

within seconds of the opening whistle and Burghley never let up in a fast, exciting game. The following match was between Blakeman and Mobbs. There was no score, though both teams struggled hard to obtain the points which could mean victory. Burghley and Kelvin were opponents next; both teams tried very hard to score, but Burghley gained the upper hand and came through triumphant. Kelvin next met Blakeman and, as if determined to compensate themselves for their previous failure, Kelvin scored two goals in quick succession, making sure of winning. The final game took place between Burghley and Mobbs; there was no score, though not for want of trying. The winning team, and deservedly so, was Burghley; second came Mobbs, third Kelvin and fourth, Blakeman. Thanks are due to Miss Rudling and Miss Wagstaff for umpiring all the matches.

C.W.

AROUND THE FORMS . . .

1

We inhabit Room 7 and we are a very talented lot. Our honourable members include Stephanie Northover, who won the first year's handwriting prize; Jennifer Heard, who presented a bouquet to Miss Madge, the lady speaker on Speech Day; and Susan Berrill who read the Bible at the Carol Service. At Christmas, eleven girls performed an interesting dance, some of us sang in the first year choir, and some of us were in the School Choir (not forgetting Rosemary Coe and Judith Betts who puffed away at recorders). Dawn Wilson played the part of the nurse in the play. Our class contains seven Susans—if that doesn't confuse the teachers, nothing will !

C.M.G.

1A

Our cell is Room 10 on the fourth floor of the dreaded Tower Block. Littlewood came top in the exams. Our best swimmer is Barnes and our best runners are Jackson and Hicks. Our star rugby players are Haynes, Jackson, Chivers, Barnes and Sanders. Jones, Stanton and Worrall are all in the choir. Sanders is the chief comic and Mr. Bamber is our warder.

D.C.

1B

Our form room is the Music Room and our form master is Mr. Chesters.

We were all very sorry to lose our English and Maths teachers, Mr. Matthews and Mrs. Delahunty respectively.

We are quite good at Sport and the lessons we like best are, of course, Games and P.E., but most of us think General Science is very interesting.

The class has some very interesting specimens—including five girls.

H.J.L

STAFF v. BOYS SEVEN-A-SIDE RUGBY



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(Back Row) F. R. Jones, R. M. Wade, G. L. Chillingsworth, L. R. Northover, J. Dawkins,
M. J. Burrow, M. T. Ryan, Mr. Wright (referee).
(Front Row) Mr. Burgess, Mr. Timms, Mr. Houghton, Mr. Grimshaw, Mr. Jones,
Mr. Hammond, Mr. Crick.

1C

Our form inhabits Room 2 and our form-master is Mr. Crick. We have two good runners—Stringer and Taylor—and we are pretty good on the rugby field. Clarkson came top in the exams.

M.W.W., P.D.B.

2A

Our form's abode is Room 12 and the form-master is Mr. Smithurst, the gallant goalkeeper of the Staff's hockey team. Pelpoe has won many competitions in singing, Jones is an astronomer, Cave is an ornithologist and there are others with such hobbies as swimming, music, cycling and camping. Bromage came top in all the exams and Smith and Butlin are good rugby players (both have been captain of their team). Essam is very good at jumping and sprinting and Bird holds the record for the junior High Jump.

J.E.E.

2B

Our habitat is the General Science Laboratory. There are 33 of us, plus two goldfish and two mice, and also tiddlers and tadpoles in the season. Mr. Timms is our form-master. Barringer, Brown and Richardson are our star gymnasts and Barringer is also a good boxer: he won his bout in the Inter-House Boxing Competition. Hall came top in the exams and Meakins is our best songster.

We would like to congratulate Bissonnet, Bradbury and Nutter on winning prizes. Barringer, Brown, Hall and England played for the Under 13 XV. Clayton represented the School in the Inter-Schools' Cross-Country Championship. John Child built a wireless set in his sparetime. It works ! J.D.I., J.E.B.

2C

Our domain is Room 1. We have comics such as McDougall and Weller (Sam) and a good sports' section with such fellows as Fox, Clarke, Kirby, Boughton and Harris. A.J.W.

