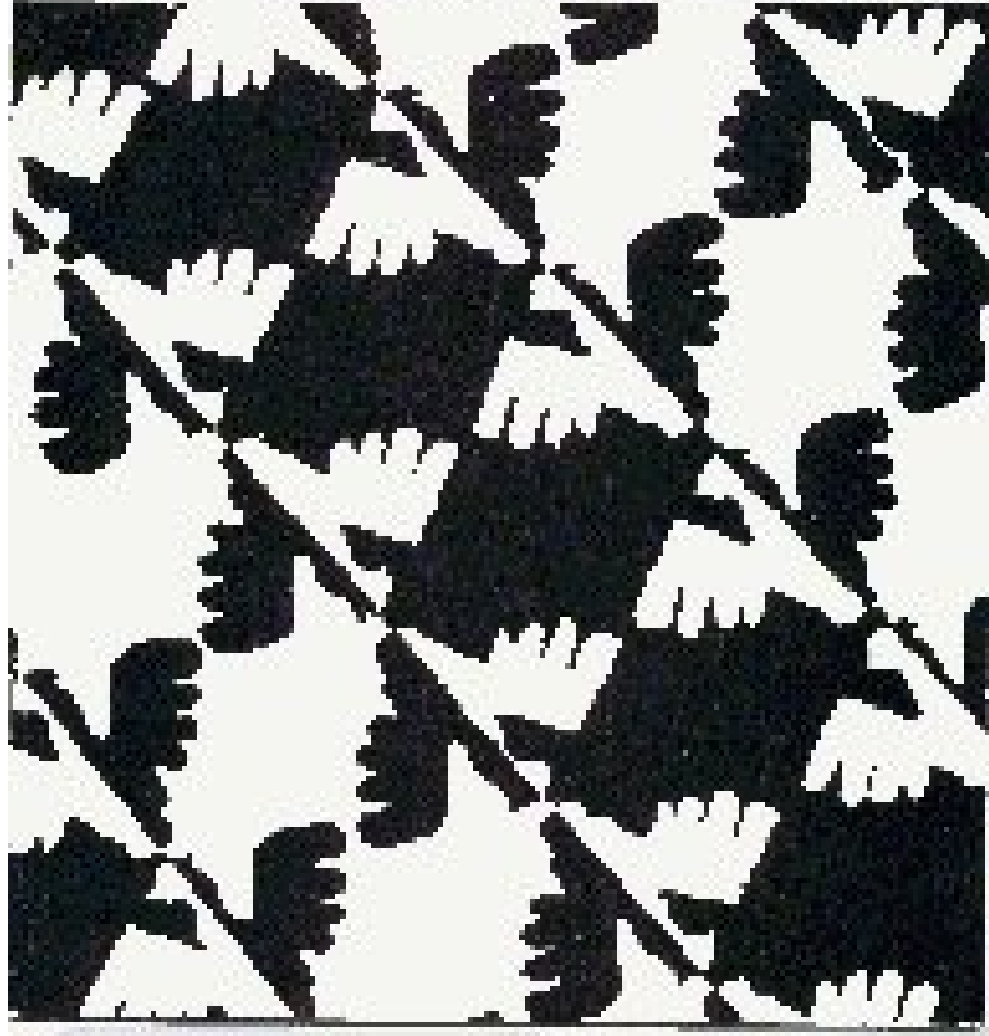


PHOENIX



Phoenix 1972

The Magazine of Drayton Manor Grammar School



THE DRAYTON MANOR GRAMMAR SCHOOL • HANWELL

LONDON

Drayton Manor Grammar School

STAFF 1971-1972

Headmaster:

Mr. C. J. Everest M.A. (Oxon)

Deputy Head:

Mr. J. A. Phillips B.A. (Oxen)

Senior Mistress:

Miss J. D. Cracknell B.Sc. (London)

Assistant Staff:

Mr. D. H. Adams B.A. (Leeds)

Miss J. C. Aldridge M.A. (Manchester)

Mr. J. Barker B.A. (London)

Mrs. C. W. Bate B.Sc. (Sheffield)

*Mrs. J. Breslauer (R.S.A. Teaching Certificate)

Mr. T. E. W. Cherry

Mr. J. Clarke A.T.D.

Miss S. R. Cleary

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

*Mrs. P. Double

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

Mr. R. T. Gaskell B.Sc. (Sheffield)

*Mrs. S. Gosling (R.S.A. Teaching Certificate)

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

*Mrs. A. Grubb B.A. (Cantab)

Mrs. G. M. Hayward

Mr. T. Hislop

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

Miss M. M. E. Kierney M.A. (Glasgow)

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

Mrs. S. H. A. Massen B.Sc. (Wales)

Miss J. E. Matts B.A. (Sheffield)

Miss M. G. Moan B.Sc. (London)

Dr. A. J. Muir M.A. (London)

Mr. P. H. Muller B.Sc. (Manchester)

Mr. J. A. Mulliner

Mr. A. W. Overy B.Sc. (London)

Mrs. E. L. Preston B.Sc. (Wales)

Mr. N. J. W. Richardson B.Mus. (London)

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

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

*Mrs. M. T. Sosabowska B.A. (Reading)

Mrs. K. S. Spikes B.A. (Essex)

Miss J. A. Virgo B.Sc. (London)

*Mr. P. Watkins M.A. (Oxen)

Miss J. Westwood B.A. (Bristol)

* = Part-time

Main Subject(s)

French and German

Physics

French, Spanish

French, Spanish

History

Chemistry

Shorthand, Typewriting

Physical Education

Art

Physical Education

Economics/British Constitution

Physical Education

English

Chemistry

Typewriting

Physics

Latin, Greek Literature

Home Economics

Woodwork

Mathematics

French, German

French

Biology

History, Religious Education

Geography

French

Mathematics

Mathematics

Chemistry

Geography

Music

German

English

English

Mathematics

Biology

Religious Education

English

Assistants:

Miss M. Delict (French)

Miss J. Kramer (German)

Secretaries:

Miss M. Scott

Mrs. B. Watson

GOVERNING BODY

Councillor Mrs. G. M. Barnes B.A. (Cantab) (Chairman), Mrs. L. Baruch, Mr. M. R. Bell, Councillor T. Cheeseman J.P., Councillor E. H. W. Crook F.I.O.B., A.I.Q.S., Councillor Mrs. M. E. Heywood J.P., Councillor Mrs. M. Lorde J.P., Dr. (Mrs.) M. J. Majumdar, Mr. W. L. Page, Councillor D. W. Perry (Vice-Chairman), Mr. K. G. Reeves B.D., Mr. P. G. Ridley.

1971 -2	Head Boy: Brian F. Gasser Head Girl: Louise A. Rogers	Deputy: Thomas B. Nolan Deputy: Barbara Roter
1972-3	Head Boy: Peter D. Hinton Head Girl: Anne E. O'Loughlin	Deputy: Trevor J. Morris Deputy: Christine H. Bundle



Cover Design by Gary Dunbar

Phoenix 1972

Editor: Miss J. Westwood Business Manager: Mr. D. H. Adams

Editorial Committee: Helen Baker, George Dokic
Peter Hinton, William Lacey
Anne O'Loughlin, Christine
Rundle, Timothy Sugden
Kathleen Watters

Typed by: Helen Baker, Irene Christopher Margaret Dobbins, Saeeda Mirza, Kathleen Watters, under the supervision of Mrs. J. Breslauer.

It has been my pleasure to edit this year's edition of Phoenix and I realise now that this would have been an onerous task but for the help and co-operation of pupils and colleagues.

The Editorial Committee are particularly keen that the Magazine should achieve its aim to reflect the life of the School and this can only be accomplished if pupils continue to contribute varied and original material.

I thank all who have helped in this publication and hope others will be encouraged to follow their example.

J. W.

School Notes

"School Notes" in last year's Phoenix ended with a reference to new proposals for the reorganisation of education in Ealing. Drayton Manor is included in the latest version of these proposals as one of a large number of school in which a "significant expansion" is intended. The present position and future possibilities are therefore outlined for the information of parents and Phoenicians, as well as of pupils, in the article which follows these notes.

At the end of the Spring Term Mrs. Bate accepted a teaching post in Somerset, her place in the Chemistry department being filled for the Summer Term by Mr. A. W. Overy. After thirty-six years in charge of Boys' P. E. and games, Mr. Cherry's retirement at the end of the Summer Term was marked by presentations from Staff, Pupils, the Phoenicians and the Parents' Association. On another page fuller reference is made to Mr. Cherry's achievements and personality, and also to those of Mr. Mulliner and Mr. Muller who leave us to take up respectively a teaching post at Fairfield Grammar School, Bristol in September, and a postgraduate course at London University in October. Those taking the shorthand/typewriting course in the sixth form will also miss the help and guidance of Mrs. Gostling who leaves the Staff this July. To all of them we extend our thanks and best wishes for the future.

In their place we welcome Mr. G. Williams as head of boys' P. E. and games; Mr. A. Squirrel (a Phoenician) to the Chemistry Department; and Mr. L. J. To to the Mathematics Department.

Three new societies have been formed during the year: a Sixth Form Essay Society; a Junior Biology Club and a Photographic Club. Reports of their activities, together with those of longer established clubs, will be found on other pages.

Among the lecturers/visitors who came to the school during the year were the Bishop of Willesden, who spoke to the sixth form, and Mr. I. Ducklin of the B. B. C. who was helped by the first forms in making recordings of ordinary but elementary conversation for possible use in the teaching of English in other countries.

Through the continued generosity of the Parents' Association and the assistance of the Borough, the school is acquiring for the Biology Department a new greenhouse which is expected to be in use in September. Taken together with the active self help practised in the re-excavation and lining of the disused pond, this will have produced in 1971-2 a very real improvement in the facilities available for this department.

An expansion of the sixth form General Studies programme has recently been planned for the year 1972-3. Hitherto known as "Minority Time" and fitted in by students after their 'A' level commitments have been met, this work will in future take a fixed and more important, though still a relatively small place in the sixth form timetable. There has been widespread recognition in very many schools of the need for a programme of "General Studies" as either the central core of a sixth form curriculum or a substantial complement to the more specialised work undertaken for the Advanced Level examinations.

It is hoped that the programme devised here, on the basis of Staff suggestions and an indication of sixth and fifth form interests, will prove to be both demanding in an intellectual sense and directly relevant to the world in which sixth form students will live. Though not formally the centre of our sixth form curriculum, the programme should command sufficient interest for it to play an increasingly significant and eventually perhaps a central role in the sixth form studies of the future.

C. J. E.

The Reorganisation of Education in Ealing

Under the “three-tier” proposals for the reorganisation of Education in Ealing, submitted to the Department of Education and Science by the Borough Council, Drayton Manor would become, over a period of years, a Comprehensive High School for the age range 12-19. Decisions on these proposals are expected shortly and may be available by the time that this edition of Phoenix is read. If the Secretary of State approves what is termed a “Significant expansion” for Drayton Manor, the total number of pupils here will rise eventually to about 1200 and a major building programme will first be undertaken by the Borough to provide the extra accommodation and facilities which will be needed for a school of that size.

Whatever the decision – and it is not possible or appropriate for predictions to be made here – there will not be any sudden or immediate change in the character and size of the school. If the scheme is approved and comes into operation, transfer to secondary education at age 11 will cease and the High Schools, including Drayton Manor, will have no more 1st form pupils. Instead we shall take, a year later, into the 2nd forms a much larger group of pupils who will not have undergone the present 11+ procedure. This entry of between 180 and 240 pupils aged 12+ will continue each year and the school will gradually grow until the number on roll reaches 1200 in about 1978-9.

Throughout this period the education of pupils admitted to the school in or before 1972 will continue on the lines indicated and expected at the time of their entry. Any changes that there may be will be those arising from the normal process of curriculum development, or from the provision of additional facilities in the major building programmes mentioned above, or from possible changes in the national examinations system which are under consideration by the various bodies which organise and supervise the G. C. E. and C.S. E. examinations.

A brief account cannot cover all the details of such a change, but it should be clear from what has been said that while the reorganisation proposals, if approved, will double the size and modify the character of the school in the long run, far reaching changes are not expected in the immediate future.

Mr T. E. W. Cherry

It was with very great regret that we said goodbye to Mr. Cherry at the end of the Summer Term.

Mr. Cherry, known to his friends and colleagues as “Bob” (I wonder how many of our readers can guess why?), first came to Drayton Manor in 1936 and during his long service there became the symbol of the sporting life of the school. Many generations of schoolboys (and latterly schoolgirls) will remember his feats in the various Staff matches during the last four decades. It is, therefore, only fitting that he should have scored in his last appearance for the Staff against the School in the annual hockey match.

Hockey was not, of course, the only game in which Mr. Cherry excelled; the variety of his skills was impressive. He seemed to be able to play well any game which he took up, but I believe that his first love was for cricket, which is only to be expected from a Yorkshireman.

