

After the tour most players complained of blistered feet, sore spinning fingers and other common ailments of the English cricketer but, nevertheless, all agreed that it was a worthwhile venture and one which it is hoped will become a regular feature of the Trinity Grammar School cricket calendar.

R. NEWTON

SENIOR BASKETBALL

Played 31. Won 27. Lost 4. Points for 1,991. Against 926.

This year the potential of the school's basketball was fully realised. The record of only losing 4 matches out of 31 is indeed a tribute to the team's strength in depth.

The school side played many matches and won all but two of them quite easily. Unfortunately, we lost to Northampton Grammar in the Schools National Competition after seven of our players fouled out to leave only three Trinity players on the court — even then we lost by only 3 points.

The same team played as Trinity Avenue in the Northamptonshire League Division III. In 14 matches, often against teams of men, Trinity were undefeated and in 5 games scored over 100 points against the opposition. The ability to vary tactics proved invaluable in upsetting the opposition who could not last the pace as well as the school team. As a result of winning this league the team gained promotion to Division II for the coming season.

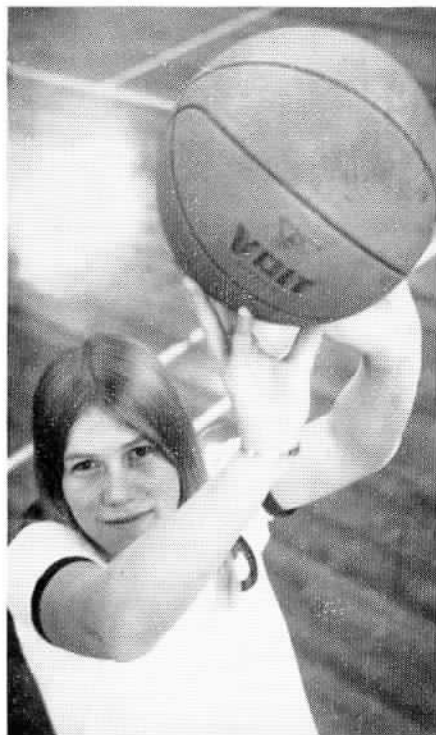
In the 'Summer Cup' the Trinity team have reached the quarterfinals and they have reached the Final of the East Midlands Junior Cup, having beaten last year's winners — Derby YMCA — in a good game in the semi-final. The final stages of these competitions are still to be played.

At last some of our players have gained the representative honours they deserve. Four players — A. Sturgess, P. Silvey, P. Manning and S. Pendered — all played for the County U19 team and P. Silvey and A. Sturgess were selected for the East Midlands U19 Squad.

The standard of individual play has improved throughout the season and, with a wealth of talent, a second club team will be run next season. Possibly the greatest problem to overcome is that of over-confidence and complacency. Having to play teams well below our standard leads to players "showing off" at times and introduces undesirable aspects in the play.

Team members and scores:— A. Sturgess (Capt.) 311 pts., P. Silvey (Vice-Cap.) 477, P. Manning 236, S. Pendered 271, G. Struselis 165, T. Kirby 106, P. Seymour 90, T. Peck 72, M. Hiam 70.

PICKED TO PLAY FOR ENGLAND



FOR ENGLAND!

It is very few that have the chance to represent their country in any sport, but this year Trinity was lucky to have Heather Cundle selected to play for the England Girls' Basketball Team.

It started as a last minute rush, one October Sunday, down the M1 to the 'South of England' trial—'more as a day out than with any really hopeful prospects.' We were pleasantly surprised as we realised that our standard was similar to that of established England players. Heather played a 'blinder' in several of the practice matches and was selected for the squad. The team and I were very proud of this achievement but events moved quickly and more was to follow. Heather was top scorer for the South of England when they narrowly defeated the 'North' at Nottingham. After a three-day session at Middlesbrough Heather made the full England team.

This selection was a tribute to her own effort—she ran several cross-countries and spent hours on shooting practice and drilling to improve her ball-handling, dribbling and defensive play.

Her really big day came when she played at Middlesbrough against Scotland early in January. There were five of us from Northampton in the 500 crowd. Soon after the start Heather scored. She came bounding back down the court as if she was eight feet tall and with a grin wide enough to swallow the ball whole, the five of us were on our feet yelling our heads off! Heather did not score again but played some excellent defensive basketball, even though England lost.

In April, Heather toured the continent with the England team. Playing matches in France, Belgium and Germany, she established herself as a prominent England player—it is a pity she is leaving school this year.

It is not many who are chosen to play for England so well done Heather, we are proud of you.

D. C. COLLINGS.

BASKETBALL : UNDER 15

Playing Record:	Won	Lost	For	Against
	9	4	568	375

This year, the Under 15 team produced some excellent basketball on occasions and enjoyed marked success in both the Northampton Schools League and the Northamptonshire County Cup.

