

SPRING MATHS LESSON

I sit on a hard wooden chair with the sunshine warming my back
 And the low drone of voices lulling me like the murmur of sleepy bees;
 I lift my head from textbook and scribbling and through a dusty window
 See pure blue sky and small clouds riding high in the breeze.
 I see the blackboard through rose coloured glass and the chalk is white as the clouds,
 I read about cosines, tangents, radians and degrees,
 The dust is dancing in a shaft of gold
 And a raven brings an echo of night to the paper trees.
 Square and divide, differentiate and integrate,
 My mind is heavy and languid under the weight of integers,
 The laden air inside blankets me from the sharp clear air outside,
 I float beside the others in a cloud of equations —
 I am leaving the musty schoolroom through the smeared window,
 I streak up and beyond into the dome of pure blue;
 Held in a dream I look down on burnt asphalt and cycle sheds
 Isolated far below in a bubble of time; and as I turn towards the wispy clouds I know
 I shall never go back there again.

Pamela Roy 6UG

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).



LISTEN TO LIVING

Sarah Gammage Form 4.

A small planet,
 A faint dot on the horizon,
 Spinning gently in outer space.
 Faster it goes as it swirls around,
 Till it shatters in the heavens,
 Erupting into flames like a whirlpool of madness.
 Violently it swirls,
 In a bewildering frenzy.
 A confusion of moving mass.
 Ugly evil and dazzling
 Shapes of beauty devoured by the rising heat.
 A bubbling heart of fire destroying all in its grasp.
 Till,
 Someday it will escape this universe,
 And burn away some other place in the sky.

