



OUT

Mr Hutchinson
Mr Collings
Mrs Taylor
Mrs Wright

Mr Percival
Mrs Cosserat
Mr Ruffoni
Mr Luff
Miss Boyd
Mrs Dance
Mr Singleton
Mrs Dearlove
Miss Philp
Mrs Edwards
M. Y. Cady

SPORTS PRIZE

Miss Boyd County Squash Rackets Champion

STAFF NOTES

IN



MR. P. J. HARRIS

In November 1972 the school lost a prominent and valued member of its staff, deputy headmaster Mr. P. J. Harris, who died after an illness of some one year's duration. He had been a teacher in Northampton for 35 years, firstly at the Grammar School where he was once a pupil, and later at Kettering Road Senior School. Early in the war he joined the Radar Section of the RAF, rising to the rank of Squadron Leader. On his return he joined the staff of the Northampton Technical High School, which eventually became Trinity Grammar, where he specialised in economics and geography. In more recent years, Mr. Harris became involved in careers advice for the school, and was appointed deputy head in 1968. Outside school, he led a very full life in the service of the community, being a magistrate, a sidesman at Abington Parish Church, a writer on local and school careers topics, and a prominent Freemason, one of the founder members of the scheme for the very fine new Masonic building.

May we once again offer our sympathy to Mrs. Harris, and assure her of our remembrance of the fine achievements of her husband.

(From an original obituary by Mr. F. C. Wright.)

MR. J. E. LINNELL

In the Spring Term of 1973, Mr. J. E. Linnell, a pioneer member of the school staff, died. 'Jack', as he was known to all his friends, it is sad to remember, retired from his post as departmental Head of Crafts and Technical Drawing only last September. In the last issue of the 'Tower' we recorded his many services to the school since the early days in 1934. His death was the harder to bear since on the very day of his final illness he was teaching, as competently as always, and seemingly in vigorous bodily health. To the end, the school and its welfare remained close to his heart. Jack helped to lay the foundations of a good school, and we, his colleagues, will do our best to uphold the traditions he held in such high esteem.

In the Staff Common Room he was an agreeable, and a pleasant companion. In Staff meetings his counsel and advice were always valued for he brought common sense to bear on what seemed in process of becoming increasingly complicated discussions. To the many academic colleagues on the staff, Jack never refused professional help and advice. In his professional life at the school, in many activities in and out of school hours, the Whist Drive being perhaps the most notable, Jack gave willingly of his time and energy.

Particularly will the many Old Boys of the school and older members of the Staff regret his passing.

L. G. A. Clarke.

Mr. Linnell will always be remembered by the pupils he taught as a friendly yet exacting man. His practical attitude to the work was an invaluable aid and his active interest in each pupil's work was clearly indicated in examination successes. We are particularly indebted to Mr. Linnell, especially during the latter years of his teaching career, as we were both members of his class.

D. J. Henman and P. A. Stevens 6LM2.

THE CALLER—a traveller returns home after a long journey;
a journey through life.

Returning home, my silent home,
The dark door stood open wide
And I entered, then I looked,
But no friend I found inside.

Tasteless the food, tasteless the drink,
Both before me had no charm,
Thus I sat and there I wondered
And could feel a waiting harm . . .

Why with the ticking of the clock
Did each second seem so loud?
Why did curtains, silent and grey,
Each so resemble a shroud?

Approaching dusk brought no comfort,
Sad twilight filled the room
Lit only by the crackling fire—
Yet someone stirred in the gloom
. . .

Breathing air so suddenly cold,
My lungs they filled with dread,
Icy fear froze my body, then
Melted sweating on my head.

Through the shadows and flick'ring dark
I looked, then began to stare,
For a figure in human form
Crouched deep in my fireside chair.

It was a man, an old bowed man
Looking deep into the blaze;
He slowly turned his weary head
To meet my frightened gaze.

