

RABBIT

It stood there,
Ears pricked up,
Staring at me,
Its golden eyes
Piercing through the darkness of the evening.
I raised my gun to my shoulder,
The rabbit leaped into the air
And fell like a stone to the mossy earth.
I walked over to it.
It was stiff and lifeless now.
Once it had been running in the meadows
And jumping streams.
Suddenly a stillness crept into my mind
And I wished that I had never killed it.
I tried to remove the evidence
That I had killed it,
But I couldn't
For the grass was stained with blood.
I threw the corpse into the river
And went home to my room.

LINAKER (2K).

UNEQUAL BATTLE

Shoulder high it grew. The golden corn could be seen in all directions. A brown barn was all that broke the horizon. I followed the path through the corn. Deep cracks crossed the sun-baked path.

The blue sky moved across and made way for two black clouds moving like warriors towards the smiling sun. I ran to the green stile, leaped over it and ran for the shelter of the woods.

The destructive storm struck down at the delicate corn. It knocked yards of the golden men down and flattened others. Flashes lit the sky. Thor's thunder hammer hit the ground which trembled with fear.

It was soon over.

I came out of hiding, water running down my red face. I splashed back along the sopping path which was swimming with mud.

The corn looked dirty now. It was snapped and bending in the strong breeze. I could almost hear it crying drops of rain water which were dripping from the husks.

The old farmer came and inspected the corn. A year it had taken for those tall slender soldiers to grow. They were killed in an hour, destroyed by the weather's army.

KRANTZ (3E).

TWO RED MACHINES

From my window I could see the fields,
Fields of corn,
Golden stretches of wheat and barley.
Last over the fence and we were there
Amongst the golden abundance.
We hid in it,
Jumped, laughed, rolled.
We ate the husks,
Made our own flour
Till harvest came.
Two red machines
Sparkling in the sun,
Puffing heavy black smoke
Into the now smelly air.
Two mechanical genii
Rolling over our corn.
Our gold went in one end
But we did not see it again.
Round and round they went,
The two red machines.
We sat there staring with watery eyes.
Men with guns came.
We watched with anxiety.
"There's one!" cried Criss,
Two innocent grey ears popped up.
Bang!
They dropped down.
Four more shots were fired.
We ran in appalled.
No more was there abundance of our corn.

KRANTZ (3E).

TOOTHACHE

From station to station travels this train,
The engine that runs it is the power of pain.
White are the carriages,
Red is the track,
And dark is the tunnel
Where the little men hack.
Under the track they are working all day,
Digging and picking
Your teeth to decay.

SONIA PETERS (3B).

LONELINESS IS . . .

- . . . standing at a football match when your team scores the winning goal and finding you've lost your voice.
- . . . on a London pavement.
- . . . being left at home with only the dog to talk to.
- . . . when not even the dog will talk to you.
- . . . being with others when they're not with you.
- . . . being a child when all around you are adult.
- . . . a thousand fathoms deep.
- . . . half way to the moon.
- . . . a warm gun with no bullets.

MEMBERS OF 3R & 3K.

FREEDOM IS . . .

- . . . getting your foot out of a bear-trap.
- . . . coming out of a dark wood into open space.
- . . . time, space and energy.
- . . . the sounding of the bell.
- . . . escaping to that place where man's chemical fingers have not touched.
- . . . the uninhabited land whence we came.
- . . . what the Hippies seek.
- . . . what the Hippies cannot find.
- . . . what we all seek.

MEMBERS OF 3R & 3K.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS

Jefferson walked to the window and watched as the land was bathed in gentle, early morning sunlight. He studied every detail of each flower in the small garden, each bird, listening to their songs intently. He felt a cold nose and something licked his hand. He looked down at the dog, staring up at him with large, soft, brown eyes as if he knew something was about to happen.

He should be happy, it was his birthday, he was thirty . . . thirty-five. The number stung at his brain, like a hundred giant wasps, for he knew today he must die! Thirty-five, the most hated word on the planet, because of overpopulation the law demanded that the lifespan of the person should not exceed this number.

Jefferson remembered the way he had laughed when his brother had tried to run from the sentence, now he knew how he had felt. Self-preservation began to beat inside him as he searched for a way of escape.

Running was no good, he could try but surely he would be shot on sight by the X-men. If only he could hide somewhere, but where?

His lip quivered and beads of sweat broke out on his forehead as a mechanical voice echoed around him from the radio link.

"Happy Birthday, Mr. Jefferson, report to the disintegrator at ten thirty."

Jefferson began to panic and shake, his eyes wide with terror, he knew he would never "report" to the disintegrator, it would be the X-men if anyone was to kill him.

At the beginning he ran shakily, tripping and falling with people staring at him, their silver suits glinting in the sunlight. They knew that he was running, but no-one tried to stop him, that the X-men would do. Gaining confidence, he ran faster, more steadily. Then he stopped short in the middle of a junction of eight streets, down each one walked a black, metal robot, with a large X painted across its inhuman chest.

"How did they find me?" Jefferson asked himself over and over again.

As they began to close in words repeated in the back of his mind, "Birthday, thirty-five, death."

CHRISTINE BIERTON (4).

THE RIVER

I picked up my rod from its rests and wound in my line to check the bait. The small blob of bread paste was still intact on my hook. I sighed and cast in again without much hope of catching anything.

This wasn't turning out to be a very fruitful day. I shifted on my stool and tried to concentrate on watching my float, but my attention soon wandered.

I looked around me. The sky was overcast and it was rather chilly. A faint breeze stirred the trees occasionally.

Then, without warning, there was a flash of blue on the water and a kingfisher appeared with a small dace in its mouth. "Well, he's having better luck than me," I mused.

I noticed dragonflies hovering over the water and heard occasional splashes as fish surfaced. Earlier, I had decided to pack up around six and it was now ten to. So I reeled in and started dismantling my tackle.

When I had packed up, I took one last look at the river, just in time to see a watervole swimming along by the bank.

As I walked back to my bicycle, I thought that if it hadn't been for all those inhabitants of the waterside, I would have gone home disappointed.

KENNETH MOORE (2J).

EVOLUTION . . .

The world was a black void and nothingness
until, many years ago;
A single cell appeared
and multiplied;
And, gradually, out of a squirming,
scrawling mass of substance,
Came a being of two cells,
Which gradually developed,
Time travelled slowly by,
and out of the mass of substance
Came creatures which staggered around,
living, feeding, breeding, dying,
Congregating in the dank forests
and beneath the murky waters.
They walked across barren futile plains
in search of food,
And they died.
And those who lived, later died, or developed,
and are now common in zoos,
For their over-progressed descendants
to gape at with bulging eyes.
Whilst they suck their sticky lollipops.
And they too will die.

DEBORAH COX (3B).