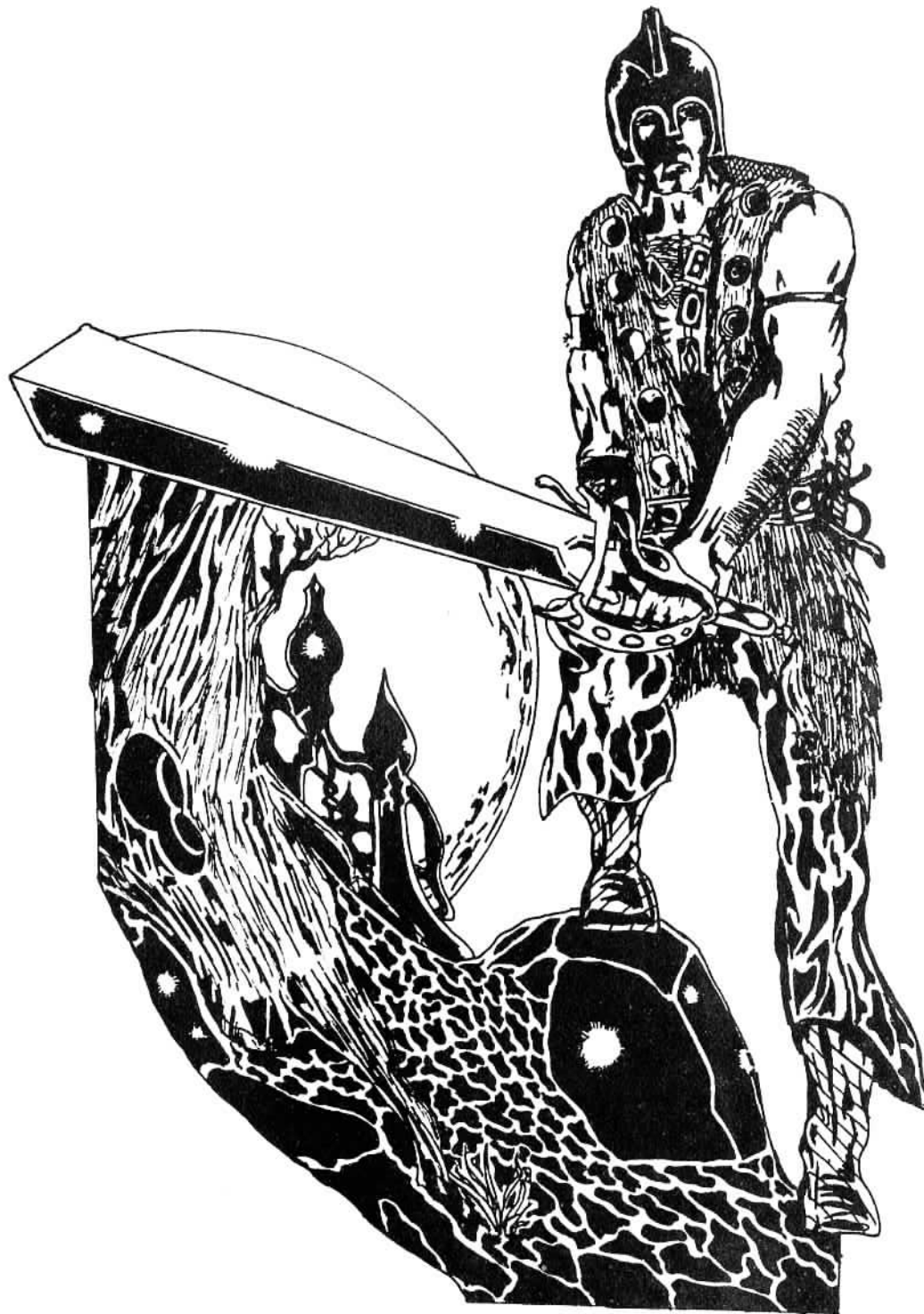


WITH APOLOGIES TO WILLIAM BLAKE

And will those cars in future time
 Drive across England's mountains green?
 And the sad poisoned children
 Cross England's empty pastures keen?
 And will the faceless skyscrapers
 Glare out across abandoned hills?
 And the polluted waters
 Flow through those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my list of secrets sold!
 Bring me old tales of prophecies dire!
 Bring me my books! Let bells be tolled!
 Bring me brands to build a pyre!
 We shall destroy the creeping growth,
 Nor shall we fail to make a stand,
 'Gainst the cruel ogres faceless
 Who now bestrides our tortured land.

K. Dunmore 6 UG.



"STEVE'S SUPERMEN?" 11 + 1 try
 "CAROLINE'S CRUSADERS" 1 + one
 ducking

At 1 p.m. sharp, on Thursday, April 4th, the senior prefect girls, alias "Caroline's Crusaders", waited patiently in their neatest, cleanest, whitest (personally I use Persil) kit, for the arrival of the senior prefect boys, alias "Steve's Supermen?"; as can only be expected of the male race — they were late!!

They eventually arrived garbed with relics from World War 2 and other various forms of attire, and with them was their "box of tricks". Their gracious (mere male leader), Steve B. Snook, had to be carried on a stretcher — due to exhaustion incurred whilst changing?

The aim of the match was to prove female superiority which we would have achieved, had "Steve's Supermen?" played netball instead of rugby, basketball, football, and numerous forms of water sports.

The game tried to proceed, with the "Supermen?" obviously confused about their position on the court. "Superman?" Harmer, wandered about in the centre third and "Superman?" Lee, Barber and Snook, all convinced they were goal-keeper.

The game finally got to a start with the "Supermen?", extremely luckily, scoring the first goal. After their initial success the "S.S." appeared to abandon all regard for rationality, their good start and luck apparently going to their heads. Forms of water pistols were brought forth from their "box of tricks" and were put into action against "Caroline's Crusaders", who defiantly bore all attempts to annoy, hinder, and distract them from their task.

The game concluded with a very, very narrow victory to "Steve's Supermen?". In retaliation it was decided to dampen "Superman?" BB Snook's spirits; and so he met the goldfish, personally.

It should be noted that Mr. Bennett was extremely concerned for the welfare of the fish, in view of their immense ordeal.



1st XV v. Staff and Guests
 Friday, April 5th 1974.

JUDO

Since September, 1972 a small group of sixth formers and some fifth form (from Trinity and the Boy's Grammar School) have been attending Barry Road Teacher's Centre on Wednesday afternoons to study and practice the sport of Judo. Under the instruction of Mr. Stan Clarke, the group practice various throws, counters and hold-downs. Every few weeks these techniques are put into good use in contests between the members of the group.



....and still they won....

SHOULD 3RD AND 4TH YEARS PLAY FOOTBALL?

It is my opinion and the opinion of many other 3rd and 4th year pupils that football should be played at these levels.