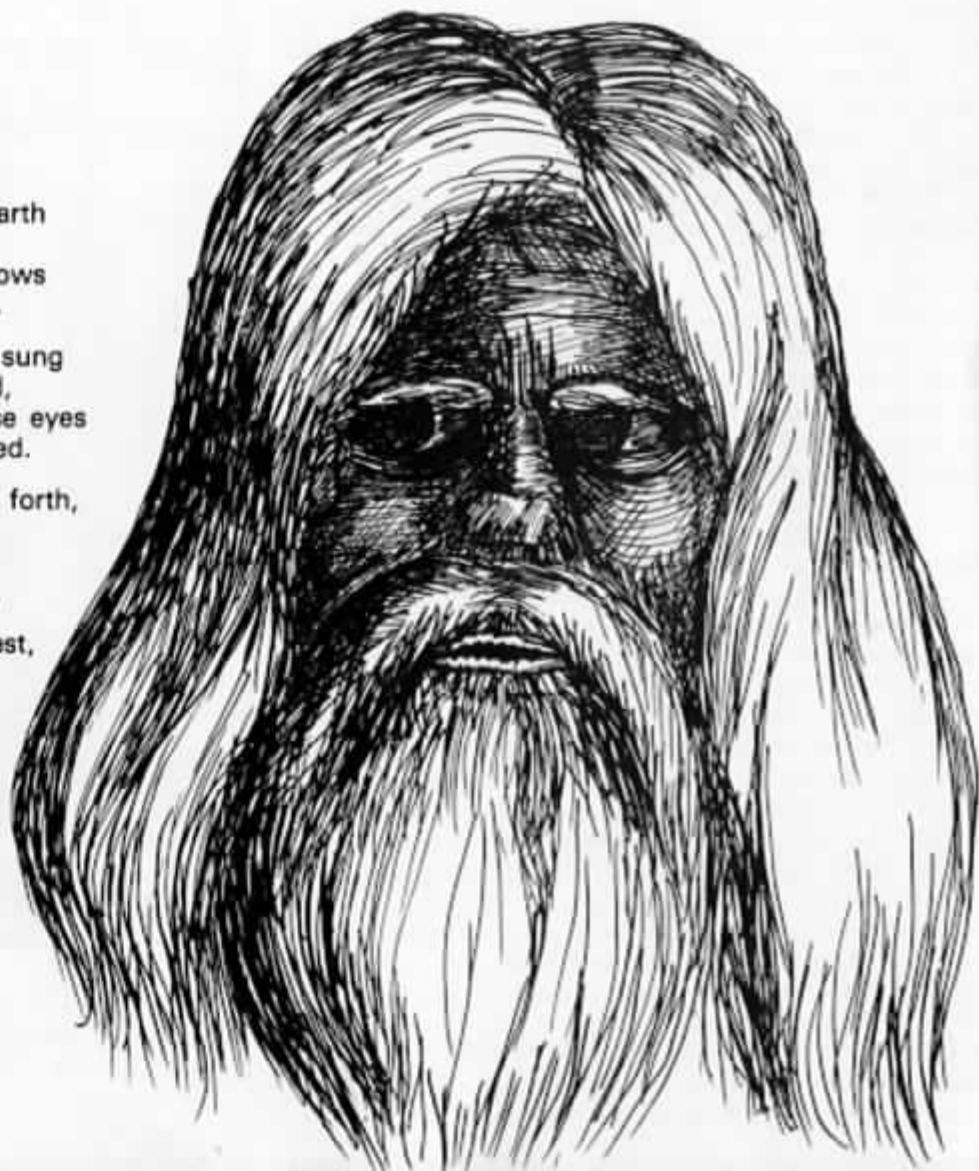
His hair was grey, grey was his face
Wrinkled dry in parchment folds,
Yet on that brow and in that eye
Were the visions of lost souls
. . .

The eyes were dark and deep as earth
So grim and black were they,
That to me they seemed mere hollows
In that face of moulded clay . . .

There on those lips, the song was sung
Pride, love, lust and passion died,
No rain nor tears could match those eyes
To whom countless men had cried.

He moved his lips, no words came forth,
Yet I understood his speech,
A confidential look exchanged
And then he began to reach . . .

Slow but firmly he grasped my chest,
Maggots writhing in his breath,
Then I knew I was seeing at last
The eternal face of death . . .



R.P. Tymkins
6um 1.

They had said the old man was mad living in a damp old stable, with a soppy, droopy-eyed St. Bernard called 'Geezers' and a lame seagull for company.

The stable, held together by bind-weed and snails, was situated on the Yorkshire Moors, five miles from Rosedale — Rosedale was the nearest village, inhabited by rusty old shepherds, farmers, busy-bodies, retired milk-maids, and a very few scandalous young people. There were the kind people and the nasty people, the young and the old, the influential and the easily influenced; in fact every 'type' had heard of the man who was mad, or Gordon of Dudley. No one could really remember how he received his nick-name, or where he had come from; not even Great Grandma Chard could remember.

