

### THE DEATH OF AN ANIMAL

It lay there quivering.  
Groans came forth;  
Unable to move in its pain;  
Unable to see for its frenzy.  
We stood and watched as  
The man picked up his gun to end its misery.  
Its battered head moved  
Now unable to groan.  
The man aimed and fired;  
Misery ended.

S. BLENCOWE (1K)

### DEATH OF AN ELEPHANT

The bull stood apart from the rest of the herd.  
He knew his time had come;  
He started to heave his massive bulk  
Towards the land of no return.  
His great power had dwindled.  
Each foot fell, tripping in front of the other;  
His flank wet with perspiration;  
Eyes sightless; trunk swaying;  
He lurched from side to side, trampling down the jungle.  
Tearing gashes in his flank,  
For flies to swarm and feed on.  
At last he fell; his eyes slowly closing; his trunk  
slowly swaying.  
And then all was still and the sun went down . . .

R. C. J. KIGHTLY (1K).

### THE DEATH OF A MOUSE

The mouse crept towards the mouse trap.  
Its eyes focussed on the bread.  
Suddenly a snap!  
The trap was sprung.  
Its neck broken,  
Blood oozing from its mouth.  
Screeching and wailing,  
The mouse tried to move.  
Lying there twitching,  
Its tail moving pathetically.  
Again it screeched,  
But all in vain,  
For its time had come.

K. RICH (Form 1K).

### DEATH OF A DOG

The dog lay there:  
movements getting  
Slower,  
Minute by  
Minute. It lay still  
As a graveyard in the midst of night.  
Black as coal it lay there  
Still. In front of the  
Warm bright fire.  
Its life slowly went as the moon  
Went.  
Its whimpering became quieter as the light  
Went.  
The air became still as the dog  
Lay there.

IAN HOPKINSON (1K).

### TO REACH THE MOON

The clock ticked on, the seconds dragged.  
The brave men  
Entered the towering rocket.  
Cheerfully they waved to their families  
Trying to give themselves some confidence  
For over a week they would be up in space!  
Questions were swimming round their heads:  
Was it worthwhile?  
Would it be successful?  
Were they digging their own graves?  
No-one knew the answers,  
No-one could tell for sure!  
Was the money well-spent on this mission?  
Could it be better spent?  
No-one would know till they tried!

PATRICIA HEYWORTH (Form 2).

### DO U.F.O's EXIST?

**E**VER since 1946, the year in which Captain Thomas Mantell of the U.S.A.F. chased "a huge ice cream cone topped with red" over Fort Knox and whose radio failed and plane crashed as he got closer to it, people have asked, "Are we under observation by another world?" This instance is taken as being the first U.F.O. (Unidentified Flying Object) sighting, although, in 1646, a book called "Strange Signes from Heaven" was published which recorded sighting of objects which may or may not have been flying saucers.

There are many sceptics who scoff at the idea of "little green men with television aerials sprouting from their ears", but if life exists on Earth, then why not elsewhere? And by elsewhere not just our Solar System (whether or not life exists on the other planets of our Solar System is a question that must surely be answered by the end of this century) but other Solar Systems, too.

Reports flow in by the hundreds but only a very, very minute proportion of them are true. There are a multitude of objects which can be mistaken for U.F.O's. Venus alone, a very bright sight in the sky, has been mistaken by thousands for a flying disc and, no doubt, will be by thousands to come. Meteorites, shooting stars, aeroplanes, satellites, sky-hook balloons, the reflection of car headlights, and other things have all been taken for U.F.O's. Only somewhere in the region of 2% of the reports are true but this 2%, without doubt, do not come from people attempting to get their names into the papers or on television. What they saw was a U.F.O.!

There are numerous phenomena accompanying real U.F.O's: car electrics, engines and such like have completely cut out on the approach of a flying disc and returned to normal when it left the vicinity; invisible fields have kept people from approaching too close, and those who have got too near and touched the saucers have sustained horrible burns; ferro-magnetic materials have been magnetised by the near approach of the saucers; radio and television sets have gone haywire; saucers have appeared on developed film even though the photographer had not seen them, and not appeared when the photographer had attempted to take a picture of them; and a burning ozone has been smelled.

Do flying saucers exist? I believe they do. Whether I am correct or not will be almost certainly proved within the not-so-distant future. Will the being be hostile?

The answer to these questions may well decide man's destiny. The government obviously knows a good deal more about it than it is prepared to admit, but something ought to be done, otherwise it may be too late . . .

G. DUDBRIDGE (3R).

### THE ROOM

THE room was a perfect sphere, about six feet in diameter. It was slowly swirling, as could be seen by the fact that the clear panels that served as windows were continuously showing a different vista. This was rather unnerving, for the watcher stared out on the silent, never-ending stars.

Two men were sitting in long, black chairs playing chess. But their game was of a kind never seen on Earth; for they were playing on a spherical chess board. The pieces, too, were highly elaborate, not just the usual symbolic pieces, but real little figures. A stern

king, a gentle, yet fierce queen, small towers for rooks, magnificent horses as knights, long-bearded bishops. Even the pawns were little men carrying farming implements.

One man rose and yawned. "You play for me," he said, "you'll win anyway."

He moved towards a panel of switches, levers, buttons, knobs and lights. He threw a switch. The gentle, yellow light, which had previously glowed all over the room, changed to a soft blue over the chess sphere. Elsewhere the room was plunged into darkness.

The man playing chess called into the darkness, "Checkmate."

He packed the chess pieces away and moved into the darkness as well.

The chairs sank into the floor; the sphere rose into the roof; the light faded; and sleep reigned in the room.

KATHLEEN DUNMORE (Form 2).

### MOON

**D**ARKNESS, dust and silence. Silence—complete and utter silence is the most astounding thing about the moon. Nothing moves to make a sound. There is not even a whisper as my weighted boots sink through the inches of dust to the hard rock below.

On the sky line, huge, grey, jagged rocks stand tall and forbidding against the blackness of the sky, lit only by a few silent stars many light years away.

Deep, wide craters litter the surface like a dented rubber ball. This is the moon, the dry, barren, useless, uninhabitable moon.

CHRISTINE BIERTON (Form 2).