. . . REVOLUTION

While the King and Queen lie sleeping
And their daughters smile so 'nice',
Mothers wait at their windows,
The peasants die for rice.
And here I'm standing all alone
Laughing madly at the sun;
Though I wanted to sleep late today
The battle's just begun.
A moving target, hiding
Behind a street where soldiers stood,
Lets out one piercing scream as only human could.
Standing on my balcony
I watch the battle run,
For the war is never over,
And the day is never done.
Six white horses running very far behind,
The captain lost his daughter,
The sergeant lost his mind.
The soldiers scream for power,
The generals scream for more;
But I scream for nothing
Until we've won the war.

T. HAWTHORNE (4S).

VENGEANCE IS MINE . . .

Generals gathered in their masses;
Witches at Black masses.
Evil minds that plot destruction
Sorcerers of Death's construction.
In a field a body's burning
As the war machine keeps turning.
Death and Hatred for mankind
Poisoning our brainwashed minds.

Day of Judgement,
God is calling.
Underneath the war-pigs crawling.
And now God has struck the hour,
No more war-pigs come to power,
Beg forgiveness for their sins;
Satan, laughing, spreads his wings.

N. BAGE (4S).

"WHO GIVES GOD ABSOLUTION?"

A million people,
Aching
In a forest of sorrow
Dripping with the dew of tears.
A million uniforms,
Praying
In a swamp of agony
Oozing with the blood of humanity.
A million towns,
Moaning
In a slough of desolation
Filling with the bodies of the populace.
A million churches,
Recording
In a stained glass mockery
Glorifying the hell of war.
One God,
Despairing
In the enormity of Its mistake
And turning away from Its creation.

LYNN MOORE (3B).

SCHOOL v. STAFF CRICKET MATCH 1970

Possibly the only major event of the 1970 cricket calendar which did not attract the attention of anti-apartheid demonstrators or England selectors was the annual School v. Staff cricket match.

As the staff fieldsmen gradually dispersed to their positions, sporting various pairs of off-white trousers, white shirts exhibiting a hard yet unrewarding summer term's slog, and borrowed plimsolls of approximate sizes, the two School opening batsmen were given heroes' welcomes as they arrived at the wicket, comparable only to the applause which congratulated Mr. Rooke on a career best one not-out, achieved later in the afternoon session.

The staff bowling attack comprised of the two 'fast' bowlers, Messrs. West and Newton, and although they gave the batsmen little difficulty in the opening stages, they succeeded in capturing two precious early wickets but, at 11.45 a.m. N. Haycock and H. Cooke, in an onslaught rarely seen under the auspices of an English cricket ground, added a blistering 71 runs in 41 minutes—with Haycock eventually reaching 61 not-out and Cooke 42.

After the school captain, Cooke, had considered carefully such factors as the elements rapidly failing, a gigantic six hit off the bowling of Mr. Collings, which we are asked not to mention, and lunch taken in the school canteen, he decided to close the School's innings at 152 for 4 wickets, and as a result saved the Staff's bowlers from further merciless punishment.

Seconds after the Staff side had wearily trudged back to the pavilion, the keen, fit, alert school team emerged from the billows of smoke, which were soothing the torn nerves of the Staff.

After hurriedly claspng any protection at hand, and whitening boots at the last minute, Mr. Bishop and Mr. Price were reluctantly forced out of the dressing room, and made their way towards the centre of the square, no doubt aware of the precision, and the months of preparation that had obviously gone into the School's team. Mr. Bishop eventually settled himself at the receiving end, and after he had prepared himself psychologically (and perhaps even sociologically), he prodded the wicket a few times, and settled into his stance. Riches, who has gained widespread recognition as the School's opening fast bowler, after pacing out an especially elongated run-up, and having received the "wink" and "thumbs-up" gesture from his captain, carefully gripped the huge, red cherry in his hand, and slowly started his run-up. Mr. Bishop made a last-minute inspection of his armour and the futile weapon that he was carrying, and turned his eyes to the horizon as the huge bowler gradually accelerated his way into view. The fieldsmen surrounding the bat settled down into their catching positions, and in the deathly silence rarely heard in school, the remainder of the Staff side apprehensively huddled around the small window of the pavilion, no one daring to speak. The bowler, now at maximum speed, reached the wicket, and unleashed the fireball. Before Mr. Bishop could lift his bat, the ball had whistled past

his body, been caught by the Wicket-Keeper, and thrown back to the bowler, who was now walking back for his second delivery. As is customary on occasions like this, the well-worn cliché arrived—"Tell him to slow down, he'll kill somebody before he's finished".

After the stubborn resistance of Mr. Price had been removed, the greatest hopes for the Staff, Mr. Newton and Mr. Hodson, arrived together at the crease, and they contributed a fine, run-a-minute stand, scoring 55 and 21 respectively. This, together with the fact that one of the School's fielders was hit in the face by a cricket ball, created a new interest in the game for the spectators, when suddenly, at 3.50 p.m. exactly, and following an authoritative affirmative nod, the entire ground rapidly emptied of spectators like a burst balloon.

However, after the Staff wickets began to fall at more regular intervals, and following some subtle defence by Mr. Winkworth and Mr. Greaves (Education Authority please note latter is seriously considering professional terms) the Staff side were dismissed for 129.

Therefore, the School side won this very enjoyable game by the narrow margin of 23 runs.

D. BERRIDGE (6U.M.).

NIGHT FEARS

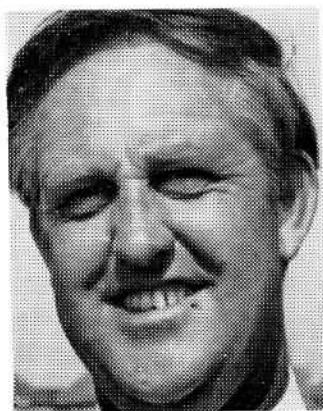
The darkness crept along the ground
consuming all light in its black maw.
All was dark where all had been light,
and dark was over all.
The trees swayed and whispered in their role
of dumb sentinel
and I lay on the ground in huddled fear.
Strange night sounds I hear as denizens
of the black wood move
on their night errands,
oblivious to me as I lie in petrified quiet.
A fox howls,
twigs snap as something unknown
slides through the night.
As long as the evil black wood remains then
no peace can I know,
for the wood is all around me, and
the blackness, and the dark,
and the fear of that which I do not know
is in me,
and I am in the wood.
I want the dawn to break but
no earthly dawn can break
the shroud of brooding menace that hangs
in evil horror over the haunted wood.

COPSON (2K).

THE DAVE BOWEN INTERVIEW

(Manager of Northampton Town and Wales)

Surprisingly, Dave Bowen played rugby until he was fifteen. He represented England Boys' Clubs and signed professional forms for the Cobblers after leaving the Forces. He was transferred to Arsenal, where he stayed for eleven years, eight of them as captain. He also skippered Wales to the quarter-finals of the World-Cup in Sweden in 1958, and has visited almost every football-playing country of the world. In 1960/61 he was appointed manager of the Cobblers, and has managed Wales on a part-time basis for six years.



