

## EDITORIAL

Once upon a time, in a land far, far, far away lived a hairy little man with an IDEA. He could not get to sleep at night thinking of it. He hardly ate a thing, and did little work in the fields because his head was full of his idea. Finally he plucked up enough courage to go and see the King.

The King was a round, jolly fellow who had an aquiline nose. He wore a large golden crown which was studded with fiery jewels from dragons' hoards and milky pearls from the dens of the octopus. This King sat on a large throne fashioned from black marble.

The hairy little man told the King of his idea. The King smiled at the idea, and told the hairy little man: "I would love to finance you, hairy little man, but, by boy, I am not as rich as I would like to be, so I cannot help you." The hairy little man was disappointed that his idea should not be realised. He returned to his humble village in the hills with tears in his eyes.

Gradually, the hairy little man's disappointment began to fade, and he once again thought about his idea more than anything else. "If the King will not help me," he thought "I shall traverse the mountains, swim the lakes and cross the great seas. Surely a King in another land will help me."

So, early one autumn morning as the mists still swathed the golden-leaved trees, our hairy little man set out over the Great Mountains. Just as the first snows of winter swirled into the ground he arrived at the Great Sea Port from where the sun was said to rise every morning.

The hairy little man spent his time in the taverns of the Port, learning all he could of the sea and lands beyond. One day the hairy little man gathered up his things and ran towards the becalmed sea. Whether it was weeks or months, the hairy little man could not recall afterwards, but it was not too long before he sighted the low coast and he finally walked on to the beach.

The hairy little man folled a long and black road to a large city of silver metal and yellow stone. He asked people where he could find the King of their land but they merely smiled or looked at him strangely and continued on their way.

At last the hairy little man found the palace. It was larger than the jolly King's palace; constructed of rough surfaced brown rock, coloured metal and sheets of colourless crystal. He wondered at the nature of the constructors. The hairy little man entered through a large doorway and found himself in a dazzling white room. Inside sitting at a long table were a dozen wise sages. "Tell us your idea."

The hairy little man, now unburdened, received their counsel.

"We shall be the editors."

"We shall indeed call it 'Fryern Easy'."

"We shall include articles from every part of the school. We shall encourage pupils to give in work - if each year has its own editor to encourage and collect contributions our future issues will be assured."

"This magazine, for all our school, must be supported to make it successful. We, the editors, hope the masses will acquire it."

The Twelve Sages

General Editor:	Nigel Rigeon
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Features Editor:	Lesley Dewick
Sports Editors:	Bob Lorton P. Clarke
Art Editors	Elaine Smith Mick Frost
Sales:	Sue Pittock Sus Wood
Bits and Pieces:	Hazel Brown
Creative Editors:	Janet Allen Dot Thomson
King of the Castle:	Mrs. Dexter
Typing and Production:	Mrs. Saddon, Mrs. Green and Commerce helpers
Line Cut Mounted by:	S. Reeves

Soldiers, Cobblers, Draymen and Citizens of Thebes (not mentioned in the text)

- Anon.

The story little man, now understood, revealed their counsel.  
"I shall be the editor."  
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THE MANDRID QUOY OF HEW

(With apologies to Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth,  
Mrs. Delia Stuffbucket-Frogsporrin, and anyone  
else who may inadvertently read it)

The Mandrid Quooy  
Was a queer old boy  
Who lived in ancient Hew  
He kept his socks  
In a cardboard box  
With a label saying "Phew!"

He washed them out  
With a Brussels sprout  
And a one armed, piebald flea,  
Then boiled them up  
In a plastic cup  
And had them for his tea.

He used to go  
Down the river, slow  
In a tub of rancid cheese,  
And hand out lumps  
To the water flumps  
Which caused them all to sneeze.

The flumps he caught  
With a net he bought  
In a shop which sold bananas.  
He took them back  
To his run-down shack  
And fed them to Piranhaa.

He put the lot  
In an old iron pot  
Until they grew quite old  
Then sold a few  
To the men of Hew  
As a cure for any cold.

The Mandrid Quooy  
Was filled with joy  
By a gift of apple sponge.  
But didn't spy  
The sponge was high  
With green explosive gunge.

He lasted for  
A month or more  
But one day in the road,  
The people saw  
Him hit the floor  
And violently explode.

## THE MANDRID QUOY OF HOW

(continued)

The pieces went  
On courses bent  
From Crewe to Timbuctoo,  
And mangled brain  
That did remain  
Was buried outside How.

The townsfolk sighed,  
The Children cried,  
The Flumps were all ecstatic  
The Problem though  
They didn't know  
- His Son was in the attic ....

- Mel P. MacBloins

## A SIXTH FORM TRIP TO THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL

On 6th November, 1972, nine sixth formers and Mr. Skeet set out to what promised to be an interesting talk by Mr. Yehudi Menuhin on the youth of today. The rather formidable title was "The ideas of the young form the world of tomorrow" so we all set out in our best intellectual moods - which we seemed to leave behind on entering the minibus.

The journey started with a rousing chorus from "Il Trovatore" which only two of us knew, but nevertheless it set the 'pitch' for the rest of the journey. What followed was a debate (I suppose you could call it that) - although it was an 'eight against one' sided debate - (poor old Nigel should never have been a scientist). The topic being that 'artists' (that's us lot) are naturally more intelligent than scientists'. Nigel put up a good show but by an almost unanimous decision, it was concluded by a democratic vote that all scientists are naturally inferior to arts students.\*

Anyway, to continue with the story. Us sixth formers have to release our inhibitions somehow so we played a game about the minister's car and then counted as many bowler-hatted gentlemen in London as we could - by which time we had arrived at the Royal Festival Hall - and I bumped my head (and so did Barbara) on the door on the minibus as I got out. 'OUCH' is one of the words I said. We all entered the huge building and unfortunately didn't manage to reach our seats without a mishap. I was just about to put my apple core into a ticket box which I had mistaken for a rubbish bin when a man in an ominous black uniform and peaked cap said "I'm sure you are extremely anxious to relieve yourself of your excess apple core but would you mind putting it in a bin!" By this time my loyal friends had made their way upstairs and were laughing at me from above as I made my way sheepishly to the rubbish bin.

\* I'm not biased!

On with the story. We eventually reached our seats and waited for it all to begin. And then it happened. Sir Patrick Hennessey opened the lecture by introducing us to all of his chairmen, colleagues, friends and his sister who was sitting in the second row with the pink hat. Then he remembered that he was not the guest speaker after all and eventually introduced us to Mr. Yehudi Menuhin for him to deliver his speech on youth.

