

Pinnacles

1975



THE MAGAZINE
OF
PINNAC JUNIOR COLLEGE



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BARCLAYS

PINNACLE

(The magazine of Pinner Junior College)

Editor: Mark Adams.

Assisted by: Melanie Babbage, Carolyn Wilson, Carol Bishop, Kristin Davidson, Liz Ferrier, Kim Kingshott, Lesley Nelson, Marianne Rackham, Philip Cunnington, William Prendeville and Graham Sharman.

Cover designed by: Graham Sharman.



The Editorial

This is the beginning of a new college and the dawn of a new magazine. The editorial committee believes that both will be very successful in the future.

In last year's editorial, returning for a moment to the final edition of "Quill," some questions were posed over the magazine: Would it remain as it was? If not, what changes would be made? The answers to these questions began in October when the outline of the magazine was being considered, and much work has gone into it since then.

One of our first tasks was the choice of a name. Ideas were bandied about but a name which was both striking and had relevance to the college refused to reveal itself. The most favoured suggestion came from Nicola Bolton, a lower-sixth former, who derived the name "Pinnacle" from the words "Pinner College."

As you can see we have tried to break away from the Grammar School image in the format, but the magazine consists only of what you have put into it and therefore is a true reflection of our college. The contributions were handed in thick and fast during the Spring term and even up to the

time of going to press, we were being stopped in the corridors by enthusiastic students. Space, or rather lack of it, has forced us to exclude many worthy items.

Much work "behind the scenes" has been done by the committee and I would like to take this opportunity of thanking all those who participated in any way, and wishing the magazine all the best for the future.

Mark Adams

From Quill to Pinnacle

Pinnacle is a new venture. The name, the new cover design, and the new layout, have all come from suggestions made by students. Someone remembered the alliterative connection between Pinner and the Latin word "penna", which gave the original Quill its name, and it was but a step in alliteration to transform Pinner College to Pinnacle. It is an apt name. Let us all strive as members of this College to get to the top; the pinnacle of success is inviting and it is by no means inaccessible to those who make the effort.

The old Stag's antlers have a new look and this is as it should be. Stags do, after all, shed antlers and grow new ones, and new antlers are strong and purposeful.

My thanks are due to the Editorial Board for producing Pinnacle in the first year of the Junior College. There has been vision and much hard work. I hope the student body will like Pinnacle and will contribute to its success.

J.M.D.

Staff Changes

There have already been some changes in staffing since the College opened in September 1974.

Mr. A. Robinson, B.Ed., resigned at the end of the Christmas term to join the staff at Watford Technical College. Mr. Robinson had been on the Pinner Grammar School staff and during his time in the Physical Education Department he had done a lot to stimulate an interest in rugby. We wish him well in his new post.

Mr. D.J. Whittington, B.A., who joined us from Downer Grammar School, resigned at the end of the Easter term. Apart from his work in the English Department, he started a General Studies course on Films and Filming, and helped with the badminton club. We hope that he will soon be fully restored to health and are sorry that his time with us was so short.

The end of this term will see the departure of Mr. T.K. Agerbak, M.A., Head of General Studies, who is taking up another appointment as Head of the Languages Department at the International School at Singapore. Miss M.A. Jarvis, B.A. (Econ.) who has been teaching History, Economics and allied subjects is getting married and will in future live in Wales. We are grateful to both Mr. Agerbak and Miss Jarvis for their contributions to College life and trust that when they are happily settled in their new homes they will not have completely forgotten us here at Pinner.

Mrs. J. Paxton, B.Sc., has the distinction of

having been a pupil at Pinner County School, a part-time member of the Pinner Grammar School staff and a full-time member of the Pinner Junior College staff. She has taught Girls' Games and Mathematics and now leaves to establish a new home for herself and her family in Essex. She takes with her not only our thanks for loyal service but our best wishes for the future.

Mrs. M.A. Williams, B.A., is retiring. She has taught English and R.I. since she was appointed to the Pinner Grammar School staff in 1958 and in addition has looked after the charity collections, ordered all the book prizes, accompanied school parties abroad and served on the Parents' Association Committee. She has seen to the prayers for school assemblies, sung in school productions and has still found time to be a fervent supporter of London Welsh rugby. *Diolch yn fawr*, Mrs. Williams, and may we all wish you a long and happy retirement.

J.M.D.

PINNER JUNIOR COLLEGE

Staff List - 1974-75

Headmaster

Mr. J.M. Davies, B.A.

Deputy Head

Miss Y.E. Rochat, B.A., *Modern Languages*

Second Deputy

Mr. K.W. Ponsford, B.Sc., *Mathematics*

Second Mistress

Miss J. Lewis, Dip.Dom.Sc., *Domestic Science*

Senior Teacher

Mr. W.F.H. Johnson, B.A., A.K.C., *History*

Senior Teacher

Mr. N.D. Little, B.Sc., *Head of Science*

Senior Teacher

Mr. W.H. Clark, M.A., *Head of Geography*

English Department

Mr. R.C.S. Gillon, M.A.
Mrs. E.C. Johnson, B.A.
Mrs. M.A. Williams, B.A.
Mr. D.J. Whittington, B.A. (until Easter 1975)
Mr. D.R. Burt, B.A. (from Easter 1975)
Miss M.L. Hughes, B.A.
Miss A.M. Charles, M.A.

Modern Languages

Mr. R.J. Dean, M.A.
Mr. A.J. Portillo, B.A.
Miss S.E. Dudley, B.A.
Mrs. J. Heaven, L ès L

History

Mr. A.H. Sheppard, B.Sc.(Econ.)
Mrs. B.E. Cosh, B.A.

Geography

Miss A.E. Dickens, B.Ed.

Chemistry

Mrs. P.A. Riddle, B.Sc.
Miss B.E. Wynne, B.Sc.

Biology

Miss I.A. Piip, B.Sc.
Miss L.C. Loveridge, B.Sc.

Technical Studies

Mr. R. Tootill, M.C.C.Ed.
Mr. B. Mitchell, Dip.L.C.

Music

Mr. W.G. Stoupe, F.T.C.L., L.R.A.M., L.R.S.M.,
L.G.S.M.

Secretaries

Mrs. D.M. Millard
Mrs. J. Bowley
Mrs. P. Brown
Mrs. M. Jermond

Mathematics Department

Mr. D.F. Hiles, B.Sc.
Mr. D.G. Brown, B.Tech.
Mr. J. Burton, B.Sc.
Mr. B. Jones, B.Sc.
Mrs. J. Paxton, B.Sc.

General Studies

Mr. T.K. Agerbak, M.A.

Latin

Mrs. F.M. Stevens, B.A.

Economics

Mr. P.J. Childs, B.A.
Miss M.A. Jarvis, B.A.(Econ.)

Geology

Mr. S.M. Stansfield, M.Sc.

Physics

Mr. H.K. Pelzer, B.Sc.
Mr. A.J. Hamilton, B.Sc.

Domestic Science

Mrs. J.M. Woolard, Dip.Dom.Sc.
Mrs. J.C. Evans, Teach.Dip.(F & N)

Art

Mr. A.G. Fisher, A.T.C.
Miss J.R. Greenwood, Dip.A.D., A.T.C.

Recreational Activities

Miss A.M. Middleton, Dip.Phys.Ed.
Mr. A. Robinson, B.Ed. (until Christmas 1974)

Librarian

Miss P.M. Wright, A.L.A.

Visiting Music Teachers

Mr. B.K. Cuell, *Brass*

Mr. R.I. Dawson, *Woodwind*

Mrs. M.A. Wheeler, *Strings*

Foreign Assistants

Mlle. M. Mangion, *French*

Fräulein T.C. Miesch, *German*

Laboratory Assistants

Mrs. V. Goddard, *Chemistry*

Mr. V. Patel, *Physics*

Mrs. R. Yadin, *Biology*

Mrs. J.D. Wilkes, *Domestic Science*

Mr. R. Welham, *Handicraft*

Caretakers

Mr. R.J.D. Tribe

Mr. L. Holestead

College Officials

Head Girl/Senior Student	Susan Anderson
Head Boy/Senior Student	Tony Cooke
Deputy Head Girl	Kim North
Deputy Head Boy	Paul Hiley

Scholarship

Ronald Newman has been awarded an Entrance Scholarship at Imperial College for the course in Chemical Engineering, commencing in October 75.

Student Successes

Eileen Behan and Geoffrey Cole have both been awarded Hickson and Starling Exhibitions by the Aldgate and Allhallows Barking Exhibition

Foundation. Leonie Cocklin has been awarded the Royal Humane Society's Commendation on Vellum for attempting to rescue a drowning man in the River Thames.

Alan Cullen has been offered a place to read Mathematics at Churchill College, Cambridge in October 1975.

Derek McMenemy has been offered a place to read Law at Downing College, Cambridge in October 1976.

**Pinner Junior College Parents' Association
Secretary's Report**

The Parents' Association is an extremely active body, which supports the Headmaster and Staff of the College in a number of ways. A committee is elected every year in September and represents the parents when required in a consultative capacity, but also organises fund-raising activities at certain times of the year.

As far as social occasions are concerned, it has been found that Cheese and Wine Parties are the most popular type of function, and the Association organises two of these each year. It is an excellent way of meeting the other parents, and members of Staff, informally, and also of publicising the various activities of the Association.

In the past, the main fund-raising effort has been Family Day, but, due to the reorganisation, it has not been possible to hold this event this year. However, one of the most popular items, and one which contributes a considerable sum to the funds, is the Premium Bond Draw and we will be running this event as usual.

It may not be clear why the Association needs funds at all. These funds are used to supplement supplies of articles provided by the Local Authority, and also to purchase items which are

not obtainable through the Authority. In the first category, the Parents' Association has recently provided £150 for books for the College Library, and, in the second, it has purchased football and rugger jerseys, films, and a plant propagator for the Biology Department.

The Association also maintains contact with other associations through the Harrow Federation of Parent-Teacher Associations, and our representative, Mr. B.G. Knight, was co-opted on to the Education Committee during last year. This provides the Committee of this Association with first-hand knowledge of matters pertaining to education within this Borough, and also enables an exchange of views to take place, so that our representative can make known the opinions of the parents on various matters.

The activities of the Parents' Association are, as you can see, many and varied, but in all things our air is to support the College as much as possible and make sure that the students and pupils benefit from our efforts. All parents are members of the Association, but not all have contributed their 50p per family Membership Subscription this year. It is a worthwhile cause, and I would ask those who have not yet contributed to send their subscriptions off now.

H.B. Boreham, Hon. Secretary.

Your Library

Most of you have been into the College Library but how many of you use it and know what is available? So to put you in the picture.

