

Phoenix 1973

The Magazine of Drayton Manor Grammar School



THE DRAYTON MANOR GRAMMAR SCHOOL • HANWELL

LONDON

*Cover Design by Brett Ewins
(Phoenician Warrior)*

Drayton Manor Grammar School

STAFF 1972-1973

Headmaster:

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

Deputy Head:

Mr. J. A. Phillips B. A. (Oxon) (to April 1973)
Mr. J. D. Hides B. A. (London) (from May 1973)

Main Subject(s)

French and German
Geography and French

Senior Mistress:

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

Physics

Assistant Staff:

Mr. D. H. Adams B. A. (Leeds)
Miss J. C. Aldridge M. A. (Manchester)
Mr. J. Barker B. A. (London)
Miss C.L.Bourke
* Mrs. J. Breslauer (R. S. A. Teaching Certificate)
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Miss J. Westwood B. A. (Bristol)
Mr. E.G. Williams

French, Spanish
French, Spanish
History
Home Economics
Shorthand, Typewriting
Art
Physical Education
Economics/British Government
Physical Education
English
Chemistry
Physics
Latin, Greek Literature
Woodwork
Mathematics
French, German
French
Biology
History, Religious Education
Geography
French
Geography
Music
German
Mathematics
English
English
Chemistry
Mathematics
Mathematics
Biology
Religious Education
English
Physical Education

* Part-time

Assistants:

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Miss G. Hoth

French Assistant
German Assistant

Secretaries:

Miss M.Scott
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GOVERNING BODY

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1973-4	Head Boy: Nigel Franklin Head Girl: Joanna Champeney	Deputy: Denzal Cummings Deputy: Jacqueline Russell



Philip H. Arnold

1898 - 1972

Senior Science Master and Senior Master 1930 - 1958

“I warmed both hands before
the fire of life”

Remembered with affection

Michael Lane, 1961—1973

Michael Lane (1B) was a pupil at Drayton Manor for little more than half a term before he entered hospital for a major operation. Thereafter, though never well, he attended school whenever possible.

A calm, popular boy with a lively sense of humour, he was a keen footballer and an active member of the school under 12 XI up to the Saturday before he first entered hospital. During his short time in school this summer he showed the same keenness on the cricket field.

His impressive courage, his enthusiasm for all he was engaged in, his quiet determination to get on with his work without the slightest fuss, all these were qualities which will be remembered by his many friends and particularly by those who knew most about his illness.

I am sure the whole school would wish me to place on record our sadness at his death and our very deep sympathy with Mr. and Mrs. Lane.

C.J.E.

Phoenix 1973

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

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Under the supervision of Mrs. J. B. Breslauer.

Once again I should like to thank all those who have helped with the magazine, and in particular, Mrs. Breslauer for her unfailing co-operation. My thanks also go to all pupils who have submitted material. The enthusiastic support was very much appreciated.

Last year I said "hello" and this year it's "goodbye" but I leave you with the hope that the 1973 edition of Phoenix will brighten the Autumn Term! My good wishes to you all, and may the Phoenix rise to even greater heights.

J. W.

School Notes

At the end of the Spring Term Mr. Phillips, Deputy Head since September 1971, left to take up his appointment as Headmaster of Battersea Grammar School; Mrs. Hayward, Head of Home Economics, moved out of the London area; and Mr. Joy, School Caretaker since 1948, began a well earned retirement. In July, Mr. Hislop retired after more than twenty seven years in charge of Woodwork teaching; Miss Aldridge left to take a post at Hampstead School; Miss Matts secured a post in Derbyshire and Miss Westwood one in Dunstable; while Mrs. Grubb and Mrs. Sosabowska left the part-time teaching staff to pursue careers outside the teaching profession. On other pages full reference is made to their work at Drayton Manor. To all of them we extend our thanks and best wishes for the future.

Earlier in the school year Mrs. Senior had joined the Maths Department. In April Mr. J. Hides became Deputy Head after very varied experience which included regular service in the Royal Air Force as a Navigator and, more recently, several years as a Housemaster at the Ernest Bevin Comprehensive School in Inner London. At the same time Miss C. Bourke took charge of Mrs. Hayward's work and at the beginning of the Autumn Term 1973 we welcomed Mrs. J. Rees, Miss M. Robertson, Mrs. K. Tatersall and Mr. C. Revell to the History, English, Languages and P. E. Departments respectively.

The new 6th form General Studies programme began in September 1972 with courses on the following subjects: An introduction to Philosophy; the Modern Novel; Computing and Statistics; Genetics; Biological aspects of the environment; History of political ideas; Modern music; Cookery; Woodwork; and Personal finance. In conjunction with this, 6th form talks were given by a number of lecturers who visited the school during the year. Mr. Hayward spoke on Advertising; Mr. M. Grubb on Race Relations; Mr. Randall on the T. U. C.; Mr. Small on Conservation; and the Reverend Father Walker on Mental Health.

The other innovations during the year were the School Council, which dealt with a variety of topics, and the teaching of French to pupils of Hobbayne Primary School who crossed the playing field several times a week to attend Miss Aldridge's special classes.

The full programme of Biology, Geography and Geology Field Courses is reported elsewhere, as are the Junior Speech Competition, the visits of Youth and Music, the production of 'Pygmalion' in December, the Annual Concert in March and the Summer Entertainment in July. Special mention should be made, however of the mixed-media presentation, during the concert, of the 'Demon of Adachigahara' with a mime, admirably performed by members of the first year.

The new greenhouse recently provided by the Parents' Association, came into full use during the year and in addition to their generous and continuing help with many activities, the Parents held a very well attended meeting at which Mr. Jewell gave a talk on Modern Mathematics.

In the last edition of Phoenix a brief, but factual account was given of Drayton Manor's place in the Borough's plans for the reorganisation of education in Ealing. The Secretary of State approved those plans for implementation in September 1974. As reported, therefore, Drayton Manor will become over a period of years a Comprehensive High School for the age range 12-19. The School will grow gradually from about 600 pupils in 1974 until it reaches its maximum of 1200, a little later than previously thought, in 1980-81. Throughout this period the education of pupils admitted in or before September 1973 will continue on the lines indicated at the time of their entry. The first stage of a substantial building programme is expected to be a new Arts, Crafts, Home Economics Centre which will provide extra accommodation and much improved facilities from which both present and future pupils will benefit.

Finally, readers of Phoenix may like to know of a new school Calendar which it is hoped to produce with the help of the Parents' Association and the Phoenixians. This will give details of events, games fixture lists etc. and should prove useful to all.

C.J.E.

Mr. J. A. Phillips

How can a short article do justice to John Phillips who left Drayton Manor at the end of the Spring Term on his promotion to the Headship of Battersea Grammar School? His work as Deputy Head will of course be continued and it is in a sense too soon to write of his many qualities – this is neither a memorial, nor a retirement tribute for one who is very much alive and far from retired! The 1973 edition of Phoenix, however, would be incomplete without some mention of his work and influence.

I recall the ease and immense assurance with which he took over the post of Deputy Head from Mr. Wright in September 1971, gaining in a matter of days the confidence, the trust and, I believe, the friendship of all. From the first week few pupils can have doubted that in Mr. Phillips they had both a firm task-master and a very real friend. At the time both to individuals and to the school as a whole, this was rightly all – important. It may be, however, that Mr. Phillips's lasting contribution to Drayton Manor lies in the more academic aspects of his work. The development of a new 6th form General Studies programme, with contributions from many members of staff, depended much on his organising skill, while his Philosophy classes within that programme and his Essay Society outside are first class examples of the wider learning which is an important aim of 6th form education. His work was never limited to the routine side of administration or confined to the 6th form. The Parents' Association Committee would acknowledge the time and help which he gave, while the Boulogne visits and the Photographic Society are further examples of his energy and interests.

Those who worked closely with him will hardly recall a day not enlivened, however briefly, by his conversation, or a difficulty not made easier by his ready wit. His five terms as Deputy Head were an exhilarating, not to be forgotten time here. It would be superfluous to wish him success, for that is assured, but I am glad to record both my thanks for his help and a very widespread appreciation of all that he did.

C.J.E.

Mr. T. Hislop

One more link with the past was severed by the retirement of Mr. T. Hislop at the end of the summer term.

Mr. Hislop first came to Drayton Manor in September 1939. It was a time of great confusion and some excitement. War had broken out the week before and air raid shelters were being hastily erected at the edge of the school field. Until these could be completed, only the Fifth and Sixth forms were admitted to the school, while the rest of the pupils enjoyed a prolonged summer holiday. When the whole school was finally in attendance we were greatly troubled by nuisance raiders". These were planes which circled London causing no material damage because they dropped no bombs, but causing the maximum disruption of everyday life since we all had to take cover during an alert. Hence most of our lessons were conducted underground.

The boredom of this kind of life was interrupted for the majority of the male staff by the demands of the Armed Forces and in 1940 Mr. Hislop departed temporarily to join the R. A. F.

We all rejoined our school at various times during 1946 and then began a period which was marked by an increase in the numbers of the school and particularly of those who stayed on to take what are now known as 'O' and 'A' level examinations.

Under Mr. Hislop's guidance Woodwork became an examination subject which was distinguished by the fact that hardly anyone ever failed. How Mr. Hislop achieved such success is a secret known only to him, although perhaps the story of the boy who planed too much from his piece of wood and who then had to glue his shavings back on again, is not entirely apocryphal.

I should like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Hislop on behalf of many members of staff, both past and present, whom he has helped in many ways by his expertise and craftsmanship. No one has ever set him a problem about anything remotely connected with wood or metal, which he has not been able to solve. Many of us owe him a deep debt of gratitude.

Mr. Hislop is retiring, not to his native land but to that of his wife, – Wales. I am sure that everybody will join me in wishing them the long and happy epilogue to a life of dedicated teaching, which they both so richly deserve.

F.R.J.R.

Mrs. A. Grubb, B.A.

Mrs. Grubb joined the staff in September 1968 to teach Latin in the Sixth Form and Greek Literature to the Fifth. Consequently she is probably not well-known to members of the Junior and Middle School.

Those pupils who have attended her classes know that they were taught by a teacher whose enthusiasm for her subject was coupled with a clarity of thought which made the complexities of Latin at least understandable if not easy. Her record of successes in G. C. E. is most impressive.

Her colleagues know her as a person with a very wide range of interests, able to express an opinion which would be well supported by argument and to hold views which were perspicacious and always related to reality.

She is leaving teaching in order to study law and she has our sincere good wishes for a successful and satisfying future in her new career.

A.J.M.

Mrs. G. M. Hayward

Mrs. Hayward came to Drayton Manor in January, 1970 from St. Joseph's Comprehensive, Swindon. Her presence in this school until her semi-retirement in April, 1973 has been warmly appreciated by both staff and pupils. Of course, she had more contact with the girls than she did with the boys of the school but, in her last year, she had successfully introduced several senior boys to the delights of the culinary arts.

Apart from encouraging the girls to develop their culinary flair, she was a warm, sincere friend and counsellor to many of them. While the girls doubtless witnessed many practical demonstrations of her skill in 'haute cuisine', we, on the staff, were far from neglected. Chatter in the staffroom ceased promptly when our Mrs. Hayward appeared bearing delicious savouries and fancy cakes to keep us silent.