- Q. Last season, the Cobblers just missed promotion. Why do you think they failed?
- A. Unfortunately, key players were injured at a vital time in the season and younger players had to be drafted into the side, because the club, with its limited finances, could not afford to buy new players.
- Q. Why do so many of the clubs in the Football League find themselves in financial difficulties?
- A. About eighty per cent of clubs in the League are running at a loss. This is because of heavy taxes, which causes transfer fees to be high to offset taxation.
- Q. How, then, can these clubs increase their playing strength?
- A. They are, of course, able to buy one or two players now and again, but great importance is placed on spotting young players.
- Q. You missed promotion last year; what about next?
- A. It is still my aim to get the team into the Second Division and, given the necessary luck, I'm confident we can do it.
- Q. Why not the First?
- A. I do not think that, at present, we are suited to First Division football.
- Q. Why?
- A. When the club won promotion to the First Division in 1964/65, there was a violent increase in wages and prices, which we were

unable to meet. Any club now entering the First Division must be prepared to spend about a quarter of a million pounds on players; even then success is not guaranteed. We just cannot afford that type of money.

- Q. Are you satisfied with your team's support?
- A. The present support is not sufficient; not totally because of a lack of interest or enthusiasm in the town, but also because of the poor bus services for people who have to travel.
- Q. At least, everyone can now see well enough. You share the ground with the Cricket Club. Is this a satisfactory arrangement?
- A. Obviously, we would like to own our own ground and facilities, but we have to make the best of things as they are.
- Q. You also manage the Welsh National Team, Mr. Bowen. To what do you attribute their good performances lately?
- A. I'm very pleased with the way our players give the effort when they represent their country. Again, our resources are limited—we have only four First-Division players in the Welsh side—but we seem to understand each other. Perhaps national pride has something to do with it.
- Q. Do you think a full-time manager would help?
- A. Probably, but there seems little need when the players are just part-time.
- Q. There has been a lot in the papers recently about player allegiance. Do you think a player should put his country before his club?
- A. I think so, but then, the club has to pay his wages, so it's a difficult problem.
- Q. Would you have any objections to playing teams from countries with political systems alien to our own?
- A. No, I would not. I prefer to play football and leave politics to the politicians.
- Q. In that case, would you also say that the refereeing of football matches ought to be done by professionals on a much more selective basis?
- A. Our referees are the best in the world, but I believe professionalism could only improve the standard.
- Q. Finally, have you any advice to offer to the young, would-be professional footballer?
- A. Football can be a rewarding career for anyone who is really dedicated, but he needs a lot of talent to be a success. Therefore, I think it wise to have academic or technical qualifications before you turn professional, in case you don't make it, or have

bad luck and are injured early in your career. You must always remember, though, that success does not come easy; glory and high wages only come through hard work.

- Q. Any last point you would like to make?
- A. Yes. When you aren't playing under the pressures at the top, having to make your living out of the game, you can find real freedom in football. Use your imagination, therefore, and enjoy the game for itself.

Interviewers:

T. CARMICHAEL (6LM1).

M. KRANTZ (3E).

THOUGHTS OF A NIGHTWATCHMAN

Like tombstones in a graveyard
Stand the now-silent machines.
Mysterious shadows dance across the walls,
As the headlights of cars go flashing by.
Sweat spreads across my brow at the creaking of floors and doors.
The heavy breathing of myself echoes from room to room.
All is secure.

WENDY POWELL (3B).

ANTARCTIC

Fine showers of snowflakes,
Flying through cold and crystal-clear air,
Forming a white coat for the invisible howling wind which drives
them,
Bleak and desolate, white and cold,
The barren snow-scape stretches as far as the eye can see.
Ice-floes leap about on the freezing, green sea,
The wild and powerful blizzard moans, like some haunted miserable
soul,
Wandering the white world near and far;
Jagged rocks capped with snow and ice,
Formed in weird, white shapes,
Littering the glistening ground like white debris,
Twinkling in the yellow sun,
The blizzards showing every colour imaginable,
Glide across the ground.
The sun stares upon the top of the world,
Silently twinkling in the white silence,
Silent, save for the wind's voice
Calling across the white, drifting desert of solitude.

R. GIBSON (4E).

WHITE DARKNESS

There was a small hole in the dense white sheet of the playroom window. Through this I could see the roofs of the houses covered with huge amounts of cold, freezing snow which tumbled from the roofs and formed itself into snow cairns outside Mr. Adam's garage. The flakes came bigger and bigger and became more visible to the naked eye, as I watched them form the big white fluffy carpet over the whole of the countryside for many miles around.

A wind was brewing in the distance, the flakes became restless and the fir trees blew furiously around, talking to themselves about the cold and bitter weather. They began to lose their trunks and the wall behind the house was beginning to disappear, as the one-and-a-half-inch flakes dropped to the ground.

The small hole on the window was now covered and the howling wind was now a ferocious blizzard. It battered against the window panes nearly knocking them from their frames; it knocked down dad's cloches which were guarding his melons and marrows which he was going to enter in the village show in May.

I hurried around to Mum's bedroom and looked out across the white snow-covered field. The sheep and cows were being driven back to Mr. Smith's farm for warmth and shelter from the storming blizzard.

It was dark now and the snow lay deep and fluffy like mum's cypressian goat fur rug. The lamp at the end of the alley shone upon the rest of the flakes as they fell to the ground like small pieces of tissue paper. It was time for bed as I clambered between the cold sheets; the only sounds were those of the small flakes of snow pitter-pattering on the bedroom window and of a car struggling up the hill outside.

SPENCER (2K).

WINTER

I like to see the icicles
Come crashing from the eaves,
Or watch the mighty oak tree
Shiver for its leaves.
I like to see the flakes of snow
Fall silent from the sky
As if to blanket Mother Earth
Till winter passes by.
I like to watch the mounting drifts,
I like to breathe the evening air
And feel its wintry bite.
I like it when the thunderbolts
Collide with fearful clout;
And I like it even better when
I'm inside looking out.

IAN McILHINEY (2R).

SURVEY INTO DECIMALISATION

Headmaster, ladies and gentlemen, other readers of the magazine, it has been brought to our notice that, during the past five months, a change has crept over the monetary system of this country. It is no longer fashionable to speak of £-s-d; instead, one must talk of £-p. Much perturbed at this extraordinary development, we embarked upon a survey to find out what the people really think—a point of view generally much neglected by those in authority. We spent days knocking on doors, being attacked by dogs, wearing out our shoe-leather, and at last, we are able to bring you our sensational findings.

