

From the point of view of the audience the play is fast moving and uncomplicated. Iago, embittered by the fact that an Officer, Cassio, has received promotion rather than himself sets out deliberately and callously to destroy Othello's peace of mind. The fact that he is successful does not detract from the beauty of the words and the nobility of the characters of Othello and Desdemona. Although the action is relentless and the end inevitable the audience become totally involved in the agony of evil defeating good.

Surprisingly the play is not depressing since the characters of Desdemona and Othello stand for much that is good in life while Iago, though clever, is more animal than human.

In this production Iago was played with evil intensity by John Neville and Othello by Robert Ryan, perhaps better known in cowboy parts but equally convincing as the great war hero who lived not wisely but too well.

"BOOTS WITH STRAWBERRY JAM"

THIS visit to Nottingham Playhouse was really something of a gamble undertaken by twelve, culture-seeking sixth-formers. This was the first time that "Boots with Strawberry Jam" had been shown and we knew very little about it. The critics' reports were good but usually this is very little to go by.

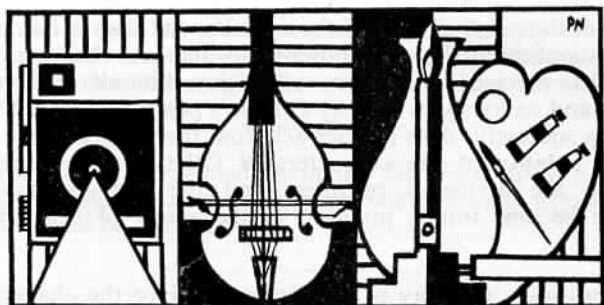
The theme of this jazzy-musical was the life and loves of George Bernard Shaw, who was played by John Neville. The co-star of the production was Cleo Laine with Trevor Martin.

The most outstanding success of the whole musical was, as could be expected, John Neville who played this rather unusual role with just as much skill and vivacity as his more usual serious roles. His singing though not brilliant was good and contained wit and a remarkable clarity.

The highlights of the songs were 'The Splendours of The English Stage' sung by Henry Irving, and here Trevor Martin (Henry Irving) was brilliant. "Higgins is not too Old" sung by Shaw and the title song "Boots with Strawberry Jam".

We left the Nottingham Playhouse very satisfied with what we had seen and the Playhouse had proved once again that if the production is good enough the same audience that liked Othello, or Staircase, can still like something at the other end of the scale.

J.S.



SCHOOL MUSIC

MUSIC outside the timetable this year has been particularly manifest in two choirs: a four-part one, comprising senior pupils and staff, and a trebles choir trained by Mr. Meakins, both of which sang at the School Carol Service. We have also started work on "The Mikado", which we hope to stage at Christmas.

Class-teaching remains, however, the most important musical activity, and nearly all pupils have one music lesson a week. The time in these lessons is spent in learning basic musical grammar and about musical instruments, in investigation of methods and aims of different composers, in listening to music of all kinds and in making music. The aims are to teach pupils how to listen to and derive the utmost from music, how to discriminate and talk intelligently about it, and to start to equip them for any music-making they may do at any time.

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motives of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted"

(Shakespeare)

D.B.

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

THE Society was formed in October, 1967, with the surprising number of fifty members. It was encouraging to see such an interest in a subject once regarded as dull by young people. To stimulate the interest speakers were invited to talk on the many branches of archaeology. In November some members attended a lecture at the Technical College given by Dr. G. Webster who spoke on the Roman sites in this area and their importance in filling in the links in our history; basically this is what archaeology is all about.

The first speaker at Trinity was our Chairman, Mr. Frost, whose subject was "fossils". This subject seems to hold the interest of the younger members who are themselves collecting fossils and Mr. Frost's talk helped them to identify many of their specimens.

Mr. Holloway from Cogenhoe spoke on field walking and ariel photography as ways of locating sites. His talk was illustrated by slides and he brought many small finds with him which he had found as he walked in areas known to have once been occupied.

Foreign sites were introduced when Mr. Raynor, the father of one of our members, spoke about Gedi, an Arabic site in Kenya. The climate of the region had left many of the houses and a palace still standing. Again slides showed the site and its environments and the place had rather a mystery about it, as it was apparently deserted for some unknown reason.

The last meeting of the Spring term was an experimental "Bring and Discuss" meeting. Members brought their own "finds" and collections and showed them to each other. This was a successful idea and will probably be used again.

The programme for the Summer Term was a full and varied one. Our meetings started with an illustrated talk by Mrs. G. Brown of Wellingborough about the excavation of Northampton Castle in 1961. Perhaps the most exciting feature of this project was that what started out as a very hurriedly executed 'dig' with little apparent hope of success, turned out to be so very fruitful.

Our second meeting took the form of a two-part lecture, again illustrated by slides on the Archaeology of Rome and medieval swords. Our guest was Robin Emmerson of Northampton Grammar School who impressed us all with his detailed knowledge of both his subjects.

In the middle of May we visited the Guildhall Road Museum at the invitation of Mr. Childs who was kind enough to guide us round the Northamptonshire Room and to allow us to handle specimens of local finds.

The expedition to Silbury Hill and Avebury Ring is planned for the beginning of July and will be preceded by a preparatory talk by Mr. Frost, as our first meeting of the year.

It is hoped that the Society, having made such a vigorous start, will continue to flourish in the next school year and that members will be able to apply their interest in a practical way.

ELIZABETH HARRIS (Secretary)

LIBRARY NOTES

THE Library has been expanded by the addition of nearly three hundred books recommended by Staff and pupils and has been more widely used. The First and Second Year boys and girls are enthusiastic borrowers and have undoubtedly been encouraged by the introduction of Library Periods into the Time-Table where this was possible. Among the new books are small sets of works from which extracts appear in the Comprehension Textbooks used in Years 1-4 and it is hoped that our scholars will want to drink more deeply after such sips.

New societies in Archaeology and Astronomy have been encouraged by the purchase of sets of basic books for their researches. There have been several private donations of books from Staff and pupils and we also thank the Admiralty for the supply of a few books on the Royal Navy.

The Library Prefects have given useful service in routine duty and after-school sessions for the preparation of requisitions and our best thanks are due to them.

AMATEUR DRAMATICS WORKSHOP SOCIETY

AFTER the success of 'The Pirates of Penzance' the society were tempted into a technically more adventurous production which was 'A Penny for a Song'.

With the aid of the Physics department especially Mr. R. Austin with his knowledge the society were able to produce a very interesting set of scenery. Our thanks are again due to Mr. K. K. Price who guided us and Mr. J. E. Brewer the producer who helped us to make it a most successful play.

The next production will be of Gilbert and Sullivan's 'The Mikado' to be performed in December.

M. DUN (Secretary)

DEBATING SOCIETY

THE Season began with a lively session of "Any Questions", which ended with a heated argument on the inevitable subject of Vietnam.