Well, whatever happened up till then was nothing compared with his speech. Although I was still suffering from my bump on the head and occasionally drifted off somewhere, his hour-long talk kept me and the rest of the audience silent throughout. He talked on topics such as images and ideals. He spoke in a very convincing manner about society and the individual and his obvious sincerity and concern for young people came over with all of his words. His good, clear speaking voice helped to make him understood, combined with a well-planned and well-balanced speech. He put forward a multitude of ideas and philosophies and I think we all felt at the end of it that we knew far more of Yehudi Menuhin the man - as opposed to the violinist - than we did on entering the building. He was described during the proceedings as a brilliant violinist and a whole lot more - a statement with which I think we all agreed. Although when it was all over and everybody was thanking everybody else for making speeches, etc. I think Mr. Menuhin's parting words about it being a memorable occasion both for him and us, stayed with us throughout the homeward journey. And although the homeward journey was just as lively and bumpy as the one going up, I think we all left the Festival Hall a little in awe of the fifty-six year old musician who had bridged the gap between his generation and ours without using the language of music as a medium - just his simple words of truth.

I would like to thank Mr. Skeet for making the journey possible.

- Pauline Stokes, U.VI

## AUTUMN

Early autumn  
Tumbling over,  
Conkers  
Glossing, gleaming brown.  
The leaves  
Rustling, tossing on the trees.  
The sun  
Gleaming bright.  
Food  
Ripeness, bright gleaming fruitfulness.  
Later, autumn  
Rushing on.  
The leaves  
Tossing, glossing on the ground.  
Farmers  
Gathering the mellow corn  
With its  
Bright yellow kernels

- Lorraine Sawyer, 1M.

## BONFIRE NIGHT

Beside the bonfire, glowing red,  
The fireworks whizz above our heads,  
The sounds they make are quite inclined,  
To change, with every different kind.

"Old Guy Fawkes" doesn't he look grand,  
With a sparkler in his hand,  
He burns so brightly you can see the glow,  
From the ground around him far below.

Whizz, bang, you hear fireworks fly,  
Far above the bonfire in the sky,  
The pets stay as quiet as a mouse,  
Inside their cosy little house.

The bonfire's smouldering, all that's left next day,  
All the noises gone away,  
Until next year when they return,  
And once again our rubbish burn.

- Jill Day 1M.

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SURVIVAL

As I woke my limbs felt stiff with the lack of exercise. I had been in the Civil Defence shelter for a month. There hadn't been any raids for five days so I thought I would take a chance and leave the shelter for a while. I took some provisions out with me, such as water, bandages and other such medical things. I had just finished my first year at medical school although I was not a qualified nurse. I thought that I might be of some help to the wounded. As I went into the open air I nearly fainted when I saw the streets of ruined buildings, not one building was intact. The ground was dusty and scorched and where the grass had once been there was now only sissled hay-like substance. Any trees that still remained were burnt down stumps.

My heart sank low. There wasn't a soul in sight. "Surely some must have survived?" I thought. I began walking down the street. As I turned the corner I saw what looked like a small boy laying on the floor. I went towards him hoping with all my might that he was still alive. As I turned him over I was horrified. It was impossible to distinguish the features of his face - it was one mass of blisters and mashed, blood-stained skin. I felt myself go rigid. I heaved and vomited. I quickly pulled myself together and checked to see that the boy was still alive but I might as well have not bothered; it was obvious that he had been dead for a long time. As I rose up from the body, I saw a man approach me. As he got closer I noticed that his face and hands were badly blistered.

"Have you any water?" he asked. Pleased that I could help someone, I handed him my canteen. After he had had a drink he asked me to bring some help to his friends. I said that I would come. I followed him into the hut that had been built out of corrugated iron. It was damp in the hut but from what I could see there were about five people in the hut. I began to share the water out. One girl of about sixteen was very lucky. She had escaped the worst of the heat and her burns were not as bad as all the rest. It wasn't until she stretched out that I realized that she was pregnant. I asked her how far gone she was and she mumbled "I'm due any time now." There was not much chance in these conditions of the baby surviving. I treated the others as well as I could then I took the young girl back to the shelter that I had just come from. It was late and very dark and we must have gone round in circles for about an hour when she started the labour pains. With a bit of luck within five minutes we were in the shelter. The young girl had two little boys. It would be hard to get things for the babies but, with any luck, the two boys would survive and would begin to build a new world.

- Christine Mahy 4 Con 3

(20 Nov - 20 Dec) 1944

CAPRICORN (21 Dec - 19 Jan)

You may find you have hard skin on your big toe on your left foot. Today's lucky stone is pumice.

AQUARIUS (20 Jan - 18 Feb)

Beware of all inconspicuous half-naked men shouting at the top of their voices, swinging hammers violently.

PISCES (19 Feb - 20 March)

Mars is in Jupiter which is in conjunction with the sun which is orbiting Pluto, which is revolving around Orion, slipping down towards the plough, which is at present in the phase of Saturn. You will have an uneventful day.

ARIES (21 March - 20 April)

Don't go to work on an egg, or else the 'yolk' will be on you.

TAURUS (21 April - 20 May)

If you were born under Taurus the Bull then HARD LUCK.

GEMINI (21 May - 20 June)

You will break off a long-standing attachment today which will require a strong glue. Phone Ron.

(Mr. Downey: Beware of all unidentified flying sunsets.)

CANCER (21 June - 20 July)

Do not read horoscopes today or else you will self destruct in ten seconds.

LEO (21 July - 21 Aug)

Today will be a succession of terrible disasters such as being abducted and taken to the slave market at Canvey, your leg dropping off and coming to school.

VIRGO (22 Aug - 22 Sept)

Oh fibbs!

LIBRA (23 Sept - 22 Oct)

Have you ever broken a mirror, crossed knives and forks, walked under a ladder, opened an umbrella indoors, or had a black cat cross your path? Then what is your excuse for living?

SCORPIO (23 Oct - 22 Nov)

Today will be utterly boring, uneventful, completely stagnating same as usual, same old routine, BUT don't worry tomorrow will be just the same.

SAGITTARIUS (23 Nov - 20 Dec)

Today you may wake up and find that you have three heads, but don't worry, they say troubles always come in threes.

YOUR HOROSCOPE COMPOSED BY

MADAME CRYSTAL BALL.



A needle of steel spans eternal space,  
From planetless sun to planetless sun  
Its flight ended as much as begun.

A fiery breath of foetid flame,  
Hurls it through infinity again.

A searching blade seeking an infinite ail  
Has never found and never will,  
The limitless void that's nothingness  
still.

A needle of steel spans eternal space,  
From planetless sun to planetless sun  
Its flight begun as much as ended.

-- John Bruce, IWI.



