



Phoenix 1977

The Magazine of Drayton Manor High School



THE DRAYTON MANOR HIGH SCHOOL HANWELL

LONDON

Phoenix 1977

Editor: Miss E. Kuchta
Magazine Committee: Elizabeth McNicol,
Judith Moreland, Simon Terry,
Paula Wills

Cover: Paula Wills

School Notes, 1976-77

The outstanding events of the year were the completion of the mini-bus project in December and the opening of the new teaching block in April. A very successful Christmas Market, organised by Miss Cracknell and many members of staff and pupils, raised over £1000 for the mini-bus fund which by the end of December had reached £3,427. It is a tribute to the enthusiasm of all concerned that such a substantial sum was raised in no more than eight months. Delivered in February and used on numerous occasions in the second half of the year, the bus has already justified the effort involved. The new teaching block was opened by the Chairman of the School's Governors on the first day of the Summer Term when Mr. B. Callaghan, Mr. J. Philips, Headmaster of Battersea Grammar School and former Deputy Head of Drayton Manor, Eugene O'Connell and Lucy Woolcombe of the Lower Sixth spoke on different aspects of sixth form education. Some idea of the preparatory work undertaken by staff and sixth form and of our plans for future years can be gained from two of these talks which are printed elsewhere in this edition of Phoenix.

With more than a hundred students taking Advanced Level courses and for the first time in the lower sixth a substantial number following an Ordinary Level or a Commercial course, there was a real need both for the facilities provided by the teaching block and for a new approach to sixth form organisation and curriculum. Under the guidance of the Lower Sixth tutors – Dr. P. Dineen, Mrs. E. Bristow, and Mrs. O. Moore – plans were made for the use of the building and for the expansion of sixth form studies in 1977-78. There will be of course a continuing emphasis on the academic side – a wide range of subjects will again be offered at 'A' and 'O' levels and the Commercial course will be extended. Subject reference libraries will be set up in the new block where the study areas offer better opportunities for independent work. A one day introductory conference will be held in September with a programme which attempts to place the work of the sixth year in the wider context of the contemporary world. Later in the year there will be an optional residential study week during which it is hoped to improve the balance of

students' rather specialised education through the study of an area from a variety of viewpoints – geographical, historical, sociological, economic, artistic, literary, etc. The General Studies programme which is followed by all students will include both a full afternoon session each week devoted to a particular theme with external speakers, visits and discussions, and a series of one term optional studies as in previous years. In 1977-8 the theme will be "Living in a large city," the introductory

conference will take as its subject "The City Crisis" and, partly as a contrast, the residential study week will be in Cornwall.

Judged by the public examination results in June 1976, an important though by no means the only yardstick, increased numbers on roll have meant both more candidates and more successes in the Ordinary Level examinations. The total number of 'pass' grades achieved (Grade A, B, or C at 'O' level, Grade 1 C.S.E.) was four hundred and seventy-four, which represents a small increase over the maximum previously achieved at Drayton Manor – four hundred and sixty-three subject passes in 1969. With more candidates and a substantial entry for the C.S.E. examinations, which were not taken in 1969, the 1976 results may not be strictly comparable

with those of earlier years, but they are nonetheless a welcome indication of continuing, though not as yet outstanding progress. In addition there were one hundred and ninety-one 'O' level grades D and E, considered by the Universities to be approximately the pass standard of the old School Certificate examinations and eighty-four grade 2 results in the C.S.E. examinations. At Advanced Level ninety-three subject passes were obtained, compared with ninety-six in 1975 and ninety-four in 1969. Twenty-one students went on to University and others to degree or professional training courses at Polytechnics and Technical Colleges. In September Dr. P. Dineen, Director of the Schools' Council Cultural Project at the New University of Ulster,

joined the staff as Head of the English Department; Mr. D. Davies, Head of Technical Studies at Lampton School was appointed Head of Careers; and Mr. G. Williams became Head of Coleridge House, his place as Head of Boys' P.E. being taken by Mr. A. Vickers. The school also welcomed Mr. G. Brown, Mr. C. Rowland and Miss T. Smart to the Mathematics Department, Mrs. H. Glynn to Home Economics; Mrs. C. Parton to Geography; Miss N. McAndrew to Modern Languages; Mrs. S. Stevens to Commerce and Mrs. Peacock to the school office. In January Mrs. L. Huntley (Art) joined the part time staff in the place of Mrs. D. Reoch (Home Economics). Towards the end of the Summer Term we were glad to hear that Mrs. Sosabowska was making a good recovery from illness and hoping to return to teaching in September. As a result of her absence we welcomed Mr. R. Bailey as a Supply teacher for the term. In July Mrs. K. Tattersall (Latin) retired after four years invaluable work; Mrs. D. Wainwright (History) moved to Yorkshire; Mrs. H. Glynn to Worcestershire and Mrs. I. de Sousa to an Ealing Middle School as Head of Music. To all four we offer our thanks for their work and our best wishes for the future.

At the end of the Autumn Term the School plays "After Magritte" and "The Bald Prima Donna" – Tom Stoppard

and Ionesco – and the Christmas Concert were generally thought successful productions. The Music Department was also responsible for a "Jubilee" Concert in April, which included Richard Bennett's Musical Drama "All the King's Men", and a Summer Concert in July.

Visiting speakers during the year included Mr. Weller (Civil Engineering and Motorway schemes), Mrs. Carrington (Help the Aged), Mrs. Lewis (Voluntary Civil Aid Service) and Representatives from the Shaftesbury Society, the Spastics Society, the Probation Service, The Samaritans, Task Force, The National Westminster Bank, the Armed Services, the Police, the

B.B.C., Beechams Ltd., E.M.I., St. Bernard's Hospital, London Airport, Southall Technical College, Hounslow College (Residential Care) Cornhill Insurance and the Central Middlesex Hospital.

In addition to the usual Field Courses for 'A' Level Biology and Geography and the Ski-ing and Wye Valley holidays, visits were arranged for various groups of pupils to a Spanish Conference (U6th and L6th); the Coliseum and Covent Garden for 'La Traviata' and 'Aida' (6th form General Studies); Boulogne (2nd, 4th and 5th year groups); Torquay (Brunel 2nd and 3rds); "Bugsy Malone"

(Brunel 2nd and 3rds); The Science Museum, Madame Tussaud's and the Planetarium (3Y); the London Dungeons and Monument; the Royal Academy – Light Fantastic – Holography Exhibition; the Pompeii Exhibition; the London Transport Museum; Le Touquet (3rd and 4th year groups); the National Theatre and others (6th form); National Westminster and Barclays Banks, Harrow College of Art, King Edwards' Hospital, Marks and Spencer, Beecham House and Southall Technical College (The Careers Department).

C.J.E.

We record our sadness and our sympathy with the families of two former pupils, of widely separated generations, who died during the past year:

In January 1977, JANET DAVIES, Drayton Manor 1969-76, suddenly just sevenmonths after leaving school;

In April 1977, MICHAEL HEMMING, after a short illness, a Modern Languages teacher who attended Drayton Manor from 1946 to 1953.

Sixth Form Education

A SPEECH BY EUGENE O'CONNELL AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW TEACHING BLOCK

I do not know what anyone else thinks but the most significant thing about this block for me is that, just as it is new, the Sixth Form is also new. The threat of unemployment and a demand for a more educated workforce have encouraged a lot of people to brave yet another year here; and as we move into this new era the expansion of the Sixth Form is bringing about changes to make it more attractive to those who did not previously want to enter it. These changes include a greater recognition of the broader intellectual make-up of today's Sixth. All our experience of practical life tells us that ability to do well at 'O' Level is not by any means the only form of ability that counts. I am reminded of a cartoon in which a British car is caught up in the middle of a Parisian traffic jam, and the father turns to the son and says, "Now then, 'O' Level French, this is your big chance!"

Whilst passing examinations and the successful completion of courses are of paramount importance, we

should perhaps be asking ourselves "What do we – the Sixth of '77 want from education?" Our ulterior motives may differ, but there are a few things, (such as the development of our capacity for interpreting our environment) that we both Want and need. This means not only our external environment, the social and to a lesser extent the physical and technological environment in which we live, but the inner environment of our own personalities. For most of us this takes precedence over purely intellectual attainment. "What sort of person am

I?" "Where am I going?", "Is there a God?" – these are more important questions for most of us than "What is the mathematical structure of the physical universe?" or "How do historians establish historical truth?"

Being able to understand and interpret our environment is not all though. We also want to operate within and upon it. The purpose of Sixth Form education is surely not to produce memory banks of either general or specialised information; it is to produce people who, while retaining all their other human potentialities, have been taught to think, and having thought, to make wise decisions. This does not mean acceptance of all society's features, or all its values. But society is an organic body and only those who, at the fundamental level remain within it and accept it as having value, can operate within it and seek to improve some parts of it, thus finding contentment.

Admittedly every society has its due quota of saints, artists, revolutionaries or even drop outs, who will reject not some part of the society but its whole system of values and social organisation. A good society will have a high tolerance of such people and may even benefit from them but any form of education which regards this sort of reaction as the norm, is destructive of the society which propagates it and the sort of thing that must be avoided in striking a balance between examination syllabus requirements and the broader objectives of education. And these broader objectives which we should be pursuing do not mean just knowing the date of the Treaty of San Stefano, as well as the formula for potassium sulphate.

Education should surely do more than enable us to ride out our environment. The idealistic goal of education is the increase of human happiness – we seek to enjoy our time in this all-too transient world as well as to understand and change it where necessary. I suppose some of you are still rather puzzled by the talk of a "broad education". Let me try to give you an example, inadequate though it may be:

A day trip to the coast does not necessarily mean the consumption of squashed bananas, melted Mars Bars and grey thermos flask tea (all integral parts of the eternal 'packed lunch') being the most memorable event; it could mean the preparation of something of interest regarding the region, by various school departments – the potential geographers introducing the party to local land features or the budding biologists digressing on the wildlife to be found in the area. Although, I admit some people might not be too enthralled by the habits of stoats and weasels. However, such activities are but one facet of life in

today's Sixth Form. A Sixth Form which we are members of through choice and not compulsion, and a Sixth Form in which, no matter how short your stay, you should use to your utmost, because friends its cold out there, and it doesn't come easy!

Purpose and Scope of the New

Building

In the past, the role of the Lower Sixth in the school structure has not been very obvious. It was only the Upper Sixth who had the privilege of having a block for their own use with its practical small classrooms and its large social area. Until now, the Lower Sixth used the library for private study and the General Science Laboratory as a congregating room (with not the best of facilities!). Socially, we have been detached from the

rest of the school; there was no real contact, and for this reason, lunch-time duties were more of a chore than a positive responsibility.

Well now, with this new building, the Lower Sixth has, on the one hand more privacy, and on the other more opportunity to mix. Let us hope that it will be harmonious mixing. Many classrooms and facilities have been provided for the whole school, and the Sixth Year have been given the opportunity to suggest ways in which they can be used to their fullest extent. We intend to use the building in a positive and as constructive a way as possible; we plan to build up a separate Sixth Form library within this building for easier reference and private study. By organising a rota system, tea and coffee can be made available at break and dinner-time.

We feel that the building has already given the Lower Sixth greater responsibilities and a better relationship and understanding with the Staff. We have held discussions both with the staff and on our own. We have, as far as possible, involved all the Lower Sixth in this initial planning. Through these discussions we have

brought the many different groups of the Lower Sixth closer together.

Each of these groups has nominated its own

representative to make up a Lower Sixth Council of about twenty people. This Council will voice the ideas and opinions of us all, and will therefore involve everyone. From the Council, we have nominated seven or eight people who will be channels of our ideas on social, organisational and catering matters. We hope that this basic structure will be developed and expanded by subsequent Lower Sixth Years. This is the first time that a council of this sort has been attempted. We are sure that it will be successful. We would like to thank Dr. Dineen, Mrs. Bristow and Mrs. Moore for their help and guidance in setting up these bodies.

