



OLD TREE

Old tree,
How long ago did your birth-groan
End your sanctuary?
End your sanctuary?
And condemn you,
Unwilling pupil
Of the greens and browns of life.
How many winters
Have brought you grief?
Springs have
Brought you joy?
Do you remember the
Dim forgotten faces
That sat
Beneath your boughs in brown?
And how the greenness of that hour
Shook
With laughter.
For you are old,
Wise tree,
And time has taught
That Spring always follows Fall.
So let your laughter be kind
For we are yet young
And the seasons of our happiness
Have only just begun.

P. Laughton (ex-pupil).

Behind a weeping daffodil
Protrudes a sight foreign to this part of the field:

A smoke-bellowing object,
A mass of brick and steel, leering sinisterly down at trembling snowdrops,
Speaking volumes of warning with its pollution.

I lean against the weary oak,
That has watched the transformation of its earth

With sadness in its heart,
That has felt its leaves choke in the dust
And its body tire with the strain of survival;
Here, where once only birds disturbed the silence,

Where once only clouds filled the sky, Only to be blackened by the breath of
progress.

Progress did I say?
Is it progress to lose a wondrous sight,
To bury a thousand happy memories
In a tumbling mass of cement and stone?
Is it progress to smell the fragrance of fragile flowers
Be smothered by fumes of chemicals?
I was lucky, for I once caught a glimpse of the birds,
The flowers and the sun kissing the blades of grass blowing in the breeze.

But in years to come,
Will the only knowledge of beauty to our children be
A crumbling mass of rubble,
As the last rose is crushed in the course of progress?

Jackie Boynton

OPEN VERDICT

One day we will all wake up,
And find we have slept too long.
The Earth has got out of hand.
Its brakes failed long ago.
So it runs downhill,
Into the brickwall.
Is this an accident,
Or have you ever heard of suicide?

P. Walding (ex-pupil).

"pollution"

'a factory is under seige again by local residents exactly two years after it was blockaded for three weeks, in one of the most celebrated People versus Polluters struggles. The residents have protested about pollution from the factory for many years. After the 1971 blockade, the company spent large sums on new pollution control equipment. The residents say the pollution is still bad at times'.

On Friday, March 30th Miss Broadhurst and Mrs Cosserat took a combined group from 3rd and 4th year Drama Clubs to the Technical College to take part in the Northampton Schools Drama Festival, where they were performing "Pollution", a short play written by the group. The play was an improvisation on the pollution theme being based on a parody of 'The Pied Piper of Hamlyn' and was well recieved by the large audience, being praised by the Festival Adjudicator, Mr Gordon, for the choice of theme and the experimental nature of the production.

'This was an interesting experiment and the sociological background was an excellent idea'.

FRIENDS OF THE EARTH CARE!

Members of Trinity Grammar School have, this year, become associated with the Northampton branch of the national organisation, Friends of the Earth. During the winter term these members of the school aided the campaign designed to make CADBURY-SCHWEPPE'S LTD. aware of the feelings of the public about their continued use of non-returnable containers for their soft drinks products. There is obviously something wrong with a system which encourages us to throw away a perfectly re-usable container. Some teachers became interested in the project and a petition received more signatures from the staff than from anywhere else in the school. There does, however, seem to be considerable apathy on the part of many people who fail to see how great a pollution problem these containers are causing. To accompany the petition, a collection of non-returnable bottles was made, it being felt that the company would be more inclined to take notice of the protest if its workers had to deal with a thousand-odd bottles dumped upon the doorstep! Some bottles were collected by people at school although some people, presumably with poor eyesight, produced bottles of the wrong make! — Thanks for the thought anyway. Friends of the Earth offers its thanks to those who contributed bottles and signed the petition, but would be much more grateful if everyone who reads this article stopped buying non-returnable containers altogether.

In other words . . . don't let them Schhhhhh all over Britain!