In the Town League, several substantial wins were recorded, the sole defeat being registered in the last match which resulted in Trinity finishing the season as runners-up.

The team also reached the Semi-Final of the County Cup, after convincing wins over Weston Favell and Kettering Grammar School. However, defeat came in a well-contested match at Cherry Orchard.

In addition to team successes, the selection of the Captain, T. Peck, for the County Under 15's, is worthy of mention.

This was a good season for the squad, although marred somewhat by an occasional reluctance to accept official decisions. When this tendency has been overcome, the team will consistently realise their full potential.

Leading Scorers: T. Peck, 172; I. Jones, 128; G. Moore, 105; U. Apicella, 70; D. Spokes, 63 points.

G. BARRINGTON.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Played 26. Won 19. Lost 7. Points for 1,213. Against 643.

Girls' basketball has flourished this year with the Trinity team strengthened by the fact that all the players have had a year's experience of playing together. Regular practice and coaching sessions have produced a team that has emerged as a powerful force in the East Midlands and the Country.

In an invitation tournament held at Loughborough we reached the semi-finals, beating Bourneville Aztecs, the previous winners, on the way before we lost to the eventual winners.

The team also reached the quarterfinals of the National Schoolgirls' Competition, with a tremendous win over Darlaston Comprehensive by 42 points to 21 — Wendy Warwick, the captain, scored 21 of our points — but then we lost to St. Gregory's School, Huddersfield, in a very tight game by 29 points to 34.

In Division II of the Maid Marian League we were far too strong for other teams and won all our games comfortably, e.g. Clifton College was beaten 70 - 4, Leicester University 92 - 14. At Christmas we were promoted to Division I and although we lost three matches we won the remaining four to finish 4th in the league.

The game against Nottingham Unicorns, the best team in the East Midlands, was again a very close affair and we only lost in the last few minutes after we had led for some time.

The team has also gained representative honours. Heather Cundle was selected to play for the England Senior Schoolgirls, while Margaret Taylor and Heather were selected to play for the East Midlands Ladies. The team represented Northamptonshire in the inter-county tournaments, and last July lost in the final of the East Midlands Competition to Nottingham after a very close game.

Individual scores for the season were:—

Margaret Taylor 281 points, Heather Cundle 251, Susan White 178, Eudene Taylor 178, Wendy Warwick 128, Rosemary Harle 82, Ann Williams 51, Janice Tipler 20, Debbie Storey 17.

HEATHER CUNDLE.

GIRLS' NETBALL 1972

Netball still proves to be the inspired game for the girls. This season there have been four teams; each has played well and gained good results. A 6th form team has played teams from outside the borough and has won more matches than it has lost. The other teams had the following results:—

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
League — Under 16 VII	9	7	2	—
League — Under 15 VII	9	2	7	—
League — Under 14 VII	6	1	5	—



Under 16 League Netball Team 1971/72

The Under 16 VII gained third place in the league, the Under 14 VII came seventh. Of the Under 16 team, Eudene Taylor and Angela Coleman were selected to represent the County Under 18 team; an outstanding achievement for 5th formers.

Colours were awarded to Charlotte Tarry.

This season has shown that there is great individual talent, so it is hoped that the league teams of next year will provide even better results, and that the 6th form team will survive.

H.M.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS 1971

There has been a small core of enthusiasts this season, and their regular interest and Training has produced some good results. Two complete teams were entered for the Town Sports, and all the sprint events were represented in the finals.

Final Placings were:

Intermediate

100m.—Lesley White, 3rd.

75m. hurdles—Jackie Morris, 3rd.

Relay—4th.

Discus—Helen Currey, 2nd.

Senior

100m.—Colleen French, 3rd.

200m.—Karen Saunderson, 3rd.

800m.—Patricia Heyworth, 1st.

Record—2.29.8.

Relay—2nd.

High Jump—Eudene Taylor, 1st.

Discus—Pauline Reynolds, 3rd.

80m. hurdles—Angela Coleman, 4th.

Javelin—Susan Hollis, 4th.

From these results, P. Heyworth, E. Taylor and H. Currey, together with Heather Cundle and Wendy Warwick for the 17-20 age group, were selected for the County Sports.

County Sports Results

800m.—P. Heyworth, 1st.

High Jump—H. Cundle, 1st.

High Jump—E. Taylor, 2nd.

Javelin—W. Warwick, 4th.

We look forward to the same success next season.

A.M.

BOYS' ATHLETICS 1972

As usual, the heats for the Inter-School Sports took place before our own Sports Day on a cold, windy evening so that it was not surprising that standards were low in most events. The School was well represented in the finals at British Timken where the 13 - 15 boys in particular did well to win the Travis Trophy by a margin of seventeen points.

Individual winners in this group were I. Johnson (200 metres 27.3 seconds); G. Catlin (triple jump 40' 7½" — a new record); R. Barnes (shot putt 32' 3½"); and S. Nurser, I. Johnson, J. Sharpe and G. Catlin (relay).