In our first debate an overwhelming majority of 31 to 3 did not want to perpetuate the class system in Britain. The motion that marriage is not essential was surprisingly defeated, and by 17 votes to 3 Britain emerged as a world power. The motion that modern society is degenerate was defeated and the society wished to make divorce easier not harder. Members decided that given an hour to live they would eat, drink and be merry, and our final debate, so far, that a woman's place is in the home, certainly drew the crowds and was defeated by 38 votes to 18.

On March 15th the Society took part in the Inter-Schools Debate. Our team consisted of N. Davies, S. Cooper, and J. Stevens and they proposed that Britain urgently needs a woman Prime Minister. They debated extremely well against the Boys' Grammar but the Shield was awarded to the Girls' Grammar.

The Society would like to thank Mr. Hartwell for his help and guidance and also Mr. Hill and Mr. Wright for their active participation.

T.H.S. STAMP CLUB

THE Stamp Club continues to meet regularly. Meetings are held on most Friday afternoons after school in Room 8. The Club is a member of the Association of School Stamp Clubs, from whom we obtain stamps on sale at all prices. At present, all of the regular members of the Stamp Club are boys, but we extend an invitation to any girl philatelists in the school.

M.P.J.

THE ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY

THIS Society was formed on the 6th March and so is clearly still in its infancy. Even so, at our weekly meetings we have dealt with subjects such as the planets Mercury, Jupiter and Pluto; Radio Astronomy; How to observe Meteors; to name but a few.

Our meetings have been well attended, averaging about twenty members. They are always very informal and members discuss problems and exchange ideas freely, regardless of their position on the school ladder. Members are encouraged to prepare talks on their favourite aspects of Astronomy and so far several have done so, very successfully too. One of the most novel meetings was when recordings of inter-stellar static, the source of Radio waves from Outer Space, were played. The member who brought them along had recorded them entirely with home-made equipment.

We are now in the process of compiling our own slide library and hope to have assembled a collection of 300 colour slides by the end of the year.

Remember, you don't have to be a mathematician or own a telescope to be a serious astronomer; or if you don't feel like getting frozen to death at nights still come along, you're bound to learn something. Our thanks to Mr. Timms for his guidance in our early stages.

R.C.M.

CHESS CLUB

THROUGHOUT this year, the school Chess Club has met regularly on Tuesday afternoons after school.

The First Division Championship was won convincingly by J. Walker (5R), R. Watts (3S) being runner-up. P. Denton (5K) won the Second Division, with E. Arnold (5K) runner-up. J. Walker also won the Knock-out Competition, beating R. Shirley (5S) in the Final.

In three matches against Towcester Grammar School this year, the T.H.S. team won once, $3\frac{1}{2}$ points to $2\frac{1}{2}$, drew once, 3 points each, and lost once, $3\frac{1}{2}$ points to $4\frac{1}{2}$.

We wish to thank Mr. Clements for giving up his time so willingly to help us, after the departure of Mr. Daly from the school.

R.S.

RESULTS OF "THE TOWER" COMPETITION FOR FORM REPORTS

THE following Forms received prizes for outstanding entries in their respective sections :

Upper School	Form 6UA
.....	Form 6LS
Middle School	Form 3
Lower School	Form 1R

Their entries are printed below.

UPPER SCHOOL FORM NOTES FROM 6UA

WE three, classically-educated individuals, who comprise this form, have been striving for two years to gain official recognition. However, to our indignation, we have been scattered and concealed among the economic genii of 6 U.M. and would have stayed there if we had not decided to put ourselves on the map (or in the magazine) with this report.

We would like to point out that we are the only form made up solely of prefects, including our Senior Prefect, who although still tiny lies on the rack each night.

As a group of three, we have been given several rather obvious nicknames including "The Three Musketeers", or alternatively "The Three Mosquitoes", "The First Triumvir", "The Terrible Trio", or plainly "You Three".

As individuals we are of mixed character. The first is a dwarf with an affinity for equally diminutive females; he was in the school play (he had only a SMALL part). The second is the class

idiot who showed his capabilities up a tree last Christmas and got away with it, and who says his aim in life is to fail . . . The third is a spectre who does not say much, but it is believed he is ticking over, because he was in the school play too (or was that a plastic replica?).

Now those of you who know us, and coming to think of it, those of you who do not, may consider that to study French, German and Latin at "A" level is silly; well we have news for you, so do we. However, it does have one consolation, through reading about Hannibal we do know how to kill stationary, or apply emergency brakes on rampaging elephants and that Baiae was lust ridden, which is information we shall treasure and preserve to the end of our days.

Pending the results of our 'A' levels we would like to thank, rather prematurely perhaps, all the teachers concerned for our success.

The Human Dynamo	W.R.
The Wonder Dwarf	B.R.
The Innocent One.....	C.A.

UPPER SCHOOL

IT WAS on a MUNDAY morning and all my AYRES were blowing about in a fierce WEST wind. All of a sudden I saw four VICCARs with WHITE collars and a coat made out of HARRIS tweed walking to NorthHAMPTon. One of them was RUSSELLING through his pocket for some ANDREWS liver salts and asked another one to OLDHAM behind the ASH BY the lane, where a boy was MANNING the lifeboat . . .

We apologise for the other members of the form we could not fit in this week. For the rest see next year's edition.

A. G. WEST and D. C. FAULKNER (Form 6L Sci.).

MIDDLE SCHOOL

Form 3 are a clever lot,
Who never make a noise;
We're always very charming
And it's said we're full of poise.
Miss Farnham's our form-teacher
And you'll often hear her sigh;
She keeps us out of mischief,
Well at least she has a try.
It's true that we are beautiful
But we're other things as well—
We're clever and athletic

And this is how you tell :
 Odette's a member of our form
 She runs extremely fast ;
 When entered in All England sports
 Her place was far from last.
 We'd like to say a welcome
 To Sue Wanless and Anne Beer,
 For they've become form members
 During this last school year.
 Don't let's forget our Donna
 She came from the U.S.A.
 But in July she's going back,
 After only one year's stay.
 Hilary's the clever one—
 In exams she's first in all ;
 The rest of us are not just dim—
 We have no brains at all.
 And now you've read this, sum us up
 And we think you must agree
 That we are just a happy bunch—
 There's none like us—FORM 3.

(Form 3)

LOWER SCHOOL

POEM

Form 1R are really bright,
 We work all day, we work all night,
 We learn our Latin verbs with Zeal,
 And only stop to have a meal.
 Our home-work's done with all due care,
 Ourselves from work you cannot tear,
 Even when soccer's on T.V.
 It's always Latin words for me.

