

FRYERN

'N'

EASY



SUMMER

'74

S.K.

THE "DINKI" CREDITS

We the undersigned wish to denounce any knowledge of this magazine which may have been constructed with, or then again without, our prior consent.

ENGLAND TEAM.

Steve (Call me Gorgeous) Keeley
Richard (Right on Man) Burton
Kevan (Ill) Wind
Sue (Daisy) Day
Adrian (Champagne) Perry
Kelvin (Sheep) Shearer
Jackie (Space) Hopper

Team Manager	- -	Mrs. Dexter
Trainer	- -	Miss Bradbury
Coach	- -	Eastern National

ENGLAND SCOUTS

Mrs. Skingley - Mrs. Bryant
Mrs. Sage - Mrs. Holden

On the Tardis	- -	Mrs. Sarchet
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Cover design - Steve Keeley
Ink - The Blood Donors
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Sponsored by - The Wombles

This is your Head-girl and Head-boy speaking. (It should be "this is your Captain speaking" but the elusive Master Steven Keeley is very hard to pin down due to his exceptionally time demanding School-Captain duties, such as organising the VIth Form boys for football during the lunch-hour and keeping a 'paternal' eye on the IV and Vth Form girls during the lesson changes. In fact it is hard to know what to write about, so we have decided to publish the minutes of the last VIth Form 'Happening' on or about 29th June at the saloon bar of the Commodore.

Jackie: Gentlemen, Gentlemen. I call this meeting to order.
Steve: Right. My order is two pints of bitter and a bag of crisps.
Kelvin: Right then. Any suggestions for the school?
Jackie: Well I think we should have school councils, and first-year discos.
Kelvin: That's an idea. What do you think Steve?
Steve: Well I think....but....well...umm....you see...er.....yes....it's a thought, isn't it.....ah.....oh.....eh.....
Kelvin: O.K. then I'll make a note of that.
Steve: What about proper organisation of House Sports?
Jackie: Steve, there's a lack of interest in sports day. But perhaps we could make things more interesting.
Kelvin: I don't like running. It makes my brain hurt.
Steve: I've got a better suggestion; let's bring back public flogging for naughty children.
Jackie: I see you're interested in discipline, Steve.
Steve: No - entertainment. And why not have closed-circuit T.V. in the school to watch IVth and Vth Form girls?
Jackie: Don't you think that is a bit too George Orwell-ish?
Steve: Er, dunno. What year's he in?
Kelvin: I'm bored. Let's do something else.
Jackie: You got any more suggestions Steve.
Steve: Yes, can I walk you home tonight?
Jackie: Who me?
Steve: Gerroff. I mean Kelvin.
Kelvin: You know what you can do squire.
Jackie: Now, now boys, let's not squabble.
Kelvin: Here, do you realise Steve that we are the first School-Captain and Head-boy to come from a Craft class?
Steve: Yer, I ain't fick you know.
Jackie: Anyone want to hear a dirty-story.....

For ended is my tale. God sende every trewe man bate of his tale. (Chaucer)

So you see from this the three of us work very well together (catch my drift?). So if all you out there in what us high-class A-level students call the school, have any problems or suggestions come and see us. Knock twice on the VIth Form door and ask for Jackie, Steve or Kelvin.

Jackie Hopper (Head-girl) and
Kelvin Shearer (Head-boy)

CROSSWORD.

Compiled by Janet Allan U VI

1	C	A	T	A	L	3	Y	4	S	5	T	6	O	A	R	7
A	/	E	/	/	/	8	O	U	A	/	/	/	/	/	/	A
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28	O	E	/	/	29	I	/	/	/	30	O	/	31	M	E	
32	M	O	D	/	33	S	T	E	E	R	/	/	/	/	/	

Clues Across

- 1) An agent for hastening a chemical reaction (8)
- 6) For rowing (3)
- 8) "... waits for no man" (4)
- 9) A legendary animal resembling a horse (7)
- 11) An ache (4)
- 12) Offer at an auction (3)
- 13) A slippery character (3)
- 14) A long time (3)
- 16) Profound, not shallow (4)
- 18) A building housing historical treasures (6)
- 20) In a location (2)
- 21) A type of beer (3)
- 22) A goal (3)
- 24) Used in soil and as a means of heating (4)
- 26) A bird of prey (6)
- 27) Not closed (4)
- 28) Honour or worth (6)
- 31) Myself (2)
- 32) As good as a wink to a blind horse (3)
- 33) Cattle or to drive a boat (5)

Clues Down.

- 3) A large church (9)
- 4) A pagan building of worship (6)
- 5) Opposite of old (5)
- 7) Our source of radiation (3)
- 8) The end of a story? (4)
- 10) Not regular (6)
- 15) Outdated with an "e" (8)
- 17) A bird which cannot fly (3)
- 19) An american father (2)
- 23) The liquid in a tree (3)
- 25) A small two-wheeled vehicle (5)
- 29) Domesticated, not wild (4)
- 30) Heaps of granite in S.W. (3)
- 31) Impersonal object (2)
- 33) 'Sur' in English (2)

LAST WORDS.

Writing about education in any form is a serious business and I approach it with the proper degree of respect - such as that shown by the landlady whose lodger complained that he could write his name in the dust of the shelf. "Yes sir" she replied, "Isn't education wonderful?" Naturally at this stage I look back on the education in Fryerns in the time I have been here. A number of changes have occurred. Of course, not everything and every idea that is new is better than anything or any idea that is old. So some changes have been obviously very good - some perhaps not quite so clearly good. I remember the local inhabitant who phoned up to complain that he had been sworn at by one of our pupils. On behalf of the school, I naturally apologised and said that we certainly didn't teach pupils to swear. Came the reply, "Than who the b-----y hell does?" Was there some sort of clue in that? There was the parent who came to complain about a member of staff. Didn't know the name of the staff, only the subject she taught. Didn't know the form her son was in, only that he had been at Fryerns for two years. I couldn't find him on any school list. Small wonder. Checks at the education office showed that he had spent all his secondary career at another Basildon School. Was there some sort of hint in that? I recall the gentleman who applied for a post in the school, begging the favour of "an interview in your highness study". I changed my brand of margarine after that, and appointed someone else. But was there some sort of forecast in that? I shall always remember the great satisfaction I have had, year by year, seeing our excellent external examination results, the pleasure given by our drama and music productions, the pride in our high level of athletics and sports results. It was great to see us on television - even greater to see us win.

Sometimes it comes as a shock to realise that I have now been a Headmaster longer than any pupil here has been alive. Even odder is to think that my chief claim to fame lies in the fact that I "disciplined" a pupil in my last school who is now a member of the pop group "Slade". I wonder if there is anyone here whose claim to fame may yet have the same base?