### SOMEONE, SOMEWHERE, WANTS A LETTER FROM YOU

Throughout our long acquaintance  
I've proved beyond all doubt  
That letters I receive from you  
Won't wear the postman out.  
When he progresses down my path  
And on my front door knocks,  
No missive penned by your kind hand  
Comes through my letter box.  
And stationers would change their jobs.  
(Postmaster Generals too)  
If they depended on the mail  
Which comes to me . . . from you.

R. SUMMERLIN (3K).

## A VISION

It was strange—  
That evening when I looked from my window.  
A person was there.  
He did not stare:  
It was strange, he had no eyes—  
No eyes, no mind.  
Yet involved was he:  
It did not help to call—  
A wall,  
His mind was dim from sight.  
Did he stir? No.  
Did he speak? No.  
Yet words he uttered,  
Words that meant nothing,  
(I was wong)  
They meant something:  
The message he sighed,  
It beat upon my brain—  
Brain?  
No it couldn't be:  
It is in mind:  
His eyes transfixed to the clouds—  
Shrouds—No,  
There is no meaning in death for him,  
Yet still he looks into the darkness.  
Motionless he was fixed,  
Lost in space,  
Gone to a new planet—  
Planet?  
It cannot be, he knows damn well.  
Yet he tries to make it real:  
The end draws near,  
Heaving fear,  
Could it be, . . .  
Was it ever, . . .  
No one knows,  
It does not matter:  
Whatever he was,  
He will always be a part of life—  
Life?  
No do not laugh.  
It is all over,  
He lived for once  
Now he is dead—  
Dead?  
The meaning is lost yet gained,  
It continues:  
Who was that man, we all know well,

He is around all day—  
Yet never known  
Perhaps you do?  
Well quiet there is no need to tell—  
Hell means the darkness I face  
When I shut my window.

I. W. BATT.

### THE ACCIDENT

THEY come, seven of them; one lies down and the others squat in formation around her. They concentrate very hard. Suddenly, they are in a dream, or are they?

There was a busy road, cars in all directions. Then a squeal of brakes, a scream, and a crowd. She lay there on the ground, still and pale; her long, blonde hair lay about her. Blood had stained her lovely white dress.

"Who is it?" said one person, then another and another. One person had run to phone an ambulance.

A voice said, "It's Angela Ford."

"Angela Ford," everyone repeated. The ambulance arrived, the doctor jumped out and ran over to her.

"Is she alive?" was the question going around the crowd.

The doctor took her pulse and felt for her heart-beat. Everyone listened intently.

"No, she's dead," he said. "God has come to claim his own. Lift."

Then the spirit of Angela floated well above the ground. Hysterical screams filled the air, and we are back, back to the quiet place and the grass. Angela sits up, hand over face.

"I saw a ladder and a man waiting for me at the end. He had no eyes and you could see his sockets. His face was all wrinkled and old. It was horrible."

Her friends comfort her, and one says, "We will never try levitation again; it's dealing with the supernatural."

EUDENE TAYLOR (Form 2).

NO, don't go away! After a painstaking survey using up 555 sheets of foolscap we found that boys are given more detentions than girls! In fact, an average female form gets 15 a year as opposed to the male 85 a year. Since the school moved to these premises approximately 14,850 detentions have been awarded which means that all victims have served in total 1 year, 3 months, 9 days, 1 hour and 30 minutes.

**THIS IS JUST TO SAY . . .**

I have broken  
your best jug  
which was on  
the sideboard  
and which you had  
for your last  
birthday when you  
were ill.

I didn't mean  
to do it  
but it was  
so beautifully big.

NIGEL PACEY (1R).

**THIS IS JUST TO SAY . . .**

I have gone  
without you knowing  
to a friend  
in town.

You were probably  
going out  
with me;  
I've spoilt things.

Please don't worry:  
I'll have  
a good time  
anyway.

PHILIP MELDRUM (1R).

**THIS IS JUST TO SAY . . .**

The kitchen window  
was broken  
by me  
playing football.

Windows cost money,  
although I couldn't  
help it.  
I'm really sorry.

It wasn't a  
very hard shot.  
Everybody's window is  
broken sometimes.

MICHAEL CLIFTON (1R).

### THE TRAMP

'Lone on the path of death,  
The tramp  
Forbidden to stop or to camp,  
Banished from the place of her birth,  
Until death,  
Must travel on.  
The burden she takes on her back  
Is evil, destructive, and black.  
Somewhere during evolution  
Came the time of man's pollution.  
The weapon marred the Birth of Man;  
And now destruction in Vietnam,  
Israel's and Egypt's greed for power  
Ruin Earth's every hour.  
Across the dark ocean she rows  
Away from the faces she knows,  
Banished from the place of her birth,  
Until death  
The tramp travels on.

A. BODDINGTON (3R).

This little space looked lonely so we decided to fill it with a completely useless fact which nobody wants to know. Did you realise that there are 505,321 bricks in the structure of this school. Actually, we're not sure about it either, it's just an inspired guess—anyone arguing?

### THE PILGRIMS' PROGRESS

3rd-8th July, 1968

"... Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages . . .  
And specially, from every shires ende  
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende . . ."

SO Chaucer begins his **Canterbury Tales** and he kindled the same desire in ten sixth formers and their English master at Trinity last year. It was decided to follow the old pilgrims' route from the Tabard Inn site in South London to Canterbury, a distance of 56 miles.

The journey produced interest from the start, and a group of dockers in Southwark thought we were all student demonstrators, and were rather shocked when they heard of our intention. We all met at 9 a.m. outside London Bridge station and loaded all the extra kit we had brought with us into Mr. Brewer's car with the camping equipment. Each day we would make for a town where Mr. Brewer had previously set up camp. The evenings were spent exploring the area in true Chaucerian fashion and, back at camp, we had coffee and "community singing" after which we were assured of a good night's sleep.

The weather was marvellous. In fact it was often too hot for comfortable walking and we all had sun-tanned faces after the first day's walk of 17 miles into Dartford. We wanted to follow the Pilgrims' Route as closely as we could, which meant sticking to the main roads, but, one night, we camped at Sutton-at-Hone just outside Dartford where a farmer let us use one of his fields. At the request of Paul Mabin, the rector of this village held a special Mass for us before we set out for Rochester.

The journey to Rochester proved very monotonous as the only direct way was to follow the dual carriageway which eventually became the M.2. Once in Rochester, we visited the cathedral dedicated to St. William of Perth, and the Castle. We camped at Luddesdown outside Rochester in the grounds of a stately home. We had a mid-day snack en route and cooked a meal (in the baked bean and Irish stew line) at camp.