Let us now look again at the building itself. As I have said, its two main purposes are to provide the Lower Sixth with its own centre and to make available more classrooms for the school. The building consists of two levels which will be used both socially and academically. The upstairs is designated as a private study area; it is in our own interest that silence be observed at all times in this area. If we manage to do this students will be able to carry out private study during their spare time. It will also provide an important place for revision before the 'O' and 'A' Level Examinations,

Downstairs there is a large social area with kitchen units where tea and coffee can be made. During break and dinner-time we can use the area to relax. As in the General Science Laboratory, records, cards and other activities will be allowed.

We intend to take up Mrs. Bristow's suggestion of organising social evenings for the Lower Sixth. We can

invite guest speakers to talk on specific subjects; we can also show films and hold discussions. Afterwards we could relax with refreshments.

We therefore hope that in this new building we will create a good balance between social and academic activities.

To conclude, I would like to again emphasise the

importance of the opportunities and responsibilities that the new building has given to us and I hope that everyone will participate in some of the activities brought about by this building. I would like to thank everyone who has helped to create this facility for us, especially the Ealing Education Authority and Mr. Everest. We appreciate all you have done for us. Also, I would like to thank Chairman of Governors and of course Mr. Phillips for taking an afternoon off school to see us. Thank you. Lucy Woolcombe.

The Parents' Association

This year has once again been an active year. As parents we have seen the school growing in size both with the new

wing that has been completed and opened and also the increased number of pupils now in school.

As both chairman of the Parents' Association and elected parent governor I have been able to serve the school, the parents and pupils in a way that I most enjoy by trying to help where ever I may be required to do so.

We have this year a very strong and active committee. We assist with school activities and promote various social functions within the school, including fund raising, so that, when required, we are able to help provide additional items to assist the pupils and the school.

Our ideal situation would be to have 100% parent membership of the Association. The fee is only small, £1.00 for school life membership. May I urge all parents to join, to take an active part in the social activities and to promote an interest in the welfare of the pupils, so that we may serve Drayton Manor High School to the best of our ability.

Our A.G.M. takes place in October each year. You will be notified of the date when you, as parents, may elect your officers and members of the Executive Committee plus two auditors for the coming year.

I should like to take this opportunity to offer our thanks to both the school staff and the many helpers in our activities. I look forward to the future well being of Drayton Manor High School.

Monty Egart

Brunel House

Housemaster :	Mr. D.H. Adams.
Assistant :	Mrs. E.A. Hetherington.
Tutors :	Mrs. V. Meyers, Mr. F. Hughes, Miss L. Richards, Miss E. Kuchta, Mrs. J.C. Ballanger, Mr.P.A. Lovett, Mrs. M. Read,
House Captains:	Chris Christodoulou, Sharon Fowler.
Deputies :	Julian Banasiewicz, Julie Stephens.
Games Captains:	Duncan Keens, Karen Walling, Angelo Orsi, Billy Gleeson, Diane Lecky.
Chess :	Peter Coles, Brian Pring.
Athletics :	Robin Carr.

Brunel's record of success in house activities has been variable this year. After starting the year well by winning the Boys Round-the-Houses Relay, the House was denied success in practically every competition in the first term and, more often than not, even second place was not to be ours. However, the third year boys, captained by Angelo Orsi brought us a well deserved victory in the 5-a-side championship just before Christmas to boost our morale. Angelo and his team also brought us success in the special third year 11-a-side football tournament in February.

Unfortunately the House failed to regain its former supremacy in the Cross Country despite excellent runs by Angela Newton (first), Diane Lecky (second), Nigel Day and Julian Banasiewicz (fourth), in their individual year races. Similarly apart from winning the Senior Netball and despite the valiant efforts of all who took part we failed to win any other competition – Football, Netball, Hockey, Basketball – until April. Life took a turn for the better with the arrival of the Swimming Gala. With the House's previous record of bad luck and elusive victory so far this year the days preceding the Gala were very nervewracking, as Miss Richards tried to muster a complete team to defend our swimming title for the third year running. In the event our fears were groundless as our team routed the opposition and easily retained the trophy. Heartiest congratulations to all who supported the House by taking part!

With this morale boosting win we looked forward with greater confidence to Sports Day, at which we would be defending our Athletics title for the fourth year in succession. We began by trailing badly after some of the field events and it looked as though the gremlins would strike once more when, on Sports Day itself, we slowly but surely began to build up an unassailable lead, and finally beat Coleridge by a margin of some 90 points.

It is impossible to list all those who have willingly turned up to represent the House but mention must be made of the following who have given up their time so unstintingly in a wide range of sports activities:

Medlene Callender, Karen Walling, Angela Newton, Sophia Marzec, Pauline Hopson, Ruth Newton, Diane Lecky, Yolande Gittens, Julian Banasiewicz, Angelo Orsi, Nigel Day, Michael Forde, Mark Brooks,

Duncan Keens, Heaton Louisor, Graham West, Richard Hughes, John Saltariche, Billy Gleeson and David Ryde, Chris Christodoulou and Sean O'Reilly. Off the games field we had varying success in the Chess, Backgammon, Drama and the Music Festival. The Chess Tournament was never completed but Brunel House was in the lead at its demise. However there was no doubt about Brian Pring's victory in Backgammon with the runner-up, Peter Coles, also from Brunel. The House fared less well in Drama despite Lorraine Gallagher's gallant production of "R.V.R." and although we did not win the Music Festival we had some very good performances from Lucy Delafons and April Mathews who were first in their Class.

Apart from inter-House competition, Mrs. Hetherington and I felt that it would be a good idea to give the House an identity as a social unit or as a large "Family" and to this end we tested House reaction to two purely social outings for the Juniors. The first was a modest but very successful coach trip to Marble Arch to see "Bugsy Malone" in October, enjoyed by an appreciative group of 2nd and 3rd years. The second trip was more ambitious but even more successful. This was a Spring weekend in Torquay at the Dunstone Hotel which, despite the bad weather, proved to be a very happy weekend (with many amusing moments) for both staff and pupils. The hotel owners were suitably impressed and wrote to the school to say how pleased they were with the behaviour of everyone (pupils and staff!) I am fully aware that the Senior forms feel a little left out of these trips but I can assure them that, now the success of such ventures has been proved, they will be given priority next year.

To round off this review of the year I would like first of all to thank our retiring captains, Sharon and Chris, for all their effort and wish them every success for the future; secondly, to welcome our new captains, Lucy Delafons and Julian Banasiewicz, and their deputies Karen Walling and Stefan Banasiewicz; thirdly to congratulate our overall House Champions Medlene Callender (11 pts.) and Nigel Day (17 pts.) with runners-up Angela Newton (12 pts.) and Angelo Orsi (16 pts.); fourthly, but not least in importance, to thank all House tutors for their help and, in particular, Miss Richards and Mrs. Hetherington, without whose co-operation and organising skill my task would have been impossible.

D.H.A.

Coleridge House

Heads of House: Mr. E. G. Williams
Mrs. K. M. Carter

House Captains: Paul Lawrence
Maureen Jennings

Tutors: Mr. G. Brown
Miss N. McAndrew
Mr. J. French
Mr. A. Read
Mr. D. Arm
Mrs. C. Parton
Mr. C. Rowlands
Mr. G. Loosemore

Team Captains

Second Year	Third Year	Fourth Year	Seniors
<i>Football</i>			
P. Burrows	G. West	K. Shepardly	R. Jubb
<i>Basketball</i>			
A. Vegh	R. Badowski	K. Shepardly	P. Lawrence
<i>Netball</i>			
I. Tyndale	I. Tobais	–	N. Dowd
<i>5-a-side</i>			
P. Burrows	G. West	C. Rankin	G. Shepardly
<i>X-Country</i>			
J. Tyndale	J. Smith	–	T. Waring
<i>Swimming</i>			
P. Long	R. Badowski	C. Rankin	I. Tate
<i>Badminton</i>			
–	–	–	M. Jennings
<i>Athletics</i>			
J. Tyndale	R. Pepper	R. Stanley	M. Jennings
S. Pearce	G. West	S. Brakespear	I. Tate

On behalf of the House, I would like to thank Mrs. Carter and Mr. Williams for all that they have done for the House this year. I would also like to thank our House Tutors and Maureen, our captain, for giving their co operation when teams had to be chosen.

Our new Second Years were really keen as far as Sporting events were concerned. The boys won the football and the basketball, and the girls won the hockey and the netball. Special mention must be given to Rowena Morton, Tony Vegh and Peter Burrows.

Early in the Autumn term, the Cross Country took place and the girls came third overall with the boys coming last. Although we came last in the swimming this year, special mention must go to Peter Long (2nd. Yr.) who won all his events; our thanks to Mr. Brown, also, for his team organisation at the baths.

On behalf of the cast, I would like to thank Eugene O'Connell (LVIth) for providing us with the scripts for the house play, "Ladies-in-Waiting". I am sure the rest of the House join me in this.

Recently, our combined 2nd/3rd Yr. team won the tennis. Katherine Edwards played particularly well.

Finally, we come to the main event of the inter-house sporting calendar, Sports Day. Once again, unfortunately, Coleridge could only manage second place to our rivals, Brunel.

For the past three years, our Second Year athletes seemed to excel; this year was no exception!

Outstanding performances came from Jackie Tyndale (2nd Yr.) who won three out of four events and Steven Pearce (2nd Yr.) who won all his events.

Once again, Jenny Tobias was our top performer in the third year, winning three out of four events. She also took part in the relay and Coleridge finished first. Last year Greg West was our top performer but this year it was Trevor Miles, who won three Out of four events.

Unfortunately, our Fourth Year girls did not do so well, but our thanks go to Rosemary Stanley, Gloria Tyndale and Beverley Johns who, between them, made up nearly all the Fourth year team! A new pupil joined our ranks in the fourth year, Shane Brakespear, and he showed his skills by winning the discus and 400m. and coming second in the 200m.

Because of the pressure of external exams our Senior team did not do so well, but special thanks go to Maureen Jennings, Jon Tate, and Tony Carr.

Another year has gone past quickly; in that year the members of Coleridge House have done, in general, extremely well. Well done Coleridge!!

Paul Lawrence
House Captain

Newton House

Staff: Mr. Barker
Mrs. Wainwright
Mr. Price
Mr. Grant
Mr. Sharma
Miss Slee
Miss Smart

Mrs. Glynn
Mrs. Moore

Boys' Captain: Julian Mungo
Vice-Captain: David Bilson
Girls' Captain: Elizabeth McNicol
Vice-Captain: Paula Wills

Committee Representatives

Sixth Year: E. McNicol, P. Wills, J. Mungo, D. Bilson.

Fifth Year: H. Goodman, J. Peters.

Fourth Year: L. Clark, E. Quansah, J. Gough.

Third Year: P. Thompson, D. Doble, D. Knight, D. Ronder.

Second Year: P. Applewhaite, V. Speede.

Girls' Netball Captains

Fourth, Fifth, Sixth Years:
C. Tompkins

Second and Third Years:
C. Irving

Girls' Hockey Captains

Fourth, Fifth, Sixth Years:
M. McCorry

Second and Third Years:
F. Leigertwood

Boys' 5-a-side Soccer Captains

Sixth Year: P. Stewart, A. Dickerson

Fifth Year: D. Barrance, I. Davidson

Fourth Year: J. Gough, M. Wiggins.

Second Year: A. Taylor.

Boys' Cricket Captains

Fifth and Sixth Years:
J. Mungo, D. Barrance

Fourth Year: S. Hunt, J. Gough.

Third Year: A. Sharp, M. Williams

Second Year: A. Mungo, R. Jackson

Athletics Captains

Fifth and Sixth Years:

J. Mungo, S. Hyde, S. Sweetman,
G. Hart.

Fourth Year: M. Wiggins, C. McDonald

Third Year: S. Odisho, F. Leigerwood, D. Peters.

Second Year: R. Jackson, D. Hawkins,
P. Applewhaite

Basketball Captains

Third Year: M. Williams, A. Sharp

Second Year: R. Jackson, A. Taylor

This year Newton's successes came mainly from the seniors. They did well in soccer, hockey, badminton and the cross-country run. But the rest of the House also had some measure of success, particularly in the House plays and music competitions.