K. HARTLEY (Form 1R)

THE editors have found that the standard of the general articles submitted to them this year has been very uneven. They have tried to select from as wide a range as possible, with regard to variety of form as well as subject-matter. The contributors are thanked for their work and the following have been awarded prizes for what have been judged to be outstanding contributions :

D. R. Baldwin (2S)
 P. Courtney (2R)
 Hilary Cornforth (3)

G. C. Rowe (4S)
 R. T. O'Brien (6LM)
 Jennifer Spence (6LG)

A THUNDERSTORM

THE night was ominously dark and still. The air, although it was well past midnight, remained warm and sticky, so that there was little sleep to be had for either animals or humans. Inky clouds, which had been creeping, almost invisibly, across the sky for the past hour, had now totally obscured the stars, cutting out even their meagre light. From far away came a low rumble, like the growling of a watch-dog. It was a warning; almost immediately a barely-perceptible breeze arose, setting leaves rustling, growing stronger every moment, until branches shook and old buildings creaked and groaned in protest. Over in the west there was a flicker of lightning—so slight that if you were not looking in that direction it would have gone completely unnoticed—and several seconds later there came an answering grumble, louder and more menacing than before. Animals crouched lower in their holes and burrows, birds moved to more sheltered perches, children pulled the bedclothes over their heads, and their pets made for cover under the nearest table or chair. Rain began to patter down like footsteps in the darkness. Lightning flashed, more viciously this time, and the thunder followed, rattling overhead, signalling to the clouds to unleash their torrents. The rain did not allow the wind to carry it along, it fell like so many rods to earth, beating down all in its path, so that crops and wild plants were broken and flattened. The lightning began to play almost continuously, alternately bathing the ground in a ghastly blue light and plunging it into blank darkness. Interspersed in the blackness came crashes which seemed to make the very earth shake and tremble. Hail began to fall, like small, sharp stones, ripping leaves from trees and bushes, and knocking soot down chimneys. There would be a blinding crack and a tall building would crumble or a tree would topple to the ground, burning with blue sparks. Rivers and streams were tumbling along faster and faster, rising further up their banks, whirling along the broken debris. Where the ground could not soak up the water fast enough, small puddles were rapidly becoming lakes, inundating gardens, fields and roads.

As suddenly as it had begun the storm abated. The lightning became less vivid, the thunder reluctantly rumbled away, the hail stopped, leaving just a soft mist of rain to float down. The clouds rolled ponderously into the distance revealing the last few western stars and the first, pale, gold fingers of a fine dawn. The rain ceased altogether and birds began to sing, the night forgotten, all that remained of it being a cool, fresh breeze, flattened plants, and a general wetness.

JENNIFER WIMPRESS (6LG)

THE LEARNER

She drove the car with confidence
And it was plain to see
She drove it like a veteran
In some exciting Prix.
The bold instructor looked at her
And hastened to explode,
“Now let's get off the pavement
And try it on the road!”

S. MARKHAM (4K)

SKY DRILL

I WAS a little under fourteen when I joined the Air Training Corps. Little did I then think that, as a result, I should be fortunate enough to have achieved some air experience by the time I was sixteen.

Each year, my A.T.C. Squadron goes to camp and this is spent on a Royal Air Force station. I attended my first camp at R.A.F. Topcliffe in Yorkshire. Cadets have opportunities to fly in R.A.F. aircraft, and the duration of these flights vary—some may be quite lengthy. I was lucky, for I “logged up” eight hours' flying time.

It was exciting to fly alongside R.A.F. aircrew, to watch the detail involved in their flying drill, to look down on the countryside below, and to pick out the features of roads, railways, churches, etc. My particular flights took me over the northern counties of Scotland, to the R.A.F. station at Leuchars in Fife and over the North Sea. While I was over the sea, I got a good view of the oil rigs.

My second camp, in August 1967, was held much nearer home—at Spitalgate in Lincolnshire. This station is a Service gliding school, both for R.A.F. and A.T.C. pupils, and thus, flying activities here were confined to gliding.

It was here, at Spitalgate, in the following November, that I had my greatest experience of all! That was the day I gained my gliding “wings”. The test for this requires a pupil to make three solo flights. Preparation training required me to spend numerous weekends at Spitalgate. Needless to say, throughout each of the preceding weeks, I looked forward eagerly to those visits, and to each brief taste of R.A.F. routine. Gliding was not the only attraction. It was always fun to meet the other cadets who came to train, and to spend Saturday evenings together, whether in the camp canteen or in nearby Grantham.

But to the Day itself—the day I shall remember ! It was a Sunday. I slept well enough the night before, but I could not help having some anxious thoughts for the following day. Would all go well? Would the weather be “gliding weather”? Would my confidence stay with me? Would my final “dual” flight satisfy the Chief Instructor (the Squadron Commander), before he would give me the O.K. to proceed on solo?

I need not have worried ! All did go well ! Although the wind turned out to be a little strong for ideal gliding, it was good enough. At eleven o'clock after my last “dual” with the Squadron Commander, I was ready ! He stepped out of the craft, gave me final instructions, a few cheerful words of encouragement—and a smile. Alone, I was at the controls—strapped in.

I signalled the launching crew that I was ready, and the glider sailed gently forward. Gaining speed every second, I gently pulled her off the ground by the use of the control column. Then I was airborne ! What a feeling ! But I must remember my drill—100 feet ! Ah !—I must pull back even more, to gain circuit height. I felt myself being thrust back in my seat and my eyes began to stream. 650 feet ! I levelled out and released the cable. The craft—and the sky—were all mine.

Now, in contrast, all seemed to have gone quiet. Clouds appeared alongside me, thick and white. Childishly, I felt like reaching out and grabbing some of that white candy-floss to take back as a souvenir. Time to make my first turn. Gripping the stick more firmly, I manoeuvred the glider, until I could feel a wedge of cold air supporting the wings at an angle. I then swung those huge silver wings round. Did I do it smoothly enough to please my instructor? Soon I should know !

More turns, and then the airfield came back in view. It was up to me now to pick a spot on the airfield as my point of return, and I did so. Increasing my dive, the Lincolnshire meadows appeared to rise toward me. A shade more gentle forward-movement of the stick and I was within the boundaries of the airfield.

I gave the craft more rudder control to align myself for the landing. Using the control column, I levelled out. The craft suddenly gave a shudder — then another — and still yet another. Without doubt, the tailskid and wheel had met the earth again. I was down, happily down and experiencing the feelings of joy, exhilaration and success of such a moment.

I could do it, I had done it ! With this mood of confidence, I went on to complete the other two solos required to qualify me for my certificate. By mid-day, I had gained by “wings” ! I was sixteen ! A day to remember !

JAMES R. SORRIE (5R).

A GREAT DISASTER

People move in trepidation
This is the fear of a nation
Why did the slag heap tip and fall
Closing in, a gigantic wall
Of dirt and dust and slag and grit
Inching nearer bit by bit ;
People rushing all around
People stumbling to the ground
Children crying
People dying ;
Still the black mass rushes on,
Covering,
Smothering,
Killing life
And bringing strife
And pain, as cries rent the air
Does nobody care?
Is this part of nature's plan
That so many died in Abefan?

HILARY CORNFORTH (Form 3)

THE TORTURE

WE walked into the building, wondering what was going to happen to us. This was a new experience ; we had been warned against going, but we had to see if what they said was true. An ominous shadow loomed before us in the doorway. He held out his hand. We wondered what he wanted. It was the pass we had been given earlier. We gave it to him and timidly walked in. We noticed a peculiar smell filled the air. We were told to take off our coats and hang them up, and to sit down somewhere and try to be quiet. After about ten minutes everyone went silent and a person, who I gathered was in authority mumbled something under his breath and all those around us mumbled something in response.