2D

We would like to congratulate Boyce on coming top of the form.

We have quite a good rugger team and Osborne, D. Johnson, Farmer, Derek Austin, Pacey, Kelly, and McCormac, have all played for the Under 13 teams. D. Johnson and McCormac both played for the School in the Six-a-Side Tournament at Bective. G.R.P.

2F

We hibernate in the Art Room amongst abstract masterpieces and complicated mosaics. Here, under the guidance of Mr. Adams, we develop such characters as Christine Harding, the comic, and Diane Guest, a languages expert. Exams are our most dreaded prospect and, when they are nearing, we are busily engaged in revising the knowledge we should know (but don't). Still, at the moment, we are pleasantly free from such anxieties.

V.A.C., S.L.W.

2G

Our room is the Craft Room and our form-master is Mr. Major. As a form we have a finger in every pie. We have several would-be serenading angels in the School Choir and, since the Junior Dramatics Club started in September, we have had a few aspiring actresses, some of whom starred in the play in the Christmas Concert. Unfortunately, only one girl received a prize on Speech Day—Janet Marriott. P.E.G.

3

We are patients in Emergency Ward 5. The Sister on duty is Miss Rudling. Those of us who suffer from brain-fatigue spend most of the time sleeping. Audrey Chamberlain is the most outstanding patient and received a prize on the Hospital Speech Day. J.M.B.

3A

Our fold is No. 9 and our philosopher and guide is Mr. Hogg, who frequently terminates our frolics and gambols in the sunshine. Our two blackest sheep are Brown and Calder, who spend much time planning and performing experiments calculated to bring discomfort to their unfortunate victims.

Our form does not shine at athletics although the majority of us have stronger leanings in that direction than towards any other side of schooling. Asbrey is the ablest athlete and R. Jones has collected as many black eyes in the boxing-ring as he has donated. In a pen of many dodgers, the one who gets the least reward for his efforts is Mace. Robertson, who is our violinist, has a sweet voice and rumour has it that Craddock is musically gifted. Turner aspires to become a Professor of English.

N.J.B.C., R.J.

3B

We reside in Room 8, which is open at all times to anyone who dares put a foot over the threshold. Last year, the Under 14 XV consisted almost entirely of 3B members, including the captain, S. Wright. The cricket team had also quite a few members of our form. Jennifer Thornton excels in most subjects and the comics are Jackson, Pope and Valerie Titmus.

A.D.S.

3C

3C is a well-disciplined form under the leadership of R. Nickolls. We have many rugby players; the most outstanding are Winkworth, Gregory and McMahon. The other type of football is often discussed in 3C and its ablest practitioners are Nickolls, Sloan and Hundley.

H.W.K.

4

We live in the Needlework Room and our form-mistress is Mrs. Hogg. We are not all as dim as we look and Jennifer Knibb tells me she is the "bright spark" of the form as she won two premium bonds in a cookery contest during the holidays. Five of the girls went to Paris at Easter and enjoyed the holiday very much. Ten of the girls left at Christmas and Easter and about four more are leaving at the end of the Summer Term. So we are gradually becoming extinct.

E.M.

4A

Last January, the form took the Mock G.C.E. Exam. Eight boys qualified to take the real G.C.E. in June—Douglas, Dunkley, Knibb, Martin Smith, Warren, Wright, Sanders and Drinkwater.

On Speech Day, Knibb received a form prize, Sanders the History prize, Brian Wood the Gym prize, and N. Thomas a prize for progress. The form is kept in order by Mr. Clements who burns inside while we fiddle.

P.D.D

4B

4B is a cosmopolitan form, ranging from the studious to the frivolous. We have many talents in sports, with Morrison, Lea, Edwards, Davies, Sixton, Blundell and Peacock in the rugger team. Lea is in the cricket team and Roberts and Smith are efficient wielders of the discus. McIlravie is enthusiastic about electricity and F. Church is a very knowledgeable camera fan.

D.R.