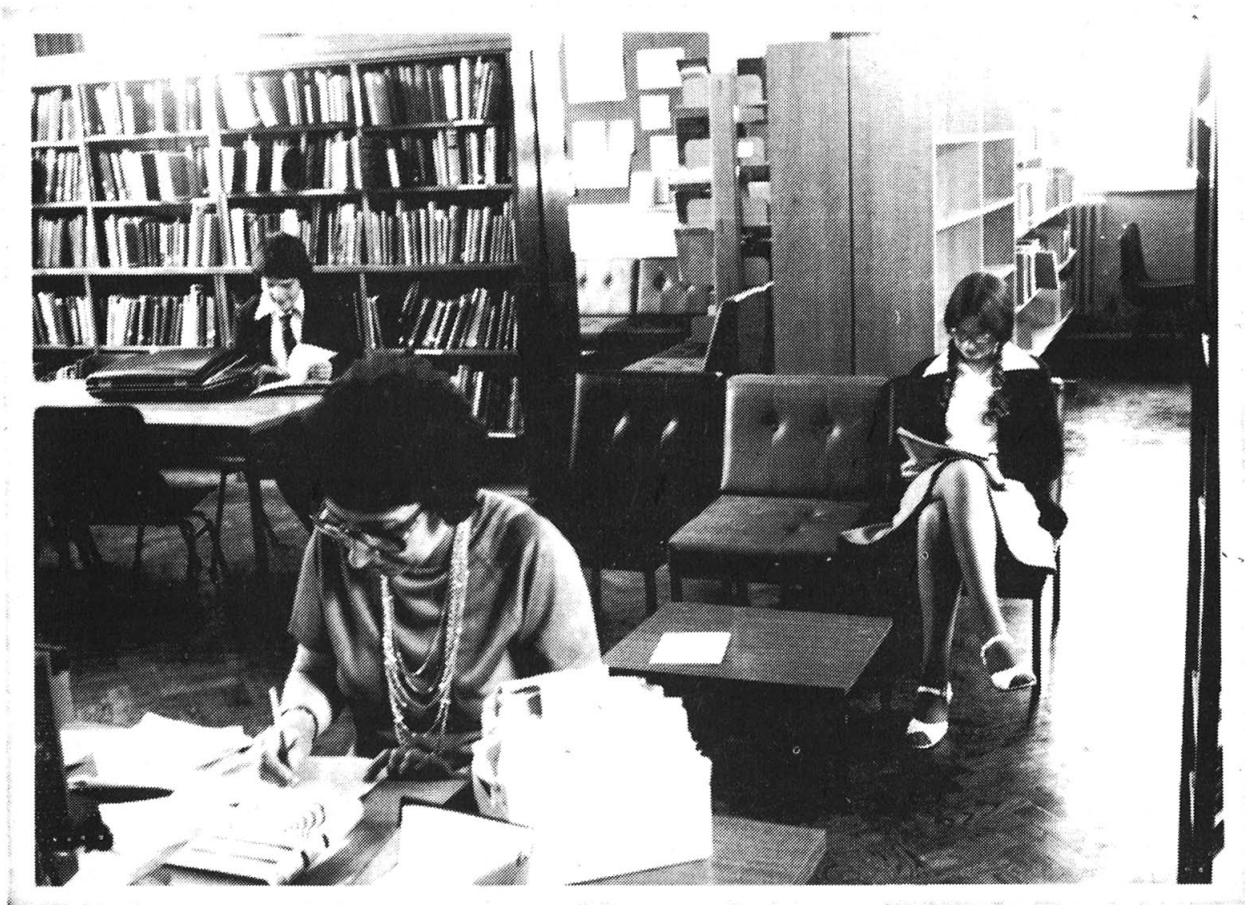
Any member of the College can borrow a book by filling out a form for each title borrowed. Books are issued for a fortnight but you can renew them if they are not reserved by another reader. Books out on loan or not in stock can be purchased or obtained for you from another library. If you need help in finding suitable books for your needs please ask for my assistance.

You may borrow books at anytime that I am on duty (which includes the whole of the lunch break) and the library can be used for reference and private study. Books must not be removed from the library for any purpose without my permission. You may also join any public library in Harrow and use the Civic Centre Library which is the Central Reference Library and Lending Library for Students. Please ask me for a leaflet on the Harrow Library Services if you would like further details.

The College Library has a contribution to make to the totality of the College. You can help by taking out books and returning them promptly, asking for books and information you require, and by buying a book for the library when you leave.

Many pupils have helped with the library in their spare time and they deserve thanks, together with Miss Charles for all the support she has given, and the Parents' Association for their kind gift of £150 for books. It is your library. Why not visit it today?

P.J. Wright, Librarian.



College Librarian Miss P.J. Wright, and students Barbara Ager and Alan Gillman.



A mural painted on one of the wall by Bill Brooks.

Photographs by W.F.H. Johnson

Pinner School Youth Club

This year of innovation at Pinner has also witnessed the emergence of the Pinner School Youth Club. The seeds of this venture were sown by suggestions from Form Delegates at School Council meetings in the previous year, and a generous subsidy from the Parents' Association, for the purchase of material requirements, established the idea as a practical possibility.

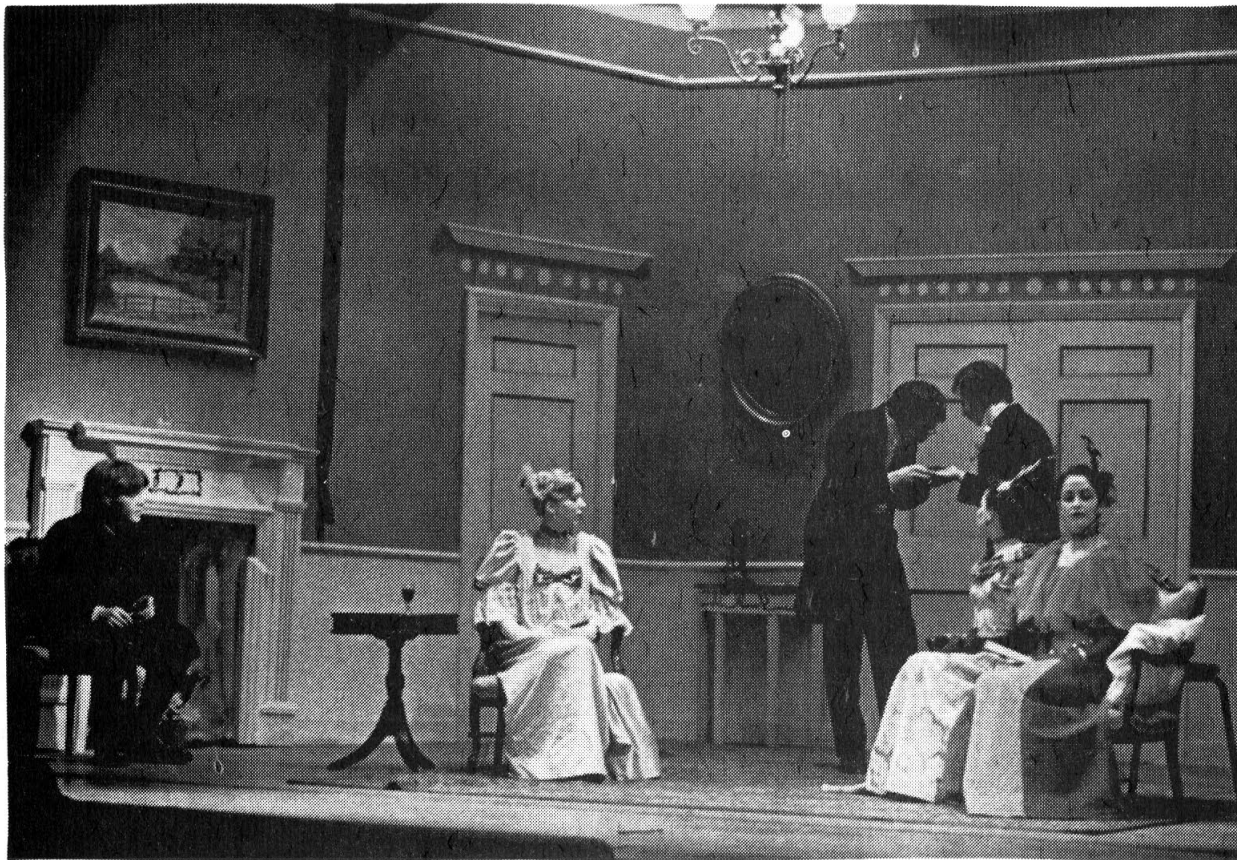
The first meeting was held one Wednesday evening in September. It was immediately successful, with an enthusiastic response from those attending, and since then there has been a meeting every Wednesday evening of the Winter and Spring Terms. The Youth Club uses the school on these evenings from 7.00 to 9.30 pm., and membership is open to all the present third and fourth forms. A wide range of entertainment is available, including "The Hall Discotheque", and, for the less energetic(?), table tennis, card games, dominoes, chess, Subbuteo table football, Scrabble and Monopoly. The gymnasium is used for seven-a-side football, badminton, volleyball or basketball, and drinks and crisps are on sale to maintain the energy level at its peak. The noise is incredible, not the least contributor to this being the oh-so-fully amplified discotheque. The response from members has been enthusiastic, as a regular attendance of between 100 and 120 indicates.

The meetings are made possible by the active support of members of Staff in a supervisory capacity. I am sure all Youth Club Members would like to extend their appreciation (and sympathy) to the Staff who have regularly devoted their Wednesday evenings, and to whom the phrase "turning a deaf ear" has now taken on a new

meaning, (see above, re discotheque). Particularly notable in this respect have been Mrs. Cosh, Miss Loveridge and Mr. Hiles. Very sincere thanks are due to sixth-formers Howard Swinhoe-Phelan, Peter Hill, and their helpers, for running the discotheque, (see above, re deafened Staff), and also to sixth-formers Paul Loader, Peter James and Steven Berger, who on their own initiative have come along on occasions to help the Staff. The co-operation of Mr. Tribe, the Caretaker, is also appreciated.

Finally, the Youth Club Members themselves must be congratulated on their overall conduct at meetings, not least for the mature way in which they have reacted to having the use of the School in what are, for them, rather unusual circumstances. Great respect has been shown for School property, and this has been a major contribution to the unqualified success of this enterprise.

S.M. Stansfield.



The first College Play

LORD ARTHUR SAVILLE'S CRIME

'Lord Arthur Savilie's Crime'

I am giving my impressions of the College Play "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime" as I found the whole thing, set, costumes, acting, and production, so delightful that my critical faculties were, to a certain extent, suspended. They would not have been had the play been badly done. This then, is rather a well deserved hymn of praise than a criticism.

The set conveyed the apartment of an elegant man about town with its eighteenth century room, furnished in the style of the late eighteenth century. Attention had been paid to detail both in the decor and in the "props". I particularly enjoyed the formidable assembly of portraits and photographs showing Lord Arthur Savile's many relatives, overwhelming, it seems, to him, certainly dominant in the decoration of the room. The set was well lit. Mr. Hiles, Mr. Ponsford, Miss Charles and Mr. Toothil, with their many helpers, are to be congratulated.

Miss Hughes and her assistants were responsible for all the women's costumes. These costumes were correct, elegant, well designed as to shape and colour, and looked well together. I remember particularly the splendid red evening gown in which Lady Julia Merton made a fine entry the pale "young gal toilette" in yellow and white, so appropriate to Sybil Merton, the purple gown decorated with yellow roses, Lady Windermere in pastel shades of blue and pink suitable to the older lady, and the severe black and white of the maid. The hats and head decorations were delightful. All was right, down to gloves, fans, and a parasol.

The men's costumes, which had been hired, were well chosen and the actors wore them well.

I liked the way in which Baines wore his dress-suit as a butler, and Lord Arthur, as an aristocrat, wore his with a difference. I think the fortune-telling charlatan Mr. Podgers managed to suggest that he felt somewhat ill at ease in his formal dress. He certainly looked "no gentleman". The Anarchist's Norfolk suit, with its echoes of Fabian Socialists, was excellent.

