

INTER-SCHOOL SPORTS

(held at the British Timken Sports Ground on July 11th)

Boys' Events

Despite the fact that we included several promising athletes in our team, we found that the competition from other schools was very fierce and we finished up in 6th place. None of our athletes was placed first in either track or field events with the exception of the 15—17 years non-championship group in which K. Adams (T5) won the 220 yards, B. Capell (T5) won the half-mile, and A. Webb (T5) won the Javelin event with a new record throw of 136 feet 11 inches. The aforementioned boys were selected to represent Northampton in the County Sports, together with Hancock (3A) who came second in the 220 yards in the Inter-School Sports.

G.C.G.

Girls' Events

Our girls did very well and achieved 3rd place behind the Northampton Grammar School for Girls who were 1st and Kingsthorpe Grove Secondary Modern School who were 2nd. Our 15—17 years successes did not gain points for the School as most of the Secondary Modern Schools cannot enter competitors for the senior events. In this age-group, Maureen McMahon (Form 4) gained 1st place in the 150 yards and Maureen Walden (C5) was placed 3rd in the 100 yards. The following girls in the middle and junior age-groups gained points for the School:—

13—15 years group

Penelope Dickens (Form 3)—2nd—Hurdles.
Margaret Gibbs (Form 3)—2nd—100 yards.
Jean Leigh (Form 4)—4th—150 yards.
Valerie Humber (Form 3)—4th—High Jump.
Beverley Andrews (Form 3)—4th—Long Jump.

Under 13 years group

Margaret Patching (1G)—2nd—80 yards
Joan Brawn (Form 2)—3rd—Hop, Step and Jump
Rita Humber (1G)—4th—High Jump

Margaret Patching (1G)	}	3rd—Relay
Sandra Westley (Form 2)		
Susan Westley (Form 2)		
Joan Brawn (Form 2)		

The following girls were selected to represent Northampton in the County Sports:—

Maureen McMahon in the 150 yards, Penelope Dickens in the Hurdles, and Margaret Gibbs in the 100 yards.

I.M.R.

THE STAFF V. SCHOOL HOCKEY MATCH

THIS entertaining match took place at the end of the Spring Term on a rather dull afternoon. The Staff won by four goals to two, and the close result shows something of a keenly-fought game. The goals for the Staff were scored by Mr. Gibson (2), Mr. Gilkes and Mr. Timms; for the School, Margaret Wilkinson and Maureen McMahon.

The School and Staff teams were accompanied onto the field by cheers and laughter, the latter no doubt caused by the appearance of the Staff. There was Mr. Crick, for example, looking very coy in a bohemian-styled hat with attached pigtails.

In play, Mr. Gibson distinguished himself by his speed and ball control; while Mr. Gilkes excelled in racing up and down the field sometimes with, but more often without, the ball. A solid figure in defence was Mr. Matthews, who often attacked both ball and opposition with hockey stick threshing the air. The deaf ears of the referees were turned as the more knowledgeable in the crowd shouted "sticks."

Miss Clothier presented a colourful picture, contemporary-styled, in the Staff goal. One teacher made his impression on the game and on the turf by his "up-down" tactics.

The outlandish appearance of the Staff was contrasted by the uniformity of the School team. Margaret Wilkinson, the captain, representing the School for the last time, scored the School's second goal to mark the occasion. Sound play on the right wing enabled Maureen McMahon to score her first ever goal against a Staff team.

On the whole, this game proved to be exciting—if somewhat unorthodox. We must congratulate the Staff on their deserved victory, hoping that the School team will not be disheartened, but will try hard again next year and perhaps reverse the result.

C. F., L. N.

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WHAT WE TOLD OUR TEACHERS

"The plight of the Pharaohs was a very sad one. They were always being ill-treated by their slaves."

"Michael was an old man and strong. His mind was fugal."

"In 1521, a gentleman by the name of Pizarro swept South America."

"One of the commonest trees in England is the popular tree."

"Northants has good pasture land so that the cows have not far to go to the tanning mills."

"It took us another whole day to get home and by that time, we were both ready to get into a nice warm bed with our own meals."

"Igneous rocks are made from molten larva."

"Overstone Solarium is a popular spot in the country in the hot weather with two lakes and a swimming pool with plenty of room for games of cricket."

AROUND THE FORMS

1A

On Mr. Clements' register, Number 7 is Bromage, the top in our exams. Number 9 is Butlin who is famous for his boxing skill. He is also captain of the first-year rugby team. We have a group of bird-watchers headed by Brian Cave. The group includes Markstein, Shaw, Rodhouse, Wills, Adhemar and Finlay. Our class is full of interesting boys and it would take all day to tell about them.