4C

Ours is a practical form: we excel with the lathe and the chisel. McDonald is a keen worker and above average in metalwork whilst Rogers is outstanding at woodwork. We all enjoy leather-work.

Rogers is a good swimmer and Fitzhugh and Spendlove receive cricket coaching and, by all reports, are making very good progress. Frisby and Davenport earnestly collect silver paper, milk bottle tops, and metal foil to provide guide dogs for blind people.

R.F., A.E.B., R.D.

5

Our form is divided into two sections: the Commerce section and the brainy Grammar section. Mrs. Taylor is our form mistress and the Commerce girls spend most of their time with her. Seven of our girls are prefects. At Christmas, Pat Drewitt left to become a ballet student; she is getting on very well and recently appeared on television. Our star sportswomen are Maureen McMahon and Jean Leigh. Many of us are leaving the School in July but some poor souls are going on into the Sixth Form.

R.N.

5B

Now that G. Battison has joined the army as a bugler, there are twenty-five regulars and two "part-timers" in the form.

Our room is the Drawing Office. We each have a locker for our books. The sparrows which established themselves during the building of the school and which have defied all efforts to remove them have to be content now with home-made nests in the fluorescent lighting.

R. E. ('Curly') Harrison and L. Sharpe play rugger, C. Hitchcock has kept wicket and B. Meredith and A. Duff won the senior discus and javelin events on Sports Day. G. Panther has again been a member of the Northamptonshire County .22 rifle team.

The 'O' level examinations are rapidly approaching as these notes go to press. We are all working to the best of our abilities and hope to pass in x subjects where x is equal to, or greater than 0.

D.F.

5C

5C lives in the Geography Room under the watchful eyes of Mr. Clarke, who thinks we are a decent crowd (?).

The class differs immensely with Partridge and Alcock crazy (literally) about motor-bikes, Smith with an urge for birds (feathered ones), Edwards who shows great promise as an actor, and R. Harrison with his hair.

The form is a very happy one as most of us have been together since our first year in the school.

J.A.H.

SIXTH LOWER PRELIMINARY

We are an experimental form and came into existence at the beginning of the year.

Here are notes on some prominent members of the form : I. Spencer is a new boy who has settled down very well. He is very interested in engineering and, after being introduced to our counterfeit department, he forged ahead well. R. Howes is a fine instrumental guitarist and a member of a music group which has appeared on television. He can also play the fiddle. Chillingsworth, Jones and Rixon played for the 1st XV and Chillingsworth often cycles furiously at great speeds. Kightley and Healey are usually found engrossed in "The Farmer's Weekly."

Mr. Guffogg, our form-master, has done a grand job in keeping the form in order over the past year. He has the patience of a saint and a Sergeant Bilko sense of humour.

R.S.C.

LOWER SIXTH MODERN, ARTS AND CRAFT

As an innocent tourist mounts the first flight of stairs of this magnificent building, he may hear distant screams and primitive yells. But he must not be perturbed, for this is the effervescent Lower Sixth Form "letting off steam." This miscellaneous bunch consists of several categories. The first consists of students who study a subject promoting the use of margarine instead of butter (Economics). Next comes a species which is the backbone of the country: those unsung heroines who "read, copy and transcribe." Lastly comes the "nut and bolt" group: these industrious individuals spend their time creating mysterious "jobs."

J.P.P., C.W.

LOWER SIXTH SCIENCE

Our abode is the Physics Lab. and we reside therein under the fatherly eye of Mr. Newell.

Besides the collection of would-be scientists, we have students taking History, English, German and French.

On Tuesday mornings we efficiently run one solution into another, watching for a non-existent colour-change. Wednesday afternoon sees us on the playing fields. On Thursday afternoon, we are in the Chemistry Lab. analysing mixtures and solutions; whilst on Friday we spend the whole afternoon putting our theoretical Physics into practice.

The class includes a reserve member of a darts team, a table-tennis fanatic, a photographer, and a cyclist. M. Ryan is the 1st XV captain and B. Capell is the athlete of the School.

R.A.