Several of the party went fruit picking between Rochester and Ospringe so that we had strawberries with every meal after that.

Blisters were the chief ailment and everyone carried plaster with him to deal with his sore feet.

At Ospringe we stayed at a camping site where there was running water, considered to be a luxury, and where there was also a wash-basin! At this, the last stop before Canterbury, the Ospringe bellringers rang a special peal for us.

The following day, the last nine miles were walked in the pouring rain until we could see the Cathedral rising into the sky as we came to the top of the hill overlooking the City, and then the rain suddenly stopped and the sun shone on the City—a memorable sight.

We went straight to the Cathedral and saw the place of St. Thomas's martyrdom, the event which had made Canterbury a shrine and had given Chaucer the setting for the **Canterbury Tales**. Later, our success was rewarded with a meal in a restaurant which wasn't too particular about the appearance of its patrons!

Saturday evening was spent in a City square in the shadow of the Cathedral, sampling the local brew and singing folk songs.

On the Sunday we split up and went either to Margate or to Dover.

A wet Monday morning saw our departure from Canterbury, after a breakfast of eggs, porridge, potatoes and strawberries. And we each found our way home, poor in wealth but rich in our experience as pilgrims.

ELIZABETH HARRIS.

**B**ACK to the spicy subject of detentions. During the year 1967-68, S - - P - - - m - - - of 5R was given an all time record of 8 detentions in one week. In the course of an unforgettable academic career, S - - amassed no fewer than 175 detentions. Surely an inspiration to us all . . .

### MY FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL

**I** CLUTCHED my mother's hand as I walked up the School drive towards the large, grey, stone building which everybody told me was called school. This day mother had wrapped me up in new clothes and given me a little satchel with a pen, pencil and a couple of sandwiches in a paper bag.

Just as I was going up the steps of the school I heard a sweet voice say, "Is this little girl's name Julie Blake?"

My mother answered for me as I was too frightened of the skinny, frail-looking lady who had just asked my name. She tried to take my hand but it was no good. I clung to my mother.

Her voice was warming but did not change things when she said, "Come, my dear, it won't be long to dinner."

Another lady, a fattish person, came to help. It was no good fighting this lady. She seemed to have super power. The next few minutes were very confusing with people, including children, pushing and shouting, and I was picked up and put down by what I gathered were teachers.

At last I was pushed into a tiny desk. It was placed next to a girl who was wearing a pink-spotted white dress.

At last lessons began. First lesson was building with bricks. The teacher, Mrs. Travel, was skinny with black hair going grey at the sides, put back in a French bun. Mrs. Travel terrified me, and as she walked past the desks looking at houses and shapes, she would give the naughty children a crafty tap on the head.

I had just begun to build a brick house when Angela, the girl in the spotted dress, took one of my red bricks to add to her white bricks. I knew she had taken this brick and with one more to go, I picked up the brick that was left and threw it in the direction of her brick shape. The next thing I knew the children were all crowding round with their great eyes open wide and their mouths open. I didn't know where to look!

The teacher came to the desk; I ran out of the room, down the corridor and into the playground. Hoping the gate was unlocked, I ran to it. In vain I tried to open it, but no, it would not open!

I felt a teacher's hand upon my shoulder: I was led into a room and asked to sit on a huge chair.

As I sat there I wondered why I had to sit in that huge chair. I had done nothing wrong, but I had run because of the children. They had made me feel guilty. It had seemed only right for me to knock down somebody else's figure. She had taken my brick, so fair's fair.

A tall man walked into the room. He asked me questions. Why I had run away and what had happened. After I told him everything, he laughed, gave me a short warning and I was dismissed.

When I got home, my mother asked me whether I liked school. I answered, "Not much," and went off to play.

JULIE BLAKE (Form 1).

**F**ROM the "Tower" of ten years ago—a debate on the Edwardian dress of the Teddy Boys; and a 6L Modern set of 3. Times certainly change.

### MY FIRST VISIT TO THE DENTIST

**I** WAS four years old at the time. My first visit to the dentist was only for an inspection but I was very frightened. It seemed it took us a second to reach the dentists. I clung on to my mother's hand as she rang the doorbell. A tall lady in a white smock came to the door. She smiled at me and then showed us the way to the waiting room. Before we reached it I remember walking along a big dark corridor.

The waiting room was horrible. There was old furniture smelling of wax polish, and one thing I remember was that there was a big coarse curtain behind which there was a sort of greenhouse with plants everywhere and there was even a stone figure in the middle; this has always puzzled me, for I never knew what it was meant to be.

When the time came for me to go in, I started crying and would not go in. My mother picked me up, and I started kicking. When they finally got me into the chair I stopped crying. The dentist then started talking to me and pulling faces, and for some reason I just started laughing.

After that I wouldn't have minded if he **had** pulled my teeth out. As we walked out I asked my mother if I could come tomorrow. But she said I couldn't, I would have to wait another six months. I only wished that all my visits had been like that one.

JACQUELINE MORRIS (Form 1).

## THE FIRST TIME I WENT BABY-SITTING

**T**HE first time I went baby-sitting was when I was eight-years-old. I had just started the Brownies and it was Bob-a-job week. I called at a house and asked if the lady had any jobs for me to do. She said that later on I could look after her little boy while she went out with her little baby who was only a few months old. Of course, I was very pleased to think that I was going to be trusted to look after someone younger than myself, as I knew I was still considered not capable of such responsibilities by the grown-ups.

Later on that day I went over to the house, and eagerly awaited the departure of the baby and its mother. As I found out later, I was to wish it had never happened.

At last the time came when the lady and her baby went. I was left alone. I thought that looking after a "roundabout three-year-old" was going to be a piece of cake. All I had to do was watch over him and see that he didn't do anything naughty, but, that little boy was a little demon. When I tried to talk to him, he wouldn't listen and kept playing about and running around the house. When I told him off for doing this, I was answered by a tantrum. After a while he asked me for a beaker of water. Of course I wanted to know what he wanted it for, and he said, "To paint the garage door with". At first I wouldn't let him, but after a flood of tears, and a lot of wails and yells, I gave in.