Football is not only our national sport but also the national sport of hundreds of other countries. It is generally recognised that if you aren't signed on by a professional football team by the time you are 16, the chances of making professional football a career are slim. If school football is not played until the age of 16 then it is unlikely that a talented player will be spotted. There seems to be no reason for football not to be played as in discussion with a member of the games staff the only reason that could be given for football not to be played was that rugby was the traditional sport at Trinity. Surely football could be played without a break in the rugby tradition.

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FRAGMENTS OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM

We know there is dust in the air, at the top of the highest mountains ever climbed there are 3000 specks of dust in every cubic inch of air, and in the highest clouds, dust floats.

But does it float in the great emptiness between the Sun and the planets? Does it collect in the greater gulfs of space between the stars?

It does; but this is dust of such a fineness that one almost despairs of conveying any idea of it. You may think of fog as a dust of a kind, but a fog will cut down the light of a street lamp to almost half in a few years; the dust fog in outer space is so thin, the specks so small, so far apart, that a thousand billion miles of such a fog would only cut off half a distant star's light. How created; none can tell; but some scientific men have suggested that the light from the stars can create this kind of dust.

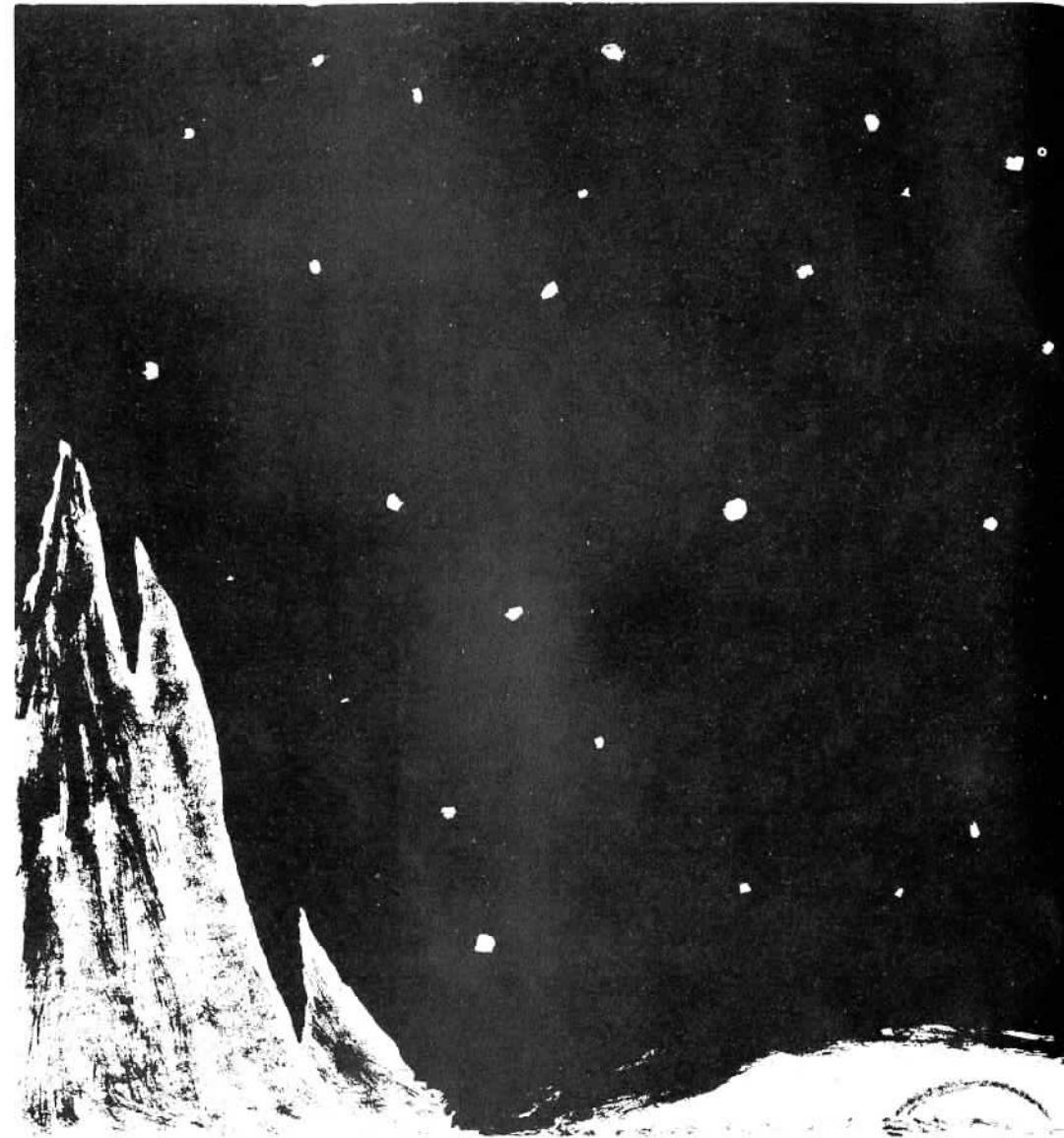
This is the finest kind of dust that has been imagined. It may be that some of it comes into the solar system as the Sun, with its train of planets, makes its majestic way through space; it may also be that the Sun leaves dust behind on that immeasurable journey. For, remember, that a speck of dust, like every other material thing, is subject to the law of attraction we call gravity. A speck of dust is pulled down to earth, although the winds may blow it back up again. If a speck of dust is placed within a measurable distance of the Sun, the Sun would pull it in.