38% believe decimalisation to be worth the bother

6% think it will be

39% think it a waste of time and effort

24% think in old money

24% are clearly duo monetarydextrous

5% do not think at all

2% had never seen a new halfpenny

the 45% remaining agreed with the builder who said it was "a
... hunk ... of ... old ... metal"

53% think that money has lost value because of decimalisation

14% think decimalisation has no connection with the drop

17% would not answer at all

1% tried to sign the question paper

We flatter ourselves that we now understand this new coinage, but we still find the reason for its introduction an utter mystery. Our great British public seems to be coping with decimalisation; the majority have accepted that it is here to stay. We hope, therefore, that our findings will not be filed away by some well-meaning administrator and allowed to collect dust like so many valuable and learned reports of this nature, but put to some real practical use.

We are grateful to those who gave their time so willingly and their opinions so frankly, for we believe that we, and by this time you, have learned a great deal from these findings.

We hope to be able to find the opportunity to emerge again briefly from our studies on future occasions, in order to bring you into line with the views and opinions of your fellow citizens.

KATHLEEN DUNMORE, PAULINE REYNOLDS,
CHRISTINE BIERTON, JOSEPHINE THOMPSON

(Form 4).

"ODE TO VIETNAM AND OTHER COMEDIES"

Part One A Sad Beginning . . . (? B.C.)

A Vagabond from a future past
Glided by on his horse of crystal glass,
His beard was forty ages long,
His lips mouthed forth a silent song,
From sunken eyes flowed golden rain
Which watered seeds of perpetual time
And kissed the flowers with Death . . .

Part Two which leads us to . . . (1970 A.D.)

A soldier crawling through the slime
Remembers the face of a friend of time,
He remembers a curious smile upon that face
So very glad to have left the human race,
Buried now in a grain of earth
Along with others about his birth,
Along with others thought so fond.
Tell me, what did they know of a vagabond?

Part Three an even sadder end . . . (1970 A.D.) January.

From then a thousand years have passed,
Man has aged
And war has been forgotten!
It took some time, but was . . .
. . . worthwhile, and peace is all we know.

Part One . . . or a New Beginning? (1970 A.D.) February.

. . . A child is born with a disturbed mind;
It's not his fault, of course,
But the need for power is sown in his brain . . .

D. SAVAGE (6LM2).

VOLUNTARY ACTION

Every Friday night a few girls from Six Lower help at the Gay-time Club for Mentally Handicapped, in Vernon Hall, Wellingborough Road. The girls assist with the games by making sure that no-one goes astray, and by seeing that everything runs smoothly. The children are very friendly and soon show affection and gratitude by kissing your hand or giving you a hug. The games they play are very simple but keep the children very happy. The evening usually concludes with everyone sitting in a circle and singing songs in loud voices. The volume of noise is great.

Trips and outings are arranged for the children, and already this year many of them have been to the seaside, where they enjoyed themselves tremendously. Soon, there will be an open evening and the children are busy rehearsing both new and old songs and games that they will show in front of their parents and friends.

LORRAINE SCRIVENER (6LG):

YOUTH ACTION — NORTHAMPTON

This organisation was set up in Northampton in October, 1970. As yet, people will probably have only come into contact with Youth Action through the two "work-weeks" which were held during the last holidays. These were very successful and will be continued in the future. Many volunteers worked tirelessly in re-decorating rooms and tidying gardens for elderly and disabled people in the town.

Several activities have been planned for the future in which young people are urged to participate. On July 4th, there is a "sponsored push", part of the proceeds of which will pay for a day's outing, in late August, for approximately 120 under-privileged children.

Other projects being planned are a playscheme, to be run by volunteers during the summer break, and also the construction of a playground at the Princess Marina Hospital.

The Youth Action Executive Committee thank all volunteers for their help in the past and we hope that we can count on everyone's continuing support in the future.

HAYDN JOHN, TONY STRATTON (Y.A.N. members).

THE SCHOOL CONCERT

I think we must have pleased everybody some of the time at the School Concert on 25th March, this year, such was the range of what we presented. There was an item from "Top of the Pops", and a performance of Faure's "Requiem", in Latin. There was a serious protest song "There but for Fortune" and there were the riotous antics of the "Trinity Minstrels".

A source of pride to me is the fact that about two hundred of our pupils took part in the concert. About one hundred pupils featured within the first few minutes of the evening when we performed "The Daniel Jazz", a light-hearted re-telling of the Old Testament story of Daniel in the lions' den. Some of the boys taking part in this came for this single item and went home straight afterwards. Malcolm Shipman, on the other hand, an "A" level pupil, was involved in performing for 75 per cent of the time—I am grateful, too, to him for his contribution, especially in view of his talent and of the preciousness of his time this year. Other pupils gave greater or less amounts of time, but I shall always remember the concert for the quality of contribution which all of them made, without which the concert would not have been the success it was.

The highlight of the concert was the performance of Faure's "Requiem". The sharing of the great art is one of the deepest joys known to man, and I hope that other performances of other masterpieces will become more and more part of life here at Trinity.

D. BAKER.

THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD

Christmas 1970

I am glad we produced this opera, although I have certain misgivings about having staged four Gilbert & Sullivan operas as the only major productions with which I have been associated at Trinity.

I have quelled my qualms somewhat, however, in view of the nature of the opera and the success it had. The Yeomen of the Guard is the most serious of Gilbert & Sullivan operas: not only is the story grimmer and with a sad ending, but some of the music could have been by Verdi or Puccini.

The theme of the opera, the fate of an exploited comedian, was not an original one (in fact, Verdi's *Rigoletto* has the same theme), but it is convincing, for Gilbert is at his most serious. Sullivan, who felt he was meant for bigger things than setting Gilbert's often frivolous and satirical words to music, set to work more readily than usual to do the job as only he could. Both librettist and composer must have felt deeply satisfied with their work on "Yeomen".

I believe we "brought it off". The thanks are due to many people, for these shows present an exercise in teamwork that involves many pupils and staff, some of them quite heavily. By the time the curtain was up, however, nobody could have thought it a hardship. For years may we be haunted by the words "I have a song to sing, O".



BASKETBALL MARATHON

Our money-raising marathon took place in the school gymnasium from 10.00 p.m. on Friday, March 12th, to 10.00 a.m. Sunday, March 14th, thirty-six hours in all. Our target was to raise money for the new Trinity Avenue Basketball Club. Mr. Collings, twenty-two boys and seven girls took part.

Great quantities of food were brought in, and it began to look as if we were about to take part in a sausage-roll eating contest, not a basketball marathon.

At 10.00 p.m. the first two teams were on court. The marathon was under way at a cracking pace which soon slowed down. In the alcove, where it was so hot that the use of a strongly-scented air-freshener was needed to clear the atmosphere, bodies began to try and get some shut-eye, which was almost an impossibility as basketballs were constantly flying overhead.

However, sleep overcame some and, at one time, Richard Simons, woken from his beauty sleep (how he needs it!), played without any shoes on and could not remember playing. Later, "Squeek" Manning suddenly disappeared from a game and was found sitting on the loo . . . fast asleep.