Mrs. Hayward is an accomplished actress and during her brief career at Drayton Manor the school was able to appreciate her considerable acting ability in three of the now legendary Staff Plays. Her first appearance was as Mrs. Groomkirby, the dotty wife in N. F. Simpson's "One-Way Pendulum" in which she gave an extremely funny and convincing portrayal of a woman whose whole life was given up to the stockpiling and consuming of food. The following year she delighted her audiences with a series of virtuoso performances as the elderly spinster, Miss Furnival, who fell victim to the demon drink during a blackout in Peter Shaffer's hilarious "Black Comedy". Mrs. Hayward's last scheduled appearance on the school stage was in Tom Stoppard's "The Real Inspector Hound" in which she played Mrs. Drudge, the housekeeper at Muldoon Manor. Here she provided ample proof that it takes a very good actress to be called upon to act badly as the role required.

This brings me to her last impromptu performance in assembly at the end of the Spring Term. Obviously determined to make the most of the occasion, Mrs. Hayward gave us fascinating glimpses of her interpretation of Juliet and the Ladies Macbeth and Bracknell.

Mrs. Hayward, the actress and the cuisinière, will be greatly missed by both pupils and colleagues at Drayton Manor, who will, no doubt, join with me in wishing her good health and happiness at her new school, The Royal Russell, Addington, Surrey. Let us hope that she will return to visit us as often as possible bringing 'delicious cucumber sandwiches' in her 'capacious, brown handbag'.
D.H.A.

Miss J. Aldridge, M.A.

We are very sorry to have to say goodbye at the end of the present term to Miss Aldridge who is leaving to take up a senior post in the French Department at Hampstead Comprehensive School.

She joined the staff in September 1970 after having completed her studies at Manchester University, and it was immediately apparent that we had gained a teacher of considerable ability, who achieved a close 'rapport' with her pupils. Even some of those classes which, rightly or wrongly, have acquired a reputation for being 'difficult', came to realise that she was a member of staff who was interested in them as people rather than as pupils who for better or worse have to learn French.

Miss Aldridge has given much to the School during her three years with us and she takes with her our gratitude and our very best wishes for a happy and rewarding time in her new appointment.

A. J. M.

Miss J. Matts B.A.

In her three years at Drayton Manor Miss Matts has proved herself to be a stimulating, charming, and successful teacher. She has made History a really exciting subject for her pupils.

Miss Matts is leaving us to take up a senior post organising the teaching of History in an Integrated Studies Department of a Community School in Hadfield, Derbyshire.

I am sure she will be as much appreciated in her new school as she has been at Drayton Manor Grammar School.

J. B.

Mrs. M. Sosabowska B.A. and Miss J. Westwood B.A.

At the end of this term we say farewell to Mrs. Sosabowska and Miss Westwood.

Although the latter has been with us only two years, she has twice edited the "Phoenix" and has contributed much to the life of the school. She goes to the Manshead School, Dunstable, to teach in the English Department of a much larger school than ours, and to edit the magazine. We congratulate her on her well-deserved promotion, we thank her for her work here, and we wish her every happiness and success in her career.

Mrs. Sosabowska has taught, part-time, in the school for the last five years, and all who knew her must have been impressed and often amused by the liveliness of her teaching and the exuberance of her personality. To her work she has brought a boundless enthusiasm and, beneath a cheerful and animated exterior, an earnest devotion to her task. Every class she has taught has palpably benefited. Such success has been achieved despite the fact that she has had a home to run and two very young children to bring up.

To her home she is now determined to devote more time, and I know you will join me in thanking her for her work here, and in wishing her, her husband and family, every happiness.

R.E.-J.

Mr. H. C. Joy

At Easter we said good-bye to Mr. Joy who retired as Schoolkeeper after nearly twenty-five years' service to Drayton Manor.

He will be remembered by staff and pupils alike for his competent and devoted service, not only to the care and maintenance of the school but also as the last line of defence in many staff versus pupils' hockey matches.

Mr. Joy's main hobby is indoor and outdoor bowling at which he is a very experienced player, but I am sure he would be the first to admit that his wife is equally as good if not better.

Now that they have at last found suitable accommodation which is near their bowling club, we wish them both an enjoyable, long and happy retirement.

T. H.

Parents' Association News

Once again we have to report a good year for the Parents' Association. Two jumble sales have been held with pleasing financial rewards. The main fund-raising activity was the "Win a Watch" competition resulting in a profit of £125. My thanks to pupils at the school for the prompt way in which the cards were sold and cash collected.

The new parents' Cheese and Wine party held in October was once again a very pleasant social occasion. It is indeed a pleasure to see so many members of staff at this event. On the sad side, we did say farewell to Mr. Hislop, one of the longer-serving members of the staff. On behalf of parents, we presented him with a transistor radio.

Once again I must thank all the parents who have supported our activities over the past year, who have parted with cash, gifts and time; it makes the work of a committee worthwhile. Lastly, but by no means least, my thanks to members of staff for giving so generously of their own time in assisting at the functions we have held and the competitions we have organised.

K. Glasson

Task Force

Task Force has continued to flourish during this year and more and more pupils are giving some of their free time to help the organisation either directly or indirectly.

Our main form of direct help is visiting old folk on a regular basis, talking to them and maybe doing a few odd jobs like shopping. Unfortunately, this is not as popular an activity as it was in the past, and we are continually looking for volunteers for this work.

However, the once-a-month decorating weekends are proving quite successful – especially with the females – as we have combined with Brentside Boys' School for this activity.

Fund-raising activities have again proved worthwhile. These included an envelope collection for Greater Ealing Old People's Homes, a Sale of Work held during the interval in the School Play, the Christmas Disco, and of course the day on which everyone paid to wear what they liked to school.

With the proceeds from some of these events, we gave local Senior Citizens a Christmas Party which was enjoyed just as much by those who helped "behind the scenes" as by those for whose enjoyment it was designed. (We also managed to find some excellent parcel packers amongst the 6th Forms!)

During the Spring Term we organised an outing and tea-party for the old people whom we had visited during the year. Our guests also enjoyed the School Concert in the evening.

Some Task Force volunteers also helped with the Rotary Club Old Folk's Party, an event traditionally held at the school.

We have recently become involved with "sponsored work" as opposed to "sponsored walks". The homeless will be helped with the money raised by pupils who will give up one day during a weekend in July to help with this Community work, while being sponsored to do so. We should have a much cleaner River Brent as well as a local Adventure Playground to be proud of at the end of it all, as well as the money raised by sponsorship!

Our Task Force film was shown for the first time this year; in spite of the fact that it has not yet been edited, it is very amusing and, I hope, encouraging to new volunteers. I hope we can add to this film as Task Force continues to add to its volunteer force to help those in need in our local area.

E. L. L. P.



*'Pygmalion' Janice Horsnell: Mark Lacey:
By courtesy of The Middlesex County Times*

Pygmalion (1972)

As I was settling down into my quietly uncomfortable seat to enjoy yet another masterly school production, I had one or two doubts in my mind. I knew the play moderately well and I couldn't help wondering how the cast would fare with it, for in my view G. B. Shaw's "Pygmalion" is not the easiest of nuts to crack. Also I was aware that Thursday night was 'Monty Python' night and was worried that attendance might not be exactly 100% to say the least a discouraged cast means a boring play – but as it turned out the audience was not too tiny and the cast seemed far from lifeless. But the greatest fear in my mind was the fact that Thursday was the "first night" and during first night performances, things have a habit of going wrong, but more of that later! !

Well, did Mr. David Adams and his Drama Society cast crack that nut? Need you ask! The performance was like an inexhaustible abundance of jewels which poured forth from the stage into the audience – jewels marred by very few "dull pebbles".

Janice Horsnell (Eliza) was one such gem – a brilliant actress from start to finish who played her part with the correct balance of charm and finesse and downright vulgarity! Mark Lacey (Higgins) was of no less a standard – superbly bringing over this irritating character to the audience. I was impressed by Nigel Franklin (Pickering) – he managed to constantly maintain that bourgeois accent without suddenly breaking into something more dubious. I very much enjoyed the performance of the Eynsford—Hills (Ruth Harding, Frances Baker and David Perry). Ruth successfully put over the mother's old fashioned ideas, while Frances had me in fits, trying that new "small-talk" word. David's performance was refreshing though he seemed a little nervous to start with. John Baruch, Christopher Wobschall and Stephen Mann, who had smaller parts, were all new to the stage and gave lively performances. More golden opulence in Act II with the difficult and taxing part of All Doolittle executed with expertise by William Lacey. Mrs. Pearce is a ready-made part for Jane Hort and needless to say, she was divine! And in Act III Elizabeth Schwarz (Mrs. Higgins) was also right for the part and portrayed the character perfectly. The society scene in Act III seemed a little bare, though through no fault of the cast (Trevor Morris played the ambassador, Joanna Champeney, his wife and Peter Hinton, an eccentric Hungarian linguist). A special word about Lisa Marston who played three parts (Mrs. Higgins' maid, and two extras) – she must have energy!

As for the production itself some aspects I liked but some I had reservations about. For instance, the opening of the play, with the lights suddenly coming on, revealing the characters motionless under the bus shelter, was effective, and having Nigel Franklin read the scene descriptions added a new dimension to the play. However, I was very impartial to the laughter at the end of Act III Scene I coming from a loudspeaker at the the side

of the hall, and the recorded chatter and glass-clinking in the society scene was also rather ineffective. But please don't get the impression that the sound generally was no good! The technical team provided convincing rain and appropriate recorded music. Mr. Clarke provided some brilliant scenery, though personally I thought it wasn't as inspiring as some of his earlier settings. I send my congratulations to Mr. Jewell and the stage crew for all their hard work. I also offer my congratulations to Miss Snow, Mrs. Preston and Miss Moan for their hard work with costumes, hairstyles and make-up respectively.

And last but by no means least congratulations to Mr. Adams, a real master at his craft and a perfectionist. So much so that I've always wondered why he has not written a play of his own for the school. He must have worked hard to achieve the high standard of "Pygmalion" and he shared the results with us all.

V. Fiedorowicz, LVI



Music Notes

This year there have been two school concerts: the Annual Concert was held as usual in April and another, jointly 'promoted' with the staff play, was held in July under the title of 'Summer Entertainment'. Reports of both these will be found below.

Also in April a small group from the orchestra took part in a performance of Britten's Psalm 150: this was part of the Ealing Junior Schools Music Festival and was conducted by Mr. Bohman, the Music Advisor. The ensemble achieved a high standard within a short time and they are to be congratulated on coping with this and our own concert in one week.

Youth and Music has been well supported this year and there have been many visits to operas and concerts in town. The only disappointing aspect of this is that many of the visits comprise just one or two people: I would like to see a larger group going to a concert and discussing it together. Youth and Music, however, provide a wide variety to cater for different tastes.

There have been two organised visits – in the autumn to a concert of Indian music at Ealing Town Hall, and in the spring to a performance of Stockhausen's 'Stimmung' at the Roundhouse. These were attended by sixth-formers doing music in General Studies and, by all accounts, the visits were very worth-while.

There were also two events in school by professional musicians from widely differing spheres. In December the Linden Singers gave an entertaining programme of music old and new: many people went to this expecting to be bored but soon found themselves 'hooked' by the singers' easy-going manner and superbly well-tuned performance. In February Rick Wakeman returned to his old school to talk to the sixth form about his career with the progressive group 'YES': this naturally drew a large audience who listened in respectful silence to his account of life in the world of 'gigs' and recordings and heard a track from one of his albums. Rick promised that next time he came to the school he would give a performance on his large collection of keyboard instruments.

This term Christopher Reid, William Lacey and Peter Hinton are leaving us. Chris has played the trombone for some years, specialising in jazz: he is a member of the National Youth Jazz Orchestra and is touring Germany and Poland with them this summer. Bill has for some time been the doyen of the school orchestra; reliable viola players are hard to come by and we shall surely miss him. He is going to the Royal Academy of Music. Peter contributed much to the life of the school by leading the very popular group 'Blind I'. We wish them all every success in their careers.

N.J.W.R.

