

THE TOWER

The Magazine of the
Northampton Trinity Grammar School

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JULY, 1970

THIS CHANGING SCHOOL

By P. J. HARRIS, *Deputy Headmaster*

FOR the first time since 1945 this school will have no intake of pupils at 11+ in September 1970 or 1971. Our Lower School, as we know it today, will have disappeared. After this interim break, a comprehensive pattern of education will be established in this school, as in the other Borough Grammar Schools, from September 1972 onwards. It now seems to have become national policy to abolish selection at 11+ for secondary schools; our own local authority has fallen into line with this policy.

Education in Northampton is to be re-organised on the basis of a three-tier system:—

5- 9 years	First Schools
9-13 years	Middle Schools
13-18 years	Upper Schools

In order to do this and to accommodate the increased numbers from the planned Development Area of Northampton, new schools are being built and others extended. We ourselves face a period of reorganisation for the next five years, whilst these projects are put in hand.

The three local Grammar schools will continue to operate as they do today, taking the General Certificate of Education at 'O' and 'A' levels and C.S.E. examinations, but for the next twelve months the number of pupils will fall considerably because of the absence of 1st and 2nd forms. In September 1972 they will receive a large number of pupils at 13+ from the town's newly-formed Middle Schools.

At Trinity Grammar School the number of pupils in September 1970 will be about 680 and in September 1971 will fall by another 100. In 1972, however, there will be a rise to 750-780 as we take in the 13+ pupils mentioned above.

The Sixth Form is growing continually and it is probable that the next five years it will increase in size to about 275. The content of 6th Form courses is altering too. This year, for example, we have introduced sociology, as a new subject, into the Sixth Form course.

On the Physical Education side, the Sixth Form not only play Rugby Football but also Golf, Lacrosse, Hockey, Association Football, Squash and various forms of athletics.

Even in the examinations we find a change of technique. Essay-type answers are no longer required in certain subjects; the demands of computers must be satisfied—we must conform with the new policies.

Change, then, appears to be with us; we must do all we can to see that the changes we implement are for the better. We do not wish to see, nor do we expect to see, a decline in educational standards in this school of which we are justifiably proud.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THANKS to contributors for making the effort, even if their articles do not appear in print; the committee for their valuable suggestions, application and determination; the hard-working typists; and all those involved in the magazine in any way, particularly if their work is unseen. Apologies to all those who wrote reports for the proposed 'Around the Forms' section. Lack of space made their use impracticable and it was decided to abandon all rather than select one or two articles.

ALDERMAN FREDERICK TOLLIT

THIS year Mr. Tollit, our Chairman of Governors for the last thirteen years, retired from public life.

Mr. Tollit's life serves as an example to our young people of what may be achieved by dedication and hard work. At the age of thirteen, he was obliged to leave school, where he had shown an interest in art and writing, to "help the family purse". In a time of massive unemployment, he was given a post in the boot-and-shoe industry, with a wage of five shillings a week. He left the industry as a foreman, in order to do insurance work, where he became active in his local trade union, soon to become president and, later, secretary.



Mr. Tollit first became interested in education when he was invited to become a member of the Borough Education Committee in 1940. As a result of a number of years' research into educational policy, he advocated a scheme of comprehensive education long before it became government policy and he has always been a staunch supporter of co-education. In 1945, Mr. Tollit was elected to the Borough Council, a seat he held until he became Alderman in 1955. His role as Councillor has been to combat injustice (as local teachers can well testify) and to improve social conditions.

Mr. Tollit first became associated with Trinity in 1956, when he became a member of the Governing Body. The following year he was made Chairman of Governors, the position he held until his retirement this year. Throughout his period of office he has taken pleasure in the school's steady growth, and its development into an established grammar school. His hope for the school in the future is to see it play a full and successful part in a scheme of education organised on a fully comprehensive basis.

We wish sincerely to thank Mr. Tollit for his services to the school and his concern for its welfare over the last fourteen years; we wish him the good health to enable him to enjoy an active and happy retirement which, we feel, he has well earned, both as a member of the Governing Body, and as Chairman of Governors.

The School extends a welcome to its new Chairman of Governors, Councillor H. Fruish; Vice-Chairman, Miss P. Hennings, M.B.E.; and Governing Body, which comprises Alderman K. R. Pearson, Mrs. J. B. Corrin, J.P., Mr. A. J. Smart, Mr. J. R. Dove, F.A.C., A.T.I.I., Mr. R. F. Ledger, and Mr. R. Spencer.

NEWS AND NOTES

THE school extends a welcome to all members of staff who joined us during the past academic year, and is sorry to say farewell to Mr. Hill, who is to become Head of French at Bective; Mr. Austin, Head of Science at Daventry; Mr. Smith, Head of English at a school in Peterborough; Miss Collins who is also moving to Peterborough, and Miss Strover who is going to teach in Berkshire; Mr. Wiseman who is returning to his native Lancashire; Mr. Bishop who is launching himself into the world of big business; Mr. Hodson who is returning to his law studies; and Mr. West who is moving to the north to teach and play Rugby League for Wakefield Trinity. Our best wishes for the future go with them.

Congratulations to Mr. Smith and his wife on the birth of their second son, Daniel; Mr. Joy and his wife on the birth of their second daughter, Lara.

Congratulations, also, to Mr. and Mrs. Newton; Mr. and Mrs. Wiseman who were married last summer; and Mr. and Mrs. Hodson who were married in December. Best wishes to Miss Collins, Mr. Hutchinson, and Mr. West, all of whom are to be married this summer.

The Annual Carol Service at the end of the autumn term was conducted by the Rev. D. H. Palmer of Holy Trinity Church, and lessons were read by members of the school.

Just before Christmas the school presented a concert of musical, gymnastic, and dance items in the school hall.

Throughout the year the school has collected for a number of charities, and bought a Talking Book, 'Seven League Books' by Wendy Myers, for use by the blind. This was dedicated in a moving ceremony in the school hall to Elizabeth Howes who died so tragically early in the school year. The Elizabeth Howes Memorial Prize, kindly donated to the school by Mr. and Mrs. Howes in memory of their daughter, was awarded to G. K. Bignell (4R) and Janice Tipler (Form 4).

The Timken Essay prize was won by Walker of 6 U.M. Patricia Tate of 6U.S. won a prize in the Mayoral Essay competition for Grammar Schools.

A proposed 'Letter to the Editor' section for the magazine had to be abandoned because of a general lack of response from the school as a whole.