The play itself after all is the thing. I enjoyed every minute of it from the moment when Baines opened the central doors with ponderous grace to his final postponement of the wedding of the unfortunate Lord Arthur Savile. As a whole it was well paced, there were no dull patches, climaxes were never anti-climaxes, and the excitement in the action was sustained. I found the suspense of the poisoned sweet, the complete obliviousness of the Dean and Lady Windermere to the drama going on round them and the fumbling attempts of the Anarchist at assassination, delicious. The terrible facts of murder and terrorism were contained and transcended by wit and grace. This may be inherent in the play itself but the producer and the cast brought it out to the full.

The use of movement was very fine. The space on the stage was skilfully used. The movement kept up the interest of the eye while the ear was well entertained. It was never obtrusive. It was very varied as each character moved in his or her own particular way from the excited elegance of Lord Arthur Savile to the bearlike shambles of the Anarchist. The ladies, correctly, shared the same quality of movement as they were not, with the exception of the maid, from varying strata of Society, and were all governed by the same conventions. Their propriety, even at moments of stress, was faultless. Every gesture showed their

consciousness of their position.

Every word was clearly spoken and easy to listen to. I enjoyed the contrast in the voices, the low voice of Baines, the sharper notes of Lord Arthur Savile the unctuous voice of the Dean, the German accent of the Anarchist, very well sustained, apart from a few lapses. I enjoyed, above all, the prim, "young gal" voice of Sybil Merton especially when she was revealing the determination beneath the polished surface of her manners. I enjoyed the accompanying gestures of artificial innocence that she made with her fan. At first I thought Lady Julia Merton too continually disdainful but she spoke clearly and uttered her lines with authority so that very soon I accepted the actress's reading of the character. I found none of the cast guilty of over exaggeration and the grouping was fine. I thought the dialogues between Baines and his master, and Lady Windermere and Lady Julia Merton very well managed.

I shall remember the individual performances with great pleasure. David Poole as Baines the perfect servant, convincing in appearance, movement and speech, who opened the door to admit the guests with a professional skill that was a pleasure to watch. Andrew Bell as the unfortunate Lord Arthur Savile well suggested a thin fashionable air, a high bred profile, and a suitable bewilderment and concealed anxiety. His dances of triumph were full of grace. Richard Symonds was memorable as the Dean of Paddington with his obtuse ecclesiastical dignity and his well conveyed obliviousness to what was going on around him. Simon Le Bon as Mr. Podgers expressed by voice and movements the common bounder and outsider. Herr Winkelkopf, the Anarchist, such an amiable killer, so anxious to help with murder, so resilient after failure, so

essentially well-meaning, was well played by Steven Berger. Jacqueline Beaumont as Lady Clementina dithered convincingly. Melanie Babbage as Lady Windemere had a pleasant low voice and moved well. Louise Brooks did full justice to the aggressive, domineering Lady Julia Merton and Carolyn Wilson made an excellent foil to her, as Sybil Merton, with her conventional innocence skillfully shown by her voice and manner. Juliet Harding as Nellie the maid was charmingly pert.

The audience owed much to Mr. Gillon the producer who selected the play and the cast and planned the pattern of the whole. The Spirit of Delight, who we are told rarely comes, certainly attended this play and all who took part in any capacity are to be thanked. This includes, as well as those already mentioned, such backroom boys as those who printed the programmes and tickets in the School Printing Club, those who showed the audience to their seats and sold programmes and those who directed the parking of cars. "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime" was a fine beginning for the Pinner Junior College plays and a worthy successor to Pinner Grammar School performances.

D. Bishop

J.C.R.

The beginning of Pinner Junior College saw the inauguration of the Junior Common Room, a body of students composed of one representative from each Tutor Group and presided over by the joint chairmen Susan Anderson and Tony Cooke.

During the past two terms many proposals have been discussed, ranging from a general demand for another Barn Dance to the painting of pillars in

the base. There were many proposals for further activities in which the students could participate, and some of the most successful have been: the Harvest Festival, Christmas Carols and the Christmas Post. A suggestion has been made to alter the constitution to allow representatives to serve for more than one term and we hope this will give sufficient time for long term proposals to be implemented.

We feel that the J.C.R. has been fairly successful this year and hope that it will go from strength to strength.

Jennifer Stear

Charity Collections

My school motto was taken from Tennyson ...

“What guerdon (reward) will ye?

None - for the deed's sake have I done the deed.”

I was encouraged at school to give thanks and praise but not necessarily to expect them. It is in this spirit that many pupils have been giving generously in the years I have collected - money, stamps, foil, spectacles at Pinner. They have made no show of their generosity; some of this has continued even when they have left school.

But the quantity leaves no room for complacency. The regular form and group collections have been disappointing; especially for Kim North who has faithfully waited at the Hall table for these. Her effort and diligence is warmly appreciated.

Happily at Christmas, there was a most real response from staff and pupils to The Save the Children Fund; we spent over £90 in cards and goods. Our other cards and seals brought in £46 so that with form contributions and the Carol Service Collection we were able to send £150 in

donations to:-

Imperial Cancer Research

The Chest and Heart Association

Christian Aid

The Spastic Society

The National Children's Home

The Harrow Baptist Old People's Building Fund.

A separate appeal for Disabled Children made £3.50. The foil money has always been given to training Dogs for the Blind; the stamps recently to a Medical Missionary Society.

Tony Cooke tells me that he has had a very good response to the appeal from Harrow Churches' Housing Association Young Peoples' Fund. Pupils are going to walk to raise money. Last years' effort realised £72.54.

I very much hope that this giving will continue. There is great need for us all, like Timothy Winters, to remember “those less fortunate than ourselves.” We must do this cheerfully and whole heartedly.

M.A. Williams

“Liberal surge in Harrow West!”

Thoughts on the Pinner Election.

Late in September 1974, Mr. Wilson announced the date of the second General Election within eight months: Thursday, October 10th. Largely due to the tireless David Poole and Mr. Gillon, an internal election was arranged.

The above startling headline belongs to February 1974, but as the following results show, “LIBERALS DROOP IN HARROW WEST!” is more applicable for October 1974:

	February		October	
	School Harrow	W School Harrow	W School Harrow	W
Liberals	56%	26%	47%	23%
Conservatives	21%	52%	27%	52%
Labour	18%	22%	21%	25%
Communists	4%	—	5%	—

The election campaign was almost without incident, most candidates presenting their views and policies with extraordinary displays of wit/officialdom/untruths/slanders. Quickly, the icy ideas of dialectical materialism, 9½% mortgage rates and wage freezes melted beneath the sunlight of Socialism, so admirably delivered in speeches by the Labour candidates. Our opposition was provided by:- Derek McMenamin & Ian Goodall (Liberals); Barbara Ager & Michael Brown (Conservatives) and Pat Colliety & Alan Cullen (Communists).

However, the Labour Party did not pull off its expected victory, and had to be content with a modest, all-round electoral improvement.

Huw Davies & Colin Gray (Labour)

“Any Questions”

One of the highlights of this year’s Stag evenings occurred in February when the ‘Any Questions’ programme visited our college. It was a very enjoyable evening with a team consisting of David Jacobs as chairman and Lord Hailsham, Marganhitia Laski, Bernard Keefe and Alan Fisher answering questions. Roy Hayward was the producer.

Before the actual programme started, there was a ‘warm-up’ session in which Michael Williams, publicity officer for the BBC, stood up to answer any questions concerning the BBC broadcasting. In effect the already warmed-up audience became hot

and Michael Williams turned his attention entirely to defending the BBC. Then producer Roy Hayward introduced the audience very amusingly to the general procedure of the programme and after introducing the panel, David Jacobs asked for a question for rehearsal. However there was very little time before the big moment came. All eyes turned to David Jacobs. Then the red light came on and we were “on the air”, as David Jacobs began his introductory flow of conversation to radio listeners throughout Britain.

The questions covered a wide range of topics, including political issues and current events and the panel gave a variety of interesting, original, and in some cases amusing answers. A few questions came from students, for example Tony Cooke, Genine Farnos and Paul Guthrie.

Not only was it very interesting to see such famous people, as well as hear them, answering questions, but it was enlightening also to watch the production side of the programme. They were an organised and efficient team and when I presented them with tea I discovered they were also good natured and extremely charming. They arrived at 3.15 p.m. and within a very short time the school stage had been transformed. Wires and microphones were quickly connected, flowers arrived and chairs were placed for the audience. During this process I had a chance to ask the Producer’s assistant, Fiona Watson, if it was as chaotic and panicky to produce a programme as one always imagined. She replied that once established in the routine, things were fairly organised, and I was impressed to overhear her on several occasions consulting Roy Hayward, the Producer, about various other programmes as if the approaching programme were not enough to keep her occupied!

From Roy Hayward, who is also responsible for other programmes such as 'Music in Question' and 'Any Answers', we learnt more about the programme. Despite my apprehensive thinking that broadcasting 'live' was a risky thing to do, he claimed that no audience had ever let the programme down, and that by travelling around the country the programme always attracted a varied audience and involved a good cross section of British society today. The fact that it is the only regular live discussion programme on the radio and that it includes contributions from all sections of society makes it the most democratic programme on the most democratic medium available today. We also discovered that the programme is recorded and kept for 5-6 years and sometimes replayed: Mr. Hayward agreed that this was a most accurate and useful way of noting the changes in society.

After the programme was over, coffee was provided for the panel and various other important persons such as the car-park attendants. It was then that we had an opportunity to speak to the panel personally. Alan Fisher unfortunately could not stay, but the other guests were willing to answer our questions. While I interviewed Lord Hailsham, Liz Ferrier approached Bernard Keefe, Marganrita Laski and David Jacobs.

I must admit I was a little worried by the prospect of such an interview at first - I couldn't help approaching him as the great Lord Hailsham of whom I had heard so much, and the questions which I had prepared beforehand no longer seemed appropriate, but he bluntly told me to fire away and he would tell me when he had had enough.

So I began. At a loss for anything else to ask, I asked him how great a part English History and tradition played in his attitude to his career -

whether it affected him at all, or whether he was used to it. He replied:

"It is not a question of being used to it - I have been brought up with it. It is part of me - and I hope I am part of it."

Then I turned to Education, asking him first about its purpose.

"Education is for life: of course the truth about Education is that nobody knows the truth. It doesn't matter how you're educated because the truth is the important thing. You can be entirely self-educated and it comes to the same thing ultimately. It is important that all aspects of education are covered - I just happen to have studied classics. It is excellent training and of course it is the basis of modern civilisation, which many people don't realise. I don't think Education fulfils its purpose. It never has done - and it is still in the process of development."

I then asked him whether he approved of the recent changes in the education system and the establishing of sixth form colleges:

"Quite honestly, I know it seems a bit dogmatic to say here, but I do not agree. You see, it deprives a school of its natural leadership which, when I was at school, I thrived upon: the responsibility one had from being the top few in a school was important and you don't get this in the new system."

Finally I asked him whether he thought the success of any legislation ultimately fell back onto the responsibility of the individual: (I was moved to ask this question after hearing his response to a question in the programme on animal research in laboratories, to which he replied that ultimately it was up the conscience of the individual as to how animals were treated - legislation alone could not deal effectively with such matters). To my question however he replied:

"Well you see, in my experience it does. You see both my father and grandfather were in politics and the legal profession, and likewise I was too, but I always felt a very strong pull towards the legal profession - and when I was asking a witness questions - I could either ask or coach and the questions would be the same - and there would appear to be no difference, only I would know and it was up to my individual conscience to decide which was the truth."

Though by now I was at ease, at least as far as possible, it was getting late and I had no wish to keep Lord Hailsham until he had to tell me he wanted to leave, so I thanked him and said Goodbye to both Lord Hailsham and Lady Hailsham.