A CENSOR'S DIARY OF A JOLLY JAUNT

1ST AUGUST 1972

Clutching our Union Jacks we arrived at Calais Beverport and there met Johann, (coach driver), 'Golden Boy' (co-driver) and the coach (the less said about that the better). It did have an engine, such as it was, but that was not much. Six hours and an evening meal later, there was a slight halt in our journey while 'Golden Boy' (hence the name) ran the coach into the back of a car. An hour later, we limped on our way once more. Soon, the noisiest anores were coming from the staff seats, so everybody followed suit.

2ND AUGUST

We arrived at our hotel in Ischoldsmatt, Lucerne.

3RD AUGUST

It was 'getting soaked in Lucerne' day today. It was raining! While some of us decided to walk around the lake, later discovering it was a hundred miles around (well, it was misty), others decided to go for a swim, later discovering that the pool was closed until 24th August. So we all returned and fed the ducks. (Thrills!)

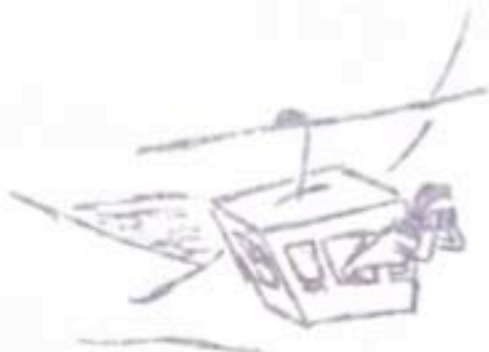
4TH AUGUST

We visited a Cheese Factory (Y) and then Berne, the Swiss Capital.

5TH AUGUST

Without doubt, the best day of the holiday. We all went 'up a mountain' and down again. (More thrills!) We ascended in two different cable cars and having been told not to make any sudden movements, A.P. sat in a state of rigormortis all the way up, while D.T. hung out of the windows madly clicking away on her camera. Whilst cogitating on the summit, S.A., J.P., and A.T.S. were approached by three Japanese gentlemen armed with cameras and craving to take their photographs. After liquid refreshment having 'lost' the Japanese, and after witnessing a Boiled Egg-Throwing Competition, we lined up for the mountain railway.

We rolled down to the sound of cow bells and dirty laughter (take that as you will) and arrived at the bottom 7,000 feet later, to board the Lake Steamer back to Lucerne. We were steaming along when suddenly there were clicks of cameras and Grigani swans came floating down from above. We looked up, and fearing the worst, saw that it was our Japanese friends again. Later on, back at the hotel, we were treated to an exciting but hilarious film all about ski instructors (Coh, ducky!). Afterwards, half of our group were determined to catch up on lost drinking time and some of them ended up inebriated to say the least. Meanwhile A.C., S.B. and A.T.S. got caught in the local yodeling Club's birthday celebrations and three lagers and a chorus of 'Happy Birthday' later, the three escaped upstairs.



6TH AUGUST. We left Switzerland and arrived at Gasthaus Goldwinkel, Innsbruck.

7TH AUGUST

In the afternoon, the coach, having recovered from temporary heart failure, took us for a quick trip into Italy via the Brenner Pass. The Italian customs lived up to their reputation and we were stuck at the post for an hour trying to get out of Italy. Like our intrepid leader, Captain Capes, was bargaining for our lives, one grumpy customs officer who thought he was God's gift to women, kept circling the coach - but only received a lot of 'gestures'. After a lot of haggling we were 'released' and returned to Innsbruck. That evening, we all trogged off 'Noah's Ark' style to a Tyrolean evening in the town. At the end they sang national songs and we had - yes, you've guessed it! - "It's a long way to Tipperary" and our lusty voices were raised in true British style. When the yanks stood up for "Yankee Doodle" someone (maintaining no names) said she would have stood on the table if she had known we returned to the hotel later than usual.



8TH AUGUST

It was a free day in which we saw the sensational Golden Roof (Big Deal!)

9TH AUGUST

The journey back, during which the staff were nearly murdered when they declared they had just drunk a long cool beer whilst we were dying from thirst.

It was an enjoyable holiday, if not memorable, but it leaves questions unanswered. What is the real value of an Austrian schilling? What is the truth about Mr. Blowers' passport and is he really a wanted man? Why did Mrs. Blowers have plums and not a banana? What is the secret behind Christine's power-packing whistle? What did Barbara conceal under her Beanie hat?



Seriously though, we would like to thank Mr. Capes and Mr. and Mrs. Blowers for putting up with us all and we are glad to see that they have recovered after all that we put them through. Thanks!

- Elaine Smith, Susan Good and Susan Percy, LVI.

DID YOU ENJOY  
THIS ISSUE?

NO

YES YOU'VE GOT TO GO!



YES

THEN YOU'RE THE

ONE WHO WILL CONTRIBUTE TO  
THE NEXT SUPERB ISSUE OF  
THE

FRYEARN EASY



## SIXTH FORM TRIP TO THE LAKE DISTRICT

This is a record written by one of the few sane survivors of this dangerous exploit.

It was on a cold Saturday morning, staggering beneath the burden of bulging rucksacks that we arrived at school. The most hazardous part of the journey was in boarding the coach, when, in the rush for the back seat, three were killed, six seriously injured and Miss G. - our chief sherpa - trampled upon. Corpses sprawled across the gangway it was a 'photo finish to the back, but awards were finally given to Martin and Paula who through their gallantry and bravery reached the seat first. Our journey north was then a conglomeration of Bridge, Whist and How Many Animals Begin With G.

After leaving the #6 we pulled into a garage where one of our numbers appropriately named Daphne, leaped from the coach and with an anguished look on her face made a beeline for the bushes half a mile up the road. It was from this position she took a photograph.

We arrived outside the Grand Hotel Keswick shortly afterwards, obviously a place of class and elegance. Here we disembarked and started our lonely trek up the path towards the hotel which serenely lay sandwiched between a pulsating discotheque and the banks of the Greta.

Sundry saw the start of our second climb - the first having been encountered by the girls the night before when attempting in vain to reach the top bunks. Our navigator, the greatest of this century (M.H.) left the hostel at a tremendous pace. With a map in one hand and a compass in the other she led us straight into a dead end street.

Our view from the top of Skiddaw was just incredible (if you like the tip of your nose that is). Because of the cool breeze of force 9 at the summit, orders were given for us to take partners. Tom and Twig were in each others arms in a matter of seconds. Having made our great conquest we began the descent.

The next few days are of little consequence but full of perverted humour. After our hike on Monday through Sticks Pass we arrived at our 5-Star Hotel in Patterdale. We participated in an excellent three-course meal that night consisting of meatballs, meatballs and meatballs, and it was later that evening in the White Lion that we encountered the horrifying dreaded plastic glasses, but Mr. P. failed to notice this until after he had recovered from a short spin of "Vincent".