I shall never forget an incident which occurred about a quarter of a century ago during the Staff versus School cricket match. The School had batted first and had made a goodly score. The Staff’s opening batsmen made a respectable reply but suddenly wickets began to fall to the School’s redoubtable fast bowler – a tall youth with a formidable run-up and a truly ferocious speed off the bumpy, uneven pitch. Mr. Cherry was still batting and was joined by the last man with four runs still needed for victory. Fortunately it was the end of the over and the “rabbit” did not have to face the bowling. Once again the long approach-run, the flailing arms and then the ball hurtled towards Mr. Cherry but with a sharp crack, its direction was suddenly reversed and it soared above the bowler’s head for a magnificently driven straight six.

I have another memory – of a very dark October night in 1940. Several hundred boys and girls from Drayton Manor accompanied by a number of staff, including Mr. Cherry and myself, stood upon Torquay railway station. The school had been evacuated to this Devonshire resort to escape the bombs of the London “Blitz”. Gradually the pupils were claimed by their hosts, but alas, no-one claimed Mr. Cherry or me. There we stood, desolate and downcast, when suddenly from the gloom a figure approached with the “sad” news that the only place for us to spend the next week was a pub!

Mr. Cherry has a slightly different and more humorous version of this incident, but then he is a born raconteur with an inexhaustible supply of stories to delight and edify his colleagues, although it must be admitted that the introduction of a mixed staff-room curtailed his repertoire to a certain extent.

We shall all miss his warm, human personality which did so much to enliven and enrich the dull routine of the passing days, and I know that all readers of Phoenix will want to join me in wishing him and his wife, Beryl, a long and happy retirement.

F. R. J. R.

Mr. P. Muller and Mr. J. Mulliner

When asked for a valedictory article on Mr. Muller and Mr. Mulliner it was soon apparent that they had so many features in common, yet in other ways complementing one another, that the only way to deal with the problem was to write about them jointly.

In the year 1968 several important events took place in the Mathematics Department – the most relevant being the appointment of Mr. John Mulliner from Borough Road College and Mr. Peter Muller from Manchester University. At the same time Mr. Behmber retired and Mr. Jewell was promoted Head of Department. The decision to teach Modern Maths was also put into effect. A wave of youthful enthusiasm spread through the department with new ideas and new topics which were as interesting and novel to the staff as to the pupils. It is probably fair to say that all the staff were placed in a learning situation.

Here the two M's had a vital role, calling on their recent college experience to help with modern ideas. Mr. Muller was especially happy with Sixth Form Pure Maths and his concrete approach to abstract ideas proved very helpful, while Mr. Mulliner always seemed to regard the Fifth Form as his special forte and laboured mightily to improve their logical thoughts with Geometry, Calculus and Sets. In addition Mr. Muller took charge of the Sixth Form Statistics course which the Department had been asked to provide.

Out of the classroom they also proved lively colleagues playing Badminton and Tennis with the staff and helping with the school games. Mr. Mulliner has run the school Under 15 and Under 14 football elevens and coached the school team to win the Old Ealonian 5-side Football Trophy in 1971. Mr. Muller has encouraged Badminton and introduced Basketball to the school as a competitive sport. The school has now joined the Ealing Schools Basketball League. They have both taken part in every staff play since their arrival, showing a considerable talent for acting.

Unfortunately for us they are leaving together, quite by coincidence, Mr. Muller to take a Postgraduate Course in Operational Research and Mr. Mulliner to be Second Maths master at Fairfields School in Bristol. By the publication date of this magazine he will have married Miss M. Woodall, who left the Biology Department last year, and they will have set up home in Wells.

D. E. J.

Afterwards

No doubt when many leave school, after perhaps a dozen or so years of education, they feel as I did when I walked away from Drayton Manor in 1961, even if they are moving on to college or university. My thoughts (was it really so long ago?) were something like this: 'Oh well, that's that all over – not such a bad place really; doubt if I'll see it again, at least for a good while'.

I lived in Hayes at the time and perhaps because of that I never saw the old school for five years, although I still kept in touch with one or two old school friends. However my links with Drayton Manor had effectively disappeared. Until, that is, I met by chance in Hayes Norman Upsdell, an old head boy, who was in fact in my year. A few words with him, stirring memories of old friends almost forgotten, made me realise that I had missed something by not keeping in touch. At Norman's suggestion I joined a political youth organisation in Hanwell which was (I discovered) notorious at the time for the number of Drayton Manor old pupils who were members. This, of course, was just a start. Within a short while I had moved to Hanwell, visited the school with a couple of other old boys, and joined the Phoenicians, which organisation reminded me of the pleasures of football and cricket, two sports I had not even thought about since leaving.

I also became involved in local politics, as a result of which I was asked last year to join the School Governing Body, together with Bill Page, also an old boy, and Ken Reeves, once a pupil and later a teacher of R. E. at the school.

I'm still enjoying Phoenicians' activities, of course, and am often to be found making the most of the facilities in the (fairly) recently built clubhouse, in spite of having married last year!

The above not incredible story I recount for no reason other than that I wish all pupils at Drayton Manor to remember their school after leaving the gates for the last time. For me, the benefits I have obtained in the last five or six years are many and great. Real pleasure can be had from involvement, deep or otherwise, and, as they say, better the devil(s) you know!

Join the Phoenicians, and let not the membership fee of 50p deter.

Martin Bell

Parents' Association News

It is pleasing to be able to report yet another good year for the Parents' Association. We have ventured into the field of jumble, having held a sale at the Methodist Church Hall which met with a moderate success. There are plans to repeat this.

The usual cheese and wine party, enabling new parents to meet members of staff was held in October, a very convivial evening.

The highlight of the year's activity, however, was the Fayre held in May which resulted in a profit of £330. The majority of this money has been used to purchase a greenhouse for the school. The newly formed photographic club also benefited from the Fayre.

The Association was represented at the party held to celebrate the retirement of Mr. Cherry, and presented him with a 'Teasmade'.

May I thank all the parents who have so generously responded to our appeals for the jumble, cash, gifts etc., during the course of the year. Lastly, my thanks to the school, both staff and pupils, for the assistance so willingly given at the functions we have held.

Task Force

This year Task Force has continued to flourish. For the first time, pupils from the Junior school have joined the Seniors in the main activity of visiting old people in their homes. Other activities such as gardening and decorating have also been well supported, despite the lack of help from many of the male members of the school.

For the second year in succession Task Force members arranged a most successful party for local old people. We were very grateful for the help received from other members of the school, both pupils and staff, in the running of the party and also for the donation of proceeds from the Christmas Disco and the Basketball match.

Task Force has not restricted its activities to aiding old people; members took part in "Outset" - a sponsored survey to find the disabled of Ealing so that they could be given help.

The final events of the year were an envelope collection for the aged of other countries and a sponsored Swim.

Our thanks to all who have helped in any way this year: however, there is always room for new volunteers.

Task Force Staff

Council for Education in World Citizenship Meeting

On November the 23rd 1971 Drayton Manor played host to a number of other schools at the annual Council for Education in World Citizenship meeting. The subject under discussion was 'Women's Liberation'. Our speakers were Mrs. Mary Stott, Editor of the Woman's Page of the Guardian, and Mrs. Leonora Lloyd, Public Speaker and member of a Socialist Women's Liberation organization, and they both spoke in favour of Women's Liberation.

After the speakers had put forward their ideas the audience broke up into discussion groups. The ratio in these groups of girls to boys was at best, five to one and so the arguments were, perhaps, somewhat one sided.

When the discussions were finished we were able to put questions to the speakers. Unfortunately, since there were so many questions but so little time, matters could not be discussed as deeply as might have been hoped.

However, we did receive the answers to some of the more important questions and consequently the basic ideas of the Women's Liberation movement were explained to us.

LVlth Former

Drayton Manor Film Society 1971-72

The Film Society this season had its largest membership ever, a fact which, though it produced problems when films like 'Midnight Cowboy' and 'Butch Cassidy and The Sundance Kid' packed the hall to bursting point, in no way altered the essentially friendly, club-like atmosphere of the meetings. These are still the pleasant, after-school occasions that they always were. If any complaint could be made it is in the falling off of volunteers to rearrange the hall afterwards.

There is no doubt about the popularity of the Society and the success of its programmes. There is still a reluctance on the part of many members to see foreign-language films. Maybe dubbed versions are the answer to the problem some have found with subtitles. We would like to hope that in future our members might become more interested in what is happening in cinema outside the English-speaking world. It is very much the purpose of a film society to show otherwise inaccessible films.

We should like to thank the projectionists; Andrew Solinski, Navinder Rangar and Winston Shutie; the girls who organised the refreshments, Helen Baker, Kathleen Watters and Denise Williams; and all those others who at some time have given their help.

J. M. C.

Midnight Cowboy

This film was about a cowboy from Texas, called Jo Buck, who comes to New York looking for excitement and money. At first everything is very bewildering but soon he meets up with a man named Ratzo who becomes his best friend and helps him along through his difficulties. He tells him about a man who he thinks can help find Jo a job, but it turns out that the man is only interested in religion. Jo then leaves Ratzo, thinking he can get on without him, but he doesn't do

very well and soon gets short of cash. Jo doesn't do very well with women either, as the first woman he meets is a prostitute, although Jo doesn't realise.

Jo then meets up with Rizzo again and goes to live with him in a dingy, old room. When the weather gets cold Rizzo becomes very ill and weak and Jo has to look after him. One night Jo takes him to a party where he enjoys himself with one of the girls. Rizzo stays by himself, feeling dejected.

Jo then comes back for him and by this time Rizzo is very ill. As he has always wanted to go to Florida, Jo takes Rizzo on a coach tour, but Rizzo dies on the way there.

This is a very sad but exciting film and I recommend it strongly.

Julie Monk, 2A

Midnight Cowboy

"Midnight Cowboy" is the sometimes funny, more often sad, story of an emotionally immature young American's quest for maturity, and what he regards as true male sexuality.

The Cowboy moves to New York from his remote Texas town and is instantly swallowed by the impersonality of city life and its people. His early attempts at hustling, for this is his original motivation for coming to New York, are total failures, and he soon falls prey to Rizzo, a cripple with criminal tendencies. Failure after failure, and hardship after hardship, slowly bring the Cowboy and Rizzo together. Their life in a derelict building develops a fumbling but very loyal relationship between them, and it is at this stage that the emotional insecurity of the two relative to the drabness, harshness, and impersonality of the modern city takes its rightful position as the main theme of the film.

By chance the Cowboy finds a wealthy, middle aged woman who is willing to pay for his services, and she then arranges further contacts with her friends. (Yet again the sensitivity of the film reaches the audience, showing us the acute loneliness and confusion of the very people who seem to create a system which is responsible for the Cowboy's and Rizzo's own confused emotions and physical suffering.)

This physical suffering inevitably leads to a serious deterioration in Rizzo's health, which had initially been far from perfect. The Cowboy, who now has some money because of his successful hustling, agrees to take Rizzo to Miami Beach, where Rizzo hopes the good weather and easy money will revive his health.

The Cowboy's motives here may not be totally selfless for it is becoming increasingly apparent that he is gradually realising his own insecurity, and the reasons for it. Indeed, on the bus to Miami he remarks to Rizzo that maybe he will not hustle anymore but just get a nice, steady, out-door job, but Rizzo is not listening. The years of living in slums have finally caught up with him.

The death of Rizzo is basically the climax of the film, but in more than one respect, for not only is it the last notable action but it is also the final stage in an inevitable chain of emotional moods. The film finishes with the Cowboy sitting at the back of the bus with his arm around the body of Rizzo, as if he were trying to deny his death, whilst the grotesque faces of nameless passengers peer insolently at Rizzo's empty body. Our final glance at the Cowboy, shows us a child who has just had a profound emotional experience that it cannot really grasp.

A fitting end to a sensitive and brilliant film that shows us the emotional wilderness of life that denies all identity.

Trevor Morris L6 (ii).

Review of the Film 'Macbeth'

On the eighth of February, the intrepid Miss Snow along with other members of the Drayton Manor English staff, fearlessly undertook the unenviable task of shepherding almost the entire fifth form, on a trip to see the play 'Macbeth' brought to life on the cinema screen of the Plaza, in Lower Regent Street. The management of the cinema had obviously not been forewarned about our imminent arrival, for they had not laid in an extra stock of peanuts. But apart from that, the visit can be deemed as very successful.

'Macbeth', based on the play by William Shakespeare, was made in Great Britain in 1971. It was directed by Roman Polanski, with Jon Finch in the title role and Francesca Annis as Lady Macbeth.

The film is a good adaptation of the play, but naturally, it contains a certain amount of 'poetic licence'. The atmosphere of mystery and the supernatural is made tangible by the artistic direction and the sets. For example, in the opening scene, three witches emerge from a mist-covered shore. There they dig a pit and bury a hand, and after chanting spells, they go their separate ways and the mist envelops them once more. Hecate, the witch of doubtful origin, who appears in the Shakespeare original, is omitted throughout the film.