But there is something else the Sun is doing besides pulling things to it. It is pouring out energy radiating light. Now only a two millionth of this great outrush of energy falls on the earth, but, even so, the pressure of the Sun's light falling on the earth is equal to 75,000 tons.

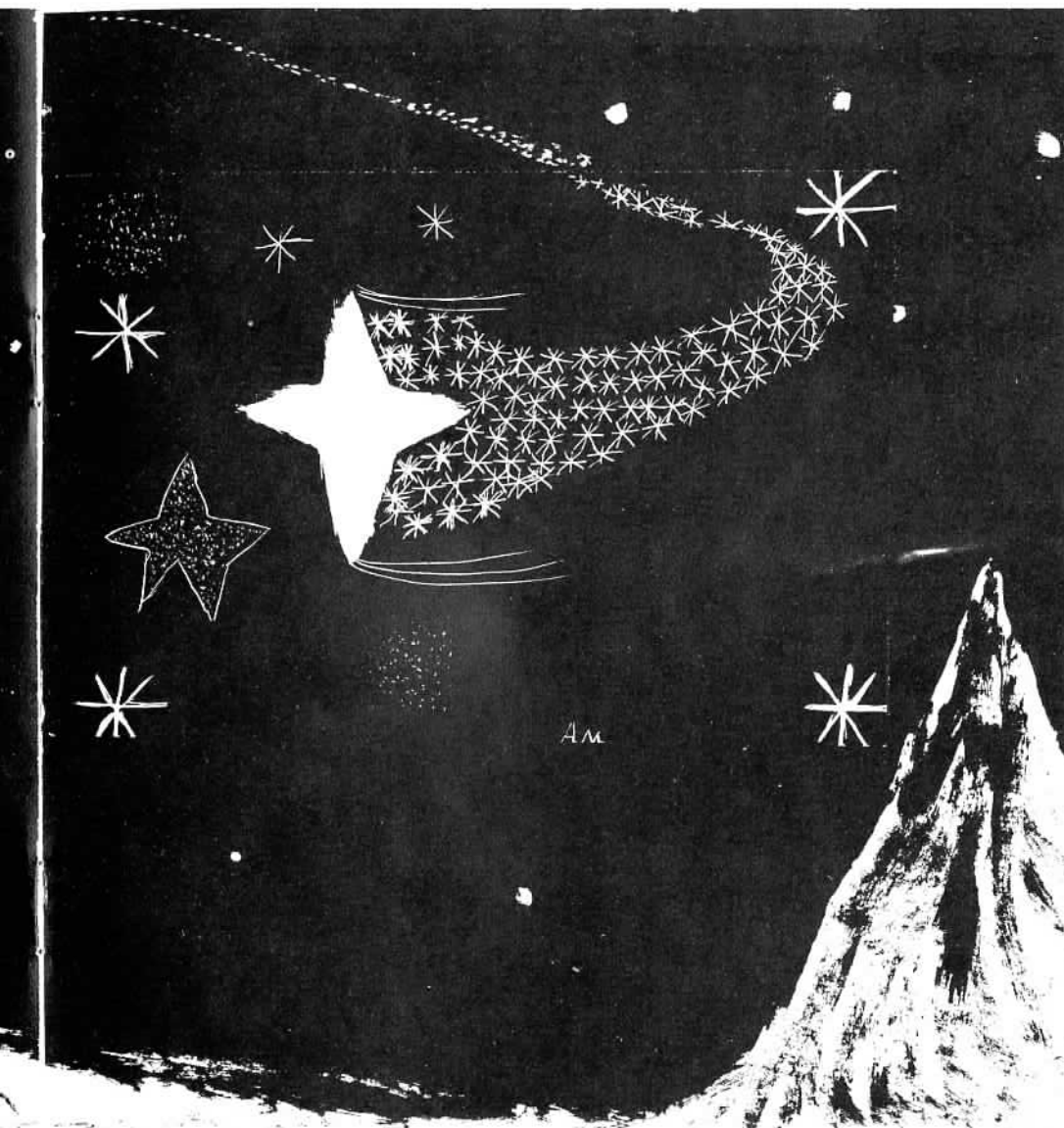
The Sun is pushing the earth away with that force, although the effect is swamped by the forty billion ton force with which it is pulling the earth to itself by the force of gravity. But suppose the pressure of the Sun's light were falling on something very much smaller than the earth, a speck of dust one forty billionth of the earth's diameter. On dust of this size, the pressure of the Sun's light would be equal to the gravitational pull.