As the vicar left his parish, members of his congregation sadly said, "good-bye". One of them said, "You know Vicar, we didn't know what sin was till you came here!" Replace "sin" with "education" as I leave and

Ah well - ave atque vale!

S. Hopewell.

A SPIDER

There you go again enemy,
Teasing, tantalizing, tormenting,
Here we go again, enemy,
Fighting, fretting,
Finding
Him, losing him it's all part of the war.

You make me squirm, and
You know it,
That's why you persist,
You horrible mass of despicable flesh,

No-one knows how you terrify me,
Tip-toeing silently over the floor,
You beastly animal,
I resent the way you hide, slowing showing
yourself and hiding again before my hand can
drop.

I'll get you one day you spikey creature,
I'll squash your body to a stain on the carpet.
You won't tease me any more then spider.

- Pat Birch 4 Com 1.

A SPIDER

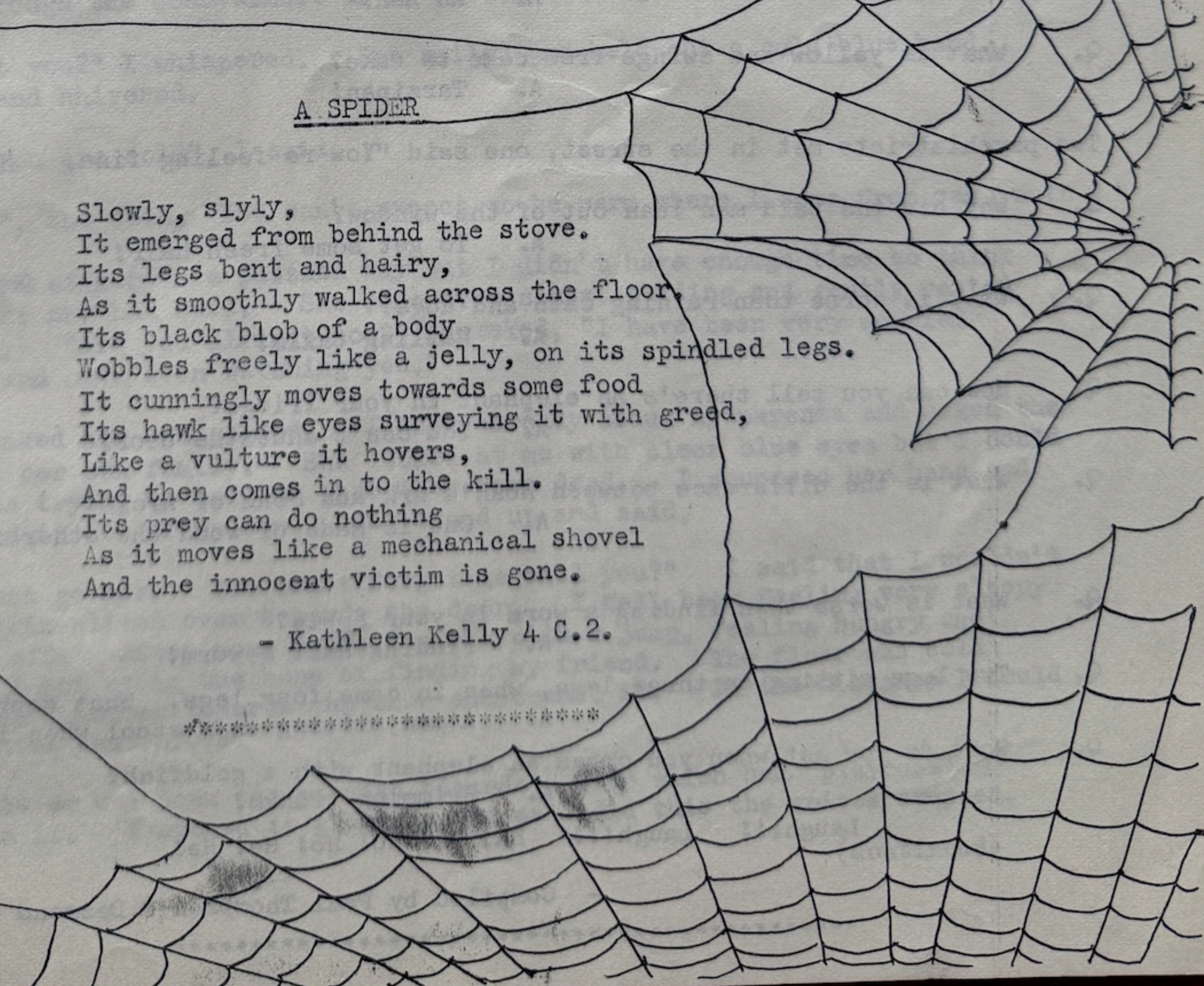
You're smaller than me spider,
Yet you scare me and
You know it. You're cunning.
I can almost detect that
Miserly grin. You're an
Ugly creature.
Your jet black body is
Suspended upon eight
Stilt-like legs. You're uneasy,
You stand motionless, awaiting
My next movement.
When I move, you move.
Swiftly, silently you
Stalk as if in sudden
Danger.
Yet I wouldn't kill you,
Though I hate you and
You know it. That's
Why you tease me sending
A shiver down my back.
I'm more frightened
Than you.

- Carol Fields 4 Com 1.

A SPIDER

Slowly, slyly,
It emerged from behind the stove.
Its legs bent and hairy,
As it smoothly walked across the floor.
Its black blob of a body
Wobbles freely like a jelly, on its spindled legs.
It cunningly moves towards some food
Its hawk like eyes surveying it with greed,
Like a vulture it hovers,
And then comes in to the kill.
Its prey can do nothing
As it moves like a mechanical shovel
And the innocent victim is gone.

- Kathleen Kelly 4 C.2.



Lots of Laughs!!!

J O K E P A G E
=====

Giggles and Groans !!!

Batty Books.

"Dancing" by Walt Zing".
"Breakfast" by Hammond Eggs.
"U.S.A." by Minnie Sota.
"2,000 Acres" by A.Landoner.

"My wife drives like lightning"
"Fast driver eh?"
"No - she keeps striking trees".

My Sister Laura.

My sister Laura's bigger than me,
She picks me up quite easily,
I can't lift her, I've tried and tried
She must have something heavy inside.

There was a young man of Peru,
Who found a large rat in his stew,
Said the waiter don't shout,
Or wave it about,
Or the rest'll be wanting one too.