Two hot-drinks vending machines have been installed in school for the use of pupils.

The 6th Form Driving Instruction course continues successfully.

The school has enthusiastically welcomed the greater participation of staff in sporting events (Cricket, Soccer, Rugby, Tug o' War) and hopes the spirit engendered by these activities continues.

The English Department organised theatre visits to "When thou art King" at Stratford; "The White Devil" at the Old Vic, London; "The Alchemist" and "Huckleberry Finn" at the Notting-ham Playhouse; "Richard II" at the Alexandra, Birmingham; and "Hamlet" at Birmingham Repertory Theatre.

Four members of the School reached the finals of the schools National Table-Tennis Tournament (an article appears elsewhere in this issue).

Patricia Heyworth and Colleen French, both of Form 3, and S. W. Spanswick of 3E have been selected to represent the county in the All-England Schools Sports in the 800 metres, 200 metres and 100 metres respectively, to be held at Solihull in July.

C. Morgan was a trialist for the England U-19 Rugby XV and was selected to be travelling reserve.

THE GODS OF THE TOWER

WE hope the first formers will read this because a certain Master, who wishes to remain anonymous but who currently takes us for English—he will be so proud—assures us that they will laugh at anything. Come to think of it, most of the VI formers are like that.

The Prologue

We would like to enlighten you poor people who labour so intensely on your offerings for the “Tower” magazine just who consigned your offerings to the bin. We ask you what kind of human beings can these be who dismiss your hours of labour with such ease. So we have written for you an exposé on these cremators of literary art.

The Villains

Our starting point is with Mary Jones; well, why not? This is our Irish compatriot who, joining us this year from Saint Mary’s, has the blatant cheek to sit upon a panel, judging the *English Language* which she never uses, anyway. Well, we ask you, what more do you want?

Our next stop is with David Berridge or Bez to his friends, but whether we will count amongst them after this is extremely doubtful. It is very strongly rumoured—and who are we to dispute it?—that Dave can hit the school gardener with a discus from 130 yards and on occasion we are assured he has done it. So we hardly think it fitting that a guy who should now be in gaol for grievous bodily harm, should be at large and empowered to cast critical judgement on our stupendous works of English Literature.

Third in order of merit, comes one Susan Kilsby, the red-haired bombshell who exploded upon us from we know not where but who shows a keen interest in Rugby and who, for this reason, we feel should be immediately disqualified from serving on any committee which pretends to be sane.

Now we come to the old-timers and, as we believe in male superiority, we see fit to deal with John Wooding first. Six years of

Trinity Grammar School have taken their toll of John, this once fine specimen of the male sex but who somehow even now manages sub 24 seconds for the 200 metres, but the authors assure the readers that this is sheer luck and John, believe it or not, shows even less appreciation for the English Language than he shows skill on the athletics field.

Now we come to you, Lynne Glover, last but far from least. We hasten to point out that six years at T.G.S. have left you with a kind of devilish cunning which would allow you to tear up this and many other scrips of great literary value, with glee.

These fine fiends are guided by Mr. Hutchinson, whose activities on football fields do not bear thinking about, and Mr. Brewer, who still wishes to remain anonymous, and who tells us our work should be balanced and should not entirely "knock the system", so even though it hurts we are forced to say that a great deal of work goes into the magazine while they drink numerous cups of tea.

JOHN DEERE
STEVE STRATFORD

SPEECH DAY—THURSDAY, 12th MARCH 1970

THE guest speaker at this year's Speech Day was Mr. C. Sayer, M.A. (Cantab.), the Technical Director of the Central Council for Physical Recreation and the Deputy Director of the Sports Council, who was comprehensively introduced by Alderman Tollit in his opening remarks.

The Headmaster followed with his annual report. He warmly welcomed Mr. Sayer and the other guests. He mentioned the larger roll of the school and particularly of the 6th Form. He talked about extra-curricular activities and stressed the hard work done by teachers in such activities.

Next came the advent of a new section of Speech Day—the reading of the Annual Sports reports. They were read by Suzanne de la Mare for the girls and Chris Morgan for the boys. The increased involvement of pupils on this occasion is an innovation to be welcomed.

Alderman Tollit then introduced Mr. Sayer, who spoke predominantly about physical education. He said a school without physical education could not be imagined. No one need worry about not being good at sport and that practice and success (even limited) in physical education gives a great feeling of achievement. He said it was a natural instinct to play and it was good to make children enjoy contributing to the educational field of endeavour. He also said everyone must try to take part in recreational activities, as these will help so much against the pressures of life.

The Mayor's wife, Mrs. J. Poole, then presented the prizes and the Mayor gave a lively vote of thanks which was seconded by the Head Boy.

R.A.O.

THE LOOSCO AMSTERDAM INFANT VENTILATOR

THIS most generous gift from the School to the Hospital has been put to good use during its first year. It is a great advance in the care of babies and young children and a very welcome addition to our equipment.

The Ventilator's usefulness in the care of the newborn baby has often been stressed, but it is equally useful for children up to the age of about three years; in fact our Ventilator has been used as often by young children as by the newborn. Not every little patient has been cured, but the use of the Ventilator has always given hope to both staff and parents when it was badly needed. If a suitable occasion arises, it is hoped to arrange a visit from the school to see the Ventilator in use.

The Hospital has expressed its formal thanks to the School, so may this be an informal message from the babies and children of Northampton: "Thank you!"

A.B.L.

NIRVANA

The cessation of pain, of Life,
Leading to
Consciousness;
Exclusive awareness of rest and peace
Passionless;
The flame of desire extinguished,
This is the Deliverance
From the shackles of the body;
The breaking of the curse,
The end of Karma,
Nirvana.

LYNN TARRY (Form 5)

THE MATCH

The heat of the Match
Bright and beaming
Like a torch burning fire
The flame like a mountain peak
Top, white and gleaming.

The match like a rainbow
Colours yellow, orange, and red
Lines the sky with brilliance
A pot of gold yellow, red and orange.

The burnt out end of a match
A negro head black
The fumes smell, of rotten eggs
And lift from match to sky.

The strike of a match is noisy
Like the Lion or Tiger's roar.
The paraffin sizzling over
Like a waterfall of paradise.