The night progressed; soon, people like Rance, Dickens and Welch had to be dragged out of the alcove any suitable way to get them playing. It was remarkable how the standard of play suddenly rose with the arrival of spectators.

Much of the success of the feat was due to a visit by a young good-looking chemistry master (the one with the hair) (NO SUCH PERSON EXISTS—EDITOR) at 3.30 a.m. on the Sunday morning. His arrival helped to wake everyone up if only by the absorbing questions it posed . . .

"Why has he got out of bed to see us?" . . . "Has he been to bed?" . . . "Who is he?" . . . "Why doesn't he go back to bed?" . . . "Has he got a bed?" . . . "Why didn't he put his trousers on when he got out of bed?" . . . "Does this confirm my ideas that he's a crank?" . . .

At 10.00 a.m. the marathon ended, the place was cleared up, the food disappeared, and D.C.C., clutching a bottle, was heard to say, "I was only here for the beer."

A total of one hundred and sixty pounds was obtained through the basketball marathon. Our thanks go to our generous sponsors.

HEATHER CUNDLE (6LG):

VISITS TO . . .

1) Dovedale

Soon after leaving school we were in the little village of Thorpe where we made our way up to a small gate. We made our way to the bottom of a very steep hill where Grinling took the lead to prance over the boulders like a mountain goat. At the top we made a sketch of the Manifold Valley and had a lecture about the rocks of the surrounding land.

The River Dove joins the River Manifold in the middle of a valley half a mile wide. The hill that we were perched upon was Thorpe Cloud, rising some 300 feet above the valley floor.

At the bottom of Thorpe Cloud we were in a "dry valley" called Lin Dale. We walked up stream following the River Dove into a steep-sided valley bottom. The sides were wooded and the general scene was picturesque. We continued walking by the river until it was lunchtime. Rather conveniently, the place picked for lunch was called "Lovers' Leap". After lunch, Mr. Joy curled up to rest. The temptation was too great and we advanced to roll him off Lovers' Leap but unfortunately, he woke up rather abruptly!

When we were suitably refreshed, we started off again on part two of our walk. Soon we came to a huge stone arch that was once the entrance to a cave. The cave, however, had "caved-in", to leave just the entrance as an arch and the back of the cave. From here we advanced past Islam Rock, protruding out of the rock face, to Dove Holes. This was a collection of small caves. From here we had the last part of our walk which was about half a mile to a small gathering of stone houses called "Mill Dale". Here the local shop was besieged and sold about three crates of Tizer and two boxes of crisps in record time. We then joined up with Mr. Newton's group and climbed into the coach for home.

W. YATES (4R).

2) Edale

The first thing that struck us when we reached the hotel after a rather roundabout route was the rain, which came down in torrents up until late Sunday morning.

Saturday morning we set out in blinding rain and climbed Back Tor, followed the ridge, past Hollins Cross to Main Tor—the site of an old hill fort. The main rock types this southern side of the valley, were limestone and shales. By this time most of us had tired considerably owing to the rarefied atmosphere—we were in cloud. We followed a stream to the Treak Cliff Caverns, which turned out to be the wrong ones, as Mr. Newton was sure he hadn't climbed down a twenty-foot waterfall to get there before.

At the Caverns, after we had gone through Blue John mines, the sudden change to limestone caverns, with several good examples of stalagmites and stalactites, was noticed. After we had had cups of tea Mr. Newton headed the party up Winnato Gorge, to the Giant's Hole, where a stream disappears into the hillside through a fault in the limestone, which has slowly grown bigger. It looked most spectacular as the stream was in full torrent. As most of us felt a little beyond tiredness, we took the road back.

On the Sunday we climbed Kinder Scout which had been turned into a plateau-like bog. The rock type here, on the north side of the valley, was millstone grit and shales, a great contrast to the southern side. Appicella claims he was the first one up, but there were signs that sheep had beaten him to it. Everywhere the appearance of springs out of the hillside, and streams at every second step were noticed.

Our thanks to Mr. Newton for giving up his valuable time, and effort, for the trip.

K.R.

3) Swanage

From the 24th to 31st March, a group of five girls and thirteen boys posing as geographers were subjected to the rigours of the now traditional Swanage Field Course. We were accompanied by Mr. Collings and Mr. Newton, who delighted everyone with a joke which was performed as many times as the Forsythe Saga.

Unfortunately, we were unable to use the Swanage Youth Hostel but stayed instead at the Beverley Hotel. One of the many highlights of the course was the presence of two Swiss maids, to whom a presentation was made on the final evening. The cost of the hotel was completely offset by the privacy gained.

We had previously been warned by a certain anonymous master, who did not accompany us but can regularly be found in the Geography Room, of the climatic perils awaiting us and we arrived suitably prepared. Fortunately, these fears were unfounded and instead we even saw the sun at times.

The first day was spent in carrying out a transect and landuse survey. Split up into groups of two or three, we endeavoured to walk along a given grid line studying relief, vegetation, land use and several other factors. Although this may appear relatively straightforward, we also had to negotiate certain unforeseen hazards, including electric and barbed wire fences, waterlogged fields, dense undergrowth and seas of cow dung.

The second and third days were spent on the south and the east coast walks respectively.

The south coast walk took us from Egmont Bight, over St. Alban's Head, to Winspit Quarry. This is an area of concordant coastline which means that the geology runs parallel to the coastline and is therefore less prone to coastal erosion than a discordant coastline. We were able to compare this with the East coast walk, this being an area of contrasting discordant coastline.

Perhaps the most interesting day of all was the fourth, despite the fact that Mr. Collings experienced some difficulty with his driving. We were split into two groups, one going to Chesil Beach and Maiden Castle and the other to Barton Sands near Bournemouth, the latter being a particularly good example of man's attempts to prevent erosion.

The final working day was spent in the Lulworth area, visiting especially Stair Hole, Lulworth Cove itself, and Durdle Door, a very fine example of a natural arch.

In the evenings we did a certain amount of work of course but there was also plenty of time for enjoyment and there were several memorable moments. It was at times like these when the true characters of certain people were revealed.

Through this course much valuable information was gleaned and its results will no doubt be shown in examination results. Much enjoyment was derived by all and we would like to extend our thanks to Mr. Collings and Mr. Newton.

T. CARMICHAEL.

And if, at the end of the day,
The world falls on your shoulders,
My love will surpass everything.
Life creeps and crawls with hungry boulders
Of unhappiness, but in my way,
I will attend you, feed you something
To ensure you of my love.

Do you see
The clouds overtake the sun? The trees
Do not suffer from the rain; they feed
And shed themselves in leaves, seed
And flower, sing in the wind, such
Is their power; they allow the sun to touch
The humblest bough. The smallest blade
Of grass bends low at their feet to receive
Her patient rays.