Tuesday our happy wanderers left Patterdale with their rucksacks on their backs. However, after only a mile we had to stop due to an absentee in our party, but this was soon amended when a search party, consisting entirely of Alex, returned with the straggler. That night we stayed at Butterlyp How and the following day saw the transference of our party to the hostel at Longthwaite in the Borrowdale Valley. Naturally our rucksacks had to accompany us for the third and final time. Here the evenings were spent ducking from flying skittles and bandaging each other up.

Thursday saw the ascent of Great Gable by the foolhardy few while the remainder ventured into the intrepid unknown of the shopping centre of Keswick. Here we supped morning coffee, dined by the lake and elegantly drank afternoon tea with buttered scones.

On Friday it was almost the entire party, excluding Mr. P., Miss G., Derg, Jane, Marianne and a septie foot, who attempted Sea Fell. Alas, it was Lesley, one of the more delicate members of our party, who fell first and second, straight into a bog - but she was awarded the bog-wanderers award for her determination to continue. Unfortunately, the bravest of our party were misguided by a certain Mr. Z. and did not return until 8 o'clock.

Meanwhile, the Yew Tree - a local tea shop - was being drowned by puddles of water from earlier survivors. And it was here that Martin, one of our numbers, following an earlier example, accidentally excited without paying - only to be dragged in by the scruff of his neck by the proprietor.

Our last evening in the Lake District was spent in the Riverside Bar where we exchanged tales of the Turkish Wrestler, the Atheist, and the Brick and the Camel, and the evening was concluded by our introduction to Cardinal Puff from Mr. Z.

On Saturday it was time for us to make our weary way home. The coach collected us from Longthwaite and transported us to Keswick whence we shopped. Thus started our lonely way down the M6 with Paula and Twig seated on the edge of their seats, having drunk too many cups of morning coffee for their bladders to hold. Our journey home thus comprised of a number of successive stops during which we added two passengers (Mrs. P. and Sam), and a stop at six o'clock where in Tom's haste to finish his meal he sprinkled sugar on his chips.

Our partings were sad ones - 'For parting is such sweet sorrow', but everybody was soon over that with the return of school and homework.

- Barbara Staddon.

RIGHT

In that brief moment,  
You hated them  
For the truth they told you,  
As you saw the torn lives fall  
You wept,  
And called yourself fool  
To feel remorse,  
But it was already too late -  
The roll had been called,  
And your name was on the list.  
You protested your innocence,  
Naturally,  
But the broken men  
Were evidence against you,  
And you wept,  
And you called yourself fool  
In shame of your fear,  
And when the axe fell,  
You hid your tears  
Behind stone walls,  
And you prayed for death.  
They did not want to hear  
Your story -  
Your words might be bullets -  
So you were shunned.  
And as you slept,  
You saw the torn lives fall,  
And you wept,  
And in that brief moment  
You hated them  
For the truth they told you.

- D. Thomson, LVI

LEFT ALONE

As the sun sinks low in the sky,  
The wandering people no longer pass by,  
Slowly the darkness draws in from above,  
And still there is no one to look after and love,  
On the mantelpiece high up above,  
There is a picture of the man she loved.

Around the room on the table and floor,  
Are pictures of people who live no more,  
The room is dark and gloomy,  
The sky is black and stormy,  
And all alone she sits in the dark and gloomy room.

On the table is an empty plate,  
And dark cakes lie in the grate,  
Alone she sits with saddened face,  
And there's no one there to take her place.

- Lee Hine, 3G.





Thaxted Weekend 1972

Following tradition, thirty sixth formers spent an informative weekend, commencing on Friday 29th September, at Clarence House, Thaxted. The title of the conference was "Social Studies in Contemporary Society", which included such topics as sex, society and the family.

The programme consisted basically of two days of lectures and discussion. The two impressively knowledgeable speakers were Mr. D. Rees, a Gynaecologist who discussed the "Physiology of Sex", and Dr. C. Hill, a Psychologist. The latter spoke on "Nature and Nurture" which considered the effects of our environment upon our intellectual and emotional development. He then threw us into amateur dramatics which related to one of the problems facing families today - that of drugs. We also saw "To Janet - A Son?" - a film produced by the Mid-wives Association which gave birth to vividly contrasting viewpoints.

These more serious pursuits were interspersed with table tennis, bar-billiards and a very friendly evening of folk guitar music.

To summarise, a very pleasant and rewarding weekend was spent in the homely surroundings of Clarence House, I am sure I speak for all the members of the party when I thank Mr. and Mrs. Blowers, Mr. and Mrs. Dexter and Mr. Parkhill for devoting their time to us and hope that they all enjoyed it as much as we did.

- Nigel Rigeon, LV1

THE ODD COUPLES

Animals like centipodes,  
With legs as big as giant trees  
With purple bees  
Clinging to its knees,  
Floating on clouds of green peas  
Carried gently along in the breeze.

His strange companion was an onion  
Crying with pain from his bunion.  
He was confused for it was his shoes  
So he took them off and flung 'em.

- Linda Ansell, 1P

"You eat and you breathe!" (a)  
"You would have to inhale me in the capital!" (b)  
"Error will be related." (c)  
"Don't be silly, Cassie, hands and feet speak!" (d)  
"Euphoric..." (e)  
"We should be this size often." (f)  
"Let Father Elmer return! Over my dead body!" (g)

7. The first man on the moon said:

- (a) "Yar boo sucs, beat yer!",
- (b) "One small step for a meaaaaaaaaaaaaaan!" "thump",
- (c) "Thank god they were right about there being air on the moo-ough-cough-splutter-thump.",
- (d) "I see no ships."
- (e) "Huhh, those cranks at home said it was made of cheddar! Rediculous! Anyone can this is pure gorgonzola!",
- (f) "No, not much fun in Stalingrad."

8. You are doing this quiz because:

- (a) you don't know whether you are intelligent or not,
- (b) you want to find out what "intelligent" means,
- (c) being an unintelligent moron, you can't resist stupid quizzes,
- (d) you're not doing the quiz, in fact you're not even reading this page.

9. What has the I.Q. of 144?

- (a) a gross of Irish navvies,
- (b) a gross Irish navy,
- (c) JOHN BRUCE (guarenteed good marks with this answer.),
- (d) a certaine buss,
- (e) you.

10. If something went bump in the night, which would you do?

- (a) see a doctor,
- (b) psuh it and go back to sleep,
- (c) drop a sillion Gigatonne thermonuclear bomb on it,
- (d) ask it to join you,
- (e) call a P.C./w.P.C. and ask him/her to stay by you (to protect you, of course.)
- (f) ask it to speak flippin' English and clear off.

