

**EXTRA
SPECIAL**



CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

BRENCHWOOD

SCHOOL

LITERARY

MAGAZINE

1975

Despite a delay through an industrial dispute, we are pleased to introduce this year's School Magazine. We hope you will enjoy the poetry, features, puzzles and photographs in 'Extra Special'.

This year marks the introduction of the Brenchwood Press; and our thanks go to Mrs. Powton and the administrative staff for their valued assistance. This new independent outlook is also reflected in the photographic work, taken and developed by our own photographic society, under the supervision of Mr. J. Watkins. Art work has been produced by Mrs. V. Richmond and we owe a debt of thanks for these splendid contributions.

Once again, Mr. Medway is 'carrying the can' with overall responsibility (and typing).

Now read on . . .

1975 Committee: CAROLINE MATTHEWS
ANN PARRY
JENNIFER PATCHING
HAZEL TURNER



autumn

The russet leaves lie dead on the ground,
Bare, skeletal trees reach out their bony fingers.
The silver thread of a spider's web stretches
from one twig to another.
Bonfires dance as the wind moans round the scaly trees;
The air reeks of burning stubble
The mould and mildew lie motionless
in the red-hot flames.
Then . . .
Silence.
It was all a dream.

JANNINE PRINGLE

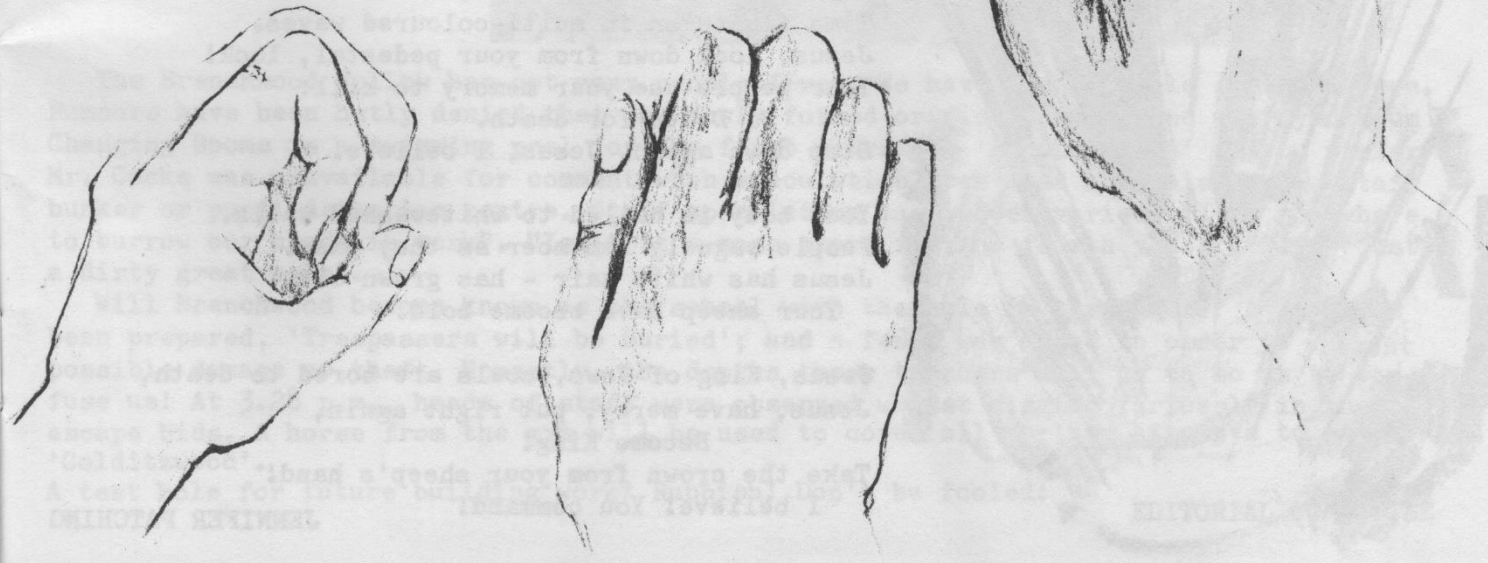
Photograph by Elizabeth Taylor.

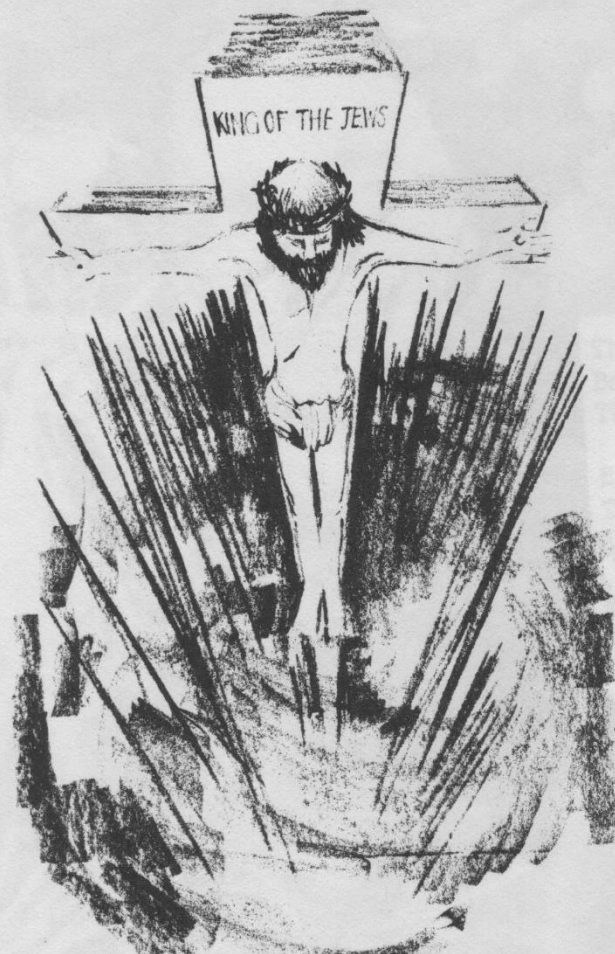
worry

"Knock!" said the Master; "ask and you'll receive."
His words were clear and plain, but few believe.
The faith is lacking and we are afraid
Of trying out the promises he made.