Q. Where was Moses when the lights went out?

A. In the dark!

Q. What is white and crumbly and swings through the trees?

A. A meringue-u-tang!

Q. What goes ZUB, ZUB?

A. A bee flying backwards!

Q. What tree is still there after it has been burnt down?

A. An Ash!

Q. What is yellow and swings from cake to cake?

A. Tarzipan!

Two psychiatrists met in the street, one said "You're feeling fine. How am I?".

Q. Why did the bald man lean out of the window?

A. To get some fresh hair!

Q. What is worse than raining cats and dogs?

A. Hailing taxis!

Q. How can you tell there's an elephant in your fridge?

A. You can't shut the door!

Q. What is the difference between Noah's Ark and Joan of Arc?

A. One is made of wood the other is maid
of Orleans!

Q. What is worse than finding a worm in your apple?

A. Finding half a worm!

Q. Two legs sitting on three legs, when in came four legs. What happened?

A. A man sitting on a stool when in came a dog!

Q. What do you get when you cross an elephant with a goldfish?

A. Swimming trunks!

Laugh!!! Laugh!!! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! He! He!

- Compiled by Paul Thompson & Desmond Want. 2D -

The Orphanage

The orphanage was set in rather a remote wilderness in the Essex countryside. It was built of red brick and many chimneys, which hadn't any use at all, were dotted here and there on the roof. The building was old and you could see where windows had been blocked up because of the window tax which dates back to the eighteenth century. Altogether it was a sinister place and this is where my story begins.

In one tiny room on the third floor a child lay huddled up in a brass bed. The covers were tattered and torn and dusty. Obviously they hadn't been changed for a long time. The child was me. I was eight at the time that my parents were killed in a train crash. We were coming home from a holiday in London. I couldn't recall what happened to make the train crash but the next thing I remember was a man's face looking over me with a serious look. All of a sudden his face became blurred and I passed out.

On the train was a small girl I had made friends with. She was a frail looking girl and I played with her and her toys. I became very fond of her. We were playing in the passage way of the train when a sudden jerk made us fall over. We righted ourselves and continued playing. Then, without warning, the train stopped and as I said I couldn't remember what happened until that instant flash of the man's face.

I remembered waking up in the tiny room and lying there so my eyes could adjust to the light. I sat up and looked around.

The walls were painted a coffee colour and in one corner there was a cream coloured door, the paint was peeling and blistered. Under the window stood a wash stand with a dusty chipped bowl that perched on the top. I lay down and heard a faint noise that came from the door. Although the window was shut I could feel a faint rush of air pass my face. I felt cold and pulled the rough covers over me. The door opened and a small face peered round it. I couldn't believe my eyes.

"Surely not!" I thought. It was the girl playing on the train. She slipped through the door almost as if she walked right through it.

"Is it you?" I whispered. She smiled and held out a cold blue hand. I took it and shivered.

"My, you are cold", I said.

"Well", she said, "You can't expect to be warm where I come from can you?"

I looked at her in a puzzled way but I didn't have enough time to think back on what she had said. She came over almost gliding and gently rested on the bed. "Are you alright now?" she asked, "I have been very worried about you and have been watching you."

I thanked her and sighed. I knew already about my parents and asked the girl about her own family. She looked at me with clear blue eyes but I could see she was trying to tell me that they were dead. I squeezed her hand and she slipped it out of my own. She stood up and said,

"I must go now. You won't forget me will you?" I said that I wouldn't and she again glided over towards the door. I fell back feeling very sleepy and dozed off. After some hours I awoke with a jump, feeling hungry and lonely. I got up in the hope of finding my friend. The floor was cold and bare so I hopped towards the door and opened it. In the distance I could hear laughter and voices.

I made my way down the passage towards a door which had "playroom" painted on it. I opened it gingerly and as I did this the voices stopped.

(Continued)

The Lovers.

Mary and Tom were lovers
That dreamed from coast to coast,
And on the 29th of April
Their parents drank a toast.
They were happy in the winter,
Spring and summer too,
Through autumn rain and snow clouds,
To each other they were true.
Then one night in December,
Tom's car brakes had to fail,
And down a snowy hillside
The car did slide and sail.
They found him in the morning
Lying in snow coloured red,
And the doctor went to Mary
And told her Tom was dead.
Her dreams of life were shattered,
Her heart was broken in two,
Remembering how things had been,
How to each other they were true.
Her face was thin and white,
With worry and the years,
Her pillow always wet
With great big pear-drop tears.
She couldn't take it any longer,
The worry and the strife,
And on the 31st of August
She took her own short life.

- Valerie Sargent.
4 Com.3.

The Orphanage (Continued)

I could see little girls and boys turning their faces towards me and I asked
in a shakey voice,

"Er, is my friend Jayne here?"

I looked around and a girl about my age stood up.

"Jayne?" she asked. "Why, she died a week ago."

My breath became shorter and shorter as I took this in.

"Dead", I said. "She can't be. A few hours ago she came into my room."

The girl suddenly looked white. "So it is true", she whispered,
swallowing hard, "I'm afraid you have seen the ghost of Jayne Grant."

My hands were white and shakey at the thought of this, to think I held
the hand of a cold blue ghost.

- Sally Jones
3A1

An Embarrassing Situation.

This is what happened to me on my most important day at the swimming pool. I had qualified from all the swimmers in Basildon as their representative for the all England swimming gala. My best event was one hundred metres breast stroke. I learnt this when I was eight years old, and worked on it ever since. I had taken part in many competitions but none as important as this one. My coach made me train hard every day for a week so I could win this competition. Every night I dreamt of it. The night before the event I was trying to feel confident, but my nerves ruled over my thoughts. Mum and Dad were always helping me, telling me not to worry and that all the others were just as worried as I was. At nine o'clock after a hot cup of tea I went to bed. Next morning I got up after having hardly any sleep and had a bath. I felt much fresher after my bath and had a light, but nice breakfast.

It was soon nine o'clock and time to set off for London as the gala was being held at Crystal Palace swimming baths. I slept for most of the way and woke up just before we arrived.

I was shown where to change by a gentlemen at the door. He wished me luck and then went back to the door. In the changing room I was given a programme. After reading through it I saw that my event was fourth in the list. The time flew by as I was talking to some other lads in the changing room. One by one they disappeared until eventually I was called up. As we were being announced I realised what a big crowd there was.

Then the starter told us to go to our places. All went quiet and a million thoughts went through my head. BANG! the gun went off. I got a bad start and started to speed up then my trunks felt very loose. They were falling down. I heard the pool fill with laughter, I looked up and saw my mum. She told me to carry on. I came in in third place, got out of the pool and ran straight to the changing room. I didn't speak to anyone and felt so embarrassed. I was too embarrassed to go and collect my medal. After the presentation the owner of the pool came into the changing room and presented me with my medal. I then met my mum and dad outside and went home feeling proud but a bit of a fool.