Meanwhile, Liz Ferrier had cornered Bernard Keefe who answered her questions as follows:

"My greatest ambition in life is to do justice to the music I perform. I enjoy my appearances on TV and radio - particularly when the broadcast is live - it is so much more natural. If I were rich I would like to have lived in the eighteenth century. I don't like holidays much as I get bored, but I think I would like a fortnight painting in beautiful quiet countryside (I like the West Country best in the UK), fine weather and my wife. I can't paint but I like to try. I like all forms of music. The piece I enjoy conducting most is the one I am doing at that moment. One has to concentrate fully on each individual piece. I don't really have a favourite composer. I enjoyed the tour with the London Philharmonic Orchestra to Japan most of all the tours. I watch television and I like documentaries and good plays. I don't like serials, American thrillers and ads particularly."

Mr. Keefe did not know what his favourite food was and referred the question to his wife. She said he was a man worth cooking for - but here Mr.

Keefe interrupted to inform me that he had thought of his favourite food - it was:

"'Cassoulet' from S. France - Pork Goose and Beans - It is really nice and we have a cat named Serendipity (Dippy for short) because we found it up a tree."

Liz then approached Marganhitia Laski:

"I admire anyone who thinks intelligently. I would like to live ten years from now through curiosity. I wouldn't change my career but I would not choose to study English and Philosophy again - I think perhaps the books I enjoyed writing most were 'Little Boy Lost' or perhaps 'George Eliott'. I like native cooking, local dishes, best. French food without all the herbs and spices. I have a cat called Fiton, but since I live half in France and half in Britain, Fiton lives in the mountains while I am away and with me when I am at home. I like all parts of the UK but, I think, London most of all."

When asked how she managed to read so much with such a busy life she replied:

"It's mostly self-discipline. I read cheap novels through habit, and usually spend about one day in ten in bed reading."

David Jacobs also agreed to answer questions.

"My greatest ambition in life is to be content. I'd like to have lived about the middle of last century - no, second thoughts, in Queen Anne's reign as I like the furniture. I wouldn't want to change my career: Yes I like making radio and television shows especially live ones. I'd like to take an expensive, luxury yacht around the world, stopping at every port that took my fancy and leaving when I wanted to. I like old films and musicals and I like eating anything roast, I have a retriever named Willy and a sixteen year old persian cat called Smokey. London is my favourite part of the UK. My favourite music ranges from Eroll Garner,



*Carolyn Wilson interviewing
Lord Hailsham.*

*Photograph by Howard
Swinhoe-Phelan.*

through Nancy Wilson, Duke Ellington to Grieg and the more romantic side of Tchaikovsky.”

After such a successful event, I am sure everybody would like to express thanks and

appreciation to all the organisers for an enjoyable evening and the opportunity to meet such interesting people.

Carolyn Wilson, Liz Ferrier

“Everything Changes”

In the seven years since the majority of the present Upper Sixth came to the school, there have been many changes: an entirely new school built, and a new staff. Only twelve original members of staff are left and we have seen many come and go. Who remembers Huts A, B, C and D, Mobiles 1 and 2 or when Room 22 was N2?

Whatever happened to Inter-House Competitions or even Houses for that matter? As far as we are concerned they don't exist any more. Are venture and magazine prizes still alive? The Astronomical Society and the Dancing Club have both died natural deaths. The Valentine Dance also had a minor setback this year. The Base Committee with its chairman and subscriptions has been replaced by the J.C.R. and we all know what this means. Somehow I seem to have missed Family Day this year. Does the Old Students' Association still have a Liaison Officer now Mr. Dodge has left? If there is one will he or she please own up to it? The sixth form are for the moment powerless without their much feared detention slips.

Most of these things have died out due to lack of support; over seven years tastes have changed; it is up to next year's sixth form to develop new societies, clubs and social events, and to continue old ones.

Anne Walker

Biology Trip to Flatford Mill Field Centre

As part of the Biology G.C.E. “A” level course it is necessary to spend a week at one of the many Field Centres dotted around the country. Some of us decided to go to Flatford Mill in early March. Flatford Mill is famous due to its appearance in

many of Constable's paintings. Situated on the banks of the Stour in the midst of the Essex countryside, it is very picturesque.

Supposed to be a dry area of the country, this was not in evidence as we worked in snow and rain, the fields mostly under water. The food was plentiful and varied (between bad and worse on most occasions) but we were grateful for it when we came back - cold, weary and suffering from wet wellies.

Trevor Melbourne.

“I'm dreaming of a White Snowdon” 1975 Field Trip to North Wales

The day before the college Geologists and Geographers left for Snowdonia, it snowed in Pinner. This produced a series of comments ranging from, “Have you got your skis?” to “Snowdon will be a bit cold, won't it? Ha Ha!” We were not amused.

The party finally left Euston at 10 o'clock or at least most of us did. Unfortunately Carol Fox was left standing on the platform. However, she eventually arrived in Llandudno several hours late. Our first impressions of Heath House were not good, in fact it was ‘pretty grim’. On this day we settled in and discovered that the social life of Llandudno was still in hibernation.

Throughout the week we visited, climbed up and over, and naturally sketched many interesting features. The party studied the course of the River Conway which included a morning spent on waterfalls. A whole day was given over to the structures on Anglesey. An unexpected and enjoyable addition to the itinerary was a train journey down a slate mine.

The outstanding features of the district were undoubtedly those due to glacial erosion and deposition. These were merrily hacked at by the geologists with hammers, while the geographers stared at them in amazement. The highlight of the week for some was the scramble up Snowdon where we viewed Llyn Llydaw and Glaslyn from a long way up. Unfortunately the day proved to be too much for Noel Yardley who for the second time missed the entire field course, this year by being taken to hospital with bronchitis.

On two days the party was let loose on the unsuspecting Welsh countryside. One day was spent on urban geography and one on some special physical features which could be studied in detail. Geologists were given special assignments, some of which had to be repeated. One upper sixth group managed to get a pantometer stolen. For those who don't know, a pantometer is a cross between a hobby horse and a four foot movable set square. Now who would want a pantometer?

Urban geography proved to be far more entertaining, with many interesting shops to be studied in and around Llandudno and Conwy. After a long day in the "field" starting at 9 o'clock, straight after breakfast, evenings were used for copying up notes and explanations.

When other members of the party were asked what they wished to be included, I got a varied selection of answers. Here are some of them. Jill said that her doorknob fell off. Paul G. would like to point out how many people caught colds but none as bad as his. There were also many small injuries for which Ralgex was in much demand. Most people mentioned the super cuisine (by courtesy of Benson and Hedges) and the heating system or lack of it at the hotel. Last but not least, the Spotty Waiter, the sheet on turnips and

the cows on bicycles can never be forgotten.

Many thanks are due to Mr. Clark, Miss Dickens, Mr. Stansfield and Mr. Childs for organising a very enjoyable and educational week, with very good weather.

Anne Walker

Ski-ing Holiday 1975

The ski-ing holiday at Easter took place at the peaceful village of Cauterets. Yet again a high standard was achieved by all skiers among the snowclad mountains, which at times were covered in two metres of fresh snow. After each day's ski-ing the party returned to the pleasant and peaceful Hotel Excelsior, where, with loving care, Antoinette and M. Millo provided an enjoyable variety of food and drink. The evenings were spent in various venues, from games room to Casino (not the gambling kind) and Cafe de Paris. The evening of the ski awards was particularly memorable, with boys from Christ's Hospital, girls from Farlington, girls and boys from Wales, ski instructors, gendarmes, French people, our couriers, Wendy and Steve, and the cable car attendant (whose name Carolyn never managed to discover), all enjoying themselves in our Hotel.

As far as the actual skiing was concerned, everyone made good progress, whether this was their first skiing trip, or they were relatively experienced. Nigel Swann and Howard Swinhoe-Phelan both gained three-star badges, on only their second skiing holiday, and Steve Berger, Ian Shayler, Brian Ward and Carolyn Wilson each achieved a two-star badge (not bad for beginners!).

Skiing conditions were very good, particularly

on two very sunny days, and by the end of the week most of us had skied down the slopes and felt the hot sun on our faces and the cool breezes and deep snow from other skiers spraying up over us. It was a fantastic feeling.

Love and thanks go to Toni, "the Poof", a very 'French' skiing instructor who, against all odds, managed to get the more nervous of us onto skis, and to the French, who were very welcoming to us all. Finally we would like to thank very sincerely Mr. and Mrs. Cosh and Mr. Pelzer, who made a truly marvellous holiday possible for all of us.

Carolyn Wilson, Philip Davenport.

S.S. Nevasa Cruise 383 (8-22 August 1974)

For me, the cruise started at 6.30 a.m. on the day of sailing. I listened to the shipping forecast - "Vane force 5-6, Easterly!", (we were later to discover the full meaning of this.) Our party (29 students and 5 leaders) met at School, and was taken by coach, our last right-hand-drive vehicle, to Tilbury where the S.S. Nevasa claimed her share of the dockland horizon. After an hour's wait, H.M. Customs allowed us to board the ship, and at 1 p.m. a couple of tugs pointed the Nevasa downstream, to a background of "Life on the Ocean Wave" over the ship's tannoy and, of course, rain! That evening many of us experienced our first disco on a moving floor, rhythmically independent of the music, and our last surprise that day was the discomfort of the first night at sea in our cramped dormitory.

The following morning we were a little North of the Channel Islands, and pitching. With a few strong-stomached, or simply inhuman, exceptions, we were all seasick, for periods ranging from a couple of hours to three days, (the holder of the

three-day record wishes to remain anonymous). After three days we had our first glimpse of land, 800 miles out in the Atlantic. We were sailing round the island of San Miguel, making for the harbour of Ponte Delgado on the south coast. Few liners visit this harbour, so many of the locals appeared in the early evening to watch the tugs slowly berthing the vessel, and to give an impressive display of local dancing.

That night, we were one of the few groups to go ashore. After four days at sea, land seemed amazingly stationary. Night-life on the island appeared to be practically non-existent, but some of us tracked down premises selling very cheap Martini. Then, after an epic battle between a post-card seller and the victorious Miss Middleton, we were rushed back to the ship. The next day, ancient coaches took us round the island and we saw tea and pineapple plantations from roads flanked by wild hydrangea. The coastal scenery, and inland crater lakes were beautiful, and we ate our lunches serenaded by a series of sulphurous geysers. The highlight of the day was a swim in a volcanic pool, the water of which was golden brown (apparently through Epsom Salts) and very warm.

A couple of days later we were streaming along the coast of Madeira, very close to cliffs which rose almost vertically for two thousand feet. Later that morning, a coach took us to the highest of these cliffs, whence the horizon receded almost indefinitely. Every possible part of the island is cultivated, even the steepest slopes are terraced, in an attempt to alleviate the poverty of the islanders. That afternoon we visited the Grand Curral, a ravine three thousand feet deep, which could be reached only by a series of twisting roads and tunnels so narrow that the coaches had to work on a rota system to ensure that two coaches

would never meet in a tunnel. Back at the ship, local tradesmen displayed their wares in a rowing boat, and money and goods changed hands, miraculously never getting wet. This was a fascinating experience, although buying ashore was much cheaper. Virtually anything made of straw can be purchased here. Next day we explored the capital, Funchal, whose varied attractions included toboggan and bullock-cart rides, and espadon, a delicious local fish. Then we set sail, saluted by waves from another cruise liner, Reina Del Mar.

