

**PHOENIX REVIEW 76**



# Phoenix 1976

*The Magazine of Drayton Manor High School*



THE DRAYTON MANOR HIGH SCHOOL HANWELL

LONDON

## Phoenix 1976

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## School Notes, 1975-76

The year began with the opening of the new Arts/Crafts block, designed to provide sufficient workshops, Technical Drawing, Art, Home Economics and Needlework rooms for a school of eleven to twelve hundred pupils. Completed and handed over thirty-six hours before the term began, the building was in use from the start, although much remained to be done during the weeks that followed. Such a rapid opening was only made possible by an immense effort on the part of teachers, caretaking staff and pupils in moving furniture and equipment, much of it in a matter of hours.

In January work was begun on a second new building – a two-storey teaching block which is to be joined to the existing school at first floor level by the Music Room entrance. Scheduled for completion in the summer term of 1977, this will provide twelve new classrooms and additional study, resources and social areas, together with offices and stores. Thereafter it is hoped to build a second gymnasium and to develop a seventh properly equipped science laboratory by “converting” the old workshop area.

With the arrival of two hundred and seventy new pupils in September, the number on roll rose to eight hundred and seventy. In the Sixth Form Advanced Level work continued as usual and in the 3rd, 4th and 5th years, the setting arrangements introduced in 1974–5 were repeated. Pupils who entered the second year from twenty eight different Middle Schools were taught for much of each week in relatively small classes of twenty three or twenty four. French was taken in sets based on ability and previous experience in the Middle Schools, while, as part of the Mathematics programme, the new “SMILE” project proved both popular and successful. Latin was begun in the Spring Term as a voluntary extra subject by some of those who had made rapid progress with French. (A larger number will begin German in the third year as a second or, in some cases, as a third foreign language). In the Arts/Crafts block, 2nd year pupils followed introductory courses in six subjects (three in each half year) with both boys and girls tackling woodwork and metalwork, Home Economics and Needlework, as well as Art and Pottery. Work in the laboratories was based on the Scottish Integrated Science Syllabus as an introduction, for most pupils, to the study of the separate sciences – Physics, Chemistry and Biology – in the third year.

In September, Mrs. A. Hartley joined the staff as I-lead of Shaftesbury House, Mrs. O. Moore as head of Commerce and Miss E. Rae as Head of the Remedial Department. As in 1974 there was a substantial increase in the teaching strength, with the School welcoming Miss Slee and Mr. Lovett to the English Department; Mr. L. Sharma and Mr. S. Rahim to Mathematics; Mr. C. Essex and Mr. J. French to Physics with Mathematics; Mrs. I. de Sousa to Music; Mr. H. Singh to Religious Education; Mrs. M. Read to Chemistry; Mrs. J. Young to Home Economics and Miss L. Richards to the P.E. Department. Staff changes during the year were few; Mrs. K. Boyle left the English Department in October and Mrs. K. Spikes the Mathematics Department in April. In their places we welcomed Mrs. J. Taylor and Mrs. S. Dolan. Mrs. Young, Mr. Essex and Mr. Rahim left at the end of the summer term when Mr. R. Edgecliffe-Johnson retired after twenty-three years of notable service on the staff, eighteen of them as Head of the English Department. To those who left during or at the end of the year we offer our thanks for their work and our best wishes for the future.

Other features of 1975/6 were the School Play in December; Concerts at Christmas and in July; a Wye Valley ‘Adventure’ Week for the second year after examinations; a skiing holiday during the February Half-term; and an expanded programme of visits and visiting speakers. Perhaps the outstanding events of the year were the School’s first Musical – “Oliver!” produced and directed by Mr. D. Adams and Mr. S. Block, and the Mini-Bus project which, in four months, raised over £2,000, through sponsored activities and the “Bus” Fair! Open Day, towards the cost of a School Mini-Bus. With about £1,200 now needed, we hope that a substantial effort early in the Autumn Term will complete the project and enable us to buy the bus.

C. J. E.

## Philip Gates

It was with shock and intense regret that staff and pupils heard of the death of Philip Gates in a road accident in October 1975. Philip had entered the Lower Sixth in September after achieving a very high standard in the ‘O’ Level examinations. Although the printed word can mean little in the face of such a tragedy, I am sure the School will wish me to record our sadness and our deep sympathy with all his family.

C.J.E.

## Mr. R. Edgecliffe-Johnson

Mr. R. Edgecliffe-Johnson, the Head of the English Department, retired at the end of the Summer Term after twenty-three years' service at Drayton Manor.

When he came to our school in 1953 he was no stranger to Ealing, having taught at Ealing Grammar School immediately after his demobilisation from the Army. From Ealing Grammar he went to teach in Lincolnshire, where he stayed for some years before accepting an appointment at Drayton Manor.

One of his first tasks in his new post was to re-organize the Library where for the first time a scientific system of cataloguing was introduced.

In 1958 Miss M. Redman who, besides being Deputy Headmistress was also Head of English, retired and Mr. Johnson took over the department. His jovial character, his immense patience (and occasional impatience!), his lucidity of explanation even when presenting the poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins to the Sixth Form, earned him the respect of the many generations of boys and girls who passed through his hands and therefore passed their examinations. It is perhaps not widely known that, of all the major subjects, English has had over a long period the best record of examination successes.

It is not only his pupils but we, his staff-room colleagues, who will be the poorer by his retirement. We shall miss his wit and wisdom, the cheerful bonhomie which enlivened so many a Monday morning.

Sadly, Mr. Johnson has not enjoyed the best of health during the last few years but we hope that the removal of stress and strain will restore him to complete fitness again. I am sure that everyone will join me in wishing him and his wife, Vida, a long, happy and peaceful retirement:

“And I have asked to be Where no storms come, Where the green swell is in the havens dumb, And out of the swing of the sea.”

F. R. J. R.

## Mrs. Spikes

Mrs. Spikes joined the School full-time in 1971 and immediately we felt her great enthusiasm for the subject. Games and puzzles with some logical content began to appear and the Maths Club as most pupils know it gradually developed. In all her teaching she showed this love of the subject which was so infectious and it was apparent at every level. Most pupils appreciated her great patience and repeated attempts to find a way through their mental barriers.

The establishment of a real Mathematics Room was one of her ambitions (shared by others in the department) and the SMILE project was well suited to her ideas of teaching.

Her great interest in people made her a very sympathetic tutor and she was very naturally drawn into Task Force with all the extras that this involved. We were all sorry that she had to leave but glad that she and her husband were to have the child they so dearly wanted. As she has not moved to another post we still look on her as attached to the school, and always welcome.

At the time of printing we hear that Douglas Alexander Spikes has weighed in at 3.38 kg. Congratulations!

D.E.Jewell

## Parents Association

It's a wonderful feeling to be associated with such a good school, I, as chairman enjoy every moment of preparation and participating in so many of the social, educational, and entertaining occasions that take place at Drayton Manor High.

I know that in writing this I also express the feeling of our committee, the school staff both teaching and non teaching are a wonderful team, and give so much of their time in order to co-operate with the Parents Association and to help the pupils.

This article would not be complete if I did not mention the pupils themselves who work so hard with enthusiasm for projects undertaken by both the Parents Association and the school, perhaps I should mention but a few of these both fund raising, entertaining and educational.

The smile project – The new parents evenings – The school plays – Musicals – Concerts – Cheese and wine evenings Jumble sales – Spring Market – P.T. activities – and now the big effort by all concerned for the school bus project to which we shall devote the profits from the summer fair and exhibition.

During the year 1975–76 the Parents Association has, to name a few items contributed to:— School lockers – Basket ball equipment – Greenhouse blinds – purchases to help equip various forms with additional educational aids – assisted some pupils on journeys to France etc.

If I were to seek to thank and praise all those concerned by name the list would include almost everyone at Drayton Manor High School and many friends from outside.

To parents both new and others, I would ask them to please join the Parents Association, we want 100% support and strength. Those who wish to take an active part can be co-opted to the present committee or elected at the annual general meeting of this association in October of this year.

May I end by saying, thank you for making this a good year of office for myself both as chairman of the Parent Association and Parents Representative on the board of Governors.

I look forward to the continuation of my Association with Drayton Manor High School.

Monty Egart  
D.M.H.S.  
Parents Association  
July 76

## Brunel House

Housemaster:	Mr. D. H. Adams		
Tutors:	B1	Mrs. K. S. Spikes/Mrs. M. Read	
	B2	Mr. P. A. Lovett	
	B3	Mrs. I. De Sousa	
	B4	Mr. S. Rahim	
	B5	Mrs. V. Myers/Miss L. A. Richards	
	B6	Miss E. Kuchta	
	B7	Mrs. A. Wetherington	
Captains:	Sept—Mar	Janet Pring	April—July Sharon Fowler
	Sept—July	Chris Christodoulou	
Deputies:	Sept—July	Julie Stephens	Sept—Mar Stephen Percival
	April—July	Peter Cardew	
Games Captains:			
2nd year	Maxine Walcott, Martin Shapley		
3rd -	Penny Cardew, Brian Pring		
4th -	Brenda Smith, Julian Banasiewicz		
5th -	Kirste Glasson, Peter Cardew		
6th	Chris Christodoulou, Janet Pring		
Captains:			
<i>Swimming:</i>	Julie Stephens, Peter Cardew		
<i>Football:</i>	Chris Christodoulou, Brian Callaghan, Brian Pring, Martin Shapley		
<i>Hockey:</i>	Frances O'Loughlin		
<i>Net ball:</i>	Brenda Smith, Maxine Walcott		
<i>Basketball:</i>	Peter Cardew, Julian Banasiewicz		
<i>A thle tics:</i>	Chris Christodoulou, Janet Pring		
<i>Chess:</i>	Peter Coles, Brian Pring		
<i>Tennis:</i>	Peter Cardew, Frances O'Loughlin		
<i>Cricket:</i>	Peter Cardew, Michael Cooper, Martin Shapley		
<i>X-Country:</i>	Kevin Kelly		

Brunel has had a mixed year of success and failure in a variety of inter-House activities. The Junior girls have entered various competitions with great keenness although the House was placed third in Volleyball and last in Hockey and Netball (down but definitely not out!). Their contribution to the Cross Country helped the girls to win their competition with the boys placed second. Earlier, in September, the girls were third and the boys first in the Round-the-Houses Relay. However the Junior girls thoroughly trounced the opposition in the Badminton competition. The Seniors dominated the field in all their competitions: first in Hockey and Net-ball and second in Volleyball and Badminton. Well done, girls!

The boys had a very successful year. All our teams were placed first or second in the Five-a-Side Tournament in the Autumn Term although the championship was never decided. This has been the year in which our Football teams have really proved their mettle. At last we have won both the Junior and Intermediate Competitions and were placed second in the Senior Tournament.

Undoubtedly our greatest triumphs this year have been in the Swimming Gala and in Athletics. Despite the gloomy predictions of rival Houses, we not only won both contests for the second and third years running but also increased our lead to about 50 points in the Gala and to over 100 in Athletics.