We strain and struggle, growing tired and old;
The hand that's offered we've refused to hold.
We go on worrying our lives away,
Instead of learning to trust and to play.

KAREN GODDARD





King of the Jews

What fatal shapes circled your cross?
What sweet words accompanied you to your death?
Were they words of revenge

. . . or pity?

Jesus, King of Jews, did you mean to die?
Know that thousands would cry?

Your flesh has made us fat;
Your blood, drunk.
And again, Jesus, we proclaim your birth,
Another time.

Time floats on in multi-coloured waves.
Jesus, look down from your pedestal, look!
Your people use your memory to kill:
Death for death.
Step down again, Jesus, I believe!

Your body is nailed to whitewashed walls.
People vaguely remember as they pass.
Jesus has white hair - has grown old.
Your sheep have become bold.

Jesus, King of Jews, souls are bored to death,
Jesus, have mercy, put right again,
Become King!

Take the crown from your sheep's hand!
I believe! You command!

JENNIFER PATCHING

what is it?



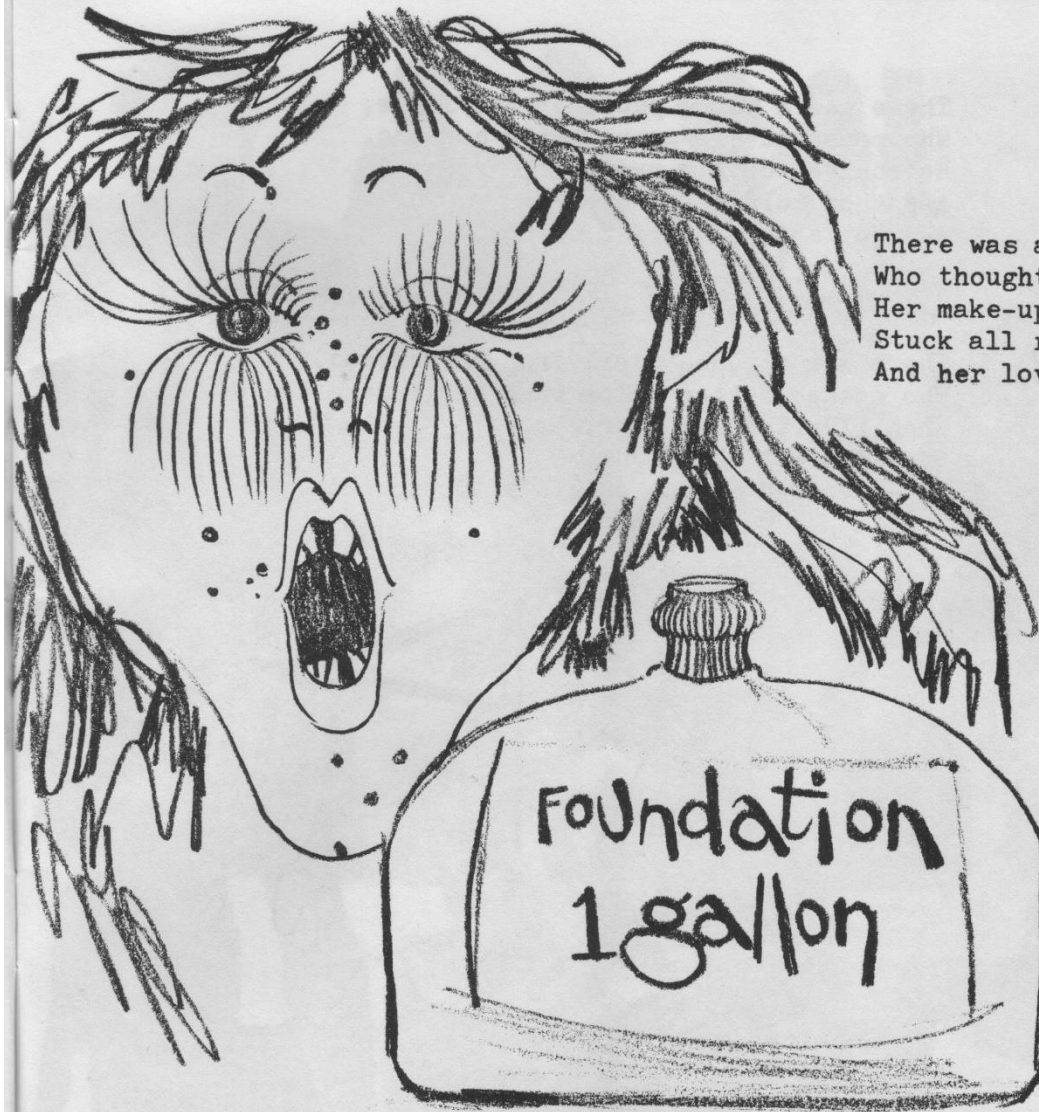
DROPPING IN ON THE HOLE!

The Branchwood Hollow has got many people foxed. We have the (w) hole story for you. Rumours have been hotly denied that the newly formed orifice just beyond the Gymnasium Changing Rooms is a swimming pool for the first years (or 'second years' if you prefer). Mr. Cooke was unavailable for comment when speculation grew that the hole was a staff bunker or pupil detention centre. Staff speculation has indeed varied: "It's somewhere to burrow our heads in work". "Isn't it a mass grave for the fourth year?" "It's just a dirty great mole".

Will Branchwood become known as the school with the hole in the middle? A sign has been prepared, 'Trespassers will be Buried'; and a fence was added in order to prevent possible damage or theft. Honestly, the depths these teachers will go to so as to confuse us! At 3.28 p.m., heads of staff were observed whilst digging furiously in their escape bids. A horse from the gym will be used to cover all further attempts to leave 'Colditzwood'.

A test hole for future building work? Rubbish! Don't be fooled!

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE



There was a young girl from St. George's,
Who thought she was pretty and gorgeous,
Her make-up foundation,
Stuck all round the basin,
And her lovely long lashes were forgeries.

SUSAN FISHER

forgeries

st. vincent

My childhood was happy and memorable. In the school holidays, and when Uncle 'Gustus was not busy hopping from island to island with his various jobs, we would go into the hills that surrounded my native village, Clare Valley. It was only small - about 300 people - and to the south lay the beautiful Caribbean Sea, with its islands sparkling like a string of rare stones.