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VAT MAN BATTLES WITH THE BREAKFAST-



THE PHONE RINGS, ITS THE BOARD OF TRADE



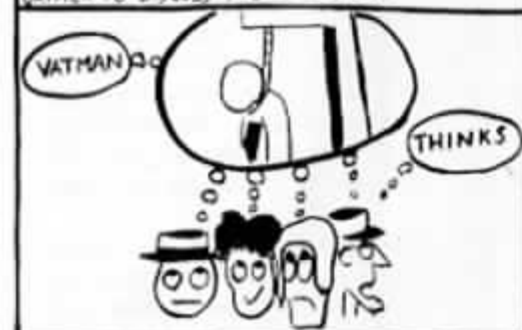
PRICES HAVE BEEN LOWERED IN LUTON, WITH THE FAMOUS WORDS-



IN A FLASH VATMAN REACHES LUTON - PHASE 2 BEGINS - BREAD AND CHEESE GO UP



WITH ONLY ONE THING IN MIND THE TOWNFOLY GATHER TO DISCUSS THE PROBLEM



A SMALL ANGRY CROWD MOVES OFF TO THE LOCAL SUPERMARKET IT IS



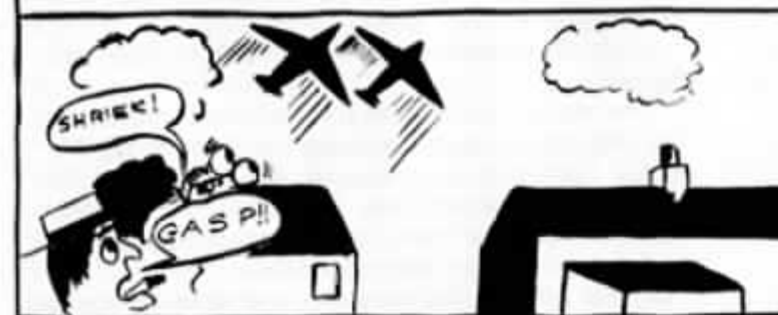
OUR INTREPID HERO BARRICADES THE DOOR WITH A WALL OF CORNFLEAKE PACKETS



THE MOB SURGE THROUGH, A NOOSE IS PUT ROUND VAT MANS NECK



UPABOVE BOMBERS FROM VAT HEADQUARTERS PREPARE TO AID VAT MAN:-



IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO FREE HIMSELF VAT MAN PUTS HIS SPINE OUT OF PLACE



5TON LORRY, LUCKILY AN OLD LADY ARRIVES :-



AFTER HELPING VAT MAN TO HIS FEET, THE OLD LADY RECOGNISES HIM



THE OLD LADY REMEMBERS THAT COAL WAS GONE UP AND WINTER WILL SOON SET IN. THUS:-



AND OUR HERO, BADLY BRUISED LEAVES TOWN, FAST!!



THE END



RUGBY FOOTBALL

The First XV had a very good season indeed, playing 19 games and losing only 3.

Northampton Grammar School was played for the first time ever, and the result was very close, the School losing narrowly by 16 points to 10, after conceding two penalties with the score 10-10.

Other new fixtures included King Edward VI Grammar School, Stratford-on-Avon, whom we beat 27 points to nil, King Henry VIII School, Coventry, to whom we lost by 27 points to 4 after leading 4 points to 3 at half-time, and Woodlands School, Coventry, with 1600 boys on roll, whom we beat 57 points to 3.

In the annual match against Trinity Rugby Football Club 1st XV, which consisted mainly of former pupils of this school, the school players found themselves at a big disadvantage in the scrums against their older and heavier opponents. Consequently the Trinity Club forwards obtained about 80% possession of the ball, only to lose this advantage by careless passing and handling. Our forwards were quick to the point of breakdown and capitalised on their opponents' mistakes. The result was a worthy win to the school by 21 points to 4. At the Annual Dinner which followed, Mr. F. C. Wright, former Deputy-Headmaster of the School, presented the trophy to the school captain, P. Manning.

Several of the 1st XV play for the Trinity Club on Saturday afternoons, if there are no school games in the morning, and in recognition of this, the Club, for the first time, presented a trophy to the best schoolboy player appearing for them. This honour went to Colin Cooke, who appeared as fly-half for the School and Club 1st XVs. The trophy is retained by him and the Club intends to make a similar presentation each year.