A particle of that kind might have almost any kind of career in space. Anything might happen to it. Such a particle as that would be a huge body compared to the particles of the dust-fog in space which we have imagined the Sun catching up or leaving behind. But in the solar system such dust speck, which are something like the size of molecules of matter, have a particular interest, for they are the "stuff" that a comet's tail is made of.

I begin my story of the comet at its tail because comets are by so much the smallest members of the Sun's great family that if it were not for their tails they would never be seen at all. There are some 400 of them whose orbit we know, belong to the Sun as certainly as any planets. The planets go around the sun in orbits, which are real ellipses.



Ode to the Comet that wasn't



—KOHOUTEK

Illustration by
John Hands 3E
Annette Moser 4D

Suppose we turn the ray of a torch on to this page. If the torch is held quite square a circle of light appears on the page. If the torch is then turned slightly askew the circle turns into an ellipse, and the more askew the torch is turned the longer and flatter the ellipse. The torch is turned so askew that the lighted space has sides like the sides of a parabola which never meet, we have now seen the shapes of the orbits of all the comets which circle our Sun. Some of the orbits are so flat and go so far out that it seems they will never come back again. But they will, for, though astronomers used to think that perhaps a comet now and again would come into the solar system from outer space, it is almost certain that none has ever done so; for if it were otherwise we should have to believe that more comets caught up the Sun that the Sun past on it's journey, which is like supposing that a snail could catch an express train. So we may take it that all comets belong to the Sun; that however far they go out adventuring, the Sun keeps a hand on them.

Hailey's Comet, which was last seen in 1910 and has been recorded as far back as 240 B.C. will be back in 1985 many of us will live to see it. But nobody living now will see the comet of 1911 which had a tail 15,000,00 miles across; for it will not be back for another 2900 years. There are others whose journey takes longer.

What a strange and wonderful journey they make. Imagine them far, far beyond the planet Neptune where the Sun's rays light up the darkness no more than a star, quickening up as they pass the signpost and come back again to the Sun; slowing up their other parent the sign-post planet — as we call it — holds them back and then once again quickening up as they get away on the homeward stretch.

But it will not all be plain sailing; sometimes a giant planet like Saturn or Jupiter, will stretch out an invisible arm to clutch at them causing them to check or swerve violently on their path.

Jupiter has captured a comet in recent times — Comet Brooks 1889 — and Brooks was handled so violently that it broke in two. Saturn was suspected of having annexed another and converted it into a satellite. Thus, the comet may encounter many strange vices, and many in fact must do so, because the majority keep fairly close to the plane of rings which the planets as a whole describes.