UPPER SIXTH MODERN, ARTS AND CRAFT

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For all of us, the exams are approaching and, if you see us wandering around carrying a book and reciting Shakespeare, don't be alarmed. We're only trying to fool our teachers.

Within a few months we shall all be slogging away in various colleges and universities throughout the country. We are sure the Staff will miss our industrious activities and the coffee bar trade will certainly decline.

May I conclude by saying that, for all of us, our years at the 'Tech. have been an experience we will never forget. H.M.M.

UPPER SIXTH SCIENCE

On the first day of the Autumn Term, Miss P. Lea, late of Notre Dame, joined us to further her scientific studies. We did not suffer any severe shock or undue embarrassment on the unforeseen arrival of one of the opposite sex as we had been privileged to work with two young ladies from the Northampton School for Girls when we were in the Lower Sixth.

Together with the members of the Lower Sixth Science, the form now has courses in the appreciation of art and music. With Mr. Adams, we have studied reproductions of paintings by artists ranging from the Florentines to the Impressionists. We have now come to realise that there is some meaning in art and that it serves a purpose in this materialistic age. Our musical pursuits have been varied. We have wondered, for instance, at the mystery of Holst's "Planets." Such adventures into art and music have, no doubt, kept us from sinking into a scientific groove.

We take part in all aspects of school life. Once again, the Head Boy is in our form and we also have the Chairman and the Secretary of the Debating Society as well as the Management of the notorious Jazz Club.

As well as all this, we do manage to find time for some academic work. We are all students of Maths and Physics and, while three of us work at Chemistry, the other four continually emphasize that they do so at Applied Maths. But, knowledge is indivisible.

R.W.A.

WHAT WE TOLD OUR TEACHERS

"Olympic Games were held every four years (leap year)."

"Democracy is the rule of the mop."

"Fag, a character in Sheridan's 'The Rivals,' got his name from the fact that he smoked a lot of cigarettes."

"The population in the Amazon Basin is very low, nearly all of it being covered with dense equatorial forest."

"Sheep are dipped, sheared, and then packed into bales."

"A barrow is a Stone Age cart."

"He had a tough-looking face with an extra long nose."

"The eucalyptus, or gum-tree, is what we get Wellingtons from."

ART AND LITERARY COMPETITION

THE Editors are very grateful to those pupils who contributed to this year's competition. They particularly appreciate the efforts of those pupils who responded to the call for non-literary contributions.

More than three hundred entries were received—for a school of our size, this is a splendid achievement—and, though the majority came from the Lower School, a high standard was attained by most. The Editors hope that next year Upper School pupils will follow the example set by the School's younger members and contribute in larger numbers.

Selecting the prize winners proved a long and sometimes difficult task. However, 15/- Book Tokens have been awarded to the writers of the following contributions.

J.D.

THE GOLDEN DAFFODIL

THE sun rose like a fiery, golden ball above the horizon, lighting up the sky with yellow-gold rays. Dawn had broken. The daffodils fondly embraced the sparkling dewdrops and nodded their pretty heads as the breeze sent little ripples through the tall grass. A rabbit peeped his head out of his burrow and called to his companions. Quickly they joined him and all scurried off in search of food. The cuckoos called to their mates and soon the air was filled with song. Two horses in a nearby field kicked up their hooves, tossed their manes and shook their handsome heads. Then off they galloped—fresh as the morning itself.

Near their field was a village. The sun glistened on its cobbled streets and shone brightly into the latticed windows awakening the villagers. The clank of buckets, the clip-clop of the milkman's horse's hooves and the postman's cheery song, told that the village was awake. The people went about their work—cooking, washing, farming, and selling goods. So the day gradually wore on.

The heat of the midday sun bore down intensely on the village. The birds were silent now; the horses had ceased frolicking and the daffodils had long loosed their dew-drops and now hung their heads wearily. But, gradually, a big, black cloud crept over the sky causing the horses to move uneasily and the birds to fly away. The villagers ceased work and soon an uneasy, silent calm was over the village.