A.S.

1B

Our neatest individual has a sharply-pressed suit and dazzling shoes (until he reaches the classroom). For a striking contrast, our laziest boy (whose name I do not mention as I value my life) has slovenly habits, hair like rusty barbed-wire, and a hobby of concocting strange, unearthly solutions in bottles. There are also boys who strike a mean between these two extremes.

A.B.

1C

Our form room is Room 1 and our form master is Mr. Gibson. In sport, we have done very well. We managed to beat 1D at cross-country but we lost to them at seven-a-side rugby. In class-work, we have done fairly well and two of our boys went up to 1B. The person who has the most sense of humour is Deacon who keeps our class in a good mood.

R.B.

1D

Firstly, we congratulate David Bissonet on his promotion to 1C. We were all sorry to lose him.

1D has quite a good rugger team and Colin Osborne, Derek Austin, Leonard McCaughey and David Hawney have all played for the Under 13's. Our best athletes and gymnasts are James Boughton, Derek Austin, Roger Quennell and Leonard McCaughey

We find General Science very interesting. We were sorry to lose Mr. Jury, our Maths teacher, at Easter. Most of the class likes English. Mr. Crick, our teacher, lets us record quizzes on the tape-recorder. But we don't like learning poetry. We look forward to Art and Music periods and enjoy gramophone records and singing songs. In Art, we have done pottery, lino-cuts, clay models and paintings.

Our history book, "The Story of the Ancient World," is very interesting and deals with the period from the Stone Age to the most modern Romans. We have had two Geography teachers, Mr. Harris and Mr. Gibson, and we have studied the county of Northamptonshire, Ordnance Survey Signs and maps.

M.B.

1F

Room 5, on the second floor, is occupied by 1F. We are friendly and talkative and we love sports. A few of us are exceptionally good-looking but we are not always as good and well-behaved as we look. Miss Rudling is unfortunate enough to have to look after such a mischievous form but she is friendly and helpful and well-liked.

V.C.

1G

The Needlework Room is 1G's form room. Most of us are friendly and we are probably the talking champions of the school. Margaret Patching and Barbara Willmott are the best at Gym and Games. Some of us are fairly brainy like Christine Harding. Miss Clothier is unlucky to be our form mistress because we are very talkative as I said before.

V.B.

2

We live in Room 10 which is on the third floor of the Tower Block. It contains 31 inhabitants and our form teacher is Senor Bamber who teaches us Spanish. The form includes some interesting members in Pat, who only wakes up in time to eat, and Rosemary who hibernates from time to time.

J.C., J.B.

2A

2A's abode is Room 8. The form's main occupation is writing lines or essays which our teachers always seem to be giving us. Macready is a mechanical-minded menace who is always thinking up some gadget or other to the discomfort of other people. The brainiest boy is a bespectacled lad called Rooke. In this collection of little animals, called a class, is the Captain of the Under 13 rugger team, and several other rugger players. The form captain is a tousled little boy called Brown and in the orchestra is Robertson with a violin.

R.J., M.K.

2B

In Room 12, there are 34 pupils—11 girls and 23 boys. Mr. Nokes is our form-master. The comics of the class are Shaw, Valerie Titmus and Hawksworth. The best one in the Gym is Kent and the best one at Games is Asbrey, who is the form captain, also. The best sports girl is Pauline Malin.

P.H., R.A.

2C

SPORT. We are proud to say that there are six boys from 2C in the Under 13 rugby team. Also, there are quite a few 2C boys who can swim, and we have five boys who entered for the pole-vaulting in the school sports.

PETS. I. Sloan and P. Murphy both have two rabbits. M. Batt has two white mice—"Snowy" and "Silver." M. McMahon keeps a white hamster.

GOSSIP. J. Hundley was given a new bike—and didn't we know it! During the year, we received two new members to the happy band—G. Sims and L. Smith from 2B.

P.H.

3

Top of Form 3 is Susan Old, and the best at Games are Penny Dickens and Valerie Humber. In March, some girls in our form went to Stratford to see the Sadlers Wells Ballet and enjoyed it very much. We also went to Wembley to see the women's hockey, England versus South Africa. Form 3 is good at Gym.

That is all the scandal.

E.M.