Then one of the victims sitting near me went and fetched it. At first we could not believe that anything could be so horrible. We did not think things like this were allowed any more. This was England, 1968, and surely such torture was against the law. When this was over another kind was brought and we were forced to suffer this. Then everybody came alive, putting things away and wiping up the remains of it. At last the person in authority came up to us and said we could be released.

On hearing such welcome news there was a stampede and we just grabbed our coats and got out of the building as soon as possible. As we were walking along the street talking about all we had been through, a fellow-sufferer asked me how I had liked my first taste of School Dinners.

PAMELA ELIOTT (Form 3).

THE SOLDIER

The dark grey uniform fits him well,
His army boots marching loud,
The soldier is hit by a Vietnam shell
The next thing he wears will be a shroud.

LYNNE JOHNSON (4).

THE POSITION OF THE MONARCHY IN BRITAIN TODAY

THE following is an edited record of a discussion between Sally Cooper and a member of our Editorial Staff.

Question : What do you believe to be the role of the British constitutional monarch in 1968?

Sally Cooper : The vast majority of young people today seem to feel that the Royal Family is a relic of the past—a glorious past, they would agree, but one which is no longer relevant to our modern way of life. I would, however, strongly disagree. We in Great Britain (and I emphasise Britain, not merely England) need our Sovereign. She is still held in high respect by a very large section of society; by a smaller group she is still even revered.

Q. : Yet, you would agree, the awe in which Queen Victoria was held is no longer present in the subject's view of his Queen?

S.C. : Yes. Blind loyalty to king or queen is no longer common. Nor is it to be expected. British people today are constantly being educated towards thinking for themselves; less and less is a rigid acceptance of the established institutions of this country to be found. Yet, individual monarchs are held in a much higher personal respect than Queen Victoria was. She was worshipped from afar; Queen Elizabeth is known and understood much more closely.

Q. : Yet there is still so much formality and protocol. Do you not think that the young are looking for a more modern image in their Royal Family?

S.C. : If you mean that they would then dress in Mod gear and drive around in flashy sports cars, abandoning all dignity, the answer must be no. We need a Queen and Prince whom we can look up to, who set us an example, who remain aloof, imposing figures, with centuries of historical tradition behind them.

Q. : Royalty in other countries, Holland for instance, have a closer link with their subjects ; they travel the streets on bicycles and their lives are conducted more in the manner of those of ordinary people.

S.C. : Yes. This would bring them down to our level, and in this country that would be suicidal.

Q. : Surely, the position of the Queen as the Fair Lady of legend, riding a white charger and worshipped from afar, but never to be approached is an anachronism.

S.C. : Yet it is just that which everyone is looking for, isn't it? The need to believe in something or to worship somebody is as strong in us today as it was in the peasants of mediaeval times. We, in our respect for the Crown, show our appreciation of the more intangible values in life—aspects of life which cannot be measured, have little practical worth, yet which make life in a materialistic world worth something after all.

Q. : Things to dream about, you mean?

S.C. : Ideals to think about, rather.

Q. : Do you ever resent the undemocratic manner by which the monarch arrives at his or her position on the throne? We did not vote for our Queen ; we did, however indirectly, for our Prime Minister.

S.C. : I think most people have more respect for a Queen than they would for a President. A President is a temporary figure—the Queen provides an unbroken link with the past. It is this respect that our people have for history and tradition which has strengthened the monarch's position. Among Roman Catholics, the authority of the Pope is enhanced for similar reasons.

Q. : You believe then that what attracts the average Britisher, young or old, to our form of monarchy is that they identify it with stability and endurance?

S.C. : Yes. That is the difference between us and the United States. The whole of the American nation, because of their lack of things deep-rooted, traditional and meaningful, has become disturbed and unbalanced. We are fortunate, therefore, in possessing an institution, which, in the past, has done more to stabilise our nation than any other. We should respect it for this reason, if for no other. The Queen's actual power may be slight, but her influence as a public image will be as great in the next few years as a monarch's ever was.

THE DARK CLOUD

Immigrants arriving,
They come on every flight,
But no-one is too worried
As long as they are white.
For black men are unwelcome,
That's just too plain to see ;
Unless they are all doctors
To care for you and me.
We occupy their countries,
Dictate, abuse, deny,
But let them venture over here
Then fierce and loud we cry.
"The danger's overcrowding !
They're stifling us !" it's said.
"Return them where they come from
Then they won't need to be fed "
A British passport's nothing ;
"Invalid ! forged !" we frown.
Yet the counterfeit seems so much worse
When the holder's skin is brown.
So be careful venturing abroad
And going in for a swim,
For if you come home sunburnt
They might not let you in.
"Not that we're really prejudiced ! "
Our Betters all exclaim.
"But should you wish to marry soon
Look carefully just the same."
They smile about the coloured folk,
"We've nothing against these ",
But secretly they'd much prefer
They'd stayed up in the trees.
Americans at any rate,
Are honest and sincere,
"We hate them 'cause they're different,
We do not want them here."
This attitude's contagious,
Yet we're determined to ignore,
That England's shown the symptoms
And this we must deplore.
The time to act is now, my friend,
To protest and persevere.
Or we'll never live together
Without bitterness and fear.
We must set a good example
For all the world to follow ;

To live in peace and happiness
 And look forward to tomorrow.
 If we can tell our children
 Against Hostility we did stand,
 To see the peoples of the earth
 United hand in hand.
 To see this Brotherhood of man
 Must be our own reward,
 For those who fight with violence
 Shall perish by the sword.

P. MILLER (6UM).

POWER

THEN, suddenly, he was there, in reach of it, in reach of the power that would whisk him away.

His heart bearing hard, he gently released the fuel control, the drink to put more energy and power in "The Machine". Sweat pouring off his forehead, he opened the throttle to a third of the way; gripped the starting lever and with one clammy hand fastened on the handle so firmly that only a hammer and chisel could have broken his grip, he pulled the lever smartly back.

There was a moment of silence and then a whine. He had failed! But full of determination, he turned, took a quick glance round and then pulled back again, rumble, purr, purr he had done it. Without hesitating he slipped the clutch in, pulled the throttle open and felt the surge of power, power, power. Just then he heard a voice, "Haven't you finished mowing the lawn yet?"

A. C. STURGESS (Form 2R).

CORRECTIONS PLEASE

I HAVE all weighs wundered weather, in these magarikeen entrees, you altur the spelling of the essays. I mean if somebody put "the see was blew" instead of "the sea was blue" wud you correct it? It's awl very well if you do but sponseing the person ment to spell it like that, you mite ruein his hole storey. So I have writtun this to find out.

LIFE AS SEEN BY DEATH

I see a field moving, heaving
 In a sea of blue, deep purple and red.
 Red—a house large, gaping, floating;

Red—flowers twisted, deformed, creeping, crouching ;
 Red—a person, me, thousands of people searching, seeking ;
 I can see all these things at the same time.
 I see life.
 Things dissolve, vanish and materialise,
 A tree, deep, rich, brown wood.
 Wood—a table, blue, yellow, big ;
 Wood—paper, white, thin, thick, green, pink ;
 Wood—a chair sitting patiently waiting ;
 I see all of these things at the same time,
 I see life.
 I see people millions of small, insignificant people.
 People—large, small, smiling, crying ;
 People—eating, drinking, sleeping, fighting ;
 People—walking, running, standing ;
 I see all these things at the same time,
 I see life.