The 15 - 17 team came second in their competition. Individual winners were M. Healy (discuss 99' 0½") and K. Rich (triple jump 36' 6½").

Following our success in winning the under 15 Boys' Championship in the Borough Sports, it was obvious that we would be well represented in the County Sports. In fact there were seven in this group and four in the 15 - 17 age-group.

Of the under 15 group R. Barnes won the Shot Putt, and G. Catlin the Triple Jump. Catlin was also honoured with the captaincy of the Northampton team and received the Pascoe Cup on its behalf.

At the subsequent selection meeting, they were nominated to take part in the 100 Metres and Shot Putt at the Six-Counties' meeting at Peterborough, and to crown it all, to represent Northants in the All-England Championship at Durham on July 7th and 8th.

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Patricia Heyworth was also selected for National Schools' Championships 800 Metres intermediate. She also represents the county at Peterborough, together with Sue White and Ann Williams, respectively Shot Putt and High-Jump Senior Section.

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School Sports Day.

In the finals of events held before Sports Day, three records were broken, G. Catlin in the Triple Jump; J. Sharpe in the 80 metres hurdles and S. Spanswick in the 100 metres.

Sports Day was, as usual, cold and blustery but even so another three records were broken by R. Barnes (shot putt 36' 0½"); K. Dunlop (800 metres, 2 mins. 24.5 secs.); and J. Sharpe (400 metres, 59.9 seconds).

Unfortunately, there was widespread apathy amongst the sixth form boys so that it was impossible to arrange events for those half-a-dozen keen people.

Burghley won the House Championship in a close-fought battle with Mobbs who were only two points behind.

This year's Staff/School Tug-O-War was won by the School who beat a weakened (just weak, say some) Staff team by two pulls to none. It is the first time that brute strength and ignorance have prevailed over co-ordination and cunning in this annual meeting of powerful forces.

SWIMMING—1971/1972

The lack of swimming facilities at the School has been deplored for years, but at long last we may yet see our own Swimming Bath being built as the School develops into an Upper School.

However, the House Cup was keenly contested during our Gala at the Mounts Bath and was won by Blakeman, while our representatives in the town Gala acquitted themselves well.

G. C. GRIMSHAW

JUDAS SAID:

"Just 30 pieces of silver; I
Don't know the reason why
I went and informed on him—
Now He (the Son) will surely die.
It was merely a kiss, to
Show that he was the one;
Now I see that 30 pieces isn't a lot really
Considering what I have done.
I didn't do it for the money.
I live off my fishing and keep in good health
Maybe it was the desire to put one over on him,
Or maybe I just wanted the wealth.
But as the full realisation of what
I have done seeps in, I lose all hope
And see my destiny, too, lies on a hillside.
Under an olive tree, on the end of this rope
It's no good me begging for mercy;
Justice will eventually take its toll—
Can't you see, I've betrayed my
God as well as my soul."

R. TYMKIW (6LM1).

WATER WORLD

Today a friend of mine told me
Man has two great powers—
The power to Love
And the power to Create.
As I sit by waterroads
I believe him.
Water,
Symbol of man's wandering quest
To find the sea of freedom,
Flows past like
Shimmering thought-ripples
On to a mind-lock.
Waiting for the lock doors to open
And welcome the flooding door.
But anything that comes easily,
Is not appreciated, easily.
So herds of weed and pollution
Stop creatures of love and creativity
From surfacing to greet friends on the shore.
So their friends are left staring at the silver ripples,
Through the herd of weed,
Once more.

PHILIP LAUGHTON (6US).

BLINDSIGHT FRIEND

You walk around without seeing,
Blindsight's your only real friend,
You never get deeper than the surface,
Your skins where your feelings end.
Your looks and words sometimes betray you
And I see what you could be if I won,
But your mind is already fading
And the battles over and done.
Your mind you keep well in order,
In a file from A down to Z,
While mine is spinning round somewhere,
But who'll remember the things that you've said?
You see you've no understanding,
No love for anyone but you,
Insanely I'm trying to tell you,
But somehow I never get through.

PHILIP LAUGHTON (6US).

SOMEDAY!

Floating with the wind on high
Over the silver life-light of the sea
Like the divine feather sailors-soul,
Or hovering within and around you
Like a fog that somehow gets inside you,
Watching over you, his children,
Waiting for the day when
Blindsight treads his weary steps,
Back to the world, where you are you,
He is he,
And one will never see the truth in the other.
When that day arrives
And the fog sweeps compassion through us all,
And we'll be you
We'll be me
Then we see us as we really are
With all acts and pretences laid aside,
But until that day I am the common me,
Who needs to escape in ways you don't understand,
So misunderstanding removes the reality from your eyes,
Until that day;
I wonder if it will be tomorrow,
Or next week
Or
Someday?
Until then I'll write these words
And wait.