He went outside in the front garden and when I came out a minute later he was dipping an old paint-brush into the water and splashing it over the garage door. When I asked him if he was allowed to do it, he said, "Mummy lets me". I asked him to stop doing it as I didn't want his mum to come home and find him soaked. Apparently, he wasn't used to people telling him to stop doing things, for he ran out of the gate and down the road. I went helter skelter after him, and for a horrible moment, when I couldn't see him, I thought I'd lost him. But suddenly I caught a glimpse of him going up a lane. With a burst of speed I reached him, grabbed him by his hand and dragged him back home.

Not long after this his mother came home, and asked if he'd been a good boy. Smiling sweetly at her, I said that he had.

HELEN CURRIE (Form 1).

## MY FIRST GYMKHANA

**O**N Saturday I entered for my first gymkhana, which was held at Overstone Grange near Moulton. When I went to fetch Smartie, my pony, it was pouring with rain and I felt very down-hearted. Fortunately, by the time I had groomed him and got dressed myself, it was only spotting. By the time we were all

tacked up and ready to go it had stopped completely. There were about ten of us hacking there altogether; it took us about an hour to get to Moulton. We arrived just in time for the fancy dress. The lorries and all the noise excited Smartie and he became restless.

My brother entered for the fancy dress as a disc jockey. He had records tied to him. Even though we thought it was good, he didn't come anywhere. Everyone who entered for the fancy dress and wasn't placed received a consolation rosette. My brother came riding out smiling all over his face with a consolation rosette in his hand.

The next event was the egg and spoon race, and I had entered for this. You had to canter down to a person who gave you an egg on a spoon. You then had to turn round and get back to the starting line without dropping the egg. The first one back wins. I cantered down and received the egg and spoon. Then Smartie turned his head round and knocked the egg off the spoon. So I was disqualified.

The next race I had entered for was the sack race. In this we had to canter down to the bottom of the field, dismount, get into a sack and run back leading the pony. When the starter dropped his handkerchief, we cantered down to the bottom and I got into the sack. Before I had walked a few yards I fell over. By the time I got up again, someone had won, so I gave in.

In the musical sacks there were 32 competitors. In this event everyone had to ride round in a circle. When the music stops you rush into the middle, dismount and get into a sack. I did quite well in this, but not well enough to win.

My last chance of winning anything was in the stepping stones race. We had to gallop up to some slabs of trees and dismount. Then we had to walk across the slabs leading the ponies, remount and gallop back to the start. Smartie and I didn't do very well in this either, but we had good fun.

So in my first gymkhana I didn't win anything. As it was my first one I didn't expect to. Perhaps I will do better on Saturday at Hardingstone.

DENISE BOTTERILL (Form 1).

**T**HIS snippet should be quite illuminating (groan). There are 704 working light-bulbs in the School plus many new-fangled fluorescent tubes—and if you place all these tubes end-to-end and whistle through them . . . you'll probably be committed to an asylum. (The pun in this piece has been voted "Most Pathetic Pun of 1969").

## AUSTRIAN SKI-ING HOLIDAY—EASTER 1969

**I**N April of this year, a School trip was organised to go to Austria on a ten-day ski-ing holiday. This holiday was to include six full days in Pertisau, where we were going to stay at the Hotel Kristall, and four days of travelling. The masters (and mistress) to accompany us were to be Mr. and Mrs. Price, Mr. Williams and Miss Palmer.

We set off from School at 11.30 a.m., Friday, April 11th, on a rather dull morning. After a long journey to London (owing to the fact that the coach was limited to 40 m.p.h.), we arrived at Dover by train at 3.30 p.m., and all crammed on board the "Reine Astrid", our ferry to Ostend. The sea trip was very rough and monotonous, but we eventually arrived at Ostend at 7.30 p.m., ready for our evening meal at the Hotel du Louvre. By 8 o'clock we were on our way again, this time by sleep-coach. We woke up (those of us who had got to sleep) an hour or so before arriving at Heidelberg, for our first continental breakfast of coffee, rolls and jam. After Heidelberg, we headed for Ulm and the Bundesbahn Hotel for our mid-day meal. The last leg of our journey then began and we arrived in Pertisau at 5.30 p.m. on Saturday. Our first thoughts were about our ski-ing lessons, for there was no snow to be seen, except at the very top of the mountains.

Sunday morning presented a very different outlook, however, because about six inches of snow had fallen during the night. After breakfast we went up to the ski-school and collected our ski equipment. When we had all been kitted out, we started our first ski-ing lesson, which turned out to be a most enjoyable experience for many of us. We then proceeded to have two hours ski-ing instruction every morning and afternoon for the six days, except for Tuesday afternoon, when we all had a ride in the chair-lift to the top of one of the surrounding mountains, an experience which we will not forget.

The hotel was indeed excellent and we had some very tasty, if sometimes odd-looking, meals.

Our last day in Pertisau came much too soon. In the morning we all took part in a ski-test, which several of us passed, and received special certificates. That afternoon, we all trooped into the village to buy last-minute souvenirs.

At 8.45 a.m. Saturday morning, our cases were packed into another sleep-coach and we started our return trip. The Austrian scenery was completely different now, as there was about three feet of snow everywhere. As is usual, the return trip seemed to pass much more quickly than the outward one.

We arrived in Ostend for breakfast and then managed to catch an earlier boat for the return sea-journey to England. Because of this, we arrived at Dover, after a calm journey on the "Princess Paola", and consequently everywhere else about four hours early.

By 4 p.m., we were at Victoria Station, London, where we had to wait for three-quarters of an hour for our coach to Northampton. The coach journey passed extremely quickly and, on entering the town, various people started to disembark and head for their homes. Those of us who were left got out of the coach at Balfour Road at about 7 p.m. Apart from our excitement from the holiday, we also had one grudge in our minds. Why? you may ask. Well, after all, the next day was Monday, 21st April, the start of the Summer Term.

We would all like to thank all those people involved in organising our holiday, especially Mr. and Mrs. Price, Mr. Williams and Miss Palmer, who accompanied us and helped make it such an enjoyable holiday.

PAUL BROOKES (4KS).

#### **6th FORM DRIVING COURSE**

**T**HIS scheme is a completely new idea and is intended to give pupils a good insight into driving, up to test-standard.