A. N. SPENCER (1K)

THE TABLE-TENNIS WORLD

ALTHOUGH Trinity Grammar School is renowned for producing sportsmen at Rugby, Cricket, Athletics, etc. in the year 1969, various pupils were remarkably successful at Table-tennis. The Northampton junior team (under 17) contained throughout the season Berridge (capt.), Blincow and on occasions Counsell, whilst in his first year of senior table-tennis, Haycock represented the Northampton men's team regularly. Haycock and Berridge have thus both represented the Northampton teams in the South East Midlands League for three seasons, with Haycock also playing for the Northamptonshire junior side on numerous occasions.

For the past three seasons, all of the junior titles in the Northampton closed table-tennis tournament have been won by pupils of Trinity Grammar School. Haycock won the junior singles and doubles titles in two consecutive seasons, and Berridge, partnered by Blincow in the doubles event, won both of the titles in the 1969 tournament. Looking forward to the capabilities of Blincow in years to come, Trinity Grammar School is likely to serve table-tennis extremely well in the future.

In 1969, for the first time ever, Trinity Grammar School entered the National School's Table-tennis competition, with the solid all-round team of—N. Haycock (6U.M.), D. Berridge (6L.M.I.), P. Blincow (3S.) and A. Counsell (5.R.) The Area Finals of the competition were held at Redditch, and despite the strong, experienced opposition, the school team easily defeated the county junior players from grammar and public schools from Warwickshire and Worcestershire respectively. Shortly after the Area Finals came the Regional Finals at a Bristol college. This time, facing even stronger competition, the Trinity team fought tough matches, but were victorious in both.

The finals of the All England Table-tennis (Schools) Competition were held at Stoke, at a later date. At this stage, however, Trinity Grammar School's run of successes came to an end, mainly owing to the abilities of the 'school-children' who played for the opposing schools. The most famous of these was Nicky Jarvis,

the number one England junior, who shortly before the competition, had also played for the full England men's team against Sweden. The second of the dreaded opposition was Michael Reed, who has also represented the England Junior team on several occasions. Although Jarvis was far superior to everyone else present, Haycock almost achieved the remarkable result of beating Reed, the England ranked junior, who was, incidentally, the captain of the winning side.

Therefore, in the first year of entering the competition and despite having no table-tennis facilities to practice with at school, the Trinity Grammar School team finished in third place out of all the schools in England entering the competition.

All four members of the team would like to show their appreciation to Mr. G. Powell, a teacher at Northampton High School for Girls, for his travelling with and generally looking after the team, and also to several pupils and members of staff, who showed an interest in the achievements of the side.

D. BERRIDGE (6L.M.I)

THE WOODCUTTER'S TALE

Far in the distance, as far as the eye could see,
There stood on a hill an old dead tree.
It wasn't too far and it wasn't too near
But the branches stood bold and the trunk dead clear.

My journey brought me to the base of the hill
And there on the top stood the giant still.
Ninety feet or more he must have been,
A sight to make any child dream.

The branches clawed the air around
As if they would bend to the ground,
But then a sight from Hell I beheld,
The very heart in me through terror swelled.

On the lowest and the thickest branch of all,
There lay the groove that would all demons call.
There lay the hangman's groove where many men had hung.
There it was said Satan had always sung.

From a bottle I drank some sack,
And slid the bag down from my back,
Stretched my shoulders broad and wide;
The bag hung loosely by my side.

As I walked towards the mighty tree,
I saw a Woodcock fly wild and free.
I stopped and watched it across the sky,
Land in a field quite near by.

I resumed my pace like a convicted man:
Striding towards the gallows, where Lucifer sang;
I saw the flowers by my feet hang,
Yet thought, "With courage and God's grace I can."

At the foot of the tree the bark was grey;
As on my hands I rubbed some wax
And from my bag withdrew the axe
I thought, "This is your judgement day."

The slender handle I firmly grip
Behind my back and above my hip.
I swing the iron straight and true
The bark caved in but the axe it threw.

Several times the stantion of Hell was struck,
Then came my way a stroke of luck.
Upon the tenth and almighty blow,
As the Bible, says a cock thrice did crow.

Through the centre the trunk it split,
And from the wound came sap like spit.
The axe fell down and struck a stone,
And thence came the fire of Lucifer's throne.

It tore at the tree whose blood it killed
As if some greater power this act had willed.
The tree, standing stark, cracked in two
And as it opened wide a scream grew and grew.

The wind began to blow with frost
For the tree had gained a freedom long lost.
The sky opened wide and crashed with thunder—
For my life I began to wonder.

The ground swelled up high in the air;
The tree's arms crashed to the Earth everywhere
Like fingers groping for extra life,
But the tree was burnt; there was no more strife.

The hole it left was large and deep,
And Hell's own angels there did sleep.
The Woodcock knew well, flying high,
It should not be here when it's time to die.

From my pouch I drew some broken bands
To wipe the wax from off my hands.
I sheathed my axe, went on my way;
The tree was free; Lucifer had lost the day.

D.T.P. (6L.)

RED AND WHITE

In the garden the snow
lay flat, sparkling white,
covering everything, everywhere,
covering everything, everywhere.
It lay piled up against
the shed, against the garage.
Everything looked trapped,
trapped in the great white web,
covering everything, everywhere.
In the snow,
from a bird's leg,
spots of blood.
Blood and snow, blood and snow.
Red and white, red and white.

S. RUDDY (2E).

The return of man, a red blob suspended by three red and white
parachutes slowly descending from the snow-like sky. The space-
craft looked larger as it fell to the sea, like red ink slowly being
absorbed by white blotting paper.

HARMER (3K).

The Red Indian meets the pale-faced White man.

P. WRIGHT (3K).

He lay on the bed
His wife came in the room
She saw his white bald head
And hit it with a spoon
The blood came spurting out
And landed on the sheet
She'd killed him good and proper
Her own dear husband Pete.

RILEY (3K).

Cold flurries of snow blown by strong winds; white clad trees
and frosted leaves; soft, damp, white drifts: such was the scene.
The stream was frozen and deep with snow. There was a coldness in
the air. A damp coldness which chilled the bones. A dead hedgehog
lay, a chill, white mound, under a tree.

Into the coldness came laughter, wild, eerie laughter, the
savage thud of hoofs, the crazed baying of dogs. The victim fell
in a drift, lay panting, exhausted. The hunt dashed up. The savage
hounds were on him, and the riders with their long, cruel whips.

He lay alone in the coldness, alone with the pure, cold snow.
Red blood dripped slowly on to the whiteness. He lay alone and
died in the damp snow. And the white purity was stained with a
dull red blood.