PHILIP LAUGHTON (6US).

REVOLT

He sat with his hands clasped round his thin, bony knees, staring at the others in the dim, crowded room. They stared back. He turned away; they stared. He knew they would, they always did. He should be like them, unblinking, immobile, mindless beings, just existing. Why did he want to rebel? Why now? He was bewildered, confused. He was different.

Lights flashed, making geometric patterns in red, green and blue on the black walls. They moved, stood up slowly, and faced the wall, staring with wide unblinking eyes. He stood in line with them as he had done countless times before; he did not want to, but whatever force it was that held him, he was not free of it yet. A panel slid open; they walked out onto a dusty plain, with little vegetation except the thorny, dried-up bushes scattered around and straggling, drifting tumbleweed. He followed.

For a few minutes he stood under the blazing sun until an overwhelming feeling of difference, of freedom, came over him. He ran blindly forward, not knowing where he was going, or caring; all that was in his mind was to escape from existence to life.

He stopped, panting, breathless and felt a strange throbbing sensation in his neck. Placing his hand on the spot he felt a long, rough, red scar running horizontally three inches round his neck. It pulsed. As he started to run once more the throbbing increased until he felt as if his head would burst and he slowly sank to his knees, hands pressed close to his head in a useless effort to stop the pain. He fell backwards.

As he lay staring at the hazy sky, he was aware that the throbbing had ceased. Something touched him. A bloated hand clasped his arm like a soft, polythene bag, half-filled with warm water: he turned his head and gazed at the tiny, yellow, eyes sunken into the folds of metallic-looking, blue-tinged skin, the squashed nose, like a piece of wet clay, hit with a hammer, and the purple lips opening and closing like a fish on a dry river bank.

He wrenched himself free from its grip and, picking up a sharp angular stone, hurled it into the face of the creature. Its face exploded; liquid gushed out like air from a punctured balloon. He retched, repulsed by the pieces of shrunken wrinkled flesh.

Looking behind him he saw another creature and heard a dull toneless voice say,

"Earthman, sub-species 637//74X YG39B, failure."

It raised its arm.

He screamed.

CHRISTINE BIERTON (FORM 5).

SUN AND ME AND YOU

Suspended on a thousand filigrees of gold—
One brilliant burning fury
Radiating endless life, yet drawing all from me
Leaving just the kernel engulfed in tireless pain
One day to be rekindled by its own tormenting flame.
It is my sun, not yours.
I am bound to it, not you.
Yet
We sit, you talk,
I listen.
You say you want to find yourself and prove that you exist.
I listen to you numbly—
Just words that writhe and twist
And crush my very soul.
In killing me you must destroy yourself.
You say your life is empty.
Well please don't look to me.
I am just your shadow
For this once let me be.
How can I listen to you or me?
We are only words.
My life is rooted in that cavernous burning fury
And inside this body there is only love conceived by sun.
You know yourself that you are not the one
To free me from myself.
How can you when I am bound to sun?
You say you think it's love I want,
A love from you to me suffocated by your intensity.
But all the time that you've been talking
My God has sunk away from me.
Leaving as remembrance his scarlet fading cloak.
All this you have denied me with your wild and wanton words.
But who are you compared to him, or you to do with me?
Even as the sun had died
You have died in me
Leaving tomorrow and eternity when suns are born again
And I reborn as me.

S. (6UG).

NIGHTMARE

I walk along the lane with my friend. We breathe the sweet perfumed air and laugh at the antics of a tiny sparrow flitting amongst the blossoming hedgerow. The sun shines and we only have ourselves for company.

Suddenly, I find myself alone in a forest. Deep cart tracks filled with evil-smelling mud travel along the dank leafy floor. I shout for my friend but, instead, an ugly old hag with yellow teeth,

gnarled hands and wispy hair jumps out from behind a tree. She cackles and grabs hold of my arm with her bony claw. I feel her sharp talons digging into my flesh and I scream.

I look around and my friend has appeared again. She grabs my other arm and pulls and the black mud sucks me down and down. Above me the evil, mocking face of the hag laughing louder and louder and louder. And the black mud begins to suck its greedy way over my head. I can't breathe, I'm suffocating, I feel sick from lack of air.

Darkness surrounds me and the horrible sucking sound pounds in my ears. I can breathe again. It is still dark but the thick, sucking mud has gone. I jump as something touches my shoulder. Shaking, I slowly turn my head. A large black beetle has its powerful pincers in my shoulder. Its fiery eyes pierce the gloom while gaping jaws open and shut with a deafening noise. To my terror, behind its vast black back stands the hag screaming, "Kill her!" slashing the beetle with a whip made from long green pieces of seaweed with knots of human fingers at the ends. With every stroke the pincers dig deeper into my bruised flesh, cutting into my very soul. The pain sweeps over me. Then the dark becomes light and I move my aching body from the uncomfortable position in my sleeping bag as sunlight filters through the tent flap.