It consists of a series of two weekly lessons lasting nearly a term, being available to students at a specially reduced rate. The idea is to encourage young people to drive at a time when they find it easiest to learn and to be instructed professionally so that road safety can be improved, particularly if conducted on a national scale later. To achieve the best results, both practical and theoretical lessons have been combined so that pupils can not only learn to drive but also become acquainted with details concerning the Highway Code, the law, maintenance and even first aid.

As Trinity was the first school in the county to participate, the selected students felt eager to set an example for others to follow and they have conscientiously undertaken the course with successful results.

Indeed, I recommend that if given the opportunity to take part in such a scheme, all pupils should accept because I am sure they will find how worthwhile and beneficial it will be for the future.

Many thanks are due to all those who have been involved and made the course possible. Now that the scheme has terminated there only remains one more task—to "shed" the L plates!

JULIETTE RUDDERHAM (6LG).

### SIC TRANSIT OMNIBUS

Should you ask me why the people,  
Of this noble, ancient borough,  
Stand in line on foggy mornings,  
Stand in rain and burning sunshine,  
Stand again in blinding snowstorms,  
And again in windy weather,  
I can only say in answer:  
Ask the Mayor and Corporation,  
Of this noble, ancient borough.  
They may tell you what I cannot:  
Why the Corporation buses,  
Do not come to take the people,  
To the shops, and schools and factories;  
Of this noble, ancient borough.  
Do they go on emigration?  
Will they come back like the swallows?  
Ask the Mayor and Corporation.

KATHLEEN DUNMORE (Form 2).

### THEY CHANGE BY NIGHT

**T**HERE are many stories of ordinary respectable people who change into other creatures at night and become unspeakably evil. How many of these are true?

Werewolves are one such kind of creature. These are men that turn into wolves by night and prowl about the countryside waylaying lonely people, who have to travel through a neck of the woods, or along a deserted road. In countries such as India and Africa there are also beliefs that men can turn into leopards and tigers.

Closely connected with werewolves is the belief in vampires. These are the dead who leave their graves at night to drink their victims' blood. Vampires were commonly believed to be werewolves in their natural lifetimes. They could also be innocent victims of other vampires who preyed upon them while they were alive. People who committed suicide were thought to become vampires, and by law up to the early 1800's a stake was driven through their hearts. This is believed to be the only method by which a vampire can be finally destroyed. If a cat or a bird crossed the path of a corpse on its way to the grave it was also thought to turn into a vampire.

There is evidence to contradict these beliefs, but there is also much evidence to support them. Surely, for such ancient and modern founded beliefs there must be an element of truth?

C. BARBER (Form 3R).

## CARNIVAL

THE street was dimly lit as the black shapes of people started to congregate along the road. A soft, buzzing sound was heard as the people started chattering to each other. Everyone was wrapped up in an assortment of clothing as the night was cold, and razor-edged.

By this time the street was crowded with cheerful, red-faced people, who were straining their necks and staring down the road for any glimpse of the oncoming procession.

Small children clutched handfuls of pennies and stared into the road with mouths open wide. In the distance cheers and laughter could be heard and, down the road, dots of light were seen coming nearer and nearer. Then, as the first float came to the beginning of the crowd, shrieks of laughter were heard, intermingled with the music which was being played and the clatter and jangle of pennies.

The street did not need any lamps now as the glowing colours and lights on the floats lit it completely. Streamers were thrown from the floats and water was sprayed into the crowd. The floats were depicting many scenes such as desert islands, spacemen and hippies, to name but a few. Masses of colour mingled together, flags were waved and balloons were floating high above the procession.

The carnival, however, began moving past without people realizing how quickly it went. The crowds started to part and disperse until only a few figures were left standing. The street was then void of anything except for the traces of the carnival and the dim lamps which were now the only source of light.

S. EVES (3DS).

## THE DEER IN THE SNARE

Two boys were playing in the woods  
Having fun while climbing trees,  
When suddenly they heard a noise  
And a rustling in the leaves.  
They went off to investigate—  
It was a deer in a snare.  
The boys said, "Oh how cruel!  
A poacher must have put it there."  
Its leg was swollen and raw  
It must have been very sore.  
They did their best to help it  
But their efforts were in vain;  
They could see it was past all help from them  
And would never run through the woods again.

DE FREYNE (1K).

### LIFE — A MOOD (1967)

I said to the moon  
(Who was going home soon)  
To the moon I said  
(Who was going to bed)  
Life  
is a reason for leaving  
for giving  
and taking  
throughout the whole process  
of the making  
of this  
and that  
while waking  
to situations  
and circumstance  
with the complication  
of luck and chance.  
Action and thought  
never do what they ought  
but however have some effect.  
The coming and going  
the puffing and blowing  
are truly a means of outlet.  
Life  
is experience—  
the longer you live  
the more you have seen and met.  
But a girl in her youth  
could well find the truth  
in herself, in her lover, and yet  
be set  
in the path to the key of fulfilment and happiness.  
The ins and outs  
the whispers and shouts  
the loved and in love  
the owl and the dove  
never to fear  
far away  
ever so near  
upside down  
inside out  
of breath  
crashing his gears  
oiled with tears and sweat  
because he can't quite forget  
as he swings through the trees  
with a knocking of knees  
up Mother Brown

then floating down he pierces infinity  
 like a white hot spear searing through his skin  
 each dive a lone diffuse soliloquy  
 expressing the voice of the sun within,  
 the energy captive in its power  
 released as dynamic active heat,  
 passive men burned black and sour  
 their latent state explodes to complete  
 the cycle of evolution—  
 Life.

S. W. HAMP (6US).

**I**NCIDENTALLY, while on the subject of French polishing, did you realise that there are 18,500 wooden tiles on the floor of the hall. You didn't? Ah! blessed innocence! Humbling is it not?—and to gain the gasps of disbelief which must doubtless now be sounding, two members of the magazine committee spent six months strapped flat on their backs to wooden boards after dislocating a total of 29 vertebrae.

### DEATH

His body was trembling with fear  
 As he heard the heavy, dull footsteps drawing near.  
 The huge, wooden door opened wide—  
 The little dog tried to hide;  
 It was no use,  
 He could not escape the noose  
 In the hands of the man  
 Who had first thrown him roughly in that jet-black van.  
 The little dog knew that his time had come—  
 His life on earth was over and done.

DAVID MALLARD (1K).