In the County Grammar Schools' 1st XV, P. Manning, scrum-half, C. Cooke, fly-half and A. Sturgess, prop, were first choices, although the following came up from the 2nd XV later on: P. Seymour, B. Gotch, J. Burditt, M. Burgess, and S. Snook.



In the Banbury "Sevens", the 1st Seven, consisting of P. Manning, C. Cooke, M. Burgess, B. Gotch, A. Brinklow, I. Jones and A. Sturgess were unaccountably beaten in the first round, while the 2nd Seven—D. Thacker, S. Boyce, D. Spokes, R. Lineham, J. Burditt, M. Ward and R. Gardner—won several games by big scores to earn their place in the final. Here they failed to reproduce their previous form and lost by 19 points to nil.

The 2nd XV had parallel fixtures with the 1st XV throughout the season, but never settled down as a team, probably through the many changes necessitated by injuries and through moving up players to the 1st XV, which inevitably happens when there are two such teams. Nevertheless many players were on the fringe of 1st XV selection and should get 1st XV places next season.

The House Matches provided some very good rugby once again, despite the "scratch" sides put out. Everyone seemed to enjoy their games and many good players were seen who did not play for the School at all. The result of the competition was as follows:

1st Blakeman; 2nd Kelvin; 3rd Mobbs; 4th Burghley.

The season ended with the traditional match on the last day of term between the School 1st XV and a Staff-plus-Guests side, which included B. Hall, Leicester scrum-half, T. Crane, R. Horwood, N. Manning, G. Wilson, J. Ebsworth of the Saints, and teachers from other schools.

It was an entertaining game and at one stage a close one. Then P. Manning got the winning try for the School, which was converted to make the final score 18 points to 14 for the School, thus ending a very successful season for the 1st XV.

G. C. Grimshaw

UNDER-15 RUGBY

The side had a very successful year, winning 15 out of 18 games played. The lost games were all



against top Midland Grammar School sides and were played while several key members of the side were involved with the Northampton Educational Cruise.

The highlights of the season were the winning of all three Under-15 competitions run for Northampton schools. The side won the Under-15 League without conceding a point and beat N.G.S. in the final of the Paget Cup. The team also pulled off a remarkable win in the final of the Schools' Seven-a-Side Competition, when, after being 17-0 down with four minutes left, they scored four tries in quick succession to win by 20-17.

Ten of the side represented Northampton schools during the season and six boys played for Northamptonshire. Graham Catlin was also selected for the East Midlands.

The leading points scorers during the season were:

Graham Catlin 132 pts., Andrew Pancoust 113 pts.

The full record of the side was:
Played 18, Won 15, Lost 3; Points For 554,
Points Against 119.

The team was drawn from: Sharpe*, Dickens, Lucas, Allibone, Linaker, Bowen*, Pancoust*, Frost, Morris, Meakin, Travill*, Barnes*, Johnson, Catlin*, Dean, Ribbans, Beeston.

(* signifies County player)

R. Bennett

UNDER-14 RUGBY

In the past, when boys came to the school at eleven years of age, it was recognised that they had played no rugby before. It was a pleasure to watch their rugby knowledge grow and their skill and power develop as they became older.

This year, the first ever intake at 13+ contained only 32 boys, many of whom had had very little rugby experience. So two years of lost time had to

be made up, if possible, with so few from which to choose. The results were inevitable, the team showing only two victories during the season.