The boys of the Fifth and Sixth years won the Inter-House 11-a-side soccer competition. The team consisted of P. Stewart, A. Mungo, D. Barrance, D. Higgs, P. Brandreth, P. Collins, I. Pickerson, N. Clancey, M. Dowd, J. Dearden and I. Davidson. A. Dickerson scored a total of six goals. Their 6-a-side soccer team also won the Inter-House competition. The Third and Fourth years played well and both 11-a-side teams came second. The Third Year 6-a-side team came first.

Congratulations to the girls of the Third and Fourth Years for their winning, jointly with Coleridge, the Hockey competition, and also to the Senior Mixed team who tied, again with Coleridge, for first place. The latter were Michelle McCorry, Jennifer Mungo, Christine Tompkins, Manku, Sharma, Stuart and Barrance. An effortless victory came to the senior girls, K. McNicol, J. Spiegal, C. Tompkins and M. McCorry,

who had a walk-over in their Inter-House Tennis competition.

The Sixth Year entered a very strong badminton team, consisting of Manku, Mungo, Gill, P. Holland.

M. McCorry and C. Tompkins. They came first, winning twelve of their thirteen games.

The Inter-House Cross Country race has been an event in which Newton has done well several times before, and again the boys put up a good performance. The Senior team (Fourth, Fifth and Sixth) came second and the boys' Second Year team came first. M. Wiggins and J. Mungo were second and third in the Seniors and R. Jackson was second in the Second Year. Another runner who came second was A. Shari in the Third Year.

We did not do well in the Swimming Gala, but there were outstanding performances by some individuals.

J. O'Higgins won the Second Years girls' butterfly, L. O'Higgins won the Fourth Year backstroke and butterfly, the Second Year boys won the medley and free-style relays and the Fourth Year girls won their medley relay.

Similarly in the Athletics competition Newton had disappointing results, which do not reflect the very fine achievements of some pupils. I. Davidson won the discus

and D. Barrance came second in the Fifth and Sixth Years, M. Wiggins won the 100 metres, 200 metres, 1500 metres and came second in the 800 metres in the Fourth Year. The relay team for the Fourth Year came first, and M. Chering came second in the shot and discus. In

the Third Year A. Sharp was first in the 400 metres, S. Odisho second in the 800 metres and the relay team came second. D. Watkins was second in the shot.

In the Second Year R. Jackson was first in the 400 metres and second in the 200 metres. For the girls' L. Clark won the long jump and came second in the 1500 metres and C. Adams was second in the 100 metres in the Fourth Year. In the Third Year

R. Randhana, C. Irving, D. Peters and F. Leigentwood were first in the 1500 metres, discus, javelin and high jump respectively. P. D'Costa was second in the 1500 metres and the relay team came second. In the Second Year D. Hawkins was first in the high jump and P. Applewhait was second in the 200 metres.

A very memorable highlight of Newton's successes was the House play and the following report has been written by Miss Slea. For the House play competition Newton presented the first act of 'Zigger-Zagger' by Peter Terson. This needed a large cast and gave many pupils the opportunity to take part.

Despite the limited rehearsal time and the play's structure, involving swift scene changes, the whole cast rose to the occasion and we had the pleasure of winning the competition.

Thanks must go to all who took part either as actors or crew but especially to Liz McNicol who co-directed this very challenging play. We shall remember for a long time the outstanding performances of David Ronder and Michael Wiggins, and many of us will certainly not forget the rousing singing of the 'well-disciplined' chorus.

J. Barker.

Mrs. Wainwright

Mrs. Wainwright has been at Drayton Manor for only three years but during that time she has worked with such enthusiasm that she will be greatly missed. Her buoyant cheerfulness and readiness to assume any responsibility like the History Club, the History exhibition for Open Day and the organising of Newton girls' games have made her a much valued colleague. Her pupils will also know how genuine is her interest in both the subject and them. We sincerely wish her happiness in the future.

J. Barker

Shaftesbury House

House Mistress Mrs. A.H. Hartley
Deputy Mr. S. Block
Tutor Group Staff: Mrs. V. Baker
Mrs. I. De Sousa
Mr. J. French
Mr. P. Hargrave
Miss J. Lawrence
Miss E. Rae

Captains : Helen Carter, Richard Templer
Deputies : Sybil Ferguson, Graham Reading

Tutor Group Representatives:

	<i>Captain</i>	<i>Deputy</i>
<i>5th Year:</i>	Caroline Cook Anthony Potter	Janet Gordon Michael Burns
<i>4th Year:</i>	Susan Jarvis Paul McRory	Suzanne Brixley Ricky Thompson
<i>3rd Year:</i>	Sally-Anne Wheeler Brian Outten	Margaret Cotter Alex Hooper
<i>2nd Year:</i>	Anne McRory Paul Symonds	Hazel Burns Ronny Scrafield

Shaftesbury House has worked hard to achieve success in all Inter-House sporting and competitive activities this year. There has been a large number of these, with great variety, giving most boys and girls a chance to see what they could do.

As usual, the first event of the year was the "Round the Houses Relay Race." The girls' team came first and the boys' were second. This was followed by 11-a-side football. In this, the 3rd and 4th year teams won against

Coleridge and Brunel and drew with Newton. The 5th and 6th year team came second overall, the decision being arrived at on a knock-out basis. Our new second year boys did extremely well to win first place for us. Mid-October brought more wins for Shaftesbury. In the girls' Cross Country, third, fourth and sixth years secured first places, while the second year came second, Newton coming first. The results gained by the boys were exactly the same as for the girls. This tremendous success put us completely in the lead over the other three houses.

In Netball and Hockey, we trod the middle of the road, being neither first nor last overall. It was the same with our second year Basketball Team which had to concede first place to Coleridge. However, our third year team gained first place for the House.

In 5-a-side football the fifth and sixth years were second, the fourth year first, the third year third, and the second year 'A' and 'B' teams took first place for us yet again. In swimming we were second. Brunel beat us to it, and in badminton we landed in our usual place, which is last.

On School Sports Day many members of our House acquitted themselves well. Certain names which must be mentioned in this respect are Anne McRory and

Paul Symonds (2X), Barry Golds (2CS3), Daniel Pierre (3CS3), Susan Jarvis (452), Suzanne Brixley, Alan Kavanagh and Stephen Jex (451). Our thanks of course go to everyone who took part, and to the rest of the House who supported. We all have had a very

good and highly enjoyable year. Keep it up, Shaftesbury!

A.H.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOUSE PLAY

The play was entitled "Ticket to Hitsville" and had a cast of over fifty, giving plenty of scope for budding actors and actresses. We all thought our play was a success and congratulated ourselves on our splendid performances. The other houses had their plays, but, naturally, we considered ours to be the best. We were the only ones!

The theme was a simple one. It was based on the "Pied Piper" and centred around a Rock Group called "The Rats". Naturally, the rock group attracted the teenagers who began to spend all their time with them. The older generation disliked the group and complained to the council, who were then forced to hire the hero of the

play, 'Ed Piper'. He was to bribe "The Rats" to 'make it' on his T.V. show, and so leave town. When the job was done the council refused to pay 'Ed Piper' his money, so he took the children as well as "The Rats" off with him – hence the "Pied Piper of Hamelin".

The play ends with Mark Harland reading an extremely good piece of poetry which refers, sadly, to the fact that he is destined to carry on with his studies for G.C.E. exams, while his friends appear to enjoy themselves in "Hitsville".

David Judd
(Leader of "The Rats")

“After Magritte” and “The Bald Prima Donna”

This year, the school staged two short plays, “After Magritte” by Tom Stoppard, and “The Bald Prima Donna” by Eugene Ionesco. To be more accurate, these were not plays, but rather anti-plays, a little in the style of Monty Python. So as can be imagined, the production, staging and acting was far removed from school-play norms. It is therefore to the credit of all involved that the entertainment was such a success.

The first playlet shown was “After Magritte”. The storyline was basically one of mistaken identities, and the absurd situations this leads to. Underlying this, as the title implies, was the constant surrealistic effect of the action and scenery. The acting throughout was of the highest quality. Congratulations are due to the whole cast for such a fine performance.

“~The Bald *What?*” Such was my, and, I suspect, most people’s reaction to the title of the second of the Christmas drama productions. “The Bald Prima Donna” is not about a hairless opera singer—in fact it is not about anything at all. It is an experience; its French writer, Ionesco conceived it after a harrowing encounter with an English phrase book,

The play is an example of what is known as the Theatre of the Absurd, which indeed it was, but also, the cast hope, funny as well. It follows none of the normal rules of drama, and dispenses with such trivialities as plot or sensible conversation in favour of a mocking parody on the English way of life. From the very beginning, Mrs.

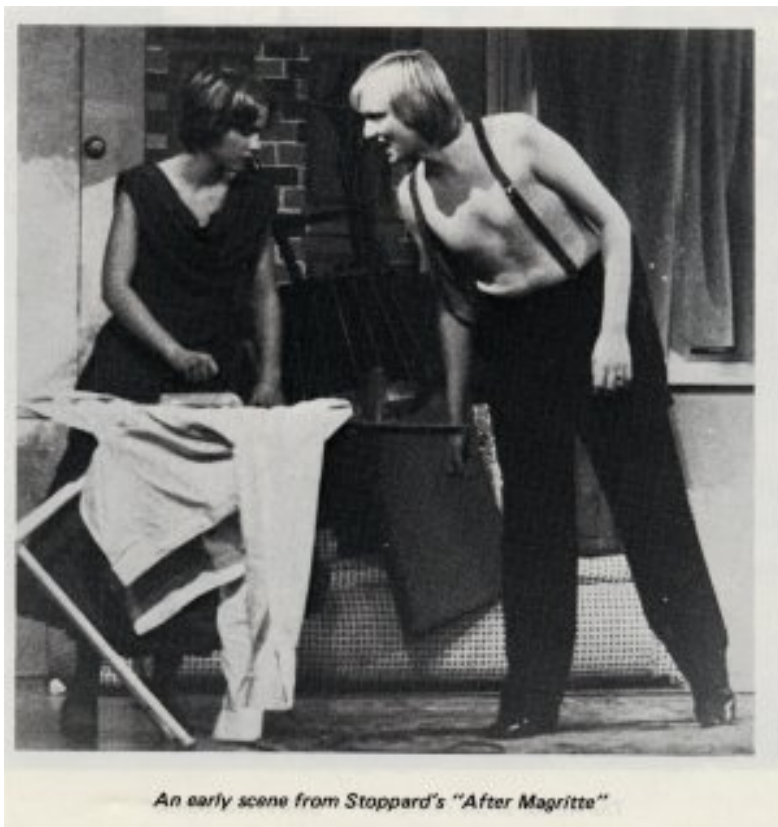
Smith (Sharon Fowler) droned on in a most convincing way, like a typical middle-class Englishwoman, about food, neighbours and local scandals in a repetitive style. Here one can see Ionesco laughing at the English with their clichéd conversational style. He reinforces this theme more strongly later on, when Mrs. Smith, her husband (Eugene O’Connell) and their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Martin (Graham Reading and Liz McNicol) fidget silently until one by one, they all make inane one-line comments which have the effect of stifling conversation rather than

promoting

The secondary and far less serious theme of the pseudo-play is that of the humour through the use of language. Juxtaposing plain, ordinary activities with outrageous speech proved to be a success with the audience as was shown by the argument over who rang the doorbell. As the play progresses, weird characters, like Lucy Delafons’ bizarre maid (who comes to a grizzly end) flit in and out. We have the mad captain of the fire brigade (David Bilson) who delights in telling insane stories about apes and dogs, Mr. Smith’s paranoid parable of the Snake and the Fox. More than anything, we have the mention of the heroine—The Bald Prima Donna. Her invocation heralds a complete breakdown in communication between the cast, presided over by the ever-vigilant Mr. Jewel and Mr. French, their stage and lighting crews, and of course, our irrepressible producer, Mr. David Adams.

Our sincerest thanks to them all.

Eugene O’Connell and Richard Templer





The Arrival of the Fire Chief - "Wild Firea Dence"

Christmas Concert 1976 and Easter Concert 1977

Over the last few years, Drayton Manor has succeeded in dispelling the myth that "music is for cissies" by putting on a varied and lively programme for its school concerts. With a large cross-section of the school taking part, the Christmas and Easter concerts this year proved to be a success in accordance with this growing trend.