### TORNADO

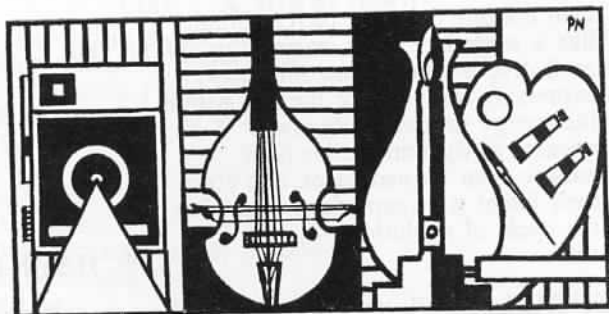
The sound of ripping, the sound of tearing,  
 The sound of timbers wearing.  
 The man at the helm, the man at the wheel  
 Are beginning to feel the tug of the sea,  
 As they flee from the ever-nearing storm,  
 As it comes in the form of a spiralling funnel,  
 As it sucks everything up in a dim black tunnel.

STUART CAPELL (1R).

### BIAFRA

Starving children lay strewn across the ground,  
 Their bones and veins bulging,  
 Bellies stuck out in pain,  
 Wondering if there will be a tomorrow,  
 For them.

PATRICIA HEYWORTH (Form 2).



### THE DEBATING SOCIETY

**T**HIS year the Debating Society started out at a lively pace holding several reasonably well attended debates before the end of the Winter term. As usual, the Society was forced to rely on a small clique of speakers and our thanks are due to Miss Lazenby, Miss Webster, Mr. Meldrum, Mr. Churchman, Miss Atkins and Miss Cooper, for going through the ordeal of speaking. Greater support for the Society would have been very welcome, but many other School activities occupied the time of staff and pupils who would otherwise have attended. Finally, we must thank Mr. Hill and Mr. Hartwell for so often giving up their time to chair the meetings.

JOHN STEVENS (6U).

### THE INTER-SCHOOLS' DEBATE

**A**S is the custom, Trinity High School entered a team for the annual Inter-Schools' Debate. The team consisted of J. W. Stevens, R. A. Churchman and Sally Cooper who proposed the motion "Youth is Wasted on the Young" against the Notre Dame High School. The School won this debate on votes by 42 to 36 but lost over-all to an excellent team from the Girls' Grammar School.

### LIBRARY NOTES

**T**HE Library stock has been increased by several hundred new books. A wide range of novels has been added. Additions have been made to the now extensive Careers section. The newly-instituted Suggestions Book has provided a useful reflection of the tastes and interests of the School, and, wherever possible, suggestions have been taken up.

The Lower School continues to make good use of the Library, as does the Sixth Form. We should, however, be pleased to see members of the Middle School borrowing more regularly.

The Library prefects have given good service; Ashby, as Senior Library Prefect, has been outstandingly hard-working and efficient.

## SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

THE year was started full of enthusiasm, with plans to provide a film for viewing by the Society at monthly intervals but, owing to a very acute lack of support for the efforts of the committee and for the functions arranged, it was decided that further hire of films was both uneconomical and unwarranted.

In the coming year it is hoped that a project may be commenced and we hope that support for the Society will be more evident in the future.

DAVID GEORGE (6LS).

## THE ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY

UNDOUBTEDLY, not long after you read this a man will be walking on the surface of the Moon. In a matter of time bases will be built there; by the end of the century regular scheduled services will travel between the double planet system of Earth and Moon; Mars will be reached within twenty years and will be colonised during the next century. This is not dreaming or science fiction material: it will, inevitably, happen. There is every reason to suppose that before you die you will be able to stand on the surface on the Moon and look at the great blue-green globe of the Earth hanging in the airless lunar sky.

All over the world people are becoming more and more interested in astronomy—feeling that they are involved in the conquest of space—except in this School. Support for the Society is really lethargic and it has thus gone into “suspended animation”. The reason for the lethargy is not easy to see. Perhaps people are frightened off because they think astronomy is a mathematical subject. Amateur astronomy certainly is not (in fact the secretary failed his O-level maths!) and is the only science in which amateurs are relied upon by professionals to supplement their work. In some branches of the science, nothing more than a pair of eyes is needed to contribute to research.

It is a pity that nearly everyone goes through life without raising his face more than an angle of  $45^\circ$ : when you do, you will realise what you have been missing.

R.C.M.

## CHESS CLUB

FOR the second year in succession J. Walker of 6LMI has obtained the “double” by winning the first division convincingly and by beating R. Watts in the final of the Cup.

Although the second division has not finished yet, it is clear that L. Alibone of 6LMI has won promotion to the first.

Chess Club now assembles on Monday evenings at 4 p.m. in Room 7. The Committee would like to thank Mr. Collings for supervising our meetings.

R.S.



*B. Allen and  
G. Harrison  
rigging a  
Class GP  
Dingy at  
Pitsford*

## **SAILING CLUB**

(Affiliated to the National Schools' Association)

**I**N the Autumn term, the School Sailing Club was inaugurated, Pitsford Reservoir being used as a base during the Summer season.

Initially, the majority of the members (who are drawn from all years of the School), possessed little sailing knowledge. Consequently, the club attended the Northampton Association's Winter Indoor Training Sessions. At these meetings lectures and practical work were provided both for beginners and advanced helms; such items as Points of Sailing, Rigging and Artificial Respiration, being to the fore.

The Sailing Season begins at Pitsford in April and continues until late October. Members of the club take to the water on Saturday, Sunday and Tuesdays of each week. Despite many a boat capsizing, so far no bodies have yet been washed ashore. However, although the season is still young, several promising helms are now to be found in the club.

At present in the School workshops we are assembling a Mirror Class Sailing Dinghy, which the School has bought, to further enhance the development of the club.

On Friday the 30th May, John Pragnell was fifth in the Inter-Counties Regatta held at Pitsford, and won the Northamptonshire section.

E.J.W.

## PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

**A**FTER a period of stagnation, the Photographic Society became operational at the beginning of the School year, largely through the work of Mr. K. Wiseman, who joined the staff then.

The darkroom was thoroughly cleaned, and to some extent re-equipped, and we have been able to obtain discount on any photographic goods we buy. Here it should be noted that any member of the School who is not a member of the society can also obtain a slightly reduced discount on any equipment they order through Mr. Wiseman.

Membership has steadily increased, especially from the lower school, and the darkroom is in use almost every day in term time. Every member has been taught to develop and print his films, and is then given the free run of the darkroom, where he is encouraged to specialise in his own techniques.