3A

Our legion is encamped in a form room on the ground floor of the Science Block. Our centurion is Tribune Flavius Timms. Here we lurk, amid a maze of Kipps' apparatus, aneroid barometers, and tanks of tadpoles and fish.

Amongst us, we have such geniuses as Sanders and Knibb. Tero and Hancock are well-known on the rugger field. B. Wood won a cup for the best individual boxer in the school. Pointer is the legionary comic. Sanders, Knibb and Warren received prizes on Speech Day.

R.H.D., P.D.D.

3B

Our form room is the Craft Room. Here are pen-portraits of some of our members: Roger Hensman is the "Professor" of Chemistry and invents minor explosions with, luckily, no atomic fall-out; "Wee Willie" Cadd is our chief comedian; "Algy" Roberts makes everyone laugh when he tells about what happened on the way home; "Paddy" Davies is good at Gym and quite good at work.

D.R.

3C

There are 32 boys in 3C. Ours is a sporting form with six in the Under 14 rugby team. Spendlove goes to a cricket-coaching school and Rogers is a very good swimmer. Bending is the "bright" boy of the form. Masi and Browning are the two comics. Mr. Adams is our form master. Last Christmas, we clubbed together and bought him a budgerigar. Some of us wear tight trousers and fancy pullovers—out of school, of course.

C.S.

4

In our form, we have three "professors"—Linda Lewis, who took the G.C.E. in Physics and Chemistry this term; Susan Ward, who took Chemistry, Physics and History in the G.C.E.; and June Cadd. Maureen McMahon, Doreen Williams, Josephine Pickford,

Jean Leigh, Diane Addington, Judith Felce and Susan Walter are our star hockey players. Entertainment is varied and we have the following artistes on the bill: Patricia Drewitt, ballet dancer; Sheila Hailey, pianist and member of the choir; and Celia Bedford, Sandra Smith and Norma Stevenson who are all choir members

That's all for now. Time to start working again!

M.G., S. W.

4A

This year, we have installed ourselves in the Music Room under the guidance of Mr. Chesters. The form is proud of its proficient cyclists who flash their little badges. Our old friend, R. Wilmer, cleans his bike as well. Sports captainship is usually undertaken by Rixon, now becoming a familiar figure in the 1st Rugby XV.

S.R.

4B

In this form are 31 boys housed in the Language Room under the control of Mr. Meldrum. Leslie Sharpe, our top boy in the exams, and De Chastelaine are in the Under 15 rugby team. De Chastelaine is also a good swimmer and Nicholls is a good runner. Lacey goes sailing in a dinghy at Pitsford. Eight of our members took a Mock G.C.E. in Maths.

R.T.B.

4C

The form is housed in the Engineering Science Lab. and, when all are present, we number 31. Although not a clever form as far as the academic curriculum goes, we have a profound knowledge in other fields. Statham has a mania for pigs and farming and Smith is the ornithological expert. Four of us were in the Under 15 rugby team but none of us were good enough to get into the hockey team.

G.M.

C5

"C" stands for Commerce and is not meant to indicate the level of our intelligence. There are 23 girls in the form which occupies Room 15 of the tower block. At the beginning of the year, Mr. Phillips was our form teacher; we now have Mrs. Taylor. We join with the boys for certain lessons—not all lessons, thank goodness! Some of us have great ambitions and already have the G.C.E. in two or three subjects. We have future secretaries, artists, teachers and nurses among us.

C.A.S.

G5

"G" does not stand for "Goons," as is sometimes supposed, although we think it describes our form very well. We have been a famous form since A.D. 37 when we fiddled while Nero burned Rome.

Here are notes on some of our more prominent members: J. Thorpe . . . now training to be a high-class tramps' outfitter. J.

Kightley . . . member of a skiffle group who makes up for the lack of singing by emitting a wailing noise. (Other members of the group are T. Maycock on the gas-driven mangle and B. Howes on the V.H.F. grass-cutters. The only setback is a complete lack of talent.) B. Marshall . . . a bounding ball of energy which he attributes to sugar-frosted flakes. Braddock, . . winner of the Tall Story Prize.

The form is kept in order by Mr. Clarke and I can say, without fear of contradiction, that there never was, nor never will be, a form like the present G5. R.W.

T5

Our habitat is the Drawing Office. We are the last of many T5's, but not the least. We are an industrious form (sometimes) and we do all our homework (sometimes). Most of us have passed one G.C.E. paper before the usual time of taking the exam—which reflects well upon our somewhat unorthodox methods of study. I am sure that, when we leave school, the world will benefit much from our education.