HELEN CURREY (Form 4).

DAWN TO DUSK THROUGH DAY

Though it's seasonable to love in summer
Clouds obscure my blue sky-vision of you
And leaves
Out of season
Falling
Have smothered our days.
Willows gently weeping
Stand respectfully and watch our laughter
Die of heart failure
Because it could not stand the strain.
Dawn to dusk through day.
Short summer.
Yet still we linger on
Loving for a season of
Dawns to dusks through days
To nights of tired moons
And eyes that cannot see in the darkness
Of a writhing room
Lost in a house in an empty street.

ANDY YORK (6UM1).

POSTCARD TO A SPINSTER AUNT

A close but not near-relative aunt said,
"Send me a postcard, dear.
Enjoy yourself, think of me.
I went there before the war, you know,
When I was young—
Such flower beds . . . beautiful summer . . .
Excellent brass band . . . lovely summer . . .
Met Albert."

Dear Aunt

I do wish you were here.
It's raining,
It's empty and cold
Like people like you.
I suppose the sun shone when you were here.
But that was before the war.
Everything is always before the war.
Now concrete blooms choke the flowers
And the cliffs have crumbled
Grey with years
Weary of the feet of moonlight lovers.
Albert has passed away,
Lying next to 'Beloved wife of . . .'
As once he lay by you.
He has taken your love with him
To a place of ashes and mindless eyes
Where cruel hands cannot reach him,
Once more part of you
In your dreams.

ANDY YORK (6UM1).

THE PATH

The path
never ending, never stopping,
one end to Heaven, one end to Hell,
Hell is behind me,
chasing, catching;
shadows in the dark like lions
I, the antelope, their prey.
Heaven in front,
nearer, closer;
the herd the lion will not attack.
Hell is slowing,
puffing, panting.
I struggle on, my pace quickening,
tired of the chase and good that is near.
Heaven like a mother, her arms outstretched
to greet a lost son,
like a fairground full of happiness, joy and peace.

A. PANCOUST (3K).

ALL THEY WANTED WAS A MANTEL-PIECE HERO

All they wanted was my photo
For the mantel-piece
So they could say I was a hero
And show my blood-stained medals.
They kept on at me all day,
Telling me, pushing me to go and fight.
It got so bad that
In the end
I went,
For the peace and quiet.
It was hell, too
Mind you, we were all in the same mess—
One big, happy, scared-to-death family,
Thinking of death or home,
Especially me.
Our turn came and
We fought like animals.
Now we're free,
Even me.
I live in my windowless room,
With its brass handles and
Walnut ceiling,
And I sometimes get a peculiar feeling,
That my room is resting on a mantel-piece.

DAVE SAVAGE (6UM2).

IMAGINE

What will it be like in years to come?
Will old men grow cobwebs in the village pub
And drink from glasses it took them fifty years to hold?
Will the news announce that God is dead
While the churches wail?
Will you or I be here?
Can anyone imagine?
Will there still be crime, or will we all wear white?
Will the sun still shine through the smoke-laden sky?
Will anyone die,
You or I?
Can anyone imagine?
Will live be made love not lust.
Or conception be a sin and families be in, or out?

DAVE SAVAGE (6UM2).

JUSTICE

I float in a brown mist. It swirls around me like some giant cloak, shrouding me from everything about me. I catch glimpses of elusive worlds outside. People dance about a giant stone statue, they bustle about a market place; they file in an endless line past an unseeing figure. A space-ship takes off and belches forth fire and flame like some primeval dragon. Men fight in a sea of brown mud and die in squalid tumbledown shacks where rats pick their bones.

I drift over a green battlefield where knights in shining armour hack off the arms and legs of brown-clad peasants. Not far away white-robed monks kneel before a jewelled idol and sing in strange, forgotten tongues. On the other side of a wall women are weeping but no one hears.

I follow a funeral procession to the grave and out of the burning dust rise a bride and groom, holding hands and floating over a sea of roses. At the bottom of the turbulent sea lies a new-born babe, gurgling at the shark that eats him.

Ashes fall on a forgotten city where only a few fevered, helpless hulks remain to feel the pain of a long-drawn-out death.

In a Western saloon a woman pours whisky for a demented and drunken doctor who stares emptily at the bodies lying on the floor. A block away a preacher preaches to the echoing emptiness in a church where the wind whistles about his ears and sings a dirge in the pews. Time passes and a million people fill the church, listening to the fiery preacher in a stony silence.

A plague-ridden beggar crawls to the wedding and grins, toothless at the glittering bride. The flesh falls from her and rots and she slithers away with him into the concealing grime.

In a courtroom the judge stares down at the young offender and says, in a voice of doom, "I know his father, let him go."

He smiles benignly on the next case and says, "Fifteen years".

The badge of justice above his head stares blankly down. The statue of Mercy across the street weeps.