Mr. Wiseman has given some interesting lectures on camera technique, use of colour, and composition, as well as supervising some portraiture sessions, and it is hoped later to arrange some outings at weekends.

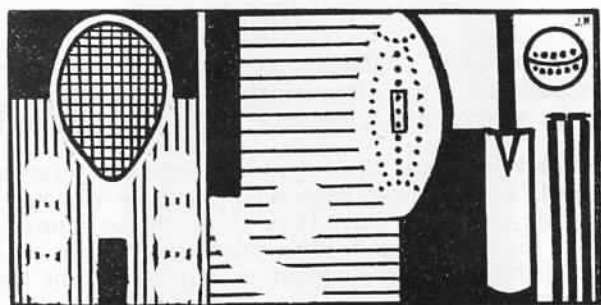
All in all the Photographic Society has had a successful and enthusiastic year, and we look forward to more equally successful terms.

P. LAWLEY (6L.)

## BADMINTON

**T**HE Badminton Club thrived during this season, and standards were high, but again there was difficulty in arranging fixtures. Of the four matches played, two were won convincingly.

Thanks are extended to Miss Lazenby for supervising.



## GIRLS' SPORT

### HOCKEY

#### 1st XI

**T**HE 1st XI played some good matches in the first half of the season, but after Christmas many matches were cancelled owing to the bad weather. The team did very well to come 2nd in their section at the Schools' Tournament, but unfortunately no one was selected for the Junior County team. On the whole the standard of play throughout the season was good.

Games played: Won 6. Lost 3.

#### Under 15 XI

**T**HE team managed extremely well considering the fact that some people were playing for the 1st XI. Matches had to be arranged so that the best teams were available.

Games played: Won 1. Lost 1. Drew 2.

The House Cup was won by Blakeman.

### TENNIS

**A**LTHOUGH the 1st VI had few matches and were not very successful it was through no fault of their own, as they practised hard together and the standard improved.

The House Cup was won by Mobbs.

### ROUNDERS

**R**OUNDERS this year was affected by the increased popularity of athletics, and a general lack of interest particularly regarding practices. As a result, the teams won only two of their matches, although again the Juniors showed interest and enthusiasm.

## ATHLETICS

**A**THLETICS became more popular this season, resulting in virtually a full team being entered for the N.S.A.A. heats with some successful results. Both the Junior and Senior relay teams reached the finals at the British Timken Grounds, the Juniors coming 4th and the Seniors 1st. Two of the three girls who reached the finals, won their events and were awarded School colours.

## NETBALL

**N**ETBALL suffered this year owing to so few fixtures and, unfortunately, teams became discouraged. Consequently, the standard of play was not so high, and an Under 13 VII was difficult to raise. Fortunately, the 1st years made up for this, showing great promise.

Results: U15—Won 3, Lost 3. U14—Won 2, Lost 5. U13—Won 1, Lost 4. 1st Year—Won 3, Lost 1.

The House Cup was won by Kelvin.

## BOYS' SPORT

### FIRST XV

**L**AST season we lost only 1 game. This season, although we lost more matches, the team proved themselves to be the best side the School has ever had. The reason is that they played together even better than last year, and functioned like a good club side. The forwards, with D. Brown hooking, got the ball in the set scrums. In the line-out, A. West and D. Faulkner were the main suppliers of the ball. T. Crane, with good possession from his forwards, was a thorn in every side against which he played, darting from the base of the scrum or feeding his fly-half when necessary. The backs were not brilliant runners, but scored some good tries and tackled very effectively. Rasman, an under-estimated full-back, made few mistakes and fielded magnificently and kicked effectively.

T. Crane, A. West, H. Cooke, Rasman, R. Thornton, Butler, D. Brown and D. Faulkner were nominated for the County Grammar Schools' first trial, and A. West and D. Faulkner were selected for the County 1st XV. T. Crane, M. Sawford, S. Hamp and C. Morgan played for the 2nd XV. T. Crane was therefore second choice scrum-half to P. Jaggerd, who eventually went on to play for the England Schoolboys' XV. D. Faulkner later played one game for the Saints' 2nd team, the Wanderers, and played quite well.

The highlight of the season was the concluding match against the Old Boys for the trophy presented by Mr. F. C. Wright. The match attracted good support from both sides, and after an exciting game the School won the trophy by 16 pts. to 11. It was presented by Mr. Wright at the Annual Dinner which took place the same evening.

T. Crane, who also plays scrum half for the Old Boys 1st XV when not playing for the School, was also presented by the Old Boys with a plaque for the best player of the year.

The full playing record is as follows:

Played 19. Won 15. Lost 4.

Points for—462. Against—86, which is a very fine record indeed.

### House Matches

As usual every year, these matches are very fiercely fought out, and Blakeman retained the trophy they won last year.

Placings were: Blakeman 1st, Kelvin 2nd, Burghley 3rd, Mobbs 4th.

Rugby colours were presented to J. Rasman, D. Clarke, Frost, C. March, C. Morgan, H. Cooke and S. Hamp.

G. C. GRIMSHAW.

### UNDER 15 XV — 1968-69

THIS is a tale of missed chances, but bad luck and poor responsibility to the team were much to blame. In a year when it looked as though we were to have a successful side again, all the training and practise by the faithful few came to naught when vital team members missed tactics sessions.

For the first time in eight years we failed to get a boy in the Town Boys XV; this was due to attitude rather than lack of ability, though Adams and Randell had a run with the Town Under 14 side.

We had a good pack of forwards in which Lewis, Kelk, Bremnar, Laughton, Bailey and Sharp were always winning good balls, but we lacked ideas behind the scrum. Randell took over at scrum-half and, towards the end of the season, was showing that he had all the skills to make a good 2nd XV player next season. In the backs we lacked courage, both in the tackle and on the run. Perhaps it is significant that the back row were our points scorers.

Having fought and played hard to reach the finals of the Paget Cup competition we threw the game away to a very good Northampton Grammar School side and lost 39-0. In the opening minutes the pack won all the ball only for the backs to drop it or waste the effort by bad tactical kicking.

In the seven-a-side competition we were hoping to do well, having trained hard and learnt much. All came to nil again when a vital player failed to turn up on time and we lost, quite unnecessarily, to Towcester in the first round. However, it was enjoyable to have so many boys keen to get into the side and we can be grateful to people like Davis, Windram and Woodward, who won and eventually kept regular places, for their persistence in training and willingness to work for even the odd game.