"Bin 'ere e'er since t'b'ginin'," she would mutter, when asked.

For though Gordon's stable was crumbly, it was warm inside and very comfortable.

People had said that the old man, with his long hair and over-grown beard, was invincible, a wizard, witch or a warlock; there were even legends about his arrival in the beginning of time. All in all, everyone despised him for something or the other, if a sheep had been lost — it would have been Gordon of Dudley's dinner. He was the object of all blame. The vicar had asked the council to 'turf him away' — on religious grounds, he said.

Nobody liked Gordon; at all times, even in the utmost emergency, people steered well clear of him, they didn't like him, one single bit.

It was winter time, just after Christmas, and the weather was cruel, the wind clawing and ripping, the hail biting and stinging. The weather was a fierce animal.

"Gordon o' Dudley's let out 'is Jabberwocky ag'in," they would mutter quietly, looking, scared, towards the lonely hill on which the stable stood. Doors were bolted, the 'Red Rose' was closed for lack of custom — everyone safe by their flickering fires and howling chimneys — safe from the old man's docile dog, Geezers, the dog that at Gordon's command would change into the fiery-eyed monster. All they could hear was its thunderous bark as it walked, thirty feet high, down Rosedale's narrow road from the black, hellish moors.

In the warmth of the stable the old man read his poetry to a dozing dog and a sleeping seagull. Gordon was happy, reflecting on his thought of the past, philosophising on religion and people; he was an artist of mankind, happy living within himself. Meditating sometimes for days, reaching a perfection teaching himself to think — and enjoying it. He had only over ex-

"THEY SAY, THE OLD MAN'S MAD"

Paul Burman 4K.



perienced 'dope' once, yet could stimulate his mind into believing he could do anything — the truth of the matter

was — he could. Just having total faith in something, moving a stone by thinking it somewhere else, and sometimes, although these were harder, moving himself, dying then living — anything.

This night, a cry broke the dogs comfort, the lame seagull's dreams, and the old man's concentration; another cry, reaching through the winds' howling and the sky's thundering. The dog stood up, left the warmth of the fire and pattered over to sniff at the bottom of the door, and the seagull waddled slowly behind.

When the old man opened the door, the blizzard was on the step, blowing fierce, pushing its way in, seeking out the warmth, laughing sadistically as the old man ventured down the track that led from his home. He could faintly hear a cry; he shuddered with the cold, then Geezers barked ten yards to the right, he ran, stumbling with excitement and age — the grouse flew, startled from their bushy beds. A woman lay crying, and a man called; they were weary from travelling — the woman not well. Gordon of Dudley, helped them into his stable — it was immediately evident what was wrong.

That night was long, and as the candle burnt the animals watched on. The man had been persuaded to sleep, whilst Gordon, physically and mentally fatigued, did what he could.

As the sun rose the next morning it was greeted with the crying of a baby boy and his mother, a happy husband, a sleepy old man and two friends.

It was cold outside, and the grasses were heavy with water, as a police-car drew up by the road, a small family met the worried mid-wife and sergeant.

Gordon of Dudley was now Rosedale's hero, and he received many invitations to teas and dinners. He was the talk of Glaisdale, of Lealholm, and was slightly known in Whitby. Two weeks later, the village, headed by Mr. and Mrs. Chard and family, walked to the stable on that lonely hill to present the old man, who some had said was mad, with an alarm clock, a sort of medal-cum-apology. No bark met them as they arrived, no lame seagull waddled to the door — the animals were gone, and so was the old man. They had left as they had come — without trace, no note, no footmarks, no sighting in other villages — almost as if they had never been.

Today, all that is left in the stable on that lonely hill is a clock, that still ticks, if you care to wind it up; the warmth and comfort, and an old man who tells this story, and claims to be the baby — the people in that, now large village, call him Geezers; they can't remember when or where he came from, but, they say he's mad. . .

WHEN DID YOU LAST VISIT YOUR LOCAL REP?

At a recent meeting of the Northampton Arts Association criticism was levelled at the schools of this town for failing to encourage their pupils to support the productions of the local Rep. It appears that the directors of the theatre would like to see more young people in the audience. On behalf of the magazine *Tricia Baker* of 4B held the following interview with Mr. Henry Knowles, who has appeared in or directed most of the Rep's productions, during the past season, with great success. The questions were asked on your behalf to discover an actor's view of this issue.