Almost everyone in the village owned their own land, on which their life depended. My grandfather owned three fields - 'Above the Road', 'Below the Road', and the largest, 'Out Yonder'. On these fields, he grew root crops such as sweet potato and casava (carrot-shaped vegetable). He also grew a number of tomatoes and bananas which he sold to the Kingstown Marketing Board, to be exported. He owned several coconut trees, six breadfruit trees and a couple of mango trees.

Our house had an outside kitchen and beyond that, a large, overgrown garden. At the end of the garden was a pig-sty into which I had fallen a number of times whilst climbing a sugar-apple tree that branched over it.

Sometimes, my grandmother would grow a few pigeon peas, which were a little later picked, leaving only the slender, flexible stalk. With this and the string which grandfather brought home from the flour mill, I made bows and arrows.

DENISTON JACK

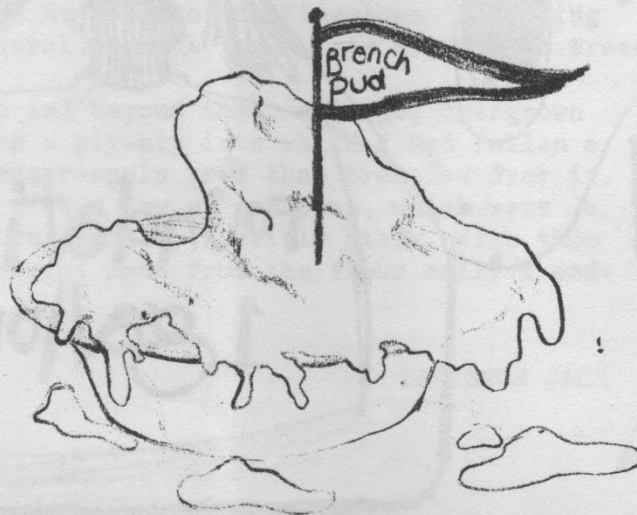


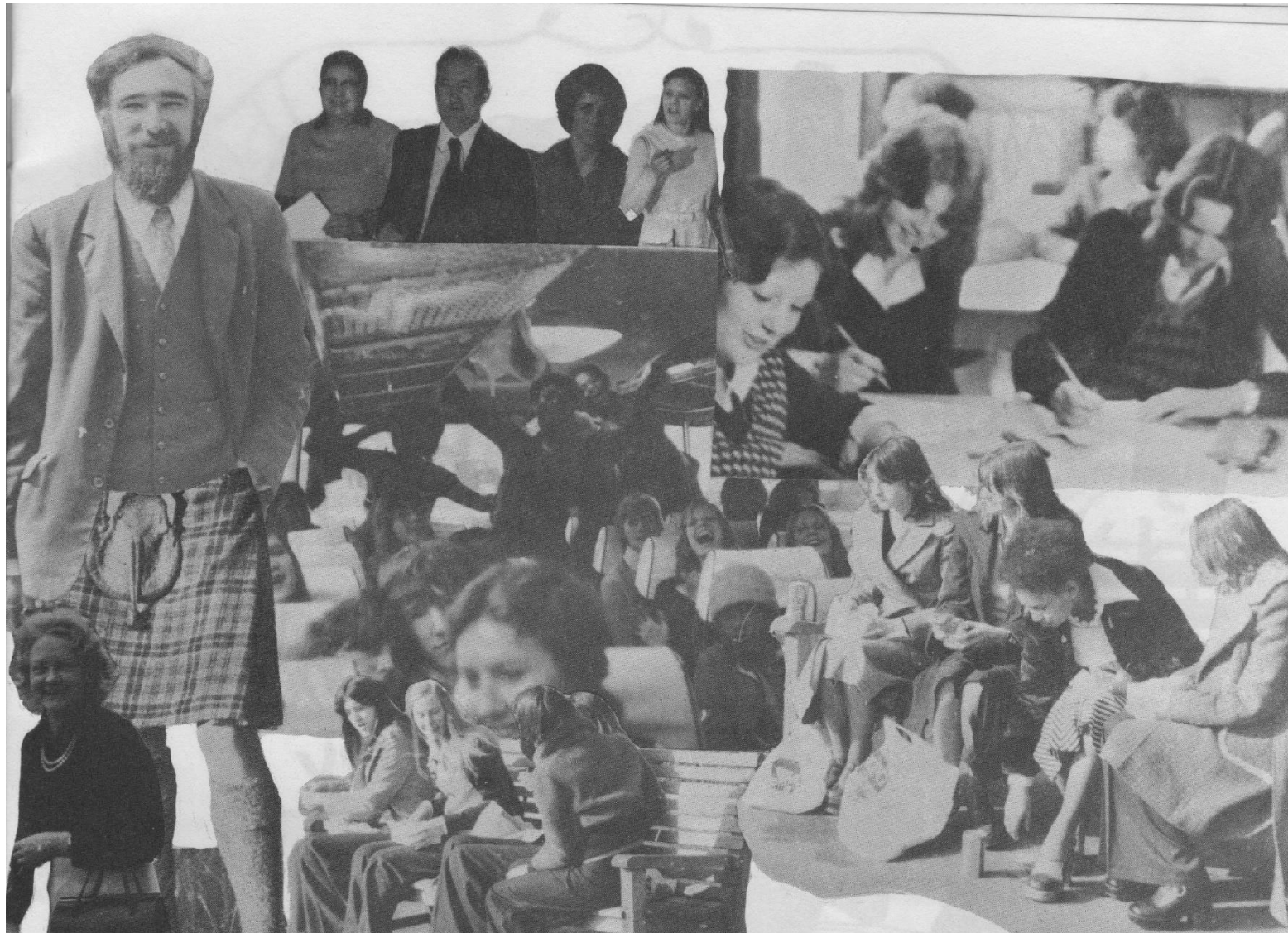
There was a young pupil of Patrick's,
Who poisoned his granny with arsenic.
He confessed to a preacher,
And then told a teacher;
And got a de-merit for doing it.