M.E.

LOWER SIXTH MODERN

This form, three vacant souls, occupies a dingy corner of Room 4.

One of our number, Mr. Richard Pearson, resides at present in the backwoods of the Headlands. He has Economic, French and Geographical tendencies, as well as being a fanatical philatelist. He is the moderating influence in the form.

Another member of our form is engaged in brewing bath-tub beer for under-the-counter sale at the School Tuck Shop.

There's a girl in the form—at least, I believe that's what they're called—one Hazel Miller. Up to Easter, we had another, but she left us to pursue a sordid monetary policy by "working" at a well-known bank; this one was named Margaret Wilkinson or, more commonly, "Mag." The other girl, Hazel, was promoted to the position of Deputy Head Girl and was also awarded the Henning's Prize at Speech Day. (I have a note here which says that Hazel is "friendly, witty, intelligent, charming and glamorous," or could it be . . . ? I can't read her writing).

On the credit side, the form managed to win six prizes at Speech Day and has innumerable fingers in many of the School's clubs and societies. The shadow of the "A" Level Exams looms in the not-to distant future and our next dispatch will probably be read when the cloud is upon us.

C.F.

Postscript: Mr. Courtney Finn.

For some strange reason, Mr. Finn's modesty (an infrequently-observed quality) has prevented him from describing his own nefarious activities with the same loquacity with which he has

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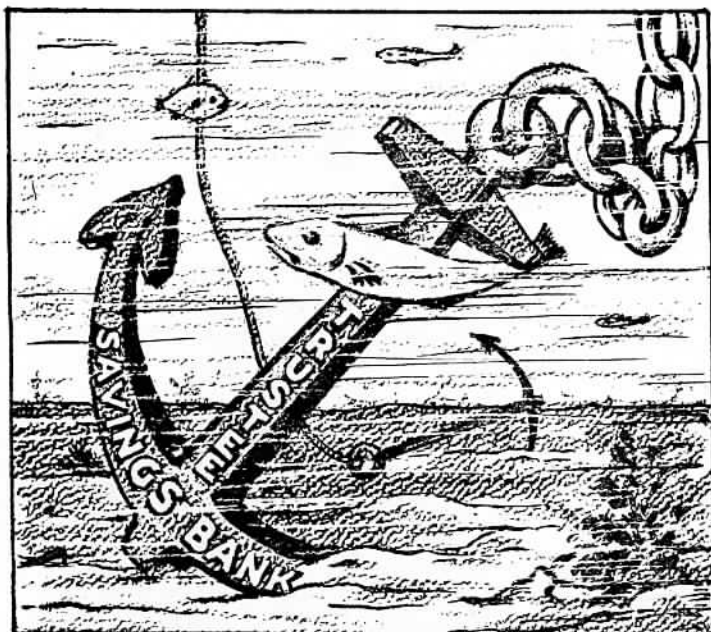
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"WHEN MY SHIP COMES HOME..."

Haven't you often said that—mostly in jest, but with that irrational element of hope we all secretly harbour?

If your ship did come home—would you let it drift away and founder? Many people do just that.

YOU NEED AN ANCHOR and you need one even though the big ship of fortune may never make landfall for you. Lots of little ships come in for us over the years and if we are sensible we make them fast against the storms that blow about us.

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mentioned the other members of this distinguished form (distinguished for what?)

He is the secretary of the School Tennis Club and was deservedly awarded the first prize in the British Timken Essay Competition. Turning from his scholastic career, we find he leads a rather bohemian existence in the native quarter of Kingsthorpe. He is surrounded by ... (CENSORED). ... He lives like a hermit, venturing but rarely into the outside world, save for his nocturnal visits to the gin-shop and his gospel-spreading excursions, when he can be found delivering from door to door, the literature of an obscure religious sect. I believe some members of the Staff have threatened to set the dog on him in the event of his calling with his scurrilous pamphlets at their houses.

B.W.T.

SIXTH CRAFT

At the beginning of this school year, a new class was formed for the benefit of those interested in pursuing craft to a more advanced level. It caters for those students who wish to enter certain professions that would otherwise be closed to them. This class is very small as yet, only consisting of two scholars, but we hope it will grow as it becomes more firmly established.

We make full use of the first class workshops, both for furthering our education in this field and for economy on our own repair and constructional jobs—M. J. Burrow built a frame for a racing motor-cycle in the Metalwork Shop; while L. Northover made several pieces of furniture in the Woodwork Shop. Not only is practical work undertaken but we have a wide theoretical and designing course to cover.