The Annual Concert

The Annual Concert once again included a diversity of musical styles. At one end of the scale, the Lacey brothers gave a fine performance of Mozart's 'Kegelstatt' Trio, K. 498, with their teacher, Marjorie Dutton; while at the other, achieving distinction of a different kind, Vincent Fiedorowicz produced a group of electronic pieces, one by John Cage, the others by himself.

Another avant-garde item was performed by a nonspecialist group: some sixth-formers played Elis Pehkonen's 'Three Symphonies for Ten Players' which they had prepared in General Studies sessions.

The orchestra, which has many younger players in it now, played three movements from Peter Warlock's 'Capriol Suite', and the woodwind quartet, making their second appearance at a concert, played a new piece by Mark Lacey called 'Dreams Impossible?' and a light-hearted arrangement of the Gravy Waltz. 'BLIND I', the rock group comprising Peter Hinton, Stephen Mann and Peter Solinski, were undoubtedly the most popular group that evening: the applause for their numbers was loud and long – it was well-deserved for theirs was a slick performance both musically and visually.

Our most ambitious venture this year was a modern work by Gordon Crosse called 'THE DEMON OF ADACHIGAHA.RA'. The music for this was provided by the orchestra with a massed choir of the first and second years. But an integral part of the work was the mime performed by some of the first year, who brought the story to life admirably in a thrust-stage setting. The preparation of this work produced a number of headaches but in the end everybody's hard work paid off and the performance was a great success. Mixed-media works are notoriously difficult to coordinate, yet their effect when well done is most impressive. I am grateful to Miss Cracknell, who produced the mime, for her unflinching enthusiasm and patience throughout the term.

N.J.W.R.

Summer Entertainment (July 1973)

This event proved to be a landmark in school history, for it combined the outdoor "prom" concert (an idea introduced by Mr. Richardson in 1971) with the staff play.

The Concert contained many interesting items; after a performance of the Greensleeves Fantasia and a March from "The Wasps" by Vaughan Williams from a competent school orchestra, we were delighted by some old nostalgic numbers (including "Ain't Misbehavin'") played by Christopher Reid – trombone solo. Hermann Regner's "Klangspiele" was played with the correct amount of spirit by piano duet (Nigel Franklin and Madeline Barrance) and percussionists.

Joanna Champeney's recorder group, with Mr. Richardson accompanying and playing solos on spinet, blended



Blind I

*Steven Mann - Lead Guitar
Peter Solinski - Bass Guitar
Peter Hinton - Drums*

in perfectly with the atmosphere of the concert and where technical virtuosity was lacking, on their part, Mark Lacey's performance of the Milhaud "Duo Concertant" made up for it – a breathtaking performance! Before the ever-popular "Blind I" came on, the audience received a surprise in the form of Radio Music by John Cage (version for seven players and tape). The use of formal dress was refreshing, as was the romantic atmosphere they brought over.

"Blind I" needs little mention with such a large following as they have, though I must congratulate Stephen Mann for his technical brilliance as guitarist. His vocals were marvellously intoned also! After a "well-deserved" interval, the audience went into the hail to witness a one-act farce "Harlequinade" by Terence Rattigan, ably acted out by the staff. The idea of the play was original and particularly effective was the way in which the audience was brought into the action at the end of the play. Mr. Richardson as the ageing, eccentric Arthur Gosport brought over this difficult character admirably. Miss Kierney as Edna looked remarkable, in her blonde wig, her diction was crystal clear and her performance was enjoyed by all. Mr. Adams played the stage manager Jack, and the audience were probably relieved to see a presentation of a "normal" human being at last.

I was particularly impressed by the debut of Miss Cleary with a small but convincing part. Her comrade in-arms was well played by Miss Virgo. Miss West-wood was remarkable as Gosport's neurotic secretary and Miss Moan's accent was a delight. Mrs. Spikes's hairstyle was simple, but ridiculously funny, and Mrs. Preston as the nearly senile Dame Maude was brilliant (D. M. G. S. Dramatic Society addicts will remember also her past performances as old women). Her fainting fit was one of the highlights of the play. I enjoyed Miss Matts's melodramatic performance and her affections towards Mr. Adams proved an exhilarating experience for the younger members of the school.

Special mention must be made of Mark Lacey, who, after playing in the concert, took two parts in the play. Miss Aldridge looked typically like a Midlands woman and spoke with a convincing accent, and Mr. Williams and Mr. Squirell had refreshing debuts. Guest appearances were made by laboratory assistants Messrs. Cerman and Chagger.

The stage crew, as usual, were very professional in their work with special congratulations going to Kevin Kelly. Miss Snow was an excellent producer as always, and she brought off this play with great success.

All in all, the evening was far from dull – and surely there was something for everybody in the varied fare of items. Thanks go to all those who helped to organise the entertainment.

Vincent Fiedorowicz, Lower 6

Stage Crew

Stage Manager: Kevin Kelly
Assistant Stage Manager: Peter Richardson
Lighting: Edward Fulton
Assistants: David Moore, John Steward
Stage Assistants: Stefan Banasiewicz, Michael Byrne, Paul Forde, Bruce Green, Gary Judge

Bernard Shaw's 'Pygmalion' was chosen for this year's school play. A lot of work was necessary on the stage for this production. The stage crew had to rely on speed and accuracy in order to cope with the numerous rapid scene changes.

A novelty in this play was the announcing of the various props by an actor. After the announcement the article would be carried onto the stage and placed in its correct position by a member of the crew. This entailed much practice as a group of the stage crew was required in each wing. A lot of work was done beforehand and, as usual, the dress rehearsals were disastrous but on the nights everything went smoothly. The lighting crew had a hectic job coping with all the scene changes but they managed to pull through.

After this production many changes took place within the crew. New stage and assistant stage managers were appointed to replace David Thurston and John Hurst, who left because of their forthcoming 'A' levels. Lower down the scale a large influx of second formers lowered the average age considerably. The next production, Terence Rattigan's farce 'Harlequinade' is taking place later this month (July) and, with luck, this too will pass smoothly.

Kevin Kelly, 5B

'As You Like It'

('A' level English group outing Friday 16th February.) The 'A' level English group traversed London in eager spirits and finally arrived, beer-money and tickets, in hand, at the Tower Theatre, Islington. A glance around the quite small theatre revealed that, predictably, the audience consisted of 'A' level English students and accompanying staff. A few outsiders (natives of Islington and drama enthusiasts) were noted, but these were in the minority.

The play began in quite a serious vein. Rosalind and Celia, central figures in the play, were portrayed effectively, although Celia had a peculiar affliction which drove her to leap about the stage in girlish raptures every now and again.

At about this point, we became aware that the producer had an anything-but-secret liking for a particular piece of music – it was faithfully repeated at every scene change and whenever else the chance arose. Although we laughed at this, one of the highlights of the play (to the cast's discomfort) occurred in scene three. Adam, an old and feeble man, dedicated to Orlando, the hero, on parting with his life-savings of "fifty crowns", pulled open the leather pouch a little hastily and showered the not unamused Orlando and the stage with pebbles – this was hardly convincing!

Another "shortcoming" was that when a scene occurred in the castle instead of the forest of Arden, a short, thin curtain was pulled over one end of the wood, while the cast struggled to convince us and themselves, that the other end was a figment of our collective imagination.

It was because of, rather than in spite of this, that we thoroughly enjoyed the evening – a certain joint of meat was almost blue and looked highly dangerous, the scenery shook at the determinedly cheery singing of "Under the green wood tree...", "Blow, blow thou winter wind... - etc, and some hilarity resulted from the discovery by some Lower Sixth, that a proportion of fellow theatre-goers in the front stalls were apparently playing chess.

The acting was excellent the "Quip Modest and Reply Churlish" of Touchstone delighted us, as did Silvius cries of "Phebe, Phebe!" and his facial expressions of true desperation. These two characters were particularly well-played and indeed the whole cast deserved credit for what was, I think, for all of us, a very entertaining evening.

Ruth Atkins, L6 (1)

The Junior History Club

This year has been very successful for the History Club. A large membership has made it possible to arrange various trips to places of historical interest.

Earlier in the year we visited Osterley House. We were conducted on a tour of the house by two guides, who told us a great deal about the history and the structure of the building.

On 17th April a visit was arranged to Greenwich Palace. We toured the Cutty Sark, and spent most of the afternoon in the Maritime Museum, ending the day with a boat trip along the Thames.

A third visit was made this year. This time we visited the R. A. F. Museum in Hendon. As it is such a large museum there was plenty to see. The day was only marred by a heavy storm which sent everybody home soaked to the skin.

We have also had several discussions, covering subjects such as castles and ships.

A competition was held in which pictures of famous historical characters were on show for identification. The eventual winner was Christopher Newman, 3C. The competition appears to have been a great success.

We hope that next year will be as enjoyable as this, and the membership will increase still further.

G. Church, 3C

Youth and Music

This year I attended several Youth and Music concerts. One was a performance of 'Sleeping Beauty' by the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden. Their 470th performance was spoilt by the absence of Jennifer Penny who was to have taken the leading role. The dancers did not seem in the least worried and danced superbly. Although I had a limited view of the stage the music came over well and I thoroughly enjoyed it. The sets changed several times to fit the scenes and the dancers changed their costumes so often that we must have seen every colour of the rainbow. The finale was a blaze of gold and white.

The second concert I went to was Paul Tortelier conducting the Northern Sinfonia. Two pieces by Grieg, the Holberg Suite for strings, op. 40, and Two Elegiac Melodies, were very enjoyable. These, with Ibert's Flute Concerto, compiled a very entertaining first half. But in my opinion the Queen Elizabeth Hall seemed too resonant for them. The Northern Sinfonia, although small in number, play well and make a good sound: it is a pity we do not hear them more often in London. The second half was rather an anti-climax at first; I did not enjoy Tortelier's Trio for Two Cellos and Oboe in the least, so I cannot really judge it on merit. It might be that I do not like cello music. Tchaikovsky's 'Pezzo Capriccioso' for cello and orchestra did not entertain the audience much who had practically fallen asleep during Tortelier's piece. Tchaikovsky's Variations on a Rococo Theme for cello and orchestra certainly woke them up; it was an exception to my dislike of cello music. It was so fantastic the audience wanted to hear it again – and they did; the orchestra played the whole piece again. I have never heard an orchestra applauded for so long (with the exception of Drayton Manor orchestra).

On June 27th I went to the Royal Academy. During their Summer Exhibition on a few evenings Promenade Concerts have been held; the pictures were very interesting and the music seemed to bring some of them to life, which made the evening much more enjoyable. The Philomusica of London, conducted by David Littaur, played Mozart's 2nd. Symphony and Flute Concerto, K. 313, Bach's 2nd. Brandenburg Concerto and Haydn's Military Symphony.

David Bilson, 3C

Boulogne Trips 1973

Inspired by the success of the second year day-trip to Boulogne in July 1972, several similar ventures were arranged this year. Groups of fifth, fourth, and second year pupils, all accompanied by members of staff and sixth-formers, made the perilous Channel crossing in the Easter and Summer terms. All trips were highly successful and were enjoyed by pupils and staff alike. I hope they will become an annual tradition at Drayton Manor.

J.A.

Second Year Trip

The Drayton Manor entourage duly assembled at Victoria to catch the 8.45 boat train. After an uneventful ride to Folkestone, we boarded the "Sealink" cross-channel ferry "Vega". The crossing was smooth and we docked in Boulogne two hours later.

After the preliminary checks and warnings we (and a few hundred others) began our four hour assault on Boulogne. Most of our party spent their day heaving themselves up and down the hills that the town was built upon and going into cafés, the local Supermarket, and dozens of poky little souvenir and curio shops. Two scholarly pupils made their way to the inevitable local museum, and the even more thrilling town castle

However, at the end of the day we were all agreed that the trip had been a great success. I am sure that all the Second Form would like to thank Mr. Adams and Miss Kierney for arranging the outing.