In the Christmas concert we heard the four prize-winning carols of the Carol Competition that was held for the first time in Drayton Manor this term. Joint third were Marvline Tobias (L6) with 'O Let Us Sing A Song' and Helyer. Robert and Paula Wills (2N2 and L6) 'A Carol'. Second was Judith Moreland (L6) with 'A Christmas Carol', and first was Ralph Burgess (2C1) with 'One Wintery Night'. I would hope that this competition will also set itself up as an annual event in Drayton Manor. Preceded by 'O Come All Ye Faithful' and 'The Twelve Days Of Christmas' with tremendous audience participation, these carols were followed by a violin solo given by Stephen Wright. The piece was 'Allegro Brilliant' by Willem Ten Have, and received enthusiastic applause on both nights. After four Christmas songs from the Instrumental Ensemble, the mood changed to receive Blockbusters for their second farewell appearance! They sang two rock'n'roll numbers, as well as the much loved 'Hey Santa Rock!', and there was indeed screaming and clapping, but certainly not in moderation as our programme requested! 'Hark the Herald Angels' opened the second half of the concert, followed by two orchestral items: 'Polka' from 'Schwanda the Bagpiper', and in contrast, 'Day By Day' from the popular musical 'Godspell'. Next came three Beach Boys numbers, including 'I Get Around', 'Sloop John B', and 'Barbara-Ann'. The wind band then played three pieces which highlighted various sections of the band. A repeat of the 'St. Louis Blues March' (Glen Miller) was given by popular demand, and to round off the concert, a heart-rending performance of 'White Christmas' which really brought it home that December 25th was fast approaching.

The 1977 Easter Concert, was, of course, a Jubilee concert, with the theme of royalty running all the way through. The concert began with the Wind Band playing, naturally enough, the National Anthem. They then played the 'Norland March', 'Carnival For Trombones', featuring Alan Gates and Barry Denham, and 'Mexican Dance' which was received with great relish. Next was a piano solo from Judith Moreland, who played 'Prelude and Fugue in E major' by Bach, and then Mrs. De Sousa's well-trained group of recorders and percussionists who played three kingly songs: 'The King's New Clothes', 'King Of The Road', and 'King Of The Swingers' (Jungle Book), in which Mark Templer scored a hit with his wooden block and beater. An impressive trumpet voluntary in stereo followed, by John Stanley, featuring Graham Reading and Mr. Block.

Something new on the Drayton Manor concert scene was the Jazz Workshop, and this proved to be a great success, showing up a lot of natural talent, especially in the lower years. The three soloists were Alex Mungo on the clarinet and alto sax, Robert Wills on tenor sax, and Matthew Stones on piano and vibes. They played 'White Caps', 'Stolen Moments' and 'Psychadelic Sally'. Robert Wills and Ralph Burgess then played two piano duets, 'Close Every Door to Me' (from 'Joseph and the Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat') and 'Hornpipe' by Marjorie

Christine Stevens played two pieces on what has been described as the 'king of instruments', the organ. She played 'Ave Maria' and Bach's 'Tocatta in D Minor'.

The orchestra (leader Stephen Wright) brought the first half of the concert to a close with Haydn's 'Divertimento', and in true English style, the theme from Elgar's 'Pomp and Circumstance', March No. 1, better known as 'Land of Hope and Glory'.

The second half of the concert was devoted entirely to a one-act opera by Richard Rodney Bennett, called 'All the King's Men'. Although the music was learnt in advance, floor work did not start until two weeks before the first night. Under the circumstances, everybody did extremely well.

The story is set in 1643, in the English Civil War, and tells of how the brave young Colonel Massey and his 'handful of men' outwitted the king's army who 'numbered thousands'. He manages to sink the contraption, 'Humpty

Dumpty', that the Royalists build, by digging the banks of the River Severn and so widening it. In this way he is able to keep his city of Gloucester. Colonel Massey was played convincingly by Stephen Wright, likewise, Dr. Chillingworth was played by Graham Church, the drummer boy by Mark Harland, King Charles I by Matthew Gibson and Queen Henrietta Maria by Nina Posthumus. The cast numbered about seventy, but we must not forget the orchestra, made up of members of the school and the West London Sinfonia.

The show was extremely exciting, both visually and musically, and thanks must be given to Mr. Block, Mr. Jewel and the lighting crew, Mr. French and the stage crew, with Mrs. Hetherington and the art department, Mrs. Hartley in the properties department, Miss Lawrence with the dress and costumes, and Miss Cracknell on sound, and everyone else who helped.

Putting on 'All The King's Men' was not such a colossal task as was staging 'Oliver!', but because of the limited amount of time, it was still extremely hard work. It paid off, however, and was very successful. It is to be hoped that the staging of a musical will also become an annual feature of Drayton Manor's music department.

Judith Moreland, L6

Music Report

If anyone had said last September that 1976/77 was going to be even busier than the previous two years, I suspect that quite a number of people would have hung up their instruments in the Music Room and taken the next stage out of town. But we made it, losing only a few faint-

hearted souls along the way. By the end of July, we shall have given eight evening performances at school, nearly as many in front of the pupils (always an ordeal!), and two outside school. Furthermore, this year has seen the first Drayton Manor Music Festival – a marathon which was tough for all concerned. All this, plus visits to concerts and ballets, carol-singing for War on Want, and countless rehearsals for everything!

The first of these events was in November, when our Junior Choir and Swing Band took part in the Hanwell Festival Schools Concert. Previously this had been held on a Saturday afternoon, and for both audience and performers we were competing with football matches, hockey matches, and everything-else-matches – but then that's the story of our life. Anyway, this year's was an American-style concert held on a weekday evening, and the Methodist Church was packed. Joining with St. Mark's, St. Joseph's and Oaklands Middle Schools, we had 'em swaying in the pews as the massed choir launched into 'Oh, what a beautiful morning', swinging in the aisles as our band played Glenn Miller, and finally raising the roof as everybody joined in 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic'. The old church will never be the same again.

December saw our Christmas Concert, which is reported in J.M.'s article. We were sorry not to have been asked to sing carols on Capital Radio this year (was it really that bad last time?), but we looked forward to our annual carol-singing jaunt around the local streets.

Unfortunately, we picked a bad night for it; half the choir were out doing other things, and the weather was ghastly. It was left to an isolated (or should I say 'iceolated') handful to trudge out into the bleak midwinter and croak hopefully around lamp-posts. We didn't make much money for War on Want, and when we came back to school (fervently muttering "It's the thought that counts!") after just an hour, our little assets were somewhat frozen. Still, you can't win em. all.

The Spring Term featured our usual Easter Concert – this year in Jubilee style of course – and our very first Music Festival. When we first called for entries in the festival, the response within each house seemed negligible and the four house representatives began to wish that they had never been 'volunteered' into the job. But after a little bullying and pep-talking, the four – Per Kincaid (B), Judith Moreland (C), Stephen Wright (N) and Graham Reading (S) – managed to get entries in almost every class. In fact, by the time Messrs. Bohman and Richardson arrived to judge the Festival, we had the awesome prospect of ploughing through some 60 entries in just five hours! However, at the end of it all everyone seemed happy – especially Jodi Moreland, who was able to collect the Music Cup for Coleridge next morning in assembly. Well done Coleridge.

In May we took part in a massed schools' concert at the Royal Albert Hall. We were only 30 out of the 750 pupils performing, but you may rest assured that we made our presence felt, or rather, heard. It was an

exciting occasion, and the performance had a lot of atmosphere to it (come to think, so did the rehearsal when some dear soul let off a stink-bomb in the arena!). What a pity that the choir practically outnumbered the audience. Still, we enjoyed it.

By the time this magazine comes out, we shall have given our Summer Concert, had some sort of break, and come back to start preparing for the 1977 Hanwell Festival and our own Christmas Concert. Sadly, we shall also have said goodbye to some of our musicians. Of those leaving the school whom I should like to thank most sincerely for all their enthusiastic participation, I must single out Graham Reading. He seems to have been in everything that ever happened in this school, and I don't know how he survived it all. We wish him, and all the others going on to new musical pastures (we hope), the very best of luck in the future.

Finally, we have had to say farewell to Irene de Sousa, who has gone to run her own well-earned department at a local middle school. Mrs. de Sousa, for all your tireless help in keeping the Drayton Manor music department going, we all say thankyou, and good luck in your new job.

Another year gone, and we're ready to start the cycle over again, ably supported by our new music teacher, Linda Milnes. Please don't tell us things will be even busier than the last three years!

Mr. S. Block
Head of Music

Stage Crew

A keen band of third year pupils formed a new stage crew this year and under the leadership of Mr. French and Mr. Jewell were soon involved in the many activities which come their way.

The autumn play required a full box set which fortunately required only adaptation of existing stock but there had to be in addition a specially reinforced ironing board and a heat-less iron, whose green eye had to be obvious to the audience. Another crazy prop was a working pendant light counterbalanced by a basket of fruit.

The concert at Easter had as its second half "All the King's Men" which required the construction of a castle with working drawbridge and "Humpty Dumpty" – a monstrous contrivance on wheels which had to collapse on cue each night. This monster was ingeniously assembled with lots of rope and hinges, and after each performance its collapse became more certain but the timing less certain.

The lighting crew have to provide effects for discos and parents socials as well as the school plays, concerts and parties, but this year the most striking was undoubtedly "All the King's Men", with its dawn effects and firelit camp scene, all controlled from a small electronic

switchboard at the rear of the hall.

The many hours of work put in by these pupils in their own time is much appreciated.

D.J. and J. F.

Community Service

Mr. Strachan from Task Force held regular fortnightly meetings of volunteers at the school.

Many pensioners like young people to call at their homes for a chat and occasionally, pupils from Drayton Manor do odds jobs for them, like gardening, shopping, or even cooking a snack. Most of this work has been done in the pupils' own time. However, community service work also forms part of the Social Studies programme for senior pupils. Two girls regularly took an old gentleman out in his wheelchair, while other pupils assisted at the pensioners club at Hanwell Community Centre.

Another group of pupils visited the geriatric wards at St. Bernard's Hospital and other pupils assisted at the play group for children whose fathers were serving prison sentences.

There have been several charity collections for societies like Help The Aged, The Samaritans, Make Children Happy, Spastics and The Shaftesbury Society.

The annual Christmas party for old folks was this year organised by Mrs. Wainwright and Mrs. Dare. Our thanks are extended to them, as well as to all the other staff and pupils who took part in the preparation and serving of the food, the entertainment, and the transport of the

pensioners to and from the party. It was a very enjoyable occasion.

V. Rance

Theatre Visits

This year there have been visits organised by the English Department to various theatres. The plays include 'Coriolanus' and 'Romeo and Juliet' at the Shaw Theatre, 'Troilus and Cressida' at the Young Vic, 'Antony and Cleopatra' at the Tower Theatre and the Young Vic, 'Playboy of the Western World', 'Hamlet', and 'Julius Caesar' at the National, 'The Alchemist' at Isleworth Polytechnic, and a whole variety of films.

Undoubtedly, the worst production we saw was 'Antony and Cleopatra' at the Tower Theatre. The production's weakness lay not only in the terrible acting, but also in the unusual costumes. Pompey was somewhat undersized, and his 'warlike' apparel included a pair of platform boots sprayed gold, whilst Cleopatra looked less than sultry with her bright-red nail varnish, and a hint of a Scottish accent.

'Playboy of the Western World' at the National Theatre was a very competent production. The set was impressive, making the most of the open stage. Stephen Rea, the principle actor, was particularly good. The Irish accents were convincing, but at times it was difficult to hear what the actors were saying.

The productions varied from appalling to excellent, but almost all helped us in some way or other with our set texts. We would like to thank all the English staff who were responsible for obtaining the tickets, and ferrying the various groups through the underground system. We hope that they did not end up too much out of pocket.