When Macbeth first appears, he is shown against a background of hanging men; this is perhaps symbolic of the situation Macbeth is to find himself in from now on. Macbeth (Jon Finch) as king is portrayed as a man who is very much in the public eye, and has a burning desire to blind that eye, that so carefully follows all his deeds and misdeeds. He remains introspective until he is forced into loud action as Birnam Wood advances to Dunsinane Macbeth's castle thus fulfilling one of the witches' prophecies, which, he comes to realise, have been wrongly interpreted.

In the original play, Macbeth hires two murderers to despatch Banquo, but a third enigmatic character joins *them* to commit the deed. In the film this latter character is Ross, who throughout the film and play is the bringer of bad news, and watches the results with

disinterested curiosity. He relishes the murders as they occur, as if these things were inevitable, preordained by fate.

Before he goes to murder Duncan, Macbeth first has a moment of panic - the 'dagger' speech. In the film this speech is supported visually by the successful combination of cartoon and fact. The dagger suspended in the air; reappears several times, pointing the way to Duncan's room: Macbeth steals into Duncan's bed-chamber, past the guards whom Lady Macbeth has previously drugged, to the room where the king lies asleep. As Macbeth enters, the King awakes. His murder is therefore made inevitable, for explanation as to why Macbeth was in the room would be very difficult to find on the spur of the moment.

After the murder is discovered, there is a marvellous moment when Macbeth discloses that he has killed Duncan's guards - seemingly as an act of revenge, for hypocritically he is blaming the guards for Duncan's murder. The camera moves from one to another along a row of shinned faces, portraying the mixed feelings felt on receiving the news.

Macbeth, after Banquo's ghost returns during a banquet goes back to the witches, for further assurances. He is led into a cave where he is greeted by a coven of naked witches. They prepare him a potent concoction which he drinks. This releases a further prediction, substantiating that Banquo's descendants will be kings. In a delirium, Macbeth sees the eight descendants, each reflected separately in a mirror, which the former descendant held. The mirrors make it seem as if Banquo's descendants continue for ever, and it is a despairing Macbeth who emerges from the nightmare.

In the film, Lady Macbeth's somewhat obscure death is made to fit into a natural course of events. She is given a small extra scene, where she re-reads the letter Macbeth sent her way back in the beginning which prophesied such great things for them- all those things which have now come to nothing. The hope which had become her life blood is drained away. When Macbeth is preparing for the final battle, he receives the news that Lady Macbeth is dead - a suicide of despair? In the film, you see her lying, dead. Above her, an open trap door perhaps in sleepwalking she fell through it, or perhaps she fell purposely. Macbeth's death in the final battle is gruesome, hopeless, and in that one scene sums up Macbeth's entire life.

Throughout the film, the play by Shakespeare is treated in a way which adds new interest to already familiar words.

Jon Finch and Francesca Annis complemented each other very well, and throughout the influence of Roman Polanski, director of such films as 'Rosemary's Baby', and 'Repulsion', carries the film along with a driving force.

Helen Mealar, 5c

A Flea in her Ear

by Georges Feydeau

The Christmas spirit arrived early this year with a rollicking performance of Feydeau's French Farce 'A Flea in her Ear'.

An outstanding cast, ably directed by Mr. Adams, delighted audiences with their vigorous and professional interpretation of the play. They took us along from one improbable situation to another, skilfully maintaining the continuity of the play. The tempo increased as the plot built up to the eventual climax at the Hotel Coq D'or, where the entire company were assembled in hilarious confusion.

The central dual role of businessman, Victor Emmanuel Chandebise and his 'double' Poche, the porter of the disreputable hotel, was brilliantly executed by Robert Wiff in. He exploited the farcical situation to the full and never left the audience in any doubt as to which character he was portraying. Louise Rogers gave a talented performance of Raymonde Chandebise, his outraged wife, whose desire to prove her husband's unfaithfulness led her to the hotel and into a compromising situation with Romain Tournel (Trevor Morris) who prided himself on being a success with the ladies. Raymonde was aided in her schemes by Lucienne Horn enides De Histangua so capably played by Susan Barker. Lucienne's excitable husband Carlos (Brian Gasser) provided much hilarity with his Spanish expletives, threatening gestures and gunfire. Mark Lacey, as the amorous and very Prussian Herr Schwarz, also delighted us with his antics. Yet another example of superb voice control was Richard Kepa's performance of the unfortunate Camille Chandebise, who suffered from a severe speech impediment. The hotel proprietor, Augustin Ferailon, (William Lacey) enthusiastically managed his guests and over enthusiastically booted the unhappy Victor Emmanuel, who time and time again was mistaken for the porter Poche. The proprietor's wife Olympe, (Laraine Davies) having been flung around the stage by frantic guests eventually lost her refined accent and her equilibrium and had to be ministered to by the ever helpful Dr. Finache (Paul Nolan).

No account of this scene would be complete without a mention of the two maids, Antoinette Plucheux (Jane Hort) and Eugenie (Janice Horsnell) who expertly played their parts with just the right amount of sauciness. Antoinette's husband (Paul Cowgill) was sorely tried by his wife and the seemingly strange behaviour of his master Chandebise but he maintained his equanimity at all times. Apparently unmoved by all the action was Baptistin, (Nigel Franklin) the proprietor's uncle, who spent most of his time seated on the revolving bed.

The revolving bed contributed to the hilarity of the play and was indeed a technical triumph for Mr. Hislop Mr. Jewell and his hard-working Stage Crew.

The second act was brought to a rousing conclusion when the main characters were joined by other hotel guests (Joanna Champeney, Susan Forsyth, David Hill, and Duncan Wood) in a vigorous version of the can-can.



Louise Rogers, Susan Barber

'A flea in her ear'

Trevor Morris, Robert Wiffin



It was amazing that they had the energy left to play the final scene when all the misunderstandings were explained in a typical French denouement.

After such an onslaught it was a surprise to see the scenery still intact, yet another compliment to Mr. Jewell and his crew. The production was greatly enhanced by the artistic design of the scenery and our thanks go to Mr. Clarke and the Art Department for their work. They provided a perfect setting for the beautiful costumes, so well designed and made by Miss Snow, who was assisted in this arduous task by Mrs. Preston. The hats, created by Miss Cracknell, were a perfect foil for the hairstyles and costumes.

Everyone agreed that Mr. Adams had maintained his usual high professional standard with this production. Under his expert guidance the cast coped magnificently with the difficulties of presenting such a sophisticated farce. Despite the obvious hard work involved we were left with the sure knowledge that it had been a worthwhile and enjoyable experience for all who had participated.

Kathleen Watters LVI,
Anne O'Loughlin LVI,
J.W.

The Real Inspector Hound

Who was the real Inspector Hound? That was the problem posed in Tom Stoppard's ingenious comedy which the Dramatic Society presented on May 24th and 25th in the School Hall.

The action of the play takes place in a theatre where two critics, Birdboot (Mr. Mulliner) and Moon (Mr. Adams), are watching a thriller set at the isolated Muldoon Manor. Birdboot is following the fortunes of the young actress who is playing the part of Felicity Cunningham. Mr. Mulliner's facial expressions made it quite clear that this interest was not wholly professional, in spite of his vehement assertions to the contrary. Mr. Adams was very successful in conveying to us the frustrations besetting Moon in his perpetual role of deputy to Higgs. At intervals these two critics hold forth in their different ways about the play they are watching. The down to earth style of Birdboot provided a perfect foil for the pretentious rhetoric of Moon.

The thriller itself opens with Mrs. Drudge, a down-at-heel charlady, excellently played by Mrs. Hayward, vigorously dusting her way around a room. She is joined by Simon Gascoyne (Mr. Overy) who has come to see the beautiful Lady Cynthia Muldoon (Miss Kierney) and cast aside the young Felicity Cunningham (Miss Matts), who is a house guest at the Manor. Lady Muldoon spends most of her time passionately embracing her lover while at the same time exclaiming, "Don't - I love Albert".

Death of Moon (Mr. Adams)



Death of Moon (Mr. Adams)



Death of Birdboot (Mr. Mulliner)

Felicity makes a cheerful entrance through the French windows but her smiles soon turn to hurt looks and restrained tears when she realises the purpose behind Simon's visit.

The other member of the week-end party at Muldoon Manor is Magnus the crippled half-brother of Albert Cynthia's husband who is presumed to be dead. Magnus careers onto the stage in his wheelchair, knocking Simon over in the process. Mr. Muller in the role of Magnus proved to be a man of many parts suitably disguised and heavily accented, who he really remained a mystery until the end.

Another mystery as far as the audience was concerned was the identity of the body lying, apparently unnoticed behind the settee. The arrival of Inspector Hound (Mr. Richardson), in pursuit of the madman at large in the marshes, at last focuses attention upon the corpse. Mr. Richardson sported an impressive moustache for his part and blundered his way amusingly through the case. The residents of Muldoon Manor thoroughly alarmed by the situation, disperse to see the madman apparently in their midst. However, Simon is blasted by a shotgun as he attempts to discover the identity of the body.

All is now still on the stage, but Birdboot and Moon continue to make critical comments from the auditorium. Their thoughts are interrupted by the ringing

of a telephone and Birdboot is thus lured onto the stage to answer a call from his wife!

“Myrtle, I’ve told you never to phone me at work” he exclaimed much to the amusement of the audience. Once on the stage Birdboot becomes inextricably involved in the thriller and, in fact, takes the place of Simon as the play moves along its predestined path. Inevitably Birdboot falls victim to the invisible killer and thus Mr. Mulliner’s acting career at Drayton Manor came to a startling conclusion.

Moon can no longer remain an observer and soon finds himself caught up in the action of the play and the subsequent denouement. It now appears that the first body was that of Higgs – yes Higgs! However, Moon has little time to appreciate his promotion because we are soon enjoying another sensational death scene. His killer – the real Inspector Hound. Who was the real Inspector Hound? Magnus Muldoon of course! When Magnus, in the last moments of the play, removes all his disguises we discover that he is not only Inspector Hound, but also Cynthia’s husband Albert and the critic Puckeridge!

This was certainly a play with a difference and it was performed with much skill and enthusiasm. Credit must also go to Mr. Jewell and the stage crew and to Mr. Clarke who skilfully designed the set to represent the auditorium and stage of a theatre. Miss Cracknell was in charge of sound and of the video equipment which was used to give television announcements about the madman. Mr. Clarke and Mr. Grant acted as the newsreaders on these occasions.

This complicated production was master-minded by Miss Snow, to whom we offer our thanks and congratulations.

J. W.

Stage Crew

Stage Manager:	David Thurston
Assistant Stage Manager:	John Hurst
Lighting:	Robert Brandreth
Assistants:	Edward Fulton, Gary Welland
Stage Carpenters:	Peter Richardson, Kevin Kelly
Stage Assistants:	Mark Dressel, Raymond Long, David Moore, Alison Moore

The Stage crew has, on the whole, a low average age. The contributions made by each individual however, are far from small. Many people do not realise the time and effort which go into a play. It is, of course, not only on the night of the play that the crew are extremely busy, but for three or four weeks before there is continual pressure and effort.

Fortunately the last production, the staff play “The Real Inspector Hound” did not entail a great amount of preparatory work on the scenery. The scenery marked a new experiment; to try to convey the back stage image, the flats were made of gauze so as to be almost transparent. The lighting did not demand a great deal on the night, but as the audience were supposed to be looking from the back of a stage, the rear lights had to be reversed to look like the front bar.

A dead body was required to lie on stage for the whole play and the stage crew decided that rather than make a dummy, one of their number should take this part; Kevin and Mark each made one guest appearance, including a curtain call.

The previous play “A Flea in her Ear”, was, however, more complex. There had to be two scenes, one a box set using the whole stage for Acts I and III, and a complex double set to represent entrance hall and bedroom for Act II. The stage crew had to work at full speed to effect this in the 15-20 minutes allowed. This could only be managed by allocating the work carefully and rehearsing the scene change against a stop-watch. Also a bed was required to revolve when occupied, and again Kevin and Mark came to the rescue by being built into the bed for Act II to provide the motive power.

Although a terrific amount of the work can become tedious, the enjoyment gained from the last night usually outweighs most of this.

The stage crew had a large influx of young, eager volunteers just before the school play but they coped very well.

Robert Brandreth, David Thurston, LVI

Music Notes

The annual concert, always the highlight of the musical year, this year contained items by composers as diverse as Monteverdi, Mozart, Mussorgsky and Murray Schafer. The senior and junior choirs and members of the orchestra all joined forces to perform Monteverdi's splendid psalm-setting 'Beatus Vir', a difficult but tuneful piece which proved to be a favourite with the audience. The two violin parts were played by Francis Mullarkey and Peter Oser, former pupils of the school who play with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. We are lucky to have two such distinguished musicians amongst our old boys and we are grateful to them for giving their services.

