

A group of junior girls spent many weeks devising and rehearsing a dramatic dance to the music of the first movement of Dvorak's "New World Symphony." We are grateful to Miss Wilkinson, who helped to make the costumes, and Mr. Guffogg, who produced some excellent lighting effects for us. The hard work and enthusiasm of the girls produced a creditable performance of "The Prisoners' Escape" on the night of the Concert.

I.M.R.

HOCKEY 1960—61

AS usual, our 1st XI players were prevented from producing a good team, as so many "possibles" had Saturday jobs. However, we managed to play a complete team each week, and our players acquitted themselves well against their opponents, although they didn't have the thrill of winning a match. The strength of the team lay in Irene Hall at R.B., Jean Leigh at C.H., Valerie Humber at L.W., and Penny Dickens at L.I. Other regular players for us during the season were C. Sheerman, L. Nursaw, L. Smith, M. Allatson, W. Dickerson and S. Ward.

The junior team was chosen early in the season and remained throughout with little or no change. The players learned to work together well; the forwards reached the stage of passing across the field to each other in order to outwit the opposing defence, and the defence backed up and interchanged effectively. Special credit is due to Joan Brawn, who scored many of our goals; Sandra Westley, who was the pivot of the defence; and Christine Harding, a most promising player in the difficult position of L.W. The season finished well when, at the Inter-Schools' Tournament, the team drew two matches and lost two, drawing equal in its section with the School for Girls on points, but losing by one goal.

I.M.R.

Junior team :

J. Merriman, G.; V. Clarke, R.B.; Sandra Westley, L.B.; S. Glover, R.H.; A. Pickering, C.H.; R. Humber, L.H.; M. Patching, R.W.; J. Brawn, R.I.; J. Haycock, C.F.; J. Lucas, L.I.; C. Harding, L.W.

THE STAFF v. SCHOOL HOCKEY MATCH

THIS traditional match was held on the last day of the Spring Term. The result was a win for the School by three goals to one. (This, incidentally, was the first time the Staff had been defeated, and was the only game the School won during the season). The scorers for the School were Diane Addington (2) and Beverly Andrews; the consolation goal for the Staff was scored by Mr. Syer.

The Staff players were already on the pitch when the School team was led out by Irene Hall, the captain. The girls wore the traditional colours of red, white and green.

The game was a very exciting one. The outstanding players for the Staff team were Miss Rudling and Messrs. Fellowes, Timms, Syer and Crick. A medal should be awarded to the Staff goalkeeper, Miss Littler, for her sporting display.

The Staff team was reduced to ten players (after only a few minutes play) when Miss Rudling was injured. After the match, it was discovered that she had dislocated her elbow. Had the Staff had a full team, the result might have been different. The gap left in the team was ably filled by the umpires, Messrs. Wright and Gibson.

J.L.

Teams:

School: M. Felce, I. Hall, C. Sheerman, L. Baker, J. Leigh, P. Irons, B. Andrews, D. Addington, W. Dickerson, P. Dickens, V. Humber.

Staff: Miss Littler, Miss Rudling, Messrs. Matthews, Burgess, Timms, Grimshaw, Syer, Jones, Fellowes, Crick, Hammond.

AROUND THE FORMS . . .

I

Our form room is the Craft Room and our form-master is Mr. Major. There are 25 of us. Carol Isaacs won the first year handwriting prize and also came top in the exams. Cynthia Turner came second and is very talented in drawing. Rosemary Summerford, Susan Wright and Marilyn Murray are the songsters of the class.

C.A.B.

1A

In a neat little room with a 5 on the door can be found thirty little boys with angelic faces. If only they were as innocent as they look! The two angels who shine most in the gym are Foster and Johnson. Judd is our best runner. Harrington's halo shines brighter than any other and he flew highest in the exams.

J.N.W.R.

1B

We inhabit Room 1 and our form-master is Mr. Burgess who, by some phenomenal act of fate, has survived the last three terms.

We have a few good gymnasts, especially Gordon and Withers. Thornton won a cup in the Inter-House Boxing Tournament. None of us won this year's handwriting prize, but that was because we wanted to give the other forms a chance.

J.A.N.

IM

This form occupies Room 7 and consists of eleven girls and twelve boys under the guidance of Mr. Syer.

Diana Dodge-Johnson is top of the form. Martin Earle is the Under-12 one-length breast stroke champion of Northampton. Some of our girls took part in the Christmas Concert.

J.J.H.

UNDER 14 XV — 1960-61

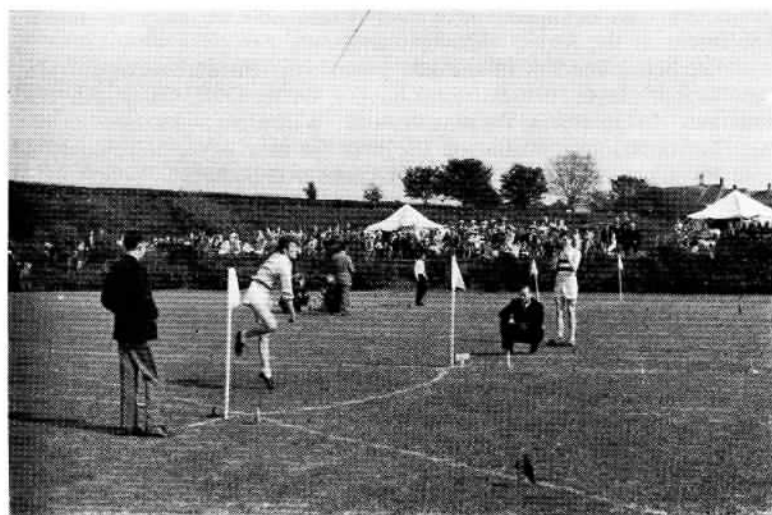


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(Back row) Mr. Timms, M. Wills, S. Kirby, T. England, G. Sullivan,
C. Osborne, Mr. Hammond