HOW TO SCORE:

- |                                |   |
|--------------------------------|---|
| (1) (a)0 (b)5 (c)10 (d)5       | (6) (a)0 (b)5 (c)10 (d)5 (e)5 (f)-10    |
| (2) (a)0 (b)-5 (c)5 (d)10 (e)5 | (7) (a)5 (b)0 (c)-5 (d)10 (e)-10 (f)10  |
| (3) (a)0 (b)-5 (c)5 (d)10      | (8) (a)5 (b)10 (c)-5 (d)0               |
| (4) (a)5 (b)0 (c)-5 (d)-10     | (9) (a)0 (b)0 (c)15 (d)10 (e)-10        |
| (5) (a)5 (b)0 (c)10 (d)-5      | (10) (a)-5 (b)5 (c)10 (d)0 (e)-10 (f)10 |

## HOW DID YOU GET ON?

### A Total Score of -70 to -15 :

You are good at maths, though rather conventional and downright stinky-pooch dull. You would make a good chartered accountant. You wear dark-green ankle-length socks and keep pencils in your pockets. Recently you travelled somewhere and got something through no fault of your own. You have never been fatally ill. As to whether or not you are intelligent, no intelligent person would read this rubbish. Your lucky colour is green and your lucky day will be Dec. 25th., when you will receive gifts from close friends/relations.

### A Total Score of -15 to 50 :

You are a middle-of-the-road person who will read the -70 to -15 and 50 to 105 sections as well as this. Your mundane attitude to this human world is one of apathy. Keep the good work up. Your hair is greasy and so are your eyes. You are going to have to see a doctor within the next few years. As you have read the first section I shall not repeat the reference to your intelligence. Your lucky colour is silver, and your lucky day Dec. 21st., when you will have a rest.

### A Total Score of 50 to 105 :

You are a silly MPPC/GOON/ISIRTA indoctrinated gibbon, and probably conceited, mean, spiteful and generally a nice person. You have the sort of lunacy needed to overcome inhibitions. Why did n't you write an article for this mag? We needed it. At the moment you are reading the greatest mag that ever existed, your lucky day was the day that you bought this, your lucky colour is gungo.

### Those Who Gave c) as the Right Answer in Question 9.

You are the really intelligent members of the school. You are skillfull at recognising talent when you see it and I take back all I said about you in the previous sections. Actually it's much more than 144 but it would not fit in the question otherwise. Thankyou again,,

JB

6 JAN 1972

01-(1) 01-(2) 01-(3) 01-(4) 01-(5) 01-(6) 01-(7) 01-(8) 01-(9) 01-(10) 01-(11) 01-(12) 01-(13) 01-(14) 01-(15) 01-(16) 01-(17) 01-(18) 01-(19) 01-(20) 01-(21) 01-(22) 01-(23) 01-(24) 01-(25) 01-(26) 01-(27) 01-(28) 01-(29) 01-(30) 01-(31) 01-(32) 01-(33) 01-(34) 01-(35) 01-(36) 01-(37) 01-(38) 01-(39) 01-(40) 01-(41) 01-(42) 01-(43) 01-(44) 01-(45) 01-(46) 01-(47) 01-(48) 01-(49) 01-(50) 01-(51) 01-(52) 01-(53) 01-(54) 01-(55) 01-(56) 01-(57) 01-(58) 01-(59) 01-(60) 01-(61) 01-(62) 01-(63) 01-(64) 01-(65) 01-(66) 01-(67) 01-(68) 01-(69) 01-(70) 01-(71) 01-(72) 01-(73) 01-(74) 01-(75) 01-(76) 01-(77) 01-(78) 01-(79) 01-(80) 01-(81) 01-(82) 01-(83) 01-(84) 01-(85) 01-(86) 01-(87) 01-(88) 01-(89) 01-(90) 01-(91) 01-(92) 01-(93) 01-(94) 01-(95) 01-(96) 01-(97) 01-(98) 01-(99) 01-(100) 01-(101) 01-(102) 01-(103) 01-(104) 01-(105) 01-(106) 01-(107) 01-(108) 01-(109) 01-(110) 01-(111) 01-(112) 01-(113) 01-(114) 01-(115) 01-(116) 01-(117) 01-(118) 01-(119) 01-(120) 01-(121) 01-(122) 01-(123) 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## WINTER SHOOT

### Morning:

Nippy, fresh, slight tingle  
On cheeks.  
Thick boots crunch into  
Crisp snow.

### Field:

Black, bare, covered in  
A blanket of firm snow.  
Dead trees stand bare,  
On flat landscape.  
Snow covers stiff furrows.  
A stumble, a fall,  
Bitter sting to the hands.  
Hot breath ningles  
With sharp wind.

### 1st Sighting:

Brown figure on white landscape.  
Thumping hearts;  
Anxious fingers, poised  
At the ready;  
Frustration, heavy breathing -  
Cursing.

### 2nd Sighting - Kill:

Excitement, black figure  
Caught by surprise  
A shot, the figure moves  
No more  
Hysterical elation  
Pumping legs, thumping  
Hearts;  
Red blood ningles  
With bleached white snow  
Anti-climax, despondent  
Emotions.

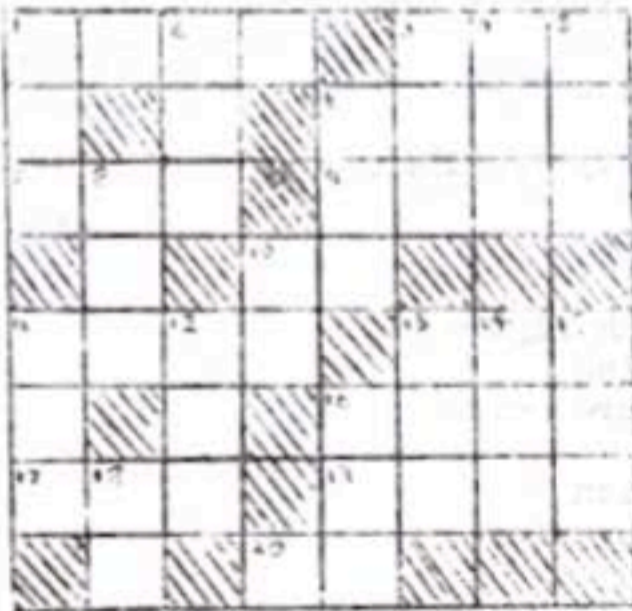
### Homecoming:

Wearry legs, raw hands  
Scenery still dormant -  
Dead.  
Leather strap cuts hard  
Into stiff shoulders;  
Fed up  
Numbness of brain  
Itches numbness of body  
Relief at the sight  
Of a warm and friendly house.

- Mark Townson, 30.