Suddenly, the awaited storm struck. Rain poured down in torrents, lightning flashed and with its brilliant light it revealed two horses plunging and kicking, nearly blind with terror. The next fork of lightning shot through the sky, immediately hitting a wooden barn: sparks flew to the hay inside which caught fire at once.

Before the villagers realized what was happening, the fire had spread so much that it was out of control. The fiery flames roared and crackled as they spread out and up into the stormy sky. On and on travelled the flames, eagerly lapping up anything in the way.

The villagers knew there was no hope for it and hastily collected a few belongings, and left the burning village and went to the horses' field. Here, the braver men tried to soothe the screaming children, crying women and terrified horses. But all in vain.

That day, the sun set on a sorry spectacle. The forlorn villagers were huddled closely together in the field. The two horses stood wet and shivering. Everybody looked very, very sad. As the trembling unhappy villagers looked across the field, they saw their village in desolate ruins. It was a mass of fallen debris and everything was wrecked and ruined. Save one thing.

Amid the fallen debris on the edge of the one-time village stood a daffodil. A golden daffodil in all its glory bravely defying all attempts to kill it. It brought new cheer and hope to the poor villagers who were looking at it.

SUZANNE WITHINGTON (2F)

RUGBY IN 3A

On Monday morn, a group of boys
Plods to the pitch with a jubilant noise.
"Move!" says the master, "Be alert!
Get along there, Jones, and remove that shirt!"

The teams line up; the whistle blows.
Roy's on the ball, and away he goes.
But a quick little lad, by the name of Brown,
Makes a splendid tackle, and fetches him down.

"Well done!" cries a boy, whose name is Mace;
But in his excitement, he falls on his face.
Along comes Clarke, with a fellow called Earl;
They're on to the ball, with a swish and a swirl.

'Tis a lively game, no-one can doubt.
In rushes Shipman, and makes quite a rout;
Away down the field, like a bird on the wing,
He scores a grand try, and feels he could sing.

The game proceeds and a boy called —
Breaks most of the rules that are found in the book.
"Play rugby, boy, and stop that foxing!"
"Rugby, sir? I thought it was boxing!"

The whistle blows, the game is ending;
A file of boys to the baths is wending.
This is the rugby that's found in 3A.
Alas for the master! Oh, what a day!

D. ROOKE (3A).

HAD WINGS

IF PIGS ~~COULD~~ FLY

PERHAPS you've heard of Tobias Feinstein; but, if you haven't, I'm not surprised. He's an eccentric old inventor who lives in the north of Cumberland: actually, he's my friend's uncle. Last year, I spent a week with my friend in Carlisle. One day we walked down the High Street and talked about what we would do if we were so fortunate as to win the football pools.

"Yes," said my friend, "if pigs had wings, they'd fly!" His uncle, who had been quiet for some time, pensively stroked his waxy moustache with thumb and forefinger. Suddenly he muttered, "That's it! Yes! That's it!" and ran off down the street.

About an hour later, we arrived at the inventor's house. "I wonder where your uncle is," I said. Just then, we heard a kind of squealing noise; we listened again, and heard the high-pitched, unfamiliar tone for a second time. We ran into the back garden, and there was Uncle Tobias straddling a large sow and tightening a broad leather strap around its girth.

"What on earth . . . ?" queried my friend whose eyes resembled ping-pong balls by this time.

"Ah, that's got it!" said Tobias, assuming an air of triumph.

"Yes, but what is it?" we asked simultaneously.

"What is it?" said Tobias with some astonishment, "What is it? It's the most wonderful thing I've invented so far. It will revolutionise transport."

"Yes, but what is it?" we replied. All we could see was one disgruntled sow, what appeared to be a small motor with a tiny airscrew protruding from the rear, and a broad belt which encompassed the animal and which was obviously too tight to be comfortable.

"This, my young friends, is a unicopter," the inventor said, swelling out his chest. "I've got one more thing to do before it's ready," and with that he went into the potting shed. After some hammering, he emerged with two wooden frames over which canvas had been tightly stretched: I presumed these were wings of some kind. He dexterously fitted each of these into its rotating socket, screwed them on, and all was ready.