Eugene O'Connell, 2C

Fourth Year Trip

Wednesday the 11th July saw the epic journey of 30 members of the Fourth Form to Boulogne.

The party started along the main street, then quickly dispersed, filling the whole of Boulogne with Drayton Manorites. Soon, some fell victim to French friendly gestures. The sandwiches appeared, and small groups of English pupils were scattered all around Boulogne on small benches or walls, as the parks were conspicuous by their absence.

After four hours wandering around, visiting shops, churches, and cafés, and speaking just enough French essential to get us around, we returned to the meeting place to show gifts of perfume and magazines. After losing a few of the party, we eventually reached the boat, and set off for the White Cliffs of Folkestone. The harbour was calm and serene as a millpond, BUT, suddenly we hit the sea proper and lurched up and down slowly towards England.

At Folkestone a party of white-and-green faced students walked through customs, during which our senior member was stopped for checking. From there, we boarded the train for a hilarious journey back to Victoria. Finally we reached Ealing, and our families, who had thought we might somehow have been stranded in France.

We are all very grateful to Miss Aldridge for arranging this marvellous trip, full of experiences, and to Mr. Adams, who with Miss Aldridge, accompanied us and we hope they enjoyed it! Many thanks to them both.

Madeline Barrance, 4C

Junior Speech Competition

The final of the Speech Competition was held on July 9th 1973. Miss Cracknell took the Chair, and Mr. M. Bell, one of the Governors, joined Mr. Johnson and Miss Snow to act as an adjudicator.

The standard of the speeches was high, and I should like to congratulate all those who participated. Prizes of book tokens were awarded to the following:

First Year	Second Year	Third Year
1st J. Mabbs	D. Boyle	G. Reading
2nd J. Carter	E. O'Connell	S. Fowler
3rd R. Carr	E. McNicol	C. Watson

Our thanks to the Phoenicians for contributing towards the prizes.

Graham Reading was awarded the Junior Speech Competition Trophy for the best speech of the day.

J.W.

Geology Day Field Course 1973

On Sunday, April 8th, Miss Moan headed a party of eight Lower Sixth Formers on a one-day trip to North Kent.

After meeting at Victoria Station we travelled to Snodland near Rochester in the Medway Valley. Here we visited the Holborough cement works which uses chalk from its local quarry. We visited this quarry next, and spent about half an hour searching for fossils in the Cretaceous strata.

In the early afternoon we arrived at Herne Bay, we walked from there along the coastline in an easterly direction to Bishopstone Glen. As we walked along, we studied coastal features.

At Bishopstone Glen, there is a gap in the coastline where all the beds laid down in the Eocene period can be observed. Bishopstone Glen is the classic example for the Eocene beds in this country. We searched in vain for shark teeth in a black pebble bed. Obviously these had been removed by previous school geology enthusiasts. We also observed a ridge formed by long-shore drift which cut off the entrance to the gap.

Although we were very tired at the end of the day, and arrived back at the wrong station, two hours late, we all enjoyed ourselves very much, and would like to thank Miss Moan for making the trip possible.

R. Simpson, M. Williams, Lower VI

Geography Field Course April 1973

On a wet and windy Monday afternoon six members of the Upper Sixth, accompanied by Mrs. Preston, left Drayton Manor for Swanage on the Dorset coast. After an uneventful journey we arrived at the Glen Roy guest-house, where we were joined by Mr. Squirrell.

A visitor on the first night proved to be a teacher from another field course who wanted to take over our transport. However, Mrs. Preston and Mr. Squirrell "explained" to him that he could not have the bus and we did not see him again! As it turned out the bus was invaluable for relieving tired feet at the end of the daily excursions.

During these excursions we studied several villages and thus learned a great deal about settlement in the Swanage area. We also visited a disused quarry which contained some interesting rock samples some of which Mrs. Preston acquired for her rockery!

Another successful outing was the one to Corfe Castle. We were all in agreement about the beauty of the view from the castle but could not decide how the gaps on either side had been formed. The following day a walk from Lulworth Cove to Durdle Door suddenly turned into a race across the sea shore as we realised that the sea was liable, at any moment, to cut off our exit! No visit to this area would have been complete without an excursion to the famous Chesil Beach. Not content with this some of us summoned up the energy to climb hundreds of stone steps in order to see a lighthouse.

We completed our successful field course with a tour of a local farm which provided us with valuable information about the land use and farming methods of the area.

We should all like to thank Mr. Squirrell for accompanying us on this trip and especially Mrs. Preston who arranged everything and made it a success. We benefited from the experience and her garden benefited from some "borrowed" cuttings.

Owen McManus, Upper Sixth

Football

THE 1ST XI FOOTBALL TEAM

The season began in September when all the players likely to be involved in the team met for training at the school field. It was readily agreed that the season held great promise for us but no one dared think that we might end up enjoying such success as we ultimately did. We began slowly and soon found that the hard pitches were not to our liking. Thus it was that we were eliminated from the Middlesex Cup before we had really worked up any rhythm. Similarly we made an early exit from the national competition, although in our favour it was only 2-1 and against the reigning champions at that. So by late November we were placed low in the League and had only the London Trophy to play for.

But then, before we quite knew what had struck us, we embarked on our epic run of 21 consecutive wins and our whole attitude changed. We began our assault on the London Trophy with an edgy 2-1 victory over Walworth – highlighted by goal-line saves and two goals

from O'Neill. After gaining a decisive win over South-fields we were drawn against Battersea, already recognised as one of the stronger sides in the competition, but we raised our game and won convincingly 3-0 with goals from Shapley and Kiely (2). At this juncture it is fitting to add that out of our total of 102 goals Shapley, Kiely and Cohn Smith scored 63.

Meanwhile we had moved into fourth place in the Middlesex League and we were making up ground which we had lost earlier in the season. Perhaps one of our better performances being our 5-0 trouncing of Preston Manor, eventual league champions.

After defeating Syon 3-0 with goals from O'Neill, Shapley and Evzona we moved into the quarter finals of the London Trophy which was sponsored by the Evening Standard. Here, however, we came up against the undisputed favourites, Long Dean of Hemel Hempstead.

After taking a 2 goal lead through, as usual, Shapley and Kiely, we were pulled back to 2-1 by half-time but unfortunately by full-time it was 2-2. However, thanks to a fine goal from Kiely, we went through to the semifinals, but not without incident. It was claimed that we had infringed some long lost regulation and in the resulting enquiry Kiely, top scorer, was suspended. However with great spirit we set off for Clapton Stadium with a coachload of supporters for our semifinal against St. Bonaventures. Trailing 1-0 with nine minutes left we came through winning 3-1 after extra time.

We now had reached our peak and things began to go wrong – a 2-0 defeat by John Lyon combined with a 2-2 draw with Walpole lost us the League title and we were left with our London Schools under 19 Cup Final. Sadly we lost. Perhaps the occasion and the size of the stadium overawed us but also our average age was only just 16. On a pitch the size of Selhurst Park size and strength count for a lot and in this respect we were sadly lacking, but we gave a creditable performance and showed that we will, no doubt, be a threat next year.

So the season ended on a relatively low note but all in all it was a good season and one which will not be forgotten in a long while.

All the members of the team owe a great deal to Messrs. Gaskell, Squirrell and Williams whose enthusiasm, patience and general "know-how" were indispensable throughout the season and, of course, our thanks go out to everyone who came to watch, and hopefully next season we shall win something as a reward for everyone concerned – players, masters and spectators.

- Re-awards: P. Jones, M. O'Neill
- Full colours: C. Jones, P. Whitthorn, K. Francis
- Half colours: M. Shapley, C. Smith, M. Lacey, M. Moore,
M. Kiely, A. Wingrove, M. Elster, C. Pettifer, J. King, D. Ingle.

M. Elster, 5B



Martin Frost

THE UNDER SIXTEEN FOOTBALL TEAM

The Under Sixteen Football Team had a very successful season and had the best record of all the school teams. They played eleven games, won eight and drew one.

Perhaps the best achievement of the season was reaching the semi-final of the London Schools' Cup. After winning the first round match after a replay, we reached the quarter finals quite easily, but here we were up against Cumberland Grammar which had a very high reputation. However we played what was probably our best game of the season and surprised everyone, including ourselves, by winning 6-0.

Our chances appeared to be better in the semi-final against Holland Park and, being 2-1 up at half time seemed a good reason for believing we would reach the final, but a poor second half display saw us go down 3-2.

The other two competitions in which we were entered were the Middlesex and Ealing Cups. Just as we had produced our best display against Cumberland we promptly produced our worst against Bishop Stopford and we lost.

Thus we were left with only the Ealing Cup to play for. We reached the final, scoring 20 goals while conceding only four. Against Featherstone in this final it seemed that at last we would win something and our hopes were intensified when we took a 2-0 lead. Once again, however, we lost concentration and were soon losing 3-2 only to equalise in the eighth minute of injury time. After extra time, the match still drawn, we embarked upon penalties and, somewhat nervously, we got home 5 penalties to 4.

Our season was undoubtedly one of "up and down" form, and this could, no doubt, be attributed to our lack of concentration and, to a certain extent, a degree of over confidence". But it must also be added that at least half a dozen of the side played almost 100 games each, and perhaps the lack of concentration can be put down to mental fatigue.

It would be unfair to pick out individuals, but it would be true to say that on our day we each played exceptionally well, a point indicated by the fact that ten players played in the first eleven, eight of them regularly.

Finally all the players would very much like to thank Messrs. Williams, Gaskell and Squirrell, whose help and encouragement made an arduous season both successful and enjoyable.

Under sixteen squad:- Bungay, Moore, Elster, Lacey, Pettifer, Whitthorn (captain), King, Jones C., Shapley, Wingrove, Kiely, Baveystock, Ingle, Teji, Weeks.

M. C. Elster, SB

U15 FOOTBALL TEAM

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals	
				For	Against
23	7	2	14	64	67

The U15 team rarely fielded a full strength side partly because of injuries and partly because of 2nd XI and U16 claims on their players. Although the U15's were not consistent in friendlies and unfortunately had a quick exit from the Middlesex and Blaxland cups, they showed their strength by reaching the Ealing Schools' Cup Final and beating Wal,ford, last years holders, 1-0. Among other convincing wins were their victories against Walpole and Dormers Wells, 11-1 and 6-1 respectively.

The attack usually consisted of K. Cook, P. Dowdeswell, R. Long and R. O'Mahoney, with J. King, D. Ingle and D. Lim in the midfield. M. Kepa, S. Percival, D. Penfold, L. Hopkins and G. Baveystock played in the defence and K. Taylor was the goal-keeper.

Goals

K. Cook 30: P. Dowdeswell 7: R. Long 6: J. King 4: D. Ingle, G. Baveystock, R. O'Mahoney, I. Stewart 3: M. Kepa 2: G. Sherwood, D. Lim 1:

D. Ingle, 4C

THIRD YEAR FOOTBALL

Played 21 Won 2 Lost 19

Our season began dismally with four successive defeats. Our next match against Sunbury was our first victory in three years of School football. We started our cup run against Ealing Mead, but they proved too strong for us and we were defeated. Then came a succession of 12 defeats, but most of the later matches proved closer and we lost by the odd goal. Then to our surprise we won against a strong Ealing team which had defeated us in the first year 10-1.

The following two matches we lost, only to prove that our team lacks skill and good players. We hope for a better season next year.

We would like to thank Mr. Williams for arranging the games and also those who refereed.