A few evenings later came one of the highlights of the cruise, the fancy dress party. Our group produced only one entry, which, although extremely successful, lacked the cliché winning power of the Wombles. Dressed as officials of the harbour party, and as ship's company, we attempted to nationalise the ship, a process which involved adorning the Captain (judge of the Competition) with a bowler hat, umbrella, and other traditional symbols of the Civil Servant. Ronnie Newman, dressed as a member of the Indian crew, carried our banner, "Nationalise Asia", and I am sure he will never forget the subsequent struggles to remove the shoe-polish

That night the ship victoriously fought a force 10 gale, and when we woke next morning we were entering the Tagus estuary. After passing the famous riverside monuments, we docked in at Lisbon, cholera stricken, but politically calmer than of late. Our orders were not to drink anything ashore (tragic to some) and to wash our hands thoroughly when we returned to the ship. The shopping and sightseeing in this major capital were, in spite of everything, still exciting, as was our swim in the (relatively) freezing sea at Estoril. The vision of Miss Middleton and Mr. Childs being dragged reluctantly into the water would have

satisfied the most militant pupil-libber!

From Lisbon, the S.S. Nevasa set sail for the last time that voyage, and two evenings later we were singing "Auld Lang Syne" at a farewell dance, with the lights of Eastborne ten miles off our port beam. Next morning we returned to Tilbury.

I should like to take this opportunity to thank Miss Middleton, Mr. and Mrs. Childs, and Mr. and Mrs. Stoupe for arranging, and accompanying us on such a memorable cruise. Nobody imagined, as we disembarked, anxious to tell families and friends about our travels and yet unwilling to leave the ship, that four months later P. & O. would sell what had been our floating home for a fortnight, probably to the breakers. This news must have saddened several hundred thousand ex-passengers, and perhaps sheds an ironic light on our activities at the fancy-dress party.

Alan Cullen.

Road Safety

The Harrow Junior Road Safety Committee was disbanded early in the year. Our representatives, Mark Star and Kevin Faint, served the College and attended the final meetings. Attention is drawn to the driving courses provided by the Borough.

In November a team of sixth formers represented the College in an international driving competition. General Motors and Vauxhall Motors provided excellent facilities at their Millbrook finals area. The final results were remarkably good, bearing in mind the considerable experience of the Swedish and Norwegian competitors. It was an enjoyable day for the drivers and their friends. The College also received prize money which has been spent in improving library stock. Thanks are due to Harrow Driving Centre staff, the Ugdomens Rattmastare International Driving Skill Competition Organisers and all who participated in this event.

R.T.

The Stag Society

Like everything else this year, Stag has been adapting to the college situation. A new constitution has been written and revised several times, in an attempt to make it compatible with college life and still maintain the traditional links with Pinner Grammar School. When the committee was voted into office, the Secretary was Miss Anne Walsham. Unfortunately for the society, she resigned at the end of October when she went into full-time employment. We would like to thank her for all the organising she did, and wish her the best of luck.

The meetings started in September when Mr. Morris of the Greater London Fire Brigade gave an informative talk on fire prevention, illustrated by several films. Gregory and Simon Pennock's father was our guest in October. His talk on oil rigs in the North Sea was topical and gave insight into a hazardous career. Mr. Revans of Rockware Glass was the November speaker. He spoke in a lively manner and illustrated his talk with a film and several examples of glass ware. In December we had a speaker from the 'Samaritan' organization. Her talk was wide ranging and prompted several members to ask for further information about practical ways of helping. She stressed that in her work she should remain as anonymous as possible, therefore by request she was referred to as 'Angela'. Mr. Jones provided us with the contact for January's meeting. Mr. Nigel Wright from the B.B.C. talked to us on Television Production Techniques. He was able to refer to examples of his work with which we were familiar, such as 'Colditz' and 'Doctor Who'.

In February there were two activities, one of which was a visit to the B.B.C. television programme

'In Concert'. We arrived at the studio not knowing who were going to perform. The group, 'Labelle', had a current hit record, but were rather beyond the limits of appreciation for most of our party. It was, however, an entertaining evening. The highlight of the Stag year, most people would agree, was when the 'Any Questions' programme was broadcast from the college. As this has been reported in detail elsewhere in the magazine, I will just say that due to the careful organization of innumerable people, the evening went very smoothly. In March the meeting had to be squeezed in between the Play and the Geography Field Course. Probably as a result of this, the attendance for the talk on the Probation Service by Mr. Williams, was very low. This was most unfortunate since this meeting was one of the most entertaining of the year. Two more meetings are planned for this year. In May a microwave cookery demonstration will be organised by Philips Ltd. Then, in July, the annual dinner will take place. This year an ex-pupil, Lord Harris of Greenwich, will be the speaker.

Finally, I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the people who have helped in any way with Stag this year, particularly Miss Lewis, the chairman of the committee, Phil Davenport, the vice-chairman, Alan Cullen, the treasurer and Mrs. Millard for her help in all my correspondence. We hope that next year's students will derive as much pleasure from Stag as the first intake to Pinner Junior College has done, and that future membership will reflect the increased number of students.

Anne Graham (Hon. Secretary)

The Photographic Society

The Photographic Society reformed itself in 1975 after an unsuccessful coup by General Studies! The amalgamation has, in fact, resulted in the purchase of new equipment including two quality enlargers.

The membership of the society has increased considerably. Benefits of membership include not only the use of the dark room, but also availability of films, papers etc. at a good discount.

The committee wishes to thank Mr. Agerbak for his assistance and sponsorship of the society.

Jonathan Yadin and Alan Cullen

Chess

The chess teams had a reasonably successful season, with the senior and intermediate teams finishing around the middle of their respective leagues. Results are:

Seniors: P 10, W 2, D 5, L 3.

Intermediates: P 4, W 1, D 1, L 2.

(Seniors have one match outstanding).

The Seniors (C. Hill, N. Leeson-Smith, C. Gray, R. Cheung, R. Newman, G. Justice, D. Brandt, A. Cullen, A. Cooper, P. Chuchla and R. Farnos) all achieved some success. The team as a whole reached many positions of superiority in the fixtures, but unfortunately too many of these were drawn to achieve a high place in the table.

The Intermediates (P. Chuchla, A. Cooper, R. Farnos, A. Guthrie and A. Whitehead) all played well and show great potential for the coming seasons. Their best performance was against Canons High School, whom they "whitewashed."

The teams are most grateful to Mr. Hamilton for giving up much of his time to superintend the matches, and to the canteen ladies who supplied some excellent teas.

Colin Gray. (Secretary.)

Modern Languages Society

The first meeting of the Modern Languages Society was very successful as it was an informal evening occasion called "Let's Go Continental." While records from all over the world were played, we ate foods from different countries of Europe. The menu included Onion Soup from France, Tortilla from Spain and Apfel Strudel from Germany. Some-one brought a record of "Zorba's Dance," and thanks to the teaching of the Assistante and her friends, by the end of the evening we were all dancing the "Bouzouki."

The Christmas meeting was celebrated by colour slides of France and Spain with talks from Mlle. Mangion and Mr. Portillo respectively. German Christmas biscuits, coffee and the singing of foreign carols rounded off the evening very well.

Kenneth Green.

Christian Union

The aim of the Christian Union is to show that God's love for us stretches to everybody. We began to meet in the middle of the Winter term. Our meetings have included three speakers, one of whom was Mrs. Pont who told us of her missionary work.

After a few meetings in the grounds and the balcony it became impossible to maintain order. Meetings during school time had to finish, but were continued in the evenings at a member's house.

We would like to thank Mr. Fisher for the use of his room during the Winter term and apologise for the damage caused by our members. It is hoped meetings will continue, in school, during the coming year.

Christian Union Members.

Problems

Small prizes will be given for the first Nine correct solutions handed in to Mr. Brown. (Calculations must be shown with solutions.)

Junior

What are the missing numbers in the three sets below:

- (a) 1000, 0022, 0020,, 0012.
- (b) 002, 0007,, 0023, 0034.
- (c) 0.000,, 0.500, 0.707, 0.866.

Intermediate

Three girls, Mary, Jane and Alice are blonde, brunette and auburn, but not necessarily in that order. Of the following statements only one is true:

- Mary is blonde
- Jane is not blonde
- Alice is not brunette

What colour hair do the girls have?

Senior

A man standing on the edge of a circular pond wishes to reach a point diametrically opposite by either running, swimming or a combination of both. Assuming that he can run K times as fast as he can swim, find the quickest method. $K > 1$.

D. Brown



1st XV Rugby

A washout would be a fair way to describe this season! Never before in Pinner's rugby history can so many games have been cancelled, largely through the inclement weather. Out of a total of 22 fixtures only 9 were played,

the college winning 4 and losing 5 of these.

The team was very sorry to lose Mr. Robinson midseason for he has done much for rugby at Pinner and I would like to record the thanks due to him on behalf of past and present players. Our thanks also go to Mr. Brown who has given up much of his spare time in order to help out.

The season opened with an extremely easy game v Northwood and was followed by 2 cancelled games and a very hard one v Harrow. This game was played in a keen, competitive spirit and Pinner were unlucky to lose due to a bad refereeing decision to allow one Harrow try. This was 1 game of only 2 matches in the season where our opponents scored more tries than we did, too many penalties being conceded explaining many defeats. 3 more cancelled games were followed by a great display of attacking rugby against Vyners which brought the best out of the side and showed the undoubted talent in the team. A close game v Kingsbury came and honours were even, although the result was just in favour of our opponents. Yet another cancelled game was followed by an even closer defeat at the hands of Christopher Wren. The following week, v Salvatorian the college won again, all Pinner's points coming without reply in the last twenty minutes. Yet 2 more games came after Christmas and went

without being played and then the college came up against Gunnersbury, the strongest opposition played. A fine performance was put up until the final twenty minutes when Gunnersbury ran away with the match. After another cancelled fixture there was a difficult match at Sir William Borlase and in a game of no tries Pinner just failed again. The team entered the Middlesex U19 7-a-side and without breaking any records the college side gave a good account of itself by winning over Woodberry Down and William Ellis (22-0) and losing to Gunnersbury (4-14) and London Oratory (0-8). The highlight of the season came in the final game v Pinner and Grammarian rugby club when the young college side outplayed the bigger, older club side (captained by a member of staff) on a mud bath of a pitch, thanks largely to the tactics thought out beforehand by Mr. Brown, a determined approach, teamwork - with superb individual performances by Stollery, Swann and Davenport - and tries by Davenport (2) and Dommatt. The final score was victory by 14-4.

Looking at the players who will be unavailable next year, Derek McMenamain was welcomed back, if unexpectedly, to lead the pack vigorously and enthusiastically and receive excellent support from Dixon Upcott whose strength and skill at the back of both scrum and line has been invaluable. Phil Davenport at fly half or centre has been the mainstay of the team, his tremendous tackling, kicking and handling ability (which would surely have meant county honours had he not played out of position in the trial) enabling him to score 7 tries this season. Noel Yardley, at centre or on the wing, and John James have both run hard, tackled well, and, most importantly, scored tries. Phil Lynn was as reliable as ever, demonstrating his fantastic defensive qualities and backing up for half the

season until being lured away by the attractiveness of 1st team football for Rayners Lane.