R. O'BRIEN (6LM).

THE PASSING OF TIME

ENDLESSLY the grandfather clock ticks away the time, which no longer has any meaning. The gloom of the house closes round her. The dark, mahogany furniture and dowdy wall-paper surround her, seeming to shut her into a prison cell. The door is open, but she has no desire to venture out into the world. Every quarter of the hour the chiming of the clock breaks into the quiet, echoing throughout the silent house. Tim, the dog, stares dolefully into her eyes as she sits motionless, tiny and defenceless in the great rocking-chair. She gazes at the dim photographs scattered around the room. The memories of the years, both happy and sad, flood into her mind, and a faint, reminiscent smile hovers on her thin lips. The pipe which lay on the cupboard, for so many years idle, was the first Jack had ever smoked. The faded vase on the mantelpiece was their first wedding-anniversary present. Everything holds a memory, a memory of things that were and are no more. Slowly her gaze travels towards the windows. She sees the children playing and visions of her own children fill her mind. Her children, killed in the war, that horrible war. Suddenly she longs to hear footsteps, footsteps resounding in the hall, to show that someone still remembers her. Gradually, darkness shrouds the house like a veil. Her small world is once more encircled by the night, her world in a world, and the grand-father clock still ticks away the time. Tick-tock, tick-tock

JENNIFER SPENCE (Form 6LG).

THE ARREST

I hear the clashing of the armour.
I see the birds in fright dispersed.
Men come running.
Men come shouting.
The kiss.
A tear.
I smell the sinews struggling.
I hear the soldier cursing.
A drawn sword.
A pained cry.
The blood.
An ear.
I see the miracle performed.
I sense the wonder and the fear.

P. A. MABIN (6UM).

THE THIRD TIME

MY name?

I do not think it important for you to know. I am past caring what it is or who I am, for there is only one thing left prominent in my mind at the moment : I am drowning.

You are wondering perhaps how he knows this. The answer is simple ; I cannot swim and am sinking fast. I have just fallen out of a life-boat and am now descending for the first time. I do not panic ; flailing my limbs about in an effort to reach the surface could do me no good now. I feel desperately alone. I no longer hear the hysterical screams of the men and women in the boat. I no longer see the masses of people hurtling into the sea from the doomed ship. I am no longer blinded by its fire and smoke.

I feel, see, hear, smell . . . nothing.

I am alone. My senses have departed from me.

I believe I am now ascending. Only four journeys left after this. Yes, I am rising. I see daylight above me. I panic. I make certain splashing movements with my arms, all of them futile. What a fool I am to think I might save myself. What's the use? Slowly I begin my second descent. Suddenly, my lungs are near bursting point. I exhale. I try to breathe in. A heavy mass enters my lungs, a mighty weight. Choking. Panic again. Further frantic movements. I am no longer sure of what happens. I fall into unconsciousness . . .

Now I am back on the ship, being instructed in the use of life-jackets in the event of an emergency. My attention is rapt, as I cannot swim and would have little idea of the procedure to adopt

if such an emergency ever arose. Suppose the ship were involved in some accident, that it were to sink . . . but what a morbid thought ; things like that just do not occur on modern, ocean-going vessels. There is that official telling us that people always believe that accidents always happen to others and never to themselves. Yet, why should I worry? But I do worry. This is my first time on water ; I am the proverbial land-lubber. Just suppose . . . just suppose . . . I try to eradicate my morbid thoughts and play a game of chess with a strange, old, crippled man. He does not worry. I lose. I become obsessed by fear and resolve to leave the ship next morning, when she will be putting in at a port. The aimless wandering of the evening ends as I return to my cabin to prepare for bed. Heavily drugged with sleeping-pills. I lie down. My thoughts fly to the next port of call. Tomorrow I shall be safe on dry land . . . I sleep. I awake, as sirens rip deeply into my sub-conscious. People are screaming. There is, above all else, a vast hissing sound, as from a gigantic firework waiting to explode. This is it, the realisation of all my worries. I make an effort to act, to do something, anything. I try to remember that drill, intended for just such an emergency as this. I make for the life-boats, somewhere up above me. So many people seem to be rushing past me, shouting, pushing, trampling, in their mad efforts to reach safety. As I stumble into one of the boats, I find I am still amazingly calm. I watch myself as an outsider, as the boat is being lowered. I am safe. Yet people still appear to be leaping into the boat. I know it will not be able to take them all. Some are being dragged out of the boat, my boat, by those wishing to climb into it from the water. Suddenly it's me they're after. It's me . . . It's my boat . . . They're pulling me into the water . . . I cannot hold on . . . I'm in . . . I cannot hold on . . . I cannot swim . . .

Once again I am conscious. I am descending ; it must be for the third time. Not long now. My lungs are in pain. My eyes are shut ; I cannot open them. I am unable to move my limbs. I yearn for the end. This is my last journey—the start and the finish. My head is bursting. I am trying to scream. I make no sound. I am trying to see . . . white . . . black . . . nothing . . . Dead.

GAVIN ROWE (4S).

MY RECENT HOLIDAY IN SPAIN

ONE of my most thrilling experiences was recently flying, for the first time, to Spain, a completely unknown country to me. Our destination, to be precise, was to be Torremolinos, which was situated on the Costa Del Sol, but we were to land at Malaga Airport (Malaga being the Capital of the Costa Del Sol).

During my stay at one of the best hotels I've ever stayed in, I took a great interest in noticing the many differences between the Spanish and English customs. For instance, I noticed that in Catholic Churches in Spain, women never wore hats of any kind as they do in England. This rather surprised me, because Spain is supposed to be a strictly religious country. Unlike England, the shops in Spain opened at 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. and closed from 1 p.m. to 4 p.m., when they reopened until 8 o'clock in the evening. Buses were one thing that were really quite unusual. Everyone just piled on and when a bus was really full, I should say that there would be more standing passengers than those sitting. The night life in Spain did not start until about 11 p.m. and carried on through the night until the early hours. Cafes were open until the early hours and bars were open all day, so one rarely found anybody drunk, which in my estimation, was a good thing.

Another thing that surprised me in the way of fashion was that I noticed that mini-skirts had definitely not "caught on" in Spain; they still believed in wearing their clothes at knee level. On an average I found things to be far more expensive than they are here. The weather where we were reached about 75°—80°F. on most days, so it would be really overpowering in Season.