CAROLINE WILLIAMS

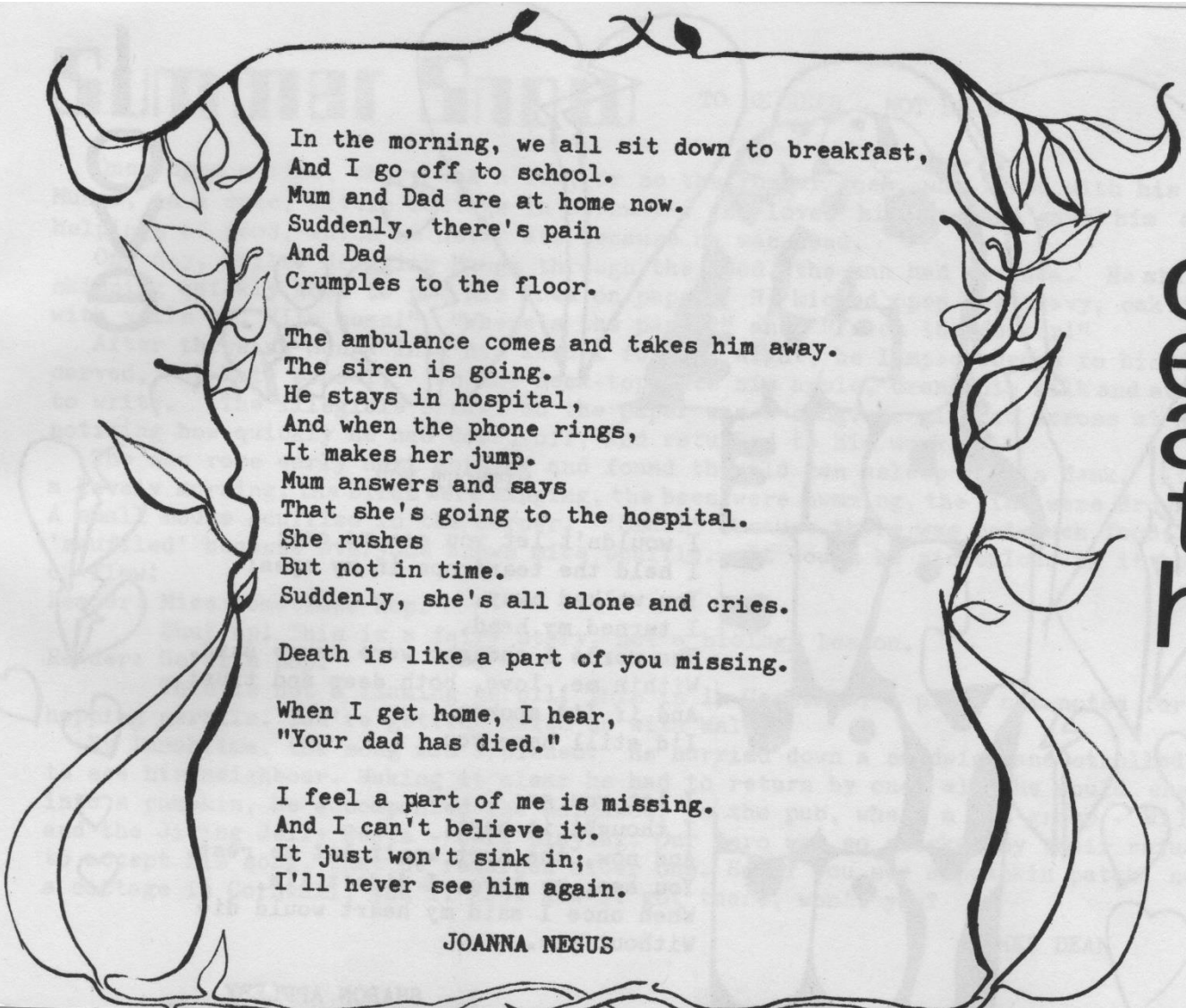
There was a young pupil from Brenchwood,
Who cooked better cakes than her friend could.
When flurried one hour,
She left out the flour,
And invented a dish called a 'Brenchpud'.

DAVID JONES









In the morning, we all sit down to breakfast,
And I go off to school.
Mum and Dad are at home now.
Suddenly, there's pain
And Dad
Crumples to the floor.

The ambulance comes and takes him away.
The siren is going.
He stays in hospital,
And when the phone rings,
It makes her jump.
Mum answers and says
That she's going to the hospital.
She rushes
But not in time.
Suddenly, she's all alone and cries.

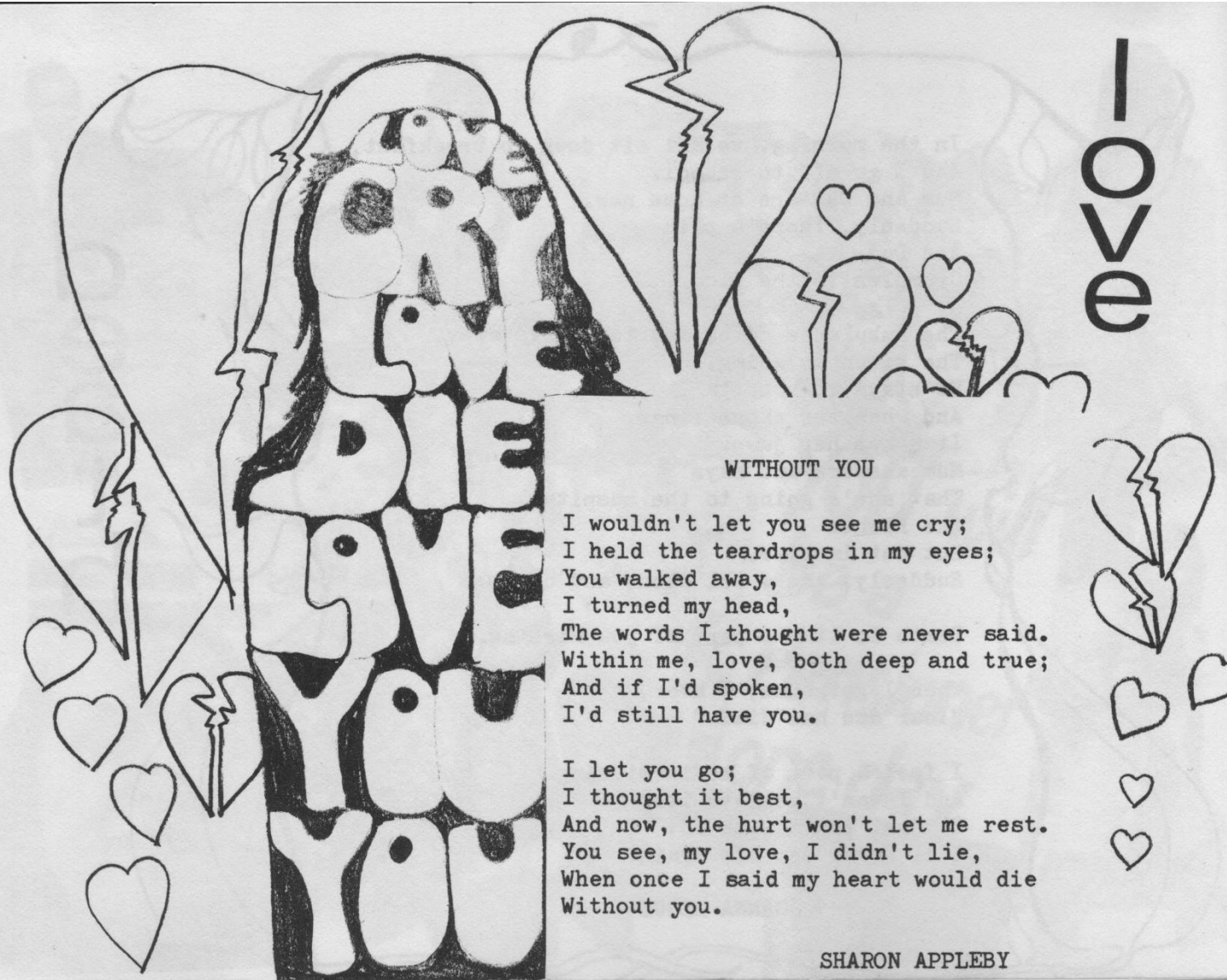
Death is like a part of you missing.