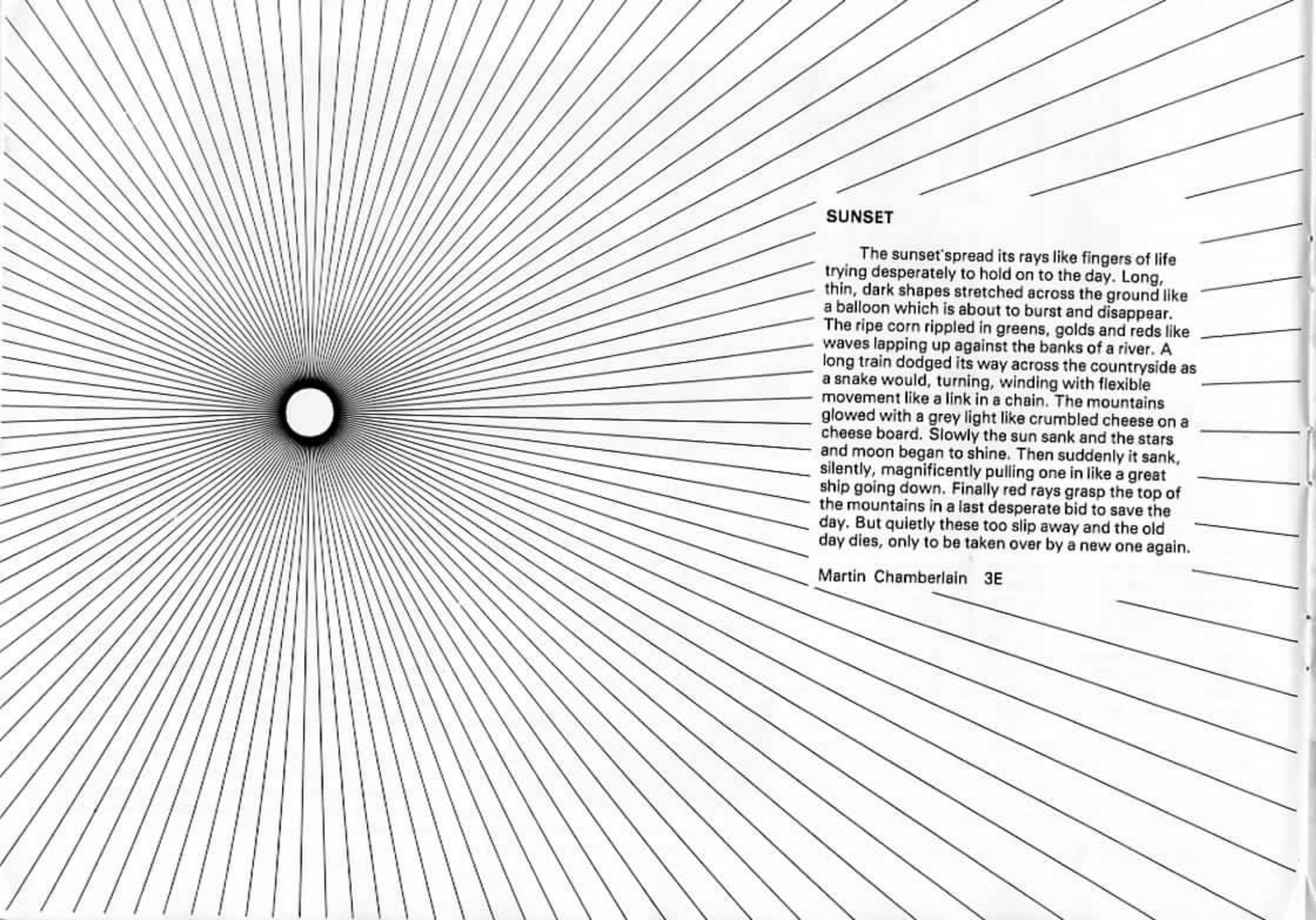
What deeply impressed me, however, was their unflagging enthusiasm for the game and the way they turned up at all the lunch-time practices throughout the season, despite, perhaps, a heavy defeat the previous Saturday.

With the addition of some bigger, heavier boys, they could still do well next year, provided that any transfers from other schools share their keenness.

In the Borough "Sevens", they won their 1st-round game and narrowly lost in the 2nd round to Cliftonville—who reached the Final—by 6 points to 4.

G. Ball made a very fine captain and was ably supported by his vice-captain, M. Chamberlain. Best wishes to the whole team and the reserves, when they move up to become the Under-15 XV next season.