L. McN.

Christian Union

During this year the Christian Union has expanded its active membership considerably and it can, I think, be said that it has truly established itself. There has been a slightly more, "low key" approach with film strips introducing discussions with titles such as 'Worship' and 'Rules'. Our house bible studies have continued mixing serious discussion of the bible with some socialising. The whole year's programme culminated in the Christian Union Camp at the beginning of July when fifteen of us went to Hurstpierpoint, near Brighton. I think we all found this a worthwhile experience not only in studying and discussing the bible but also in getting to know each other. This week-end ended with singing at the local Methodist church. We must thank for this week-end Angela Newton and Alan and Margaret Read. Our thanks also go to the Reads for a whole year of steadfast support and to Mr. Singh who has attended our meetings regularly. Although two founder members are leaving they can rest assured, I think, that the seed they have sown will not 'fall by the wayside'.

Philip Grice

Debating Society

During the year, discussions held on immigration, battered wives, youth unemployment, and drugs. An inter-house soapbox oratory competition was also held. Edward Freeman and Matthew Stones, both of 3X were presented with badges for their skill as speakers.

The results of formed debates are listed below.

Motion	Result
This house thinks that Christmas is a waste of time and money.	Motion defeated
This house approves of school uniform.	Motion drawn
This house believes there is life after death	Motion carried
This house thinks that marriage is an out-of-date institution.	Motion defeated
This house believes that a third world war is inevitable.	Motion defeated

V. Rance

2nd and 3rd Year Trip to Torquay

On Friday the 25th March, a group of second and third year pupils with three accompanying set off for a weekend in Torquay.

Our journey began with a short train ride from Hanwell to Paddington, where we dodged in and Out of our fellow commuters to board a train for the 'English Riviera'. The ride lasted four and a half hours and about a dozen hands of poker! The last part of our journey was hugging the coastline, passing such picturesque spots as Dawlish, Teignmouth, Torbay, we finally arrived at Torquay station. There we were met by a coach waiting to take us to the hotel.

We assembled in the hotel reception, where keys to our rooms were distributed with the strict rule that we were not to lock ourselves out of our rooms. On the assumption that the teachers would be less likely to lock themselves out, a certain teacher was given the only room without a master key. You can guess what happened.

Dinner was served at seven o'clock and was delicious. Afterwards, the staff decided, against our advice, that we should walk it off, so we went down to the sea front. We finally arrived back at half-past ten, tired but happy.

In the morning our dreams were shattered by the staff waking us up at eight o'clock. Then, after a hearty breakfast, we set off on another trip. This time we went to 'Kent's Cavern'. We were conducted on an interesting tour and shown where remains of prehistoric animals had been found. We then visited the model village at Babbacombe. It was rather spoilt by the dull weather, but we still enjoyed ourselves,

We returned to the hotel by bus, much to the relief of some people, including the staff. After lunch we were allowed to do what we liked. Most people were to be found in the amusement arcade, or looking around the shops. Everyone was back at the hotel by seven, for dinner, after which we watched television, or filmshows which were very kindly put on by the hotel.

On Sunday we had breakfast earlier than usual so that we would be ready in time for the coach which was going to take us on a mystery tour. Our journey took us two hours, passing through the moors, where the mists were so thick that we could only see about five yards in front of us. This made it a real mystery tour. However, we finally arrived at Lymington where we had lunch and walked around the town. After returning to the hotel, we had dinner, which was as enjoyable as all the meals had been throughout the holiday. A disco was arranged for the evening, and it went on until about ten, when we went to bed.

The next day, breakfast was early, so that we could be at the station by eight. We arrived back at school about one o'clock, and so ended a very enjoyable weekend.

I am sure everybody who went would like to thank Miss Richards, Mrs. Hetherington, and Mr. Adams for looking after us.

Denise Nuttall

2nd Year Visit to Boulogne

At 7.30 the group of Drayton travellers met at Ealing Broadway Station. By 8.00 we were boarding the train for Folkestone with "Vive la France!" in mind. The journey was long and tiring so we decided to walk around, much to the dismay of the teachers who sat with angry faces. The people in the first class carriage were rather angry also.

The train journey was over when we reached Folkestone at 11.00, our French dictionaries clasped in our hands.

We were checked through gradually. All of us scrambled aboard. The ferry was massive and many of us got lost, but we found the bar and shops!! The ferry went over the water smoothly and no-one was sea-sick, but the view over the side was awful!!

At 1.00 p.m. land was sighted after an hour and a half of our journey; we crowded the gang plank and got off. We split up and went to explore, I went with two people to the main street which was full of tourists all bewildered. In one shop we tried French but ended up by saying, "One of them, please!" Most people we saw were carrying bread like me!! Back on the ferry we said "Goodbye" to Boulogne and the smell of rotting fish. The ferry journey was long and I was glad to sight Folkestone; then we caught the train, where our carriages were taken by another school, so we sat cramped on British Rail seats!! At Victoria we luckily caught a train and we pushed through the closing train doors; we sat tired and grumpy with our French bread and momentos. At Ealing Broadway we tired French travellers were glad to be greeted by our parents!

Amanda Walling, 2X

“Light Fantastic” at the

Royal Academy

During the spring term, several groups visited “Light Fantastic” at the Royal Academy. This exhibition of

holography, and the laser used in a “light show” was organised by a team known as Holoco. The members: Nick Phillips, physicist; John Wolf, a specialist in the optical effects of laser beam technology; and Anton Furst, a film art director, attempted to bring together the worlds of science, art and entertainment.

Even if you knew nothing at all about holography, this was a fascinating place to visit. There were diagrams showing how a hologram was produced, but the rooms were so crowded that it was difficult to stop and take it all in. However, there were booklets on sale which were well set out, and everything was simply explained.

Holography basically means the reproduction of objects as three-dimensional images. A hologram is produced by splitting a laser beam in two. An “object” beam is directed by optical mirrors, and spread by a lens, onto the subject are reflected onto a holographic plate. A “reference” beam is directed by mirrors onto the plate, and it records dimensions and depths. Where the waves reflected from the subject, and the waves from the “reference” beam meet, they overlap to form an interference wavefront, which is recorded on the plate. After being developed, the plate looks transparent until illuminated, and there are two ways of viewing the subject. Illumination along the original path of the “reference” beam gives a three-dimensional image seen through the plate. To see a three-dimensional image projected in space in front of the plate, a second hologram made from the original one must be used.

These images, seeming to hover in space, were the most exciting aspects of the exhibition of holography. It was strange to touch a skull, one of the very first exhibits, and yet not feel anything, but see your hand pass through it completely. The eerie qualities of these images were added to by their pale colours, because full-colour holography is still in its infancy.

However, this lack of colour was made up for by the light show created by laser beams on the domed ceiling of the room. A split laser beam was used to create coloured shafts of light, which seemed almost like solid rods. These beams were woven into patterns rather like giant nets, Specks of coloured light that danced over the ceiling were made by reflecting beams from a silver ball. All this contrasted greatly with the image of the destructive death-ray created by science-fiction writers.

The potential uses of holography are numerous. A holographic plate records both static and moving objects, can store many different images and photographic information. In the future holography may be used in teaching and training aids, displaying art treasures, artwork in theatres, and improving film techniques. Perhaps it will take the place of two-dimensional film, or just be used for even more impressive special effects. Michael York was the first actor to perform in a hologram for the film “Logan’s Run” and there are already ideas for a holographic auditorium.

Nevertheless, to return to the present, and to consider that holography was invented in 1949, that the first laser action was produced in 1960, and that the cost of holo-

graphic processes is high, it does not seem that it will be a part of our lives, like television and films, for quite a

time.

Sir Hugh Casson, President of the Royal Academy, commenting on the exhibition said, “These opportunities... are beginning to make possible a new visual vocabulary at

the service of science and art alike.”

Our reasons for going were mainly an interest in the artistic or scientific aspects of holography, or just plain curiosity. I do not think this exhibition showed much of the artistic use of holography and laser beams which was mentioned in the booklet. Perhaps it is too early to expect a larger, more comprehensive exhibition of this kind. However, one thing that “Light Fantastic” did do

was to send away those who had come, out of whatever interest, with an even greater curiosity than before.

Paula Wills, L6

Opera

Two visits were arranged this year in connection with Sixth Form General Studies. They were both works by

Verdi; the first was “La Traviata” at the Coliseum in January and the second “Aida” at Covent Garden in July. The production of “La Traviata” is fairly new and is still very fresh, with committed performances from all the singers involved. Valerie Masterson’s Violetta was an affecting performance, ravishingly sung and movingly acted, as she portrayed the young courtesan, who renounced her lover to save his family from social disgrace. John Brecknock was in fine voice as her lover, Alfredo Germont. Both these young singers are beginning well-deserved, international careers.

The English National Opera has long been justly proud of its company feeling, with so many of its members singing together in a variety of productions.

At Covent Garden, the Royal Opera policy is always to try and provide the best singers available from all over the world. In “Aida”, this policy produced a Rumanian soprano, Aida, an Italian mezzo, Amneris, an Italian tenor, Radames, and an English bass, Amonasro. As so often happens in opera, one had to suspend disbelief at the sight of the vast Liliana Molnar – Talajic, as the young, Ethiopian slave, Aida, in love with the Egyptian conqueror of her father. Nunzio Todisco made his debut here in the role of Radaxnes and was well received. The “stars” of the evening were the brilliant, young conductor, Riccardo Muti and the scene-stealing, show-stopping Fiorenza Cossotto as Amneris, who received rapturous applause at the end of her long, fourth act solo.

The groups who attended, thoroughly enjoyed the performances and it is hoped to arrange further visits next year.

D.H.A.

Basketball

Yet again we have had an outstanding season.

	P	W	L	F	A
U19	12	9	3	730	678
U16	12	11	1	653	394
U15	5	1	4	188	283
U14	15	12	3	856	498
U13	8	6	2	280	186

Congratulations in particular to the U16 squad who capped an outstanding season by winning the Middlesex Cup in fine style. The first round match against Harlington resulted in a fairly comfortable victory 47—29. However in the next round the boys really had to work hard and in a very tight game of the highest quality we scraped home 51—50. The final against Highgate started well, the boys taking an early 10-point lead, but a period of slack play allowed the opponents to get back into the game. However, the boys pulled themselves together and won a keenly contested final 41—37.

The U14 squad were highly successful in the Ealing Competitions, doing the "double" by winning the league and cup. The U13's practised hard and received just reward by winning the Ealing cup in an exciting final with Elthorne. An indication of their willingness to learn is reflected in the fact that they had lost earlier in the season 19—50 to Elthorne, before winning the final 24—20.

With all this success in the lower school we seem assured of more good performances next year. My congratulations to all the players and coaches (Mr. Brown U14 and Mr. Williams U16 and U19)

ATHLETICS

Athletics

The senior and U15 teams have, at the time of going to press, both qualified for the Ealing Finals Meeting. This has been due, mainly, to the efforts of Dave Hestor (800m, 1500m.), Stefan Banasiewicz (400m.), and Ian Davidson (Discus and shot).

In the 1913 schools group meeting, Stephen Jex (inter 800), Stephen Pearce (Junior 100m.), Trevor Miles (Junior Hammer), Greg West (Junior 400m.), Ian Davidson (Inter shot and Discus) and Stefan Banasiewicz (senior 1500m.) all qualified for the finals meeting.

David Hestor (800m.) and Stefan Banasiewicz (800m.) were both selected to run for Ealing in the Middlesex Championships, the former finishing 4th and the latter 2nd in a very creditable 2mm. Olsecs.

A.C.V.

Football

	P	W	D	L	F	A
1st XI	32	11	4	17	47	65
2nd XI	21	8	4	9	62	64
U15	21	5	3	13	54	92
U14'A'	20	13	1	6	111	66
U14'B'	16	8	3	5	51	31
U13'A'	20	5	2	13	40	57
U13'B'	19	10	3	6	69	52
U13 'c'	2	2	0	0	7	2

1ST XI

This has been one of the least successful seasons for a long time; however, much good has come out with inexperienced players being well led by the stalwarts of the team such as Peter Brandreth, Paul Stewart and Richard Templar. On the face of it the team might rightly have expected one or two heavy defeats, whereas in fact there

were some excellent performances, the best of which came against the county champions, Ealing Green. Full credit to Dave Hestor and Chris Christodoulou, a tireless and enthusiastic pair of front-runners; Paul Stewart whose work in the middle of the field was invaluable and Peter Brandreth whose form between the 'sticks' was a constant inspiration to the rest of the side.