There is an account elsewhere of "Joseph and Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat", which formed the rousing finale of the Concert, but I feel I must record here my gratitude to Miss Cracknell and the other members of staff who contributed towards the success of this 'Co-production'. On the musical side, it was an entirely new venture for me into the pop world and one which I thoroughly enjoyed! Jonathan Banks and 'Heavy Water' worked very hard and deserve congratulation for the professionalism they showed on the night.

The Concert also contained a number of interesting chamber items. Robert Wiffin (trombone), accompanied by Graham Eacott, played Rhapsody on Negro Spirituals by Steadman Allen, and William and Mark Lacey played Gordon Jacob's Miniature Suite for viola and clarinet - an appropriate combination for the two brothers and a difficult piece, judging by William's frequent brow-mopping. A woodwind quartet comprising Marjorie Davey, Sylvia Underwood, Mark Lacey and Vincent Fiedorowicz contributed three pieces for the programme. Two of these were written specially for the occasion and reflect the respective interests of their composers: Vincent's 'Constellations and Cadenzas' is an ambitious study in some avant-garde techniques while Mark's 'Beethoven Blues' is a tongue-in-cheek parody of jazz. I hope more pupils will 'try their hand' at composition, particularly if they write for a musician or group who can actually perform it.

Last, but not least, the orchestra must be commended for their hard work throughout the two terms. The two movements from Stravinsky's 'Firebird', though not the orchestra's favourite, proved to be very popular with the audience. They also tackled an unusual electronic piece by Murray Schafer called 'Statement in Blue'.

We are losing a large number of our musicians this term: Caroline Baruch, Laraine Davies, Moriel Davies, Virginia Lau, Robert Wiffin, Catriona Woollcombe and Jonathan Banks. The orchestra's ranks will be considerably diminished by this loss, but we thank them for all their contributions to the school's musical activities and wish them good luck for the future.

N. J. W. R.

Youth and Music 1972

Reviews

On a mid-November Thursday night last year, a group of us (constituting a "Youth and Music" party) went to meet the composer John Tavener.

This is something like the ninth in the series of concerts in which a distinguished composer talks and introduces his, and his favourite, works.

The programme was interesting and the works were short. It began with an admirable performance of 'Three Responses for Tenebrae' by Tom~s Luis de Victoria (c. 1548-1611). Tavener's own "Three Sections from T. S. Eliot's Four Quartets" followed.

The climax of the concert was undoubtedly John Tavener's "Nomine Jesu" for mezzo-Soprano, two alto flutes, speakers, chorus, organ and harpsichord, written in 1970. In the first section five European languages are used and in the second, some Asiatic and Negro dialects. It was all well worth the 45p, with Stravinsky and Mozart thrown in too.

All in all, it was a fitting introduction to the music of this very conservative avant-gardist!

Although Friday is usually a good night for T.V. programmes, a sizeable group was organised, to go to the Queen Elizabeth Hall and hear an ideal mixture of early and modern music.

The concert began with the "Concertino for String Quartet" by Igor Stravinsky. This anti-romantic and highly rhythmical little piece was very well received and provided a fitting introduction to a concert of very high standard.

The audience was then graced with the presence of the Early Music Consort who performed a group of late 14th Century Chansons. These pieces must have been very taxing for the performers, but were, never-the-less, very delightful, and the audience did manage to reserve their applause to the end.

The London Sinfonietta then played Alexander Goehr's "Concerto for Eleven", which had its first United Kingdom performance that night. It is the only piece by Goehr I have heard so far that I have liked and it was played expertly in the presence of the composer, who seemed pleased.

The second half of the concert began with the "Concertino for 12 Instruments" by Stravinsky, a reworking of his "Concertino for String Quartet" heard earlier. Although more mature, I think the work lacks the spark of vitality of its predecessor. The Early Music Consort then gave four 14th Century Italian Dances before they joined forces with the London Sinfonietta to play the first performance of "The Tears of Night" by Elizabeth Lutyens. This work managed to combine the sounds of the early instruments with the sounds of the modern sophisticated group well.

All in all, the concert was very good indeed and I didn't miss the telly!

Imagine the scene: a packed Queen Elizabeth Hall; on the stage synthesizers, computers and console with a rubber plant to the left. Four large and powerful loudspeakers placed in the back two corners and the front corners of the stage. Free programmes being given out and every Stockhausen score imaginable, for sale in the foyer.

It was into just such a "fantasy" that four "Youth and Music" members travelled. Helen Meador and Jackie Guyon both left during the interval, in hope of keeping their sanity, while Robert Wiff in and myself stuck it out to the end. I must say it was worth it. If you haven't by now guessed: it - electronic music.

The concert started with Fireworks I, which utilised part of Handel's "Musick for the Royal Fireworks" - I must say the idea was stimulating. The volume of sound in the "concrete poems" and "Fireworks" did get a little out of hand; but I conditioned myself. The first half of the concert ended with the disappointing "Chronometer", by Harrison Birtwistle. Although I confess to a secret fascination for clocks I found myself nearly using the flow-chart supplied with the programme in case of boredom.

The second half started with "Fireworks 2" which was followed by "Trio" by Tristram Cary (who has written incidental music for "Dr. Who"). The distinguished Laurie Lee read next, to constitute the third and fourth "concrete poems" and the concert ended with the classic of electronic music (N. B. not by me) - "Gexing der Thnglinge" by Karlheinz Stockhausen, the highlight of the concert.

After the music had finished, the audience was invited to go to Waterloo Bridge to light the sparklers they had been supplied with. I didn't go (I didn't want my mother to worry) but the spectacle must have been beatific.

Undoubtedly the greatest "Youth and Music" venture yet.

V. Fiedorowicz, 5C

Junior Drama Group

During eight weeks of the spring term a newly formed group of first and second year pupils devised, rehearsed and finally performed a mime for the Drayton Manor version of "Joseph and his amazing technicolor dreamcoat" by Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice, to an audience of two hundred children from Hobbayne school one Friday morning and at the school concert later in the same day. Planned originally for performance in a church, with the rest of the school concert, the show was presented without properties, on a bare stage and with a decor of coloured light and projected transparencies. It was meant to be a continuous feast of light, movement and sound which we called a pop musical. The players worked very hard and enjoyed themselves, and they deserve high praise for a controlled and spirited activity. The school pop group led by the soloist, Jonathan Banks, and the Junior Choir (soloist David Moore) were trained by Mr. Richardson. Mr. Clarke selected the pictures and projected them skilfully with the help of Owen McManus. The stage lighting which blended so aptly with these to set the moods and scenes was designed by Mr. Jewell and Robert Brandreth. We thank Mr. Grant for his work with microphones, Mr. Adams and Miss Snow for the make up and Mr. Clarke, Miss Matts, Miss Aldridge, Mrs. Preston, Mrs. Moore and other parents of the players for help with costume.

It has been a great pleasure to direct the work of this group. This term some members have produced their own videotape programme using a script written by Cohn Slatter of form 2c.

J. C.

Evil Ned (The Drayton Manor Early Music Consort)

After overcoming a few difficulties and arrangements, I managed to get together a conglomeration of musical talent which would devote its time and efforts to the performance of early music - a period of about 500 years stretching from 1100 - 1600. In our first rehearsals we worked on six pieces for performance in the school concert.

These consisted of the more than famous "Greensleeves", "Song of the Ass", composed during the 12th century in Beauvais, and a rather frivolous love-song "Pour mon coeur" (arranged for instruments only.) Anonymous composed most of the music except two pieces which were written by two musicians of royal repute - Richard Coeur de Lion, who composed the ballad "Ja nuns hons pris", and Henry VIII of six wives fame, whose carol "Green grow'th the holly" I arranged for three recorders and percussion.

Programmes are being formulated for music club, assembly and future concert appearances.

I am always coming up against problems, some of which are difficult to solve; for instance, a need for a greater range of instruments, a competent choir for early works using four-part choruses, etc.

I must extend my thanks to Catriona Woollcombe, Lesley Jane Bartlett (recorder), Jo Champeney (recorder), Nigel Franklin (percussion and keyboard), and all others who contributed, (Helen Meador, Ruth Atkins and co.)

Thanks are also due to Mr. Richardson for his invaluable co-operation.

V. Fiedorowicz (director), 5C

Geology Field Course 1971

The Lower Sixth Geology field course this year visited Neath in South Wales. The party consisted of eleven people including three members of staff. The journey there was made in a mini-bus which had been hired for the occasion, an improvement on travelling in a coach; we avoided the long waits that have been experienced in previous years.

Our home-from-home throughout the course was a local scout hut where we made up beds from foam rubber mattresses.

Day one saw everybody paying a visit to the Dan-yrogof caves; the outing was not completely fulfilled because the main cave had been flooded. We did, however, see the newly-opened Cathedral cave and the very interesting features it contained. After lunch we continued our examination of limestone features by viewing the scenery along the river Mellte.

Caswell bay was the target for the second day, and after stopping at a quarry in Mumbles and collecting a number of fossils, we arrived and made a study of the coastal features. In the afternoon we paid a visit to the Geography Department of Swansea University where we were given an interesting guided tour.

The scenery around the river Pennard Pu and Three Cliffs Bay is beautiful; and it was here we went on day three; we were again examining limestone and coastal features and saw examples of stacks, arches and a storm beach. The day ended with our visit to a coffee bar for a much-welcomed drink.

Not being used to walking so far, by day four everybody (excluding the staff) was a little tired and did not fully appreciate the activities for that day. We walked from the centre of syncline to the outside; we were rather tired and glad to see the bus when we reached the top of the hill.

Despite minor setbacks the Field Trip was very enjoyable although everyone unfortunately felt ill at some time or another. However, the change of scenery was welcome and we must thank Mrs. Preston and Miss Moan for making it possible.

Gary Dunbar, LVI

Geography Field Course 1972

1972 saw a completely new style of Geography field trip. Instead of the usual organisation by staff, this year the burden fell into the capable hands of S.T.S. (School Travel Service).

The course, held at Swanage, was very carefully planned with luxurious accommodation (and entertainment provided) instead of the usual Spartan type (Scout hut?). Competently led by Mr. Pick, the main objective was to study coastal landforms of which this area afforded many examples. Among the places visited were Chesil Beach, Lulworth Cove, Durdle Door and Portland Bill.

The course also included a socio-economic survey of surrounding villages, through which many interesting statistics were collected. A visit to a local farm was also appreciated by many, especially comments by Mr. Pick on "sh---ingle" clearance in the cowsheds!

Unfortunately, owing to a series of misunderstandings concerning the hotel owner "Mr. Loony" (with whom we did not always see eye to eye), the course had to be shortened.

Special thanks go to our chauffeurs without whom we would never have reached Swanage, and also to Mrs. Preston and Miss Moan for looking after us. Thank you, S. T. S., for putting up with us; your new methods of teaching were appreciated by all.

Alain Boase, Helen Witcher, UVI

Biology and Pet Club

Pet club members this year have successfully reared a large gerbil family which numbers thirty-seven to date. In addition members have helped to maintain freshwater and seawater aquaria, and have cared for a variety of animals including: chicks, tortoises, terrapins, hamsters, frogs, newts, snails, a slow worm; Joey, the budgerigar; stick insects, moths and a water flea colony. We were sorry to lose Bobtail, our rabbit, who was exercised in the grounds on a lead.

Next year we hope to acquire a family of lemmings and would like to expand our reptile and amphibian population. Our thanks to all those who have given care and attention to these animals during the term and the holidays.

The Biology club Thursday afternoon meetings were well attended this year, and the lunch hour film sessions also proved popular. Members were actively engaged in a variety of projects from scavenger hunts and animal tracking, to investigations of the microscopic world and making bottle gardens.

Photographic Society

After early 'teething' troubles the Photographic Society is now firmly established. Originally the membership was limited to the upper school, but the future now appears very promising for younger pupils. It is hoped that several lectures will be given during the next year on the main aspects of photography, and it is also intended to arrange photographic exhibitions and competitions,

Few realise how much effort is required to start such a venture as a Photographic Society, and we do really appreciate Mr. Phillips' help and enthusiasm. We would like to express our thanks also to Mrs. Massen for her help during our early crises and to Mr. Gaskell for the loan of the Chemistry Laboratory.

Paul Jeffreys, U6

Essay Society

The Essay Society has been formed this year with the avowed intent of “stimulating intellectual activity” among the senior citizens of the School; despite the magnitude of the task, the Society has achieved considerable success since its first meeting in January.

Its meetings are held roughly once every six weeks. A topic for discussion is agreed upon beforehand, and one of the members of the Society volunteers (or is volunteered) to write an essay on the chosen subject. The essay is read out at the beginning of the meeting; the object of the evening then becomes for the author tenaciously to defend his arguments while his fellow-members endeavour to tear them apart. The result is usually a lively discussion with many interesting ideas and opinions emerging. Topics discussed have included: “Ethics”, “Anarchism”, “Tragedy”, “Cosmology”, and “Communism”.