Unfortunately the Basketball competition got 'lost' this year, depriving the House of certain victory once again, but we shall keep our fingers crossed for next year and, hopefully, we will acquit ourselves well in the Tennis and Cricket tournaments to be held before the end of term, thus rounding off a fine year of effort and achievement. Off the games field we have repeated our success in the Chess Tournament although we trailed home in third place in Bridge and in fourth place in Backgammon, but we are determined to improve our placings next year.

Looking back over the past year, I would like to thank our captains, past and present, for all their efforts, with a special mention to Janet Pring and Peter Cardew who are leaving us and who have contributed so much to the running and success of Brunel House. Finally I would like to express my thanks to my House Colleagues and on behalf of Brunel House to wish Mrs. Spikes, who left us at Easter, every happiness for the future.

D. H. A.

## Coleridge House

Head of House	Head of House		
1975/76:	Mr. Hides	1976/77:	Mr. Williams

Captains:			
1975/76:	Alison Moore	1976/77:	Maureen Jennings
	Raymond Long		Paul Lawrence
Deputies:			
1975/76:	Maureen Jennings	1976/77:	Denise Dyer
	David Moore		Ross Boxshall
Tutors:			
	C.1	Mr. Block	
	C.2	Mr. Read	
	C.3	Mr. Arm	
	C.4	Mrs. Carter	
	C.5	Mr. French	
	C.6	Mrs. Bristow	
	C.7	Mrs. Ballanger Tutor Group	
Representatives:	<i>Boys</i>		
	C.1	R. Badowski	C.3 P. Taylor
	C.2	G. West	C.4 J. Tate

C.5 G. Shepherdly  
C.6 M. Fleming  
C.7 P. Lawrence

*Girls*

C.1 J. Smith /R. Popper C.5 B. Badowska  
C.2 D.Perry C.6 D.Dyer  
C.3 C. Brashier C.7 J.Carter  
C.4 L. Lathwood

*Captains:*

*Football:* P. Dowdeswell (S) *Netball:* J. Carter (S) J. Smith (J)  
G. Shepherdly U) G. West (J) *Badminton:* L. Lathwood (S)  
*Hockey:* M. Lane (S) D. Perry (J)  
*Basketball:* M. Fleming (S)  
*Athletics:* *Tennis:*  
*Boys:* B. Pritchard (S) J. Tate (J) *Boys:* P. Lawrence (S) A. Carr (J)  
R. Badowski (K) *Girls:* M. Jennings (S)  
*Girls:* M. Lane (S) D. Dyer (K)  
J. Tobias U)  
*Volleyball:* M. Lane (S)

This year was one of the most successful in Coleridge's history, with some notable victories, fine performances and good overall results. The year started with a victory in the girls' Round the House Relay. It was pleasing to see the newer members of the House showing great enthusiasm and participating in most events. The girls of the 2nd year were the most successful, winning the hockey tournament and finishing runners-up in the netball. The senior members of the House also provided us with some fine victories in volleyball, girls' badminton and the sixth form five-a-side football. In the five-a-side football, the team finished second in the league and went on to beat a strong Shaftesbury side 1—0 in the final. The team was: H.Joshi, D. Lim, D. Penfold, R. Long and P. Dowdeswell. The girls' badminton team had a long and hard battle before winning. The team consisted of L. Lathwood, T. Waring, M.Jennings, J. McDonnell, J. Reed and A. Moore. In the two main sporting activities of the year, the Swimming Gala and Sports Day, we finished a disappointing third. I think special mention should go to R. Badowski (2nd), J. Tobias (2nd), B. Haynes (3rd), J. Tate (4th), G. Shepherdly (4th) and D. Dyer (4th) for their fine performances on Sports Day. In the Swimming, congratulations should go to those who gained personal victories and to the 3rd and 4th year boys' relay teams. On behalf of our House Master, Captains and Vice-Captains, I would like to thank everyone who took part in the year's events, and hope we can do even better next year. introduction of the House system. He has provided a great deal of help and support to the House and we would like to thank him for this. Mr. Hides is to be succeeded by Mr. Williams. We congratulate him on his appointment and wish him luck as the new Head of Coleridge.

Raymond Long

## Newton House

*Captains:* Madeline Barrance and David Morris  
*Vice-Captains:* Elizabeth McNicol and Christopher Garrett  
*Committee Members* N1 Paloma D'Costa and Doble N2 Karen Pawson and Dressel  
N3 Elizabeth McNicol N4 Patsy Cummings  
N5 Alison Tough and Pye N6 Wiggins  
N7 Gough

*Girls' Year Captains:*

Third Year Christine Adams  
Fourth Year Michelle McCorry  
Fifth Year Deborah Higgs

*Athletics Captains:*

*Girls:*

Second Year Ferne Leigertwood and Helen Pidduck  
Third Year Christine McDonald and Shambran Khashaba  
Fourth Year Janet Spiegall and Gillian Hart  
Fifth/Sixth Years Madeline Barrance and Deborah Higgs

*Boys:*

Second Year Odisho and Duggan  
Third Year Wiggins and Chenng  
Fourth Year Leigertwood and Barrance  
Fifth/Sixth Years Higgs and Garrett

*Tennis Captains:*

*Girls:*

Fourth/Fifth/ Sixth Years Madeline Barrance and Janet Spiegall  
Second/Third Years Sharon Breasley and Heather Greenhalgh

*Boys:*

Sixth Year Mungo and Stewart

*Hockey Captains:*

Fourth/Fifth/ Sixth Years Madeline Barrance  
Second/Third Years Sharon Dougherty

*Netball Captains:*

Fourth/Fifth/ Sixth Years Deborah Higgs  
Second/Third Years Grace Quansah

*Volleyball Captains:*

Fifth/Sixth Years Madeline Barrance  
Third/Fourth Years Suzanne Sweetnam

*5-a-side Soccer Captains:*

Fifth/Sixth Years Stewart and Higgs  
Fourth Year Dowd and Barrance  
Third Year Gough and Hunt

*11-a-side Soccer Captains:*

Third/Fourth Years Dowd and Barrance  
Second Year Kinch

*Cricket Captains:*

Fourth Year Barrance and Hyde  
Third Year Hunt and Gough  
Second Year Kinch and Williams

*11-a-side Cricket Captains:*

Fourth/Fifth/ Sixth Years Stewart and Collins  
Second/Third Years Hunt and Gough

*Basketball Captains:*

Fourth/Fifth/Sixth Years Collins and Stewart  
Second/Third Years Wiggins

*Badminton Captain:*

Fifth/Sixth Years Madeline Barrance

First, congratulations to Elizabeth McNicol and Julian Mungo on their election as girls' and boys' captains and to Deborah Higgs and David Bilson as vice-captains for the year 1976/7, and our thanks go to Madeline Barrance and David Morris for their work as last year's captains.

In athletics the boys' successes were chiefly in the track events. Wiggins in the Third Year came first in the 100m, 200m, 400m, and 1500m and Leigertwood in the Fourth Year came first in the 100m, 200m, and Grant was first in the 1500m. The boys' relay teams for the Third and Fourth Years also came first (Cheung, Halpin, Thompson, and Wiggins won the Third Year and Leigertwood, Barrance, Cullum, and Hyde for the Fourth Year). Our congratulations go also to Davidson for coming first in the Discus and Cheung first in the Discus and Shot. In the Cross Country Run the Third Year boys and the Second Year girls were first.

The girls' success on Sports Day was most outstanding in the Third Year with Christine Adams coming first in the 100m, Christine McDonald first in the 200m and high jump, Juliet Sell first in the 800m and the Relay team also coming first. In the Second Year Ferne Leigertwood came first in the long jump and second in the 100m and 200m.

Deborah Higgs deserves special mention for entering many events and winning the high jump in the Fifth Year. But despite the determined efforts of the few in the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Years, the results for the senior girls were disappointing. Halpin, Cheung, Ghandi and Pereira played in the Second, Third Year Chess team and, although they did not win, there is a prospect of their doing well in the future. An inter-house Backgammon competition was introduced this year and Newton won, thanks to the skill of Halpin. Also Mungo, Higgs, Brandreth and Garrett took part in a Bridge competition and gave a good account of themselves. The Second Year 5-a-side soccer team consisting of Sharp, Kinch, Render, Williams, Odisho and Thompson (reserve) did well to come second in the inter-house competition, and the Fifth/Sixth Year team led by Stewart came third.

There were some outstanding individual achievements in the Swimming Gala this year. Lynne O'Higgins came first in the Third Year's Butterfly and Breast-stroke finals. Jennifer Alexander won the Second Year's Freestyle final. The Fourth Year boys' relay team (Davidson, Leigertwood, Hyde and Grant) won the Medley Relay final.

Finally our thanks must go to Madeline Barrance and Elizabeth McNicol. These two girls have done an enormous amount to try and fire the House spirit. They have entered almost every competition and event and set a fine example to the rest of the House.

J.B. D.W.

## Shaftesbury House

Housemistress:	Mrs. A. H. Hartley
Tutors:	Miss E. Rae
	Mrs. S. Dare
	Miss J. Lawrence
	Mr. P. Hargrave
	Mr. T. Outen
	Mr. C. Essex
	Mrs. V. Baker
Captains:	Helen Carter Richard Templar
Deputies:	Janet Daley Julian Powell
Tutor Group	
Representatives:	S1 Gillian Dryden
	S2 Myra Brunswick
	S3 Janis Quinn
	David Judd
	S4 Andrew Outten
	Paul McRory
	S5 Jean Smith
	Lynne Stanton
	S6 David Jarvis
	S7 Caroline Cook
	Rebecca Oldershaw

Shaftesbury has had an interesting and challenging year in all Inter-House activities. It has had the honour of coming first in many events and hopes that in the areas in which it has not been so successful, brighter times are ahead. It has certainly improved its position from last year. The first sporting event of the Autumn Term was a "Round the Houses" relay race. In this the girls gained second place and the boys came last. This sad state of affairs on the boys' part was caused by lack of support and not inability to run, as they were later to prove in the Cross Country relay. This they won so decisively that, although the girls came second again, the all-over point count put Shaftesbury completely in the lead.

In the Five-a-side football competition, many enjoyable lunchtime games were played and although the finals had to be cancelled, our teams, both Junior and Senior, acquitted themselves very well. Victory was accomplished by the Senior boys in the Eleven-a-side football matches. This was no easy win, and our team is to be congratulated on its tenacity and endurance.

In Bridge we came second and in Chess and Swimming third. Unfortunately, in the areas of Badminton and Volleyball, we had to retire, utterly defeated and licking our wounds but, at the same time, resolving to return next year with renewed vigour and determination. Senior Hockey also proved not to be one of our strong points but the Junior team reached the finals, playing against Coleridge. Only after extra time had been allowed and still no decisive goal had been scored, was it decided to resolve the situation by using goal average, putting us in second place. This, too, was to be our destiny on Sports Day with Brunel beating us to the winning post.