The rest of the team has been regularly made up of five first year sixth formers and five or six fifth formers. Nigel Swann, who hooked better and better as the season went on, Paul Loader and Doug Cunningham all had 1st team experience last year. This showed itself especially with the two wing forwards who have learned their jobs well and demonstrate this each game with skill and stamina, showing tremendous promise for the future. Des Quelch has enjoyed his first season at full back and has shown no little skill in his performance. The experience he has gained will serve him well in the future, as it will for Malcolm Knight, who has stood up well against very much larger props and has done an efficient and valuable job for the team with little glory or recognition.

Of the fifth formers who have given such good service to the side Barry Hymers, Dave Smith and Malcolm Hayes have all represented Middlesex U16s and I am sure we all wish them well in the future. Martin Goodwin has played bravely in the front row while Keith Stollery, despite only showing his real ability in one game, has given the side useful service. Since winning his place, Ken Scott, too, has worked hard and played well. Last, but by no means least, of the regulars is "speedy" Mick Dommatt who has been a regular points scorer with 7 tries, and who has along with Hymers and Smith played for London Welsh U16s.

At this point I would like to add my personal thanks to everyone who has played 1st team rugby this year and who has made it such a worthwhile season. I hope there are many more at the college. Thanks also to Phil Davenport, who, as Honorary Secretary, has done a great job in ensuring that

the season's fixtures were smoothly arranged and fulfilled. My report would not be complete without also adding my thanks, on behalf of the teams, to the girls who have seen to the refreshments this year.

Paul Hiley (Captain)

Colours were awarded to the following for their high standard of play throughout the season:
Phil Davenport, Paul Hiley, John James, Dixon Upcott, Noel Yardley.

2nd XV Rugby

It has been a disappointment only to be able to have fielded two 2nd XV this season due to lack of support. The match against Kingsbury was lost by 36 points to nil but against Dormers Wells the side won by 42 points to nil. Those keen players, some of whom have represented the 1st XV, who deserve a mention and my thanks include Ray Cheung, Simon Ellis, Graeme Barratt, Chris Hunt, Ashvin Channan, John McDougal, Paul Brookes, Nigel Hill, Ian Francis and Frank Neal.

Under 14

Nower Hill High	16-12
Nower Hill High (cup)	10-17
Copland	34-0
Vyners	24-26
Kingsbury	16-6
Dormers Wells	32-0
Christopher Wren	3-35
Northwood	14-16
RGS High Wycombe	4-24
Gunnersbury	0-6
Sir Wm. Borlase	6-24
Copland	28-0

The under 14s began the season impressively with 4 wins and 2 close defeats in the first 6 games. This form was lost as the season went on but with players like Simon Pennock (Capt), Alan Polard, Gordon Cunningham, Stewart Mills and Tony Lucas the future looks very bright for this side, especially if they all begin to grow a bit, since their size has been their biggest disadvantage all season!



Rugby First XV
Photograph by Howard Swinhoe-Phelan



Hockey First XI

Photo by Howard Swinhoe-Phelan

Hockey

Due to the present economic situation, Saturday jobs for students seem to be on the increase and as a result the 1st XI Hockey Team only played mid-week fixtures this season. Bad weather, dark evenings and lack of enthusiasm meant matches were few and far between and practices even rarer. However the season was not a complete disaster as on one rainy afternoon, despite the efforts of a minibus driver to discourage us from entering, by arriving half an hour late, we still

managed to win the Harrow Schools Tournament. We only played two other fixtures, of which we won one and lost one.

Thanks go to all those who supported the team by playing and to Miss Jarvis and to Miss Middleton for their help in training and organisation.

The under 15 XI had all their matches cancelled due to bad weather however they did play in the Harrow Schools Under 15 Tournament and were placed second.

Kim North (Capt.)



Results	Badminton 1974-75		Boys' League (Doubles)
	Home	Away	
Orange Hill	7-2W	6-3W	
St. Gregory's	9-0W	7-2W	
Hendon	4-5L	Won by default	
St. Nicholas'	3-6L	2-7L	
John Lyons	1-8L	0-9L	
Mixed Doubles			
Hatch End	5-4W	4-1W (unfinished)	
Lowlands J.C.	2-7L		

This year was only the second year the college has ever run a badminton team, and compared with the effort two years ago, the team has been very successful. Only one league, for boys' doubles, was entered and in this ten matches were played, five of which were won. This meant the college finished third in the league. The team was chosen from: B. Sampat, D. Chapaneri, S. Ettling, I. Goodall, P. Honey, N. Hodson and A. Channon.

In the Middlesex Schools Championships, Bharat Sampat and Dilip Chapaneri did well to get to the semi-final only to be beaten by the eventual winners, as did Bharat Sampat and Claire Weiss.

Under much protest from the boys, three mixed friendly matches were played against Lowlands J.C and Hatch End College, two of which were won. During these, the girls tried valiantly to get out of the way of the shuttle cock, not always succeeding. The mixed team consisted of Barbara Fisher, Anne Walker, and Claire Weiss, with assorted partners.

We would like to thank ourselves for doing the refreshments, as well as Ian Goodall our efficient secretary and of course Mr. Whittington and Mr Stansfield for their supervision on Wednesday evenings.

Anne Walker and Barbara Fisher

Finals of District Sports - Wednesday, 14th May At Bannister Playing Field

100m.	Junior Girls	Katie Wayne	1st
100m.	Intermediate Boys	Matthew Bamford	2nd
100m.	Senior Boys	Brian Skilton	2nd
200m.	Junior Girls	Judith Jeeves	2nd
200m.	Intermediate Girls	Liz Moore	4th
200m.	Senior Boys	Brian Skilton	5th
400m.	Intermediate Girls	Lysette Kempster	4th
400m.	Junior Boys	Stuart Mills	4th
400m.	Senior Girls	Lindsey Cloke	3rd
800m.	Junior Boys	Ian Francis	2nd
800m.	Senior Boys	Patrick Collins	4th
1500m.	Senior Boys	Patrick Collins	2nd
Shot Put	Junior Girls	Jayne Seldon	1st
			New Record
Discus	Intermediate Boys	Frank Neale	3rd
Discus	Senior Boys	Rodney Eales	1st
Javelin	Junior Girls	Jayne Seldon	1st
			New Record
			by 10 metres
Javelin	Intermediate Boys	Matthew Bamford	1st
			New Record
Hammer	Senior Boys	Rodney Eales	2nd
Long Jump	Intermediate Boys	Mike Dommett	1st
Triple Jump	Intermediate Boys	Mike Dommett	1st
Relays	Senior Girls	Lindsey Cloke Carol Fox Liz Moore Jackie Beaumont	1st
	Intermediate Boys	M. Bamford M. Dommett B. Hymers P. Brooks	2nd
	Senior Boys	P. Collins B. Skilton D. Cunningham R. Eales	4th

King for a Day

If I could do anything,
Just for a day,
I think I'd stage a concert,
But my fans needn't pay.
I would sing beside Elton,
I would sing loud and strong,
And the fans would shout for me
As well as Elton John.
I would give away thousands
Of black limousines,
I would do all the things
I do in my dreams.
I would sing all the classics,
Chuck Berry and all,
I would wear eight inch stacks,
To be six feet tall.
I would play like John Lennon,
And my fans would scream,
Then I'd leave by the back door
In a new limousine.
And if I got tired,
I'd drink lots of milk,
But come twelve o'clock,
I'd be just Ricky Silk.

Ricky Silk, 3N.



The Next Two Years

In two years' time, I wonder what I'll be like, tall and slender, a future Miss World? This was hardly likely as I surveyed my rather balloon-like figure in the mirror. Still, it was a nice thought. Travelling the world, luxuries thrown at my feet, caviar, and ... I was brought down from my castle in the air with a bump as I laddered my last pair of tights. Well, a lot could happen in two years, and who knows ... ?

I arrived late again at work, my coat flapping wildly like a flag in the wind, and my tights looking as if they'd been through the Second World War. Hardly the picture of a prospective Miss World. My boss nearly reduced me to tears with his whiplike tongue, and then gave me instructions to sit down at my desk and not move until I'd typed out all the letters in the tray. Oh, the unfairness of it all. In two years' time I could be manager of this firm. Then I'd put him in his place. I could drive a Rolls Royce and sit all day in my office swinging my golf clubs. If he could do it, why couldn't I? If only he'd believe me about the 'bus.

Now I regretted leaving school. If I'd stayed on, slogging at English and French I might have ended up as Mr. Kissinger's secretary. Travelling the world, I might even come up with the solution to the world peace situation. I decided that the latter was highly improbable, but I liked the idea of being secretary to the American Secretary of State. I'd attend Peace Conferences; after being sworn to secrecy. I'd always be at his right hand, ever ready to jot down some matter of importance. My letters would be headed "Dear President". I'd ...

"Miss Evans, please get on with your typing and stop daydreaming." Really, in two years' time I expect I'll be still an ordinary secretary, sitting in an ordinary office, writing ordinary letters. I'd be

late every day, subdued thoroughly by a tyrannical boss, and have writer's cramp. But maybe in two years' time

Elsa Goldberg, 4W.

The Bully

He sits, watching the clock ticking eternities away, carefully ignoring with practised ear the teacher's monotone drone. The bell heralds temporary release. Barge out into a grey yard in a grey world. Approach the gates and peer out into the narrow street of slums, hopelessly incurable, dying in the smoggy atmosphere.

Bully the first-formers into submission. Punch and punch in one place until they squeal like fat piglets in a slaughter-house.

The bell tolls for the death of break and the renewal of classroom bondage. Return to a trivial class of choir. Lock yourself in your mental cell. Dream of screaming machine-guns, wars and tanks. Await your entry into the sophisticated world of adult violence.

Eileen Behan, 3N.

The Criminal and the Respectable Citizen

One writhes
In untold pain,
His arm a pincushion,
His veins
Injected

With that which
Makes the other's profits,
That which satisfies
The other's greed.

William Prendeville.

The Land of Brit

Westwards of the land of Yurrup lie the islands of Brit, where the mists are exceedingly thick and the rain forever falls and the sun shineth not.

Brit was once a land of great prosperity, where the people worked in great manufactories which belched forth black smoke. These people were helped by the great god Puffa, who resided in these temples, and whom they worshipped, and to whom they gave offerings of coal and water. The people of Brit multiplied, and it came to pass that the land of Brit had to buy food from far-off places, so that the people of Brit were deprived of much silver and gold they had earned.

It came to the reign of Lizzy, and the people of Brit could no longer offer coal to their god, Puffa, for coal was hard to find. Those in authority decreed that the people should worship Fiz Fiz or Pop Bang. Fiz Fiz was found to dwell in the North West of the main island of Brit, at a place called Windscale, but Fiz Fiz consumed uranium, which was rare, and, when angered, caused a great cataclysm. Therefore the people chose to worship the god Pop Bang, who took offerings of oil in vast quantities. Brit had no oil, but found that the dwellers in the deserts in the Middle East knew not its value, and sold oil for shekels.

In the land of Brit, Lizzy had three chief advisers; and the names of these were Araldi, Jeremi and Margi, of whom Araldi was the chief. The workers formed Unions of great power, and cried with loud voices to the overseers, "Give us more loot, or we work not." But the overseers replied, "This we cannot do, for our customers are no more and times are hard. Gird thy loins and apply thy noses to the grindstone, and we shall have jam." The Unions replied unto this "Nutz", which, being translated, means, "We differ from thy viewpoint. Give over,

for thy jam is mere whitewash." The Union members withheld their labour and the people of Brit on certain days could not pass messages, or travel in chariots to the temples of industry where they worshipped Pop Bang, so that the whole land was full of woe.