In order to obtain a more balanced G.C.E. "A" Level Certificate, we also study academic subjects, including English and Geography, which should enable us to choose from a variety of jobs. At Speech Day, we managed to win four prizes, including the A. Chown Trophy.

L.N., M.B.

LOWER SIXTH SCIENCE

There are, approximately, eight of us. Our form room, the Physics Lab. is conveniently situated, next to the brewery, distillery, pills and potions place, and where even the most inquisitive visitor to the school would not find it.

When time hangs heavily on our hands, some of us further our studies by doing English and French; others investigate the forces acting on bodies which move, do not move, or just collapse; the rest practise the "Black Arts" in the Chemistry Lab. Wednesday afternoons are spent dissipating our energies all over the playing field. Six of us attend Maths for strenuous study and present ourselves for Physics where our inability to recite definitions is compared unfavourably with the possible capabilities of Mrs. Jones' parrot.

Our out-of-school interests range from additional Applied Maths to parading down Abington Street, taking the air in semi-Edwardian attire and being moved on by the "long arm of the law."

Looking back over our first-year in the Sixth, I see that the Head Boy has effectively avoided pecuniary difficulties by the formation of the T.H.S. Cricket Society and that we have all had our hair cut about twice. We now look forward to our second year with eager anticipation; indeed, "We must look to the way ahead for there lies our path."

R.W

UPPER SIXTH MODERN

Our form, which consists of eight oddly-assorted characters, lives, if you can call it living, moves (sometimes) and has its being such as it is, in a small hideaway on the first floor.

We represent a complete cross-section of the sort of teenagers you could find in any Approved School or psychiatric ward; we have everything, including a real live girl—called Dorothy—who comes from a place called Brixworth, where no white man has ever trod, and who lives, like most peasants, on a diet of Beef, Beer and Broth. She spends what time the Staff allow her in galloping around the hinterland of darkest Northamptonshire on an untamed horse, and it is probably this unusual pastime that has trained her to endure our coarse manners, hideous appearance, and our pathetic attempts at humour.

Having described the First Lady of the form, who is also the Head Girl, I will try, if my nerves can stand it, to give a brief picture of the various off-beats and eccentrics who constitute the major part of our chain-gang.

Firstly, we have Baker, who is a rugger player and a capitalist, and our Deputy Head Boy; he speaks with an accent which we think is rather quaint and he is in charge of the Lost Property cupboard which, on a good day, resembles an army surplus stores. Baker's business ability enables him to run this enterprise at a profit and I think I am correct in saying that Baker's Lost Property store is the only place in town where you can buy a complete set of clothes for only five shillings; that is, of course, if you don't mind wearing a rugger shirt with a gym slip and goloshes.

Bradshaw is our number one court jester and he is interested in gliding and models (model aircraft, of course). His wisecracks are sometimes funny.

Bunting is another rugger player, as well as an athletics star, and has a sinful, American-type crew-cut.

Cockerill, another of our zany crew, sometimes known as "the poor man's Liberace," is an expert pianist, and a notorious dance-orchestra leader. He, together with another person, who would remain anonymous, is responsible for what is known by its supporters, as the Jazz Club, and by its detractors, as the "Monkey Music Mob."

Tony "Loveable" Lay, the "Rudolph Valentino of the Sixth," is a rugger player and an athletics star and, although he has given me permission to say what I like about him, my sense of fair play and my fear of a reprisal prevent me from giving the true facts.

Pardoe is another rugger player and, because he is bigger and heavier than myself, I shall merely say that he is in Kelvin House, which Bradshaw and I agree is the best House in the school.

In general, we all share much the same tastes, views and opinions; most of us watch Phil Silver and listen to the Goons; most of us like traditional Jazz and hate the "Woman and Fish." None of us are Communists, although some of us would like to vote Labour, on account of the time we expect to spend at their Exchange.

Postscript: Mr. Bernard Tarry

The literary genius of Mr. Tarry is unequalled, but it falls to me to present some idea of this eccentric character.

He is, without doubt, the wit of Room 4; his jests are both coarse and biting. His capacity for sarcasm is surprising and many come under the lash of his ample tongue.

He spends most of the day avoiding members of the Staff who hunt him continually and, when asked where the Gym was, he replied, "Gym? Who's he?" Between 4.15 and 5 p.m., our hero is to be found attempting to "balance" the Library fines. His evening pursuits are unknown to us, but I believe they come from the various girls' schools in the town.