- David Smith 3GB.

Musical Jokes.

What is a dog's favourite bone? - a Trombone!

What sort of bow does a girl use in her hair? - An oboe!

"Doctor, Doctor, do you think Michael will be able to play the violin when his arm is better?"

"Oh, I should think so".

"That's good, he couldn't play before!"

I had a musical education during the floods. My mother floated out in the arm-chair and I accompanied her on the piano.

I say, I say, I say. Do you know a musical joke?

- Cheeky boy: "Yes! Mr. Spencer!"

Who's for two years of service of H.M.S. 'Wierdy',
or
'Treasure Island', Fryerns style.
or
PLEASE JOIN OUR SIXTH FORM. - "JIM LAD"

This is what us trendy 'A' Level English students call an advert.

Dear School,

There are so many of you and so few of us, so when you've finished being 5th formers, why not join us?

Here beginneth my story proper - (pause for cough, followed by intro. music).

What is the toyland, snooker and bridge club?

Who said 'There are 3 kinds of failure: partial, total and pretension'?

Who first brought Womble posters into the block?

What does 'prog' mean, and can you dance, smoke or drink it?

Can you answer these questions? Eh! Eh! Hum, Go on, Go on, you can't, can you eh! You green spotted toadies, you don't know the answers, right! Got you by the short and curlies, eh?

Right then ma beauties, ask yourself this. "Why can't I answer them?" Arr, well, ma lovelies, you don't understand, comprehend, suss out, what I mean 'cause you landlubbers aint a member of the famous 'Captain Cutlass Dinki Vith Form Naval Society'.

Ohh, har me harties, ma shipmates, and all you greenfly spotters, please come join us as a sixthformer. The 'block' me bucks, be an 'ansome sloop, a fine ship run by sea caked matelots it's a great life in the Fryerns Navy. (We strongly deny any rumours of cannibalism). Us 'as a leader, a fine Captain. Captain Stevekins (Lugger) Keeley. An 'ard but fair man (but that he a different sea shanty, Ohh, Arr, Arr and a Ho, Ho, Ho).

The First Officer or Number One sails under the handle of Blind Pue Hopper. A funny chap he be, but a firm 'and on the capstan, and a great lad to bunk with.

The mate of our fine, trim craft, (oh, aarr, swelk me vitials, Jim lad) be a rum swilling yet God fearing man, by the name of Peg Leg Shearer (enough said squire) a fine strapping jack tar with a strong arm for swinging the cat (a ginger tom called Harry Spums Prunepips). The rest of our fine crew, arr, pieces of silver, sliver me giblets and main the splicebrace, da all be husky fellows. All great shipmates, especially Boson Olga Goodbody. You does well in the Vith form crew, so join us soon ma bucks, limies, jolly jack tars. The pay be good, the uniform fashionable and the food be full of vitamins and ferret paws, and where else could you dance on a dead man's chest with 14 other lads looking for harmless fun?

Don't delay!!! Join us today!!!

"Dimples" H.M.S. Weirdy.

continued/...

Are Young People Today "Spineless and Spoonfed"?

Young people today are cared for and looked after much more than they were fifty or sixty years ago, but this does not mean that they cannot stand up to the pressures of everyday life.

Some people today believe that children are allowed to run their own lives and this makes them selfish and withdrawn. These people say that this explains the increasing amounts of vandalism which can be clearly seen on the streets of any town. They believe that we should return to the style of teaching which existed in England about forty years ago. This method was to have the children sitting perfectly upright on their chair reciting their lesson over and over until they had learned it thoroughly. These people think that this will cure all violence and unrest among the younger members of our community.

I believe that today young people are able to make decisions much better than their parents could, but that they are more easily led and tend to group together. Young people do run their lives much more than they used to, but this has a good effect on their personality as they become much more forward and outspoken, especially against any form of restriction which to them seems childish and stupid. Young people, like any other group of people, cannot be classed as one certain type of person. Some young people today are more violent than others. Some gain great satisfaction from destroying government or privately owned property. They find that this is a good release for their energy. Other young people are more content to go to a disco or join in some other social activities. The people who say that we should go back to pre-war styles of teaching should remember that the people who are supposed to be "Spineless and Spoonfed" are the children of people who were taught this way.

Young people today are no better or worse than young people at any time in history. Young people will always question the authority of their elders. There is no ideal way of teaching all children. People must learn to remember that every person has the right to be taught as an individual.

- Derek Mulcahy.
3 G B.

"H.M.S. Weirdy" continued

P.S. The VIth form wish to deny any knowledge of a person known as Dimples

P.P.S. The nearest any of us got to be sailors was by watching "Mutiny on the Bounty".

P.P.P.S. What's so great about the navy anyway? (All answers on a plain brown £10 note, sent to Kelvin, Pier 14, East India Dock, next to the submarine called Frank, second left at the VIth form kitchen.

P.P.P.P.S. Was Captain Flint really Mr. Dale's great grandfather? By the by is "What shall we do with the drunken sailor" a freudian slip

BASILDON 27 YEARS ON (or thereabouts)

A brief history of, and future hopes for, Basildon.

What was it like? Is it better now or worse? Did Brian Clough really buy a copy of the Times from Smith's in 1959? Well David, these are the questions which flood into every newcomer's mind (aren't they?) when they first set foot or leg in Basildon. I will personally, myself, try to answer these and many other queries (no comments, please) which surround the town. Although started in 1947 (I think) I will begin the year 1962, before which time the town was merely in its embryonic state, (besides I wasn't born until 1956).

At this time the town lacked the main essential of any urban populace (no, Barclays Bank was there) a cinema. Most people amused themselves by trying every conceivable method, and I do mean every, of either putting the town square's fountain out of action or scrawling on walls. The best example being the chalked message, "Is there intelligent life on Earth?" the reply being "Yes, but I'm only visiting". (For further jokes of that calibre see Mr. Smith).

The great advantage of the centre is the traffic free precincts. This, however, led to the drastic plunge in luminous raincoat sales era, well as they say, "hard luck mac".

1936 (sorry) 1963 saw the ice-cold winter which GRIPPED Basildon and finally destroyed any hopes of restarting the fountain.

1964 - 1967, during this period the town aged four years, (well I couldn't think of anything to write).

1968, a bad year. First of all the town's chip prices went up. The council alleged this was necessary as all available cash had been spent in an attempt to restore the fountain to its former glory. This failed. Secondly, the town went Comprehensive, need I say more.