ACROSS:

1. Not up.
3. Used in sport.
6. Another word for Cab.
7. Not done with string.
8. A sea bird.
10. Musical sound
11. Not evens.
13. He did not stand  
    he .....
16. Can be used to measure.
17. Not the start.
19. End your prayer.
20. Opposite to off.



DOWN:

1. Short for Donald.
2. Not dry.
3. Place for a drink.
4. Chopper.
5. A sort of metal.
6. Not one.
8. Not young.
10. Abbreviation for Secret  
    Service.
11. Less than two.
12. Goes with Mun.
13. Samuel.
14. Ancestor of man.
15. Count up from 9.
16. Get it from the sun.
18. Opposite to yes.

ANSWERS TO BOTH CROSSWORDS WILL APPEAR IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE.

## WINTER SHOOT

### Morning:

Hippy, fresh, slight tingle  
On cheeks.  
Thick boots crunch into  
Crisp snow.

### Field:

Blank, bare, covered in  
A blanket of firm snow.  
Dead trees stand bare,  
On flat landscape.  
Snow covers stiff furrows.  
A stumble, a fall,  
Bitter sting to the hands.  
Hot breath ningles  
With sharp wind.

### 1st Sighting:

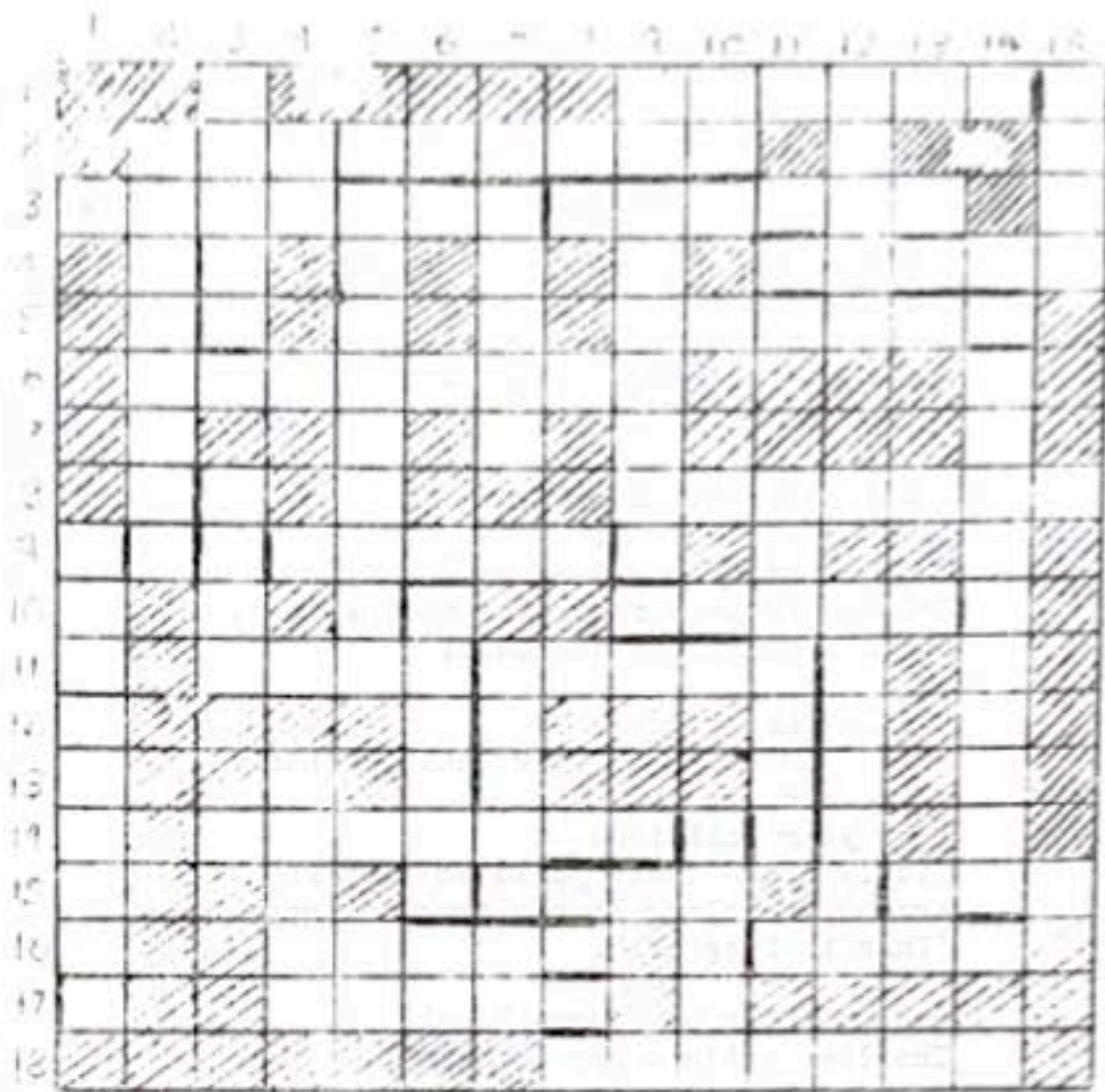
Brown figure on white landscape.  
Thumping hearts;  
Anxious fingers, poised  
At the ready;  
Frustration, heavy breathing -  
Cursing.

### 2nd Sighting - Kill:

Excitement, black figure  
Caught by surprise  
A shot, the figure moves  
No more  
Hysterical elation  
Pumping legs, thumping  
Hearts;  
Red blood ningles  
With bleached white snow  
Anti-climax, despondent  
Emotions.

### Homecoming:

Wearry legs, raw hands  
Scenery still dormant -  
Dead.  
Leather strap cuts hard  
Into stiff shoulders;  
Fed up  
Fuzziness of brain  
Matches numbness of body  
Relief at the sight  
Of a warm and friendly house.



TEACHERS' SURNAMES

- ACROSS:
1. Il est très beau.
  2. Leave vehicle in relation.
  - 3a. Add a 'd' and it's not quite it. 3b. My name sake.
  4. He would rather you say this than batteries.
  5. "Oh! Mrs. .... what shall I do?"
  6. Deep hole with aspirations.
  8. .... The Magic Dragon.
  9. How much does a woodworker EARN?
  10. 747.
  - 11a. Lead, not quite a geographical resource (ang.)
  - 11b. A fruity character.
  14. Irish motor-bike grips.
  - 15a. Galloping Alchemist. 15b. Add nan for historical dung!
  - 16a. Native arguments. 16b. The physics lab. should be able to shine some light on this character.
  17. Granny ..... 18. Argumentative Welshman.
- DOWN:
1. Northern town with horse relations.
  2. Prodigal son.
  - 3a. Thrust. 3b. 2 of the 3 R's.
  4. Consultant for fun and games?
  5. Bit of an old fish.
  6. Cricketing relation?
  - 7a. Instruct parent to leave. 7b. Administrative traveller.
  9. Fruity farewell.
  10. Freaky colour.
  - 11a. Nearly a 'storn'.
  - 12a. Almost a slippery fish. 12b. King ..... (Bird).
  14. A speller's despair.
  15. Something to do with the "Rolling Stones", but hardly her scene.