G. C. Grimshaw



SUNSET

The sunset spread its rays like fingers of life trying desperately to hold on to the day. Long, thin, dark shapes stretched across the ground like a balloon which is about to burst and disappear. The ripe corn rippled in greens, golds and reds like waves lapping up against the banks of a river. A long train dodged its way across the countryside as a snake would, turning, winding with flexible movement like a link in a chain. The mountains glowed with a grey light like crumbled cheese on a cheese board. Slowly the sun sank and the stars and moon began to shine. Then suddenly it sank, silently, magnificently pulling one in like a great ship going down. Finally red rays grasp the top of the mountains in a last desperate bid to save the day. But quietly these too slip away and the old day dies, only to be taken over by a new one again.

Martin Chamberlain 3E

THE PARK

The heat haze was still rising from the road as I reached the park. It hung there shimmering like a silken veil. I watched it for a few minutes before the lure of the park called me. I crossed through the shimmering veil into a new world.

The park was full of silence, broken only by the twittering of the birds and the almost inaudible groans of the trees as the wind soothed and caressed their branches. Here was a world, light years from the hustle and bustle of the town, completely cut off from the outside world by a glorious silvery veil.

Suddenly my reveries was broken by a shadow flitting silently across my face. I looked up—a pure white seagull glided gracefully to settle amongst the trees.

Amongst the trees it was surrounded by glorious hues of green, brown and gold. The sun thrust its great golden shafts through the trees, covering their cobweb tangle of branches and leaves with a golden glow. It spread a speckled pattern on the grass and flowers giving a kaleidoscopic effect.

Then from the corner of my eye I caught the glittering of light on water. The fresh breeze blew against my face, carrying the joyful, tinkling, splashing sound of water cascading on stones, and the twittering of birds, hosts of them clustered in the light warm branches of the trees. The breeze also carried the smells of summer, the refreshing smell of fresh, clean water, the sweet scent of flowers, newly cut grass and the trees.

When I reached the water I saw the sun playing joyfully on the stream as it cascaded over the fall, splashing gaily on the shiny pebbles and then racing off to vanish under the branches of a weeping willow. On the opposite bank a sparrow hopped about in its daily hunt for food, while small white flowers struggled with a prickly gorse bush to reach the light. Just beyond was a small clearing full of long grass bending to the will of the wind. A waving line was traced along the surface of the grass as a field mouse climbed down the stalk of grass it had been resting on and scurried for home.

As if at the mouse's signal, the spinney fell silent and the light began to fade. It was time to leave the park.

THE OLD MAN

An
old
man,
Sitting on the park bench,
Having his daily meal,
His face wrinkled,
an
oriental
spice
unique.

Hunchbacked after years of retirement,
Teased, mocked and abused,
A tree which grows leaves no longer,
And Autumn is long gone.



THE DEAD CAT

The cat lay in the gutter,
Maggots nestled in its fur,
Flies fed on its rotting eyes
Dogs sniffed it and walked away.
People kicked it in disgust,
Cars ran over its furless tail.
The road sweeper won't pick it up.
It'll be there until the flies have eaten it.

Lynne Duthie Form 3.

My grandad used to say to me
That sunshine comes from beertaps
And stars are drops of whisky in the sky
And the moon would rise each night
From a barrel in the cellar
And that's why we called our house
The Moon and Stars
And all the men from town would sit in our front room
And drink at plastic tables.

And grandad said
That clouds were pools of froth
Which god had spilt
Of course he had to drink as well
And every Sunday he would come with all his angels
To have a half 'o bitter at our pub
After they had sung to him in church
Of course I never saw him
But he used to wear a plastic mac
To keep him dry
Said grandad
Can't have god dripping his beer down his best suit
What would the vicar say?

But one day a whitecoatman said
Grandad had to go
And didn't care when
Grandad said
That god would miss his drink
So now my grandad's gone
And I don't know where god is
But sometime's there's an old man in the park
Who wears a plastic mac
And plays with us and gives us sweets
And I tell you
He is god come back
To have a drink with grandad.