Q. Are you happy with the age range of your audience?

A. The numbers attending the Rep are, for a provincial rep, very good; there is a dominant middle-aged majority, which is fair enough anyway. However, I feel we could do with more young people attending the Rep. I do not think that the young people of Northampton travel to London, or elsewhere, to do their theatre going, those who are interested, genuinely, will of course travel to see good theatre, and they will support their local Rep anyway.

Q. Do you think the Rep would have to adapt the choice of plays to attract young people?

A. Tricky problem! Do we adapt the choice of plays and alienate the middle-aged and older element—by doing new plays by new writers? Obviously one would not lose all of this element, but they do tend to believe in the old adage, 'Better the devil you know, than the devil you don't know'. If this seems over cynical, let me tell you that Alan Vaughan Williams, a predecessor of Willard Stoker, virtually emptied the theatre with his policy of doing 'good' plays with a message of high cultural value. Mr. Stoker, however, has included in the repertoire, since he became Artistic Director here, a number of plays of this description and they have in the main been poorly attended. I ought to add that the percentage of these has not been great enough to allow them to drive people away, but the numbers attending the usual play offered has increased and Mr. Stoker has brought back an audience to this theatre.

I believe that the answer is not to concentrate on the bill of fare so much as the standard of cuisine!

Q. Would the present Company consider:

(a) Experimental theatre (lack of spectacle, a workshop, involving young people in improvisation);

(b) Including modern surrealist drama in the repertoire, e.g. Pinter, Orton, Tom Stoppard?

A. Wow! Well I can't say what the sentiments of the Company are but I shall outline my own views on the subject, if I may.

To part (a), I would say immediately that I can see no benefit to be derived from this activity. As for improvisation, improvisation is, I believe, pertinent to school drama classes and drama schools—there I think the professional artist should leave it: Improvisation is a means to an end and should never be used as an end in itself—it never can be anyway. Most professional actors believe they are paid to perform what they have rehearsed and prepared for a paying audience—anything else is better left to teachers—and most actors are damn bad teachers I've found.

As to (b), I see no reason why these expert dramatists should not be included in the repertoire. They would, probably, play to poor audiences, number wise, but that is no reason for not including them in a Season.

Q. Do you believe in taking productions to schools and working with the pupils during school time would encourage young people to become more interested in the Rep.

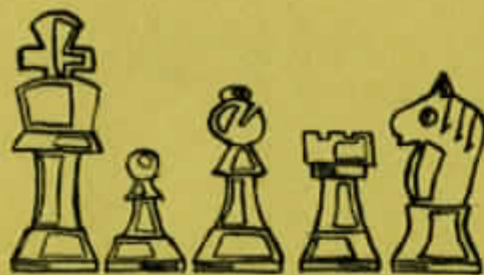
A. I am a great believer in taking productions to schools for many reasons too numerous to mention in full here. However, the main reason is that I think it essential that the pupils should become aware of the theatre and what it can offer at as early an age as possible.

Q. Would the company consider lunchtime performances of sketches, short plays, poetry, etc. —essentially different from the plays in repertoire?

A. My answer is YES! —BUT! It takes larger facilities, both financial and physical, than those available at the Theatre Royal, to give this idea serious thought. Given the conditions requisite — YES, YES, YES!! Many people do not have the opportunity to hear poetry recitals, and God knows the theatre could not support very many presented in the evenings so lunchtime is as good a time as any, or Sunday evening. This is a splendid idea and one which may be put into more practical terms when Northampton has a new theatre. I certainly think that the architects should be made aware of the possibility!

In conclusion I would like to say that those who would prefer a more avant-garde selection of plays at the Theatre Royal are a minority in this town, I believe. I do not condemn their sentiments, I just feel as a professional actor that we cannot afford any more theatre closures.

We would like to thank Mr. Knowles for the time and effort he put into this interview; I'm sure he would agree that the best way we can show our appreciation is by more frequently visiting the Rep.



CHESS CLUB

The Chess Club met on Tuesday after school and on Wednesday lunch times. On the whole it was well attended, but it has been decided to resort to the old two-division system as this year the league has had to run for thirty weeks. The club again entered a team in the 'Sunday Times' Chess Tournament, but unfortunately lost in the first round to the eventual runners-up, Deacon's School, Peterborough. The league and the cup results yet to be decided—
Thanks must be extended to Mr Rooke for supervising this year.