A brief note of thanks to all those masters who turned out week after week refereeing games and shouting the school teams on; for their untiring reliability I am extremely grateful (Mr. Brown, Mr. Lovett, Mr. Read, Mr. Hargrave, Mr. Williams). Also congratulations to Greg West who has had an outstanding season for the county U14 team.

A.C.V.

Volleyball

	Pw	L	
'A' Team	9		9
'B' Team	5		1
			4

Our 'A' team proved invincible, as their playing record clearly shows. They finished the season in fine style by winning an invitation tournament at Reynolds. They beat Reynolds 15—10, 15—6 in the final. The 'B' team was not quite so successful, but no less enthusiastic and willing to listen and learn.

Cricket

At the time of going to press the 1st XI had played 12 games; the matches against Villiers and the staff XI being the only two not included in this report.

	P	W	D	L
1st XI	12	5	3	4
U15 XI	14	8	1	5
U14 XI	14	4	0	10
U13 XI	11	4	1	6

The first eleven has had a reasonable season so far, with Peter Brandreth in particular doing well with bat and ball. He has been a ly supported by Kevin Foyle and Simon Hunt, Julien Mungo, Sikhbir Manku and David Barrance, and the enthusiasm of the others such as Paul Stewart, Mark Saggars, Tony Potter, Brian King, Michael Burns and Laurie Higgs has guaranteed a highly competitive side.

There are promising players lower down the school; Kevin Folye and Simon Hunt are still only fifteen, Neil Collins and Andrew Sharp are two third years with great potential, and there are several good players in the second year.

Certainly there is every reason to feel optimistic about the future of cricket in the school.

A.C.V.

Girls' Games

ATHLETICS

The league meetings were arranged so that we met only one school at a time and three age groups were selected. The second year and senior teams had a most successful season, losing against one school and beating four. We are looking forward to an interesting final.

The third year team was led by an enthusiastic captain but she was unable to persuade some capable girls to take part, so the team suffered.

In the Borough Sports Helen Coutain and Sian Jones were selected to play for the borough. Our congratulations go to them. Other outstanding performances came from Catherine Edwards who came fourth in the 1500m. final and Sandra Greenaway who also came fourth in the same final.

My thanks go to Yolande Gittens, Jennifer Tobias and Medlene Callender who captained their age groups with such enthusiasm.

TENNIS

After a slow start because of bad weather the senior team lost the two matches they managed to play.

The U15 VI also had to cancel many matches. The U14 VI, a strong team ably captained by Valerie Harrison and Sally Wheeler, won three out of five matches. The U13 VI won two and lost two matches, more matches are to come. We still have the tournaments and the staff match to look forward to.

C.B.

NETBALL

Four teams were entered in the Ealing League this season.

The senior team won four and lost three matches. They worked well together as a team and were all awarded colours at the end of the season.

The U15 VII did not have a very successful season, winning three and losing seven matches. The U13 VII won three, drew three and lost 2 matches.

BADMINTON

The Senior team played four matches against other schools; winning three and losing one. The Senior Mixed Team won the only match they played and managed to draw against a tough Staff team!

C.B

HOCKEY

Having lost most of the Senior XI this year, we entered the U14 and U15 teams in the Ealing League. The U13 and senior team played a few friendly matches.

U15 Results:	Won	Lost	Drew
	2	4	3

Susan Jarvis captained the side which included several U14 players

U14 Results:	Won	Lost	Drew
			2

Towards the end of this season the U14 XI, captained by Jenny Tobias, were beginning to play well, and hopefully should be a strong side next year.

The U13 XI played three friendly matches and, full of enthusiasm, won two and drew one.

The Inter-house Tournament was played on a league basis this year. The senior mixed matches proved to be rather

amusing, and some of the boys learnt a few rules during the matches!

C.B.

The Old School Field

The tutor managed to emit one final graunchin, splurged syllable of Pliny's celebrated "Pleasures of Pain" before slumping ignominiously to the floor. At the opposite end of the room sat the intrepid Wingfield Skaretbrick-Bultitude, sole candidate for the 1970 'Ultra 5' Level paper 'in everything'. Dispassionately he contemplated the pathetic, crumpled figure of his ex-tutor, batteries corroding, tape pulsating profusely from his internal cartridges. . . . Yet it was only to be expected, such mechanical deficiencies were mere corollaries of continued cuts in education. In fact it was the consensus of opinion amongst informed circles that, in order to reverse the increasingly unpopular trend against politicians in general, both Government and Opposition had secretly pledged themselves to a gradual 'phasing Out of education'. The public might well degenerate into one which was 'politically and generally otherwise unaware' but at least it would meet whatever the Government perpetrated with mindless euphoria. Probably the first veiled step in such a direction had been the installation of these mechanical tutors. But with the requisite advantages of their bullet proof shells, bone crushing

strength and ear shattering screams, they soon superceded their less resilient human counterparts who, less adept at handling classroom insurrection, could be observed chatting idly to the ghosts of old boys who frolicked on the hissing summer lawn.

Bultitude scanned the seething, swirling mass of discontent below Room 48, winding its way towards the political science precinct. "We don't know what we want, but we want it now!" Their dictum of reactionism reverberated inexorably through the heavy summer air. Away to the distance in a climate where extreme reaction followed hot on the heels of political extremism, the dinner ladies

(whose fragmented doctrines of dialectism had of late tintured lunchtime cuisine) relentlessly hauled the dung up the slopes of the Collective Farm.

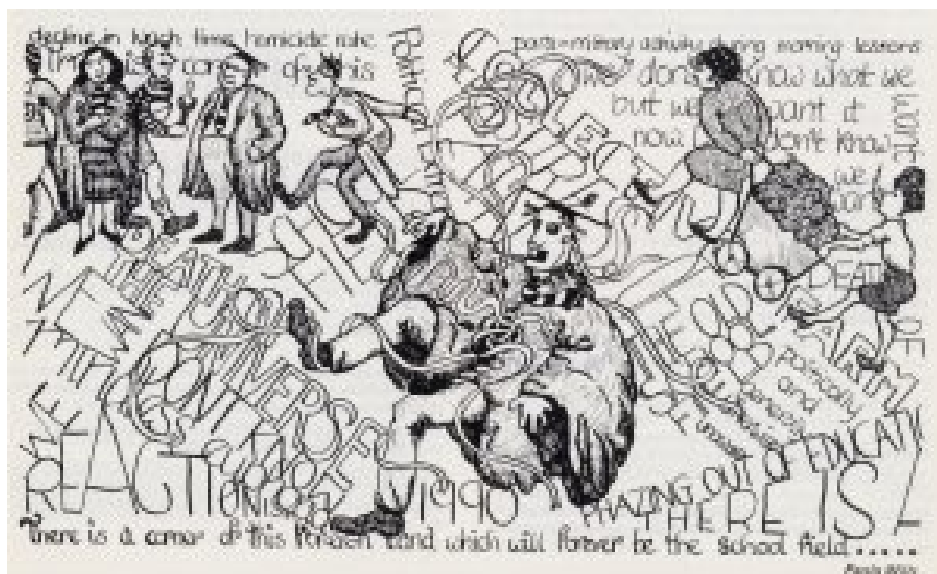
Maintaining the school magazine was Bultitude's lone crusade. Although distinctly lacking in taste, there was no dearth of material. Indeed, this particular year, the faculties of art and literature had joined forced to present a prodigious effort entitled 'Death Of The Universe'. "Give the kids wot'ey want — a bit o' anti-matter!" might best summarise this unfelicitous and uncompromising attack on the universe as a whole. The School notes, characteristically sanguine, drew attention to a recent decline in the lunchtime homicide rate, and noted with a degree of self-esteem, that the request for a ceasing of para-military activity during morning lessons had been generally adhered to.

Bultitude once again contemplated the still corroding, still pulsating ex-tutor lying lamentably crumpled on the floor. But yet more lamentable was the lost past. The

fading memories of little Jimmy Tackle's last minute winning goal in the inter-house football final of 1960, the witty ditties on what transpired when the French master's chair collapsed through two floors, the musings on what life was, or was not, if indeed it is at all. The seething, swirling mass of discontent entering the political science precinct, the smell of the collective farm becoming ever more apparant, the mechanical hum of the ex-tutor — were the glorious, pristine memories of the past destined to evaporate into the surrealistic haze of a forlorn future?

Perhaps Bultitude might find the answer in the old house motto, realising that "there is a corner of this foreign land which will forever be the school field".

Dermot Boyle, L6



The Case of the Missing Piano

As soon as I woke up I knew that something was wrong. My sister was not practising on the piano. Every morning she raises the roof with a non-existent Rimsky Korsakov concerto in E-flat, G-sharp, B-flat-major, on our out-of-tune piano. This recital usually ends with someone knocking her out with an old leather boot which is reserved for the purpose.

But this morning she was not playing –thank goodness! I climbed slowly out of bed and dressed at a snail-like pace. Then I heard a scream. I opened my door, rushed out, trod on a roller skate and went head first down the stairs. When I had recovered sufficiently to be able to walk, I tottered into the front room.

The first thing I saw was my sister sitting on the floor howling.

“Wassamarrer?” I growled grumpily, for my head was still throbbing.

“The pyanner’s gone an’ gone,” she howled.

I looked around in surprise. Too true, it had. There was a large, piano-shaped hole in the wall. At once I decided to do something about it. After all, this was just too bad –having people stealing your piano while you are asleep. I peered out of the hole in the wall and saw that the piano’s wheels had left large tracks in the flower bed. I started to follow the tracks and after some time I spotted a small, swarthy fellow paddling the piano down the River Weticus. I jumped into a two-man canoe which was being paddled along by an elderly gentleman with a long, white beard. “Follow that piano!” I shouted. The canoe set off with a jerk that nearly made me fall out.

We were soon under way and were gaining steadily on the piano. When the thief saw us coming, he climbed inside the piano and opened fire at us with a Browning machine gun. Our canoe immediately started to sink.

By the time the canoe was totally submerged we were level with the piano, so I jumped onto the keyboard. As I landed, my feet struck the chord of C-minor-flat-nineteenth which immediately opened a trap-door in the bottom of the piano; the piano therefore sank.

I grabbed the thief and swam to the bank of the river with him. It turned out that he was only a piano repair specialist from Squeer’s, who had come to collect our piano to repair it. He said that he went by river as it was the shortest way.

So we had lost our piano for nothing, but at least it stopped my sister practising

Michael Cunliffe, 2X

The Charm

Cuckoo spit,
And Chinese snails,
Bit of grit,
And elephants’ tails.

Mix them up,
Turn them around,
Dig a hole
Into the ground.

Spirit of the night sky dark,
Bring me magic by a bark.
Enter down in to the ground;
There some hot dogs
Will be found.

Ruth Newton, 2X

Seasons of Emotions

Waking slowly in flowering beds,
Watching creatures brush away the cold,
Thoughts of springtime deep in mind,
Bring love emerging from its fold.
Sitting lonely in golden fields,
Watching sunlight beams across the skies,
Thoughts of summer deep in mind,
Love reflects in bright blue eyes.
Standing tall in sleeping gardens,
Watching leaves scattered across the park,
Thoughts of autumn deep in mind,
Love’s carvings in exposed brown bark.