But at last let us suppose that all danger points have been passed and the comet approaches the Sun. All appearance of leisure has been thrown off. It runs, it flies on faster and faster — till it is rushing round the Sun in a delirium of speed which can approach 1212 miles per second. Then, at this great moment of it's orbit it erupts into a glowing aurora and "puts forth all its hidden glories". Its tail might be a splendid apparition like the corona of the Sun (seen at eclipses).

The Comet of 1744 had several tails. A comet which appeared in 1843, the finest ever recorded is supposed to have had a tail 150,000,000 miles long i.e. it stretched from the Sun as far out as the Planet Mars.

Andrew. R. Timms 6LS



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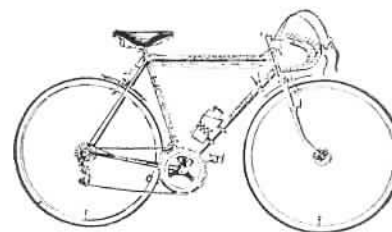
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A BEDTIME STORY



Once upon a time it was a widely held opinion amongst the English that those hairy, brown-haired, fiery-tempered Celts that hail from the Emerald Isle were a little bit short in the I. Q. stakes.

This view is of course now ridiculed for even the English have the intelligence to realise that a nation which can produce such great figures in European heritage as the Duke of Wellington, Yeats, Alec Guinness, George Best and L'Escargot cannot be so starved of acumen as they thought.

Thus it was left for the British Government to set up a Royal Commission headed by Sir Derek Dougan, Earl of Liverpool and Duke of Haymarket to find out why such silly rumours ever began. This commission strove until opening time to come up with any results and by 'last orders' had come to the conclusion that the cause or causes could be any one of, or any combination of, the following reasons:

1. *Jealousy* that such a small island could not only produce such famous historical figures, as the above-mentioned, but also invent the potato, the bomb-scare, Irish stew, the Irish whip, the straight curve, the ferry to Liverpool, Liverpool and most of all the tea-break.

2. *Fear* that any race which not only resisted invasion by the Romans, Normans, Saxons, and the chip butty and yet not only allow English armies to have their six-hundred year holidays there but actually allow the English to play at government, they might have something up their rolled-up sleeves.

3. That *English bigotry* distorted the truth to such a point that the English actually thought they were intelligent.

4. Finally that the Irish were stupid.

The last theory had already been discredited. But the prime minister, Harold O'Wilson, and his Minister for Racial Prejudice, Mine O'Ritty, along with the Minister for Public Information, Dave Allen, decided that such bigotry had been caused by their expulsion from the Roman Catholic Church. Such was their disappointment at such a tragedy, realizing they were now prone to all vices and corruptions of the pagan Protestant faith that in blind childish spite they began their indiscriminate attacks upon the Irish. This theory was accepted in the Houses of Parliament in Liverpool and to make amends for their past sins the English decided to cement relations with their Irish brothers by passing a law that in future all jokes depicting Irish must say that they are mean and all jokes about stupidity must only concern Scots. And everybody, except the Scottish, lived happily ever after.

J. J. Flanagan, 6 U.M.1

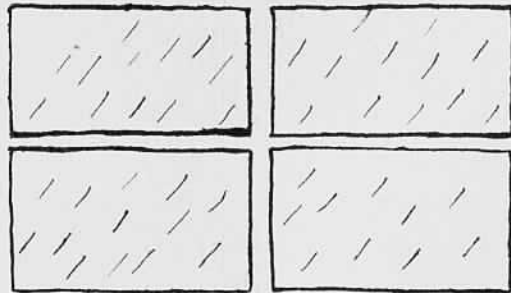
Illustrators; Mary Fleming.
Marta Dauksta, Fiona Williams.



"What do you call an Irishman who is fired out of a cannon and bounced off a wall?" — Rick O'Shea."



"How can you tell an executive Irishman? He's got a pin-striped duffle coat."



RAIN

Sitting in a classroom feeling miserable,
 Quiet and at any moment tears might fall.
 Doodling with pens
 And crossing off names on the desks
 Written from the day before.
 Friends watching and feeling sorry for you, except one.
 Rain falling on the window-panes, like tears.
 Staring at the raindrops which are free to fall,
 And then you break down in tears — — —
 Your first loss.