But it came to pass that the sons of the desert people had been to the land of Brit to learn, and were in full possession of their marbles, and as time went on they held the tribes of Yurrup and Brit to ransom. But Araldi said to the people of Brit, "Be not dismayed, for there is much oil under the sea, and we shall have enough to put jam on our bread for many years." Across the sea from the land of Brit, to the Westwards, the land of Amer-ika could be found. The people of Amer-ika also worshipped Pop Bang, but had no oil wherewith to worship him, so that among them some said, "Behold, nothing remaineth but to stir things up."

Thus it came to pass that after a massive war, involving many nations, the people of Brit shivered in the tents provided by the Arab Relief Fund, and were full of woe, for machines could not be found in the land, and there was nothing to worship.

Robert Parkin.

The Cause

After the taut osprey's span
Banishes day and denounces gravity
A billion pupils seed their light,
Settling trees to spires of frost.

I watch an ice-crust grow and
Arrow on the moon's eye. Then
I pass behind the canopy of Earth's
Dim shine climbing the limb

Of a thin held note, to find
The very source of light: behind
The soft blue rings of Saturn's age;
Along the femur of the Great Bear;

Passed a planet none have seen,
A lichened boulder of faded green
And grey, like the flesh of an
Ancient sea. Then, long beyond

Clouds of crimson spheres, the
Veiled chamber glints. The mist parts.
A womb, cold and mercurial - a
Tense candescence where hang strands

Quivering as their silver light uncoils,
Lyres with the rings of my breath
Shimmering their gentle labour.
This light spins all;

Blessed once a globe in a purr of stream
Whose peaceful birth was this mocked dream.

Paul Guthrie.

Differences are alike

A poem and a song are different things,
As different as music from Beethoven and Wings,
As different as snow and a hot summer's day,
As different as coming and going away,
As different as whisky and cool lemonade,
As different as the six-of-hearts
And the seven-of-spades.
But poems and songs can be calm or wild,
But also alike, like father like child.
Because poems and songs are built on the same
things,
And music comes from Beethoven,
As well as from Wings.

Ricky Silk, 3N.

Sadness

The thoughts recur;
Flooding back,
Slowly crescendoing into one;
Single, but disunited,
Wholly, but not unreal,
One emotion, assuaging,
Conquering, relentlessly,
Diminishing the others;
So real, nauseating,
Known as sadness.

Michael Clements, 3N.



Fishing

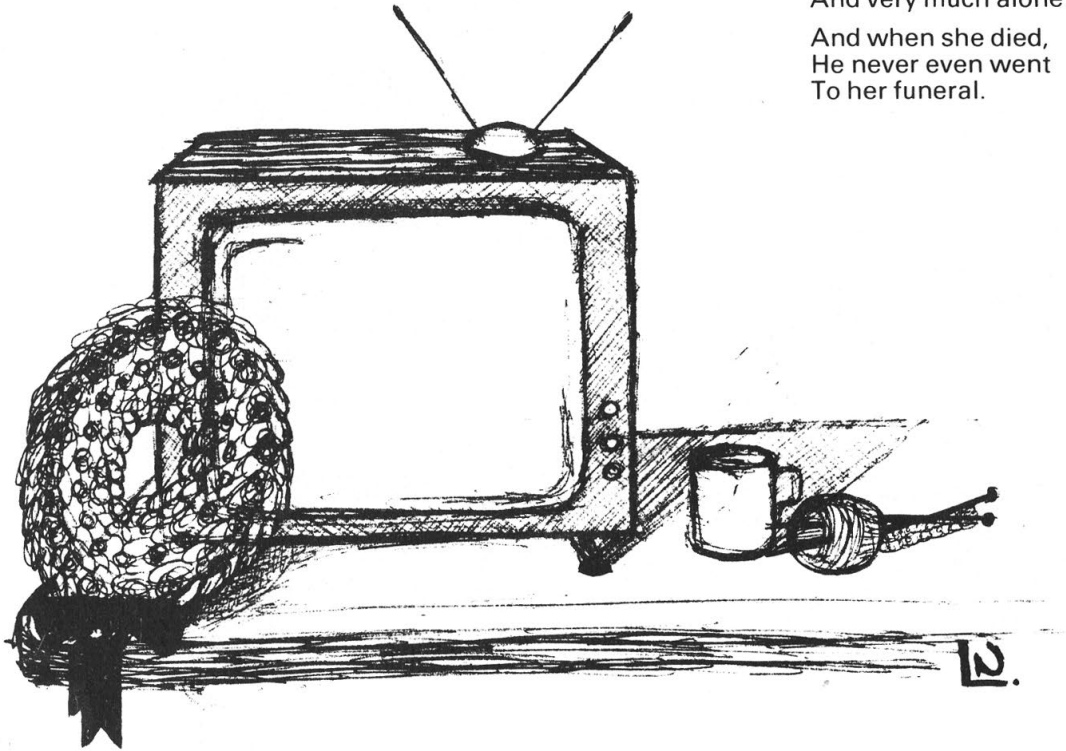
Jo Healy 5J

Alone

Every evening,
Before she went to bed,
Mrs. O'Neill said
Goodnight
To that nice announcer
On her small T.V.,
Because she was eighty
And very much alone.

And when she died,
He never even went
To her funeral.

Jill Bowen, 5P.





Music filled the air
Overflowing the skyline
Overwhelming me.

Carl Chandler, 5P.

Fear is corrosive,
Not treated decisively
It can eat the mind.

Graeme Barratt, 5P.

昧の色

Boxes of matches,
Carelessly used by mankind,
Burning away life.

Matthew Bamford, 5J.



Haiku

A haiku is an ancient Japanese poem consisting of 17 characters or syllables. It is written to convey the essence of an experience or the crystallisation of a thought. (The Japanese make use of the symbolism as well as the meaning of their characters, but even in English it is surprising how much one can say in 17 syllables.)

A moment in time
Is an instant we measure
For satisfaction.

Carl Chandler, 5P.

桎

For some, school is jail
Where one learns to use keys of
Knowledge for release.

Alison Boyd, 5C.

In the tide of time
Man floats like a bottled note
Sent by hands unseen.

Nicola Forward, 5J.

Man is curious,
He is degraded in war,
But fights as if sane.

Michael Tate, 5J.

赤

Poison in the air,
Eating towns and continents,
Digesting a world.

Mark Starr, 5P.

"Have pity!" they cried,
Every woman, child and man;
Nature killed them all.

Neil Jackson, 5J.

本

Watches and watches,
Like manacles on the wrist,
Ticking away time.

A. Martin, 5J.

The Multi-coloured puddle

Rosalind walked slowly along the road, it was raining hard and puddles had formed everywhere. She scuffed her shoes on the pavement, dragging her bag behind her. Suddenly she stopped. There was a huge puddle in front of her, blocking her way. Rosalind stepped into it. The water came up to her ankles, but she didn't care and just walked on. The water became deeper, up to her waist. "This is ridiculous." she thought to herself. The water had by this time risen up to her chin. Petrified, she tried to turn round, but her feet were clamped down hard. Things began to go misty, then black, then nothing . . .

When she opened her eyes she was at home on her bed and her mother was standing there. "You've just had a little accident, dear." she said, by way of explanation. Rosalind moved her head slowly, "Where's Dad?" she whispered. Her mother stared at her angrily, "You know your father has been dead for the last five years!" she cried, "You are a wicked, ungrateful girl.", and she rushed out of the room. Rosalind Helen James fell back, stunned with shock. Where was her handsome father? What had happened to her kind and pretty mother?

Presently she called out "Su...san, Marrrry." Her two sisters entered, tall, thin Mary with her long dark hair, and two-year-old Suzy, a podgy little toddler. Both were unpleasant and hostile towards Rosalind. Rosalind said nothing until the woman who was supposed to be her mother entered, still looking angry. Rosalind got up, pushed past her, and ran downstairs and outside. The day was scorching hot, she realised, "But it's winter." she thought, "No, this can't be happening. Help me, someone! What shall I do?" She walked on, and people turned away from her,

animals ran away, doors and windows banged. She stopped to look at the sky. It had been blue, but not it was striped red, yellow, green and orange. Rosalind jumped violently, a memory flashed through her mind, "The puddle" she thought "just before I fainted. It was those same colours. Why? Why me? What have I done?" As she walked along staring at the sky with shock, she felt the ground sliding away, in horror she found she was falling. As she fell, her family's faces appeared before her, but were blotted out by the now familiar bands of colour.

"Mum, help!" she called, "What's happening?" The words faded. They were her last before she felt fire around her, and was engulfed in a second. Bands of colour zoomed out of the fire, and the fire died slowly, as the water from the bands of colour fell to form . . . a puddle on the pavement.

Jenny Whitfield, 4D.

Boredom

As the day dragged on into afternoon,
I suddenly thought of you,
And realised how much I'd missed you
Since this morning.

Marianne Rackham.

I want to be alone,
just for a moment,
to be nobody.

To look down on myself,
on the people I love
and those I hate.
To laugh at the futility of it all,
instead of crying.

Lesley Nelson.

Alhambra

Ancient arches
Rise and fall
Over Moorish mosaics,
Sunlight streams
Into cool channels
Of sparkling water.

Stone lions in their patio,
Silent sentries, spurt
Cool clear anger
From eroded mouths,
Refreshing,
Through hazy heat.

Gardens ablaze in
Fiery colour,
Stone cold fountains,
Cool clear streams
Of azure,
Sky-blue.

I gaze through
Regal arches,
Through arches,
Through centuries,
To whitewashed houses,
Arabic abodes
In sun-bathed valley.

Lightning lizard
Flashes from under
Sleeping stone,
Decrepit dog
Slumbers under
Andalusian arches.

Wrought iron balconies
Spilling with flowers,
Floral aromas seep

From gardens
Into Palace.
Breath of bourgainvillea,
Scent of Spain.

Caroline Wilby, 5J.

In Memoriam

Freedom and Democracy, infants
Fresh from the womb of Justice,
Shot down
In a Football Stadium
In Santiago.
Mother and Children
Doing as well as can be
Expected.

William Prendeville.

It's A Dog's Life

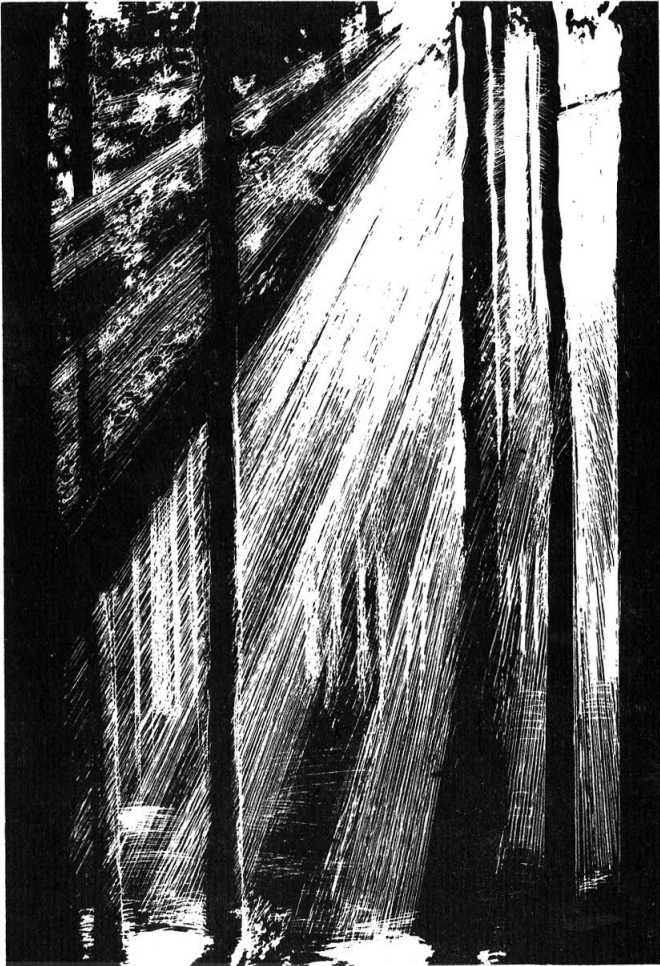
You to whom the bed has a fatal attraction,
When the clouds perform a last contraction
Will frolic in the mud.