1970, the beginning of a truly monumental decade for Basildon. Even Eastern National turned over a new leaf by introducing a new fleet of buses. The fact that they STILL ran late (ask Paul Watson) was considered as merely a minor irrelevancy.



REQUEST
STOP

PAUL WATSON WAITING FOR THE BUS.

1971 - the year of the dog. Marauding packs of hounds roamed the streets (they still do). At one stage over 49 stray dog sightings were reported to the Basildon Council. They soon cleared this little mess up, (this, however, still left 48 little messes).



Things took a turn for the worse (in my opinion) when Mrs. Thatcher became Minister of Education. Her first body check arrived when she raised the school leaving age (ask any teacher) then complained of the lack of space in Basildon Schools (Oh really, you women are all the same).



1972 was a good year for ants. Plagues, all right then, swarms of ants infested the town, even threatening the fountain, which was still under repairs. At one stage Basildon's whole future lay on a knife edge of indecision and speculation (that was the dramatic bit). Ant repellent from Japan i.e. Nippon, solved the problem.

1974, rid of this ant plague (sorry) swarm, Basildon began to stride forward once more. A multi-story par cark, a multi-cary store park, a new car park was built. It was plant a tree for '73 year and a number of attractive limes were placed in the town square in a final attempt to obliterate the fountain from sight; this failed.



Well this brings us up to date. I'm sure this brief outline of the town's history has been a mine of useless information. Do not fear, Basildon will survive and even as I write or type I hear that the fountain has become Basildon Council's emblem (it still doesn't work). So intrepid Basildonians if you have any ideas for Basildon's future please send them to me with your telephone number.

Donations will be appreciated, send them to me.



written, conceived and entirely censored by Basildon
born and bred,

A.T.P. L.VI.
(If you are not sure please ask me
for my full name).

HOME

The cold night air bit deep into my blueing flesh,
Numb hands cupped over red nose, breathing warm air,
The distant shape held warmth, security and a pleasant welcome.
A stiff hand reached for the bell, once, twice, thrice it chimed,
Then a sudden wave of warm air touched the skin putting life back again.
The hall, warm and inviting, dirty paw marks on the skirting from the dog.
Numb fingers struggling with wet laces, "Aargh, that's better," as toes
wiggle and stretch.

"Hello son", smiles dad, "Cold?" The nod tells all.
The fire, glowing and hot, flickering reflections on the ceiling.
All eyes transfixed on the tele once again, all is quiet for the box.
Dad stares, unblinking, whilst the dog gnaws his slippers.
Mum is almost taking part, her face pulls in expressions of the actors.
Alan, the youngest, curls up in an armchair and dozes.
Lin's on a diet, some joke as she sips coffee and eats her bowl of "Cornflakes"
The warmth and security of any home is indescribable.
Nothing could change that.

"Home Sweet Home".

- Don Hutchinson 4 Gen 3.

DOWN AND OUT.

Sleeping in doorways
Dark nights cold days
A few torn old clothes
The dosshouse is closed.

His shoes come apart
How cold is his heart
His things in a tin
And a bottle of gin.

So bare and so rude
Meths is his food
Drunk and in despair
He sleeps in night air.

He sleeps on the floor
On an old ripped off door
His coat tied with string
This creature, this thing.

- Kevin Morgan 3G

A Down and Out.

I walk the filthy,
Dirty, dark streets of London.
Wherever I turn,
Wherever I go,
People!
I hate them!
They stop and stare
So of course I glare
Back into their clean, snobbish faces.
People!
In some places
They walk the other side
Of the street
As soon as they hear
My clompy feet.
People!
They look in disgust
And make a fuss
When I look for food
In the bins.
People!
They must eat
And so must I
I haven't a penny
But all the time it's

PEOPLE!

- Hazel Mitchell.
3G.

"Home"

Home in a barrel
A leaky damp barrel
Damp floor of rotting leaves
A gap for a door -
Where the wind whistles through
Cold, with no central heating
A dismal damp dosser's home.

He opted out
In his own world
A barrel
It's his home
He chose it
He lives there.

But to him it's a roof over his head
Leaky when it rains
But invites the sun and moon in.
No damp floor,
But an enchanting bed of mosses.
No door,
He doesn't like to be shut in.
No central heating
He has straw to keep himself warm with
Not a damp dosser's home,
But his castle.

It's his home
Everything about it suits him fine.
Even if it is not a proper home,
Even if it has no mod.cons.
He lives there.

- John Whitfield. 4 Gen.4

WINTER SEASON ROUND-UP

" THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY"

As the 1973/74 football season drew to a close last term it became more and more obvious that the season was going to be a good one. Teams were winning games left, right and centre, and five matches in six days for one team was a common occurrence. On the last day of term only two things were really settled, the second years had taken their section for the 2nd year running and the third years had lost their cup final against Nicholas. Several if's and but's concerning other teams existed and nobody seemed to know who had won what.

During the holiday Mr. Cook of Mayflower (the league secretary) was contacted, his first comment was "Such a pity about your 1st years only coming 7th", and he went on to add, "You have only won four leagues!" "Never!" came the reply, "Pull the other one".

It was true, Fryerns had won 4 out of 5 league championships - the under 13, under 14, under 15 and under 16, and come runners up in the under 14 cup.

The P.E. staff were delighted, the boys had worked hard, completed their fixtures and reaped the rewards.

WELL DONE BOYS

We'll try and win all five next season!

SCHOOLS' CRICKET

The school's cricket teams are doing fairly well so far in their respective divisions.

The 1st years began badly and found runs hard to come by, a win over St. Anselms in the K.O. Cup being their only victory. Recently they have produced some better cricket and defeated the strong LAINDON team easily.

The second years are running away with the Eastern half of the 2nd year league, they are unbeaten in the league games and their only defeat this season has been in the cup. With four district players in the side they should be well placed to win the league outright.

The third years are having a varied season with some fine victories followed by miserable defeats.

ATHLETICS.

Fryerns will have 2 athletes representing Essex in the English Schools Athletics Championships.

They are EAMONN MARTIN in the intermediate 1,500 metres and VANESSA SLOLEY in the junior 200 metres.

Cricket --- Lovely Cricket?

A small boy accelerates towards a narrow strip of carefully cropped grass and hurls $4\frac{3}{4}$ oz of cork, string and shiny red leather at his friend 22 yards away. Strangely enough the second boy removes all thought of self preservation from his mind and shuffles forward in an attempt to protect a small wooden structure stuck in the grass behind him.