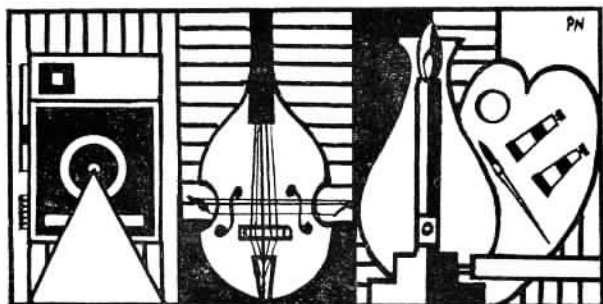
As you prayed,
I will come, stand by you and leave
When the sun rises. Time forgives and forgets
What has passed. At sunset, as you cherish
The last minutes, time lets
The midnight moon, as is my wish,
Illumine your night, cast light down
On your darkness. I will shine
On your face, from smile to frown;
I will rain on your arms
And come the summer's charms
On every field and town,
I will watch you seed and flower.

And beneath that watchful swaying plover,
I will plume the summer glory,
Flower your life, season your days and soothe
your morning temper.

As now I speak, time listens to my story;
Fragrant shadows absorb the sunlight,
Silence airs the bowing, crowded meadow,
Clings ghostly to the drowsing hedgerow,
Caresses the wistful weeping-willow
Of the lolling, rolling riverside. So,
Until daytime fades to moon light, I
Will nourish your slumber with dreams,
Awaken you at the crescendo of daybreak,
And mind your day with the cream
Of tenderness.

For life's endearment,
For life's sake, I will love
Forever, in your wake.

WILLIAM BEER.



ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

In many respects, this year has been an exciting one for the Society. An early start was made during the summer holiday when several of our members took part in the Development Corporation's Thorplands dig, uncovering a circular Roman building, probably dating from the early years of the third century.

At the beginning of the school year, a comprehensive field walking plan was drawn up with the intention of surveying all the areas in and around Northampton which had not, hitherto, received much attention from archaeologists. The demands made by such a programme on members' time proved, however, to be too great and the plan had to be fairly drastically revised and was eventually confined to walking several fields in the parish of Church Brampton. This was planned to coincide with a field-walking survey of an adjoining parish, Chapel Brampton, by Mr. Robert Moore of the Guildhall Museum. Our activities turned out to be very fruitful, numerous sherds and worked flints being found.

Our out-of-doors activities have been punctuated by visits to the School of Specialists and amongst these we remember two visits from Mr. Moore who gave us some very helpful hints on the recognition and dating of our finds, ranging from Paleolithic flints to Medieval pottery.

The Development Corporation's plans for the expansion area are of considerable interest to the archaeologist and we count ourselves fortunate in having the active encouragement and interest of Mr. Dennis Mynard, the Corporation's archaeologist, who came along to talk to us about what the Corporation had done, and hoped to do, before town expansion obliterated much of the local landscape. It was through the good offices of Mr. Mynard that we were able to obtain a large relief model of the eastern district which should be of great help to us in planning our future projects.

Before the end of the Easter term, the Society mounted an exhibition of its finds in the Workshops corridor. The display was supported by explanatory notes and diagrams (mainly the work of Andrew Boddington) and aroused a good deal of interest in what the Society was doing.

On 1st July we plan to have our annual expedition, this time to Avebury, Silbury and the West Kennett area—a region very rich in Paleolithic and Neolithic remains.

A. G. FROST

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY

This year astronomy seems to have become more popular amongst members of Sixth Form Science groups, but support from the lower school remains lethargic. Meetings were held once a fortnight when talks and discussions took place, and films were shown.

Thanks to Mr. Campbell for supervising meetings.

D. KIRBY and G. AGER.

THE BRIDGE CLUB

The Bridge Club was formed earlier this year and meets regularly during Thursday dinner times to play fiercely competed rubbers. These are recorded on a league basis.

The ability of our players range from lucky beginners to experienced old hands, staff and pupils respectively. Our thanks to Mr. Winkworth for helping to get the club off the ground.

D.J.S.

CHESS CLUB REPORT 1971

The Chess Club met this year on Tuesday each week. Attendances were very good. With the completion of the league fixtures for this year, first place in Division One goes to R. Watts (6 LM2) with P. Denton (6 US) and D. Savage (6 LM2) in second and third places respectively. In Division Two, Brichta of 2J took first place by a margin of three points over Pancoust (2K) and Billingham (2J) who shared second position.

The Chess Club Comp is still to be played, but the School v. Staff Match will be played on Thursday, 27th May; the School won overwhelmingly last year by 7-1.

Thanks to Mr. Rooke for supervising the club for the past year.

D.S.

Chess League

Division 1 (Final Positions)

			P	W	D	L	Pts.
1.	R. Watts	...	20	18	1	1	37
2.	P. Denton	...	20	15	1	4	31
3.	D. Savage	...	20	13	1	6	27
4.	D. Rooke	...	20	12	2	6	26
5.	D. Fiske	...	20	11	1	8	23
6.	G. Rab	...	20	9	2	9	20
7.	B. Hayes	...	20	9	1	10	19
8.	D. Sturgeon	...	20	8	1	11	17
9.	B. Jeyes	...	20	4	3	13	11
10.	P. Simons	...	20	2	2	16	6
11.	G. Benstead	...	20	1	3	16	5

THE CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

This has been a very encouraging year for all those connected with the school Christian Fellowship. Since it has been decided to hold meetings during the lunch-break, attendance figures have been extremely good, and it has been felt worthwhile to show film strips about the Christian life. We have also had several discussions and a session when Christian 'pop' records were played and discussed. Our main aim has been to show that Jesus Christ is a reality, alive now, and desiring to make His presence known to all who will believe Him and seek Him.

Next school year we hope to continue meeting together more regularly and hold not only general meetings, but also times when some can meet together and study the Word of God. We thank God for all He has accomplished, and all He is going to do.

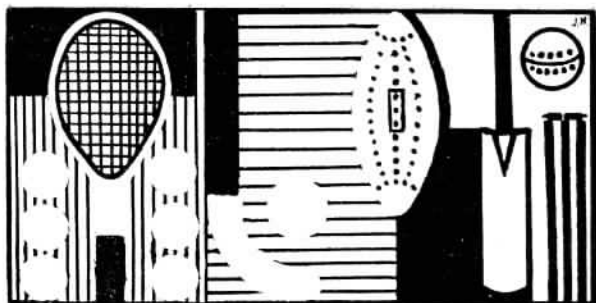
SHIPMAN (6U).

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

The society missed greatly this year the expertise and guidance of Mr. Wiseman who left for his beloved mountains. Interest and participation in events has been disappointingly slight.

Thanks, once again, to Mr. Guffogg for the use of his equipment, and to Miss Hunter for organising the initial meeting and enthusiastically attending the others.

P. L. SNELSON (6LS2).



FIRST XV 1970/71

Without doubt, this was one of the worst seasons the 1st XV has known. The results of three wins and 15 defeats directly reflects the performance of the team during the season.