Somewhere in the sky a greater justice sheds blind tears and weighs the scales in one slender hand. Slowly they topple and no matter how he adjusts the dial they do not move.

"Give them one more chance," implore the voices round the throne. But God Almighty cannot cheat . . .

KATHLEEN DUNMORE (Form 5).

NIGHTMARE

There is a darkness first
And then
Like a television
Everything comes into focus.
I'm in a room
Just like mine—
Carpet worn, and old brass bed.
I play with a doll
And then
I envisage the tea table,
Malt loaf, cream cakes.
But they are downstairs.
I go to the door
Reach for the handle
And nothing.
I still see the door
And grasp again
But nothing.
I go around the room
Grasping.
I see everything
But feel nothing.
I run at the walls,
And round and round
Grasping here and there
Hoping to catch reality.
Again I circle the room
Stretching my limbs taut,
Reaching, grasping,
And still nothing.
I drop to the floor
Exhausted.
But
There is no floor
I fall away
Into
Oblivion.

S. TARRY (4B).

TURNABOUT

Green,
Green I see
And trees like mosques
Undaunted by the wind.
I see a river ambling by,
Bearing tales to the sea
It cries as it passes, and takes my tale from me

DAVE SAVAGE (6UM2).

I've never seen anything like it,
A peacock sitting on a roof across the way,
I must be going mad, it's not there now,
Perhaps it's seen a female peacock sitting on
my roof.
Delusions.
Illusions.
I'm sure I saw that peacock that looked
remarkably like a giraffe.
Perhaps I'll wake up in a minute, who knows?
Look!
There it is again,
that giraffe that looks like a peacock.
Or was it vice-versa?
I don't know.

DAVE SAVAGE (6UM2).

Perhaps it is possible to dream
Pleasantly floating in mental clouds
'tween Camelot and Asgard
with the one you love.
Perhaps it is possible to fly
Under one's own power
High above Olympus and Troy
with the one you love.
Yet it is more likely I will see
walking through forests and glades
'tween Paris and Rheims
you
with the one you love.

DAVE SAVAGE (6UM2).

LA LIBERTÉ

Standing
Alone
With my head in the clouds
Staring at the man in the moon
Feeling so free.
Lying
Alone
On the beach of my mind
Watching time pass through my hand
Feeling so free.
Walking alone
Alone

DAVE SAVAGE (6UM2).

"THE TRAVAILS OF SANCHE PANZA"
(and Mr. Brewer)

October 14th Auditioning completed, the cast reads through the play for the first time. Lines underlined in red, cues in pencil. Ray Winnie, as Sancho, causes much laughter—he seems to fit the part but can he ever learn the lines? Can any of us? Ideas of play vague.

January 6th Exams and Christmas hols behind us, we get down to our first really serious rehearsal. Lines should have been learnt by now, needless to say, books are still needed, and for some time to come. Bob Perkin absent—what a start—but we fumble chaotically on. After much conferring with Mr. Brewer, Ray Winnie decides not to continue with part, Kevin Gibson (originally to have played the Carrier) steps in. Can he do it? Keith now has the honour of kissing Debbie Storey.

January 13th Work begins in earnest on set and costume designs.

January 20th Endless lists and messages appear on notice boards. Rehearsals continue relentlessly and play begins to make sense, in places. Miss Broadhurst agrees to rehearse especially Charles Anstead and Kevin Gibson for their demanding parts. Mr. Adam produces model of ambitious manoeuvrable set. Will it work on stage? Can we make it work?

February 3rd After unseen work in workshops set begins to take shape. Unforeseen hitches and problems constantly being discussed and ironed out. Cast has more idea of stage movement but rehearsals are laborious.

February 17th It is four months since work started and the play is due to be presented in less than a month. Mr. Brewer brings home to us the necessity for extra effort and greater determination in a letter beginning, "It is a sobering thought that we are already so close to the dates of the performance with so much still left to be done," (shades of Winston Churchill). The attached booking forms are good psychology—we realise the need for extra rehearsals and agree to two full days in the half-term holiday. Some of us suffer from guilty consciences.

February 23rd Disastrous rehearsal. Co-ordination difficult in trapdoor scene. Ladders to be climbed. Bob Perkin can't believe his luck at being last!

February 25th Costume fittings—girls period 3, boys period 4. Boys contrive to arrive early and enjoy the panic they cause.

March 1st Miss Broadhurst still working hard with Kevin and Chas. Rehearsals with part costume and props go better. Stage hands and lighting crew have mastered sequences. Finishing touches added to set. Things clicking into place. But what about Offa, the donkey? Everyone anxious.

March 2nd Offa arrives at school and causes great excitement. Obviously a star and used to adoration, he remains unperturbed.

March 6th Dress rehearsal disastrous. Things go wrong that have never gone wrong before and last minute changes have to be made. The producer consoles himself that it is all in the best dramatic tradition.