W. Peden

FIRST YEAR FOOTBALL

Played	Won	Lost	Drew
29	2	25	2

Regular appearances:- T. Potter (Captain), M. Burns (goal-keeper), J. Heffernan, S. Allen, M. Dickinson, C. Grant, K. Warner, M. Lane, R. Matuzinski, D. Barrance, C. Groves, J. Tate, R. Werneck, B. Callaghan.

This was not a very successful year for the team, who repeatedly played against sides with physically stronger boys. With our small intake the side lacked strength, but many players showed promising ability and they never gave up, even after suffering some heavy defeats.

I hope that next year, when they have all found a few inches and pounds, their results will improve.

The main goal scorers were Callaghan, Groves, Tate, Allen and M. Lane, who sadly missed much of the season through illness.

J. Heffernan, A. S.

Phoenicians' Football Club

Phoenicians' F. C. enjoyed their most successful season ever this year. The 1st XI consolidated their position in Division Senior 11 and the 2nd, 3rd and 4th XI's all gained promotion to higher Divisions in the Old Boys' League.

Much of this success must be attributed to present members of the school who displayed their talents for various teams. Their support enabled us to field four strong teams every week. Next year we hope that even more pupils will like to play Saturday afternoons and participate in the various social functions connected with the club.

The club would like to express special thanks to Messrs Moore and Elster (5th Year) who played regularly and also to Francis, Shapley, Jones, Kelly and Cranfield (L6) who played occasionally.

The successful school 1st XI played a strong Phoenician eleven in a fast exciting game. The school played admirably in the 1st half and deserved to be more than level at 2-2. However, Phoenicians' greater physical strength told in the second half and they eventually ran away easy winners by 7-2.

I'm sure the boys are longing for a chance to revenge this defeat and it is hoped that two fixtures can be arranged for the coming season.

A.S.

Girls' Hockey

Thanks to an enthusiastic third and fourth year, and despite a noticeable lack of senior players, we managed to have a fairly good season.

Our goal average shows, that although we have built up a good forward line, our back line has steadily deteriorated.

The U15 XI showed great skill and determination in the Junior Rally at Bishopshalt. Despite the fact that they only had ten players, they managed to secure second place with 7 points.

However the seniors were not as successful in their rally, and were placed 5th on goal average with 4 points.

Goals

Results: Played Won Lost Drew For Against
 17 4 9 4 21 49

Captain, U15 XI Frances O'Loughlin

Girls' Netball

This year we have only played netball matches in the first, second and third years, while the seniors concentrated on hockey. The best results were obtained by the first year who worked very hard throughout the season with everyone playing regularly at both practices and matches.

Results

	Played	Won	Lost	Drew
3rd Years	13	3	10	0
2nd Years	12	4	6	2
1st Years	12	10	2	0

Girls' Summer Games

This was a very short summer season and tennis and rounders matches were only played on Saturday mornings. Results were quite good with the 3rd Year tennis team and 1st Year rounders team unbeaten – at least at the time of going to press.

Results

	Tennis			Rounders				
	Played	Won	Lost	Played	Won	Lost	Drew	
1st	4	2	2	2ndYears	4	2	2	0
3rdYearVI	2	2	0	1stYears	5	4	0	1

S.C.

Cricket

THIRD YEAR CRICKET

The 3rd year team had more games than in previous years and so there was a chance to experiment. A good side was fielded towards the end of the season, but inconsistent batting throughout the term meant that there were not as many victories as might have been achieved. Despite this, two emphatic victories against Heston, one against Walpole fourth years and a narrow one against Greenford were possible.

The Greenford match provided a good game with an exciting finish to end the "inter-school" season. We were narrowly defeated by Ealing, Eliots Green, twice, but were out-classed by Isleworth and lost by 50 runs. Twyford was a game which was lost on the last ball of the match, although we should have won with ease, but our batting let us down. The team included a few 2nd years, but they did not let the side down, and they turned in some good performances.

Played 9 Won 4 Lost 5

FOURTH YEAR CRICKET

The 4th year, however, only had two games which they won without too much difficulty. They defeated Walpol by nine wickets with a team which included three third years. Stanhope were beaten by 31 runs after being 40 for no wicket to 60 all out.

All the boys who played for both these sides wish to thank most sincerely the way in which Mr. Williams coached, umpired, and arranged the fixtures. I would like to congratulate all the players who turned up and showed great keenness.

Peter Brandreth, 3A

FIRST YEAR CRICKET

1st year record: Played 9 won 7 lost 2

Regular appearances

D. Barrance (Captain), T. Potter (wicketkeeper), M. Burns, M. Cooper, B. Callaghan, J. Heffernan, R. Rohrbach, P. Gomez, P. Godfrey, B. King, S. Hyde, M. Dickinson, C. Groves.

Our cricket season started somewhat better than our football did, with a win against Isleworth, away from home. Although we only managed to win by one run, it gave a boost to our morale.

This must have given us a lot of encouragement because we had a run of four games without defeat. Our flourish of wins was brought to an end by Eliots Green, who defeated us by seven wickets.

We thought that our winning streak was over, but the very next match against Walpole we convincingly won by nine wickets. They lasted the full 20 overs of pounding from our bowlers, but at the end they were 29 for 8.

Alter another win, we felt as if we were back on top, but again we suffered defeat, this time by Twyford who beat us by 8 wickets. However, the next match against Stanhope we won by 19 runs. We batted first and made 77 for 5 after 25 overs (Barrance 24, Cooper 18). Stanhope were dismissed for 58.

Our final game made a nice end to a successful season. It was a win against Greenford, away from home.

Congratulations to Potter, who played consistently well behind the stumps in all our matches. Our greatest thanks go to Mr. Williams and Mr. Squirrell, who arranged our matches, gave us practice, and everything else which helped us throughout the season. So as we end our first successful season of cricket at Drayton Manor, all I can say is that I hope we do just as well next year.

D. Barrance

An excellent performance! The boys tried very hard to improve their cricket, and should do very well next year.

A.S.

SCHOOL VERSUS STAFF CRICKET MATCH

20 over match

Staff 90 for 5 wickets

Mr. Gaskell 48 R. Long 2-30

Mr. Barker 25

Mr. Everest 7

School 71 for 4 wickets

Rajaratnam 28 Not out Mr. Squirrell 3-27 H. Joshi 13 Not out

The Staff won by 19 runs.

This was the first match of its kind for many seasons. I hope it will become an annual event, with the School First XI.

A.S.

Basketball

Playing records

	Played	Won	Lost
1st Team	6	3	3
U.16 Team	6	3	3
U.14 Team	7	2	5
U. 13 Team	16	13	3

All four teams were entered in the Ealing Schools Leagues and undoubtedly the highlights of the season were the performances of the U. 13 (2nd yr) team. They convincingly won their league section (6 wins in 6 games) and in their ensuing semi-final play off, beat Faraday 18-13 but in the final they lost 19-16 to Eliots Green. As runners up, they entered the County Competition and were beaten by a skilful Orange Hill squad.

S. Banasiewicz was chosen to represent the Ealing Schools District U. 13 squad. The other squads, although not as successful, acquitted themselves admirably by finishing in reasonable positions in their respective leagues.

M. Moore and C. Jones (5th yr) were awarded half colours.

STAFF V SCHOOL BASKETBALL MATCH

Played at the latter part of the Autumn Term, the Staff (with the aid of one pupil), although trailing for most of the match, eventually ran out convincing winners 36-26. Experience and overall fitness must have been the telling factors of the day! I

Staff: Messrs. Gaskell, Squirrell, Richardson, Williams.

School: Gorman, Solinski A., Shutie W., Cowgill, Batten, Francis.

With continued hard work by all four squads we look forward to a little more success next season.

E.G.W.

The Season's Athletics

This year was the first time we had entered any inter-school athletics. The season was dominated by our participation in the Ealing Schools' League in four meetings. At the end of the season our position stood like this out of 14 schools:

1st years	7th	
2nd years	5th	
3rd years	3rd	Overall: 8th
4/5th years	10th	

During the league games the Ealing Championships were held where 12 boys were selected from our school to represent Ealing Schools at the Middlesex County Championships at Hendon.

Those placed were:

Senior 100m. P. Jones (4th)
 Inter High Jump A. Wingrove (6th)
 Junior Javelin R. Templer (5th)
 Junior Long Jump S. Banasiewicz (9th)

The season was rounded off just a few weeks ago by the Grammar Schools' meeting at Spikes Bridge. Here the 3rd Year beat Watford and Gre enford, who had been first and second in the league, to win their group. Athletes who were first and second at Southall went on to the county finals at Cophall Stadium, Hendon, where the following people were placed:

P. Jones County (U. 19) 100m. Champion (11. 7 secs.)
 R. Templer County (U. 15) Javelin Champion (42. 88 metres)
 C. Christodoulou (U. 15) Triple Jump (11.32 metres)
 P. Jones Third (U. 19) Long Jump (6. 20 metres)

As was to be expected, many previous records were broken and so to end our first season of Athletics, a look at the broken records seems a very good way to end a very good season.

Senior	Long and triple jump	P. Jones
Inter	400 m.	K. Taylor
	800 and 1500 m.	Cranfield
	High and triple jump	Wingrove
	Javelin	Percival
Junior	Triple jump	Christodoulou
	Javelin	Templer
	800m.	Templer and Gopinathan
	1500m.	Peden
	Pole vault	Gopinathan
Minor	400m. and triple jump	Tate
2nd years	Banasiewicz (long jump and 400 m.) Powell (1500m. and 800m.)	

E. G.W.

Cross Country

SCHOOL

These events were held towards the end of the Christmas term with the following results.

1st year	2nd year
1st equal C. Grant	1st S. Banasiewicz
A. Outten	2nd J. Powell
3rd M. Burns	3rd P. Collins
3rd year	4th year
1st R. Mime	1st J. King
2nd S. O'Reilly	2nd G. Rajaratnam
3rd R. Jubb	3rd K. Taylor

Senior 1st A. Evzona 2nd R. Cranfield 3rd P. Whitthorn

DISTRICT

The Senior team finished 2nd to Greenford with our runners placed 4th A. Evzona. 7th P. Jones. 14th M. O'Neill. 15th P. Martin. 16th K. Francis.
 The Intermediate team finished 9th to Walford with our scores being 17th R. Cranfield. 39th K. Kelly. 40th T. Teji. 41st J. King
 The Junior team finished 9th with our runners in the following positions 11th S. Banasiewicz. 24th P. Collins. 46th S. O'Reilly. 64th C. Raven.
 The Minor team finished 9th with our runners 20th C. Grant. 38th A. Potter. 49th B. Callaghan. 50th K. Warner.

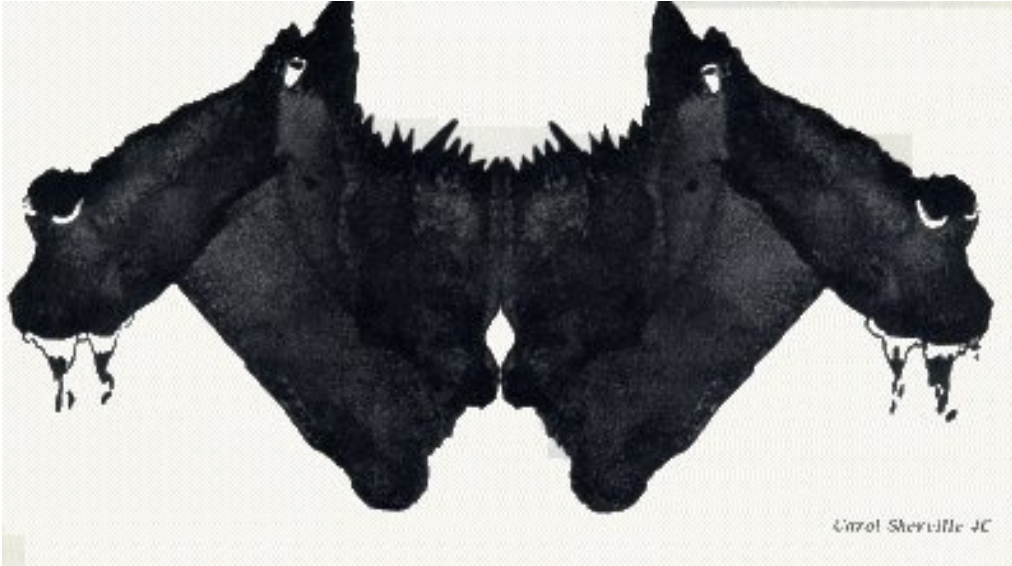
COUNTY

Three boys represented the Ealing Schools at the County Championships. In the Junior event Banasiewicz was placed 62nd and in the Senior A. Evzona 55th and P. Jones 56th.