The reason for the success of the Essay Society lies largely in the opportunities which it presents to its members and in the help and encouragement which it receives. This new Society enables Sixth Formers to write at length and in depth on themes not directly included in school syllabuses and allows for an informal but instructive exchange of facts and theories about these subjects. The Essay Society is indebted to Mr. Phillips for founding and running it, arranging meetings, suggesting topics, and guiding (not to mention refereeing) the discussions. Thanks are also due to Miss Aldridge, Miss Kierney, and Miss Matts, who very kindly loan the Society the use of their sitting-room so that the meetings can be held outside school; to those members of Staff who have come along to meetings in order to give the Society the benefit of their specialised knowledge of a subject being discussed and to Miss Cracknell, who has photostatted essays when it was not possible to have them duplicated.

Brian Gasser, UVI

The Button

On October 21st at approximately 6 p.m. a packed coach left Drayton for the Sadler’s Wells theatre, to witness the opening night of the Czechoslovakian mime company’s production “The Button”.

After a smooth journey we arrived at the theatre, eager to get in and lap up all we could in the line of classical miming. In we trundled, consuming the great atmosphere that surrounded us.

Once in the main body we began to wait eagerly for when the lights would dim, the curtains rise and reveal the cast in “the Sound of Silence.” While we were waiting a “bow-tied” attendant informed my friend that he would have to dispose of his bottle of lemonade, at this a kindly member of staff volunteered to look after it (incidentally it was never seen again).

Just then the theatre hushed and darkened, the curtains slid apart, revealing – a solitary figure searching for something a button! From that moment the play was ‘non-stop’ light, movement, music and brilliant miming right up until the interval. This superb performance consisted of objects of everyday use being mimed, and since the acting was so realistic you could almost swear that this “object” was existing in material form. One criticism that could be mentioned was the “dullness” of a few of the ideas. Still, nothing’s perfect.

After the interval we plunged ourselves back into the play as our star continued his seemingly endless search for his “button.”

The second half was practically the same as the first, except for one stage in the play when the cast brought on a photograph of Picasso, which gained rapturous applause from the audience.

In the end our star, after all his adventures was finally reunited with his “button” (a happy ending).

I would like to take this opportunity to thank, Miss Cracknell, Mr. Adams, Mr. Muller, Miss Aldridge and Mr. Clarke for such an enjoyable evening and for what must have been, for many of us, our first taste of professional miming.

Dermot Boyle, 1C

German Exchange Visit – Easter 1972

On the 23rd March, the German Exchange party from Cologne, arrived at Victoria Station. Everyone’s partner was found and we all went tramping off, German in tow.

The next day, our visitors spent the morning in school but in the afternoon they went on a sight-seeing tour of London. That evening most of the group attended the School Concert.

The week-end passed, and the fact that German is not the same as English impressed itself on most of us – at first it was one syllable, then short phrases. By the time the visit was over I am sure that all the party were fluent in English (even us).

The following Tuesday we travelled to Coventry, where we saw the Cathedral and swam in the Olympic Pool. The next day was spent visiting the Houses of Parliament in the morning and playing table-tennis in the afternoon. We then amused our friends over the Easter Week-end (some seemed very amused.) For my part, I spent three solid hours listening to pop-music at a concert in Beading!

Ear-drums aching, we set off on the next Tuesday for Longleat – the lions had evidently not found the fruit-machines, which amused us more than the lions did!

On Thursday, towards the end of the visit, came the football match, and the disco. In that epic of footballing skill, a combined Drayton Manor and Ealing County Boys team, beat the German team by the remarkable margin of one goal. Anyway we were happy! Predictably, the evening was another success. (Thanks here to David Thurston for providing the Disco).

Friday was spent packing, shopping and getting some sleep! The next day (Saturday 8th April), most of us were up at five-thirty and were at Victoria at seven-fifteen ... and they were off.

I would like to thank Miss Kierney for all the effort and time spent in making the Foreign Exchange a success.

Mark Lacey, 4C

A Visit to Fishbourne Palace

On Tuesday 11th July 1972, the first years went on a journey to the Roman. Palace at Fishbourne and it proved to be a very enjoyable and interesting day but first I will describe the Palace itself.

The first Roman buildings were constructed in 43 A .D. when the Army built timber shelters which were probably used as stores. There are signs that a little village began to flourish at the same time. The first big house was eventually built for a very rich family, in 50 A.D.

In 75 A.D. the construction of the Palace was started. It was a truly magnificent building and there was nothing like it in the whole Roman Empire, except for the Palaces of the Emperors at Rome.

Twenty five years later the Palace changed hands and we can see that the new owner wasn't as wealthy as the first one by the fact that half the rooms were demolished because he couldn't pay the rent. Thus over the next two hundred years the Palace changed completely. Then in 280 A .D. it was struck by a disastrous fire and burnt to the ground. The Palace was never built again.

After we had seen the remains of the Palace, including the fine mosaic floors, we went into the gardens to have our packed lunches. We left Fishbourne at two p.m. and continued by coach to Arundel Castle, which was eight miles away.

At Arundel we split up into our three forms and headed towards the castle. Once we were inside, the number of people walking around with the teachers gradually got smaller, as we ventured further into the depths of the castle.

The small group that we were with walked through the ground floor observing the portraits of the past Dukes of Norfolk, ancestors of the present Duke, who owns the castle.

After exploring the inside of the castle we climbed up to the keep, from where we had a splendid view of the surrounding countryside. On the way up and down, we had to pass some dangerously thin steps.

However, we all managed to reach the coach park at 3.30 p.m. and, after a short delay, returned in a luxury coach to London.

Finally we would like to thank the six members of staff who accompanied us, for arranging what must have been a tiring day for them.

Eugene O'Connell, Paul Forde, 1C

The Day the School Invaded Boulogne

We left Victoria for Boulogne through the down country of Kent. When we arrived at Folkestone we sailed on the Hengist across the Channel to Boulogne. When we arrived at the Port it took us another half an hour waiting for the French dockers to get the stairs up as they were too scared to receive us. From there on we made our own way through the town in search of something to drink because of the searing heat of the sun.

Some people went through the shopping area of Boulogne, into the supermarket and many small stores which lined the streets. Other people walked in and around Boulogne to the beaches and cliffs and past the old city.

Many people had trouble with the traffic, reckless drivers on the wrong side of the road who seemed to be attempting to run us over. Not only cars tried to run us over but the town seemed to be infested with little motor cycles which putted along the narrow streets at the slowest speed possible. When one person crossed at the zebra crossing, a car began to slow down but didn't stop, instead it accelerated missing him by millimetres. At this he screamed, "Mon Dieu !" Unfortunately a number of natives were around, the result being twelve hysterical Frenchmen.

The shopping was carried out with some difficulty. In the commercial area many of the shopkeepers spoke English but their prices were 'extortionate. We decided to go to the city where prices were cheaper, but the shopkeepers spoke at a rate that was nearly incomprehensible, but we managed.

After five hours of walking around the city or going by bus we reassembled at the dock and started our journey home. This time the crossing was quite rough, the waves swept over the deck and the ship rolled across the sea. Several people felt sick after their eating spree in Boulogne. Despite these minor setbacks and the fact that we arrived home rather fatigued, we all agreed that the day had been a great success.

Richard Templer, Louise Follett, 2B

3B Outing to Blenheim Palace

On Thursday the 6th July, 1972 our class (3b) went to Blenheim Palace via Oxford and along the motorway. On arrival we found we had time to ourselves to explore the grounds and look at the picturesque lake with the very old bridge leading across the middle of the lake to a tall monument.

At 1.30 we had a guided tour around the inside of the palace, going through Winston Churchill's bedroom and the library, in which there are over six thousand books, many of which are first editions. We also saw the model soldiers which Winston Churchill played with when he was a young boy. The palace is built out of

stone and the ceilings were designed by Wren. It was built during the reign of Queen Anne and presented to the first Duke of Marlborough as he had won a famous battle; the only rent paid is a standard, which is sent to the Queen each year.

The palace is furnished mainly with French and English furniture, the rooms upstairs are the Duke's Private Apartments and consequently closed to the public.

The local church of Bladon has the grave of Winston Churchill between those of his Mother and Father.

At the back of the palace there are miniature gardens very well kept and a lake with fountains in the middle. Later we went into Oxford to go boating, swimming or sightseeing. Places to be seen included the Colleges, Town Hall and the Mayor's House.

We left at five o'clock and arrived home-at seven o'clock. To sum up this trip briefly, it was a worthwhile experience as well as being educational.

Richard Reeve, 3B

Sports Day

This year's Sports Day was the last to be held under Mr. Cherry's guidance as he retired at the end of the Summer Term. We are sorry Mr. Cherry has left us but wish him a happy retirement.

Twelve records were broken this year. The main record breakers were: Paul Jones, Boys Intermediate 100 metres, 200 metres and High Jump; Michele Lane, Girls Junior 200 metres, High Jump and Shot Putt, and Mark Kepa, Boys Junior Javelin and Discus.

Michele Lane was the most outstanding girl taking five firsts and two seconds. The outstanding performances from the boys came from Mark Kepa and Paul Jones. Mark won three events and was second in four others and Paul won all the five events he entered. I thought I did well to win the 1500 metres, leading the field of one from start to finish!

It was a pity some senior events had to be scratched because of lack of support. However, it was good to see so many records being broken. We also congratulate the First Years on the enthusiastic way they tidied up the field in record time.

Andrew Evzona, LV1

Football

1st XI FOOTBALL TEAM

The first XI, in defence of the League and Cup titles, had a disappointing start to this season, by losing their first five league games.

The team, although unable to field a regular side because of injuries, eventually settled down to win games which included a good run of seven league games without a defeat. One of their best performances was the home match against John Lyon's School. The defence, in which Barker and Lloyd were outstanding, held out under considerable pressure to draw one goal each.

Towards the end of the season the team was weakened by the departure of several players from school. This resulted in another bad spell, with seven successive defeats. The team had to wait until the last game of the season for a well deserved 5-3 victory, over Ealing County.

Played	Won	Drew	Goals		
			Lost	For	Against
30	7	6	17	61	92

Richard Barker, LV1

2nd XI FOOTBALL TEAM

Owing to 1st XI and Under 15 claims on 2nd XI players, the team could never field its strongest side. Although we lost every game, the team did not go down without a fight. The two most improved players of the season were defender John Collier and goal-keeper Keith Francis.

K. Francis, 5B

UNDER FIFTEEN FOOTBALL TEAM

Once again the Under 15 football team had a good season. In all 14 games were played, of which 9 were won, 4 lost and 1 drawn. The attack, which usually consisted of Keily, Shapley and Lepper, scored 51 goals of which Shapley scored 16, Lepper 13 and Keily 9. Jones, Moore and Wingrove in the midfield, also contributed to the scoring. The defence, which was usually Pettifer, Whitthorn, Lacey and Elster, with Bungay in goal, conceded only 19 goals. Teji, Shutie and Weeks, also played several games, as did third years King and Bavistock.

We entered a knock-out cup and we won the first round easily, however, in the second round game we came up against tougher opposition. We played some excellent football in the first half but were, unfortunately, one goal down at half time, and while pressing for an equalizer we, ourselves, conceded a second goal and lost the match 2-0.

Despite our cup defeat we had several good results, namely, 10-0 and 5-3 against Brentside and Cardinal Wiseman respectively, and we also beat a team from Rochdale 2-1.

Malcolm Elster, 4B

THE JUNIOR FOOTBALL XI

Played	Won	Lost	Drew	Goals	
				For	Against
19	10	6	3	89	32

This season the Junior Football XI had a fairly successful run, although we feel we could have done better if we had fielded a full team for every game. Our most convincing win was against Mellow House, whom we thrashed 7-2 (King scoring six of the goals). Special mentions must go to the two midfield players, King and Ingle who played very well throughout the season; also Bavistock who excelled himself in both an attacking and defensive role. Cook must also be congratulated for his contribution of 30 goals.

Our success was partly due to the support and encouragement of Mr. Mulliner and Mr. Cherry.

Team:- Taylor, Percival, Kepa, Jennings, Penfold, Hopkins, King, Ingle, Dowdeswell, Cook, Sherwood, Bavistock, Long.

Digby Ingle, 3C

Girls Games Results

Hockey	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
1stXI	15	4	9	2
Under15XI	3	1	2	0

Netball	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
1stVII	4	2	1	1
3rdYearVII	11	5	6	0
2ndYear VII	9	3	6	0
1stYearVII	9	4	5	0

Tennis	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
1stVI	5	1	4	0
Under1SVI	4	3	1	0

Rounders	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
2ndYear	6	2	4	0
1stYears	5	3	2	0

The results generally are not particularly good and this could be attributed to the lack of team members. Present members have been enthusiastic and helpful, but more are needed urgently especially for Saturday mornings. Attendance at junior practices has been good, but senior attendance has been intermittent.

The teams would like to thank all the girls who have prepared the refreshments, especially those who gave up their Saturday mornings to this task.