It is difficult to pinpoint the exact trouble with the team, but the apathetic approach to the game by certain senior members during training sessions, and even during matches, set a bad example to the junior players who adopted the same attitudes as their influential counterparts.

No amount of coaching or coaxing could instil a team spirit into the squad members, who adopted a defeatist attitude after only one or two defeats, and consequently went from bad to worse.

The Saturday job situation was even worse than in past seasons and several players had to be missed out for Wednesday games to keep the same, but weaker, team that played on Saturdays.

It is unfortunate that enthusiastic and willing players were hindered by a minority of the squad who had no right to call themselves Rugby players. It can only be hoped that in the future, enough enthusiasm will be raised to mould a team keen and eager to play for the game itself, whether they win or lose.

No colours were awarded since it was deemed that the standard of play merited no rewards or congratulations.

One seven-a-side tournament was entered at Aylesbury where the team was knocked out in the semi-finals to the eventual winners.

As was usual during the season, the team rose to the "big occasion" and were only narrowly beaten 13-8 by the Old Boys, after a close game.

However, revenge was gained against the Staff team when, in the annual end-of-term fixture, the 1st XV won by 9-0.

Three boys, Britten, Bailey and Curtis, were entered for the county trials, but were unsuccessful in their attempts.

M. CURTIS (Captain).

UNDER 15 RUGBY 1970/71

A record of this measure speaks for itself, though it is only the result of many hours dedication and hard work. This season was nearly a disaster before a pass was given in the first match, for we found ourselves short of a Number 8, second row, a hooker, a prop and a wing, positions which were suddenly vacated in preference to work for cash. However, such was the spirit of the pool of reserves that, within weeks, we had found highly capable players in Barber, Green, Mortimer and Grinling.

Gradually, a good team spirit was generated and regular training and practices brought high skill to the play. The height of achievement was the defeat of Northampton Grammar School by 40-0, and the defeat of Cherry Orchard in a thrilling Cup final. Any pupil who has been a member of this side can be proud to have been in one of the finest Under 15 teams this school has ever had. Snook, Gotch, Welsh, Brinklow, Tomkins, Mortimore and Cooke deserve their colours for their part in the team.

Next year's First XV and Second XV ought to be well endowed with talent.

P	W	D	L	Pts. for	Pts. against
18	13	1	4	336	83

K. PRICE.

UNDER 14 RUGBY TEAM

The 1970-71 season has been one of despondency and missed opportunities. Unavailability of players, together with a lack of confidence, have been the root cause of the problem.

At the beginning of the season, we had a good pack of forwards, but the threequarters lacked size and ideas. A mid-season adjustment of players, led to a more balanced team, but, there were still many weak departments. Hardly one game went by without a change of player in the pivot position of Fly-Half.

Thus, it is not surprising that of the eight matches played, we suffered six heavy defeats. However, two notable victories were gained over Abington School, Leicester (27-11), and Banbury School (29-0).

I hope that the squad of keen players, who have stuck together through a difficult season, will battle on, so that they may emerge into a more mature, successful team.

E.J.W.

UNDER 13 RUGBY 1970-71

This team came from the first year with a sound knowledge of the game and a reputation for playing fast, intelligent rugby. This years, as U.13's, they continued to improve and had a very successful season.

The team played consistently well throughout the year, the only setback being the unexpected defeat by Spencer school in the semi-final of the Town Cup competition.

In the town league, the team easily defeated all opposition and won the league shield. In doing this the team scored 325 points and conceded only 3 points.

The season ended with a well-deserved win in the Town seven-a-side competition. The team was in a class of its own and defeated Guilsborough school by 30 points to nil in the final.

The side was ably led by Catlin and his total of 80 tries in the season will not be bettered for many years. Sharp was a very fast and elusive wing as was Pancoust at scrum-half. The latter's kicking was of an exceptional standard for a thirteen year old.

However, the most gratifying thing was the keenness of the second-year boys for rugby, so that it was possible to run three under thirteen sides, although matches for the "B" and "C" teams were difficult to get. It is hoped that this enthusiasm for the game will continue with these boys in the future.

Boys who played regularly for the team were: Benstead, Sharp, Gage, Dickens, Bowen, Pancoust, Catlin (captain), Johnson, Dean, Dunlop, Barnes, Tew, Morin, Lewis, Frost.

Colours were awarded to Catlin, Pancoust, Sharp.

Team record :

			P	W	L	F	A
"A" Team	...	...	19	17	2	552	47
"B" Team	...	...	3	1	2	11	36
"C" Team	...	...	2	0	2	5	28

R. BENNETT.

BOYS' HOCKEY 1970-1971

The boys' hockey team had a very good season, losing only one game all year, to Kettering G.S. by 2-0. Convincing victories were recorded against Northampton G.S., Dunsmore, Hinckley G.S. and in the return fixture with Kettering.

The side played together very well and mention must be made of the intelligent and skilful play of Riches and Denton and the hard and forceful play of Grantham at centre-forward. Reynolds was a sound goalkeeper and Jolly was the outstanding defensive player.

Although all matches were played on grass, there is no doubt that by practising on the all-weather surface the team's skill level and speed increased greatly. It is hoped that next season some inter-school fixtures will be played on this surface.

Record :

P	W	L	F	A
5	4	1	11	2

R. BENNETT.

UNDER 16 SOCCER

Last season the school entered the Northampton Schools' League and did well to capture the league title at the first attempt. Trinity's accurate and quick passing style was usually far too good for their opponents.

Particular mention should be made of the fine defensive work of Freeman in goal, the hard tackling of Avil, Stede and Seymour, and the speed in attack of Bates, Kirby and White, ably linked by the hardworking Scott and Thomasson and Chambers in midfield. The close understanding of the team and their overall high standard made it an enjoyable season for all concerned.

R. NEWTON.

CRICKET 1st XI

The season opened with a 63 run defeat at the hands of Sponne, owing mainly to lack of early season practice. Radcliffe, our next opponents, were beaten by 68 runs, the school pulling round to 150-9 dec., after being 9-5 wickets. Some slow batting against Kettering G.S. prevented the side marking up their second victory, despite Riches taking 4-10. N.G.S. 1st XI proved stern opposition and even a fighting 42 not out from Justice could not prevent a four-wicket defeat. In an overs match a combined staff/school XI went down to Timken in a tight game, losing by two wickets. A 136-run victory against St. John's, Tiffield, where Carmichael did well to score an unbeaten 50, was followed by a draw against a strong Magdalan College side, in which Cooke and Riches shared in a match-saving partnership of 70. There followed a seven-wicket defeat at the hands of Royal Latin School, although their victory was hardly a true reflection of the game. Bletchly G.S. were dispatched methodically, the school winning by five wickets, thanks mainly to Riches who took 4-18. Wellingborough were beaten easily by 76 runs, Haycock 54 not out and Cooke 71, sharing in a century partnership to lay the foundations for victory and Riches again bowled well, taking 7-24 to complete the rout. Dunsmore should have been beaten, with Cooke taking 5-27, but slow batting prevented anything but a draw.