1913 Grammar Schools Association (Junior)

The school was placed a creditable 12th out of 26 teams. Placings:- 50th S. Banasiewicz. 52nd J. Powell. 89th M. Gopinathan. 123rd P. Collins. 140th S. O'Reilly. 160th C. Raven.

A. Evzona was awarded hall-colours.



Carol Sherville 4C

Heat

It lies in the lungs it sticks in the throat. The heat, the heat, that horrible heat.
Wished for a drink, but none was there. Asked for some more but none was left and the heat, the heat, that horrible heat... was still there.
But what is this I feel in my face, this cooling breeze? It's the wind, the glorious wind that will disperse the heat, the heat, that horrible HEAT!

Eugene O'Connell, 2C

The Dragon

One night when I was in my bed,
I thought I saw a dragon's head,
It stared at me with fiery eyes,
And looked like a bunch of dad's old ties.

As next morning it was very weak,
It stayed with us its strength to seek,
And when it left it said good-bye,
And up it jumped into the sky.

Lynne Stanton, IB

Orange Death

It starts with a spark
It grows until it is licking the nearby trees
The trees blaze up.
Men sweat under the intense heat
And then the air grows humid.
Cool clear rain belches from the clouds
The rain keeps coming
The fire begins to lose
It retreats
Then it dies slowly, leaving just the charred earth.

Christopher May, IB

The Witches' Sabbath

All is quiet, All is still,
The night is waiting for that thrill,
When all the graves, their dead reveal,
To dance, and eat, and drink their fill.
The witches' day draws to its dawn,
And the long since dead are again reborn.
The tomb stones clatter to the ground,
And the yard is filled with many a sound.
Cries of anguish fill the air,
And ghostly eyes to the full moon stare.
Decaying limbs are surged with life,
The demons rise to do their strife.
Evil spirits clamber high,
Vampires, Banshees fill the sky.
Apparitions great and small,
Spectres, were-wolves, devils all
Meet this eve to do their worst,
With innocent blood to quench their thirst.
As with their evil eyes they sight
The morning sun devour the night,
They clamber back into their graves.
Once more they've served as Satan's slaves.

Graham Church, 3C

The Cave

When they carried me into the cave I was dead. Yet soon after when I left I was alive. I was aware of voices in the distance.

"If he was the Son of God why didn't he come down from the cross?" said one young woman's voice, sounding puzzled.

"I'll tell you why," said a gruff, harsh man's voice, "because he was a pseud! false! easy as that, and what's more, if you don't stop looking so woeful, and go home and cook my dinner, you'll be getting a taste of my belt."

"But I loved him," she replied simply.

"Loved him, you know nothing of love, woman, and think yourself lucky you didn't get a belting for running off last night. Don't think I didn't watch you being 'handled' by that Jesus Christ. Stinking bloody hippy!" he yelled and spat. "Don't mention his name again, do you hear, he's dead, dead, just like any other human being. Now go home and get me something to eat. Crucifixions give me an appetite!"

There was the sound of sobbing from the girl, followed by switches as a leather belt slashed deep cuts into human flesh. The girl's cries grew fainter and fainter. I was barely conscious now. Glancing around I saw the glistening lime water trickling down the walls of the cave in which I had to wait.

It was an evil place, dark and stale smelling. The smell of the dead and death himself reeked out from in between every stone. I sat up gradually. The crown of thorns from my head was gone, leaving the thorns' cruel impression on my forehead. By now I was immune to pain. My back was a mass of dried blood, bruises and cuts. Through each of my hands and feet was a dark red hole where a nail once held me to a flimsy cross. Of course I could have come down, but I did not; instead I bore torture and misery, and what for? To save sadistic brutes like that girl's husband.

I lay back stiffly to wait with only the silence to keep me company inside the cave. My prison. I wait for my Father to release me, to heal all my physical wounds and mental anguish. And so Friday evening and night passed into Saturday morning.

I must have awoken just before dawn, as the birds were tuning up. The cave was still as dark by day as it was by night; not a crack of daylight showed through.

I felt very weak. My body ached from its previous abuse and my wounds were sore. I looked around the cave, and explored it to its fullest extent, which was not much. At the back of the cave was a pool of water; it tasted quite clean and fresh. As I gazed at my reflection I saw a young man of thirty-two, staring back. His soft brown eyes were kind and sorrowful; his hair was long and dark – way past his shoulders and matted and tangled with sweat and blood, like his beard and moustache. The once virgin pure white cloth was hanging loosely draped, torn, rent and filthy around a lean and tall physique of a man who saved the world, and who was now awaiting his reward patiently in some forgotten little cave which was still living in the time of ages past with the dead it housed.

It must have been eleven o'clock that night when at last I knew my waiting was over. Two angels came and healed my wounds and cured my mind. Gently they bore me up into another dimension, to see my Father.

I saw once again the girl being beaten cruelly by her husband. Bravely she tried not to show her pain, by offering up a silent prayer of help. I watched the woman for many years, with her suffering; I watched many others in different countries. The rich, the poor, the sad, the lonely, the unloved, the abused, the sick, the injured and all the others who were waiting for the day I would come again. Just as I had waited for nearly three days. So they would wait for nearly three billion years.

The earth became more and more scarred by new threats, pollution, starvation, over-population, war –all on a formidable scale which had never been known before. It got to the stage when even babies learned how to fight, steal and kill almost as soon as they left their mothers' wombs. And above all this rose the biggest threat of all – the Anti-Christ. The person who was anti-matter, the opposite of me, and who had shared my thoughts and ponderings in the same cave, only there was a difference. His joy was my sorrow and vice versa. Right now, it was the former that we shared.

There will come a day when all will change, when again people will come looking for a Saviour, only this time, they will not see him with arms and legs outstretched, and head bowed; a laughing-stock of all those who see him. They will see both sides of me at

once, to confuse their simple brains – me the kind and gentle, tolerant and loving – and me the ruthless and righteous, determined and just.

And when everyone has been justly judged, I will once again open the cave. The cave which leads to Hell and Hades, and then I will take fire and water and destroy the wretched little cave, which once was my prison, and reduce it to a mound of crumbling rocks and stones with which I shall kill the Anti-Christ, and bathe my wounds with his blood. One day I will triumph – and set free the dead.

Barbara Aberdein, 4B

Morning

When I awoke
It was night,
The morning had gone
And it
Had left
A hole.

Brett Ewins, L6(i)

The Year of Nothing

Nothing in the fields
Nothing on the trees,
Nothing in our stomachs
Nothing from the bees.

Nothing for the cats,
Nothing for my brother,
Nothing for the rats,
Nothing for my mother.

Martin Hancock, 1B

Life

The river tumbles
The insect mumbles

The corn is swaying
The hens are laying

The ducks are on the pond
Then nature waves her wand
and the magic disappears.

Now it's only flats
with deadly poison and rats
chased by stray cats.

The marshes are stagnant
and pollution is rampant
And disease sweeps over the earth.

Jane Peters, 1B

The Day of the Mushroom Cloud

She tried to remember where her Mummy had been,
The cat fell to pieces, of that she was sure,
Her Daddy caught fire when he opened the door.
Her brother had grasped her before that big bang,
They'd tried to get help, but the 'phone wouldn't ring.
Aunt Annie was coming to see poor old Gran,
When she last saw Gran she had lost her left hand.
The sky was quite bright for that time of night.
When she first saw the Mushroom she'd had quite a fright.

It had all been so hectic, so terribly fast.
The garden was bigger, almost quite vast.
Now she saw all the soldiers in silvery suits,
With protective helmets, all down the street,
Shooting the injured, and burning the dead.
Somebody touched her red swollen arm,
And the soldier assured her he meant her no harm.
He asked her her name, but she didn't remember,
She knew she'd been born some time in September.
He asked her why she'd been crying and where she'd come from,
He asked if she was scared because of the bomb.
She just asked for her Mummy, and he sighed with remorse.

As he drew from his pocket a pistol without choice,
He apologised strongly, but it had to be done,
He put his finger to the trigger of the gun.
The bang echoed loudly as she slumped on the floor,
And the soldier went on to relieve a few more.

Graham Church, 3C

Just Rain

rain in this city
makes me self-pitying.
the trees crash, lash,
why can I do nothing?
harsh, biting
the natural fighting
against bush and bad weather.
a country-comfortable storm.
smell of leather
and wet field...
but
schooled, caught, fraught in the city...
nothing should be this grey and hopeless
this unpretty.

Ruth Atkins, L6(i)



Jane Clegg

Jane Clegg

The Three Rivers

The three rivers:
One shows the way to drowning
One shows the way to drowning
One shows the way to drowning
I cannot swim.

Brett Ewins, L6(i)

Dreary Night

She watched T.V.
Like you and me,
Until the time
Was half past nine
when.
Tired eyes blinked
She had a drink,
And went to bed
That sleepy head
then...,
She fell asleep,
Counting sheep,
Until she woke
Unprovoked
and...,
Met the morn,
A day had dawned
She turned on the light,
And forgot the dreary night.

Janet Hollis, 3B

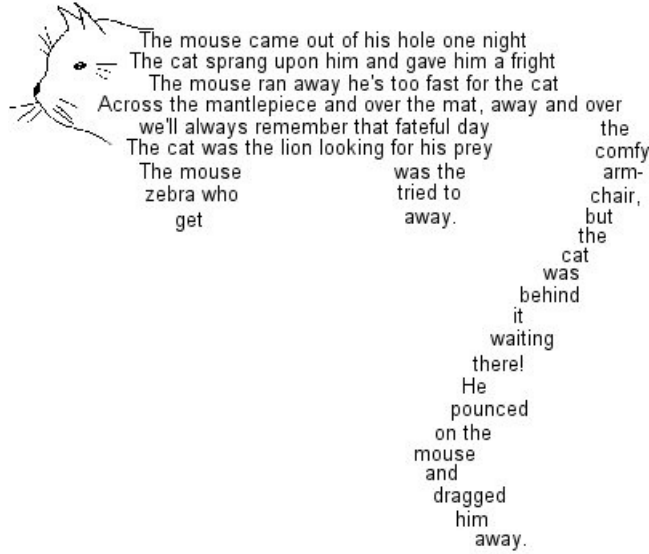
Before Dawn

As I woke up
I looked out
At the world
Which seemed
Lonely, desolate and somehow
Strange
No people walked
The silence seemed to be keeping them
Away,
From me

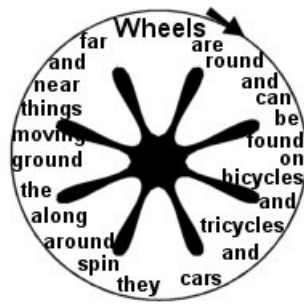
From you
Or from themselves
From the danger
They represent
As I thought
My thoughts to myself
The silence was broken
By planes, cars
Hustle
Bustle
The silence had ended
The day had begun.