Thanks are due to so many members of the House that to name them all would be impossible. However, there are a few of whom special mention must be made because of their loyalty and untiring efforts. On behalf of us all I should like to thank Sally Wheeler, Brian Outten, Michael Devine, Alex Hooper and Marcellus Whyte (251); Christine Kench, Carron Straker, Daniel Pierre and Eric Sutherland (252); Christina Pieri, Sally Miles, Sybil Ferguson and Carlton Gardner (S3); Suzanne Brixey, Vicki George, Stephen Jex, Janet Gordon, Lorraine West, Michael Arno and Sharon Dunbar (S4); Nigel Frost, Alan Kavanagh, Androulla Pieri, Anna Judzicki and Rebecca Titcombe (S5); Deepak Chaudhry, Kevin Foyle, Katie West, Michael Burns, Julie Harland, John Heffernan and Jackie Heiner (S6); Susan Jarvis, Jeremy Walters, Caroline Cook, Janet Daley, David Hester and Sandra MacDonald (S7); finally a very special thank you to Helen Carter, Richard Templar, Graham Reading, Stephen McGreal and Julian Powell for all the hard work and organisation they put into Shaftesbury House activities.

A. H.

## Hotel Paradiso

Last December Drayton Manor staged three performances of "Hotel Paradiso", the French farce by Fedeau and Desvallieres. David Adams, the producer, is to be congratulated on his achievement in this most difficult of genres. His team of young actors and actresses gave an almost flawless performance, displaying zest and verve but never letting farce degenerate into buffoonery. The acting was matched by skilful stage settings, particularly in Scene Two, when the illusion of a small hotel with its bedrooms and staircases was splendidly created. This was an extremely clever use of a comparatively small area.

Amid such a wealth of talent some players must be specially mentioned, notably Elizabeth McNicol for the precision of her portrayal of the character of Marcelle Cot, and for the clarity of her diction. Eugene O'Connell also deserved praise for his interpretation of the part of Martin, an old barrister. It is seldom youthful actors succeed in closing the generation gap so convincingly, and it was with the same conviction that David Bilson, as the hotel manager, was able, apparently, to add several stones to his midriff. David Morris, Jeanette McDowell, Graham Read, David Michaels, Alison Moore and Lee Hopkins, in roles nearer to their actual ages, gave polished performances. Among minor characters there were enchanting displays of giggling silliness by Sandra Grendon, Alison Sharp, Helen Goodman and Ann Jones.

It was the last performance by Mark Lacey, who has for so long, and with such distinction, trod the boards at Drayton Manor. He played the Duke looking for a room in which to spend a night with his beautiful "friend", Dawn Glasson. Paul Forde made his stage debut in a delightful cameo role as Tabu, the eccentric German professor, and other parts were played by Dermot Boyle, Kevin Walsh and Andrew Sharp. The attractive sets were designed by Mrs. Hetherington and graced by the elegant costumes of Miss Lawrence and her helpers. Mr. Jewell was in charge of lighting and staging, with the help of Mrs. Hartley who organised the properties.

F. R. J. R.

## THE STAGE CREW

*Stage Managers:* Kevin Kelly and Stefan Banasiewicz

*Lighting:* John Steward, John Heffernan, Gary Smith and Andrew Outten

*Assistants:* Philip Saunders, Tony Potter, Graham Davies, Tim Hughes-Jones,  
Per Kincaid.

As usual a school play was performed towards the end of the Autumn Term. The play chosen was a farce called 'Hotel Paradiso'.

For this two sets had to be erected, one was so complex and would have taken so long to change that it was built half behind the first set (a drawing room) and half on a movable rostra which were rolled on when the first set was removed. The second set was the hotel itself and consisted of three rooms and the landing, these having transparent walls so that the audience could see what was happening inside. The lighting was also complex as the lights in each of the rooms had to change as the actors moved in and out with their candles, but a control board at the back of the hall enabled the cues to be picked up accurately.

Kevin Kelly



At this point Kevin finally retired from the stage crew, having served in one capacity or another for seven years. He has walked inside a talking weighing machine ('Billy Liar'), inside a revolving bed ('A Flea in her Ear'), and helped in every production, being stage manager for the last three years.

For the musical production 'Oliver', Mr. French took charge of the crew. The set was a basic arch set with insets which were changed during blackouts to indicate the various locations. The Thieves' Kitchen with its huge fireplace and flickering light was especially effective, as was the final scene, London Bridge, with the foggy outlines of the buildings visible over the bridge parapet.

The speed of the changes required the crew to be supplemented by several of the Lower Sixth, who did a tremendous job at short notice.

D. E. Jewell

## “Oliver”

'To describe the production as purely professional would not be too high an accolade. The show was faultless'—Local Paper.

With only three months to learn, rehearse and stage Lionel Bart's musical production of "Oliver", I, amongst others, could not clearly foresee the tremendous success that was to be encountered in so short a time with such a large production team.

The control of 51 chorus members jostling for their allotted positions on a very cramped stage, the complex working out and the supporting of one of the major roles – namely Fagin – to be learnt and subsequently co-ordinated with the rest of the company, was a vast task, undertaken (not without headaches) by director and co-producer, Mr. D. Adams. Having just about recovered from the pressures of producing Feydeau's "Hotel Paradiso" in the December before, he plunged straight into giving up evenings, lunchtimes and much more for the production. Mr. S. Block, (Musical Director and Co-producer), responsible for drumming the varied music of the show into 51 chorus members and 28 principals (several of whom had not 'sung' before!) plus the conducting and co-ordination of orchestra (West London Sinfonia) and company, *and* co-production, also worked well beyond hours and must have had many a sleepless night. Mrs. I. de Sousa tirelessly accompanied on piano during rehearsals and performance.

Next on my list of praise (my only list but a very necessary one) come those pliable and co-operative chorus members and principals, and, having worked with them myself, I know this to be true. All endured many exhausting rehearsals and continuous repetitions of numbers, and yet faces remained smiling, vocal chords remained vibrating, and all remained rehearsing.

'As the familiar story unfolded each part was played to perfection, well sung and splendidly acted' – L.P.

Matthew Stones and Mark Howland shared the part of Oliver on alternate nights, both convincingly and winning sympathy from the audience. Sean Donaldson and David Ronder were the two rascally dodgers, Sean on Wednesday and Friday, David on Thursday and Saturday. Judith Moreland played a realistic Nancy, with Mr. P. Lovett (Sykes) as an admirably well-built villainous companion. A rather large Mr. Bumble (Graham Church) was supported by a rather robust Widow Corn

Ueanette McDonald). Mrs. Sowerberry (Carol Weeks) was my unsavoury spouse. Others included Charlotte (Naomi Doud), Noah Claypole (Michael Wiggins), Bet (Sheryl Baker), Mr. Brownlow (Eugene O'Connell), Mrs. Bedwin (Lucy Delafons) and still more, yet too numerous to mention individually.

Watching the scenery build itself around us during the rehearsals was interesting, the result a marvel. The painted "Flats" (painted by many under the Artistic Direction of actively-involved Mrs. Hetherington) were truly atmospheric, the whole rooms wheeled off and on stage were ingenious, and the overall effect was superb. Those in the stage crew responsible for the construction and slick, smooth movements of scenery while the curtain remained open, in itself a problem, yet managing to keep well out of the way of actors (but not vice versa!) are especially worthy of a mention – Mr. J. French, Per Kincaid, Robin Carr, Tim Hughes Jones, Philip Saunders, Graham Davies, Mr. F. Hughes and Mr. G. Loosemore. Mr. D. Jewell (Stage Director) supervised this construction of scenery and was seen more than once in a white coat hammering merrily away in time to the music. His truly efficient direction and, as usual, effective realistic lighting (assisted by John Heffernan and Gary Smith), played another necessary large part towards establishing the unity of the show.

In the small amount of space left available, I still have to congratulate Miss J. Lawrence, Miss L. Richards, Mrs. M. Read and many others for the 'spot-on' costumes (the result of many hours' sewing); Mrs. A. Hartley and the properties crew for all the (mostly) small yet essential bits and pieces, e.g. coffins!; Mrs. S. Dare and Raymond Long for publicity and tickets, and especially Miss J. Cracknell for her invaluable and tireless support in almost every aspect of the production.

Four nights of an outstandingly successful production I appreciate audiences made the many man hours of tremendous hard work put in by each and every member of the production team an achievement to remember for years to come.

G. Reading, LVI



*'Oliver' by courtesy of The Middlesex County Times*

## Christmas Concert 1975

Again originality, widespread participation and a well-selected programme were the ingredients of what proved to be another of the popular musical successes one has now come to expect of Drayton Manor. The abundance of musical talent in the school, combined with the enthusiasm instilled in all by Mr. S. Block (Musical Director), the musical assistance of Mrs. I. de Sousa, and the greatly appreciated help given by Miss Cracknell, Mr. Jewell and many others, led to two evenings of entertainment in which the enjoyment was shared equally between appreciative audience and polished performers.

Audience participation in the well-known carols helped to create this rapport, which bubbled to the surface during "The Twelve Days of Christmas", in which the Senior Choir and audience battled for a compensatory tempo. "Il est ne le divin Enfant", sung by the Senior Choir alone, was selected from a number of carols recorded and broadcast by Capital Radio during the Christmas period. This was preceded in the concert by the Junior Choir singing "O men from the Fields". The orchestra (Leader Steve Wright) began the concert with Mussorgsky's slow, drawn-out "Great Gate of Kiev", perhaps too ambitious a piece of music to attempt, and without sufficient 'whoomph' to warrant its position at the start of the concert. However, by the end of the first half, feet were tapping and voices humming to the song often dreamt of, "White Christmas", played by the wind band and arranged by S. Block, with craftily inserted snippets of "Jingle Bells" and "Rudolph the Red-nosed Reindeer", which almost immediately faded back into the principal melody.

Equally well recognized and sung along with were three of the songs from "Oliver", heralding the entire musical performance to take place within four months.

A medley of four short pieces by the Recorder group, assisted by Mrs. I. de Sousa, provided that necessary variety which helped to make the concert such a success, as did the items to follow.

Topping the D.M. charts of the 16th and 17th December appeared a somewhat hairy uncouth youth – Steve Blockie (who likes to keep his *real* name secret) leading his rock 'n roll group "The Blockbusters" through a performance (?) of "Hey Santa rock" written by the lead singer, Steve himself. A screaming band of "Blockie fans" were sent hysterical by the gyrations of this man and his microphone. As for the music..... well .....

On slightly more serious notes, after the screams, titters and cries of "encore" for Blockie and his Besters had died down, a selection of Carpenters songs flourished forth from both orchestra and both choirs. The pop-group also involved comprised Martin Kendall, Tony Lawrence, Martin Lovejoy and Pete Kincaid, whose very polished performances added to the large and musically skilled dimensions of the items and indeed of the whole concert.

G. Reading, LVI

## Music Report

The goal of 'one musical event per term (or bust)' has again been reached this year. December saw our second Christmas concert at Drayton Manor in recent years, and July is the month for our fund-raising concert for the school bus. Sandwiched between these 'routine events' we took our reputations in our hands and gave the first full-scale music/drama production at the school ----- "Oliver!"

To say that music in the school is thriving is an underestimation – we are on the up-and-up! We sport an orchestra, a wind band (rapidly adapting to a Swing Band), a junior choir, a senior choir, a brass ensemble, a guitar/folk group, and a recorder group. Approximately eighty people are learning instruments in the school, and most of these are involved in the various activities above.

All this helps to break down the out-dated idea that music is a 'snobby subject for freaks' – as witness our ever-growing audiences of both parents and pupils.

Academic successes are still high, with a constant flow of Associated Board practical and theory successes, not to mention several pupils at Junior Music College and Junior Exhibitioners at the Royal College or Royal Academy.