You to whom clean floors bring depression
After the 'Flash' dispersion,
Will modern art perform.

You to whom life is popping fire glow,
Will laze and sleepy grow, and
Will inevitably snore.

Elizabeth Ferrier.

Day Break



Night conqueror
Inch by inch
Gains possession
Of the day.
Golden warriors
On the sunbeams
Chase the darkness
Far away.

Orange Emperor,
Piercing clouds,
Sets the morning
Sky on fire,
Transforming greys
To glistening blue,
Stretches heavenwards,
Higher, higher.

Mighty conqueror
Triumphs now,
For behind
The lonely night
Soon his armour
Pales from orange,
Glow to golden,
Yellow, white.

Joanna Hunt, 5W.

"Morning"

Lesley Nelson

Mourning

The sun rises over an empty horizon.
Another day begins.
The monotonous sea rejects a plastic carton,
Dumping it casually on the sand,
It seems unaware of a death,
The death of life.
A distant buoy repeatedly tolls,
But no ship is afloat to heed the warning.

Matthew Bamford.

Dead Spring

Left alone in the ground, amongst nettles
Deprived of all beauty,
But still, somehow alive.

Once smooth and yielding to touch,
Now lines of dusky colour invade.
They run in and out, around all curves,
Destroying the delicate yellow petals
Of warm and glowing shades,
That formed a flower,
A life.

They blossomed once in fields of Heaven,
Now they sleep amongst those of Hell,
To awake next year,
Refreshed.

Elizabeth Brewer, 4W.

An Attack

His eyes were shifty
As he lay in a crumpled heap
Pressed close to a stone.
His head pounded and
Beat like a drum.
The air was foul,
Swarming with flies.
The mud, like glue
Clawed and sucked
The blood from the gory wounds.
The many moulded dug-outs
Slowly moved in an assent of life.
Bomb-shelled helmets surfaced.
The order was given
And bedraggled bodies rose to
Join the forward line.

Susan Felce, 5C.

Memories of Childhood as a Busker

'I remember, I remember ... I remember the slimy roads and the wet sinking in my shoes, a violin that shuddered in my excited hands, and the squalor of the towns. I doubt if I played well. My father accused me of spoiling the wailing scales, but somehow I never understood his music. He would strike the tune and I would drag the bow against the grating strings of my violin in my own mystic harmony. I played best on my own, down some secluded alley, when my lean hands came alive, as the bow would touch the moonsilver strings and run like water through the brief glistening notes. Lured by my emotions, the violin never rippled a tune more beautiful than in this intimate tryst, and the bitter air danced and swirled around the whispering bow.

Of course these nights were few and far between. Most of the time I was anxious to grab as much sleep as possible for my day was long and heavy. We played all morning: then at lunch, cringing with fear, I had to beg money from the glittering people, while my father sat, sprawled out and drunk, with my uncle in some public house. Then when they were ejected by the tolerant but tired owner, we would start to play again, Father and I the violins, Uncle the bass.

Uncle played the bass in a melancholy fashion, slowly and habitually, like a heavy undercurrent to the screaming melody tearing from Father's sobbing strings. My playing seemed to be dragged in the ebb of the heavy vibrancy, so different, yet so similar. The music came like a drowning man, thrown forward by the swirling waves from my father, dragged down by the undertow of my uncle's bass, and pulled out deeper and deeper by my playing. The tune screamed and gasped for breath in the frothing salty air, then died and was

washed up on the shores of people's minds like helpless jetsam.

We didn't collect much - just enough to keep the breath in our carcasses and for Father and Uncle to get drunk. On blinding winter nights I envied the running children their bright warm coats and their commanding voluptuous mothers. I couldn't remember my mother. One day, when I was young, my father told me of a woman, a silken jewelled beauty, a tender candle that was snuffed out when I was born. But I used to wonder what a golden lady like that had to do with my father and our squalor.

Unquestioningly I grew up in corrupted bursts till one day, after a cold bitter row, I walked out on that life. My father grew more sad, spent more time drinking, and eventually died. My uncle went up north they said, but I never saw any more of him. Of course, this was all a long time ago, but in the slums and alleys sometimes I hear a strange torn tune and my hands reach out for a violin

John Chapman.

Whodunnit

N.B. It is best to read this once only before working out who the murderer is. If you cannot get it then, read the story once again.

Mr. Biggs was found murdered in Cabin 11 at 2.15 p.m. on a train from London to Scotland. He was shot three times.

Inspector Getsum had only three suspects,

- (1) Mrs. Biggs
- (2) Jeremy Biggs
- (3) Mrs. Conway (Mr. Biggs' private secretary).

All had the same motive - money.

The inspector asked each of them where they were when they heard the shots.

- (1) Mrs. Biggs said, "I was in Cabin 7 reading my book."
- (2) Jeremy Biggs wasn't in the room. The inspector looked for him and saw him outside Cabin 14. There was a broken window. Jeremy told the inspector that he broke it at 2.30 p.m. He said, "I told my mother about the window yet Mrs. Conway already seemed to know about it. When I heard the shots I was writing a letter in my cabin."

The inspector then asked Jeremy which cabin he was in. He said, "I was in Cabin 17."

- (3) The inspector then went on to ask Mrs. Conway. She said, "I was in Cabin 5 cleaning. Suddenly I heard the shots."

The inspector needed more and he asked all three suspects, "What did you do when you heard the shots?"

- (1) Mrs. Biggs said, "I ran to my husband's cabin. On the way, I passed a passenger."
- (2) Mrs. Conway said, "I ran from my cabin. I noticed the broken window which is how I knew that Jeremy broke it. I went into Mr. Biggs' cabin where Mrs. Biggs and Jeremy already were."
- (3) Jeremy Biggs said, "I had nearly finished my letter, I heard my mother scream and ran to Cabin 11 as fast as I could. My mother was sitting next to my father crying."

The inspector after thinking for a few minutes said, "I have two reasons for arresting you," pointing to one of the suspects.

Which one was it? And give TWO reasons.

Barry Panto, 3N.

(Solution on page 43)

So yet again I come to you, my friend,
As one more quest for love has reached an end,
Though stars I climb to touch fade in my grasp,
With you, I can return to what is past.

I know I can escape, while you are near,
From everything which makes the world austere.
Here I can sit, and looking down on time
I'll find another love to make life rhyme.

So just before I go, please try to see
How much your love and friendship means to me.
I've said it all a thousand times before -
You are my friend, an ever open door.

Lesley Nelson.

Cold (K)nights

On a cold and frosty morning,
Just as a new day was dawning,
So long ago in days of old
A fight between two knights so bold.
"The weather could have been much nicer
Our armour soon will need de-icer!"
That was what the first knight said.
The other (just got up from bed),
Said, "Come on then, get on your horse
And let's go to the jousting course."
They met. They fought. The first knight won;
"I'll leave my armour, have some fun."
But, "Help!" the first knight gave a shout,
"My armour froze, I can't get out!"

David Jackson. 4N.

Cat

Black and sleek
Sleepy eyes, green and evil
Warmth and vice, silently compatible in one body.

Character of experience;
Scheming brain lurking behind velvet hypocrisy,
Shouldering enemies and lovers,
Removed yet intimate,
Night-time lover of the wicked world.

Philip Cunnington.

The Garden

A cold green grime on the copper spars;
The zinc wheelbarrow patched
With rusting years.

A thin claw clutching its frail
World falls. Our green ambitions
Set the lawn on fire.

A drizzle of damp gold birch leaves
Kissing the soil and encouraging mould -
You can see the bones of the trellis.

A Saxon's helmet and the shape of his jaw
Worries through the iron clay,
Powered with the cut edge of an emerald.

A residual glimmer through the hawthorn spines.
There is no real control, but
The threat of ice in the human soil.

Paul Guthrie.

Eventide

The familiar song of the blackbird, in contrast with
the incessant chirping of numerous sparrows,
perched on every available branch or fence, called
out across the still evening air, perfumed by the
moisture from the recent shower. Fleming stepped
over one of the tiny rivulets running down the
hillside, and continued on his way, measuring his
steps with the same exactitude as he used at work,
and he recalled those same walks he had taken in
his youth, and the by-ways and alleyways he once
explored.

As he walked on, suddenly, from the depths of a
dark alley tucked into the side of the main path,
he saw a figure approach, and heard music floating
on the air. Fleming stopped in his tracks, and his
heart seemed to miss a beat, though he could not
have explained why. An old man, dressed in a
shabby grey overcoat, his wispy white hair already
much receded, and with laughing eyes, stepped out
of the shadows. The music had come from a
recorder he was playing, and he stopped and
smiled at Fleming, who, ashamed of his suspicion,
returned an uneasy smile, and walked off quickly,

up the hill, as the old man resumed his playing.

The graveyard took a particularly eerie, forbidding aspect that day, and Fleming felt unrest in his soul as he looked at those great white headstones, returning his looks with a cold stare. As he walked along, he stopped by the church, and as if attracted by the darkness within, he entered. It was deserted. While his eyes grew accustomed to the dark, he began to take a few steps up the nave, and he heard the stone floor ring with his footsteps. In the stagnant air of the church, he caught the smell of incense, and imagined he could hear chanting, faint, but all around him. For a moment it seemed as if he were in communion with all the ages past, who had come to make their supplications here.

Returning to the normal, everyday plane, he quietly retraced his steps out of the church. He stopped for a moment, and turned back. The light was fading fast. In the twilight once again he heard chanting, now distant. He shrugged his shoulders, as if to free himself of some unseen burden, and picking up his pace, walked briskly out of the churchyard and down into the hurrying normality below, filled with lights and fragrant smells, wafting up from basements, and noise, bustling traffic, intermingled with sounds of broken laughter, as the resonant tones of the church bell summoned the devoted to evening mass.

William Prendeville.

Solution to Whodunnit

The Murderer

Mrs. Conway was the murderess because,

- (1) The window was broken fifteen minutes after the murder. Mrs. Conway couldn't have seen it broken earlier.
- (2) Because Mrs. Conway wouldn't pass room 14 where the broken window was if she went to Mr. Biggs' cabin (Cabin 11) from her cabin (Cabin 5).

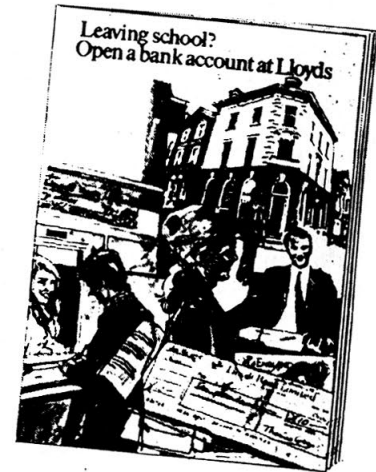
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