"Owzat!" screams the bowler, well supported by calls of L.B. from 'semi-spectators' who are not quite sure what 'owzat' is supposed to mean. The umpire ponders, carefully considering the chances of his team in the first game. A single finger raised tells all, the batsman remains and thinks "Is he testing the wind direction?" "You're out" says a gruff voice, and the batsman walks towards his jeering team-mates. "Over" calls the umpire, fatal words, followed by many laborious minutes of explanation to the supporting cast (fielders) as to where they should go next.

A new player takes the ball and strides in to bowl. The ball pitches half-way down the strip and rolls gently towards the bat. "Pitch it up" cries the umpire. He does, for 4 byes. Another rejected player. At last a gleam of light, a small boy takes three paces and gently lofts the ball towards the waiting batsman. The batsman rushes forward to strike this easy meat, the ball bites viciously into the wicket and turns violently, the batsman is stranded, his stumps lay upon the ground in a tangle - Cricket, lovely cricket.

P.S. I wonder how Sobers started!

Girls' Games

During the winter games season the school teams achieved considerable success. The hockey teams improved their standard and during the season the three teams lost only three matches. The senior team finished runners up in their section of the District Rally. Michelle Pace has developed into a very good Goal-keeper and plays regularly for Basildon Ladies Hockey Club. The netball teams have had a very successful season, winning the second year league undefeated, fifth year league undefeated, second year rallies (A and B teams), and the first year rally undefeated. The senior teams are now playing together as a club team.

Lynne Schofield has continued to swim well, winning two strokes in the District Championships and going on to represent the District in area matches.

The Athletes have started the season well, with Maxine Sadler, Julie Sadler, Marion Stanton and Vanessa Sloley representing the District at the County Championships. Vanessa has been selected to run in the Junior 200 mtrs. at the English Schools Championships at Shrewsbury in July.

Terry Wojik, who competes in Olympic Gymnastics for Basildon Gym Club, recently went to Billingham to complete the set exercises in the Three Year Plan and is now taking part in the Seven Year Plan.

Invasion

Sandra and her boyfriend Mike were spending a quiet holiday on the Cornwall coast. They were with Sandra's parents. That day had begun bright and early the same as any other. Sandra and Mike had decided to go on the beach for the day and after a long cool swim they decided to sunbathe. Mike told Sandra he could do with an ice cream, and being too lazy to go and get one Sandra decided it had been left up to her.

Climbing the rocky steps up to the ice cream parlour was tiring work so she decided to have a rest for a few minutes. The sun was hot and strong, and very soon she had stretched out on a small rocky and grass covered piece of ground. The next thing she knew was rain splashing down on her. She awoke quickly and noticed how cold and grey the sky had grown. It was as though the very sky had died. At that moment she heard a terrific noise. It was like no other sound she had ever heard before. Looking up at the sky she saw what she thought must be an aeroplane, but as it came closer she could see it was a gigantic bird. Thinking, she realised that she must hide immediately, and so sheltering under a big rock she hoped for the best and watched this terrifying creature loom nearer and nearer its great wings flapping away and squawking louder than ever. With a great gust of wind it soared up and over the rocks and disappeared out of sight.

Sandra heaved a sigh of relief and realised that she must go and report this at once, but first she would go and tell Mike about this strange bird. She clambered down the rocks as fast as she could and ran down onto the beach where she thought she had left Mike sunbathing. The beach was deserted; not one person was in sight. She decided he must be back at the hotel, too lazy to wait for her on the beach. She would walk right along the beach and go up the grass as it was easier than climbing the rocks again. As she reached the top of the grass she blinked and then blinked again. The amusement arcades, hotels, houses, cars, people, everything was gone, and in their place there stood nothing but sand and dry broken down bushes, just as though it was a desert. Sandra by now had naturally started to panic and started to run and call for Mike. Suddenly, although panicking she had the greatest urge to change her direction. She could faintly hear a funny whirring noise which gradually got stronger and stronger. She felt she must run, she had to get there. Someone or something was beckoning her to them. She had arrived at a large hole in the earth, and climbing down this hole, although all the while her heart was in her mouth, she felt relieved that she had reached this place, it gave her a sense of contentment.

Just as she was thinking this must all be a dream, a voice seemed to boom out of nowhere "AH, SO YOU HAVE ARRIVED OH CHOSEN ONE!" Sandra spoke: "WHO ARE YOU? WHERE AM I?". She was interrupted. "HUSH! DO NOT INTERRUPT ME, I AM THE ORACLE OF THE EARTH. IT IS CERTAIN DEATH IF YOU SPEAK AGAIN WITHOUT PERMISSION. I WILL NOW SHOW YOU SOMETHING". A large stone arose and underneath there was something that looked like a television only on a much bigger scale. The oracle spoke again: "NOW EARTH PERSON, WATCH THIS IF YOU DARE!" The giant television made a great whirring noise. Sandra recognised it as the sound that had attracted her to this place at first. Suddenly pictures began to appear and Sandra recognised the scenes as those of war and bloodshed that she herself had seen recently on the national news. Then the picture changed and the desert appeared that she had just come from. The television was switched off and the Oracle spoke again: "THAT, MY CHILD, IS WHAT THE WORLD SHALL LOOK LIKE IN THE YEAR 3,000. MAN SHALL DESTROY HIMSELF BY GREED AND SELF DESTRUCTION. THE ONLY CREATURES THAT WILL LIVE ARE THE DINOSAURS AND REPTILES THAT DIED AWAY THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO. THUS WHEN THEY DIE FOR THE SECOND TIME, MAN TOO WILL HAVE ANOTHER CHANGE. YOU ARE

continued/...

The Invasion. continued/...

WONDERING WHY I HAVE CHOSEN TO TELL YOU THIS - WELL, I SHALL TELL YOU. YOU HAVE THE HONOUR OF BEING THE FIRST WOMAN ON THE EARTH WHEN I CHOOSE TO GIVE THE HUMAN RACE ANOTHER CHANCE, BUT UNTIL THEN MY CHILD, LOOK AFTER YOURSELF AND TAKE THIS TO REMIND YOU OF THE ONE GREAT POWER, THE ORACLE OF THE EARTH".

With that, there was a great flash, and Sandra found herself back on the rocky ground that she had fallen asleep on. She thought it must have been a nightmare and was relieved at that thought, but suddenly she came across a necklace. It was a shiny red stone. Staring at it, she thought it had blurred, and she read the words - THE ORACLE SHALL WATCH YOU, ONLY YOU... It blurred out once more. Trying to convince herself she had had too much sun, she put the necklace on and ran down to meet Mike.

We shall never know if there is an oracle or not, but take my advice, just don't be around in the year 3,000 - just in case.

- Tina Baisden.
4 Com 1.

Teenage Lament.

If only I could be happy or lucky.