When I get home, I hear,
"Your dad has died."

I feel a part of me is missing.
And I can't believe it.
It just won't sink in;
I'll never see him again.

JOANNA NEGUS

death



WITHOUT YOU

I wouldn't let you see me cry;
I held the teardrops in my eyes;
You walked away,
I turned my head,
The words I thought were never said.
Within me, love, both deep and true;
And if I'd spoken,
I'd still have you.

I let you go;
I thought it best,
And now, the hurt won't let me rest.
You see, my love, I didn't lie,
When once I said my heart would die
Without you.

SHARON APPLEBY

Summer Snow

TO BE READ - NOT BLUE

Once upon a time, there was a man, or so the rumour goes, who lived with his dog, Munga, in a cute, little cottage in Cornwall. He loved his dog and gave him extra helpings of food, which he never ate because he was dead.

One day, whilst dragging Munga through the wood, the man had an idea. He started skipping quickly home to put his idea on paper. He kicked open the heavy, oak door, with yells of, "I'm home!" "Where's the paper?" and "Fetch the doctor!"

After throwing Munga into his kennel for the night, he limped across to his desk, carved, 'I hate school,' on the desk-top, ate his apple, drank his milk and started to write. The illegible scrawl on the paper was a song. He glanced across at Munga noticing how quickly he had dozed off, and returned to his work.

The sun rose early next morning and found the old man asleep at his desk. It was a lovely morning, the birds were singing, the bees were humming, the fish were drowning. A small mouse scuffled in the corner. 'Small' because there was not much food; and 'scuffled' because everyone knows mice scuffle. It would be ridiculous if it hopped or flew!

Reader: Mice sometimes hop.

Shut up! This is a fairy story, not a biology lesson.

Reader: Gerbils hop.

This is not a flaming gerbil! This is in Cornwall; a place not noted for its hopping gerbils. You're getting mixed up with Wales.

By lunchtime, the song was finished. He hurried down a sandwich and strolled off to see his neighbour. Making it clear he had to return by one, else he would change into a pumpkin, he accompanied the neighbour to the pub, where a pop group - Willie and the Jiving Jelly Beans - were playing. Our hero was so shocked by their refusal to accept his song, that he returned after one. So if you see a pumpkin patch near a cottage in Cornwall, you'll know how it got there, won't you?

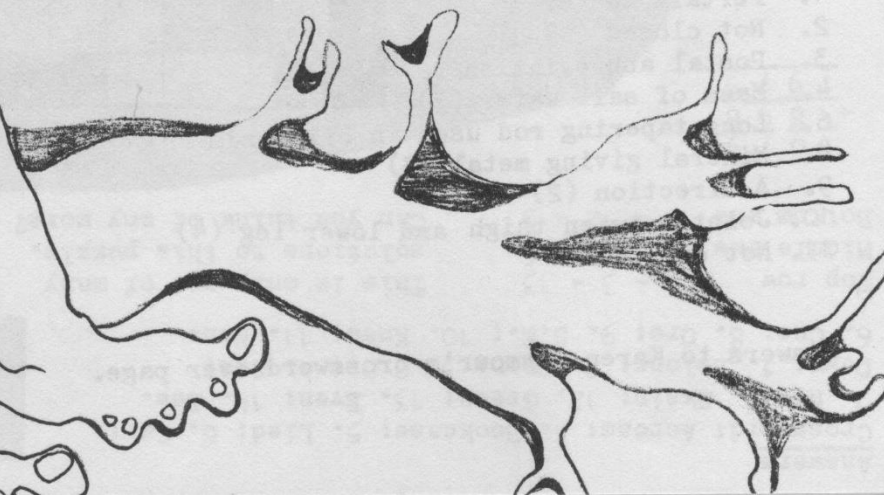
JAMES DEAN



The Wiggle Woggle

The Wiggle Woggle sat in a wiggle woggle tree.
Then he went for a swim in the wiggle woggle sea.
At home, the Wiggle Woggle came to a wiggle woggle door;
He wiggle woggled in and fell to the wiggle woggle floor.
The Wiggle Woggle said that his wiggle woggle wife
Was polishing the floor for her wiggle woggle life.
The wiggle woggle baby crawled on his wiggle woggle belly;
Till his dad said, "Come and watch the wiggle woggle telly!"
The wiggle woggle baby sat with wiggle woggle mummy,
Who said, "Be good, my darling; suck your wiggle woggle dummy!"
One day the Wiggle Woggle banged his wiggle woggle head;
He died and was buried in his wiggle woggle bed.