S.G.B.

## Lower 6th Geography/Geology Field Week in North Wales

Armed with geological hammers, bulging suitcases, one sombrero, twenty-five packets of 'Sylva-sun' tablets and unbounded enthusiasm, our motley throng boarded the one o'clock train from Euston to Llandudno.

Once the hotel proprietors had recovered from the shock of seeing us (having expected a party of eleven demure young ladies), we were allocated rooms. Some annoyed comments were made by those whose windows overlooked a stark cliff face exhibiting anticlinal folding to those whose rooms had a nice sea view. Food in the hotel was sumptuous, although not as plentiful as we might have wished. However, the hotelier's daughter provided an interesting talking point amongst the males of the party.

Unfortunately for us, the purpose of the field trip was work, certainly as far as Mrs. Bristow and Miss Lawrence were concerned, and during the next few days we too came to this conclusion. Our first trip was to Central Snowdonia via the Swallow Falls on the River Llugwy. We made a quick field sketch, took photographs and then headed for Snowdon. Our walk up Snowdon was scheduled to take two hours; three hours later we returned, having viewed the corries, corrie lakes, scree slopes, Llanberis Pass, and bearing with us large fragments of Snowdon, including pieces of quartz and ignimbrite.

On the second day we carried out a survey of the River Conway, measuring its speed and noting its chief characteristics. One or two of the more intrepid members of the party led the less intrepid through a field of bullocks towards an oxbow lake. The local farmer was not impressed by our interest in his oxbow lake. We returned

through the field of bulls, led from behind by our determined leaders, Mrs. B. and Miss L., a little faster than when we arrived, having made a thorough examination of the soils and vegetation of the area.

During the remaining days we visited a dolerite dyke in Anglesey, limestone scenery on the Orme's Head, a beautifully layered esker near Pentraeth, a breached watershed at the head of the Nant Ffrancon, drumlins at Lyn Idwal. Numerous fragments of rocks and fossils were removed from where they had been for the last few hundred thousand years and quietly slipped into Julian Mungo's rucksack, until he began to notice how heavy it was becoming.

In the evenings, after an hour's free time, we were dragged out of the bedrooms and television room to start writing up the day's discoveries, our energy being maintained by soft drinks and crisps.

Other memorable experiences included Sean O'Reilly behaving like a mountain goat, David Bilson moving rapidly from the top of a quarry to the bottom unintentionally and not stopping to examine the strata on his way, Ronald Mime screaming with delight at every fossil he found and not wishing to leave it, Paul Stewart getting up early and only missing one breakfast (to the delight of Sean, who ate it for him), Graham paddling in the Conway in his wellies, and Sharon keeping everyone in order with a few well chosen words.

Armed with lumps of rock and fossils, aching limbs, no sombrero (donated to the hotelier's daughter) and twenty-four packets of Sylva-sun tablets, we boarded the train on Saturday morning, arriving home in time for the cup final. Thanks are due to Mrs. Bristow and Miss Lawrence, our patient, enduring and helpful teachers, for organising the visit.

Graham Reading, LVI

## **The Mathematics Room**

One day before the new school year the Home Economics Room was transferred to the Maths Department and during the year, with a lot of self-help from teachers, caretakers and pupils, the new Mathematics Room has taken shape. The room has opening from it stores for equipment, project work and textbooks, two office areas, a computing room and a separate library area which is furnished for comfort.

The main area caters for 50 pupils at a time or it can be divided into two teaching areas. It is mainly used for project work, which is particularly useful for mixed ability classes. The work is centred on the 'Smile' project which consists of about 700 different work sheets. We supplement this with other commercially produced material and also with work which we devise ourselves. Each task is graded so that each pupil is given a task list appropriate to his ability.

We are involved with other schools in the Borough in computing. We share the use of a portable terminal linked to a computer at Ealing Technical College, and pupils also visit the College for computing sessions after school hours. The computing is carried out in the BASIC language, which allows the programme to "converse" with the computer.

The Maths Club has continued to operate throughout the week in the Maths Room, giving pupils an opportunity to obtain help with homework or to enjoy mathematical games such as Mastermind during the lunch hour.

## **"Draytonstone '76"**

It all began when Mr. Loosemore had the idea of setting something for the boys to make which would keep them occupied. In the end, from a large selection of ideas he picked out one – a motor-racing circuit. Work began almost immediately on the third of March.

A donation of ten pounds was kindly given to us by the Parents' Association and the School Fund. With the ten pounds we bought hardboard, which was to be the foundation and track surface. Four running slits were cut into the hardboard and the surface was painted black. By this time the hardboard began to look more like a track. The hardboard was shaped into a figure-8 circuit, and the slits were lined with metal strip. Barriers were lined around the hazardous bends of the track. During this slow but progressive building of the track a method of starting a race fairly was being devised. The idea was a simple but effective method: the electro-magnet.

When a switch is flicked the barrier holding the cars down, which is held fast by the pull of the electromagnet, flies up and the cars can begin racing. Various trimmings and extras were placed around the track, which included pieces of solo work especially for the track. The final stage was to fit the electrics and connect up the hand throttles. The opening of the track was a great success.

Initially it was necessary for competitors to bring their own cars, but now we have four School Cars so that anyone can pay the entrance fee of 5p and enjoy an evening on the racking track.

Many thanks must be given to Mr. Loosemore, Mr. McDonald, the Physics Department and all those too numerous to mention who helped.

The building of the racing track is an extension of the Handicraft Club in which pupils undertake work of their own choosing.

Paul Hibbert, Martin Lovejoy and Bruce Bray

## **History Club**

History Club is held every Tuesday by Miss Wagstaff. In the club we had a talk by Mr. Everest on the conquest of Mexico.

Every week a few of the first boys to arrive would go down to get the equipment such as bpkos, backgammon boards and crosswords. Books were there for us to read, the crosswords were for us to fill in, the questions were on history. The backgammon was taught to us by Miss Wagstaff and other people who could play. We had a competition for backgammon which drew in a lot of people and was very popular. The game itself is very old, and was even played by the Greeks. That's why we played it.

Now we are doing a project on transport past and present.

Keith Roberts, 2CI

## Visit to Crufts Dog Show

The day of the dog show had dawned. The second years, eager as young pups scampering around the heels of the accompanying staff, arrived at Olympia to see Crufts – the greatest dog show in the world. They had just witnessed a rare sight in London – two snow-white miniature poodles looking like powder puffs daintily trotting along the pavement outside.

After the now familiar check through bags by security officers, the pupils were free to wander through the spacious halls and view the many different varieties of dogs. Some could be seen waiting in their pens before judging, others were going through their paces in the enclosures, scrutinized by the experts as they were displayed to best advantage by their proud, but anxious owners. Bored and lugubrious St. Bernards, heads on massive paws with large brown mournful eyes slightly raised, filled their pens to capacity. Pampered Pekes, brushed, combed and powdered curled up on velvet cushions in pens decorated with meretricious trimmings. Peregrine breeds, homespun models, the divine to the bizarre were all represented here.

The atmosphere was redolent of dogginess. There was an ambience of scarcely suppressed tension. The plangent cacophony of doggie sounds could be heard from every corner. All the talk was about dogs, their feeding habits, their breeding habits, their likes and dislikes. It was as if they had become the masters, their owners being mere adjuncts or acolytes. This was no place for the common ubiquitous mongrel or the maverick hound. Only true pedigrees, paragons of canine perfection, were permitted to enter the Crufts coterie.

The judges put the dogs through several rigorous stages of competition. The best in show would have his photograph in magazines and newspapers. He would advertise dog food and receive an avalanche of fan mail together with free samples of biscuits and bones, studded collars and other accessories. He would be the archetypal model of excellence. Aficionados of the dog world would bombard his owner with questions about what was the arcanum of his success.

At the show several of the owners were pleased to show off their pets to the pupils and to give advice. One kind owner was good enough to allow one of the girls to pose with her dog while she took a photograph of the happy pair with an Instamatic camera.

Everyone in the party agreed that they found the experience well worthwhile. They had enjoyed going to Crufts, the Mecca of Dogland.

V. Rance

## Thomas Huxley College

When the students of Thomas Huxley College announced that they were going to put on various educational entertainments in French, Drayton Manor managed to persuade three members of the Lower Sixth French Group to become guinea-pigs for the students of Thomas Huxley.

The idea that this would be a good way of missing a day at school soon left our three volunteers' minds when they were met at the college by a woman who insisted on babbling unintelligibly in French. After pretending to understand what she was saying and smiling awkwardly, they were ushered into a drama where there were several other students, all looking equally bewildered. Here a few films were shown which absolutely nobody could understand and so everyone decided just to look at the pictures. Then there were various entertainments such as play acting and miming, language laboratories and poetry appreciation (all in French and so nobody actually understood it, let alone appreciated it!). The lunch was equally confusing because the menu was all in French and so one was forced to take pot-luck and point at something which 'looked' tasty and pray that one would receive some pleasant food. However, the day was enjoyable and the three volunteers appreciated very much being able to speak English when they left the college.

Simon St. Clair-Terry

## Debating Society

In its second year of existence, the Debating Society attracted most support from lower school pupils. It was hoped that by holding open discussions, as well as formal debates, more senior pupils might patronise the meetings. This policy was partly successful. Discussions about comprehensive education and the Sex Discrimination Act were lively and well attended.

Edward Freeman and Depak Chaudhry deserve special mention for their skill as speakers.

The results of formal debates are listed below.

Motion	Result
This house believes that Kung Fu leads people into violence.	Motion defeated
This house believes that fire-works should be banned by law.	Motion defeated

### Amendment

This house believes that fire-works should only be seen in organized displays financed by local authorities.	Amendment carried
This house thinks that capital punishment should be re-introduced in this country.	Motion drawn
This house believes in Santa Claus	Motion defeated
This house deplores the use of corporal punishment in schools.	Motion defeated

### Amendment

This house believes that corporal punishment should only be used in special circumstances.	Amendment carried
This house considers that abortion should be banned by law.	Motion defeated

## The London Dungeon

Last year, on Monday 27th October (the first day of half term) a group of us gathered at Ealing Broadway. Miss Wagstaff was in charge of us, and so our day began.

We took two trains and eventually arrived outside 'The London Dungeon'. At the entrances there was an unfriendly warning 'Ye who enter here, wilt ne'er come out'. The first model we saw was of an evil looking witch, with a type of spear digging into somebody's throat. It was very gorey. There were signs all over the place saying things like 'Beware of the Rats'. Inside it was cold and damp, water dripped from the roof. There was an awful smell of damp and rotting wood. It all created an excellent atmosphere.

All the different tortures were displayed, with groans of pain coming from all around – (tape-recordings). There were models of people in the Black Death/Bubonic Plague (looking very realistic). There was a woman with a child in her arms, one at her side holding her tattered dress and one on the floor grabbing her foot. A man lay in a bed dead. They were all covered in huge boils. There were many kinds of torture such as being locked in a room underground to be forgotten about, being left in a dangling cage, to be kept up until you eventually died of being pecked to death by birds, or just left to die of starvation. There were examples of torture where one's head, wrists and ankles were tied together making one double up for months or years, or one was locked up in a little hole in a wall, curled up, with food being thrown at one now and again. In the Tower torture used was the rack, or being laid out, a board was put on top of people and heavy rocks put on top of that squashing them. All these were shown with realism.