Last, but by no means least, the main interest in Malaga for me were the Easter Processions, and in fact many thousands of people crowded the streets of Malaga every night during Holy Week and watched these colourful and very impressive ceremonies. There were many people each evening in the procession who wore strange costumes and very tall, pointed hats, which together gave them the appearances of witches and was in a way quite frightening. The main attractions in the processions were the great Tableaux, which were decorated with hundreds of candles and the statues on the Tableaux were dressed in beautiful costumes decorated with pearls. These costumes were famous throughout many countries. Every night there would be about four or five Tableaux, so great that they each took about one hundred and fifty men to carry them on their shoulders. The men would carry them throughout the streets of Malaga in front of the cheering crowds. Every few yards, the men would rest, because the Tableaux were so heavy even for such great numbers. The most interesting of all was Good Friday, when all the lights in the city would be turned off and the procession would march in complete silence and profound darkness. It was indeed very sombre. The interesting thing is that after all these years of holding such processions, the streets are always crowded year after year.

My only wish is to return to Spain again, as I thought the place was marvellous and the people a very friendly race.

JANE ADAMS (Form 4).

ASPIRINS NEVER FAIL

A MAN was walking along the street accompanied by two pink elephants, ten blue cats, a lavender giraffe and forty, purple-spotted mice. As he went, he tried to shepherd them all along in front of him, but they were not at all co-operative. In spite of shouts, threats and pleading, they would not form a neat, tidy procession. Finally he became very annoyed and bawled at them, "Now look here, if you don't be a bit more agreeable I'll take two aspirins and make the lot of you disappear".

J. TIPLER (Form 2).

THE REPORT

THE following report is of a spacecraft carrying out observations upon a planet. The news was recorded as it happened.

Day 1

Planet five million miles distant. We are now observing inexplicable disturbances occurring in various parts of the globe. Some of these seem to originate from underground, while others are comparatively high in the planet's atmosphere. These disturbances are thought to be of atomic nature. Our seismograph is picking them up and we have discovered that if there are any intelligent inhabitants, they might have harnessed them for power. We must be very careful of these explosions, as they could easily destroy our craft.

The planet's moon is nearer than the planet itself, so studies are being carried out on its surface. We may stop to pick up a specimen of rock, if we are ordered to.

Day 2

The planet is now 2.5 million miles distant. Disturbances have stopped.

Day 3

We are now 100 miles from the planet's surface. Our powerful telescopes reveal that there are cities, not unlike our own, present on the planet. Intelligent life does exist. It must be quite advanced, as satellites are circling around the planet. Now we know the inhabitants are of a high order, we shall endeavour to land. But first photographs of certain areas will be taken. From these areas unusual amounts of sound are emanating.

Day 4

The photographs reveal the inhabitants fighting with war machines! This is taking place in an area in the east; also there is guerilla warfare in a large continent much to the west of the other spot. In towns and cities crime and violence is observed, just as it

was on our planet, hundreds of years ago. We must establish contact and stop their futile squabbles, otherwise they will bring an end to the world! Each nation has weapons of its own. There are good people trying to stop this, but the evil ones will vanquish them. We must help.

Day 5

We are descending through the atmosphere. Strange weapons are laid out below us. If they only knew we wished for peace. Close-up photographs of their arms are being taken. From these we may be able to destroy the mechanism which works them.

The people are shouting. Their faces and bodies are different from our own. They are really quite frightening. Our probe is extending outside the ship to determine whether the atmosphere is safe for us to breathe.

The inhabitants are preparing to fire at us! We must get away! . . . We're safe now. The motors propelled us away before they could fire. We won't visit this planet again. They must have thought the probe was some sort of weapon, with which we were going to attack them. They have ruined their chance of survival. Now we can only hope that they stop the inevitable themselves. They have shown that they are not ready for help yet. We can do no more for these savages on Earth.

P. WALDING (Form 4R)

A SHORT HISTORY OF ABINGTON ABBEY

NEARLY everybody who lives in Northampton will have heard of Abington Abbey, situated in Abington Park, but few, I suspect, will know anything about its interesting history.

How it ever became to be called an Abbey is a mystery, since it was never a religious building. It was, in fact, a manor house.

It is not clear who exactly built it, owing to the fact that the two possible builders had the same name. They were both John Bernards, son and grandson of Thomas Bernard, who himself had obtained possession of the estate from his father and his grandfather, Sir Nicholas Lytting Knight. Sir Nicholas was M.P. for Northants in the time of King Richard II. This confusion means that the Abbey was built, either within fifteen years before 1500, or in 1508.

The two oldest parts of the Abbey are the Elizabethan Staircase and a room at the foot of it completely lined with carved panels of dark oak.

In 1669 the house changed hands from the Bernard family to the Thursby family. Other land was given in the transaction in which the Thursby family paid £13,750.

Shakespeare is associated with the house on account of his grand-daughter, Elizabeth Hall, being married to the last of the Bernards to occupy the Abbey. She is buried in Abington Church.

The Thursbys held the house for 200 years and in Abington Church, the family vault contains eleven coffins, all bearing that name.

The Abbey was then bought by the banking family, Lloyds. They never lived in the house, however, but lent it to a Dr. Prichard.

Dr. Prichard turned the house into "The Abington Abbey Retreat", a hospital for the treatment of mental diseases among people of the higher classes. The Statutes of the Abbey printed in 1847 states that :

"The objects entertained by its founders are to provide suitable medical treatment, moral control, and adequate accommodation for insane persons of high respectability whose pecuniary resources have either become reduced by their ill health or are unequal to meet the contingencies of so onerous and painful an affliction as the loss of reason, either in themselves or in their families".

The doctor's work was carried on by his descendants until 1892 when Lord and Lady Wantage (Lady Wantage being the grand-daughter of the Lloyd who bought the property) gave the house and 20 acres of land to the town. The remaining 96 acres was bought by the council in two stages, in 1895 and 1903. The house was opened as a Museum together with the opening of the Park Bandstand on May 9th, 1899. Incidentally, on that occasion V.I.P. visitors had the pleasure of being served with tea and coffee in the oak room.

Apart from the addition of a café, the Abbey has remained in the function of a Museum right up to present.

T. REYNOLDS (4R).

THE MAN IN THE MOON

Dear Man in the Moon
How bright you are ;
Your radiant light
Seems to shine so far.
Dear Man in the Moon
Your face is divine ;
It is formed by round craters
Placed in a line.
Dear Man in the Moon
I must say goodbye,
As the deep red sunlight
Fills the sky.

ANDREW BODDINGTON (2R).

SIBERIAN TIGER HUNT

IGOR'S arrow sprang forward from his bow and sunk into the flesh of the oncoming tiger aimlessly. He cried out with fear as the creature came upon him and closed his eyes. A terrific roar rang out across the snow but the pain of the sharp claws did not come. Igor opened his eyes and saw a gaping hole in front of him; the tiger had fallen into an old pitfall. He realised how close he had come to death, either under the tiger's claws or on the stakes of the pit. Igor started to laugh at the fact that, although the tiger had meant to kill him, it had saved him from death.

He started back for the settlement but after going a few yards, turned back. Igor was hungry and he had not made a kill all day, so he spent several minutes of gruelling work removing the creature. He felt disgusted at the fact that the skin had been ruined on the stakes, yet had it been otherwise, he would have been dead. Igor then hurled the corpse back into the pit; he was going to kill himself a tiger if it took him all day.