He goaded the enormous sow into the centre of the lawn, unscrewed the cap of a small flask which was attached to the motor, and emptied a phial of evil-smelling yellow liquid into it. This

liquid was his secret fuel mixture, as he later told us. After checking the mechanism of the engine, he flicked a small switch at the base of the motor, revolved the propeller with a flick of his wrist, and gave the sow a "good-luck" pat.

There was a sudden flurry of air and the whole engine began to vibrate. The airscrew started to whirr round rapidly. The wings were vibrating madly in harmony with the sow's squealing. Then the whole apparatus soared into the darkening sky.

About five minutes later, it crash-landed in next-door-but-three's cucumber frame. The neighbour declared that he had been laughing so much at the proceedings that he didn't mind about his cucumbers!

After tea, Tobias was angrily walking up and down in the garden. "Been laughing so much, he said," said Tobias, "Laughing, indeed! Laughing! Bah!" and with that he went indoors and, puffing his pipe, sank luxuriously into an armchair.

P. DOUGLAS (4A)

THE GHOSTS OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

LAST year, Shakespeare's ghost visited our school and commented on certain aspects of life here. This year we had some more distinguished visitors—the ghosts of Gilbert and Sullivan. Their comments are recorded below:

School dinners:

"Be happy all—the feast is spread before ye."
(*The Sorcerer*).

A late arrival at school dinners:

"Too late—too late,
It may not be!
That happy fate
Is not for thee." (*The Sorcerer*).

Teachers:

"Oh, men of dark and dismal fate,
Forgo your cruel employ."
(*The Pirates of Penzance*).

A boy's reply when caught eating in school:

"You cannot eat breakfast all day,
Nor is it the act of a sinner,
When breakfast is taken away,
To turn your attention to dinner." (*Trial by Jury*).

The Headmaster's Black Book:

"As some day it may happen
That a victim must be found,
I've got a little list." (*The Mikado*).

Examination results:

“ With aspect stern,
And gloomy stride,
We come to learn,
How you decide.” (*The Mikado*).

The Tuck Shop Prefect:

“ In ginger-pops and peppermint-drops
I’ve freely speculated.” (*Utopia Limited*).

Tuck Shop food:

“ It is quaint and it is droll,
But it’s bilious on the whole.” (*The Grand Duke*)

A whacking:

“ The criminal cried as he dropped him down,
In a state of wild alarm—
With a frightful, frantic fearful frown,
I bared my big right arm.” (*The Mikado*).

A pupil’s plea for defence:

“ We were the victims of circumstances.”
(*Ruddigore*).

Detention class:

“ The screw may twist and the rack may turn,
And men may bleed and men may burn.”
(*The Yeomen of the Guard*).

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T. D. RANDELL (5C).

A SHORT GEOGRAPHICAL SURVEY OF THE N.T.H.S.

THIS revered academy of learning not only has an interesting history—as was shown in last year’s magazine—but an interesting geography as well. However, geography text-books have nothing to say on the subject and so I will now have to fill in the gaps myself:

Position :

This select seat of learning is situated within easy reach of a golf club and a public house. From the top of the Tower, one gets a beautiful panoramic view of Kingsley, and on the other side, on a clear day, the railway. Even more beautiful is perhaps a certain Girls’ Grammar School to be linked in view with the Northampton Racecourse.

Structure and Relief :

When playing in the House rugby matches, I made from time to time a close study of the ground on which our school is built, and it appears that it has a solid foundation of clay and mud. This same spot was once visited by the “ anti-uglies ” who objected

to a beautiful, bleak expanse being ruined by the intrusion of rugby posts. The relief of the school is, of course, best appreciated at the end of a term.

Climate :

The climate of this region is usually one of gloom and depression every weekday. On certain occasions during the day, thunder rolls and this often brings with it a hot season (or posterior) for some people. There is also quite a lot of wind both outside and inside the Tower.

Natural Resources :

There is an ample water supply in the fish pond for use when the School's navy comes into being. Hydro-electric power can be generated by leaving the tap on the top floor of the Tower running, and harnessing the drips as they come down the back stairway.