A. O'Loughlin, V. Campbell

Basketball

U19 C. Lowther, A. Kwiatkowski, A. Solinski,
A. Boase, R. Panvucker, W. Shutie, B. Gorman,
P. Cowgill (Captain)

U16 G. Batten, J. Churchill, M. Moore, C. Jones,
J. Poulter, A. Weeks, B. Gorman (Captain)

May I begin by thanking Bill Gorman and especially Paul Cowgill for their help in organizing the U16 and U19 School Teams, which Drayton entered in the newly formed (1971) Ealing Schools' Basketball League.

The squads played with much enthusiasm against experienced competitors, such as the team from Cardinal Wiseman which continues to dominate in this area.

Apart from the League play, in the Autumn Term a highly contested Staff-Student match was won by the Staff 11-9, proving that foul play can bring success. I hereby refute the claim that the referee, Mr. Cherry, showed any bias.

P. H. Muller

Original Work

To Be or Not to Be

My name is Ian Kulas
Not a poet rare am I.
I'll never make a Shakespeare
No matter how I try.

I would like to write a sonnet
But I don't know what it means.
Perhaps I'll try an advert
For those oh! so famous beanz.

A pop song? a poem? a novel?
Or perhaps a T.V. play?
If I could be successful
I'd be famous in a day.

But just think of all those critics,
All I'd get would be abuse,
If one hasn't got the talent
It just isn't any use.

Ian Kulas, 4A

Sapphire

On these still afternoons
I look up
and see every road vanishing into darkness.
The points of the stars are bent and broken.
I can no longer see the moon in the
same light ---
on any night you can see the midnight
fall like a curtain.
Beyond each spring hill
dips the still valley of a stormy July.
The green trees heave themselves up
like heavy horses,
and each leaf tell me a different,
yet similar story---
your face in the sapphire light,
the long days
and desolation

Ruth Atkins, 5B

Happy Folk are Fat

If only I had never read that happy folk are fat,
I never would have finished up distraught upon the mat.
It said that human walking sticks should laugh a little more,
And as it seemed to point to me I acted on that score.
I laughed a lot on Monday,
It was a merry state,
I put my hands upon my hips,
And laughed at quite a rate,
On Tuesday morning early,
I started nice and bright,
I Ho-Ho-Ho'd all the day,
And Ha-Ha-Ha'd all the night.
On Wednesday it was He-He-He,
I smartly clicked my heels,
I slapped my thighs and rolled about
And danced some Scottish reels.
On Thursday I was jolly,
I nearly fell in half,
I split my sides and screamed a laugh
And jigged along the path.
It wasn't until Friday,
I began to feel the pace,
I was Ho-Ho-Hoing loudly
When I fell flat on my face.
Saturday was awful,
My laughing sounds were weak,
My legs got tangled with my arms
My future did seem bleak.
On Sunday my mind wandered,
I felt I'd gone astray.
I still was smiling faintly
As they carried me away.

Joanne Williams, 4C

A Tale of a Tail

The cat
said to
the queen,
"I am
Sure
I've not
seen, such
an elegant
fish on
your plate."
Said the
queen to
the cat,
"you are
getting too
fat, and
as for
the fish
you can
wait.
"Then I'll
sit here and
purr," said
the hungry
old fur, "for
I'm sure that
I'm empty
Inside". The
queen answered
to that, "You're
a crafty, old
cat, and
from that,
my dear sir,
you can't hide".

Jane Hurren, 1B

'Tis the Voice of the Desk Calculator

'Tis the voice of the desk calculator I heard him declare
My figures are rusty, my handle won't turn
My carriage doesn't shift and my registers are stiff,
I'm just being saved for November the Fifth.
I look at the others they shine and they gleam,
And all I do is sit here and dream.
I am kept in a cupboard which is locked with a key,
It's all dark and spooky, no light can I see.
The days are long past when as a young prancer
I gaily totalled figures, to find the right answer.
Now as each day passes, I'm sure you'll agree,
Nobody really cares to use me.

Dermot Boyle, 1C

The Competitor

He is aggressive, on his toes .
Always striving for pointless goals
That linger on his mind . for him
It's every time, he must win.

To cheat is never fair on him,
But when he cheats to help him win
It does not matter – not to him,
For he is the competitor.

He has cups and certificates.
But is he happy? No he's not .
The competitor never has true friends,
He even cheats them to achieve his ends.

He is a "Class above the rest",
He never tires . he is the best,
He has but one rule . nay one law .
He is the hard, the great competitor.

Mark Lacey, 4C

The Tale of the Horse

--I'm so glad
that this
is my
last day
Tomorrow
I'm going
to the
country
to stay.
I'm leaving
behind
my cart
at last
and all the
hard work I
have done
in the past.
I'll look
around
at the deep
blue sky
and I'll
be here
till the
day I die.

Ruth Wilks, 1c.

“The Dust Hole”,
Regent’s Park Lawn,
Fourth Blade Along,
Second Tree from the Right.

Dear Sir,

We, in the world of atoms and miniature objects, feel very annoyed and disturbed about recent action. This action started early in this century when you up there started to try and split us: that did not worry us because we were strong and unified and anyway you idiots tried to split us with razor-blades - typical! Our unions met and decided on no further action. But, when that murderer Ernest Rutherford came along with his Alpha and Beta particles and tried to split us -it worked.

After this extremely provocative and inhumane action we held a union meeting, and as secretary to the union of things living in very small places, miniature objects and atoms, I have to inform you that we have strictly prohibited all movement near or contact with any nuclear physicists.

All co-operation was banned thirty-eight years ago, alter D-day (Discovery Day) but you and your fellow humans were smart and attracted us with electricity. The results of this, “attraction”, were disastrous -families were separated, the small-atoms went hungry and all atom-industry was completely disrupted. Eventually we had to put all our names, (hydrogen, oxygen, zinc and so on) into a hat and pick out who would have to be sacrificed.

But the most devastating product of your interference with us, is that you can now, by actually using us, kill millions of your own kind, and, more important, millions of us. These atom bombs cause radiation, famine, horror and starvation. By using the innocent -us, you have killed the innocent. Your leaders can just press one button and wipe out a whole race. You should not have allowed anyone to interfere with us in the first place -you have let yourself in for centuries to come.

Of course, we atoms and miniature things have our uses. We make nuclear energy which heats homes and factories -yes, but not our atom-homes and atom-factories. No, we provide power for you and your like. We will do everything in our power to stop you from splitting us. Without us the world would stop -industry would be affected, lighting as well -we will hold the whole world to ransom.

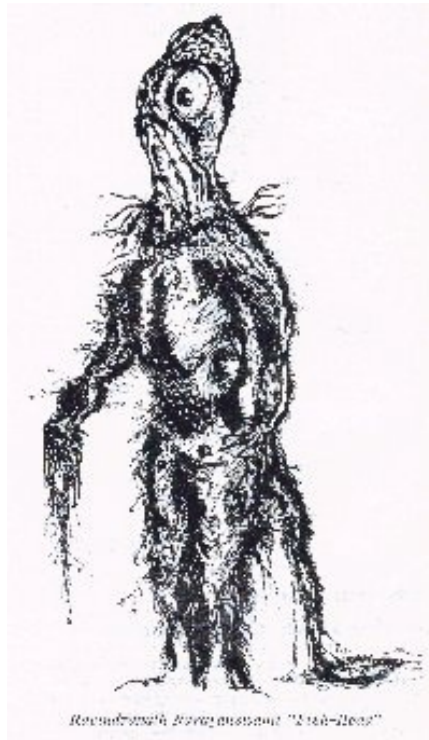
We in the atom world are reasonable little things and this whole affair is giving us all a splitting headache. Only the other day one of our leaders was transferred through friction onto a polythene rod and then forced (yes, forced!) by some positive ions to go into an electroscope -my God! Whatever will you think of next? Over the past fifty years you up there have really done some pretty diabolical things to us, as well as splitting us -one by one. So, we have decided on several plans of action.

The first is to hijack a jumbo-jet to Cuba where we can all live in peace and leave England helpless. Or, we could all defect to Russia and be split there (perhaps with a few of us spared) and finally we could just carry on with the previously proposed action of non-co-operation.

So, as a final thought, think of us -tiny little particles, while we are being split. And, of course, being split in two is a very painful experience -especially when you do not know where you are going to be split!

Yours painfully, A. N. Atom

Mark Lacey, 4C



Ravindranath Naranswami "Fish Head"

Poems Based on the Style of E. E. Cummings

we, he and they

“thou shalt not
kill” he said;
but we do
“thou shalt not
steal” he said;
but we do

“thou shalt not dance
or laugh” he said;

and we do not
we dare

not,
they care not,
for us
they dance;
they
laugh; they
kill and
they steal
we learn from

them;
and kill
and steal,
and we still dare not
dance or
laugh

Alan Wingrove, 4C

but why have

two
inescapable
evils

been
(to desire)
made
(something

and the other)
"by"
(to get it)
“god”

the only
the almighty
artist in perfection?

Mark Shapley, 4C

jesus speaks

what am i (i
being the greatest man on
earth) doing
in a hole like this
i shouldn't be
living in poverty:
i should be king
to rule
the world! even
perhaps the universe
i should be greater
than my
father, i never
will be
(after all he's got his angels
to help him) i
may have to join up
with satan
if,
i
can stand the heat of
hell

Simon Brown, 4C

The First Moon Landing

houston knew it; we did not
know it; the astronauts knew
it; we did not know it; not until,
that is, until the first man (he
did the impossible, nobody thought
it possible) neil armstrong stepped
foot on the moon on the 21 of
July, at 5.53 pm in the year 1969

Charlie Pettifer, 4C

Sweets and Medicine

why are sweets (when
medicine tastes so

horrible) so very nice,
when sweets (where

medicine does you good)
help make your

teeth go bad?

Alan White, 4C

The Mystery of Flannan Isle Explained - At Last!

Man is the most inquisitive brainchild God has ever had, We, in the heavens, try to satisfy his curiosity but he always wants to know too much. The Flannan Isle mystery still puzzles them to this day. Did I tell you that story?

Well, it took place when I was a novice and learning the ropes. I had only just been taught air navigation by our teacher. In fact, it must have happened shortly after Tom put some cold water geysers on New Zealand but that is another story. For some reason we decided to make a game out of scaring the lighthouse keepers on Flannan Isle. After making six vanish and one go berserk we came across our hardest crew. Usually if we put the lighthouse light out and flashed all the other lights it drove them to suicide, but this crew, even though they were frightened, stayed.

In desperation, we made their clothes float around but with no success, so we left, leaving an awful mess behind us. In the morning, while they were tidying up and preparing breakfast, we put an empty ship on the rocks. Just as they were sitting down to breakfast they noticed it and rushed out, toppling over a chair on the way.

While they were exploring the ship we locked them in and sailed away. In the middle of the Atlantic Ocean we freed them, but they went berserk and jumped overboard. Men took tow of the "Marie Celeste" and brought it ashore as another mystery.

Eventually three men came to look for the keepers so we caused three ugly birds to fly off the cliffs and vanish just before they hit the sea, We wanted to make it look as though some dark and evil magic had occurred.

Men will never accept our answers; after all they are only human.

Philip Gates, 2B

The Rain Horse

The more the man watched the horse the more he became obsessed by its beauty. He easily recognised by its powerful legs that it had come from a good, strong breed and was capable of great speed when allowed to run wild. As he watched the stallion pulling at the rich, lush grass on the top of the hill, his mind began to drift back; back to the time when he was an orphaned child living on a ranch in Texas. He was only seven at the time, a rough sort of a lad with very little education but a mind set on being a ranch-hand.

His daily tasks were to help feed the horses and shine the saddles. Monotonous though it was, he loved it and it was during the next ten years of his life that he learnt every little thing there was to know about horses.

For his eighteenth birthday he was given his very own horse and taken on as a fully paid hand, working alongside the rest of the men, driving the cattle through the prairies. Those were the best years of his life and they had lasted until he was accused of stealing one thousand dollars from the town's bank. He was a loner and naturally when he did not return to the ranch on that fateful night he was put down as the chief suspect. No-one believed him when he said that he had been out on the prairies looking for a lost heifer. They questioned him so much and tried to force him to admit his guilt for a crime he had not committed. He was put up for trial and because there were no witnesses and no defence he was found guilty and sentenced to four years in jail, after which he knew he would have to leave the town and neighbouring area for good.

Now four years later, with not even the money he was supposed to have taken, he had to start a new life. Running away from the past he found he could stop no more than a few months in any town. He was desperately trying to shut himself away from the world.

The rain was still beating down and the horse had escaped from his mind. Suddenly he remembered it and glanced up to where it had stood. The rain horse had disappeared and he wondered if indeed it had ever existed. The horse had been a strong reminder of the past and as it was now gone, he made up his mind that he like the horse, would move on to new pastures, and start a new life for himself].

Jackie Hullah, 4A

Changes

God, who are You?
What are we?
Supermen?
Will we live forever?
Can we?
Will we?
We know
Do You?
God we know You
Do You know us?
We have changed
Have You?