And one day I'll hear
My grandad say
That god has grown too old to come to earth each week
And then he and my grandad will go away together
To that lovely great big alehouse in the sky.

Diane Thornton (6UG)

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

The Gold-Silver ring decorates your finger,
When empty stomachs burst from hunger.
Christmas Christian Charity, give your pennies;
But you and I will eat, not missing our donations,
Which only tease the pangs of starving masses,
Of deadness,
Stopped,
Slowly eroding,
For our fun and entertainment over dinner.

P. Walding (ex-pupil).

THE BONFIRE

Leaping tongues of incandescence
Flickering, dancing,
Round a hunched black figure,
Bright demons of light
Their swift hypnotic shuffle
Forming an aura of volatile, vivid colours.

Andrew Humpage 3R.

MISS YOU

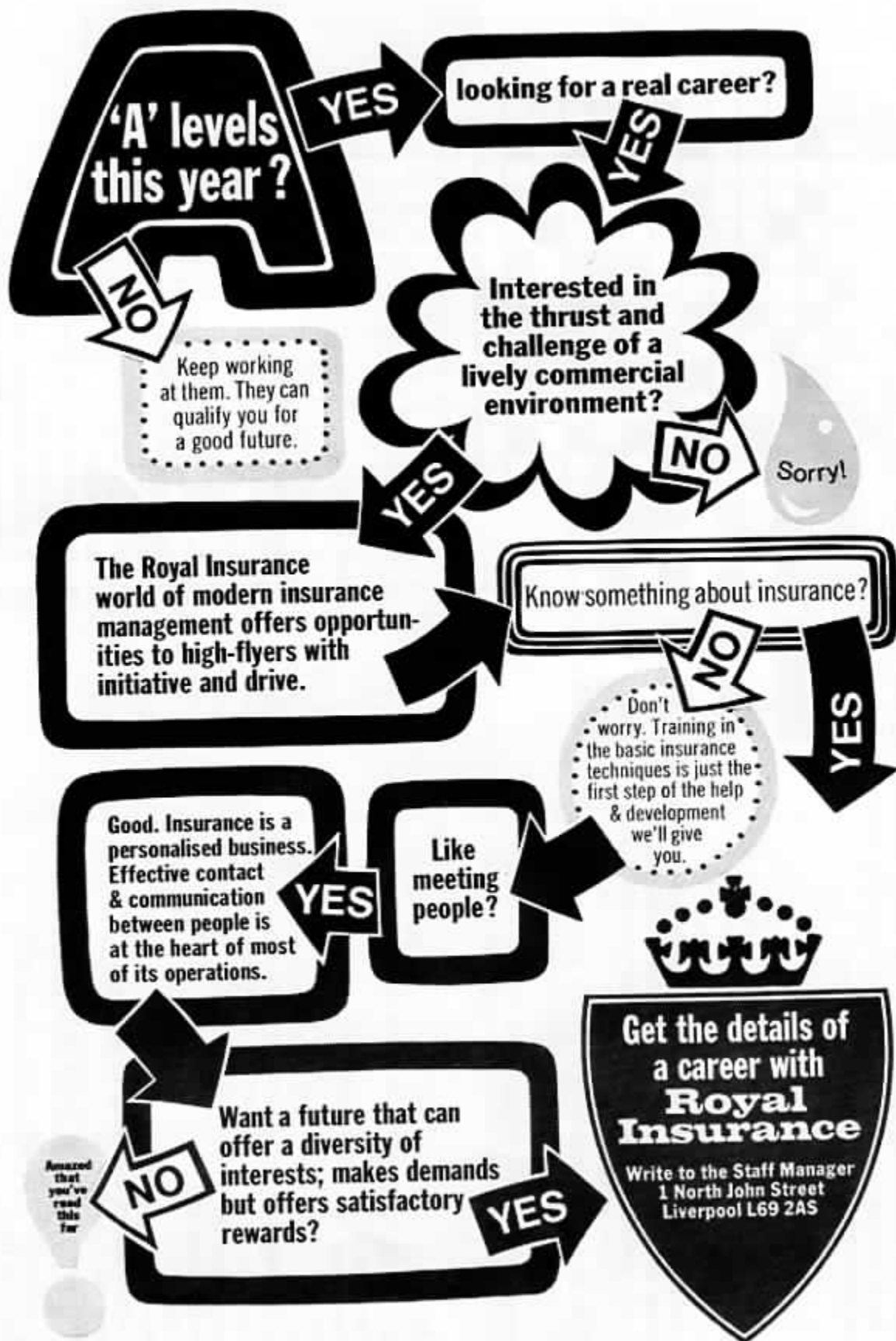
The worries I have never had
are lying on the doormat
and a prescription gathers dust upon the shelf.