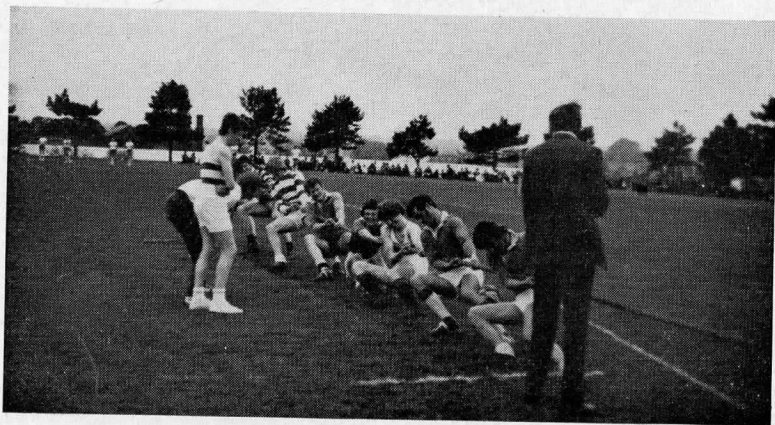
KATHLEEN DUNMORE (Form 3).

The table is spread,
The clean cloth is white;
Then crash goes the ketchup—
All red, what a sight!

GREENE (3K).

Red enough? All white.

SCHOOL v. STAFF TUG-OF-WAR



Strain and Pain . . .

PRIOR to this important battle, the amazed crowd were bombarded with fascist propaganda. The Staff had fully realised the value of broadcasting to the masses.

The school team marched on smartly showing what a smooth, well-disciplined lot they were, while the scruffy Staff hung about making the field look untidy.

“Tank” Smith, when asked what he thought the school’s chances were, confidently gave his usual reply, which cannot be printed here.

The rest of the team, which consisted of Churchman, Raphael, Morgan, Gates, March and Garner, looked fairly confident as they faced the rather unkempt staff team, who had Mr. Bishop, his roots firmly in sociology, as anchor-man. He had discarded his blue romper suit, and was dazzling the spectators with his trendy rainbow shirt (Brierleys 4s. 6d. for twenty). His attire was rivalled only by Mr. Hutchinson in his Carnaby Street gear. The other staff members were “Crusher” Collins, “Wobbley” Wiseman, “Butch” Frost, and “Wildman” Winkworth. “Hostile” Hodson replaced Mr. Meakins after the latter experienced a bad attack of pre-tug blues. I noticed most of the team were wearing “bovver boots” but it seemed as though the rugby-booted school team would trample the staff into the ground. Unfortunately, we were wrong.

Mr. Grimshaw, acting as international observer, aligns the rope. Our gallant lads dig in, ready for the ensuing battle. The strain is taken up . . .

Dick Churchman, at the front of the line grits his teeth and looks menacingly at "Wobbly" Wiseman who must be quaking in his boots. By some misfortune the school is slipping! Quickly they retaliate . . . the staff are on the slide . . . "Big Bish" is looking puffed, but a sudden heave and the school are now losing traction . . . they're going . . . they've been pulled over the line.

The two teams retire to lick their wounds. The staff are jumping up and down to try and ease their aged, aching muscles. They discuss their plan of action and the two teams return to the rope.

The teams take the strain. The School immediately take the staff by surprise rhythmically pulling together, in complete contrast to the more liberal unco-ordinated techniques employed by the staff. A sudden reprisal from the staff and the school is again slipping! But what's this? There seems to be a Knavish scheme afoot . . . Yes! Mr. West is cunningly helping the staff . . . the crowd is in uproar! The brave school team cannot hold this extra effort. They are desperately claiming the ground, trying vainly to regain control. But it is all over . . .

The Staff did their "oggi, oggi" thing and walked off while the school showed its appreciation in various ways.

Mr. Bishop, when asked to comment, said, "I thought it was all a joke, but when I saw that lot march out as they did, I had the fright of my life."

He need not have worried!

IAN SALLIE (6LM1).



. . . Pain and Brain



SHADES OF THIS SPORTING LIFE

BRYAN WEST, the international Rugby player, who is also a member of staff at T.G.S., has recently caused a controversy by his decision to decline his amateur status in favour of a contract with the professional club, Wakefield Trinity. Between demonstrating the art of discuss throwing to his class of second form boys, he answered the following questions.

Mr. West, can you explain how you first became interested in Rugby and why did you decide to make it your career?

Rugby is not a career—teaching it is. When I was at school, N.G.S., I was forced to play. After a while, I decided that I liked the game—and basically that is the reason I still continue to play.

Can you explain what your move to Wakefield Trinity will mean in terms of the difference between Rugby League and Rugby Union?

After playing Rugby League, I can never regain amateur status; and play Rugby Union again. In fact, I will be doing the same amount of training, but I will be getting paid for it.

How do you feel about being regarded as an outcast from amateur Rugby circles by your move?

I realised that this could occur, but I have found that although the hierarchy of Rugby Union feel strongly about this fact, those I have played with—the people who matter—do not regard me in this light.

What comments have you for those who consider that you have “sold yourself” to Rugby League?

I feel that after playing Rugby Union for so long I don't want to keep going until I've got nothing but a pair of crutches to show for it. The money is not as important as the challenge. Having played Rugby Union at international level, I feel that I have progressed as far as possible in the game. Rugby League is new to me and I am looking forward to the challenge it presents.

Your contract with Wakefield Trinity ends in three years. What are your plans for the future?

In the next three years I will be playing Rugby League once a week, and during that time I will continue to teach. When my contract expires, I'll assess the situation and decide whether to continue or move to the south. I suppose that I want the freedom to prove my own individual ends.

We know that the school will join with us in wishing Mr. West, who is to be married this year, and his fiancée, every success in his pursuit.

M. J. & S. K.

A QUIET DAY AT LIVERPOOL

IT all started quite early in the morning really, for we wanted to get to Liverpool by noon or thereabouts to give plenty of time before the first man was off. It was the National Schoolboys '10' championship and our party consisted of "Tuck" Martin and his supporters. Tuck had already won the Divisional heat and we were confident that he could achieve the highest National placing by a club rider for many years. Who are "we"? Well, the party consisted of his brother Dick, his uncle, father, myself, and "Tuck".

The course was "T" shaped, starting in a lane going down to a dual carriage-way, left to a roundabout, back to the lane, left into the lane to finish about 200 yards short of the start.