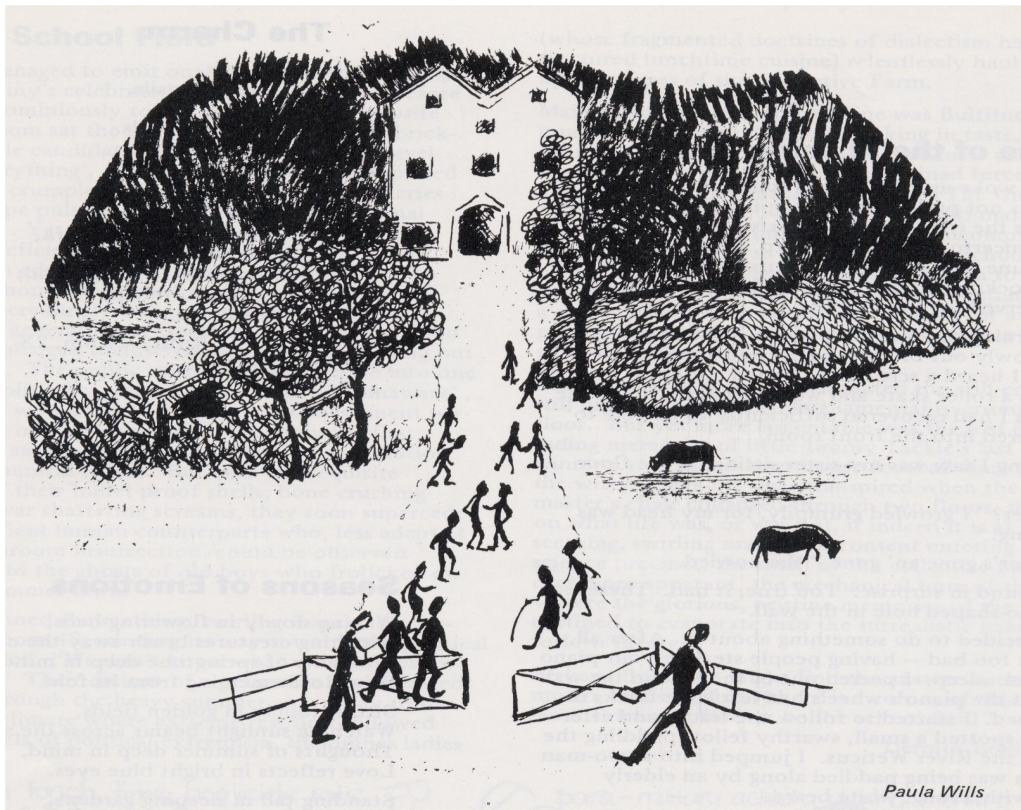
Sleeping silent in hardened rocks,
Waiting for their time to come,
Thoughts of winter deep in mind,
Love lies dormant, docile and dumb.

Deepak Chaudry, 4S1

Sunset

The last light of day is slipping away,
The sun grasps at the clouds
And sets them on fire,
Silhouetting the earth against a yellow sky;
Trees stand black against shimmering gold water.
Now the night is pushing the sun
Below the horizon,
Shutting out the last glimmer of gold,
Making a tomb of the earth.

Diana Choulerton, 2X



A morning in May – bright sunshine, an old attractive manor house.

Several cars drew up at the gates of the drive disgorging the passengers in a slamming of doors. Up at the house the face of a woman appeared at a bedroom window watching a small group of figures trudging up the sloping drive towards her. Some of them carried briefcases and seemed unaware or unappreciative of the beauty around them,

There was one of their company, however, who did not ignore the scene to right and left of him, although he had been visiting the house for several days now. Expensively dressed, carrying a large attaché case, he lived up to the image of the man on whom depended the success or failure of the day.

He looked about him at the lush green pasture on either side of the drive. A stream had cut into the green slope and widened out into a boggy pool. Two young brown heifers grazed placidly on the grass, one of them by the water pausing to look at its reflection. Higher up, the drive was flanked either side by very tall trees, amongst which doves winged, calling to each other. A tiny church was set a little back on one side and almost hidden by dark green laurels. The graveyard was overgrown – bounded by masses of bluebells. Many of the stones had fallen, hiding their inscriptions, but the church itself was

well-preserved. Contrasting with this, the barns on the opposite side of the drive were dilapidated and bleached in the sunlight, the white walls like massive bones. Hens scuttled in and out of the dark, dusty interiors, squabbling over a grain of corn. The man with the attaché case sighed and looked up at the house. It stood aloof in its own atmosphere of countless memories, its pale, wan, crumbling bricks baking in the sun. The face at the window moved,

attracting his attention, and he recognised the owner of the building and looked away. He knew with certainty that he would not enjoy his job that day and wondered why he had let himself become so familiar with the place. The woman by the window saw one of the group look up at the house, then at her and look down quickly. She knew he was feeling pity for her, but she did not want that. She would rather have him, and all those people down there, respect her, instead of pitying or criticising her behind her back. She had already overheard some of them passing judgement on her wasted life and asking how she could have allowed her home to rot away. How? Dwindling funds in the bank was a good enough reason. But could she really admit that she had ever noticed her house literally crumbling about her?

A dove fluttered noisily close to the window, startling her. She leaned closer to the pane and stared out at the

group of people now below her at the main door. Yet her eyes did not focus and her mind was far away, back in her childhood. She was wearing a red dress and playing croquet alone on the lawn, but the mallet was too heavy for her to manage properly, and she was angry. Suddenly she was taller and older, and very happy. It was another game of croquet but twenty years on, and she was playing against somebody else. She was happy because she knew she was going to marry her companion. But they had not counted on the war and he was called up. She had a letter from him saying that when things got very bad he thought of her and the house, and that gave him something to fight for – something more tangible than only obsessive patriotism. He was killed two weeks later, fighting, as the papers said, “for his country”.

Now the lawn where they had played was covered by a large, billowing marquee, where the important man with the attaché case was sorting his papers. Soon he would be standing on his box, gavel in hand, selling her memories. And she would have to leave the house before it fell down on top of her,

Under the canvass ceiling of the marquee, the auctioneer paused to consider what kind of mind could allow a house to fall into such neglect; the dust and cobwebs of ages gathered on antique furniture and paintings, which, if not works of art, were quite valuable. He could not decide, but he could sense the lifeless, hopeless atmosphere surrounding the house as something caused not by the decay of brick and mortar and damp wood, but by the decay of human life.

Down at the gates there was a sudden commotion of many more cars arriving. People spilled through the gates and began walking hurriedly up the slope. From the window the woman watched these distant figures, talking and pointing excitedly, each carrying a white catalogue, each coming in for the kill.

Paula Wills, LVI III

The Many Sides Of Life

Life in the country, with fields and pigs,
Where people are friendly, hardworking too,

Life in the city of cash, rent and digs,
Where gangs roam the streets, with nothing to do.

Life at the races, all numbers and shouts,
Where punters put money on tired old “nags”;

Life on the dole queue, of worries and doubts,
Where people draw money, just enough for some “fags”.

Life in the mansions, all teatime and tennis

Where aristocrats lead a good life –

Life in the slum is full of grim menace,

Where all the money goes straight to the wife.

Steve Pitt, 4N2

Sympathy

In a park on one bank of a river sit a few old people who come here for pleasure. They are old, ragged and sad. They live on a pension and from this they pay their rent, buy their food and clothes, and also pay for their heating. This amount of money is noticeably less than a working wage, and therefore their standards of living have dropped and all luxuries are denied them. They do not enjoy their lives any more because of this.

On the opposite bank of the river, men in suits and bowler hats carry their briefcases to work. They rush in all directions, but sometimes one or two stop to glance across the water at the pensioners. These people live a reasonably enjoyable life and they can afford certain luxuries which help their enjoyment. They are content with their houses, their bills and most of all, their wages. However, when they look at the old people, their eyes acknowledge the suffering and they sympathise with them, but finally they go on their way to their jobs. Unfortunately, it is not sympathy which is needed, but help.

Denise Beard, 4X

The Silence

It was strangely inevitable,
Noise swallowed up,
Smooth and callous,

From hopeless babble to quiet industry,
Charmed, magical and mysterious.

Nothing moved, not even
The flutter of leaf resounded.

The bare, blank silence,
So strangely full of character

Kathy Edwards, 2X

On Emotion

From a remote refuge under outstretched limbs,

Disturbed and dragged by helping hands,

Unto green fields to make a stand,

Confused, but pampering to their whims.

Tirelessly toying whether to go or stay,

Right or wrong to be strong,

Hesitation takes too long,

The reason has twice run away.

Rajesh Joshi



Dullness, Drudgery and Tedium

Dullness, drudgery and tedium,
Each day a cardboard cutout,
Emotions strained by life,
Pulled and torn apart.

Abused and endlessly injured,
Knocked to destroy pride,
Cuts and gashes open up,
Hatred creeps inside.

Arrows come to pierce the heart,
Undetected by the skin,
Drudgery and dullness gone,
Happiness creeps in.

Relief is short lived,
Yearning for another,
Leads to tedium's return,
Happiness to smother.

Deepak Chaudhry, 4S1

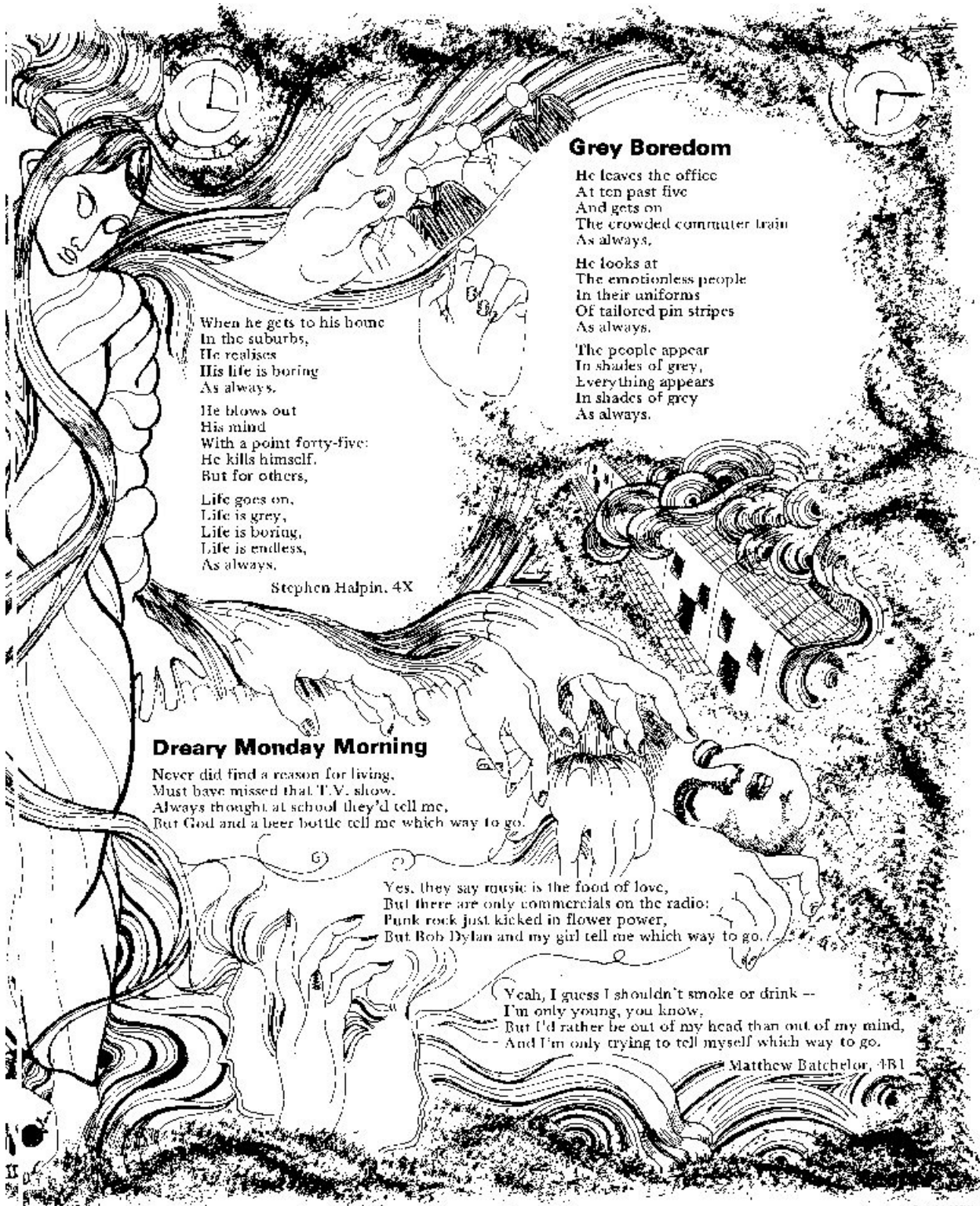
The Broken Man

He rests, eroded like a rock,
Waves come to wash his sorrows,
Pools of deep blue thought persist,
Who will now nourish his morrows?