Carol Watson, 3B

Ze Cat and Ze Mouse



Ze Carole Town and Ze Ruth Burgess, 1A



Christine Wickham, Louisa Shutie, Janis Quinn 1B

The Island of Cats

There is an island that I know far across the seas,
 Where orange cats with lemon eyes sit among the trees.

The cats all wash at half past three beneath the yellow sun,
 And by the time the stars come out,
 They are sleeping every one.

And every cat has ginger stripes,
 And long white whiskers too,
 And when you call them every night
 They run along to you.

They ramble round and round your feet,
 And jump into your arms,
 And sigh and purr and gaze at you
 And fill you with their charms.

Louisa Shutie, 1B

Old Grandpa

Looking — eating —
Head bent to the ground.
Then, his ears pricked up
And, without a warning,
Whoosh! he's off!
Jumping over the trough,
Scaring old Grandpa
Who, startled, broke into a shaky canter —
Round the field once and twice
Memories sweep by in a flash of green.
Then, suddenly, his gallant heart wavers,
He collapses — his life's journey over.

Amanda Keating, 1B

The Stallions

It was a bleak, grey, misty October morning, as the great black stallion stood on the downs. He was slightly apart from the rest of the herd, alone as usual. He stood on higher ground, above where they grazed, ever watchful, listening, smelling, sensing any possible danger to his herd, for he was their leader.

He had led the herd now for many years, often he had led it from danger; he was a good leader. He held his sleek, black head high; he was a proud horse too. His shining coat glistened in the morning dew, he quickly shook his well-built body, it was a cold crisp morning.

As the morning drew on he continued his lonely vigil, now and then dropping his head to eat some grass, but he was still alert, watching, listening. Suddenly his ears pricked up. He stood absolutely still, as if carved out of stone, straining all his senses, all of them directed towards the sound. He heard it again, very faintly, the light tread of a horse's hooves. Slowly, out of the thinning mist came a white stallion.

It was a beautiful young stallion. His coat was cleaner than a fresh fall of snow, whiter than the old stallion's was black. He came proudly on. Slowly, gracefully he strolled on towards the herd, towards the leader. He knew what it was. It was a challenge to his authority, a challenge to his leadership of the herd. It had happened before, and, if he survived, it would happen again. A young stallion wanted to take over, to overthrow him.

Slowly the two great beasts came closer together. As the white horse neared him, the old stallion began to close in on him. Suddenly the young stallion charged. The black darted to the side and reared up on its hind legs, battering down on the young stallion's back with vicious hooves.

The white spun round and they locked themselves together, pushing, kicking, biting. Each was trying to push the other off the ledge of high ground and down to certain death. Each was trying to kick the other till he had no more strength to resist. Each was trying to tear enough muscle to make enough blood pour out of the other so that he died. Each was trying to kill! The deadly combat raged on, each horse gave and took a wicked beating. After a while the older horse slowly began to push the younger, less experienced horse towards the edge. Gradually, inch by inch, the two horses edged towards the fatal drop. The old stallion had him, the white stallion did not realise what was happening.

Two yards, one yard, slowly the gap separating them from the edge narrowed, two feet, one foot. Suddenly, the young stallion moved to the right, down the slope. The old stallion fell and tottered on the edge trying frantically to regain his balance. He let out a piercing, heart-breaking scream and toppled over the edge. Slowly he turned over in the air, looked up and saw the young white stallion looking down on him as he plunged on and on. There was a dull thud and a sickening crack of breaking bones as he hit the ground. Slowly he tried to get up, once, twice he moved, then slumped down, and moved no more.

The new leader had been chosen nature's way, but how long would it be till he too would lie broken, in a pool of blood, with a proud young stallion looking down on him?

Brian Morris, 4A

School Poems

there is a STRANGE
humour in the sound of the
fire alarm, but i don't laugh.
A brick falls
crashing into cascades of red dust
The school is burning...

thank heaven
for room changes.
chips for lunch
and all's well.

It is monday morning
a green smell
stalks the battlefield corridor
i have knocked myself out
on a fire-extinguisher.

Ruth Atkins and Vincent Fiedorowicz, L6(i)

Haircut

Instead of just thinning out,
Short back and sides
Is what the barber thinks about.
His scissors sing in glee.
The m el e becomes a rout
So what took months to make
Has disappeared in the barber's wake!

Richard Templer, 3B



Gangster Ross Boxshall 3B

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Gangster: Ross Boxshall 3B

Prison

Prison – Images.
Four bars, a wall,
Not any wall,
A hostile, cold, drab wall.

Prison – Images.
A cell, a bed,
Not any bed,
But an uncomfortable prison bed.

Prison – Images.
Food; bread and water,
Not any bread and water,
But stale bread and polluted water.

Prison – The real thing.
The bars are not ordinary bars.
They are the bars which stop my freedom,
The bars which keep me in the building,
So that I may be reformed.

Prison – The real thing.
The bed is not any ordinary bed.
It is the bed that makes me sleep,
Sleep and be content with my conditions,
The conditions of a rat.

Prison – The real thing.
The food is not any ordinary food,
It is the food that makes me live,
Live in the prison,
It is the food which makes me sick of life.

What life?

Ian Kempson, 4C

The Failure

The trees began to sag,
The boy packed his bag,
He was leaving home for good,
As far away as he could.
His life just seemed to fail,
Like a fish in a dry pail.

“I’ll run away and hide,”
He very often cried,
The temptation was there,
But he hadn’t the heart to dare.
He was a failure in his life,
Just like a blunt knife.

Philip Saunders IB

Life

Like dry sand
Held in a groping hand
It slips through and
Falls to earth
Leaving a dune of memories.

Richard Timpler, 3B

The Criminal

As I sit alone
In a box
Or a grave
I think of the time I can never save.
Have they the right to judge me
For what they neglect or are too blind to see?
But my life is dead,
They killed it for me.
My morals are dying with my will to be free.
They can’t see behind
They won’t look in front
They just sit and judge with a complacent grunt.
As near as my heart
But as far as the stars
Is it me or themselves
They’ve put behind bars?

David Morris, 4C

A Victim

Another alley
Another gang
Another figure
On the police files
Another victim
Another wallet
Another name
On the critical list
Another death
Another coffin
Another body
In the Earth

Philip Gates, 3B

Thoughts

Steve Kershaw was a tough young lad. He had grown up on the rough side of town. When he was small he would play war, but now it was for real. He had joined the army when he was nineteen. That’s when the war started. One night while Steve was sitting in his barracks, he heard the battle blazing away outside and he thought. He thought about the war and why he was fighting. He could not find the answer. After half an hour he had forgotten all about it for he was out in the trenches. Suddenly, from out of the blue, an enemy attack advanced. In no less than a few seconds they had wounded Steve’s best friend who cried to him, “Shoot him. Steve, shoot him. “But Steve had just remembered what he had been thinking. With another terrific burst of gunfire Steve was dead. At his funeral I thought about his thoughts. If only someone else could have thoughts like those. And live to tell them!

Philip Saunders, IB

Today

When I read the morning news
I search to find what I would choose
To help me start my day aright,
With something cheerful – something bright.

But what I seek is hard to find
There's so much of the otherkind:
Tragedy, sex, violence, strife
Seem to make up modern life.

The tragedy of the Lofthouse mine,
The men for whom their lovers pine;
The rescue efforts all in vain.
The story of heartache, toil and pain.

The "Tango" film is all the rage
Dominating many a page.
Surely too much emphasis
Is placed on such a film as this.

"Mugging" is the newest word,
And all too commonly is heard:
It's there in every publication
But does it shock this sleepy nation?

Industrially we're in a tangle –
Employers and unions all-a-wrangle
The breakdown of a nation's law
And worst of all the curse of war.

Still I wrestle with my task,
Some light relief is all I ask –
A happy story – just a quip:
Thank goodness for the comic strip!

Janet Simpson, 4A

If there is one thing I can't tolerate, it's intolerance

From a letter to: "Any Answers". (BBC)

Dear Sir,

If there is one thing I cannot tolerate, it is intolerance. The teenagers of today will refuse, again and again, to tolerate their experienced elders.

How can we communicate with them? Their minds wander away from important national news, to popular music, clothes and other such things that people of our age never had as we battled our way to victory against the Germans.

Those days have long passed, but not too long I hope, to be forgotten. I remember the patches that I wore over my torn clothes; the few ounces of butter per week; the bitterness, the sorrow, the distress and the sadness.

I cannot tolerate this permissive society, that disrupts our country and slowly drains its greatness, leaving the once great empire, to waste and void.

I can quote from the Bible, Tennyson, Shakespeare; what can the youth of today quote, except for vulgar, disgusting verses, where every sentence contains no fewer than six words that were not heard of in my day? This country is slowly falling from the high standard of my day, to the low, degrading standard that we now know.

This country needs a stiff hand, an outstretched arm. Bring back the Cat and corporal punishment. Destroy the mentally sick who commit these crimes, and do not say it is because of their background. Why should we tolerate people who cannot tolerate others?

Should we lower ourselves to other countries' low standards? Should we accept primitive Asians in our country? No, we must fight to keep us a clean country. No blacks, no Asians, no Jews. Just plain British people. These foreigners, who breed like rabbits; their disgusting primitive methods of survival must be destroyed.

However, never let it be said that I am a fascist. Some of my best friends are Jews. I am always prepared to let others worship, or believe in what they like. Is it unreasonable to ask them to go to their own land to do so? Do I go to Africa and start preaching Christianity?

Could anyone call me intolerant just because I cannot tolerate people infesting our clean, British country? Our country must somehow talk to the left-wing youth, and inform them of their mistakes, and teach them not to be intolerant. Our country could be greater, if only the youth would turn over a new leaf, and tolerate their elders.

Headline History

NIXON CUTS BACK ON SACRED COWS
BELFAST HAS ANOTHER QUIET DAY
GUERRILLA WARFARE IN VIETNAM
VANDALS WRECKED WINDOW DISPLAY.

WE CAN'T AFFORD A THIRD AIRPORT
FIGHTING GOES ON IN LAOS
NAVY ARE WATCHING RUSSIAN SUB
WHILE PUPIL TAPES CLASSROOM CHAOS.

CLAIRVOYANT MAURICE WOODRUFF DIES
LARGE CONTAINER BLOCKS SMALL ROAD
JUDGES SEE THE WARHOL FILM
WHILE LARGER LORRIES ARE CHECKED FOR LOAD.

Louise Follett, 3B

My children were not problem children at this age. They were good children, always studying and listening to good music. They were by no means extremely well-behaved, but they were one better than the other people of their age.

So when I heard your programme last week, discuss the issue of intolerant youngsters, I felt I had to write

For if there is one thing I can't tolerate, it's intolerance.

Yours sincerely,

Corporal Smith, O. B. E.

David Michaels, 3A

A Tree

As tall as a house,
As green as grass,
As slender as a reed,
As strong as an ox,
As pretty as a picture,
As sheltering as a roof.

Elaine Nuttall, Jackie Hiemer, Clare Pidduck, 1A

A Cautionary Tale to tell the Horrors of Platforms

When buying shoes take care to note,
This tale of platforms on a boat,
One day a little while ago,
An accident befell Miss Snow,
Into the water she was sent,
While boating on the River Brent,
The cause of this you'll want to know;
Her five-inch platforms made her go,
A gallant fisherman dived in,
And with his net he drew her in,
With gasping breath she shouted out,
"These platforms made me fall about,
Henceforth I shan't be wearing these",
With that she threw them in the trees.