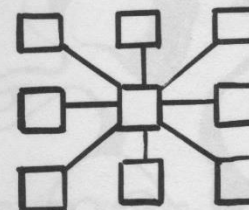
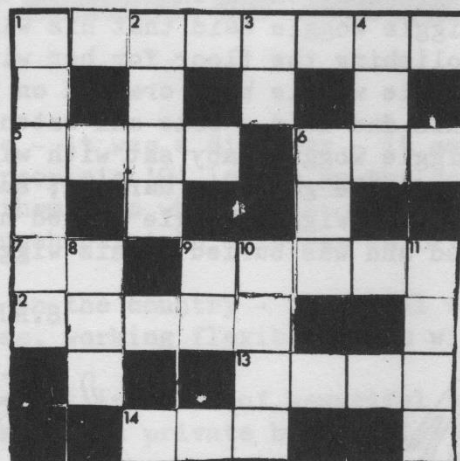
S. RUTHERFORD



PUZZLE PAGE

Clues Across

1. A rack in which one places books (8)
5. Told an untruth (4)
6. Wheeled vehicle (3)
7. Refusal (2)
9. Quantity of yarn (5)
12. Colour (5)
13. Not odd (4)
14. Diocese (3)



Clues Down

1. Pertain to (6)
2. Not closed (4)
3. Postal abbreviation (2)
4. Mass of salt water (3)
6. Long tapering rod used in billiards (3)
8. Mineral giving metal (3)
9. A direction (2)
10. Joint between thigh and lower leg (4)
11. Not one (4)

13 - 5 - 12
4 - 6 - 10
3 - 9 - 2

Arrange the above numbers shown, in the squares joined by lines so that each of the 3 squares add up to a total of 19.

$$\begin{array}{r}
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 1975
 \end{array}$$

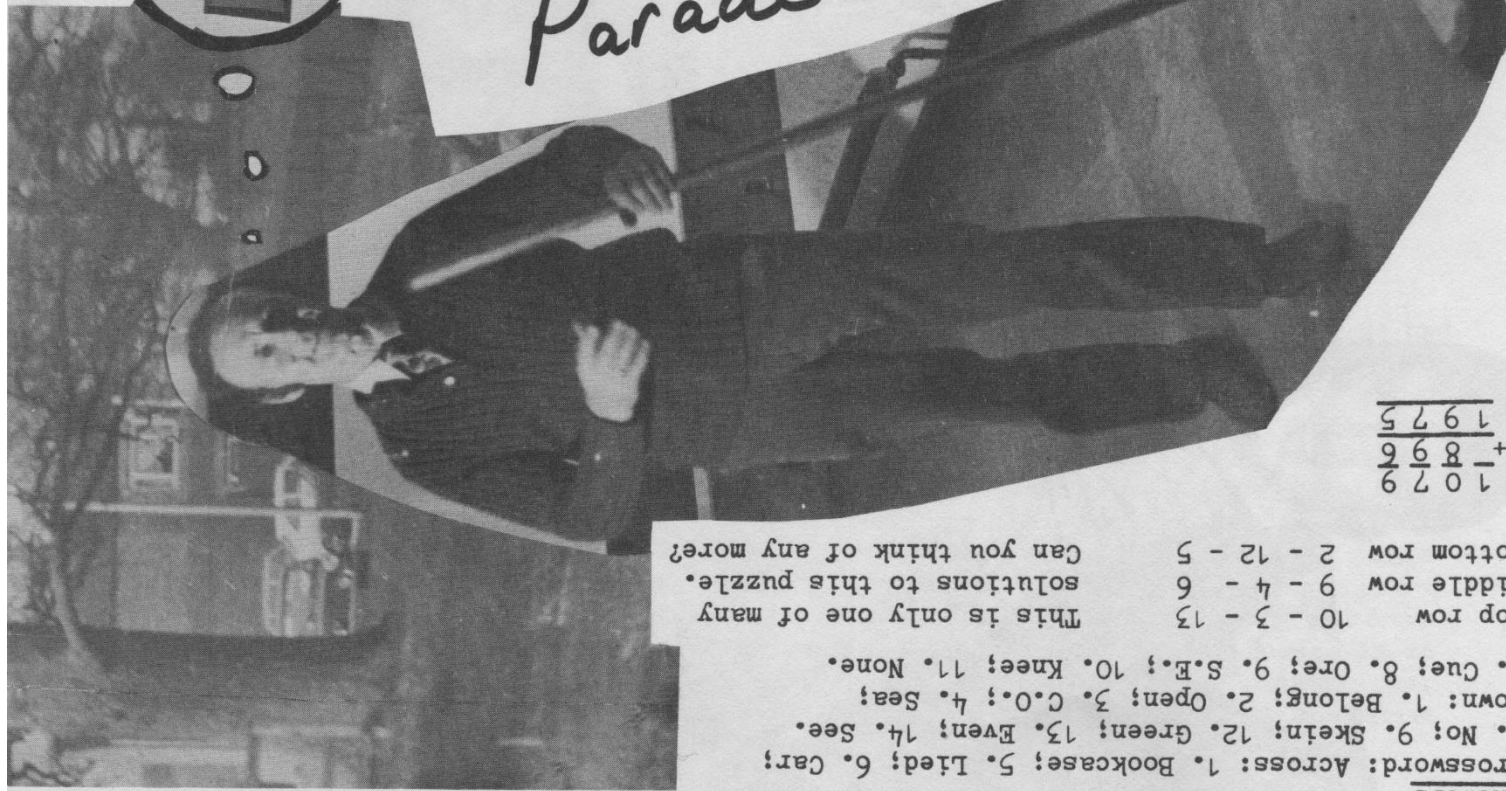
Use all the numbers below and set them in the right order so that they add up to the total shown.

6 - 10 - 7 - 8

Answers to Karen Seymour's crossword over page.