March 8th Opening performance. Multitudes of fears increase in intensity as costumes are donned, the grease-paint applied and curtain-up comes nearer. Anxieties are dissolved as play progresses and a large responsive audience warms to it. Offa is a great success but by no means overshadows his merely human counterparts.

March 9th Not so successful tonight. Audience not as large and slow to tune in. A bit of an anti-climax.

March 11th Cast keen to make the last night a truly memorable one. The audience is large and appreciative; the cast, especially Kevin and Charles, grow in confidence and stature and a number of ad-libs appear.

Finally, everyone is well-pleased and happy to have taken part in what was felt to be a worthwhile and successful attempt at a difficult production.

LESLIE JONES (6LG).

TOM GILL (6LM).

TWO DIFFERENT WORLDS

War and Peace—

Two words that exist.

Peace: calm, repose, harmony

Like a still relaxed desert;

War: an uncontrollable mass of fire,

Hateful, hostile, leaving destruction and misery in its path.

Peace lies silent.

Only the chatter of birds and the constant buzz

of bees can be heard

As nature lingers.

War screams.

The methodical beat of the drum

Echoes the chimes of death

As guns rage, claiming victims who

Fall on the scared fields.

One world loves,

The other hates;

One world white,

Like a dove or the flag of peace,

The other black

Like a hearse or an undertaker's top hat.

R. BARNES (3K).

FROWARD SLEEP

My unconscious eye still sees,
My body is dead to the world.
Images of those once known
But forgotten
Loom up and fade,
Having glass eyes and leaden lips.
A man in back runs
But the grave is too deep.
I ride a horse to the placid sea.
The imprints are scorpions.
A yellow man bangs a gong
And the spectre laughs.
The storm breaks and lead cracks.
Writhing maggots in my corpse
Eaten by scorpions.
My dead eyes try to open
And succeed.

DEBORAH COX (4B).

THE ARCH

Down the dark cobbled alleys
Where the sun never shines
Where the poor boys play
Never seeing the light of day
Stands the Railway Arch
In rotting green
Sitting like hunchback crouched
On earth that once lived
With happy flowers bright and gay
That caught the breeze and danced a merry tune.
But then came man
And with him death
Crawling like whipped dog
At the heels of master
And now this Railway Arch
In death's decay
Will stand until tomorrow day
Until the hounds of progress come
To build more death
Where death was built.
And when the Arch
Has vanished, gone
Through war and hate
And atom bomb
Then only death remains
Decaying rust
And life will topple
To the dust.

EDMUND McHUGH (5th Form).

FEARS AND HOPES

The sun is high, it's mid-day,
And the earth is silent!
A westerly wind
Blows tiny radioactive dust particles
Swirling around me,
Death to all life!
But I'm indestructible,
A relic for all time
Of a civilisation of greed for power,
A nuclear war.
All around is a landscape of silence,
A plastic shell of white domes,
Half-covered in drifting sand.
I see from here
A tree,
The leaves long since
Withered,
Turned brown, dissolved to dust,
As is all life,
A skeleton blackened and crumbling.
The sun is on the horizon, it's dusk,
And the river
Disturbs the silence,
The gentle rippling
Of dissolved chemicals,
And poison wastes,
A legacy left by a race
Who talked of money,
Talked of progress,
Thought of the future, too late!
And the wind changes direction,
The dust still swirls,
The river flows,
And I revolve in continuous circles

CHRISTINE BIERTON (Form 5).

ACCIDENT

As the morning drew on, a changing wind flung the birds into disconsolate arcs, and tore the clouds into frayed ribbons across the sky. Little piles of leaves collected and dispersed, dancing lightly across the ground and occasionally high in the air.

A squirrel that had been timidly exploring in the long grass sat bolt upright, and apparently sensing danger, bounded up the nearest tree, and an almost undetectable movement of leaves was the only thing that betrayed his whereabouts.

For a moment, it seemed, the countryside was silent, as if listening. The mood, however, soon passed (if, indeed it ever existed) and the wood returned to normal.

A startling crack, and the squirrel fell from the tree. Birds spiralled upwards, calling to each other. A succession of similar cracks sounded, and the birds began to drop from the sky. I thought it must be the local farmer, out shooting vermin.

More shots rang out behind me, and three men materialised, dressed in exactly similar clothes. They appeared not to notice me, but continued to shoot at invisible targets in the trees and undergrowth. A man, dressed differently scouted round for the victims and, having located them, dropped them with gloved hands into polythene bags. After about five minutes the shooting stopped, and the men gathered round, apparently to take stock of the situation; the man with the dead animals was called over, and he heaped the corpses on the ground. After some discussion the dead animals were again picked up and taken back in the direction from which the man had emerged and the shooting recommenced. The shooting itself was unpleasant, but the worst of it was the deliberate manner in which it was carried out.