The dungeon showed people being hung, drawn and quartered, people being burnt and people being possessed by the devil Throughout Miss Wagstaff told us what was happening and what everything was.

After this we walked past H.M.S. Belfast, over London Bridge and finally to The Tower, where we ate our lunch. There we could either take a boat ride up the Thames (as I did) or look around The Tower.

In the late afternoon we came back to Ealing Broadway where we ended an enjoyable day.

Rachel Pepper, 2C1

## The Christian Union

The Christian Union has been in existence now for well over a year and, despite any earlier doubts as to how such a group might be received by the school as a whole, it has proved to be a very worthwhile organisation.

Our first activities were discussions held on a Friday lunch-time, varying from topics like "The Creation", to "War", taking in many other aspects of both religious and social questions. These meetings attracted quite a lot of interest, and it was decided that further meetings should be arranged, out of school time, and so various people's homes were offered in which to hold discussions, bible studies and prayer meetings. These meetings have proved a great success and of great value in helping the swell our numbers.

Many thanks to Mr. Read, who first suggested the group, and to Mrs. Read, who joined the school a little later, for all they have done, and also to Mr. Singh for his interest and contribution.

There is a welcome to anyone in the school, of whatever belief. Do come along and find out about us.

Graham Church, LVI

## 2nd Year Wye Valley Trip 1976

On the fifth of July a group of 62 children set off for a camping adventure holiday in Wales.

We departed from school about 9.30 a.m. on Monday morning. We arrived after a non-stop journey at 1.00 p.m. The P.G.L. Canoe Centre was situated just outside the town of Ross-on-Wye.

After we had been shown to our concrete based tents and sorted things out we went back to the town and explored it for an hour or so. We walked the four miles back to camp, which left us about half an hour before dinner at 6.00 p.m. We think it was stewed lamb and vegetable rice. The pudding was jam tart and custard. After a meeting with Mr. Williams we went swimming in the River Wye. The water was warm and everyone had a great time. The rest of the evening was taken up by a sing song around a campfire or we could go to bed.

At 7.30 a.m. the following morning we got up. After breakfast we made our packed lunches for our midday meal. We were taken 6 miles up the river by coach and spent the day canoeing back with a break for lunch and a swim. During the morning Miss Wagstaff and Mrs. Dare capsized and experienced rather a sudden dip. *They also fell* in after running across the raft of the canoes! At the end of the day we were all tired but we had more work to do for we were transferring to the Tan Troed near Llangorse in the Black Mountains. We were all very anxious to get sorted out and get to bed.

On Wednesday we were split up into two groups, one went sailing and the other went pony-trekking across the mountains. Both groups enjoyed themselves very much but the pony-trekking group were a bit tender in places. After dinner there was a disco which some of us went to. Others amused themselves with the camp games, table tennis, giant size chess, football, frisby's, swingball, volleyball or slot-machines. Everyone was in bed except for the teachers who were checking up on us.

On Thursday we swapped round the groups. On the lake there were some races in the sailing boats which were great fun. Later on in the evening we went down to the lake for a swim. Miss Richards braved the cold water and came in for a dip. Later that evening a group went hill-walking. *We set out about 10.30 p.m. and got back about 1.30 a.m.*

Friday had arrived and so had the end of our holiday. Everyone had really enjoyed themselves and I wished the holiday had lasted a bit longer. The journey back did not seem as long as the first probably because we stopped for a meal. We arrived back at school about 2.00 p.m. and from there we each made our separate ways home. I had really enjoyed myself and would go again.

Cara Dodd, 2B2

### 1st XI HOCKEY

Although it was not one of our more successful seasons this year, we fielded a good side, which towards the end of the season was beginning to work together to become a more attacking team. Though we created many a scoring chance, we sadly lacked finishing and have to thank Michelle Lane and Michelle McCorry for our two goals. Perhaps next year with lots of shooting practice, we might get a few more.

Results:

Played 7, Won 1, Lost 6.

Colours

Re-awarded to: F. O'Loughlin (Capt.)

Awarded to: M. Lane, M. Barrance (Vice Capt.)

Half Colours

Awarded to: M. McCorry, C. Pring, H. Carter.

F. O'Loughlin (Capt.)

### U15 XI HOCKEY

The U15 XI team was selected from Janet Spiegel (Captain), Denise Beard (Vice Captain), Carol Ottley, Christine Tompkins, Beverley King, Susan Jarvis, Laura Sothern, Sharon Brealey, Penny Carden, Sharon Dougherty, Vicki George, Heather Greenhalgh and Louisa Shutie.

Although the team did not manage to win many matches, towards the end of the season there were some exciting matches.

Played 9, Won 3, Drew 1, Lost 5.

J. Spiegel (Capt.)

### 1st VI TENNIS

The 1st VI tennis team had a reasonably successful season, winning three of their five Middlesex league matches, and also two "Friendly" matches. The team was selected from:— F. O'Loughlin, M. Jennings, M. Lane, J. Mungo, M. Barrance, M. Waddell. Reserves:— T. Waring and M. Joshi.

Maureen Jennings (Capt.)

### U15 VI TENNIS

For the 1st time the U15 VI entered the Middlesex League. The team members were chosen from the following: Michelle McCorry (Captain), Janet Spiegel (Vice Captain), Christine Tompkins, Carol Ottley, Susan Standen, Barbara Howell, Jackie Carter, Clare Pidduck, Linda Bruty, Sally Wheeler.

For a team that entered the League for the first time we are doing quite well. So far we have won two League matches against Twyford and Longford and narrowly lost two League matches against Heathfield and the Sacred Heart. We would like to thank Miss Richards and Miss Booker for their time in coaching and organising the matches.

Michelle McCorry (Capt.)

### 1st VI BADMINTON

The 1st VI team only played two matches, losing one, and winning the other. The team was selected from:— M. Jennings, M. Conns, S. Louisor, C. Brown, T. Waring and P. Cummings.

### U15 BADMINTON

The U15 team played two matches and were narrowly beaten. They played well considering most of the team had only played for one season. The team was selected from:— C. Tompkins, C. Ottley, J. Spiegel (Captain), S. Standen, B. Howell and M. McCorry.

C. B.

### MIXED BADMINTON

During the Autumn term, the School Mixed team challenged the staff to a very entertaining mixed doubles match. Unfortunately the staff won after a hard-fought match ending in a 5—4 win for them.

M. Jennings

### SENIOR VOLLEYBALL

The senior volleyball team has had a 100% success rate. This is due to the fact that we only played one game against Dormers Wells. Unfortunately all our other fixtures were cancelled by the opposing teams.

We had a very enthusiastic response from the fourth form which included:

Michelle McCorry	Carol Tam
Ruth Burgess	Susanne Sweetnam
Moirá Colderick	Jackie Carter (Vice Capt.)
Louise Deegan	Naomi Dowd
Elaine Nuttall	Susan Standen
Joanne Ryde	Tina Dolan

J. Hiemer (Capt.)

### ATHLETICS

In the past few months Drayton Manor has done very well in the inter-schools league championships. The schools in our section of the league are: Villiers, Cardinal Wiseman, Brentside, and Featherstone.

The following girls have done exceptionally well in their events and have come first:

2nd year –	Dawn Perry – Shot Putt
3rd year –	Susan Jarvis – Javelin
	Heather Greenhalgh – Discus
	Tracey Hemming – Shot
4th year –	Ernestina Dodo – High Jump
	Emma Natsiopoulou – Discus
	Barbara Howell – Javelin
	Janet Gordon – 800 m.
Lower XI –	Maureen Jennings – Javelin

We are hoping to do well in the league final soon.

C. Cook and T. Harland

## U13 VOLLEYBALL

Early in the term the first 3rd Year volleyball team was formed and a match was arranged with the 3rd Year team from Dormers Wells. We practised in the gym each week, and were coached by Miss Richards. Unfortunately we did not win the match, but lost 0—2. Perhaps if we had played against other schools we may have been more successful.

The team was selected from:—

Heather Greenhalgh (*Capt.*) Susan Jarvis Gail Groucott Dawn Ferguson  
Gail Francis (*Vice Capt.*) Karen Walling Eunice Manson Denise Beard  
H. Greenhalgh (*Capt.*)

## SOCCER STATISTICS

	P	W	D	L	F- A
1st XI	40	27	4	9	138—62
2nd XI	30	19	2	9	106—45
3rd XI	8	1	0	7	12—51
U.15	27	6	0	21	
U.14	30	5	2	23	
U.13'A'	31	11	8	12	
U.13'B'	27	13	3	11	
U.13'C'	3	0	0	3	

## 1st XI SOCCER

After last year's all conquering feats this season was rather disappointing in comparison. However, a lot of good came out of the season and players – totally unestablished in either 1st or 2nd XI last season – proved that not only did they have ability but also the necessary guts, know how and appetite for the sport.

Aided by last year's regulars Grenville Baveystock and Digby Ingle, the team reached the quarter final stages of the Ebdon (London Schools) Cup, together with the quarter final of the S.E. Tye and R.A. Brigg Cups. In addition they finished up a creditable 5th out of 36 teams in the Middlesex Schools League. The real disappointment of the season was losing to Northolt in the final of the Ealing U.19 Cup – perhaps a good reminder of the season's fortunes – being unable to produce the consistency of the previous season.

## 2nd XI SOCCER

A tribute must be paid to all the playing members of the 2nd XI for the way in which they not only played but also for the way they organised themselves on many occasions together with the way they kitted themselves out – undoubtedly the smartest 2nd XI squad in Middlesex.

Many players also turned out with distinction for the 1st XI. A season which promised so much fizzled out in the end – for after leading the Middlesex League for most of the season the team finished a creditable 5th out of 36 teams. Words of thanks to the 'older' members, Kevin Kelly, Paul Dowdeswell and to the younger members – Vine Hudson, Alan Dickerson, David Heso and Hubert Rodrigues. We trust that these will now push for regular 1st XI places next season.

## Full Colours

*Re-awards* – Ingle and Baveystock  
*Full* – Percival, Cook, Leigertwood, Templar,  
Stewart, Kelly, Long, Dowdeswell, Liu  
*Half* – Facer, Mawby

## Honours

Runners up Ealing U.19 Cup  
Runners up Ealing U.13 Six-a-side Soccer  
Baveystock, Percival (Middlesex U.19 Schools Squad)

## CROSS COUNTRY

The school entered U.13, U.14, U.15 and U.19 Ealing League Cross Country. Of these the U.15 and U.19 became group winners. In the final meeting the U.19 won the championships, with the U.15 finishing a disappointing third.

In the Borough Championships the 'flu epidemic cause havoc with our runners and we were unable to provide any sort of challenge to retain the Arthur Avery Cup.

The school was placed 5th, with Julian Powell, David Hester and Stefan Banasiewicz and Kevin Kelly being selected to run at the County Championships.

In the County Championships Julian Powell finished 9th, David Hesto 22nd, Kevin Kelly 35th, Mungo 39th and Stefan Banasiewicz 59th.

At the Senior Championships the school team finished 7th. Powell was 6th, Hester 18th, Kelly 22nd, Mungo 37th.