PROGRESS

You turn the pages of your mind,  
And the words  
Written on your conscience  
You erase with the excuse -  
"This is Progress".

And in the wake of your  
Soul's progression,  
The bodies of the dead children,  
Crushed by your onward-trampling feet,  
Drain filthily in the dust.

And in the skies  
Below the peaks of your achievements.  
The clouds you formed  
From your ambitions  
Slowly close their polluted fingers  
Around the fledgeling's fragile lungs.  
"This is Progress".

And when the sky turns black,  
The lone child's cry is heard  
Amongst the thunder  
The falling bombs,  
And the tears are shed,  
And the blood is shed,  
To enrich your illusions.

The cherished dreams of the multitudes  
Are ploughed beneath the soil  
Of your multi-million acre ambitions,  
While new theories are hatched,  
Of machine-bred livestock  
With packaged souls.  
"This is Progress".

And as the rivers are fed  
With the debris of your dreams,  
The seas are filled  
With the tears that run  
Down the face of your greed,  
And the bodies lie in the trenches,  
Washing the earth with their blood.

And the bullets fly.  
And the children cry.  
And the fathers die.

This is the summit  
Of your desires.  
This is your "progress".  
This is our pain.

- Dorothy Thomson LVI

KNOW YOUR INFAMOUS AUTHORS

Huff n' Puff by Yul Blowers-Away  
Running Away by Dale Catchupsoon  
Strict Master by E. Capen-Ugging  
Not All Junk by Steptoe Hanson  
Thread a Camel Through a Needle by A. Very-Harding  
Parachute Jumping by N. Downey-Cane  
Parking Dispute by U. Parkinson-Otherplace  
Who Da Ho? by E. B. A. Gardner  
Hopping Dispute by U. Hopkinson-Otherplace  
How to Steer a Ship Using Sea Language by U. Porter-Helm  
Searching Houses by A. Graupner-Cupboards  
Animal Noises by A. Mensays-Clarke  
Fruits for Drinks by Anne Appleby-Foreider  
Imaginary Wounds by Harley A. Scratch  
Forbidden Books by Watt Nottow-Roid  
An Increase in Numbers by Rab Bates-Breadfast  
Happy Light by A. Wrayof-Sunshine  
Chinese Accident by Derrick Shaw-Brokedown

- Booklist by The E. T. Smith Library

WINTER

The naked bare trees sway in the deeply biting wind.  
The uninviting earth, frost covered, entombing the grass.  
Breath, jangling away from the blue-chapped lips, frozen  
in the air.

Numbness sets in, snow-covered feet, unworkably stiff.  
Hands, numb with cold, begin to turn pink.  
As the warm air from the house, inviting, comforts.

Numb hands grapple with tight, wet laces.  
The glowing fire, flames licking up the chimney.  
Pink, wet lips sipping at the steaming tea.  
Winter, cold, dark, morbid.

Donald Hutchinson 33

### SIXTH FORM: TRIP TO "OTHELLO"

On Wednesday, 4th October, a party of intrepid sixth formers armed with various paraphernalia ranging from hot sandwiches to mouth organs, plus Mr. Harding and Mrs. Dexter, set off for the Aldwych Theatre, London. All aboard the coach they were under the impression that they were shortly to witness the Royal Shakespeare Company's "Celebrated nineteenth century production of Shakespeare's tragedy 'Othello'" (or, if not aware of this, were aware they were having an afternoon off from school!). The journey lasted about an hour - those sitting in the rear of the coach had the pleasure of being entertained by Phil who was subsequently rehandled by various fellow travellers and spent some minutes retrieving his shoes and socks.

In the theatre, from our lofty vantage point in the "gods" we had a clear, if not distant, view of the production but unfortunately it did not live up to the standards we had expected. The performance was full of technical errors which marred various scenes, the most glaring of which was in the final scene when Othello was unable to find the sword he had secreted with which to kill himself. Fortunately for him, he was able to grab a sword from another actor who was near enough.

The interpretation was certainly novel and indeed it was hard to see it as a tragedy - it seemed to veer more on the comic than the tragic. Iago's character and the development of his plan did not come out clearly, in fact, it seemed as though he just wanted to give vent to his petty spite because he suspected Othello had slept with his wife. Othello and Desdemona also suffered from a lack of clear interpretation and it was very hard to follow the development of Othello's jealousy.

What should be the most poignant of scenes when Othello murders Desdemona created here a fitting climax to this tragi-comedy. The whole act of murdering Desdemona took on an almost ludicrous aspect as Othello sat astride her in a manner hardly fitting the action taking place.

To me the late nineteenth century costumes did not seem to fit in either and one particular scene where Iago came on with a camera to photograph the newly wedded couple also seemed to me to be pointless.

Perhaps I am being too harsh in my criticism of their performance but I feel that it wasn't worthy of such a celebrated company as the Royal Shakespeare Company, but nevertheless it was an interesting experience to see "Othello" on stage.

- Barbara Edwards U VI

AUTUMN

Leaves, falling,  
Tumbling along the path.  
Conkers,  
Hanging in their spiky cases,  
To the big tall chestnut.  
The trees,  
As they shed,  
The fruits of summer  
Ready for the showers of hands,  
To reach out and scoop up,  
Into a golden basket.  
The berries,  
Clinging to the bushes,  
Their home that is now,  
Soon not to be.  
Reds, yellows, browns,  
Scattered over the countryside.  
All the colours of autumn,  
Fading in the dying sun.

- Jill Day, 1971.

AUTUMN POWER

Oak leaves are curling a withered death  
Autumn is sucking slowly at all Green and life  
Minds are bending in weird distortion  
Power is eating off sanity's plate  
Gold; intense biting indiscriminately  
Flames lick at bark and a token wrath is offered.  
Evil abounds; in man, all-consuming:  
Even abhorrent, but always then, never us.  
Stiff limbs and cold feet are afforded no refuse  
Now pain spreads quickly, like some wind-blown mist.  
Regretting their folly, but now its too late  
Violence is come and multiplies fast.  
Snow sifts downwards ever to touch sweet earth  
White overall; and a new world at dawn  
War is here and oh, what a plight  
Death now rules all, including the light.