R. R. T. Grinling 6LS1

BRIDGE CLUB

The Bridge Club has been meeting regularly every Friday lunchtime in Room 11 under the supervision of Mr R. Bennett, and since the start of the year has accumulated many members, some quite new to the game. Before Christmas, Mrs Taylor taught some of the younger members the finer arts of the game. There is now a flourishing league which at the present moment is not completed.
Some very fine games have been played and some surprising results reached.

R. Marshall, 6LM2

THIRD YEAR DRAMA CLUB

This takes place every Friday dinnertime. It consists of a small group of about sixteen third years, who attend regularly. We are engaged in a variety of activities which range from character studies to improvised plays. In general we usually start off by warming up with mime and movement exercises. The majority of our time is spent planning and finally acting short sketches all based around the same idea, which is usually suggested by Mrs Cosserat. Drama Club is open to any third year who feels like exercising their hidden talents as actor or actress.

Trudine Carter and Valerie Underwood, Form 3



FOURTH YEAR DRAMA

This year a good standard of work has been attained, bringing out some original and amusing ideas with only a little time for preparation. The aim of the group is to develop the imagination, using mime and improvisation. It is to be hoped that the enthusiasm of the members will help the club to go from strength to strength. We should like to extend our thanks to Miss Broadhurst for giving up her spare time to encourage us to explore the fields of Drama.

Tricia Baker, 4B.

6TH UPPER PLAY-READING GROUP

This is an adequately attended group of 6th Upper English pupils, organised by Mr Brewer who meet at 4 p.m. on Thursdays in the Library. We concentrate to a large extent upon modern plays and one, 'The Homecoming' by Harold Pinter was followed up by a visit to the Birmingham Rep. to see it performed on stage. Whilst reading there is an added attraction—'refreshments' are served and afterwards some often interesting and lively discussions take place about the play. We consider this a very worthwhile activity for future 6th form English groups and recommend it to be continued by them.

A. Sibley, 6UM2

6TH FORM CONTEMPORARY MUSIC SOCIETY

In this age of fast-selling 'pop' singles when the so-called 'boppers' spread their names across the front pages of the musical papers, there is a vast ocean of talent which manifests itself infrequently in the album charts. This ocean of talent is what our society is all about. We invite people to bring their records and have them played in that quiet recess of the Sixth Form block—E2. The flood of interest shown when the society was first started dropped a little due to our lack of good equipment, but we believe the turn-out is improving week by week. If you've got a record you think is good, bring it along and play it! We have already featured the music of Pink Floyd, Wishbone Ash, Deep Purple, Led Zepplin and the Strawbs to name but a few. We would like to thank Mr. Sykes for agreeing to support us with this venture. Don't forget—Thursday dinnertime in E2.

R. Osborne, 6US.



THE SAILING CLUB

This club has unfortunately suffered from the departure of Mr E. Winkworth who in his four years at Trinity was involved in the early days of the Northampton Schools Sailing Association, being its Treasurer. So with his firm hand on the helm—in the worst tradition of the Year Book jokes—the Trinity Sailing Club was sailing well before the wind. A boat was taken and raced in the National Regatta, which was the brightest point of a good year. The strength of the club is the NSSA which provides a sailing HQ with 36 boats of varied standards at Pitsford Reservoir, recognised by Uffa Fox as one of the finest stretches of water inland in the country. In the coming year the club will re-establish itself as a well-organised body in its own right whose constant aim is the highest possible standard from all its sailors, regardless of experience. This will be achieved primarily with the excellent NSSA facilities but also with the enthusiastic efforts of its members from the Third Form upwards. In this last matter of experience, Mr Singleton would be glad to welcome any interested body, or person, to the club.

M. D. Singleton

BADMINTON

The badminton club continues to flourish after an enthusiastic year last year, in which an open tournament was held. Blincow and McGillivray of the Fifth Form took the honours, and we are awaiting the outcome of the present competition.

J. Cuppello

THE CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

The Christian Fellowship was reformed 'under new management' at the start of this year, under the guise of the "Discussion Group". Spasmodic attendances at irregular meetings have hampered the progress of the group, but we have some interesting meetings. With the help of an advertising campaign we hope for greater success next year. Everyone is invited to come along; the meetings are held during Thursday lunch hour. Contact anyone wearing an appropriate sticker!