We now had to check the bike was in top running order, so "Tuck" and myself rode down to the dual carriageway and back. Having done this, we changed back to an old pair of wheels to save the 7 oz. tubulars and prepared for dinner, after which we rode all the way over the course.



By the time we had finished, the first man was about to start, and the tension and atmosphere began to build up. We met two other representatives of our division, "Biff" Smith and Pete Fountain, off at No. 7 and No. 37 respectively. "Tuck" was off at No. 85 and, therefore, "Biff" had completed the course before "Tuck" started and confirmed our thoughts that the last mile was to prove extremely arduous.

We arranged time-checks and "Tuck" went off for his "warm-up" behind a car. With five minutes to go Tuck was very nervous. All I could do was reassure him, though my nerves were in such a state I think he ended up reassuring me.

"Tuck" started: 84 came into sight, then "Tuck". Dick checked him; he had started great, being on a 22-minute ride for ten miles at the turn. The next check was vital; we were both elated to discover that Tuck had already caught up and passed his minute man.

We eagerly awaited his return, realising when he came into sight that he was good for a medal. By this time we just went wild and most of the fifty or so people joined in when I shouted he was leading.

Regretfully, "Tuck" had "died" a little up that last mile and when his time went up, 24 min. 5 sec., he was equal-second. This was fantastic but it was now just a matter of waiting to see what the favourites, Lewis and Sears, could do. "Tuck" was the only one calm at this stage and it turned out that Sears, the eventual winner, was the only one to worry about. The tension as we waited for Lewis to finish was terrible but, as we saw him struggle up the lane, we realised he had failed. "Tuck" had won the first National Championship medal for the club in many years and, surely, the first of many for himself.

M. WILSON.

A THOUGHT

I'm glad I didn't live when knights were bold,
'Cause now I'd be a thousand years old.
There would be no pop, or cakes or sweets,
But battles and fights and no lovely treats.
No going to the seaside on summer days,
And no time to have a read and a laze.
I'm glad I'm me!

DEBBIE RABBITT (Form 1).

SCHOOL v. STAFF RUGBY MATCH 1970

THIS year saw the first of what we hope will be a regular fixture. The staff team contained a number of celebrities, including the England reserve fly-half, Ian Wright; Saints players, Andy Johnson (hooker), who played prop on this occasion, Steve Watkins (centre); Bob Kottler (scrum half); and Trevor Crane (wing forward) from Loughborough Colleges. Bryan West, who unfortunately received an injury at Murryfield against "Bonnie Scotland," played out of position at referee.



The Bishop up to no good

The School kicked off and it became apparent from the ensuing rucking that this was going to be no easy match for either side.

Steve Britton scored for the School after twenty minutes from a defensive error by heavily-bandaged Hutchinson who received his injuries the day before during an effort "to get fit"! The conversion attempt by Howard Cooke just failed and passed narrowly by the left hand post. At half-time the score remained at 3-0.

The Staff levelled the score by a try by Steve Watkins early on in the second half. The conversion attempt failed; then Wright showed his England class by cutting through the School defence and laying on a try for Trevor Crane. The try was converted by Ian Wright.

The School replied through a try by Howard Cooke who backed up "Freddy" Faulkner and did well to beat defenders (Bishop, Hutchinson and Price). The conversion attempt having failed, the staff were hard pressed to hang on to their lead of 8-6 in the late stages of the game and they were very much relieved to hear the very efficient whistle of Bryan West signalling full-time.

J. RAPHAEL and H. COOKE.

THE GREASE PAINT REMOVED

WHAT is the magnetic attraction of the stage, the fascination which through generations has manifested itself in the dancing of Isadora Duncan, in songs which postulated that "There's no business like show business", and in modern productions such as the stage musical "Hair"? Why is it that undeterred by a ten-hour day and the fact that on average 20,000 actors are out of work each week, the profession remains so overcrowded? Are actors people who have failed in personal relationships to the extent that their tremendous needs to express themselves can only be successfully satisfied when they are playing parts? Alan Bunford, costumes and scenery director and set-painter at Northampton Repertory who has worked with so many of them, felt that basically the actors' needs to assume other personalities were a means of ego-satisfaction.

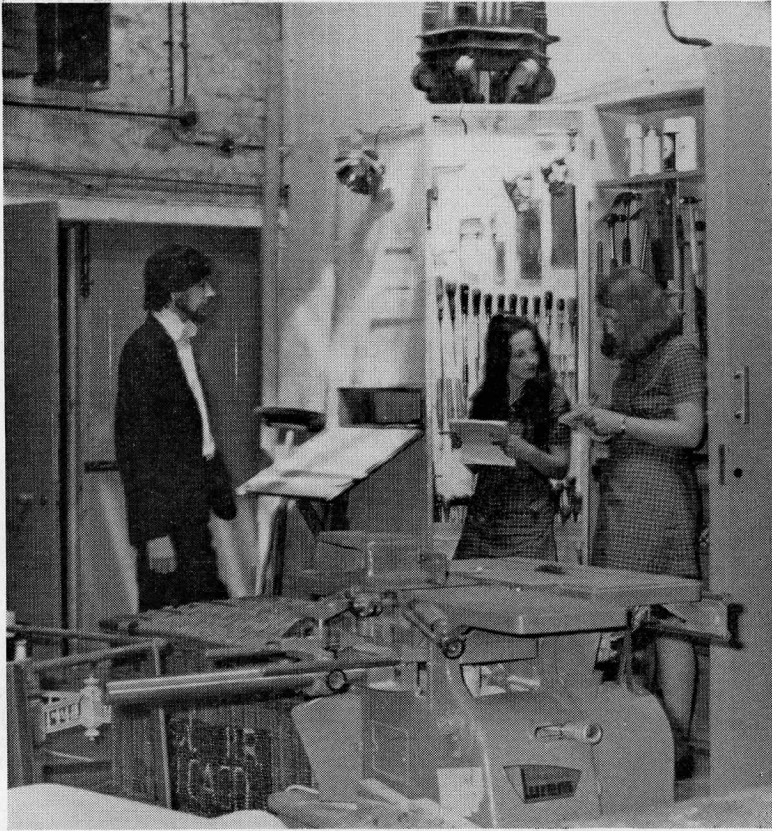
When we visited the Repertory the acting season had ended; it was the annual six weeks when the actors and actresses can "get away from it all" before they return to the endless pursuits of parts, however small, with any theatre who will consider them.