Philip Procter, 4C

The Empty House

Can it be my weird imaginings? Did I see my house crowded with familiar faces, faces in every corner laughing at me shouting? I can't understand why they screech so loudly, "Murderer, murderer," their voices go right to the inside of my brain, tearing my mind apart, turning my vision upside down. I scream and I shut my eyes tightly. I see a little boy lying in my room, a kitchen knife sticking out of his chest. He rises and he runs to me.

"Mummy, mummy the pain it hurts so bad," he cries. I push him away and I open my eyes. The house is empty now. I sit down and I breathe a sigh of relief. Thank God it was just my imagination. I convince myself that my house is empty. I look across the same familiar, now depressing room and I force back my tears. It seems so strange that something which was once so wonderful, so full of life, could grow into a tragic memory of days of happiness that have passed forever. Every room, yes all the ten rooms are empty, except for my bedroom. I live alone here, all alone, just me and my memories.

Long ago this house was a home, a happy place. Children played and love spurted out of every corner, our love, mine and Stephen's. I suppose I should tell you that he left me. One day he walked out on me. He packed his bags and he walked out the door taking all my children, my four lovely children and there wasn't a thing I could do. You see, once we had five lovely children but Mark died. It was an unfortunate accident. Stephen wouldn't believe me that the knife slipped into his tiny chest by accident. He was playing with it and I never saw him. I heard a scream and my poor little baby was lying there just looking at me. "Mummy ... the pain ... it hurts so bad," he whispered and then he lay back dead. I felt him and he was as cold as ice. I told Stephen but I suppose I might have known he wouldn't believe me; you see Stephen is the only one who knew, I guess he always knew I was mad. "Murderer! You're insane!" he shouted at me in anger. "How could you ...

That was all he said. I tried to convince him that it wasn't like that but he seemed stuck on the idea that I had murdered him, my own son. He was only four. God can be so cruel. I've never seen Stephen since, or any of my babies. I like this house. It has had an air of tragedy about it ever since Mark's death I suddenly find myself wondering if I did kill him and my memory becomes blurred and I can't remember.

But what's the use in talking about the past. It's over, finished. I'm here now in my house. It may seem strange but the emptiness in itself keeps me company. I can remember when I hated to be alone. I wanted Stephen to be everywhere with me. I needed him once but now I have grown independent. I need nothing but my empty house. It is like a person. It listens to my troubles and it is there all the time watching me. I love this house.

I have no friends. Everyone talks about me. Stephen told them that I killed my son and they believed him. I don't care. I don't need their friendship. I will live here in this house forever, until I rot away. I will be buried in its grounds. In my will I shall state that my house must be burned to the ground. It cannot live without me. I have no family to live in it and strangers wouldn't understand my house. My empty house.

I sit back and I laugh and laugh. Everything is one big mess and my laughter still rings out. I wipe the tears away which have fallen down my cheeks. Still I laugh. I feel a touch on my arm, and a slap on my face. I open my eyes and I stop laughing. I see the doctor standing in front of me. I look up at him and I realise where I am; my empty house has gone and I am back in the mad-house. I reach out for tenderness or kindness of some sort and a silent flow of tears rushes down my face. I feel a strong arm around me and a few comforting words sink into my head. I look down at the bed, where my tears have fallen: an image appears – I see me and my family, one big happy family in my beautiful house. I point my finger at the bed and I look at the doctor.

"Look," I say. "That's the way it should be, why don't things work out?" He looks down at the bed and smiles reassuringly. I lie back in the bed and I close my eyes, but my mind is troubled and I cannot sleep.

Thelma Sexton, 5A

We Sat on the Seat

We sat on the seat in the road there was only
about that much
space between us we were
worlds apart a bus comes along

chugg chugg

get out of the way stupid woman with
all your shopping and two white poodles
at your side and your blue hair.

Chugg chugg

bus Stop

A woman hurries
"damn woman" the conductor says" damn
woman has to wait until the damn
bus is at her doorstep before she
can damnwell shift her weight"

chugg chugg
the bus goes ding ding
and moves off I

want to explain everything to you and
make it all better I must seek out
the right words – abuse
comes out of the park amid a
gang of kids I bet their
mothers won't be able to shift those
stains with any old washing powder
Our argument won't float away
or fly away like that wasp

buzz buzz

you are stinging me with your
looks full of meanings you mean
me to interpret.

I am wrapped up and slowly choking
on the bad feelings you are sending
over

across

the seat

Chugg Ding Buzz Choke

I think I'm going to cry

"You're beginning to cry" you say.

Jane Clegg, 4A

Bricht Wee Scottish Rhyme

Bonnie Scotland is a place,
Though not ma own hameland,
That fills me wi' delight
As I love the scenery, grand.

The people are so friendly.
I think I like them best.
Most say they've seen the monster
In the still waters of Loch Ness.

"Och, the noo!" I heard one say,
And then he gave a sigh.
"I was sitting on the bank one day
When it stole ma haggis-pie.

"I could na believe it at the time,
But now I'm not so sure,
Because the monster came back next day
And asked if he could have more

Nicola Price, 3B

The Finger of Fate in the Winter

The silence is cold, like the snow and ice
Which cover the towering gaunt trees
That stand as spectres seen in sleep;
Neither nightmare nor dream.
Craggy mountains stand in state,
Clear cut as they climb to peaks,
Supporting a brilliant blue dome,
The winter sun smiles on the scene
And sends frost-bitten, white rays
To touch the trees and strike the mountains
To reflect in snow crystals, and needles of ice.
The sun strikes the glass covered lakeside
And dazzles the eye of the viewer
Who fails to see a hairline crack
Twisted like a gnarled tree's root;
The finger of fate which as yet has no end.
But should the viewer step on the glass
To study the mountainous scene
Dazzled by all the beauty,
Blind to that dangerous line,
He will slip, and with a last cry disappear,
Leaving the scene as it was before,
Except that no one will ever know
How the finger of fate found its end.

F. Baker, 4C



"Deception" Ravindranath Narayanswami

"Deception" Ravindranath Narayanswami

Nightmare

Every night he walked down the long alleyway. It was always the same; dark and shadowy, with the walls looming ominously on either side, as though trying to trap him there. The other end always seemed so far away, it seemed to take an eternity to reach the other end, and safety.

Every night his mind was filled with the sound of footsteps behind him, this was his nightmare.

Every night he thought of it, footsteps following him along the dark alley, he walked faster. When he reached the end of the alley he let out a sigh of relief and entered the brightly lit street.

It was always the same, every night, why did he always hear those terrible footsteps following him? It was not as though he was a nervous man; on the contrary, he had nerves of steel, he had to have, he was an instructor in free-fall parachuting.

It had all begun a month previously. He had dreamt of the alley and the footsteps, and had woken up screaming. Every day since then, as he walked along the dark alley at night he had heard the footsteps. They followed him all the way along the alley, and would not leave him until he reached the High Street at the end of the alley.

One evening as he went along the alley, he heard the footsteps again. He tried to ignore them at first, then he realised something was different. The footsteps were real!

He hastened his own steps, his follower hastened his likewise. He began to panic, he was just about to run, when with a great effort he controlled himself. He slowed down to a normal walk.

The steps grew louder, he wanted to run, but he did not; he wanted to shout for help, but he did not. The steps continued to follow him, gradually coming closer.

A man appeared by his side.

“Excuse me, have you got the time, please?”

This was a month ago, from that day to this he has never had his nightmare, he probably never will have it again. The realization of fear had expelled fear, forever.

Brian Morris, 3A

It's Life

We're happy
We're sad,
There's good
There's bad.

There's black
There's white,
There's wrong
There's right.

We work
We sleep,
We shout
We weep.

There's grief
There's joy,
There's girl
There's boy.

We fight
We cry,
We laugh
We die.

But life still goes on,
The world still goes round.

Susan Cleary, 4A

In A Few Decades

In a few days ... Mother Brown will know that I am writing a character sketch on her.
In a few hours ... Brownny will have spread gossip about the young couple who live up the road.
In a few minutes ... Mother 'B' will know about the Americans next door.
In a few seconds ... everyone will feel sorry for her, the sweet, old dear.
Sweet, did I say? She is the street's gossip, sticking her nose into everything that does not concern her.
Pottering about in her front garden, yes, she enjoys that,
listening to everybody's conversation as they pass by.
Picking out the 'juicy' bits, mixing them with her other ingredients,
and giving a dosage to any innocent passer-by.
In a few years ... Mother 'B' will not be spreading gossip in Ealing,
but high above the clouds, in heaven.
In a few years ... she will be re-united with her dog.
In a few days ... Adam and Eve will know about the Jones's up the road.
In a few hours ... all the saints will feel sorry for her.
In a few decades ... Mother Brown will be forgotten.
Oh God, please, let her soul rest in peace.

Marjorie Davey, 4C

Fear

Fear of the unknown is, I think the worst feeling to be confronted with. I shall try and describe to you an incident that happened to me during my youth. This incident has left a scar in my mind that nothing yet has been able to erase.

It all started one night in Spring 1952, my parents were getting ready to go out to a dance at the Town Hall, I was feeling very proud for it was the first time my mother had left me in the house alone without a sitter. She had wanted to have a sitter in but I managed to persuade her that an eleven year old girl was quite capable of looking after herself for one evening.

My parents left at seven-thirty, promising to be back before eleven; I told them to stay out as long as they wanted because I could cope with anything that might arise. I now wish I had never uttered those words.

I had been dozing for a little while when suddenly something woke me. I looked up at the clock – it was gone eleven and my parents were not home yet.

I sat up startled, the lights were not on, I could hear the radio droning in the corner and the shutters beating against the window. I just froze, I could not move, it was as if some kind of invisible force was clamping me into the arm chair, and to top it all I could hear a sound, it was a sound I could not recognise, something I had never heard before. It was like someone laughing, crying and pleading for help all at once. It was everywhere, in every dark corner, under every piece of furniture, everywhere I turned I imagined some ghastly horror was scanning me with some kind of eye. I began to see things that were not really there – faces at the window, whining and laughing hysterically, looking at me as if I was the cause of the horror.

Then I began to hear voices, they were merged in with the sound I mentioned earlier. There were many voices, I was unable to distinguish whether they were male or female, but I was able to understand what they were saying. They were crying, begging for mercy, moaning as if in some terrible pain, then everything became quiet, a horrible deathly silence filled the room, then a low pitched drone echoed from one corner of the room, it seemed to bounce off each of the walls, and then it began wrapping itself around the arm-chair I was sitting in.

It seems crazy but this sound wave was enveloping me into the chair, each time it passed my ears the pitch grew one note higher. What was it that was causing this noise? Was I going mad? The sound grew louder and louder, higher and higher, closer and closer until something happened that made me pass out. I do not know what this was. All I can remember afterwards is waking up in hospital, my parents looking over me, Their lips were moving but I could not hear what they were saying. I was deaf, I would have to live with the fear of the unknown for the rest of my life.

We moved away from the old house, but still even to this day I can hear that one note droning in my mind, an unknown fear implanted in my brain!

Helena Badowska, 4A

A Typical French Lesson

“Bonjour, my dear pupils,” says the teacher who’s in the room.

Peter looks scared, he’s not done his homework, that, I can assume.

Peter begs for mercy as his ‘vocab’ is inspected. Peter gets knocked out with a left hook.

(As we all expected.)

As Pete collapses on the floor, Len tries to tell the time.

“Quelle heure est-il, Rodrigues?” “Oui, monsieur, it’s cinq past nine” The teacher gets very angry, and lets out amighty roar.

A swish, a clonk, a scream. And another victim’s on the floor.

“Oh my God, it’s my turn, to answer number one. There’s just one problem. It’s the homework. And that I haven’t done”.

“No homework sir, I was at a club of which I am a member”

“I don’t believe you, Slatter,” said he. And that’s all I can remember.

Colin Shatter, 2C



Death In the Morning

Then I saw it
Bathed in glistening teardrops
As the morn's first sunlight
Shone on the new laid dew'.
I walked towards it.
It was still.

Dead.

Clear brown eyes looked up at me,
Peaceful.
Pitiful.
Its whiskers were touched with tiny diamonds.
Soft, gentle animal
A victim of us.
The world.
Contrasts of circular hate.
The guilt is mine.
For I am the world.

Karen Elliott 4C

The Outcast

He sat on the wall,
He was dark and tall,
He hadn't any mates,
He couldn't pay the rates,
He was coloured, you know,
And was told to go.

He had a hard stare,
Looked like a fox in its lair,
He strolled around,
Not making a sound,
He couldn't stand it any more,
He was just too poor.
Too poor, or coloured?

Janet Hollis, 2B

Incident in the Life of Arthur Wyatt

It was a warm, sunny day in the centre of London. St. Paul's Cathedral rose up monumentally above the buildings, its dark dome creating a startling contrast against the blue sky.