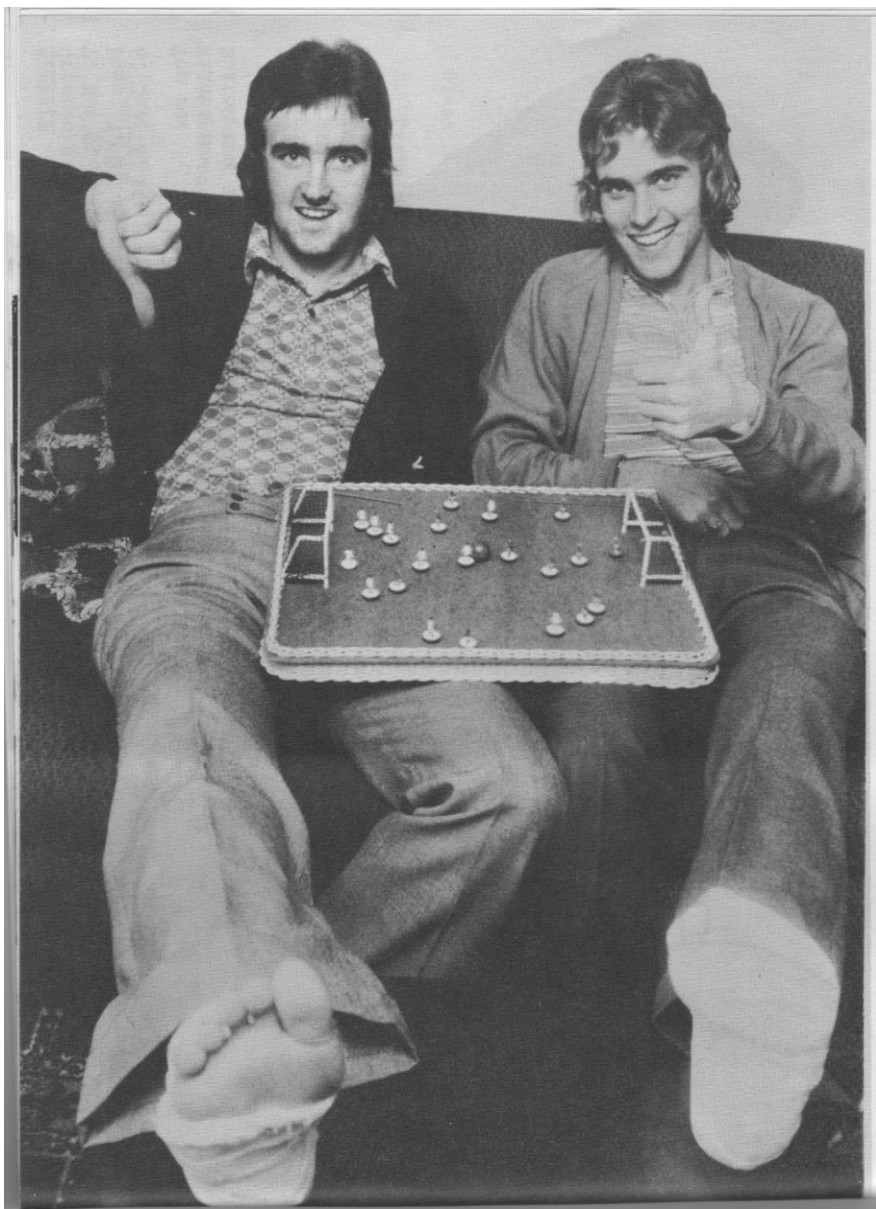
R.Lindsell & M.Humphrey
(Answers over page).

Busby '75 Parade



1079
+896
1975

Answers
Crossword: Across: 1. Bookcase; 5. Lied; 6. Car;
7. No; 9. Skein; 12. Green; 13. Even; 14. See.
Down: 1. Belong; 2. Open; 3. C.O.; 4. Sea;
6. Cue; 8. Ore; 9. S.E.; 10. Knee; 11. None.
Top row 10 - 3 - 13
Middle row 9 - 4 - 6
Bottom row 2 - 12 - 5
This is only one of many
solutions to this puzzle.
Can you think of any more?



Spotlight on the Busbys



When the magazine committee first discussed the Busby feature, we agreed that we had never witnessed such a well-contented family. The Busbys take pleasure in being part of life and always make the most of each day.

Mr. Vivian Roy David Busby was brought up in Wycombe, with a family of four brothers and seven sisters. He had a happy childhood and owed a great deal to his parents for those fortunate days. At St. Augustine's School, Marlow Road, Mr. Busby enjoyed school life immensely, but regrets not putting more effort in his work. Leaving school at fourteen, Mr. Busby passed through several jobs, as upholsterer and assistant in a confectioner's, before taking up his present appointment as school caretaker.

Mrs. Kathleen Phyllis Busby went to Mill End School, where she showed great drive in the field of athletics. Her happiest memory is when she represented Bucks. in an all-England track event. So this is where Viv and Martin get their enthusiasm over sport! Mrs. Busby's ambitions in this area were thwarted by the war. But one secret wish could still be fulfilled - a desire to become a member of a singing trio.



Vivian and Kathleen got married in November 1947. In 1949, on the 19th. June, Vivian Dennis Busby arrived; and ever since he first discovered how to walk and kick a ball, he wanted to become a footballer.

In 1953, another Busby kicked himself onto the scene, christened Martin George. He soon followed in his big brother's football boots.

Vivian Jnr. was only ten when he decided that he wanted to play football professionally. At the time, he was playing for his school team and he vividly recalls playing for Terriers Primary School at Loakes Park, when he was only eight years old. He has also represented the County at basketball.

Viv played for his first amateur team in 1966, Wycombe Wanderers. Here, he showed the dedication to earn his professional signing with Luton Town in 1970. Finally, he joined Fulham as centre forward or 'striker' in August 1972. Viv has struggled hard to achieve his childhood dream. This year marked the fulfillment of another dream, when Viv walked onto the Wembley turf in the F.A. Cup Final. Another dream is that one day, he will walk onto the field in an England jersey.

Viv enjoys family life and the regular 'get-togethers'; and what does he think of married life with his wife, Bobbie- "It's the best thing I ever did and I'm very happy indeed."

Martin was a Manchester United fan, with Bobby Charlton as his football idol. In his school years, Martin showed a tendency to prefer football to work. He became a professional apprentice with Q.P.R. in 1968 when he was fifteen.