Northampton Repertory tries to balance its production so that the commercial plays which have a wide appeal, pay for the production of drama with a message for society and which may not have such a wide appeal. The theatre is protected by a law which stipulates that the same play cannot be performed within a fifty-mile radius.

The recent addition of an electric revolving stage to the Repertory makes the producer's task easier. Northampton Repertory hires most of its costumes and wigs for use in its plays from London productions. Alan Bunford showed us the prompter's box where the switch-board provided evidence that an electrical system has replaced the traditional call-boy system reminding actors of their cues.

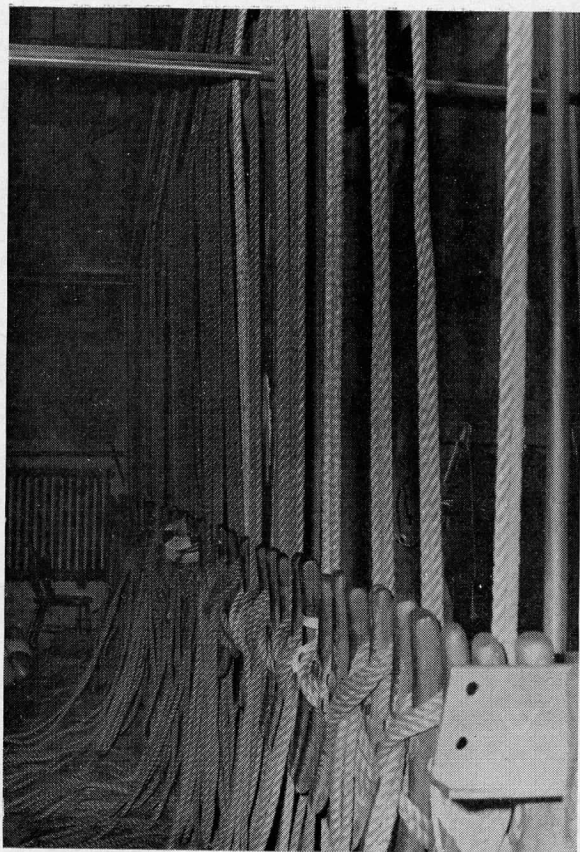
The "Gang Show" was being presented when we visited the Repertory and the number of plimsolls, empty coke bottles and a general state of organized chaos in the dressing room reflected this fact.

The carpenter's room at Northampton Repertory is responsible for the re-canvassing of the scenery and the building of new sets. This room, which was originally the theatre manager's house garden,



provides proof that drama does not restrict itself to the stage. The doorstep of this room is a grave stone, and a story that the lady who was once buried beneath it roams the theatre. This has been confirmed by Osborne Robinson who is Artistic Director at the Repertory, and claims he has seen the ghost.

We continue on our tour of the Theatre and were undaunted by the "Abandon Hope All Ye Who Enter Here" notice on the door of the 60-year old workshop. Indeed, this room, with its dusty floor, overturned paint cans, and creaking floor boards, and general aura of olde-worldliness conveyed the entire atmosphere of backstage life as it was. An oil heater of the old variety, a number of dilapidated canvasses and several upturned cardboard boxes were highlighted by the sunlight that penetrated the glass roof. Evidence that man had traversed this jungle was provided by the cardboard model of the set used in the recent production of "Twelfth Night" and an empty cigarette box. As we descended the flights of stairs, Mr. Bunford explained that this room was only used to paint sets in.



Our last stop was in the kitchen—the celebrated “Green Room” which must surely be the happiest words that an actor can hear because of the endless cups of coffee and momentary rest periods it has surely provided. An unwashed milk bottle, a large aluminium kettle, and an assortment of “Mence Smith” mugs were the evidence we found of the restfulness it represented.

As we left the Repertory, we realised, perhaps to an extent we could not have done without going back-stage, that the pull and glamour of the theatre exists in fact only on the auditorium side of the footlights and that life for people who work in the theatre is a hard slog of intense work, done under tremendous pressures.

Our thanks to Mr. Bunford for making this insight into theatre life possible.

L. GLOVER (6LG), M. JONES (6LG).

Photographs S. GILES (6LS2)

THE CURSE

AND it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Boron V, that no family should be of more than two children. (And this decree was first made when AX58473 was governor of America).

And all went to be registered, each one into his own city.

And LM004 also went up from Wales, out of the City of Treharris, into England, unto the city of smoke, which is called London.

To be registered with ER248 his espoused wife, being great with child.

And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her thirdborn son . . . and when she saw him that he was a goodly child she hid him three months.

And when she could not longer hide him, she took for him an arc of atomized steel, and filled it with air and food, and put the child therein; and she laid it in the lift of building 7452T.

from *Book of Birth New Bible*.

And the child, which was called AX//-1348TN, was found by RB9832 who was janitor therein. And he saw that the child was good, and he went up to the registry and he asked that the child should be given up to him, for he had no child, and so, did RB9832 take as his child AX//-1348TN.

from *Life of AX//-1348TN by /X54N/-25*.

And AX//-1348TN grew in years and wisdom till he reached the age of twelve and then it was decided from high up that he should be given over to the ministry for training in the keeping of records.

from *Life of AX//-1348TN by /X54N/-25*

It is claimed by some that the man of ill repute AX//-1348TN was successful in disobeying the order of the Ministry and in hiding away for some six years during which time he was taught by some supernatural agency doctrines which were contrary to the maintenance of law and order.

*Decree 5876433F of the Ministry on behalf of the Emperor
Liebond III*

And so it was that AX//-1348TN was taken up by the Secret Police of that day and they did bring him to be tried before the Ministry on a charge of Speaking doctrines which were against the Ministry.

And he was taken and exterminated by the Police and his body was taken away and buried in a secret place and a guard set upon it.

from *Life of AX//-1348TN* by /X54N/-25

And AX//-1348TN did rise from the dead and walk among the living once more for three hundred days. And on the three hundred and first day he vanished.

Article of Faith of all Worshippers

During the third Dynasty there arose among the people an imposter who claimed to be of supernatural origin. This madman went among them declaring that he saw visions and dreamed dreams. He was eventually exterminated by the Ministry. However, he had gained quite a considerable following and these persons were a source of trouble for the next two hundred years.

from *A History of the Dynasties* by ALX786529

And we, the Worshippers, were forced to flee, like criminals, from the Police. We hid in many places but they were relentless. Eventually, my wife and I found ourselves alone in an unknown part of the world where vagabonds and those who had had more than two children abounded. We were very frightened and the Police were on our trail.