Overall quite an enjoyable season and we hope that the juniors will soon show the determination and dedication of our Senior Runners.

Our thanks to our school leavers Powell and Kelly who have represented both school and Local Association on many occasions and we wish them well for years to come!

## BASKETBALL

	P	W	D	L
U.19	12	9	0	3
U.16	17	14	0	3
U.15	13	10	0	3
U.14	11	5	0	6
U.13	8	7	0	1

## BASKETBALL

A most successful season for all squads in the school. All squads trained hard and this showed in the final honours list.



U.19	Runners up	Ealing League
U.16	Winner	Ealing League
U.15	Runners up	Ealing League
U.14	Third	Ealing League
U.13	Winner	Ealing League

In addition to the local leagues the U.16, 15 and 13 were also entered in the County Championships. The U.16 reached the semi-final where after leading Chiswick School for most of the game, eventually went down by 48—40. Chiswick then went on to win the championships 46—15 which goes to show the luck of the draw! The U.15 reached the quarter final where they were drawn to play Highgate Public School. The team led all the game until 30 seconds from time when Highgate equalised. In the ensuing extra period Highgate managed to beat us by 3 points! Highgate then went on to win the Trophy! The U.13's had the misfortune to draw Hounslow Manor in the competition. Being their first competitive game of the season they went down by 19—40.

The U'16's were also entered in the English Schools Championship. After receiving a first round bye/walkover from Brighton and Hove School, they took a Sir William Collins School (Camden) and won 87—27. In the next round they had to go to Central London again where they played Hampstead School and lost 67—92. This was a good performance as – need I say it – Hampstead became National Champions (Drayton Manor being one of the few schools to give a close game in the championships!)

Things augur well for next season, and we hope that with as much hard work as the players put in this year the squads will not only be successful locally, but nationally as well.

## CRICKET

### Results

	P	W	D	L
1st XI	10	4	2	4
U.15	13	5	0	8
U.14	12	5	1	6
U.13	13	5	1	7

### 1st XI CRICKET

Colours — P. Brandreth, M. Liegertwood, S. McGreal, J. Mungo

Half Colours — J. Steward, K. Kelly.

A somewhat disappointing season in so much that we were unable to bat with sufficient flair or discipline to enable us to beat opponents who only scored meagre totals.

Undoubtedly the player of the year award must go to Micky Liegertwood, who not only bowled consistently well all season but was a general inspiration to all the other players in the team (added to this of course he was also our individual highest scored in a match 53 n.o.)

On the credit side however, one must congratulate all the players for fielding and bowling efficiently all season. Added to this, of course, is the fact that the 1st XI cricketers have once again re-established Saturday afternoon cricket at the school after a long absence.

With the majority of the players returning to school next year together with the influx of one or two younger players, prospects look to be quite bright.

E.G.W.

### U.15 XI CRICKET

Although Drayton Manor's bowlers did well on most occasions to restrict opponents to modest totals, we lacked the batting strength to gain much success this year. Enthusiasm for the game, however, was excellent and full marks to those who came to every match. One department where we overshadowed opponents was in the standard of cricket wear, which was firstclass.

The highlights of the term were a hattrick by David Small against Reynolds and useful Knocks by Michael Burns and Tony Potter, who finished up with a fine innings of 59.

I only hope that in the future our batsmen will learn to play a straight ball without hearing the sound of collapsing stumps behind them!

Well tried and well played to everyone.

A.R.

### U.14 XI CRICKET

A most disappointing season on the whole for a team which on paper seemed to promise so much before a ball was bowled. Pre-match problems included non-availability together with injuries and these carried on to the field of play unfortunately. The highlights of the season were undoubtedly the batting of Simon Hunt (scores of 74, 73, 55, 50 and 40 in 12 innings). Together with the progress of the players such as Brian Pring and John Gough. Our thanks should also be extended to Kevin Foyle, who batted, bowled and captained the team with the authority of an old campaigner.

On the playing side the team won 3 and lost 3 of their Ealing League matches, beating Brentside (eventual champions) by 5 wickets. Out of the friendlies played, the team suffered a heavy defeat at the hands of Canons, but also beat Iselworth G.S. and Villiers (runners-up of the Ealing League).

I trust that next year will see the boys play harder and regain their urge to win more matches than they lose.

P.H.

### U.13 XI CRICKET

The team started off as a collection of individuals, but by the end of the season had been transformed into an enthusiastic and talented cricket side. As the season developed, so did the confidence and spirit of the side. After a rather disastrous start, when 4 games were lost in succession, five wins and a moral victory were recorded and the side finished a creditable third in the Ealing League.

Neil Collins has played an integral part in the success of the team by accepting the difficult role of captaincy. He has shown he can bat well and swing the bat lustily. Andrew Sharp has also been outstanding for his fearsome bowling and many excellent innings.

Robert Moreland has also shown a lot of promise and built up a good understanding with Malcolm Bartlet in opening the innings.

Nigel Day, Mark Williams, Sui Odishu and Peter Thompson have all batted well at times and once they have learnt how to play a 'forward defensive' shot should score many more runs. Robert Moreland and Steven Turner have also bowled very well – the latter being the highest wicket taker for the season (28 wkts.). The team's thanks go to Alex Hooper who has kept wicket well and the 'byes' down to a respectable limit.

The team also owes a vote of thanks to their Team Manager (Mr. Price) who has encouraged the team as much as possible and given up a great deal of his time to do so.

D.P.

# ATHLETICS

## ATHLETICS SEASON 1976

### BOROUGH CHAMPIONSHIPS

The school team finished in 5th position overall.

Honours went to K. Kelly (1st 5,000m.), D. Hester (1st 800m.), J. Powell (1st. 1,500m.), J. Banasiewicz (1st 100m. Hurdles, Pole Vault), R. Templar (1st Jav.).

Following these results 18 boys were selected to represent Ealing at the Middx. County Championships and the following were placed:

2nd	Stefan Banasiewicz	Inter 400m.	52.9 sees.
2nd	Richard Templar	Senior Jav.	52.24m.
3rd	David Hester	Inter 800m.	2.01.9 secs
3rd	Julian Powell	Inter 1,500m.	4.23.4 secs
7th	Julian Banasiewicz	Inter P.V.	2.95m.

### 1913 INTER-SCHOOLS ATHLETICS CHAMPIONSHIPS

Six boys were selected to take part in the finals meeting following the group meeting and the following were placed:

2nd	David Hester	Inter 800m.
2nd	Julian Banasiewicz	Inter Pole Vault
3rd	Julian Powell	Inter 1,500m.
5th	Kevin Kelly	Senior 2,000m. Steeple- chase

At the invitation L.A.C. public schools meeting the following boys were placed:

1st	David Hester	800m.
2nd	Richard Templar	Javelin
2nd	Julian Powell	1,500m.
2nd	Julian Banasiewicz	Pole Vault
3rd	Stefan Banasiewicz	High Jump

I should like to extend our best wishes to the athletes leaving this year – in particular Messrs. Cardew, Powell and Kelly who have represented the school with some distinction.

### Colours

*Re-awards.* – K. Kelly, R. Templar

*Full* – D. Hester, J. Powell

*Half*— J. Banasiewicz, J. Tate, R. Carr.

E.G.W.

## Saturday

### The Story of a Working Girl

At six o'clock precisely, the department store closed its glass doors to the hasty shoppers, and half an hour later a different line of people passed out of the back entrance. These were the assistants of 'Pitt and Lambe's', the big store whose counters were laden with the trifles of the rich and the luxuries of the poor.

On this particular Saturday, as the employees filed out wearily and headed for home, the girl who helped Madame Rousseau at The Perfumery was turning over the day's events in her mind.

She was Rose, and like so many of the assistants in the store she went unnoticed and unremembered by even the most 'regular' of the patrons. As her low, brown, for-standing-in-all-day shoes covered the miles of grey, uneven pavement to her little flat, Rose smiled to herself, and a taxi-driver slouching against his stationary cab called to her 'A penny for your thoughts.' But she went by, deaf to the noise of the traffic and blind to the impatient pedestrians pushing angrily around her.

Normally Rose would have been hurrying along, eyes down, a little nervous, a little frightened, even after a year in the great city; but this evening she might have been walking on air. What could have happened? – That was Rose's secret – her's and Madame Rousseau's. Rose would never tell – and Madame Rousseau wouldn't either, because she could not.

Rose recalled how miserable she had been that morning. The store opened at nine o'clock, and Saturday being the worst day for serving, she was run off her feet and confused by the different requests for this perfume and that fragrance, this oil and that cologne, until she wondered how she had ever put up with the job for so long. But she supposed that she was managing quite well.

Then, cruelly and humiliatingly, just before her lunch-break, as she picked up a particularly expensive bottle of perfume, the intricately cut glass slipped between her fingers and the beautiful bottle smashed on the edge of the glass counter. The sweet, sickly smell of 'rare and exotic Eastern flowers' slowly saturated the air. Every face nearby turned towards her, and she felt tears pricking at her eyes.

"Go and get another bottle for the customer, Rose," a voice said sharply behind her, and with sinking heart she did as she was told by Madame Rousseau.

It was only when the customer had finally been seen off by Madame Rousseau with another perfume and apologies that she turned to Rose. In a voice kept horribly quiet and venomous she said: "You are a stupid, silly little girl. How dare you touch such a perfume. Do you realise how much it cost?" Rose nodded dumbly, not daring to mention the sum. "Well, you will have to pay for it," hissed Madame Rousseau. A ringed, claw-like hand gestured despisingly at her. "Rose – Rose, the name does not suit you. Look at your hair, your clothes – those shoes are a disgrace. Rose – mais non! You look more like a weed. You – you are nothing."

After that, Rose ran down to the storeroom of the Perfumery and wept. Then, abruptly, she stopped crying. For too long she had borne the brunt of that French-woman's poisonous tongue and stinging remarks. A fire burnt inside Rose and her thin body shuddered with delight and horror at the thoughts running through her brain. For once in her life, she stood up straight and laughed, because she had made up her mind – and she was glad.

All afternoon she ignored Madame Rousseau's orders, and was filled with impish delight. At last the number of customers diminished. There was nobody else to be served. Madame Rousseau went down to the storeroom to gloat over 'her' treasures.

Rose slipped down to the cupboard-sized storeroom. Nobody saw her enter, and Madame Rousseau did not hear her edge quietly in and shut the door, until two had pushed her violently. As she fell she turned and saw the girl's thin, contorted face.

The Frenchwoman fell awkwardly against the lower shelves, stacked with different-sized bottles. Many of the fragile containers broke, little jagged pieces of glass cutting into her, and that concentrated, nauseating smell which had haunted Rose for so long wafted up to her. But Rose did not end her revenge there. Madame Rousseau was unconscious on the floor, strangely twisted with her face looking up at the ceiling and her mouth open. "How silly she looks now," Rose thought. "If only she could see herself."

She bent down and opened the little bag which Madame Rousseau always wore round her wrist. It contained a box of the strange-smelling cigarettes that she occasionally smoked, a silver lighter, and a small phial of the expensive scent that she always wore. Rose knew its smell so well 'Essence Exotique', a stupid name. Ignoring it, she took out one of the cigarettes, lit it and flung it among the wreckage near the Frenchwoman's hand.