Cigarette ash is choking the carpet
and tea-leaves line the sink.
Yesterday the tabletop refused,
selfishly I thought,
to give up my reflection.

No longer can the mirror smile
whilst half the bed is cold.
Your towel is missing from the rail
and the coat from the cloakroom.

Now here lie I, staring at the ceiling,
making love to a memory.

Dave Savage



COMPETITIONS! COMPETITIONS! COMPETITIONS!

To enter any or all of the competitions on these pages, simply complete the answers, fill in your name and form in the margin nearby, tear out the relevant section and post in the competitions box in the entrance hall. Closing date for all entries — noon, Tuesday July 10th 1973. Winners will receive cash prizes before the end of term.

TRINITY TREASURE HUNT

The hunt is based around the school grounds; follow these ingenious and cryptic clues, and you will be led to the place of hidden treasure

1ST CLUE — space for teachers here; what you are looking for is on four legs . . .

Now off you go — preferably not in groups, there may not be many doubloons left, and there's no honour among thieves, Jim lad

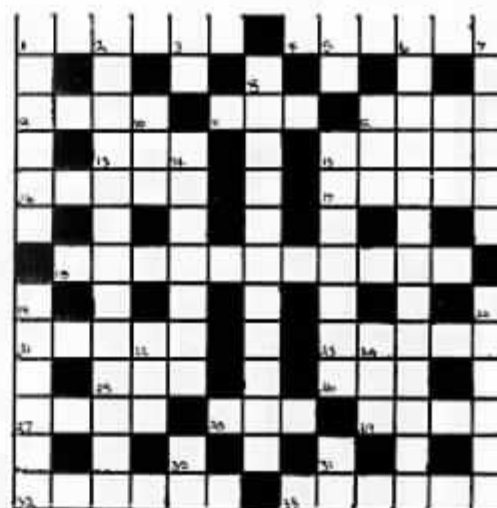
Clues compiled by R.P. Tymkiw

Clues Across

- 1 A summoning sign (6)
- 4 Indifference (6)
- 9 Fathers sister (4)
- 11 A taxi (3)
- 12 Ache (4)
- 13 Thick Mist (3)
- 15 Leonard (3)
- 16 A fish basket (5)
- 17 To follow after (5)
- 18 Excitation (11)
- 21 To search 'blindly' (5)
- 23 The proportion of one thing to another (5)
- 25 Neither this . . . that (3)
- 26 A series of years reckoned from a particular point (3)
- 27 Tidy (4)
- 28 The moon shall and wane no more (3)
- 29 To back up (4)
- 32 An institute for lunatics (6)
- 33 A west country river (6)

WINNER OF LOWER SCHOOL CROSSWORD COMPETITION

Submitted by Rebecca Hunter 3F2



Clues Down

- 1 Part of a tree (6)
- 2 A sweetmeat (13)
- 3 No off (2)
- 5 Father (2)
- 6 Able to be moved (13)
- 7 Over there (Old English) (6)
- 8 It plays tunes by means of a revolving drum set in pins (6-5)
- 10 A digit (3)
- 12 Writing utensil (3)
- 14 A faint light (7)
- 19 Programme of business for a meeting (6)
- 20 To mitigate (6)
- 22 A cooking container (3)
- 24 Associate of the Royal Academy (3)
- 30 Gold (2)
- 31 'To . . or not to . . ' (2)