Eventually, they caught us; we were like rats in a trap. They surrounded our dwelling place and then rushed us. We were hauled out and my wife was killed before my eyes. I am now in a jail facing chemical extermination.

from the *Diary of KS4375//Q Last of the Worshippers*

The last of the Worshippers has been destroyed.

from a *letter of PVN432/XN Chief of Police to ROS47965*
Head of Registry

And religion was no more upon the earth. There was no other power but the Ministry. And man warred with man no more. There was peace . . .

KATHLEEN DUNMORE (3).

PROBLEM FAMILY

The father was at Dunkirk,
Or so they say, as they drink
In the eve of the day.
Where's his ribbons?
They ask, downing their drinks,
And where's his wounds?

The mother was a nurse,
Or so they say, as they talk
Down on the corner.
Where's her patients?
They ask, smoking and spitting,
And where's her hospital?

The boy picks his nose,
Or so they say, as they fight
In the playground.
Where's his train?
They ask, as they kick him,
And where's his football?

The daughter likes the boys,
Or so they say, as they sew,
In the needlework room.
Where's her boyfriend?
They ask, as they steal her cotton,
And where's her valentine?

DAVID BALDWIN (4S).

HUMILIATION

THERE was a knock at the door. I hurriedly answered it. It was Mick, a short, thin boy with carrotty hair and National Health specs.

"Mind the dog," I said as I hustled him into the kitchen.
"Won't be a minute."

I dabbed a flannel over my face and groped for the towel.
"How much yer got?"

"'Bout five bob," answered Mick. "How much yer got?"

"Ten bob, but I ain't wasting it all on them machines."

That night we were going to the fair, which came three or four times a year.

"Shall we call for Jim?" I said.

"May as well," said Mick.

I slipped on my jacket over my jeans and orange shirt and put on my boots.

We nearly missed the bus but were lucky and, gasping for breath, we flopped down on the seat.

We entered the Town Centre, crowded as usual on that warm Easter Saturday. We walked to Jim's house which was five minutes away from the Town Centre. After collecting Jim, we walked a short distance to the fair.

We all had an equal share on the penny machines, and then I spotted trouble. I saw two boys, known to all of us as Curly and Bug, the two school spivs.

"Well, look who it ain't," said Bug, a fat, tall, brown-haired kid. "It's Michael. Did yer mummy let you come, eh?"

"I can do anything you can do," said Mick.

"O.K. Go on the walzer," said Curly, a kid with not one curl in his hair.

"Can't," said Mick.

"Why? Scared?" taunted Bug.

"No, an't got any money."

"O.K. We'll give you the money," said Bug.

Mick had to do it. He did, and came off feeling sick, but he held it until we were behind a wagon, and only we knew.

G. HOBBS (2E).

THE END OF THE ROAD

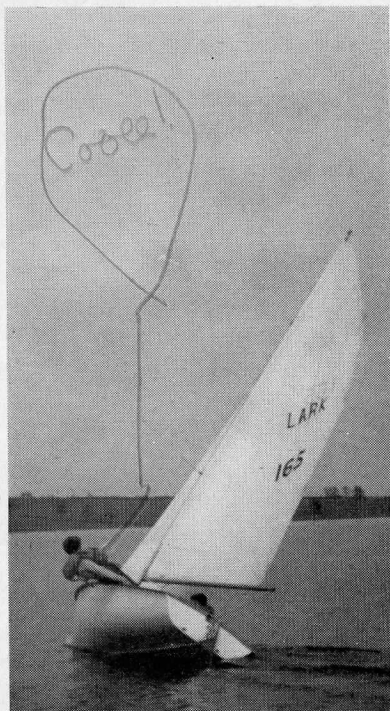
CLOUD drifted slowly across the sky, blurring the moon for a few minutes; an owl hooted and a mouse scuttled across the leaf-strewn path. A few drops of rain pattered on the leaves that were left on bare, brown trees. Hidden behind the trees was an old house. The roof was in holes and the beams were damp, rotten and liable to collapse at any moment. Inside the house dust lay thick on the floor and cobwebs fluttered gracefully whenever a draught caught them. The glass in the windows was broken and lay dangerously on the floor. A few chairs with backs torn out were the sparse furniture of the place. Damp wallpaper was hanging limply from the walls. In the other room, perhaps the best of them all, a bed was draped with some smelly moth-holed blankets and a pillow that had lost half its feathers and looked yellow with age.

This dark dismal ruin was the home of a squatter; nobody knew his name or how old he was. Some people said that he looked and smelt as old as the house itself. The clothes he wore were falling apart and stank with filth. The gloves on his swollen and deformed hands had had the fingers torn out and the edges were fraying. His shoes were muddy and holes had been worn in the soles, and the stitching around the edge was slowly coming undone. His trousers were patched up and he had a few stringy sweaters on. He smelt of methylated spirits and moved slowly as if in a dream. Nobody knew where he had come from or where he would go. Nobody cared.

KAREN SAUNDERSON (Form 3).

THE INTERNATIONAL SAILING REGATTA

July 1969



A FLEET of over thirty dinghies, Mirrors, Larks and G.P.s, was assembled. From all parts of Europe, Austria, Germany, Denmark, France, Italy and England, the National Schools and Youth Champions converged on Pitsford. Northampton was well represented.

Despite all the language barriers, the sailing and comradeship were first-rate. Nationalities were mixed and the competition was keen.

Towards the end of the week was Trinity's great day. The "Winkworth" special, the school boat, was passing the winning buoy some ten minutes ahead of the second dingy. The proud "parent" of the boat, who until then had been rather

despondent about her performance, was leaping up and down, arms waving, face beaming with excitement, fair hair streaming in the breeze, in sheer delight. To make it an even more auspicious occasion, John Pragnell was at the helm.

Came the day when the results were totted up and plaques awarded. John Pragnell was second over all, by a mere half point, behind England's senior National champion, with the sixty or more competitors trailing behind.

Trinity Sailing had arrived.

J.K.P.

SAILING CLUB

(Affiliated to the National School's Association and the Royal Yachting Association)

THIS year has seen the Sailing Club continue to flourish. With thirty-five active members, the school sailing base at Pitsford Reservoir is used for five days of every School week.

The club now possesses two Class Mirror Dingies:— UNIT 111 T, and UNIT 111 R. The two dinghies are competing this season in the points races run by the Northampton Sailing Club.