Berridge and Underwood were a good opening pair, averaging nearly 20 a match. Riches bowled extremely well throughout the season, taking 26 wickets. Cooke, the captain, had an excellent all-round season, scoring 253 runs and taking 21 wickets. Haycock topped the batting averages with 167 runs. Justice kept wicket well and also scored over 150 runs: Grantham, Smith and Ross all bowled well on occasions as well as scoring some useful runs.

On reflection, considering the all-round cricketing strength of the side, the results were not as good as might have been hoped for. Nonetheless, good, and in the most part, attacking cricket was played throughout the season.

Played 13, Won 6, Drawn 3, Lost 4.

Caps awarded to N. W. Riches, B. S. Grantham.

Colours re-awarded to H. A. Cooke, N. W. Riches, B. S. Grantham.

Colours awarded to D. S. Berridge, A. S. Ross, K. Justice.

Half-colours awarded to D. Underwood, N. Haycock, D. Smith.

UNDER 15 CRICKET 1970

This year's Under 15 team proved to be the school's most successful side, indeed the best Under 15 side for many years.

Unbeaten in any of its twelve games played, the team captured the Town League and defeated Northampton Grammar School and Wellingborough Grammar School by memorable margins. The team was selected entirely from fourth year players, some of whom only fielded all season, because they preferred to be saved the indignity of batting but, none the less, were excellent members of the team. Burgess and Sturgess could find the keeper from any part of the field.

Kirby and Avil were ably supported by Howells and Steele, but bore most of the bowling themselves, while the runs came from Freeman, Seymour and Kirby. Howells could be relied upon for some solid blows when needed but Steele probably had the best style.

We all gained great satisfaction from winning but the essence of success was the enjoyment derived from playing.

K. PRICE.

UNDER 14 CRICKET

The Under 14 cricket team played only four matches last season, winning two and losing two, the game against the Northampton Grammar School having to be abandoned because of heavy rain.

In the first match of the season against Wellingborough Grammar School, untidy opening bowling led to our conceding 90 before we took their third wicket. Thereafter we were more success-

ful and dismissed Wellingborough for 114 runs, Costello taking six wickets for 13 runs. In reply we were able to muster only 85, of which Mortimer scored an impressive 21.

The Northampton Grammar School side were put out for a modest 62, only one of their batsmen reaching double figures. McGillivray took four wickets for 11 runs. This clear advantage was, however, frittered away by our batsmen who allowed themselves to be 'frightened' out by a quicker-than-average bowler. The only exception to this was Mortimer who made 23. When play was abandoned we had scored 42 for 7.

Cherry Orchard were clearly no match for us and were dismissed for 46, McGillivray taking four for 17 and Simons six for 12. We passed this total with nine wickets in hand. By this time Sturgess was batting superbly and was 28 not out.

Playing in a field of long grass and on an unpredictable wicket at Bletchley, we did well to score 46, though only Simons reached double figures. This total proved to be more than enough for Bletchley who were put out for 26, Simons ending with the remarkable analysis of five wickets for four runs.

In our last match we were again outplayed by Wellingborough Grammar School and were able to score only 38—a total which they passed for the loss of four wickets.

During the season Sturgess showed great promise and well deserved his place in the county side against Bedfordshire.

Results :

- v. Wellingborough Grammar School: lost by 29 runs.
- v. Northampton Grammar School: match abandoned.
- v. Cherry Orchard: won by 9 wickets.
- v. Bletchley Grammar School: won by 20 runs.
- v. Wellingborough Grammar School: lost by 6 wickets.

A.G.F.

UNDER 13 CRICKET XI

The Under 13 XI had another enjoyable and successful season. Although they did not retain the Wayfarers Cup (they finished 2nd) the overall standard of play was most encouraging, especially against the stronger Grammar School teams. Every member of the side played enthusiastically and the fielding, as usual, was of a very high standard. Special mention should be made of the batting of Miller and Turner, the calm and efficient wicket-keeping of Mordin, the fine fielding of Dennis, and the match-winning bowling of Clifton who created a new school record with 57 wickets in the season.

Record: Played 13, won 11, lost 2.

R. NEWTON.

CROSS COUNTRY 1970-71

The school cross country teams this year suffered heavily from a lack of support so that several fixtures had to be cancelled.

The U.13 and U.15 teams entered the town leagues but met with little success. The only exception to this was Dunlop, from the second year, who won three of the five races he was in and was awarded colours.

R. BENNETT.

BASKETBALL REPORT

Under 16 Team



Record :

P	W	L	D
30	20	9	1

Points: For 1,390

Against 839

After several practices in the summer holiday this team emerged as the best in the County in this age group. The large number of matches played illustrated the keenness of the squad which seemed to thrive on constant competition. Some defeats were sustained, often against older opposition, but lessons were learnt from these reverses.

The team became champions of the County by winning all their under 16 league games and also recorded spectacular victories over three men's teams who play in the Northants Basketball League. They defeated Wellingborough Borstal by 73-12, Wellingborough Basketball Club by 96-33 and, most notably, Northampton Eagles who play in the first division, by 47-43.

For the first time the school entered the Nationals Competition, eventually losing in the second round to Kings Heath of Birmingham by 27-43. The fanatical support of over 100 cheering members of the school made the match most memorable, but the two outstanding matches of the season occurred in one week in January when Trinity crushed both Northampton Grammar School and Wellingborough Grammar School, both arch enemies.

The real success of the squad lies in the unselfish attitude and splendid team spirit combined with improved shooting and the rigorous coaching of various methods of attack and defence.

With the prospect of this team staying together for another two years, the future of Basketball in Trinity is bright indeed and opposition should beware.

D. C. COLLINGS.

Under 15 Team

Games played 10: Won 6, Lost 4.

Points: For 258, Against 270.

With only six recognised players, the team did reasonably well and showed much skill in some of their matches. Generally, however, too many easy shots were missed and some good defensive play was to no avail. Captain S. Pendered (56 points) played well in all aspects but lacked support at times. M. Hiam (33 points) and R. Simons (57 points) proved to be hard-working attackers while S. Snook (36 points), G. Welsh (22 points) and D. Sturgess (12 points) played well in the defence. T. Peck of the Under 14 team, when promoted to this squad, performed well despite his lack of height.

Under 14 Team

Games played 7: Won 3, Lost 4.

Points: For 142, Against 157.

This team gradually improved throughout the season and, despite a general lack of height, has the potential to develop into a useful side next year. Mention must be made of I. Jones (48 points) and T. Peck (30 points) who have both played well. Other members of the team are: L. Apicella, R. Dickens, G. Moore, M. Haynes, S. Capel, P. Rance.

D. C. COLLINGS.