From the number of holes which have mysteriously appeared and disappeared in the playground during the last year, it would seem that some mineral wealth has been discovered and is being excavated by open-cast mining. Oil has been found in the front car park. There are many bees around this hive of industry to give honey.

Population and Occupations :

The School has a large pool of manual labour occupied in various employments. There is a proverbial saying "A change is as good as a rest" so there is a host of prefects to ensure that there is always a change of jobs available to give everyone a continual rest. Hence there is no unemployment outside the Prefects' Room for the Opposition to complain about.

One of the major occupations is removal and haulage contracting. When chairs must be moved to and from the hall, as very often they must, a mad mêlée ensues and it has been known for little boys to be seen carrying chairs from room to room ("Are you any chairs short?") for several days in succession. Included in the business are the shifting of Tuck Shop tables and the removal of litter by gangs on hourly shifts. The prefects also remove certain persons from certain places so that, on the whole, we are rapidly acquiring a skilled labour force in this business.

The prefects work the hardest in trying to make everyone else work and keeping the Tuck Shop running on a profitable basis. In fact, the prefect body is the life and soul of the school with its foot in every door (it has been said that the prefects always "put their foot in it").

The natives of the region are very varied in character and physical make-up. But the majority of them are very friendly as long as they are undisturbed during the afternoon siesta.

D. ROBINSON (L6 Modern)



An illustration by G. R. Sims (3C) for R. L. Stevenson's "Treasure Island."

LEAVING SCHOOL

(With apologies to Rupert Brooke and others)

One day, I'll pack and take a train,
 And get me to the Tech. again!
 The Tech's the one place that I know,
 Where those with no I.Q.'s may go.
 The scientists sleep a reverent dream —
 The yet unacademic stream?
 Crafty wallahs in the south
 Are black and fierce and strange of mouth;
 And arty types in t'other block
 Have hibernated since the Mock.

See in the quad, both red and white,
 How lolly-sticks creep through the night;
 And spectral dance, before the dawn,
 Those toffee-papers down the lawn.

Seven years have past since first we came;
 We go on, but will the school remain?

C. FINN (6UM).

WHEN OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

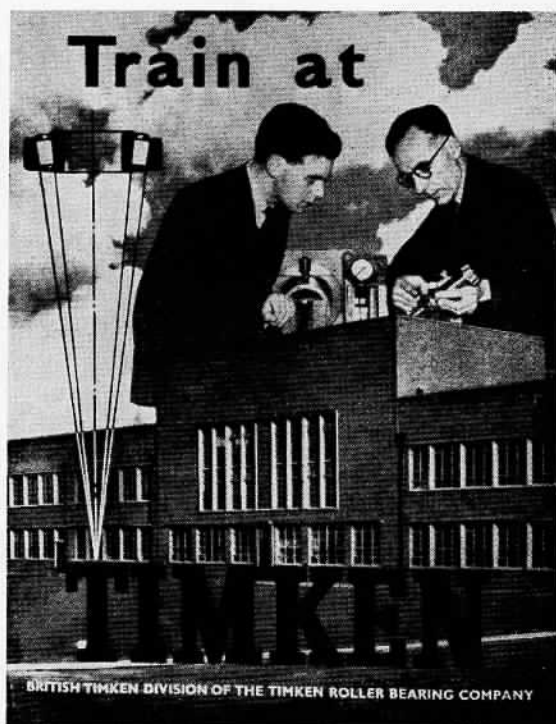
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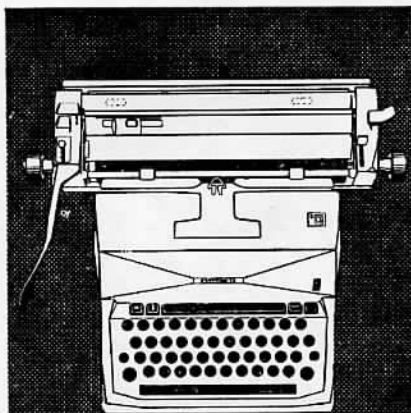
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