Arthur Wyatt stepped out of the small, dingy opticians into the mid-morning sunlight. He was wearing his new glasses, fifteen gi.iineas worth of blue tinted lens and twenty carat gold framing. The busy traffic made its thundering roar around him as he walked down the main street, looking for a convenient cafe or corner house where he could sit down with a cup of hot coffee.

He was just about to enter a little establishment called 'Zuigi's', when the sky above him, before filled with radiant sunlight, became dark, with a thick covering of grey cloud.

He was looking up into the sky, when there was a tremendous flash of lightning, suddenly, in the space of a second, he saw the lightning flash being drawn to him, and then found himself unable to see and being thrown backwards. After that he blacked out into a world of dark unconsciousness.

Half an hour, maybe more, passed until Arthur came to, waking up to the sensation of heavy rain beating down upon his face. His first thought was to feel for his glasses, which had cost him so much. "That's luck if I've ever seen it, -he thought to himself. "I get struck off my feet by a lightning bolt, and my glasses are still in one piece."

Arthur picked himself up off the ground, and ran to the door of the cafe he had been about to enter. Just as he was pushing the door open, he noticed something, or I could say nothing, as, apart from the sound of the rain beating down, there was no other noise whatsoever. He looked behind him, the road was crowded with traffic, but everything was still and silent. On the pavement near him there were people who had been having conversations together and had ceased to move, their mouths frozen open, as if in speech.

The full force of the fact that he was the only person moving, suddenly hit him. Wyatt turned and ran, one two, three, blocks along the road, and then he turned.

"My God!" he thought aloud, and looked up above him, for there suspended in mid air was a young girl, her figure outlined against the bleak, stone buildings.

Wyatt estimated her to be about sixteen years old and wondered how she managed to be falling to her death from the ten storey building behind her. He looked around him, people were standing like stone statues, looking helplessly at the young girl, plummeting to her doom on the cold, grey pavement.

Suddenly, Wyatt had an idea, if at some time, the situation should revert back to normal, the girl would fall down to the pavement, but why couldn't he, the one moving person, pluck her out of the sky, so to speak? No reason whatsoever came to his mind, so he stretched upwards. She was only about six feet off the ground, so Wyatt did not have much difficulty in getting a good hold on her.

As he began to lift her down, he knocked his glasses off, and, not being in a position to catch them, they smashed on the floor.

At that moment everything began to move again, and the girl's piercing scream, split the silence around him.

"It's alright, I've got you, there's no need to worry now, 'Wyatt said reassuringly to the girl.

"My God, how..... ?" was all that the girl could utter before fainting into Wyatt's arms.

By now, everyone was milling around him, proclaiming him as some kind of 'Superman', and cheering him. Wyatt kept hold of the girl and looked down to the ground; the glasses were there, the frames were dented, and the strange, blue tinted glass was smouldering, and gradually disappearing.

Brett Ewins, 5B

Why?

The thing was getting nearer, slowly, ever so slowly, but inexorably. It filled his vision, and then came the pain, soft at first, almost detached but slowly growing sharper and more painful till it filled his mind, his being, his very substance. He screamed in pain and terror and hate ... hate for this thing that was hurting him for no reason. Suddenly the pain subsided and he felt unconsciousness slipping away from him like a veil being shaken off. Words slowly penetrated through to his dazed mind –“Get up, you little worm, HE wants to see you again.” Realization slowly dawned and he found himself shaking in sheer terror.

“For God’s sake no ... please ... not again, not again”, he was whimpering and tears filled his eyes. “I’ll do anything but please don’t hurt me again ... don’t take me to him”.

His eyes were glowing in sheer, naked terror, but there was no mercy on the face of his guard.

The guard wrenched him to his feet and half-dragged him, half-pushed and kicked him, out of the cell and along the narrow corridor. The way was lit by lights about ten yards apart so it was dull and the black walls only emphasised this. They rounded a corner and there was a small, rectangular door in front of them. It was lit by a red light. The guard kicked the door open, shoved him in and quickly stepped in behind him. A tall, thin man in a black coat turned and looked at them.
“Ah, Mr. Westbury, back for more treatment are you?”

“No, please don’t,” he whined, “not again... don’t hurt me again ... please ... no ... I’ll do anything, anything.”

The guard looked in barely disguised disgust, at the crumpled up figure that had once been a man. He turned on his heel and left, slamming the door behind him.

“Well Mr. Westbury. You’ve lasted out twice as long as anyone else who has ever entered this ‘establishment’ .”

“But I keep telling you ... really ... please let me go ... I don’t know what you are talking about.”

“Oh, come now Mr. Westbury ... all we want to know are the names and addresses of your contacts in London and Russia and then you are free to go.”

“I don’t know ... I don’t know ... I don’t know ... I don’t know ... I don’t know” He was still repeating that while he was being tied into the chair, and while the man was picking up the white hot poker, in fact he did not stop until the searing pain began in his chest and shot up to his brain, until his whole body was alive and vibrant with agony.

Minutes later he recovered consciousness. Slowly he began to cry and then the crying turned to laughter, hysterical laughter, the laughter of the hopelessly insane.

Gary Dickerson, 4A



Advanced Level Examination Results

JANUARY AND JULY 1972

Barker S.	Economics, French, German	Mann H. L.	French, German
Baruch C. R. C.	Biology (0), French	Merchant R. S.	Woodwork
Boase A. T.	Economics (Merit), English, Geography	Millidge S. C.	English, Geography
Brennan M. A.	History	Morjaria N.	Chemistry, Physics
Casey L. M.	Art	Newbury L.	English, French, German
Clayton D. M.	British Constitution, Economics, History (0)	Nolan P. D.	Biology (0), Chemistry, Pure and Applied Mathematics (0)
Cowgill P.	Economics (0), English, History (0)	Norman L. C.	British Constitution, English (0), History
Davies L.	Botany, Zoology	O'Sullivan R. M.	History (0)
Davies L. M.	English, French, Music	Panrucker R.	Technical Drawing
Dhir N.	Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Pure and Applied Mathematics, Physics (0)	Patton E. A.	Economics, English, Geography
Forsyth S.	English, French (Distinction), German	Pilcher N. F.	Technical Drawing
Gasser B. F.	English, French, History	Poulter J.	Chemistry, Pure Mathematics, Higher Mathematics, Physics (Merit)
Grimes R.	Art	Reading D. D. C.	English, French, German (0)
Grimwood J. A.	British Constitution, English (0) History	Rogers L. A.	Economics (Merit), Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Pure and Applied Mathematics
Guy D. J.	French (0)	Roter B.	Botany, Zoology (0)
Hayne P. M.	German, Pure Mathematics, Higher Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Pure and Applied Mathematics	Secombe S.	Economics, English
Hill D. L.	Chemistry (0)	Sekhon S.	British Constitution (0)
Howse P. R.	Geography	Shutie W. M. L.	Chemistry, Physics (0)
Jachnik A. M.	Economics, French, Geography	Sims K.	Botany, Zoology
Jeffreys P. W.	Pure Mathematics, Higher Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Pure and Applied Mathematics, Physics (Distinction)	Smart B. M.	British Constitution, History (0)
Kepa R. M.	Biology (0), Chemistry (0), Physics (0)	Smith A. J.	Biology, Chemistry (0)
Kwiatkowski A. G.	Physics (0)	Solinski A. W.	Chemistry (0), Physics (0)
Lau V.	Art, English, History	Stone B. M.	Biology (0)
Leach J.	Technical Drawing	Sullivan M. A.	English, Woodwork
		Thind D. S.	British Constitution (0), Economics (0)
		Underwood A. F.	Biology (0), English (0), French German (0)
		Wagstaff C. R.	British Constitution
		Walters A.	English (0)
		White D. F.	Art, English, Music
		Wiffin R. K.	Art, Economics, Geography
		Wilmot J.	British Constitution, Economics, Geography (0)
		Windsor J. W.	Biology (0), Economics, Geography
		Witcher H. M.	Biology (0), Economics, Geography
		Woollcombe C.	Biology, Chemistry

MARK SULLIVAN

Since the results given above were published we have heard with great regret of the death of Mark Sullivan in an accident during the summer holidays. Although the printed word can mean little in the face of tragedy, I am sure the school would wish me to place on record our shock, our sadness and our sympathy with Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan and Trevor.

C. J. E.

Our staff talk about us.

Bob Vinceer joined us straight from school, when he was 18. "I'd just taken my GCE's," he says, "I wanted a job that offered security and the chance to get ahead, so I chose the Midland."

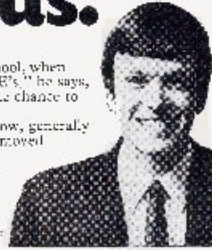
"My work there began as a junior clerk, you know, generally learning the business. But after four months, I moved on to higher things—as a cashier."

"After a while at that, 18 months or so, I did a spell on control work."

"Now at 21, I'm working in the branch's foreign and securities section."

"What do I like about my job? Oh, the variety, meeting people—the money's good as well."

"My prospects? I hope to be in management within ten years, but that depends on me."



Andrea Waters joined the Midland Bank at 16, straight from school. "Why? Oh, I'd just taken GCE's and one of my passes was in typing. The Midland offered me a job as a typist, so I took it. As it happens, I started in Head Office as a junior."

"That was a year ago, and since then I've moved on to more responsible work in the same department."

"What do I like about the job? Well, the money's good for my age, I like the people, but mostly I suppose, I enjoy the work."

"There isn't much more you could ask from a job, really is there?"

Elizabeth Stevens. "I left school with six 'O' levels—looking for a career with a future. I joined the Midland, did junior work for a year, then moved on to the printer."

"I pretty soon got to know everyone—they're a great crowd, really friendly people. I plan to get married before very long, but I'll probably carry on working here afterwards—it'd be a shame to leave all my friends. I get a good wage (equal pay with the men) and this is coming in very handy in setting up a home."



Our staff have talked to you. Why not come and talk to us?

Write to:
THE STAFF MANAGER,
MIDLAND BANK LIMITED,
POLLETRY, LONDON,
EC2P 2BX.



Midland Bank
A Great British Bank

How to make the most of the hard work you've done at school.

There's ample scope in the Navy for young people who want to make the most of themselves.

For Boys. If you're bright at Maths, and Science or English, you can apply for a Navy engineering apprenticeship that will make you a £3,000 p/a technician.

If you're good with your hands, we can train you to be a skilled mechanic with a trade for life.

Or you might prefer to be concerned with seamanship. Or communications. Or a more administrative job, like stores accountability or office management. While, if you're interested in medicine, we can give you a three-year specialist training as a radiographer, physiotherapist, or S.R.N.

In fact, whether your bent is academic or practical, you can go a long way in the Navy. Or with the Navy's sea soldiers, the Royal Marines.

For example, with five 'O' levels (or a 'N' level) you can try for a commission as a Naval Officer.

And of course, you can save jobs for a much shorter period, if you wish.

For Girls. If you're a girl, there's a happy, active life waiting for you in the Wrens (the Women's Royal Naval Service). Here you work with officers and men of the Royal Navy. There's a choice of many interesting jobs. You also have the same opportunities to try for a commission. And you may well see something of the world.

For someone keen on training, the Queen Alexandra's Royal Naval Nursing Service is a career that offers excellent training, travel, variety and an active social life.

For full details of any of these careers, talk to your Careers Master or Mistress. Or write to the address below giving your name, age and any examinations you have passed, or hope to pass.

The Royal Naval Careers Service (25 FD), The Admiralty Building, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.



The bird
you can't afford
to ignore.

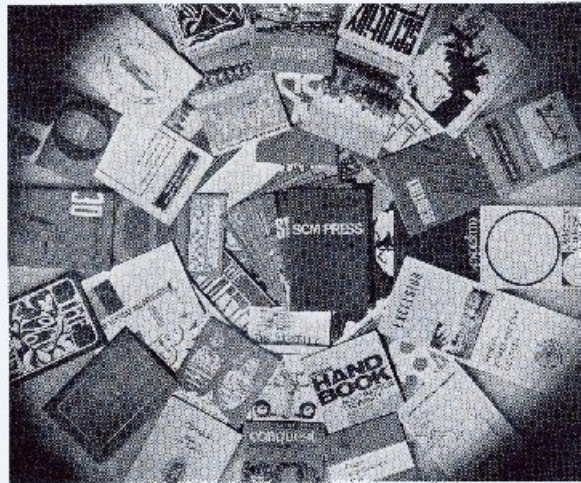


Whether you are looking for a career with
a progressive company or advice
on insurance consult the Phoenix

PHOENIX
ASSURANCE GROUP

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

**this magazine was produced by
the Newprint process**



Developed especially for magazines, Newprint reduces the price
of printing by cutting the cost of typesetting. Another saving
is that blocks are not required for photographs and drawings.

*Send for our Newprint brochure. This gives all the details including a
price list, and shows how our system works - through the post.*



Hobbs the Printers Limited

SECOND AVENUE - SOUTHAMPTON - SO9 2UZ - TELEPHONE 74974