K.P.

### UNDER 14 XV

**T**HE Under 14 team initially suffered from a lack of confidence, and this led to a heavy defeat at the hands of Cherry Orchard. However, after this early setback, they quickly settled down into a team and some enjoyable and hard rugby was played.

Convincing victories were obtained over Wellingborough G.S. and Bletchley G.S., and we also had revenge over Cherry Orchard.

The strength of the team lay in its tremendously mobile pack. Well led by Kirby, they scrummaged and fought hard for every ball.

In the Collyer Cup we gained a very good victory over last season's champions, Bective, by 25-3; before going out of the competition very unluckily in the semi-final to the eventual winners by 5-8 pts.

Badcock, Cave, Ellston, Howells, Kirby and Sturgess, were selected to play for the Northampton Town XV.

With the obvious talent in the side, it is only belief in themselves that is needed. Then they would go far, and few teams would match them.

Next year we look forward to the team maturing into a confident, efficient side and winning the championship, which this season they let slip from their grasp.

Season's playing record: Played—9, Won—6, Lost—3.

Points for—124, Against—65.

E.J.W.

## 1st YEAR XV

THE first year boys are always interesting to teach and coach as they have never played the game before coming to the School, and very few have even seen the game. One has to show them what the game is all about, and after they have grasped this, and are enjoying a very informal game, to go back each time and teach them the basic skills.

By December, the team was playing well, and narrowly lost to Cherry Orchard by 8 points to 6 after leading for most of the game. In the return, they made amends for this by scoring 4 tries without reply.

G. C. GRIMSHAW.

## UNDER 13 XV

THE Under 13 XV had an excellent season. They acquired a sound knowledge of the game, and possessed the commendable qualities of loyalty, co-operation, adaptability and determination. A squad of twenty players attended the training sessions regularly, and every member was anxious to learn more about the game. The team soon developed a constructive approach towards the game and, as the season progressed, prearranged tactics and individual skills were fully put to use in match situations.

During the early season, we concentrated on the basic fundamentals of the game and, as a result, the forwards obtained quality possession, which inevitably enabled the threequarters to cross the gain line. The pack worked as a unit, and they were admirably led by M. Healey, who also proved to be a very worthy captain of the team. The most improved and consistent forward was A. J. W. Brinklow who, together with Healey and Grinling, produced some devastating back-row play. Owing to constant practice, the forwards were able to produce "good ball" from both the rucks and mauls, with the result that many tries were scored from situations in loose play, as well as from the set pieces.

D. Sturgess gave a good service to Mortimer at fly-half; and his orthodoxy in the scrum-half position ensured that the three-quarters had ample space for positive penetration. On several occasions S. Spanswick used his natural speed to good effect, and his place-kicking was also of a very high standard. Cooke, who joined the team mid-way through the Autumn term, proved to be more than a worthy member of the team, and his speed and deceptiveness as a wing threequarters, injected the team with the necessary "hwy!". S. Snook at full-back, played an excellent role as the last wall of defence, and his initiative in all aspects of play, was of tremendous value to the team.

Two convincing victories were gained against Northampton Grammar School; and the highest score of the season was against Roade, who were beaten by 42 points to 0. Other very noteworthy victories were against Bletchley Grammar School (22-0), Bective School for Boys (22-8) and Abington Grammar School (33-6). The team was beaten by Cherry Orchard in the opening game of the season (0-6), but this defeat was avenged before the end of the term, when they won by 8 points to 0. Undoubtedly, the highlight of the season was the winning of the Northampton Schools' Under 13 Shield. In order to reach the final, the team beat Bective and Spencer Schools, and in a very hard fought final, defeated Siponne School, Towcester by 3 points to 0.

The team, therefore, gave an excellent account of themselves throughout the season, and the high standard of skill and enthusiasm shown argues well for the future.

### **Playing Record**

P—13, W—11, D—0, L—2. Points for 197. Points against 62.

Colours were awarded to S. Snook, M. Healey, S. Spanswick, B. Gotch, D. Sturgess, G. Welsh and A. Brinklow.

V.P.W.



*Under 13 XV*

## SEVEN-A-SIDE TOURNAMENTS

**M**Ixed fortunes befell our 1st XV seven-a-side squad this year. We entered open tournaments at Llanelli, Loughborough and Aylesbury. The nine in the squad were small and skilled but lacked a speed merchant. This led to our downfall at Llanelli where we lost 10-13 to Cavendish G.S. and also at Loughborough where we lost 11-15 to Old Pavions. However, we learnt by our mistakes and played our game much tighter. We succeeded in winning the Aylesbury Under-18 Trophy and the results were very pleasing. We played 5 games, scoring 107 points and conceding only 15. The pleasing fact was that we defeated Cavendish G.S. by 13-5 in the final thus gaining our revenge. Credit is due to Faulkner for his makeshift kicking, Thornton for his sterling tight play, and Morgan and Crane for their half-back initiative. The points were distributed evenly amongst the team, thus showing their willingness to work together. Special thanks are due to Mr. V. P. Williams for his help and encouragement in good and bad times.

The Squad: Crane (Capt.), Faulkner (Vice-Captain), Thornton, Clarke, Curtis, Morgan, Sawford, Catlin, Cooke.

T. CRANE.

## SOCCER

### 1st XI

**S**INCE the School's traditional and strongest sport is rugby, it is difficult to raise a sufficient number of talented enthusiasts from the senior school to play competitive soccer regularly. This season the 1st XI, composed mainly of pupils from the lower sixth, played only three matches. In the first of these the School were beaten by a combined first and second XI from Northampton Grammar School, but gained some consolation later in the season when, after losing 3-1 at half-time, they rallied strongly in the second half and won by five goals to three. Griffin scored a hat-trick. The third match was narrowly lost to Wellingborough Grammar Technical School.

Mobbs was outstanding in these matches and was selected to represent the County XI.

### U15 and U13

**I**N the younger age groups support and enthusiasm are abundant, promising much for the future. U13 and U15 soccer clubs were formed and these played and trained entirely out of School time.

Teams were entered in the Town Inter-Schools' Six-a-side Knock-out competition at Cherry Orchard School. The U15 team, composed mainly of third formers, were lacking in size and