A good perfume was inflammable – this Rose knew. Many of those pools of liquid on the floor were good perfumes. She moved a packing-case forward and pulled out the soft, synthetic straw used to pack the bottles safely. But before she ignited the straw, she noticed a large bottle of eau de cologne lying on its side on one of the sagging, broken pieces of shelving. It was exactly above Madame Rousseau's head. Rose removed the glass stopper and the liquid dripped out steadily, right into the static, open mouth. Rose nearly cried for joy. It was so good, so funny. Quickly, she lit the straw, replaced the lighter in the handbag, and emptied perfume onto Madame Rousseau. Then she left. Nobody knew she had been and gone – it had taken five minutes. Rose was back serving a customer for ten minutes when the floor-manager came up to her. "Where's Madame Rousseau?" he asked.

"I.....I'm not sure, sir," said Rose, acting her normal self. "She felt dizzy and I said she ought to lie down, but she would insist on going down to check something in the storeroom."

He nodded and went off. Half an hour later the store was buzzing with the news. The police and a doctor arrived. Madame Rousseau was dead. Rose told her story again to the doctor, who declared that the woman had died not from the flames or the asphyxiating perfume but from heart failure. The police were convinced it was accidental death – she had been smoking at the time, had fallen and been concussed, the shock was too much. The fire had not spread. Rose was left alone.

Now, after her walk home, Rose was feeling good – very good. In her two-roomed flat she ate a sandwich and changed her clothes, put a dab of bright-red lipstick on her lips, and covered her nose, red from the cold outside, with powder. She- never used perfume, after working with it all day  
She sat down to wait. Fred was coming soon. He was taking her to a nightclub. Rose was so happy. When there came a knock at the door she ran to open it. Fred, a small, thin man, at least eight years older than her, came in rather shyly. “I’ve got you a present,” he said, holding up a small, expensive-looking box.

Rose stared. Nobody had given her a costly present before. “You open it for me, Fred,” she said excitedly. The man grinned, showing his sharp, yellowed teeth, and opened the box. “I hope you like it,” he said. “It’s perfume – ‘Essence Exotique’, he stumbled over the words. “Real French, eh?”

Rose was frozen. the familiar, sickly, nauseating fragrance stifled her. Her mouth hung open. Those deadly, harsh, hurting words echoed from wall to wall of the squalid little room: “You are a stupid, silly little girl ... a weed ... You -you are nothing!”

Rose screamed. And went on screaming ...

Paula Wills, 5N7



Paula Wills

## The Oracle Truth

In rows they sit, On shaded maps,  
In long and draughty corridors, War is easier to contemplate....  
Along the narrow way of eternity, Inhabited towns are mere specks,  
Life's persecuted, Battalions markers,  
Staring, Gloriously reaping town after town,  
Yet seeing only despair amid the jewels of creation. While moving in relentless lines  
By chance they've picked their lot; Of strategy,  
If picked it be by flesh and bone.  
Sorrows like theirs are the tides which carry the Mauled men, dead souls  
Souls of the victors, Are but crosses on a  
Across the endless ocean, Marker-board.  
Until they reach that desolate shore of shallow Better to think of lost planes  
Victory. As chalked figures  
This glory rests with the shingle and sand they've Than to have recourse to the cost in men.  
Won by their neglect.  
But through their armour of our design breaks light; But, for all the illusions,  
They come forth as a mighty army, Truth will reach the mind  
Crossing into the lands of fertile pasture, And vanquish the fables  
Which once their enemies squandered on wealth and Of war.  
Conformity. Like a ravenous falcon it  
Can these be the rules for which this game is so Tears at the heart,  
Highly praised? Sending irrepressible  
Stale and cold, Thoughts to the mind;  
Our pride still hangs like a bird's stain on the Thoughts of torn lives,  
Blanket of time. Crippled innocents,  
Still we play, Homeless young.....  
And win, While the General smiles.  
And lose,  
Yet who will say which one is right. P. Kincaid, B7  
Still they search for the oracle that will rid their lives of such bitter wine,  
The corruption they've drunk for so long.

## Man Rules

Graham Church, LVI "I command everything," said the man  
He threw a switch, and  
Blew up an island.  
"I reign triumphant," said the man  
He moved a lever, and  
Drained an ocean.

## Deaf, Dumb and Blind "I rule the earth," said the man

The silent acoustics of my mind He punched a card, and  
Mean nothing to my soul, Chopped down a forest.  
The music that they live for, "I am supreme," said the man  
The thing called ~Rock 'n Roll' He pressed a button, and  
Is nothing! Blew up the world.

My eyes no longer serve me, J.Mabbs, S5  
No colours for my heart,  
The beauty that they live for,  
The thing which they call art,  
Is nothing!

## Hang Gliders

I cannot express my feelings, They whizzed by, giant bats in the cloud sky, swerving and swishing like swarms  
The things I'd love to teach, of flying ants making journeys through dark and misty clouds.  
Just some kind of language The winds whistled, sending the giant kites high in the air and then soaring  
And the thing which they call speech downwards without a care or an effort. They make the canvas birds whirl and  
Is all I want! curl and whizz through the rough and windy air, over hills and mountain peaks,  
and as the man looks down from the sky, he sees how small we really are.

Malignant shadows of fear  
Dwell inside my mind, Richard Jeffries, 2B2  
Of the human race that destroyed me  
And left me deaf, dumb and blind.

Michael Ashman, C.5

## The Unknown Death

It was a cold and dark night, the winds howled overhead. Jack Holder watched the stars through a small window. The clouds hung low, and the whole sky seemed lonesome.

Then Jack saw a small glowing light descend from nowhere. He blinked and looked again. It was there for sure. It became larger and it floated downwards. Jack could hear a soft, ear-piercing, buzzing noise, it became louder and went right through his head. He began to shiver and his teeth chattered. He grasped his ears with his hands and began rocking in his chair. The chair slipped from under him and he fell to the floor with a crash.

Jack got up and started to stagger round the room. He began to scream as if he were in terrible pain, and still the buzzing went on. Small streams of blood trickled out of his mouth and down his neck, and then his nose and ears started to bleed. The veins in his eyes swelled up and finally burst, releasing a blue blood which ran down his cheeks and nose. He kicked at the table and sideboard in an uncontrollable rage; he rammed his head against the wall, cracking it open.

The blood spilled out of his head like a fountain, literally soaking him. He banged on the door and pulled the handle, ripping it off its hinges. Then he snatched up a meat fork, and plunged it into his mouth, ripping through the other side of his neck. He threw his fist at the window and grabbed up a piece of glass, then scraped it along his leg, cutting it open.

Suddenly a figure of a man appeared from the wrecked doorway. His eyes opened wide at the dreadful sight. But Jack gave him one monstrous look and pounced on him like a tiger, scratching his face and biting him. The man tried helplessly to defend himself, but it was no good. He was ripped apart in a flash. Then the monster of a man stared at the smashed window. Leaving his victim in pieces he saw the glowing light and charged at it, hurling himself out of the window. He screamed as he went, falling down six stories, and landed unconscious on the hard, wet paving stones.

Julian Turner, 2B2



## How Lonely? Shadows

The sun-drenched sand glistened, I sat and watched the shadows,  
As the trees bent to listen Dancing on the cracked, plaster walls,  
To the water that lapped the bank. Lengthening as the sun sank into oblivion,  
The brown-backed boy, At first they seemed to be trees,  
In his heart was no joy Reflections in a pool,  
As his head, in his hands, further sank. But as they became longer,  
His eyes were downcast They changed into fingers,  
As his memory at last Long, gaunt fingers,  
Could travel the road he had trod, Beckoning, snatching,  
His pathway of fears, Reaching, shaking,  
Of 'Blood, sweat and tears', Clutching at the empty air.  
Living up to the life that was 'mod'. The sun disappeared,  
His first formed 'friends', The sky became grey,  
With their 'top-twenty' trends, Unhappy, forbidding,  
Stayed sweetly as fans for the dough, The shadows clung to the wall,  
But when money was short Unwilling to lose their short lease of life,  
They left with a snort, But as the last ray of light vanished,  
Saying: "Look at the lowest of low." The shadows merged into the blackness,  
He sits now with sadness, And Night reigned.  
With pain and with badness,  
A life of loneliness .... so try Jane Churchill, 2C2  
With pity in your pace  
And sympathy on your face....  
Don't pass him, but hear his cry.

R. Burgess, C6

## Under Trees

The trees sway in the wind and flowers dance around their roots in small clusters. In the distance crickets play merry tunes on their fiddles and the field mice nibble away at an ear of corn.  
The sun shines brightly in the blue sky and the sky lark sings top 'A' flats galore.  
The trickling brook accompanies the squirrels who are beating out rhythm on their nut shells. Suddenly a large fat, black tabby spits and pounces on a mouse who frantically waves his small paws in the air. A squirrel scurries up behind him and bites his tail.  
The poor tabby cat jumps three feet in the air and runs off with his bottle-brush tail waving frantically behind him.

Nina Posthumus, 2C2

## Seasons The Reflection

Leaves of gold I looked in the mirror to brush my hair,  
Sang their songs beneath our feet; And saw a strange reflection there,  
As days grew cold, The face was pale, it held a key,  
Crazy colours lined our streets. Was that person really me?

Silver-blue, I stared for a moment,  
Patterns on my window pane Then twitched my nose,  
Brought thoughts of you But nothing happened –  
Shimmering softly through my mind again. What do you suppose?

Nature's green, I waited patiently, but,  
Reaching out towards the light, Nothing was there,  
So long unseen, The brush was lying still,  
Newly born a wonderful sight. I looked at the mirror,  
And the mirror looked back.

Summer's come,  
Hazy dazy river bends: Fay Thompson, 2C2  
Soft waters run,  
Is this where our fairy tale must end?

Jackie Carter

## One day Discrimination

(not tomorrow)

“We’re a superior race,”  
I awake, this summer-June morn,      That’s what he said.  
But morn, you fall beyond my      Six years later,  
Limited teach.      Five millions were dead.

I awake this summer-June morn,      Their shops were burnt down,  
The whiteness of sunlight unshielded      And they hung high,  
Aflames all that is exposed,      There was no escape,  
Searing me.      No way to strive.

I lie in my cell of glass,      Treated as animals,  
The isolated immortal.      Death was their Fate,  
The once-world      Massacred in thousands,  
And the sun;      By those filled with hate.  
I think about them,  
And contemplate.      Starved to skeletons,  
            Filled with pain.

I despise the earth for producing      Tortured by those,  
The awesome vapour that drifts above      Who were quite insane.  
My cells,  
Above all our cells;      Years have passed,  
The vapour putrid that once gave us      And the camps are bare,  
Breath.      The memories remain,  
            Although there’s nobody there.

I must lie in my living grave,  
And suffer the wounds that the      Except bodies and graves,  
Unshielded sun inflicts,      And death all around,  
And my constant mental anguish      Where no birds sing,  
Must be endured      And no life is found.  
Until the re-birth of un-polluted air,  
And the resulting re-emergence of man.      Tony Potter, S7

P. Kincaid

## The Metamorphosis of a Gravel Pit

The wind blows across a barren piece of land that soon will be a bee-hive of work. As wind carries life-giving seeds it also carries the sound of contractors, the slow melodic hum of the machines and the occasional clank of metal.