Honestly, it's not fair. Some people have all the luck and happiness, like a good family where they all get on well together, and good luck - especially with boys. All they have to do is click their fingers and they've got a queue on their front door-step.

Alright, so I'm imagining a lot of it, but I can't get over how unlucky and unhappy I am. For instance, I'm always arguing with Mum and Dad so we never speak. Honestly, it's like Colditz in our house.

The other day I was in the kitchen making a cup of coffee, and I thought to myself "knowing my luck, I'll more than likely electrocute myself". Thinking no more of it, I put my hand on the kettle to pull the plug out, and what do you think happened? Yes, I electrocuted myself.

It was a terrible experience. It felt as if someone was shaking me really fast. When I realised what was happening I tried to pull my hands away. It was hard because the electricity was sort of drawing my hands tighter. I got free eventually but was really shaken up.

So, if you're happy and lucky, count yourself as a very unusual person. Well, you are to me, but I envy you.

- Lorraine Mertens.
3B1.

The Cave.

Dark, black and deadly cold
Drips of water gradually become louder,
Ancient graffiti on the wall from past tenants.
The lighting becomes dimmer and dimmer,
Scurvy litters the wall,
A bat screeches but there is no reply,
Sudden flaps, the bat evacuates.

There's no light now just darkness
A flash of light, my torch is on
Searching the way ahead like a new born pup.
Water dripping, dripping in the distance
A sudden thirst, I begin to run.
Darkness again, I had tripped over.

My eyes seem of no consequence now I feel like a blind man.
Homing in on the drips of water, becoming louder, louder.
A light in the distance like a speck of dust
I can see again, I feel re-born.
The water is visible now, as tempting as a crisp apple.
Water everywhere over head, under my toes, a fountain.
I run towards the speck becoming larger at every step.
At last I am back in civilisation, with my sight fully returned,
We do not realise how essential sight is.

- Russell Hardy 2G1

Into the Cave.

Slowly into the cave I went
I saw a rock twisted and bent.
Strange rocks, they must be old.
Dripping water, it feels quite cold.
I search around.
Then hear a sound.
Its only a pebble, thank goodness for that.
Some water drips onto my miners hat.
It is dark and damp and scary.
A spider runs by, black and hairy.
Then I got the shock of my life,
A skeleton as large as life.
That person must have got lost and died.
I was so scared I could have cried.
I ran for the outside very fast.
I saw the entrance, at last, at last.
I remember that day when into the cave I went.
By a rock that is twisted and bent.
I will not go into a cave now without a fight.
Because the shock of those bones made my hair turn white.

- Fiona Ballard 2P 1

The Old Man of the Sea.

The setting sun cast a rosy glow on the quaint little cottage sitting near the cliff top.

On the white painted veranda sat Captain Walter Prince. His face pointed toward the distant horizon, but seeing beyond it far into the past, where he was a young man in His Majesty's ship 'Valiant', of days that were busy. When there were ship-mates and people in different ports. He thought of the days when his beloved Mabel was bustling about, cooking, cleaning and just being near him.

His tired blue eyes misted over with tender thoughts. How would she see him now, he wondered.

He looked down at his hands. They trembled slightly now. "No good for bringing a ship into harbour", he mumbled to himself. The skin was a dark tan, as was his face, made that way by his many hours in the sun and sea breeze. The face that had once been strong and handsome was now softened with age. His eyes were gazing gently below the almost white hair.

He still had the beard that Mabel loved so much, although that too was almost white now. He kept it as neat as his shaky hands would allow, but he had to admit it was getting to be a problem with his shoulder playing him up. What was it that silly old fool Doctor Brent had said? "You have to expect a little rheumatism at your age, Walter".

What did he know about it? Most likely because I'm not getting about so much now. Making the joints stiff. As if to prove himself he got up slowly to his feet, and began to pace the fourteen steps along the Veranda. It was more of a shuffle than a walk.

The back, once held as straight as a pine tree, bent visibly as he marched along the bridge of his ship. His Captain's uniform still fitted him, although he didn't look too closely at his shiny seat and knees of the trousers. The gold braid which meant so much to him was beginning to come away from the tunic, and the cap he always wore was looking rather battered.

Captain Prince did a slow about turn and passed the familiar fourteen steps back to the port side. "Steady as you go", his voice quavered "Stop engines".

His eyes looked once again to the sea, and as they gazed out a tear trickled down the withered old cheek.

Sure do wish you were with me old girl, could do with your laughter around the place.

He stood a moment longer, then turned and opened the front door.

- Tracey Briggs.
2D.

WHY WE MUST ARRIVE AT LESSONS ON TIME.

We must arrive at lessons on time because if we do not our education will suffer. We also miss certain things that the teacher will want to talk about. If we continue to be late at lessons our knowledge is that lessons will gradually become smaller and smaller. When we leave school we will feel the pinch because we will not have the necessary qualifications, O levels and A levels, and as we grow up we will see that while we are factory workers the people who arrive on time and heard all the lesson will be top executives.

We also have responsibility towards the class because they will suffer for us being late. The teacher will usually hesitate before starting a lesson without all the pupils being present, so the class suffers.

So from this we find that we must arrive at lessons on time or else we will suffer in the long run.

R. Hardy
2G1

ANOTHER VIEWPOINT.

It is important to get to lessons on time because you might be missing an important conversation on the exams and what to study, or otherwise it is important to get there, because if the conversation is taking place and some of the pupils rush in from playing football on the field and say, "Sorry I'm late sir", and go and sit down, that disturbs the teacher and he has to start the conversation again. The teachers should be on time too because if the teacher is not there then everyone starts a conversation and one pupil talks louder and everyone makes a lot of noise and another teacher comes in and we get told off.

So it is a teacher's job to come in on time, so we don't make a lot of noise and disturb other classes.

ELAINE WOOD
2G1

So you think you have problems shortie!

Us tall people get a pretty raw deal too. Why is it the ancient platitude - "little and good" is always trotted out? Why should they have the best of both worlds? After all us lofties have been used as meteorological stations for years (quote, "Whats the weather like up there?"). We can never be big and cute (Sob! Sob!).

It's very difficult to be inconspicuous in a crowd unless we kneel down (in which also looks conspicuous unless you happen to be in a crowd of pygmies). We remember always being above the conversation of shorter friends - it's very difficult to say anything witty with effect when you have to bellow from great heights.

Boyfriends are in short supply (get it?). Most tall fellas seem to prefer diddy dames, (what a waste!). Worse than dancing paunch to face is dancing to slow romantic records whilst inspecting his bald patch(es).