In October, 1972, Martin had a serious leg injury and was faced with the choice of pulling out of football altogether. It must have been a heart-searching and a deeply personal time; but thanks to the encouragement from his parents, Martin came

out of his depression. Viv had also broken his leg, but less seriously; and the pair of them settled down to make the most of the situation.

Martin thinks of football as both a pleasure and a business. As with Viv, an England cap is a strong ambition. Martin takes great pleasure in other sports, such as swimming and squash.

In April, 1974, Viv and Martin started a new stage in their careers by opening a shop dealing in sports equipment, in High Wycombe. This shop consumes a great deal of leisure time (notably that of Mum); and business often becomes rather hectic, but they find the whole venture both enjoyable and rewarding.



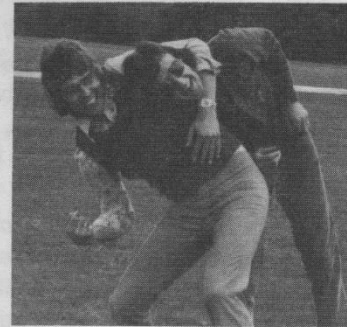
Martin is hoping that he will settle down soon but he greatly enjoys travelling at the moment and has an ultimate ambition, when he retires, to live abroad.

His visits have so far taken him to Spain, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland and many other countries.

Who wears the trousers in the Busby household? We agreed that Mr. Busby would look rather silly in a skirt. It appears that all major decisions are reached after a family discussion. Mr. and Mrs. Busby agreed that married life is a partnership but Mr. Busby also added that he is usually the one to give in!

All in all, the Busbys lead a fully satisfied life. They say that life is what you make it and they get a lot of happiness from seeing people help one another. With a little more effort, they believe we can all make the world a happier place to live in and who could ask for any more?

We should like to express our thanks to the Busbys



for answering our questions, and cannot end without wishing Mr. & Mrs. Busby a happy future in the new role of GRANDPARENTS! Yes, the story would not be complete without the recent arrival of a baby girl, Zoe, to Viv and Bobbie and so, a new generation begins - but perhaps, not all footballers.

We end by adding our congratulations on the happy event.

JENNIFER PATCHING

The Badger

Waiting, waiting by dark earthworks
Of grey, white shadows, shining in the dusk,
Waiting for the sudden inquisitive nose,
Like some liquorice allsort, fresh from the jar,
The almost grey light obscuring it from sight;
Then, yes, one black and white striped shadow
Appears and disappears down a long rough highway,
Which starts no-where and ends no-where.

Slowly, he walks, with ears outstretched,
Any sudden noise and by the click
Of thumb or finger, is gone for another hour.
Once sure of his privacy, he runs
Noisily along the age-old path.

Yet another striped ghost appears,
Following its mate down the self-same track,
Picking out things here and there, to eat.
Mysterious holes are formed.
No man would guess the maker -
The black and white striped phantom.

THOMAS PIERCEY



maybe?

Crying comes to no good,
When you're insane.
Comfort's a drop in the ocean
When you're in pain.

Kaleidoscope covers, smothers my jest,
My dog and me, we lie like the rest,
Men in white with plastic smiles,
Took me by the arm;
They said I was insane.
I screamed and cried,
And spat in their eyes.

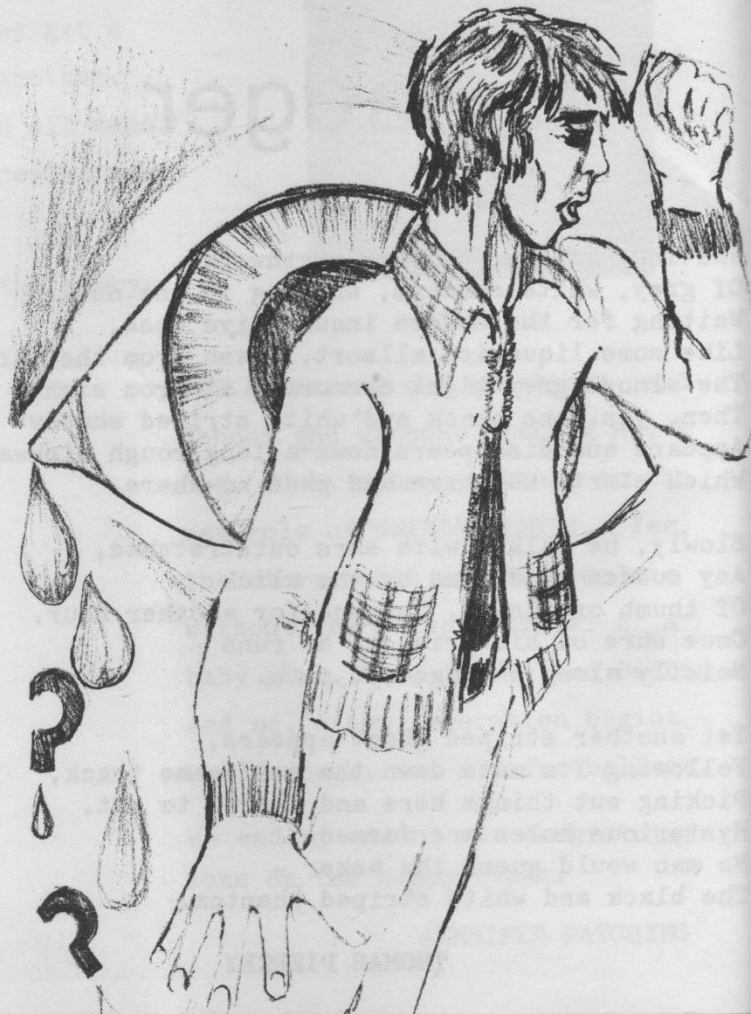
Maybe we're all insane.

Oh dear, there goes your officer,
Oh dear, probation officer,
Maybe we're all insane.
Stop the world, let's try again;
Maybe we're all insane.

There's only one left, and that's you,
So there's only one to blame,
For trying to plead your sanity,
We'll hang your neck in shame.

As night comes in, there I lie,
A sheet wrapped around my head,
Curled up, icy cold,
Blood stains on the bed.

JAMES DEAN





WHAT!
MORE?

Not till
1976.

Photograph by C.Roylance.