K. Thompson 4B

the rain song

*rain is beating against my face.
 Puddles in the pathway,
 The rain is beating against the ground.*

*A girl is walking in the rain,
 She is soaked from top to toe.
 She is splashing in all of the puddles
 As she goes along.*

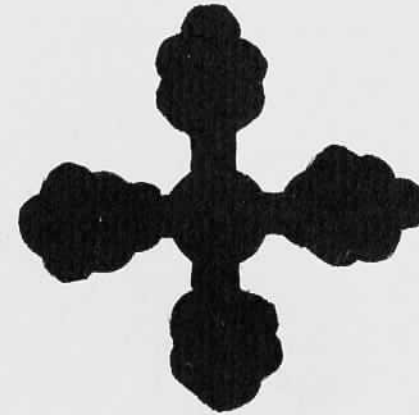
C. Green 4B.



SNOW

I had a telephone call, it made me feel happy.
White snow was falling down onto my window,
I ran down stairs and out the front door.
As I walked alone the snow flakes fell on my nose,
I brushed the snow off the gates with my hands.
I am so happy I could cry.

S. Merrill 4B



ICE BREAKER

The water was frozen with a thin layer of ice.
"Hey, you lad!" shouted Steve.
"Bet you can't do this!"
He ran over the ice with lightning speed.
We all took turns in running across.
The ice creaked.
"Hey, you little b.'s," shouted a lorry-driver,
"you'll drown yourselves!"
(Old Codger, where did you come from
Dad's Army?)
We all took a second turn, Bill, Phil, then. . .
Creak. . .
Steve was in up to his waist.
"Help, I'm caught in the weed."
The three of us dragged him out, his teeth chattering. We pulled him
home on a sledge.
He didn't move his legs. . . for an hour.

Paul MCcCann (4R)

National Union Of School Students.

T.G.S. School Branch.

Recently, a school branch of the N.U.S.S. was formed. At a general meeting two temporary officers were elected: Chairman, S. Capell 6IMI, Secretary, M. Krantz 6LS2. Not many people know what this union stands for owing to the absence of a means of communication, apart from gossip. I would like to emphasize that the N.U.S.S. is a completely non political union. Basically the N.U.S.S. says that school students should help & have a say in the running of their school along with the teachers and parents. The union is a non militant organisation and hopes to achieve its aims by consultation and not confrontation. All student members are entitled to the following benefits; Travel Concession, Possession of International Students Identity Card, reduced insurance rates, cheaper contact lenses and increased social activities with other schools and colleges, information on vacation work and advice on careers and many others.

The aims and objects of the N.U.S.S. are:

"To protect and extend the rights of school students at both local and national level. To campaign for fully democratic and comprehensive education. To campaign for full participation of school students in the functioning of their school. To advance the educational, cultural and social life of its members. To represent and act on behalf of the membership on all issues as decided by the membership. To promote and maintain co-operation with the youth of other countries. These aims shall be pursued without regard to race, creed or religion and independent of any political or religious body.

For students who care and want the right to speak join the N.U.S.S. For information please contact Mark Krantz or Stewart Capell.

Mark Krantz.

THE BORED GENERATION

The first question to ask is, "Who are the bored generation?" The answer is simply, the youth of today. In fact this generation shows such clear signs of boredom that it is relatively simple to split it up categorically regarding different age groups. There are two positively distinct sections, with those of 11 to 14 age group in one and those of 16 to 18 in the other.

Now that we have established who they are, we must ask ourselves "Why are they bored?" A question probably

The main cry by the teenagers is that "There is nowhere to go and nothing to do". This sums up absolutely the social position of the adolescents in this town. There are a few youth clubs suitable for the 11 to 14 age group. But what do they offer? Ping-pong and a small disco occasionally if you are lucky! Some youth clubs are quite adventurous but then there is the problematic situation of the fact that they are only open certain nights of the week.

Vandalism also incorporates violence and the number of juvenile delinquents is forever rising.

Inevitably boredom, due to the lack of amenities leads to vandalism.

What can be done to help the youth of today?

We should realise that the bored generation of today are the adults and leaders of tomorrow.

If we all pull together on the rope,
Perhaps we can raise merry hell,
Then throw it away.
For good.