Many more pages of the Tarry saga could be revealed, but the axe of censorship would fall. So this account must close.

C.F.

UPPER SIXTH SCIENCE

Dear Readers,

Whilst we are not usually given to journalistic experiments, we realise the potentialities of a school magazine and so we contribute.

The most predominant feature of our members is our considerable intelligence. Also, our fitness. A proof of this latter is the fact that we have the greatest percentage of players in a school rugby team. Sixty-six point six per cent of the form played for the 1st XV last season. What a credit to the school and what a distinction although it has not been made public. Why? Because of modesty . . . such fine characters.

Behind us is the inspiration of Mr. Newell who has taken us through our testing-times. He was there at our "O" Level exams in 1957 and 1958. He is here to guide and advise us in our two years "A" Level course. He was there when . . . (CENSORED).

And so we must leave you with these few thoughts: what you've done, we've done before; what you've heard, we said; and what you know that we don't know, isn't worth knowing.

A.J.

LITERARY COMPETITION

THE magazine received fifty-four contributions, the majority of which were from the first and second years. The standard was fairly high, and quite encouraging as a first attempt.

We were disappointed, however, by the lack of contributions from the Upper School, especially from the Sixth Forms. It is the responsibility of the whole School to make the magazine a success; "The Tower" is produced for the School's pupils and we hope that in future it will be written by them.

We appreciate the efforts of the pupils who wrote for the magazine, and we congratulate the prize-winners, whose contributions are printed below. Each prize-winner will receive a 15/- Book Token.

C.F.

MOTS CROISÉS par J. Stringer (1C)

Clues across

- 1 Clock
- 5 Thee
- 6 King
- 8 Here
- 9 Pen
- 11 In
- 12 Nine

Clues down

- 1 By
- 2 Night
- 3 Useful
- 4 Lessons
- 7 Bone
- 10 One

1 P	E	2 N	D	3 U	4 L	E
A		U		5 T	E	
6 R	7 O	I		8 I	C	I
	9 S	T	Y	L	O	
10 U				11 E	N	
12 N	E	J	F		S	

All answers to be in FRENCH.

WANDERING DEER

As I looked over the rising hills,
I could see the deer wandering far;
The looked so small against the hills
And a young one wandered like a lost star.

The deer wander by bubbling streams
And strip and eat bark off the trees;
They sit in grass and sleep in dreams
And jump over grassy leas.

In the summer they have their young
Who try to walk on their wobbly feet
And sip water with the help of their small tongues.
Some day, I hope again the deer to meet.

H. W. KNIGHT (2C).

E—DAY

THE school had known about the coming examinations for a considerable period of time and everybody was revising, swotting and generally going over his or her work with a fine-tooth comb. Old exercise books were dug out and scrutinised, and damp, faded scraps of paper with hurried calculations were in great demand. Everybody was in a panic (teachers included) with tests to be devised, marks to be counted, and pen-nibs to be sharpened.

At last, E-Day ! Bustle, panic, chaos. The pupils sat down in their respective places with butterflies in their stomachs and aspros in their pockets. A deathly hush broke over the classroom; the sheets of foolscap were given out, fresh blotting-paper, pen-nibs, ink, and, finally, the question papers—face downwards. Everything was ready; the hour was nigh. The master solemnly surveyed the class and uttered three glum words—"You may begin."

There was a clatter of pens, pencils and rulers. One looked at the questions: the cunning teacher had chosen the very thing that one was not sure about. Perhaps it was simultaneous equations or adverbial clauses, or something equally ghastly. Anyhow, one plodded through it . . . only just.

Time was running out and one had not finished. Panic struck . . . scribble, scribble . . . "Put down your pens," the teacher called. There was the inevitable clatter of pens again, followed by sighs of relief. Then, the papers were ceremoniously collected up. But talking was forbidden.

It was break-time. The usual and expected conversations took place. "What did you get for number five ?" "I thought number three was easy !"

Then, after E-Day, the results and the Report and the truth concerning one's scholastic activities, the number of detentions one had had, and so forth.

Phew ! What a life !

P. DOUGLAS (3A).

PLUS CA CHANGE . . .

"THERE is nothing new under the sun" is a saying which can, perhaps, be more aptly applied to fashion than to anything else and, in particular, women's fashions. Women's fashions are more prone to emphatic changes than those of men, which settle down more to a fixed type. Not since the days of the gallant cavalier and the proud Elizabethan have men worn such elaborate clothes as women.