Since this is our second season at Pitsford, members have capitalised tremendously on their experience gained the previous year, and upon our second year of Winter Training Sessions, that now the club have many keen helms who, with continued progress, will produce good performances in future Regattas.

1st August 1969 International Schools/Youth Regatta, at Pitsford.
John Pragnell was second.

2nd September 1969 The Inter-Counties Regatta at Chasewater, Staffs.
J. Houghton was the winner of his class.

29th May 1970 P. Meldrum and R. Nicklin represented Northampton in the Midlands Regatta at Pitsford.

E.J.W.

WHERE DEATH WAS GLORY

THE Confederate army were retreating rapidly as the gallant Northerners advanced courageously over the doomed and overwhelmed grey coats. Even though the Southern army seemed to have disappeared there were always snipers still resisting in the blood-spattered graveyard of a needless battlefield.

Such was the case at Bitter Creek, where a few remaining Confederates, having escaped the spray of hot, stinging bullets, were now paralysing the Union attack.

Tom Carson braced himself at the word of command. He was fighting for his country, or so he was told when he was forced to sign an enrolment form. Enrolment form indeed! It was more like a death warrant. In his mind's eye he was fighting against his country —like a sheep he was being led astray, to kill, not his enemies, but his fellow-countrymen, his friends. "What did I do to deserve to be appointed to kill?" he kept asking himself as he trudged through mud, slime and filth to a slaughterhouse where only death was glory.

Half expecting to be hit by a piece of hot flying lead which would, perhaps, put him out of this miserable war at last, he rushed forward on the sniper's trench. He leaned over the top of the trench and screwed his eyes to fire blindly with his pistol. He squeezed the trigger five times, knowing what he was doing, and he was glad he could not see the pain-twisted faces before him. Then, as he was about to open his eyes, a hot searing pain jabbed into his thigh. He staggered forward, trying to ease the pain, and stumbled into the trench.

Tom Carson was taken to an overcrowded tent, euphemistically labelled "hospital" and, by some miracle, survived.

The war was over and Tom was free to live in a united America, but the war was not forgotten. The scar on his thigh would remain throughout his life and so would the rows of crosses that marked a battlefield. A battlefield of pain and sorrow where only death was glory.

DAVID FISKE (4K).

AUNT LAURA

My Auntie likes her potted plants,
She kept them in the shed,
But now she has so many blooms,
That some go under her bed.
She started off with hyacinths
And pansies on the shelf,
But now she has exotic blooms
And no room for herself.
The house is covered in ivy,
So she doesn't need any paint,
But now it's covering half the town,
And she's getting some complaint
The time the vicar came to call,
And sell her a ball-point pen,
A creeper got him round the neck
And he hasn't been seen since then.
The place is full of pretty flowers,
And humming birds as well,
But where they came from I don't know,
And I'm sure that she won't tell.
Poor Uncle Joe left years ago,
He said that she was bonkers,
When she brought home a chestnut tree,
And started growing conkers.
But now it's looking very grave,
She's really made a bungle,
With so many of her tropical plants,
She's made the house a jungle.
So now the beasts are moving in,
To live with my Aunt Laura,
The tigers, bears and chimpanzees,
All prowling in the flora.

K. EATON (4K).

TECH. 5-A-SIDE SOCCER TOURNAMENT

WITH the World Cup at the time of writing getting closer, the staff and Neil Freeman, have in recent weeks been testing for themselves the kind of atmosphere that Bobby Moore and Co. will experience next month. The excitement, the tension and nervous exhaustion were the same; only the place was changed—Guadalajara being replaced by that seething cauldron of football ferocity, The Tech. Gymnasium.

We were drawn in a tough qualifying group alongside such giants as the Tech. Staff II and Arts III, but by sheer football skill, and a minor miracle, we eased into the quarter-finals, naturally finishing top of the group.

It was becoming obvious to all onlookers that it would take a great side to stop the genius which flowed from the boots of Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Newton, the very sight of whom struck terror into the hearts of the opposing goalkeepers and brought rapturous cries of delight from the bedazzled spectator.

The defence ably generalled by Mr. "Nobby" West and Mr. "Chopper" Price had, so far, been hardly troubled and "Roly-Poly" Freeman had scarcely seen any action at all. Surely he must have been the best goal-keeper in Trinity Avenue?

The quarter final was a mere formality and the semi-final should have been the same. However, playing in dreadful conditions, suffering under an abominable referee and the psychological strain of being clear favourites, a travesty of sporting justice occurred and the better team by far was sadly eliminated from the tournament.

Ultimately, however, it was the crowd who suffered because he had to endure a final deprived of the footballing talent and moments of sparkling brilliance of the T.G.S. staff.

<i>Star Ratings:</i>	N. Freeman	STARLET
	Mr. Price	STARDUST
	Mr. West	STAR & GARTER
	Mr. Newton	STAR OF WONDER
	Mr. Hutchinson	SHOOTING STAR
<i>Also Ran:</i>	Mr. Bishop	FALLING STAR

P. R. BISHOP.

MY SISTER

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness,"
 Or so the saying goes,
 But if you want holiness
 Look for my sister, Rose:
 Bubble baths and cotton wool,
 Eau de Cologne and soap.
 Assorted bottles, some half full,
 She'll use them up I hope.
 Astringents and skin cream,
 Cleansing milk, shampoo,
 Deodorants, talc. Is it a dream?
 There's things she'll never use.
 So if you have a bath one day
 And you run out of soap,
 Hop out of your bath without dismay,
 With Rose there's always hope.

JANICE TIPLER (4).

COMPETITIONS PAGE

(A prize will be presented to the winner of each of the competitions on this page—see over for entry forms and instructions).

SPOT THE BALL COMPETITION



NURSERY RHYME PARODY

YOU are invited to compile a parody of any well-known nursery rhyme on the entry form overleaf. To give you some guidance in this we have included an example below. We hope this will help you but it is, of course, not intended that you should copy it.

“Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?”
“With rusty tins,
Discarded bins,
And crisp bags all in a row”.

PLEASE write your name and form below, mark with one cross the estimated position of the ball on the picture overleaf, tear out the entry-form carefully and place in the box by the notice-board by 12.45 on the first day of next term.

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WRITE your parody below (not more than 8 lines, with name and form at the bottom). Carefully tear out the entry-form and place in the box by the notice-board by 12.45 on the first day of next term.

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