A. P. DeFreyne, 5K

THE PARAPHENOMENA INVESTIGATION GROUP

The Paraphenomena Investigation Group was formed late in 1972 so that those interested in the paranormal could discuss with others their beliefs concerning this subject. Amongst the subjects the group is concerned with are Unidentified Flying Objects, Extrasensory Perception and Spiritualism. Later in the year I hope to take a few interested members of the group to Warmingstone, where U.F.O.s have been frequently sighted, to get if possible some opinions on them from the local residents and people who have seen these U.F.O.s. Also I would like to arrange a visit to the Spiritualist Church in Northampton to find out exactly what Spiritualism entails. Whilst on the subject of visits, I would also like to take a few members of the group to some haunted houses, and we are also interested in the behaviour of psychic phenomena (ghosts!). During the time the group has been formed we have carried out a few experiments using E.S.P. and although the results were very encouraging I would have liked to have used a greater number of people so that we could assess the degree of psychic ability in the school.

Richard J. Tinley, 6LS2



TRAMPOLINING CLUB

The club meets regularly in the Hall during Tuesday lunch hour, under the watchful eye of Mr Bennett. The number of regular participants has steadily increased over the year and a second group will soon have to be formed. At least a moderate skill was attained by all regulars, although some were better than others. On the whole a certain amount of satisfaction was obtained and a lot of amusement given to everyone concerned.

S. Barber, 6LS1

TABLE TENNIS CLUB

A table tennis club was started earlier this year due to the request of many pupils throughout the school. Already the club has many members from different years and some masters and mistresses. The club is hoping to expand from one table to three or four. The club is open every lunch hour and every evening after school. If you wish to join, the games noticeboard should be consulted to see when your year can play. A singles knock-out competition is now being run, of which a good quality bat is the prize.

P. J. Croft and R. M. Sharpe, 4E

RAILWAY SOCIETY

The society was reformed last year and attracted a small number of enthusiasts. Due to this fact, outings were not feasible, thus the society's activities comprised of slide shows and general discussions.

Keith Hutchins and Roland Law, 6US



THE GATHERING

The wind whistled over the bleak moor and around the crags, tearing down the narrow cleft carved in the moor by the ever-trickling stream. In the small area of the night sky visible from the gully, the clouds could be seen — ghostly, moonlit shapes scudding across the sky.

The whole scene was suddenly brilliantly illuminated by a flash of lightning, exposing the black cauldron stark against the purple heather. The bright light showed up a cave, dark and cobwebby, in the side of the cleft.

Suddenly, the air was pierced by an eerie, leering laugh. A shadow flitted from the mouth of the cave, just as the silvery moon emerged from behind a cloud. There, by the cauldron, was a witch, haggard and gnarled, a dark shape in the moonlight.

Something swooshed through the night sky and dropped into the gully. The lightning flickered, and lit up another witch, standing by the first, and a third, and a fourth, silhouetted, on their broomsticks, with their black cats, against the moon. More and more witches, cast and broomsticks, arrived, until the cauldron was surrounded by pointed hats and black, crooked old crones. Soon they were all there, around the cauldron, and they could begin.

Mark Brummell 3R

THE SKELETON

Gnarled and bony, with small cracks and crevices,
Rough to the touch,
The deformed and knobbly outline,
Standing out stark and bare,
One is unwilling to disturb it.
The horrible and secretive history,
Sinister and deathlike,
Its eerie silence is disturbing.
Who would want to uncover its dark and evil past.

Howard Hughes 3R.



An old fortress, Rubble and debris,
 Demolished,
An old man at heart,
My legs they have crumbled,
My head bowed in shame,
The bombs they have hit me,
Discouraged, I live not
now that, much
I'm lame. longer.

Graham Ball 3R.

TRINITY TREE APPEAL

As you may know, 1973 is Plant-a-Tree Year, one of the many genuine efforts being made these days towards improving our daily life by giving us a more congenial environment to live in. At Trinity we are fairly well off for greenery — or at least we were until a few weeks ago! When all the new building is finished, the grounds will be carefully landscaped, and made very pleasant, but in the meantime, how about playing our part in Plant-a-Tree year?

If every member of the school contributed just ONE NEW PENNY we would have enough money to buy at least one tree, and possibly two, depending upon which variety we choose.

A vote will be taken as to the variety and placing of the new tree.

A collection will take place in school on Monday July 9th — please try to bring one penny each, and more if you can spare it. You will most definitely be able to see something for your money!