Unaccountably my eyes began to sting, and I had a burning sensation in my throat. As I rubbed my eyes I stumbled, and the noise caught the attention of the marksmen, whose expressionless faces were now turned to me. I was about to enquire what was happening when I realised their guns were trained on me.

R. KIGHTLEY, (4K)

I AM AN ANTEATER

I suck and swallow my delicate meal,
Of little black armour-like creatures that squeal,
With my tongue in my mouth like a stick of rhubarb
Apart from this I have not a tooth or a barb.
They say that my coat is silky, like sheen,
I argue it takes a long time to keep clean.
I move on my knuckles, raw and tan,
I walk, I agree like a crippled old man.
My eyes, too, are very clear and bright,
They sparkle and glisten, all through the night.
My tail like a match with a little red end,
At night-time my head under my legs I do bend.
I use the treetops as my leafy home
And for food on the ground like a tramp I roam.
I am all in all nine-feet long—
Of course that excludes my very long tongue.
My trunk-like nose is an incredible feature
I am, all in all, an incredible creature.

WENDY SHAW (3B).

JANET JOHNSTONE (3B).

THE DARK

I was drifting in a warm, soft darkness, rocking gently from side to side. I was in a dark boat on a calm, dark sea floating slowly into deep, dark infinity. The darkness deepened, thickened, became a heavy, oppressive mass. The dark, silent sea lifted me up towards the dark, slowly falling heavens. The sides of the boat shrank, tightened around me and the air became hot and foul. I couldn't move. I was held in the web of a giant black spider. The sea rose and the dark fell. I wanted to move, I needed to move, I needed air, I needed light! I must move, I must breathe, I must see! I screamed and thrust upwards with all the strength in my body.

Cold, dull, grey dawn. And me, a small figure huddled, shaking at the bottom of the bed, feet entangled in blankets which had been thrown half off the bed.

LYNN MOORE (Form 4).

NO ESCAPE FROM DEATH

Firstly,
Accepting happiness in life
Like a spoilt child accepting sweets,
Taken, yet never given.
Then despair
Thudding into my ready-made being,
Like a stone through glass,
Mentally fragile.
Later,
Suicide—an answer,
An only answer.
In death,
Now trying to release the mind
Of the cowardliness of escaping my life.
Finally,
Gambling on heaven,
Like gambling on a dead horse,
And getting hell.
Being pulled down from the land,
Valhalla, Heaven, Peace,
Like water down a drain,
To serve judgement,
Judgement by
My mind,
My conscience.
Knowledge of these three sins.
I am confused.
For once having escaped
From Life to Death
—A dead end,
For now there is
No escape from Death!

PAUL BURMAN (3K).

THE BANANA MAN

All day of every day we spent our holidays battling through swamps, winning wars, and fighting Indians; then on those miserable wet days in the garage—or was it the desert—riding over oil cans, and other types of cactus.

Jesse James, alias Paul, wore a leather belt, with a cap gun stuck in a plastic holster, his dad's red spotted handkerchief tied round his neck, and a blue "tommy-gun", which magically always made a realistic noise when you turned a handle on one side, perched under his arm while he unwrapped another sticky sweet, which smudged his face while others bulged in his pockets.

Then myself, Billy the Kid, wearing an undersized "Mounty Police" uniform, which was my seventh birthday present; an old scout hat was among other items such as hand-cuffs, guns, and used matches.

It was an easy game to play. Firstly you rode over miles of oil-patched desert, found your enemy, spent ten minutes shooting at each other, using rolls of caps, all the muscles in your throat, and the patience of headache-stricken mother and neighbours. You were next to capture your prey; he, after a while, to escape; another shooting—someone dies, counts a quick fifteen then lives again, and so on. This would last for half an hour, until boredom overtook us, and we would be "Davey Crockett", or fighting in "World War Two".

Such games, after a couple of years, came to halt and then dwindled away. They were forgotten and trolleying was taken up, along with more adventurous games like the "Crispin's Wood Expedition".

On these we would light fires and roast the apples we had scrumpled and the oranges that had fallen on to the road from the green-grocer's van. They were vile, and burnt our blackberry-stained tongues, but adventures were always hungry work. Later on, we, Paul and I, made dens at the "Spinney" and Harlestone Firs; my friend still enjoyed a good war-game.

Then came secondary school; we both went to the same, but were different—we had changed our attitude to life. No longer was war a game, but real, as I found out in the fourth year when we left for our various jobs.

Paul, my friend, joined the army on a permanent basis. I joined a grocery firm—"Langhams", and could often be seen on a Saturday market selling bananas and such like, on our stall. Paul often came to see me when he was on leave and staying at his mum's house. He liked his job of learning to fight and to kill, as I knew he would, but then came the crunch.

It was half a year since he'd last come home, because he had been posted to Northern Ireland in a trouble area. Saturday, twenty-fifth October was the date, a boring day on the market as the bad weather had put the shoppers off trundling round town