- N. Frost, LVI

THE 'ADAPT A SONG' SECTION

(To the tune of 'Puff the Magic Dragon')

PUFF THE MAGIC CHEMIST

or

(What happens when things get too much for  
Chemistry Teachers)

Chorus: Puff the magic chemist  
Never followed the rule  
And frolicked in the chemistry labs  
In a place called Fryerns School

Verse 1: All the would-be chemists  
Envied that rascal Puff  
And brought him Sulphur and Calcium  
And other chemical stuff

Verse 2: Together they would calculate  
In a lab with loads of gear  
The chemists gave a look out  
Just in case Puff drew near

Verse 3: Noble heads and governors  
Followed when e'er he came  
Teachers would lower their voices  
So great, was Puff's fame

Verse 4: One grey day it happened  
There was a mighty boom  
Puff that naughty chemist  
Had blown apart the room

Verse 5: The chemist lives for ever  
But not so medication  
Foreign journeys and Thaxted trips  
Take over the titration.

- E. Smith, L.VI

P.E. SHORTS

FIRST YEARS CRASH IN CUP; FINAL!

FRYERNS U/12 - 1 NICHOLAS U/12 - 5

The under twelve team crashed to defeat on Saturday, 25th November, at the hands of an impressive Nicholas outfit. Nicholas started brightly and the hesitant Fryerns defence conceded two goals in the opening two minutes. Robert Dyer pulled Fryerns back into the game with a well taken goal after fifteen minutes, and Fryerns appeared to be getting on top. Disaster struck immediately after half-time when a more than generous Fryerns defence gifted two more goals to Nicholas. All Fryerns resistance fell away and only the lone figure of goalkeeper Chris Finch kept the goal-hungry Nicholas forwards out. Eventually pressure told and a fifth was added for Nicholas.

Fryerns Team: C. Finch, D. Ellis, A. Dingwall, G. Brown (Captain) M. Holmes, C. Mason, C. Moorcraft, R. Dyer, L. Williams, R. Irons, I. Fitzgibbon, Substitutes - K. Raymond and N. Boshell.

\* \* \*

The lengthy unbeaten home record of the Fryerns Under 15 football team came to an end recently when they lost 6-5 at home to Laindon in a cup semi-final.

\* \* \*

The Basildon section of the S.E. Essex Rugby Union hold their Under 14 trials at Fryerns on 5th December. It is hoped that several Fryerne forwards, including Captain, Donald Hutchingson, will impress the selectors.

\* \* \*

The Fryerns Under 14's led a points rush against Laindon on Saturday with a 98-0 drubbing in a shortened game. A bad day for Laindon losing all four fixtures.

Under 16's 66-0. Under 14's 98-0. Under 13's 46-0. Under 12's - 42-0.

Well done Martin Davis and Michael Helm on reaching the final trial for Essex at Under 15 level.

\* \* \*

The local Basketball League started last week with Fryerns opening their campaign against Mayflower. All three Fryerns teams began the season with victories.

Under 19's 38-26. Under 15's 30-16. Under 14's 22-6.

Supporters are very welcome at home matches.

\* \* \*

By, [unclear] [unclear]

## P. E. SHORTS (Continued)

It was a pleasant surprise to find that several members of the sixth form stumbled upon the school playing fields during the week and actually managed to play a game of football during their activities afternoon. Having remembered the basic skills of the game they proceeded to hold Basildon College to a boring 2-2 draw.

\*\*\*\*\*

It has also come to my attention that the ladies of the staff have re-kindled an ancient ritual, i.e. playing the school at hockey. The ladies proved too strong on both occasions and the local hospital remain eternally grateful to Miss Coy for so many minor injuries in one game.

\*\*\*\*\*

### ELMS

Twisted trunks of elm trees,  
Curled and crisp their brown leaves  
Swirling in the soft breeze  
Dying of Dutch elm disease,  
Just like an Autumn morn,  
They stand alone, and forlorn,  
Christened and kissed by the dawn.  
People pass, shout and scorn,  
Councils come to cut them down,  
Local people shed tears and frown,  
Concrete cities, concrete town,  
Down they come, down, down, down.

Janet Hodgetts - 5 Gen.

### SNOW IN THE NIGHT

When it snows in the night  
You can tell by the sound  
Everything is silent, all around.  
So beautifully still that you almost know  
Before you look, that there must be snow.

When it snows in the night  
You can tell by the feel.  
The passing air is as sharp as steel.  
It nips your nose and it makes it glow,  
And you know at once that there must be snow.

- Janet Mackenzie, 3G

THE GUY'S BURNING

The Guy is burning  
The bonfire crackles  
The catherine wheel spins  
With pink and blue flame

The childrens' voices  
Are heard far away  
As they look in amazement  
When the fireworks play  
Sadness is forgotten  
The sky is alight  
The noise that surrounds us  
Rings loud in our minds  
The sun it has fallen  
We all sleep and dream  
Of the night time adventures  
And the things we have seen.

- Anne Horgan, IP

WINTER'S HERE

Rosy cheeks, bright red noses,  
Tingling fingers, cold cold toes,  
Children playing in the snow,  
Well wrapped up with cheeks aglow,  
Snow crunching, shoppers bunching,  
Children hurrying, children scurrying,  
Running around and playing the fool,  
Cold frosty breath like smoke from the chimneys.  
Slippery pavement, icy roads,  
Drivers forgetting their highway codes.  
Traffic buzzing to and fro,  
Children sliding in the snow.  
All the streets one mass of light,  
Showing up on this dark night.  
Now we know that winter's here,  
And its the end of another good year.

- Jillian Giles 3G

RON'S PROBLEM PAGE

ANY PROBLEMS? JUST ASK RON!

Sir, We have in our possession a certain female member of the cat family named "Puss". How can we prevent our prized pet from associating with the rough-neck males of the area and prevent the consequences of this?  
Yours, Worried.

Dear Ron, What can I do about Sylvia? Oh, I forgot to say that she's my daughter and has been mixing with some very strange boys lately. What can I do to put her off them? I mean, well! Being a man of the world I'm sure you understand my reasons for worrying.  
Love Worried.

Dear Worried, Your worries are over! If you get her to introduce her strange friends to you I'm sure you'll find that they're not as bad as that. Talk to them, get to know them well. After all, you may be related one day!

Dear Worried, No need to worry. Just a simple visit to the vet is all she needs, and you need never worry again! The operation is a simple one and quite painless. It will cost only a few shillings. The P.D.S.A. will also doctor her at their mobile surgeries and for slightly less money.

Ron, They're going to build a great big concrete road right through my back yard. What can I do?  
Yours, Helpless.

Dear Ron, Both my wife and I are sterile. Is there any chance of our children being sterile?  
Yours, Frustrated.

Dear Helpless, I'm sure if you ask them nicely they will change it to tarmac.

Dear Frustrated, There's no answer to that.