Judy Lockie, 1A

Laughing

She sits there for a while,
Then she begins with a smile,
Then with a grin
She widens the dimple in her chin.
A tear runs down from her eyes,
And a wrinkled hand begins to rise,
She wipes away the tear,
And all you can hear –
A soft chuckle which turns into a roar

Till a few more
Tears begin to drop.
She begins to mop
Her face and as another begins to drop
She forces herself to stop.

Debra Browne, 2C



Charlie Chaplin Kevin Browne 3B

Charlie Chaplin Kevin Browne 3B

An American Tourist

He was like so many others I saw that day. His clothes were typically American, loud check trousers, a red cotton shirt, sandals and a pair of gold-rimmed sunglasses that balanced precariously on the end of his nose. One could see that he was a victim of the dreaded "middle-age spread". With a wide grin upon his countenance he manipulated a lever on his expensive Japanese camera, and Nelson's Column was frozen for ever in a small celluloid picture. His voice seemed to be one of a Texan, and it was that drawl that made me notice him as he trundled into the Tower of London like the millions before him and the billions who are to follow.

Eugene O'Connell, 2C

Icelandic Happening

I live on an island off Iceland. Several weeks ago, a volcano behind my house started erupting. Well, it all started *off* when I was cleaning the car. I thought I saw the lamp posts begin to shake. I thought it was my imagination, but rushed through to the back of the house to see if anyone else had seen anything unusual. To my surprise, the volcano had erupted. I was amazed because it had not done so for thousands of years. Anyway, I went to the front of the house, where I met my neighbour mowing his lawn.

“Hello,” I said.

“Hello, -he replied, “Nice day. You know the volcano, well it erupted last night. A woman in Reykjavik Street thought a house was on fire and called the fire brigade. They didn’t realise it was a volcano until they got up there.”

“Did anyone get hurt?” I asked.

“No, but an inquisitive horse fell into the lava because it flowed through its field.”

“Must finish cleaning the car,” I said.

“When I got back to the car, much to my annoyance I found it was covered with a thin layer of black dust. So I drove it into the garage and cleaned it there. My wife walked in.

“Honestly,” she said in disgust, “I try my best to keep this house tidy and all you do is leave the back door open so all the dust from that silly volcano comes in.

“Sorry, I forgot.”

“When you’ve got a volcano at the top of your garden you don’t forget.”

“We’ll have to keep the doors and windows shut. What’s for lunch?”

“Bacon and eggs.”

That afternoon, the house reeked of bacon – it was horrid. Some days later people began to get a little worried. The lava flow had changed direction and some houses were demolished. Many decided to move their belongings onto the mainland. Before I went, I brushed some of the black dust off the roof because it was now quite thick.

As the helicopter flew over the island, I looked at the volcano, its black dust covering the town, and I watched the lava flow into the harbour, leaving a trail of destruction.

Dylan Snashall, 3A

The Visitor

Diana Pogmore switched off her radio. She got up from her velvet armchair, crossed the room and took a book down from the shelf. Reading was one of her more pleasant pastimes, and she did so enjoy a good detective story.

Upstairs she could hear her husband banging with a hammer. He had been making something for the past few days, but whenever she had tried to persuade her husband to tell her what he was making, he had said that it was a secret, and just like a good, loving little wife she had respected his privacy.

Diana Pogmore was an elderly executive at the LowerBingly Town Hall. She had many friends there, and her favourite was a young man named Roger HollingsworthSmyth-Jones. He often visited her, and she had been accused of having an affair with him. Of course it was true.

The door bell rang. She hurried up the passage and opened the door. Roger stood in the doorway, and then came in and closed the door behind him.

Upstairs, Mr. Pogmore had finished connecting the gas pipe to the bedroom. Once his wife was locked in the room he would flood it with gas, and it would all be over. After all he could not have his wife having an affair. When her lover came, she always pretended that it was a business call, but he knew differently. Mr. Pogmore called him ‘The Visitor’; this deception avoided an argument.

Roger had the gun with him. When he and Diana had shot her husband, they could be married.

Mr. Pogmore called Diana and ‘The Visitor’ upstairs. After all why not kill two birds with one stone?

Diana and Roger climbed the stairs and entered the bedroom.

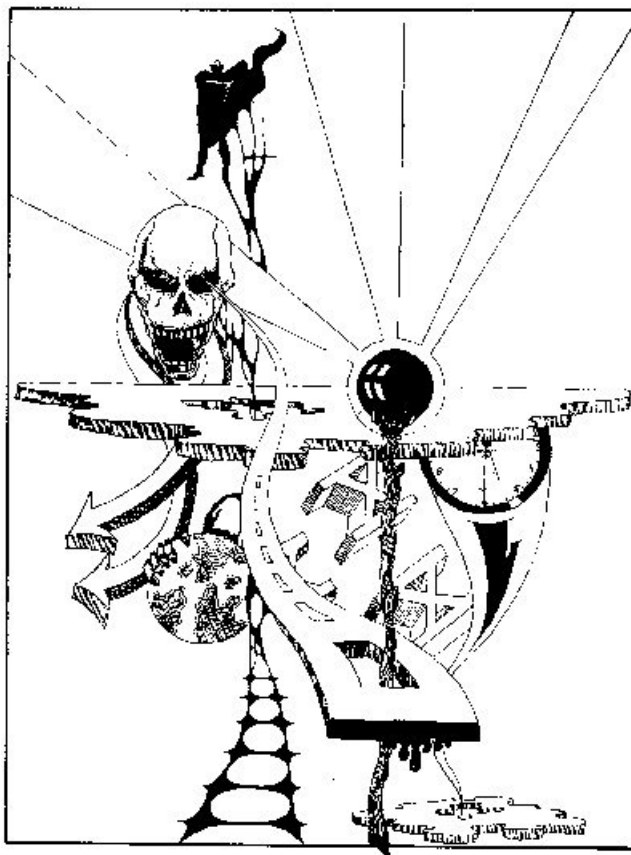
Mr. Pogmore had turned on the gas and was about to run from the bedroom, leaving the other two to die, when Roger produced the gun and a bullet struck him in the head. He fell to the floor, quite dead. Roger and Diana were so happy, and Roger kissed her to show it.

Diana stared at the body. It was all over, now they could be married with no obstacle in their way.

She took a cigarette from her dressing-table and picked up the heavy lighter. She smiled as she pressed the lighter, and a flame appeared.

The site of the house was bought for development; it had mysteriously blown up. It is thought that a broken gas pipe was the cause. Gas is so dangerous, especially when a naked flame is around.

Graham Church, 3C



Brett Ewins LVI

Entrances to Universities, Colleges of Education etc,

OCTOBER 1972

Barker S. Nottingham University (Psychology)
 Brennan M. Maria Grey College of Education
 (History)
 Davies L. Nottingham College of Education
 (Biology and Complimentary Science)
 Davies L. M. Gypsy Hill College of Education
 (English)
 Forsyth S. Manchester University (B. A. Hons.
 French)
 Gasser B. Sheffield University (B. A. Hons.
 English)
 Hayne P. Exeter University (B. Sc. Mathematics)
 Jeffreys P. Manchester University (B. Sc. Hons.
 Physics)
 Kwiatkowski A. Sheffield Polytechnic (HND Metallurgy)
 Lau V. Kingston Polytechnic (Sociology)

Millidge S. Newland Park College of Education
 Norman L. (B~Ed.GeOgraphy) of Education
 (History)
 O'Sullivan R. Wall Hall College of Education
 Poulter J. Exeter University (B. Sc. Physics)
 Rogers L. Manchester University (Economics)
 Secombe S. Lanchester Polytechnic (CNAAs.
 Economics)
 Sekhon S. Lanchester Polytechnic
 Underwood A. Borough Road College of Education
 (Music)
 Walters A. Culham College of Education (History)
 Wiffen R. Royal College of Music
 Wilmot J. Architectural Association (Exam. set
 by A.R.I.B.A.)

Admissions from earlier leavers

Eacott G. Birmingham University (Music)
 Howse P. Liverpool University (Geography)
 Jachnik A. Sussex University (Geography)
 Reading D. Birmingham University (Hons.
 Theology)

ADVANCED LEVEL RESULTS

January/June 1973

Badesha S.S.	Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics(O)
Bhasin Y.	Biology(O), Chemistry(O)
Brandreth R. P.	Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics(O)
Brien J.R.	Chemistry, Physics(O)
Brosnan M. F.	Geography(O)
Bruty A. L.	Economics, Geography
Campbell V.J.	British Constitution, Economics
Casey L.M.	English(O)
Christopher I.	Economics (0), Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics
Cowgill P.	Economics, German(O)
Davies J. P.	Chemistry, Pure & Applied Mathematics (0), Physics
Dobbins M.J.	Chemistry, Pure & Applied Mathematics
Dokic G.	British Constitution, History
Dunbar G.J.	Art, English
Evzona A.	French(O)
Fraser C.R.	Biology, Pure & Applied Mathematics, Physics
Fruzza R.M.	French(O), Italian
Hawtin P. G.	French(O), German(O), History
Hinton P.D.	English, German(O), History
Horsnell J.M.	English, Home Economics
Hurst J. B.	Biology, Chemistry(O)
Kepa R.M.	Biology(O), Physics
Lacey W. G.	British Constitution, French(O), Music
Lepper J. H.	Economics, English, History
McCraith M. F.	Art, British Constitution, English(O)

McManus O.L.	Art, Geography, Physics (0)
Mirza S.	Art
Morris R.	Geography, Physics(O)
Morris T.J.	British Constitution, Economics, History
Narayanswami S.	Biology(D), Chemistry
Nunn R.P.M.	History
O'Loughlin A.E.	French(O), German(O)
Peddle S.H.	British Constitution, English(0)
Pond A. C.	British Constitution, English, History
Ranger N.S.	Physics(0)
Reid C.	Economics, German, Pure Mathematics
Rundle C.H.	Biology(M), Chemistry, Pure Mathematics
Schwartz E.H.	British Constitution, English, History
Shutie W.M.	Chemistry(O), Physics(O)
Solinski A.W.	Physics(0)
Stone B. M.	Biology, Geography
Sugden T. C.	British Constitution, English, History
Teji D.	Biology, Chemistry(O), Physics(O)
Thurston D. E.	Biology, Chemistry, Physics
Ward H. F.	Geography, History
Watters K.	English
Witcher H.M.	Biology(O)
Wong V. T.	Pure Mathematics(O), Applied Mathematics
Woollcombe S. M.	French(M), German, Spanish
Wyatt P.	British Constitution, Economics, English

Notes: (D) – Distinction in Special Paper
 (M) – Merit in Special Paper
 (0) – Awarded Pass at Ordinary Level

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Nick Hughes - 26.



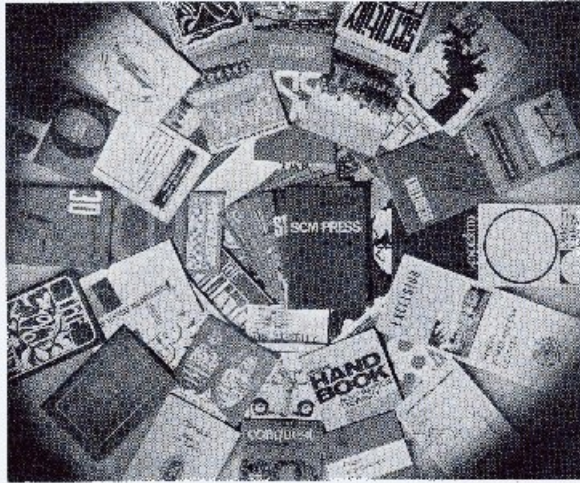
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Martina Sheil - 21.

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