The idea of male protection (we're not pro-womens' lib) quickly fades when Prince Charming waltzes on tiptoe in order to rest his head on your shoulder. Even if you overcome all these problems (by giving him stilts, for Christmas) you'll probably have to wear flat shoes and visit the Osteopath twice monthly.

We send an urgent plea to manufacturers everywhere - please remember our knobbly patellas in winter. It is annoying that you only cater for Miss Average. We know that platforms are in but we can't get through doors wearing them! The only flat shoes we can buy are plimsoles (not exactly sexy!).

We've come to the conclusion that we lofties ought to get together with you shorties and strike a happy medium (height wise).

By the E.R.L. Society (EQUAL RIGHTS FOR LOFTIES).

CROSSWORD ANSWERS.

Across: 1. Catalyst 6. Oar 8. Time 9. Unicorn 11. Pain 12. Bid 13. Eel 14. Age
16. deep 18. museum 20. At 21. Ale 22 Aim 24. Peat 26. Osprey 27. Open
28. Esteem 31. Me 32. Nod 33. Sheer

Down: 1. Cathedral 2. Temple 3. Young 4. Us 5. Tail 7. Random 10. Obsolete
15. Emu 17. Pa 19. Sap 23. Moped 26. Tame 29. Tor 30. It. 34. On

Escape

Karen, Laretta, and myself were exploring HAWIAI on horseback, riding along the sundrenched beaches. The palm trees were gently swaying in the breeze. The imprint of the horses worn down shoes swiftly disappearing in the wet sand.

Twala my mount loped along, her head sagged, her wall eye still watching though with curious intent. We had been riding the best part of the day, the saddle and bridle were stiff and uncomfortable.

Looking at my mount's sagging head I decided that it was time to stop. I called to my companions and the three of us agreed to call it a day, We headed up the beach towards the trees.

Suddenly Twala's head went, she stopped dead, ears pricked, eyes wide with fear. Then we felt the ground begin to tremble.

"Look up there", Karen shouted. We followed the direction of her pointed finger. There over the trees was an awesome sight. Thick black smoke was belching from Mount Nakoli, long thought to be extinct. There as we stood gaping at the mountain the whole top of it lifted, as if by some giant fist of flame. The sound of the explosion was terrifying, followed by another, and then the side of the mountain opened. Out of the gaping split came the red molten lava more frightening than anything we had imagined.

Laretta pulled us to our senses. "Lets get back to the port!" she shouted above the din. Without another word we turned our mounts' heads towards home. The horses didn't need spurring on. They went like the wind. While we galloped along our eyes were on the mountain which was hurling great boulders and ash hundreds of feet up in the air. The lava which could be seen through the swirling smoke and burning ash, was moving down the mountain towards the sea. We realise the direction it was taking would cut us off from the port and safety. We did not let up and the horses too galloped as if knowing their only hope was in their strong legs and brave hearts.

With two miles to go the air was heavy with the smell of burning vegetation, as the lava reached the trees. The glorious sun had long disappeared behind the pall of horrible black smoke. We could hear trees exploding with the terrible heat. Black ash fell all around like rain. By that time we were racing through the shallow water, protected by the spray and hastily thrown blankets over the horses, and our heads.

The stench of burning was getting nauseating as we got to the last point before the bay in which our small port lay. The air was getting warmer, trees on the edge of the sand were burning. As we rounded the point we could see the lava through the black gloom, glowing red, and hot and threatening always moving towards the sea.

As we sighted the shacks of the villagers approaching the quay we all burst into shouting and crying. We knew we were safe, the lava flow had gone behind us, away from the port. We were safe.

Wild Stallion

You proud beauty,
Standing there, nostrils flared,
Red like blood.
Senses alert to every move, every twitch.
Your head held high,
Proud like a king.
Sharp ears pricked, alert to danger.

How you eye me, with eyes like jet.
And how I eye you,
In your lean, Compact body,
Every muscle taut, ready to spring if I move.
Your four strong legs pounding the earth like Indian drums,
Your advantage.
Running, from your dark, strong neck,
Mane streaming like a line of washing on a blustery day,
Long tail, matted, like a knotted string,
Following you wherever you go.

You dart from me again,
Froth dripping from your velvet lips.
Black neck, damp with beads of sweat.
But still tireless. Still defiant.

Why should I break your spirit?
Why should I humble you?
Proud one, kingly one,
Why should I take you from your kingship to be my slave?

By Carolyn Parsons 4 Com 2

An art form of rhyme on rhyme,
Blank verse scribble an easy time
Now I'm afraid in my construction
Within these lines is my destruction
Only one real image lingers here,
Please read my only true poem
Upon my grave.

By Kelvin Shearer Lower VI

Ron's Page.

Dear Ron,

I am a fourteen year-old school-girl with a 30-26-32 figure, mousy coloured hair, freckles, acne, national health specs, two false teeth, a wooden leg, and I live on Canvey Island. Will this impede my chances of getting a boyfriend?

- Hopeful -

Dear Hopeful,

No. I know someone who's not fussy - see Steve Keeley in the Vith Form Block.

Dear Ron,

Last August I went on holiday to Butlins at Blackpool and met this gorgeous, husky, dishy, wildly attractive, dashing hunk of a man - but he was already married so I plumped for this rather ordinary 'Bluecoat' instead. We spent all his free time together and during the evenings we went for romantic walks along the newly washed beaches, with the moonlight glistening on wet stones, and oil-slicks. On the last day we promised each other that we would write and he said he would wait for me forever. I've written faithfully every week since then but he's never replied and I'm sure he's been out with other girls although I've been faithful to him and never even looked at another boy. What should I do?

- Frustrated -

Dear Frustrated,

It seems fair to assume that the young man in question doesn't appreciate your dedication, but I know someone who would - see Steve Keeley in the Vith Form Block.

Liebe Ron,

Ich bin ein German au pair fraulein from Germany. The jungen mennen von England showen mir the traditions von England and they bin sehr kinden to mir. Aber ich thinken das mein Mutter will nicht liken the ways in which they bin so kinden. Was should ich do?

- Heidi -

Dear Heidi,

Your Mother's in Germany, right? You're in England, right? When in England do as the English do, right? So don't worry about your Mother, carry on as you are, and see Steve Keeley in the Vith Form Block.

Dear Ron,

I've recently moved to Basildon and there seems to be a lack of the opposite sex. Could you give me a few hints as to where all the eligible, fun-loving, handsome fellas are?

- Moll -

Dear Moll,

You're right - there are very few eligible, fun-loving, handsome fellas in Basildon. But as it happens, I do know of one young man who suits your requirements and will be happy to oblige - (yes, you've guessed it) see Steve Keeley in the Vith Form Block.