She stood him battered like a rock,
All torn and weathered by her touch,
Alone, away from friendship's haven,
She believed she couldn't mean that much.

She left him helpless, like the rock,
Her emotions chipped across the sand,
He was to be forgotten in the wind,
Only she could reclaim this broken man.

Stephen Jex, 4S1



Grey Boredom

He leaves the office
At ten past five
And gets on
The crowded commuter train
As always.

He looks at
The emotionless people
In their uniforms
Of tailored pin stripes
As always.

The people appear
In shades of grey,
Everything appears
In shades of grey
As always.

When he gets to his home
In the suburbs,
He realises
His life is boring
As always.

He blows out
His mind
With a point forty-five:
He kills himself.
But for others,

Life goes on,
Life is grey,
Life is boring,
Life is endless,
As always.

Stephen Halpin, 4X

Dreary Monday Morning

Never did find a reason for living,
Must have missed that T.V. show.
Always thought at school they'd tell me,
But God and a beer bottle tell me which way to go.

Yes, they say music is the food of love,
But there are only commercials on the radio:
Punk rock just kicked in flower power,
But Bob Dylan and my girl tell me which way to go.

Yeah, I guess I shouldn't smoke or drink --
I'm only young, you know,
But I'd rather be out of my head than out of my mind,
And I'm only trying to tell myself which way to go.

Matthew Batchelor, 4B1

Paula Willis

Sadness

He looked at them both
With wide, startled eyes.
He could hear the sound of their voices,
As they discussed him.
He felt a heavy pain in his heart:
Sorrow, for he knew what was to happen.
He could not utter a sound,
For he was mute.
Two people came towards him,
He sat down and watched them,
His deep, brown, sorrowful eyes
Looked from one to the other,
They looked at him together,
Kindly, gently, but sadly.
He felt like weeping,
But he could not.
His head felt heavy
And the pain made him shut his eyes.
Not even the ache in his head
Could compare with the ache in his heart.
One of the figures bent towards him,
And kissed him on his brown head,
His eyes implored, beseeched the figure,
But to no avail.
He watched the person walk to the door,
The person who had cared for him.
He rose and walked forwards,
But the person had gone
He ran to the door,
But could not open it.
The other person came towards him,
Smiling kindly but with a purpose in mind.
His thoughts ran over the years,
When he was young and happy.
No longer would he play,
Or run along the beach
And feel the sand beneath him.
He wanted to make a noise,
And stop the man from hurting him,
But instead he went up to him,
His eyes begging for a chance to live
And run freely.
His brown eyes reflected what he felt,
The sadness and pain
Within, his heavy soul.
Then, as the figure put a hand
To his silky coat,
He closed his eyes,
Prepared for what was to follow.
Christine Pieri, 4X

Loneliness

“Deaf”, said the medallion around his neck. It should have said “Lonely”.
Deafness was his disability. Loneliness was his enemy. He was old now—old and
tired. Loneliness found him an easy victory. No family—only a seldom seen
daughter. No friends—they were all in homes or hospitals.
His daughter was the only contact he had with the outside

world, but she came only rarely. Then there was the
social worker. On Wednesdays she came, cheerfully
efficient. She checked the kitchen, patted the chairs,
smiled, and left, leaving him to cope with his loneliness
alone.
He was locked in a world of quiet peace. Communication
was impossible. His speech was slow, slurred and
frustrated. Writing was impossible—his old, wrinkled
hands could not hold a pen. Sometimes he wanted to
burst out of his body. He longed to be free, to run, to
speak, to write, to HEAR, to just escape from his dreary,
clock-dominated life.
He sat at the window every day, watching the people
passing in the street below. Smiling, laughing, chattering,
they bustled along the road. Loneliness watched over
him. He needed friends, he needed people to live, but no
friend ever waved from the street, no-one ever came to
his door.

The clock was his best friend. Mutely it ticked, its blank
face registering no expression that could hurt him, no
smile or laugh which could make him long for friends.
Silently he sat, forgetting for a while. Just sitting,
remembering, fighting off loneliness. But it was too
strong. It invaded his mind, shattering his defences for

the last time.
The limp body relaxed in the chair. Loneliness could
never hurt him again.
“Deaf”, said the coroner’s report. It should have said,

“Lonely”.

Karen Walling, 4X

A Poet’s Frustration

What is summer?
A tree in bud,
A rose in flower,
A bird playing in the mud.

When I think of these
I want to write poetry,
No, don’t laugh please,
Because I can’t you see.
You wonder why
Words don’t come to me,
I see no summer sky,
I’m blind, you see.

Simon Bussell, 4C2

Were a Cool Wind Blowing

Were a cool wind blowing, my strength,
This passion mellow should be,
For my love is an inextinguishable flame
That burns for ever, soul-deep within me.
Simon Terry, U6

Love as “Love”

It is a thing
I have not tasted,
This much proclaimed
Indulgence of
Pure ecstatic
“Sugar sweet” confection,
Sold by the box,
Wrapped with the look
That sells a million.
“O woe! that she
Hath broke my heart!”
The line that whines
From play or sonnet.
Oh, why do great men
Speak of love
When such remorse and grief
Springs from it?

Tracey Newell

Love

Love unadulterated,
Known by few,
Love without error
Love untrue,
Love for acceptance,
Conformist love,
Society standards

Can be enough.
Through the eyes of a person
Of a blind generation,
This noun love,
Lives as infatuation.

Tracey Newell

Haunting Memories

The silver reflection of the sun seemed to dance on the surface of the water.

The old boathouse brought back happy memories of the old days when he was young. Now he walks lonely around the water's edge.

Flickering visions show the pastel colours of the sunsets he used to know. The soft summer sun reaching out for the water reminded him of the flames that had licked at the walls of the boathouse years ago, and brought back haunting memories of the tragic death of his wife.

Nina Posthumus, 3X

Love

A glance, a kiss;
He held her hand, to which he gave
The deadly kiss of love.
They parted; she wished

For another sweet encounter
With him, her man to be, her love,
Her first, her last, her only.

They meet, they speak
Of feelings and emotions
Of the present,
The future, whatever may lie there:
Marriage, murder, banishment.
The confused lovers part,
Part forever for love,
Love to be shared in heaven.

Jackie Hiemer

Quest

If I hop through de la Mare's portal
And travel down to Flecker's immortal Samarkand,
Will I find among Elliot's Magi
The ancient who erases dreams?
I must find him soon
For it haunts me yet,
Echoing in the distorting mirror of memory
That vision of she and I,
So cold and wan.
Her tears I cannot bear.

Eugene O'Connell, L6

War

I see the breast of war
Snarling in the television set.
Men crawling on their stomachs,
Like snakes in the grass,
To shoot at other men.
Flame throwers, hand grenades,
Tanks, bombers,
Helicopters with machine guns.
Anxious women running among the bullets
Clutching strangely unperturbed children.

And there are the corpses,
Bullet smashed men who once
Were children at a mother's breast;
Men killed by another mother's child.

Why do we have war?

Surely mankind is old enough
And knows enough about history, diplomacy,
To get along without it?
Where does war come from?
From a clash of ideologies,
From a clash between cultures and races

A Hitler thinks his nation
Is the master-race to whom all must bow,
And war comes too
From disputes over land,
About who owns what and where,
For these reasons
Man endures war.

For a while it seemed fear would bring reason,
But no, for the fear dwindled.
Man will fight, whatever happens.
Now, we are left with two dismal possibilities:
The extinction of life – soon,
Or the continuation
Of non-nuclear wars,
For ever and ever, ad infinitum,
Unless
Mankind can learn
A desire for peace
To override all else.

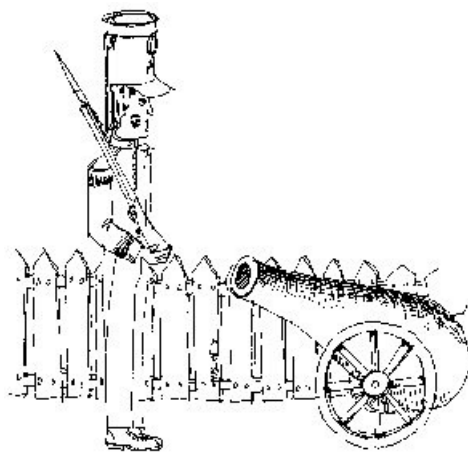
Angela Newton, 4X

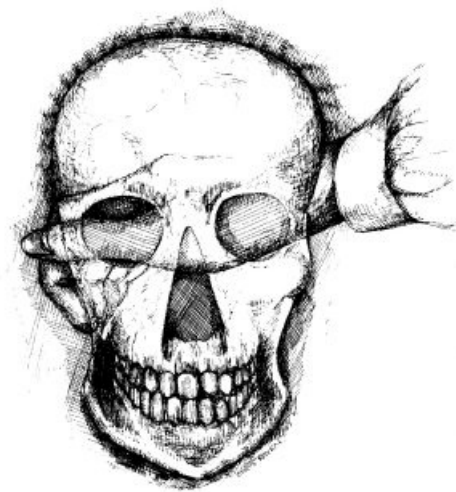
The Tin Soldier

On the playroom floor he lay,
Waiting for another day
Till young Tom would come and play,
But he didn't come, he didn't play,
Till one pouring, rainy day,
When in came Tom, feeling tired of play.
He picked him up and put him down
And decided was was boring now.
So Tom sat quietly by the fire
And dreamed of days when war was there,
When tin soldiers fought in vain,
When tin soldiers were a game,
But war was fun no more;
So he picked him up and went out the door.
And Tom forgot his childhood days;
Now look in the playroom –

There's the toy, the same tin soldier
Of the little boy.

Amanda Walling, 2X





Vampire

The daybreak is your midnight,
Your friends have all gone.
As you fade,
Drained,
We mock you now.
Hush.
Go with silence,
Wake not our young.
For your legend
We have moved along,
Along with the vagrant,
Misfits
Of our society.

Eugene O'Connell, L6

The Twisted Woman

When I read it, I wanted to hate her'
She was an evil woman, an evil woman.
Hatred flowed from her like a river.
Love had gone from her, disappeared.
She was evil.
Myra Hindly was her evil-sounding name,
Her eyes were haunting and hypnotizing.
She had no heart, nor could she have;
She was hard inside, like concrete –
She was evil.

She must have been insane to do what she did;
She wanted to kill someone, torture them –
Then she came upon a small girl,
An innocent child, blind to Myra's evil,
Who just wanted to be friends – how was she to know?

Oh, how evil was Myra.

She enticed the child to her lair,
Like a fox with its bait,
She went like a lamb to its mother –
If only she knew, if only she knew
That she was an evil woman.
Her companion too was evil, Ian Brady:
They tortured her, made her cry
With bitter tears of sorrow to a wanted mother
But they did not care – why should they?

Nobody's tears could break their barrier.
She was evil; so was he.
They killed the little girl, strangled out her life,

She who would have been a teenager now,
And they ruined it.
Authorities want to set her free
Let out a woman possessed with death,
A woman with Satan on her back.

Judy Lovett

Some of our best Managers spent a year or two in the Sixth Form

If you've stayed on at school and passed 'A' levels we'll pay you the same as if you had already spent a year at the Midland.

That's a year's seniority – and perhaps one step nearer to managing your first Branch.

But if you do need a professional qualification, at the Midland we encourage you all the way to your Institute of Bankers

diploma – a recognised professional qualification with day release facilities to help you with your studies.

That's another step nearer. You may even decide to specialise – in Foreign Exchange or Securities work, for example.

And right from the start you'll get salary increases every year.

We've produced a brochure about life with the Midland. About prospects, pay, variety and extra benefits. Get your copy now by writing to the address below.

In no time at all you could be enjoying a rewarding career with some of the friendliest, most helpful people in British banking.



Midland Bankers

A team of friendly people with a multi-million pound business.

Personnel Division, Midland Bank Ltd.,
Poultry, London EC2P 2BX.