. It is warm, and thirst-quenching. The colour attracts me too.

As a small child I used to bite myself, and I was always covered in plasters. My mother could not understand it. She has no imagination.

I suppose that is why they are after me. When you live in a small village stories get around, and rumours spread. I wonder if they will ever succeed. I think it will hurt, and I am afraid. Yet I do not sleep in a coffin, and I am as afraid of the dark as anyone else.

A wooden stake, yes it will hurt. I am to die young because I cannot conform to their way of living. Good grief, I only killed three of them. Some people eat caviar with their chips!

Joanna Champeney, 4C

Advanced Level Examination Results

JANUARY AND JULY 1971

Bailey J.M.	Economics, Geography (0)	Snell L.A.	English, French (0)
Barbrook K.O.	History (M)	Soper R.	Economics (0)
Barker D.S.	Biology, Chemistry, Physics	Stephens M.	Biology, Chemistry
Batten S.	English, French, Geography	Taylor S.E.	English (0)
Blackwell M.L.	English (0), Home Economics	Terry P.T.S.	Pure Mathematics (M), Higher Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics
Blazewicz I.	Biology, Chemistry, Physics	Thind D.S.	British Constitution (0)
Boxshall S.C.	Chemistry, Geography, Physics	Wagstaff C.R.	German (0)
Brandreth K.D.	French, German, Pure Mathematics	Wake N.J.	Biology, Chemistry, Physi
Buddell C.R.	Art, Economics, English	Williams A.L.	English, French, German
Chapman B.A.R.	Economics, French, German	Wimbush M.C.	English, French, German
Churchill L.M.	German	Woollard S.A.	English, French, German
Clarke D.H.	Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics	(M) Merit in Special Paper	
Coaker V.P.	Economics, History	(0) = Awarded Pass at Ordinary Level	
Collier A.S.	Home Economics		
Coombe B.R.	Economics		
Cowgill D.	English, French, History (0)		
Cowley L.H.	Biology (0), Chemistry, Physics		
Dobbins B.N.	Chemistry, Pure and Applied Mathematics, Physics		
Dodd I.	Biology, Chemistry, Pure Mathematics		
Dorsett S.	Art, Economics, Geography (0)		
Durrans P.	Chemistry, Geography		
Eacott G.J.	English, Music, Woodwork		
Elliott D.J.	Economics, Geography (0)		
Farrell R.	Art (0)		
Gold D.	English, French, History —Guy D.J. French (0), German (0)		
Haldane J.	English, French, Pure Mathematics		
Howse P.R.	Economics, Geography, History		
Huggins V.A.	French, German		
Hughes P.J.	Chemistry (0)		
Jachnik A.M.	French, Geography		
Jakubowski J.A.	Biology, Chemistry		
Jones J.B.	Geography, Physics		
Kwiatkowski A.G.	Chemistry, Physics (0)		
Last J.	Economics (0)		
MacLeod F.M.	Economics, French, Geography		
Marsh J.A.	English, History, Art		
Moore J.G.	Chemistry, Pure and Applied Mathematics, Physics		
Munt V.J.	French, German		
Nolan T.B.	Chemistry		
Offord A.	Art (0), English		
Peake N.J.	Pure Mathematics, Higher Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics, Woodwork		
Powell G.F.	Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics		
Prickett T.	German		
Reading D.D.C.	English, French, German		
Ridley K.	French (0)		
Shilling L.J.G.	Geography		
Sidhu K.S.	Pure Mathematics, Higher Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics		

A doctor of the 15th century engraved in Paris 1488



A doctor of the 15th century engraved in Paris, 1488

Entrance to Universities, Colleges of Education etc.

OCTOBER 1971

Barbrook Keith	Philippa Fawcett College of Education B.Ed. (History)
Baruch Anne	Manchester University Medical School
Batten Susan	Plymouth Polytechnic B.A. (Geography)
Blackwell Maureen	Brighton Technical College H.O.D. (Hotel & Catering)
Blazewicz Irene	University College, London (Dentistry)
Boxshall Stephen	Cambridgeshire Technical College B.Sc. (Geography)
Brandreth Kim	Hockerill College of Education (French)
Chapman Barbara	Surrey University B.A. (German)
Clarke David	Imperial College, London B.Sc.Hons. (Electrical Engineering)
Coaker Vernon	Warwick University B.Sc.Econ. (Economics & Politics)
Collier Anne	Twickenham Technical College (Exhibition & Design)
Cowgill Diane	Westfield College, London B.A.Hons. (French)
Cowley Linda	Dundee University B.Sc. (Biochemistry)
Dobbins Brian	Imperial College, London B.Sc. (Engineering)
Durrans Peter	Hull University B.Sc.Hons. (Geography)
Elliott Derek	Enfield College of Technology (Sociology)
Gold Dma	University of East Anglia B.A.Hons. (Social Studies)
Haldane Julia	Portsmouth Polytechnic B.A.Hons. (Psychology)
Hugg-ins Valerie	Wolverhampton Polytechnic (Bi-lingual Secretarial)
Jakubowski Joseph	Hatfield Polytechnic B. Sc.Hons. (Applied Biology)
Jones Jonathan	Worcester College of Education (Sciences)
MacLeod Fiona	Sussex University B.A. (Geography)
Moore John	Leeds University B.Sc.Hons. (Chemical Engineering)
Munt Vivienne	Birmingham Polytechnic (Languages & Secretarial)
Peake Nicholas	Queen Elizabeth College, London B.Sc. (Mathematics & Management)
Powell Gordon	University College, London B.Sc. (Applied Physics)
Sidhu Kulwant	University College, London B.Sc. (Electrical Engineering)
Snell Linda	Bournemouth College of Technology (Secretarial Diploma Course)
Terry Paul	Manchester University B.Sc.Hons. (Mathematics)
Wake Nigel	Aston University B.Sc.Hons. (Biological Sciences)
Williams Angela	Newcastle-upon-Tyne University B. A. Hons. (German)
Wimbush Maria	University of Wales, Cardiff B.A. (German)
Woollard Susan	Philippa Fawcett College of Education

School Fund 1970-71

Income		Expenditure	
	£ p		£ p
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Subscriptions	202.25	Fares	31.60
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Advertisements	46.00	Printing etc.	113.00
Golf Fees	12.00	Golf Fees	18.00
Cancer Research	8.40	Subscriptions to	
		Associations	17.20
		Miscellaneous	35.58
		BALANCE	194.57
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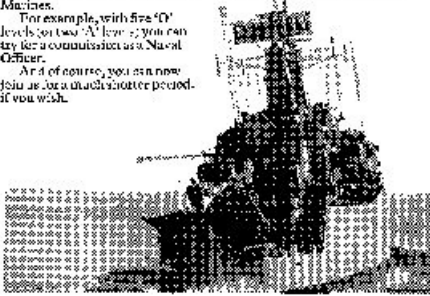
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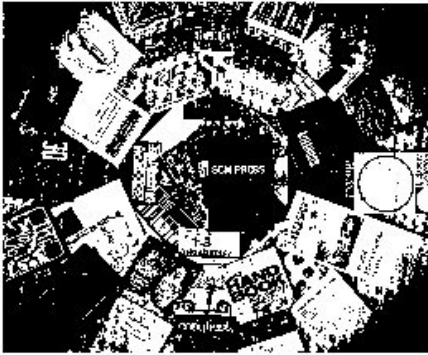


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