Igor was a proud man and he was not going to return to the village until his mission was accomplished. Everyone in the village thought his pride would kill him one day and when he had accepted a bet that he could kill a tiger with a bow and arrow, they thought he was made to do it alone out in the forest. Igor no longer felt hungry and his thoughts were occupied on the tragedy of the day before; his best friend had been killed and carried off by a tiger. He felt a deep hatred for tigers and his only desire was to wreak vengeance on them. Igor had seen many men killed by tigers and he carried a scar stretching down his left arm, as a reminder of a close shave with one the year before. He tramped off through the snowbound forest.

Two days later he came upon a small lake, suddenly. Igor's eyes caught the sight of blood in the snow. He followed the trail to where, under a pine tree, the corpse of a deer lay — it was obviously the victim of a tiger. Igor's hopes were brightened and he started to dig a pit. The next day he had just finished the pit and was covering it up when he heard a roar from behind him. Igor's eyes spun round and focussed on a tiger not twenty yards away. He started to climb the nearest pine as the animal approached. When Igor had lodged himself on a strong branch he unslung his bow.

The tiger approached and walked around the pine, then suddenly it came to life and started to scramble up the tree. An arrow embedded itself into the creature's throat, but the tiger only

gave a roar of anguish and pain before it started climbing even faster. Sweat poured down Igor's white face as he fired a second arrow which hurtled feet away from the tiger. Igor clambered up higher at a frantic speed ; a branch he was standing on gave way ; Igor was left holding on with one hand. The tiger was only a few feet below and as Igor regained his position it swiped out at him, clawing his foot. Igor gave out a cry of agony and since he could go no higher, decided that if he were to die, the tiger would die with him. Igor's knife flashed as he plunged it with lightning speed in the animal's eye. The tiger's paw hit his side with terrific force and both started to fall. For a split second Igor felt a fear, which hid the great pain of his wounds, then oblivion.

When Igor awoke he found himself still in the pine tree, supported by its last branches which threatened to give way. Despite the great pain he was suffering, he managed to climb towards the ground, but before he was within twenty feet of the snow, he lost consciousness. He regained his senses several minutes later and dragged himself towards the dead tiger which lay, its back broken, at the edge of the pit. After feeding ravenously on the dead cat, Igor started to drag himself in the direction of the village. He tried to persuade himself just to let himself die where he lay, but instinct would not let him.

A party of several traders was returning to their village, when they came across a limp, bloodstained form. "Look !" cried one, "it's Igor and he's alive".

PAUL COURTNEY (2R).

APPOINTMENT WITH DEATH

THE antique clock on the mantelpiece chimed 11.30, Mr. Aloysius Pym gazed about him. He drew his rug closer about him ; it was as if some unseen person was in the room, something beyond human understanding. Had Mr. Pym possessed the power to see death, he would have observed a stooped figure, clothed in monk's habit, for death itself was in the room.

Death itself was waiting in the room, waiting for the next victim. Death demanded a victim at twelve ; he was not to be cheated.

As Mr. Pym gazed around the room he observed the dusty photographs, the high backed chairs, the Chippendale table ; yes, Mr. Pym was rich, but Death knew that he could not buy time. At 11.45 Albert the butler arrived, bringing Mr. Pym's nightcap. Mr.

Pym dismissed Albert with a wave of his hand and began to drink. He finished one and poured another. It was as if he had become suddenly frightened. He gulped down the second glass. He poured another. He stared at it for a long time. Every now and then he would look up and gaze around him, as if remembering some part of his life. At 11.55 Mr. Pym drank the last glass, stood up and stretched himself. Suddenly Mr. Pym froze; his hand went to his heart; his face became contorted with pain; slowly he slipped to the floor, dead. The clock above him chimed 12.00. Death had not been cheated.

DAVID BALDWIN (2S).

THE EFFIGY

Sun filters through
Lead latticed windows
On purest alabaster.
Its aura of light
Frames Death's still form
Of age-blackened oak,
Carved in pious slumber
Amidst shining brasses.
Crossed legs proclaim
Crusades in Holy Lands,
While battered banners
Hang proud heads.
Features, serene and calm,
Stilled by Death from
Anger, love and hate.
Past decayed to dust.
But he remains witness
To an age we never knew.

M. EVES (6UG).

ACCM 1968

EARLIER this year I attended a conference held by the Advisory Council for the Church's Ministry. This is the body of people responsible for the training of priests of the Church of England. The Conference was designed to help Sixth Form boys to see the relevance of the Christian vocation in all careers, but particularly in the Church. It was not merely a canvassing campaign for more priests, for indeed, all denominations, including atheists, Congregationalists and members of the Church of Rome, were there.

The Conference was held at the marvellous new University of Sussex at Brighton. The University itself was worth the visit and

the accommodation provided was of hotel standard. About 40 VI-formers, mainly from Public Schools, attended. We were split up into 6 groups and after hearing a lecture we would break up into these groups to discuss at great length and depth what had been said and to formulate further questions for the speaker. We would then meet together as a Conference and have an open discussion with other delegates and the speaker.

Our first speaker was Michael de la Noy, Press Officer to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who spoke on his view of what sort of society we would be living in future years. His lecture gave a very pessimistic vision of things to come but he admitted afterwards that he was trailing his coat in order to stimulate discussion. Nevertheless he felt that the technological age would not be the most beneficial to human progress in terms of culture and aesthetic appreciation.

It was against this background that our two subsequent speakers lectured. The second speaker was the Rev. Dr. Ulrich Simon, a lecturer in Old-Testament studies at King's College, London, and he gave a most illuminating talk showing how relevant a belief in God is in the modern world of Mr. de la Noy. The other speaker was Mr. Len Tyler, Principal of William Temple College, Rugby, who spoke on the rôle of the priest in modern society. It was soon apparent that Dr. Simon and Mr. Tyler had completely different views on the role of the Church in the 20th century. Dr. Simon opposed Mr. Tyler's rather horrifying picture of the Church having to secularise, and in turn presented an excellent view of the Church continuing as the Body of Christ and giving spiritual leadership to the community through greater emphasise on its sacramental and preaching life. This difference in opinion led to what, for all of us, was the highlight of the Conference—a confrontation between these two men in a battle of ideas. The Conference was divided into "Simonites" and "Tylerites" and provoked very stimulating discussions.

The Conference was very well worth attending and has proved to be of great value. I would earnestly urge all up-and-coming 6th-formers to seriously consider attending future conferences.

PAUL MABIN (6UM).

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A BUDGERIGAR

I'VE often wondered what our budgie thinks as he sits on his perch. The other day, by some strange miracle, I found myself looking at the familiar ladder, perches and toys from the INSIDE of the cage. My cover was on, which meant I was supposed to be asleep . . .

I could hear Mrs. S. moving about the room, tidying up as usual. When she reached me, she hoisted the cover off and yelled a cheery "Good Morning" and "Did you sleep well?" in my ear. Sleep well! How could I when she insisted on waking me up in the middle of the night? I wonder if she has any idea of how ridiculous she looks, with her hair in curlers, poking her nose through the bars.

After various other sundry comments directed at me, she left the room and I could hear her in the kitchen getting the children's breakfast.