The death-watch machines waste no time in starting their job of digging a pit for a natural mineral – gravel. The pit is now dug and the worker bees take over, guiding those every hungry, earth-eating cranes.

The actual life of the land is taken away on trucks for use on the roads, the man-made graveyards. They carry on this murderous work until they have no use for it any more and discard it like a useless toy.

For years it stands as it was left: barren, windy and dead. Then life-giving rain pours its goods into the pit, filling it in. Slowly bushes and seedlings centred themselves in the half-fertile gravel. As with time, it was killed, now too with time it is re-born. With plant-life comes animal life, each staking a claim on this precious land. Nests are being made and like a gift from heaven, fish arrive in the clear, unpolluted waters, and insects like the one-day-life dragon flies arrive for their hours of paradise.

Now, the people that once deserted it return to observe birds and to pit their wits against those cunning fish. As Summer arrives the whole place is alive with people, who again are bringing death as they did once before. As the fish wallow in the shallow water, slowly swimming between the reeds, making a water slalom, the birds swoop for the flies like a fighter-squadron and ducks waddle into the water with a trail of new-born apprentices behind. Trees sway from side to side in the breeze like a file of people listening to rousing music.

As time ticks on like an hour-glass slowly dwindling away death mounts up. With each group comes an army of killers with their deadly waste; pollution. Slowly the new found life is strangled out of existence, killing fish and poisoning birds who in turn spread the poison. As the beauty goes so too do the people, this time leaving it dead and soul-less for good.

Barry Denham, C3

## Night

From the very beginning,  
Night stood,  
Bold and strong like Satan,  
Ferocious and exotic.  
The fair moon,  
Beautiful like Venus,  
Shyly peeps through the clouds.  
The stars  
Shine like lights  
Over the lonely village  
And time stands still.

Nina Posthumus, 2C2



## Gwendoline

Gwendoline took one last look in the mirror, and deciding that she looked passible, went off in the direction of the 'shed'.

Gwendoline was a beautiful dove: delicate white with large, innocent, red eyes. She had been acclaimed the most attractive dove this side of Chelsea, and indeed, she was a rare and delightful creature. She was also much sought after, and everywhere she went she was cooed at. However, she was totally disinterested in the members of the opposite sex; there was only one thing she lived for, which was football. She had travelled up and down the country, supporting and following her favourite team, Chelsea, wherever they went.

But now, she was off to her last football match. With a heavy heart and quivering beak she recalled the events of the week gone by. She remembered her mother coming to see her on Sunday morning, and from the hard expression on her mother's face, she knew it meant trouble even before she heard what her mother had to say.

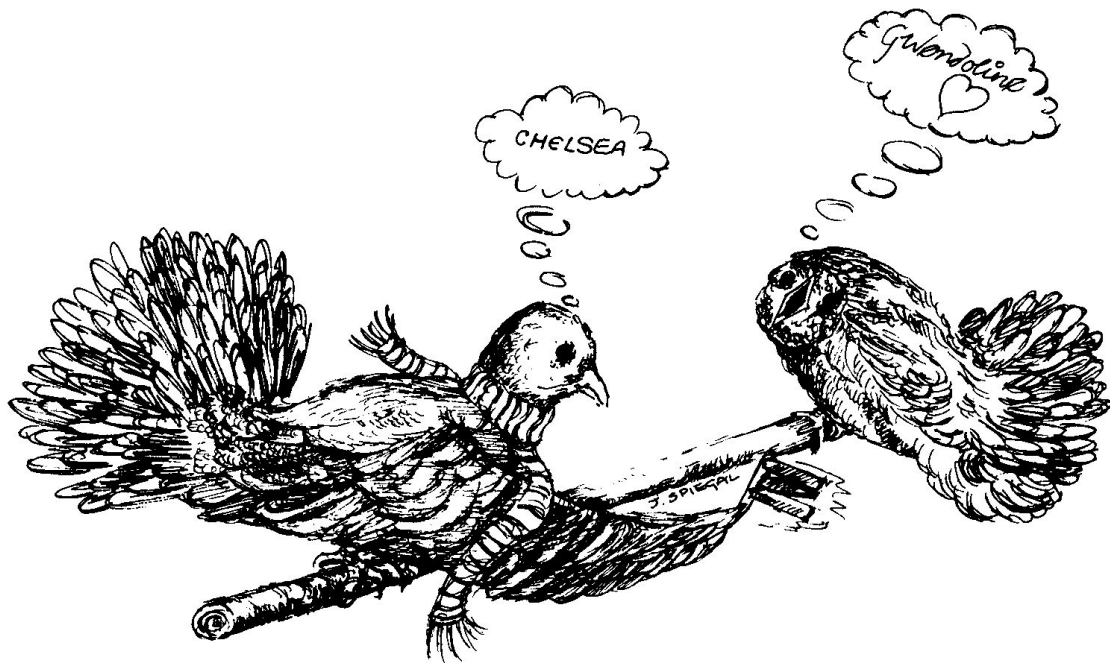
"You must stop this absurd passion for this um, um", she waved her wing to emphasise the insignificance of the name, "this football team, Cheapsea, or whatever you call its", she continued in a tone of dismissal mingled with disapproval. Gwendoline had sighed gently and prepared herself for the usual. She didn't hate her mother but wished that she would at least try to understand her.

Her mother had, of course, been born and married into a very superior family, and, naturally, looked at everything outside her social circle with a very superior distaste. Then, her mother had started to speak of her favourite subject: marriage, and whenever marriage was mentioned, Horace had to come into it. Horace was a complete fool as far as Gwendoline was concerned, but her mother insisted on recounting all of his "highly commendable attributes", (well, that was what her mother called them, Gwendoline herself considered them to be his most unfortunate characteristics).

She recalled the first time she had seen him. She had just returned from a football match, Chelsea and Q.P.R. had been playing and much to her dismay Chelsea had lost. She was terribly disappointed and annoyed. She had noticed Horace as she was recounting one detail of the match to her friend, Felicity. The pompous idiot, Horace, had seen her and flying up to her, began to flutter his wings and make cooing sounds at her. He continued to try to impress her, but only succeeded in making a spectacle of himself. Marry him! Why, she would rather marry an artisan!

However, the choice was not hers. Her mother had been firm and consistent until Gwendoline had had to consent and promise that this would be her last football match and that she would marry Horace. Anyway, she supposed he was quite eligible, and as she perched herself on the front row of seats, thought excitedly that she could get him interested in football and then who knows what might happen!

Kalpna Dutta, L6(i)





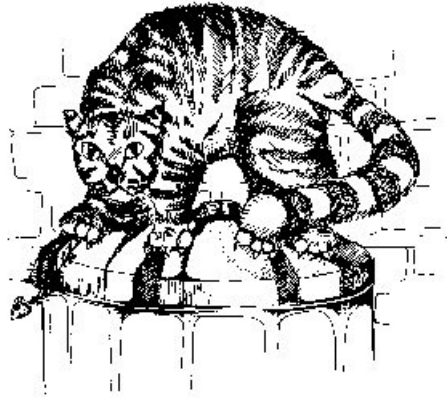
## Ape Man

I know a man – who’s not a man  
 He swings from tree to tree,  
 I think I know he is an ape,  
 (He’s ever so Hair-y.)  
 He has a lady friend called Jane,  
 She stays inside and cooks,  
 I think he likes her for the food,  
 (Or is it her good looks?)

He’s very brave, and very strong,  
 He wins all fights he fights,  
 He knows each animal by name,  
 (By heart the Jungle’s rights).

I think I’d like to know him,     A mad professor from Flynn  
 He looks a handsome man,     Created a terrible din,  
 He certainly appeals to me,     He invented a craft  
 You’ve guessed his name – TARZAN! To sail in the bath  
 P.S. I’ve often seen him on T.V.     But it failed and the poor man fell in  
 He’d go well hand in hand  
 With that other hero of the screen     H. Mackay, 3SL  
 The wonderful Bat Man!

Lucy Delafons, B6



*J. Matthews*

## My Cat      The Cat

Slithery, slinky,      The cat sat washing her paws  
 Creeping through the night,      And stretched her sharpened claws,  
 Old Motty One Paw      The children would soon be home from school  
 Is looking for a fight.      And they could be so very cruel.  
 Yowling, howling,  
 "Joins, come to war      She sat on the front wall  
 This is my patch,      Which wasn't very tall,  
 Even up the score!"      And waited patiently.  
 Flashing, gnashing,      Her green eyes slanted wickedly.  
 Teeth bared, gnashing,  
 Soft underbelly,      She waited for about an hour,  
 Claws rip, wounds jagged,      Her patience was turning very sour,  
 Noses split, ears ragged,      The clouds in the sky were turning grey.  
 Moving light, instant flight.      She didn't know it was Saturday.  
 At the door, "Let me in!"      Fay Thompson  
 Green eyes gleaming,  
 Flaming in the light,  
 Old Motty One Paw  
 Has won his fight.

Chris Haran, 2C2

## The Elephant      Birds I have known

The elephant has got big ears,      AND LOST  
 And it can live for many years,      I had a little parrot  
 Its smelling organ or its nose,      She only had one leg  
 Looks just like a garden hose,      I went out to the clothes line  
 It only eats boughs of a tree,      And brought her down a peg  
 I'm glad it wouldn't like to eat me.      (Or two!)

Stephen Turner, 2C2      Then there was me boodgie,  
 Very sick and weak,      At last she fell smack off her perch

## Pome      And badly bent her beak

I've a Gase and Harden in the country  
 An ace I call my plown      Once there was a phoenix  
 A treat I can replace to      That really should have learned  
 When I heed to knee alone.      To get out of his ashes  
 Catterfly and butterpillar      Before his beak got burned.  
 Perch on beefy lough  
 And I to the dat and cogs      M.S.  
 As they mark and they biaow.  
 Yes water here is nunderful  
 There is no weed for nords  
 While, silling by my window flutter  
 Biny little tirds.

J.T.



## The Hephallump

“What’s that?” they cried,  
cursing and conversin~ amongst themselves,

It’s a strange subject indeed.  
Ladies lazily painted  
Men that were shocked, stared,  
Children gasped and gaped,  
And babies cried and sighed.

It came clumsily and crawling  
Down the lazy lane and onto the scared street.  
Five fat large legs it had,  
With a dark, dowdy, dead-like lump on its head.  
It had a short, stumpy tail  
And a nasty-looking nose.

Its massive mouth, mauve and mouselike,  
Was chewing, crunching and crumbling  
Some worms and wood,  
Its ear was flapping flamboyantly in the whispy wind,  
And it didn’t even stop to look.  
It could eat anything,  
That is, except for pink, pearly people.  
(It didn’t like their taste of paste.)  
Its favourite food was wonderful wood.

You could see the trail of its tail,  
It left dents in the round road.  
It made a noise like “Hepha” – That’s how it got its name.

It did not even stop  
To pick up a few bent benches or twisty trees;  
Instead, it lumbered lazily on  
Past the Post Office  
And past the timber yard.  
At the end of the tiny town  
A strange thing hazily happened.  
It disintegrated ...

Lauraine West

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