When I'd eaten my breakfast of seeds, seeds and more seeds, I decided to take a bath. I was just beginning to enjoy myself, when in trooped all the children. I hate having no privacy, so when I climbed out I ruffled up my feathers (to dry them, of course) and accidentally showered them with water. That'll teach them to come barging in when I'm having a bath.

I was left alone then until dinner time when they all came in to watch me eating my dinner of seeds, seeds and, you're never going to believe this, more seeds.

For most of the afternoon I was plagued by a small boy with hot, sticky fingers, which he insisted on poking into my cage. One of these days I shall peck him!

After tea I had a little swing and played with the bird in my mirror. Before I was covered up for the night I had my last meal of the day. I ate, that's right, seeds.

Who'd be a bird!

ROBERTA HOLLAND (Form 4).

STUDENTS TODAY

Long hair and Beards,
That's nothing to despair,
Some a lot of wierds,
With flowers in their hair.
The Duke himself at Woburn,
Allowing to appear,
People dressed in flowers,
Among his splendid deer.
Demonstrate and squeal,
As freely as you can ;
The Senators, they feel
It's worse than Vietnam.

S. HAYES (2S).

A CAMPANOLOGIST'S VIEW OF OXFORD

A FEW weeks ago, we visited Oxford on a bell-ringing outing. The programme for the afternoon's tower-grabbing was set.

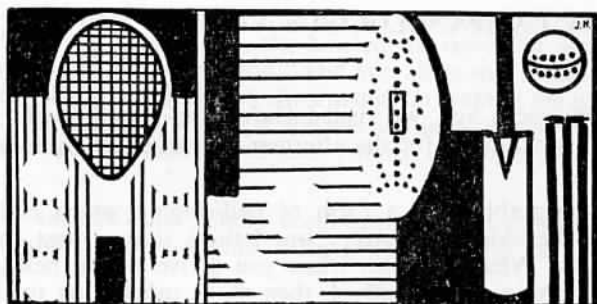
Tower-grabbing is a form of bell-ringing which is frowned upon by the older bell-ringers, but I think it is a most enjoyable occupation. What happens, when you arrive at the bell-tower is that you ring a quick method, then move quickly on to the next tower.

The first stage of the whole process is to pull the bells up. Before proper ringing can start, the bells have to be in an upside down position, with the wide mouth of each bell facing upwards. This is done by coiling your bell-rope in your hand and pulling. The action causes the bell to swing. Little by little you let out more of the rope until the bell is almost inverted.

Once the bells are up, you can start to ring methods. These methods are what one might call tunes, made up by changing the sequence of the bells rung. The maximum number of changes which can be rung in a tower depends on the number of bells. Each of these methods follows a set pattern, and they go by such names as Grandsire and Reverse Canterbury.

The bells themselves hang in the bell-chamber, which is high above the ringing-chamber in the tower. While being rung, the bells, some of them mighty giants of incredible weight, swing through 360 degrees, striking once, then swinging back again. They are prevented from going over on themselves by wooden stays.

The first open tower on our programme was St. Aldate's. Here there are six bells, the biggest here, the tenor, weighing just 11 cwt. Next we visited New College, a fine, impressive building, with a free-standing tower, which, as the name implies, has no church or chapel attached. There were 10 bells here, the biggest 20 cwt. Merton was next, then Christ Church, the Cathedral Church of Oxford, with its famous peel of 12 and the mighty "Great Tom" in a separate tower—mighty indeed, as it exceeds $7\frac{1}{2}$ tons. This great bell is sounded 101 times at 9.05 every evening, as it served as a reminder in the old days for the College porters to close the gates, a custom which is still in being. After a final session in St. Mary's we ended our visit, and returned home well satisfied. I am sure you will agree that ours was a most novel view of Oxford.



SCHOOL SPORT

FIRST XV

THIS was the best First XV ever put out by the school. For once we had a big pack of forwards who held their own in the tight and got a fair possession of the ball from Brown who proved a highly mobile hooker.

There was also good possession from the line-out and with T. Crane dominating and directing the game from the scrum-half position, varying his game with dodging runs, shrewd kicking and feeding the fly half most of the time, the team was going forward. When the other teams secured possession and attempted to open up, the covering defence and the backs were there to stop the movement, and it is pleasing to record that the tackling was fierce and uncompromising.

The only defeat was against Wellingborough, and this was only by 13—8 with one of our forwards Shadrach off the field. In the return game we won 12 points to 5. One of the most pleasing victories was against Luton 6th Form College where we won 11—3 and robbed the College of their 2-year unbeaten record.

Our biggest score was against King Edward VII G.S., Coalville, Leicester, where, despite playing about 28 minutes each way, we won 48 points to nil.

Daventry G.S. was beaten 45 points to nil, and Western School, U.S.A. 44 points to nil in the last game of the season.

The team trained 3 times a week and there was generally a satisfactory turn-out each time. Team spirit was good, and with most of the members there to form a strong nucleus of players next September, another good season is hoped for.

A. West was prominent with the boot and amassed over 100 points in penalties and conversions. Most of the numerous tries scored throughout the season came from Sawford, Crane, and Morgan and it was pleasing to see the three-quarters gain the

majority of these. A. West was selected for the County First XV and T. Crane, Shadrach and S. Gibbins for the County Second XV.

Colours were presented to:—D. Brown, D. Faulkner, S. Gibbins, M. Sawford, R. Sketchley and R. Thornton.

Full record : Played 17, Won 16, Lost 1.

Points For : 385.

Points Against : 62.

SECOND XV

THIS season saw the rebirth of the school Second XV, and although only 3 matches were played, it is pleasing to realise that a team could be brought together which had some knowledge of Rugby Skills.

The team played against Magdalen College 2nd's, N.G.S. 3rd's and Luton 3rd's. Playing record is Won 1, Lost 2.

I feel sure that the members of the team can be proud of their performances considering lack of match-practice, and next season should see a much better Second XV.

UNDER 15 RUGBY

P. 14, W. 5, D. 2, L. 7, P.F. 113, P.A. 125.

HAVING entered this age group as a team with a poor previous season, this record can be looked upon as a vast improvement.

As the points for and against will bear out, the games against the same opposition as last year have been much closer. In the town as a whole the quality of rugby has been exceptionally high, and we can be proud of players like Catlin, Markham and Wooding who played regularly for that brilliant Town Boys XV.

The team suffered from the fact that only on two occasions were we able to field a fully fit side. Illness, injury and absenteeism have all played their part. But in no way did this dampen the spirits, indeed it has been a most enjoyable season with good quality rugby and eagerness to train.

Always lacking weight in the front row and essential speed in the second row, quite often we lost by lack of possession for our talented backs. Deere, Fitzjohn, and Britten were always dangerous with the ball and a few yards of room to move in. I am sure that most of these boys will go on to the Second XV next season and be a credit to themselves and the school. Perhaps with the same dedication and spirit the present U. 14 side will win back the Collier Cup next season.

Colours : Catlin, Markham, Wooding, Deere and Wilcox.



1st RUGBY XV 1967/68