(Middle row) M. Adhemar, P. Essam, P. Finlay, A. Clarke, P. Chillingsworth,
C. Harris, P. Brown, B. Hall

(Front row) P. Shaw, R. Whiteman, D. Butlin, D. Hawney, T. Surridge,
Derek Austin



THROWING THE JAVELIN — H. JAMES (5A)

2

Our camp is Room 12 and our 'trail boss' is Miss Rudling. For certain 'shifts,' our eight cooks leave us and we are joined by eight boys from 2AL.

We have many artists in our midst, including several ballet stars, and philatelists by the dozen. No-one could say we shine at our work—the only problem we work at is the hibernation one. Our sporty types include Susan Cotter, who is a splendid high-jumper, and Lesley Smith, who is our star runner. Rosemary Coe is top of the form. C.M.G.

2A

Our dwelling in the General Science Lab contains 31 intelligent pupils under the fatherly eye of Mr. Timms.

We are very versatile. McLellan and Verity have given talks to the Science Club; White, Ward, March, Jones and Verity took part in the Christmas play; Jones, Jackson, Hubbard, Luck, Morris and Paige have played for the Under 13 team; Verity is in the School Orchestra; and Littlewood, White, Taylor, Dillon and York have won prizes. Littlewood came top in the exams.

Out of school, Littlewood and Civil won awards in the Eisteddfod for playing the piano, whilst Hanwell, Westley and McLellan delve into the mysteries of Radio. Cookson was in the Carnival Parade.

We are the only form with a form magazine. For 2d. you can read the efforts of Westley, Jones, McLellan, Jackson and Verity.

Can we blow our own trumpet? You bet! M.R.V.

2M

Form 2M occupies the Music Room and we have six female specimens in the form. The rest are boys.

Garlick came top in the last exam with Burdett second. Our best rugger players are Barnes, Chivers, Dorr, Duff, Giles, Haynes, Snedker, Middleton, Wilkinson and Wimpress. Barnes is our best swimmer, and Wilkinson the best sprinter. We were sorry to lose Mr. Chesters but pleased to welcome Mr. Bertalot. G.A.G.

2C

Form 2C occupies Room 2 on the first floor of the Tower Block. Our form-master, Mr. Crick, keeps the unruly mob in very good order.

Eleven boys have played at least once for the Under 13 rugger team. Taylor, who is the best boxer of the class, won a medal in the School Boxing Contest. Roden is the comic of the class with his funny little jokes. The class includes a group of loco-spotters consisting of Johnson, Forskitt, Bedwell and Gauld. R.A.S.

3A

There are many things to be said both for and against us. Bromage, Shaw and Hall won prizes on Speech Day. Quite a few

of us play for the Under 14 team, including Butlin, the captain, who led the team to victory in the Collier Cup. He, and a few others, have also played for the Under 15 team. There are quite a few in the form who talk of the other kind of football and Arthur Smith has played for Northampton Boys' Team. M.J.F.

3B

In a lonely outpost of the Tower, thirty-four boys stand guard over Room 6. Each pupil has his own story to tell. Half of them live in a make-believe world. Jim Sullivan acts like a hired gunslinger, always gunning for the person who invented French, and George Sullivan thinks that the only people on earth are Welsh. A certain Mr. Wood takes Horlicks for an undisturbed sleep during Maths. P.S.B.

3C

This form report could be a very lengthy one for, in our room, the Language Room, there are many things going on behind the closed door. There is a secret society, the "Boys," led by a character called Thorneycroft. We have brainy boys, such as Bonham, who came top in the last examination. Also we have our athletes: Mills and Kirby are the two runners of the class, and Clarke, Bell, Harris and Roberts are good performers in the Pole Vault, Discus and Javelin events. R.S.

3D

In 3D we have many different specimens of humanity. There is, for example, Pete Miller who is scientifically known as 'motor-cyclus maniacus.' Other well-known varieties are Andy Kelly—'the garage bug'—and Mick Pepper, the pilot who never leaves the ground (he flies control-line model aircraft).

We do not exactly shine at Rugger, but some of those who do sometimes exert themselves are 'Twink' Austin, Kev McCormac, Andy Kelly and 'Ossie.' But most of us favour the round ball game. Johnson and McCormac have had a trial for the Town Boys' Soccer Team and were accepted.

Several boys of the form featured in the gymnastic display in the Christmas Concert. We congratulate Alcock on coming top of the form. On Speech Day, G. Churchill had much pleasure in receiving a progress prize. R.C.T.

3F

Our form room is the Art Room where we rest our weary bodies amid paints, crayons and drawing boards. The walls surrounding our abode are covered by masterpieces created by some of the would-be artists in the School.

Mr. Adams is our form-master and he is trying (unsuccessfully) to turn us into good-mannered young ladies. We are a very talkative form; but we all try to work hard (at times). When the exams come, we all lock ourselves up in our various abodes and

swot. Seven of the Under 15 Hockey Team are in our form and they come to School in the worst kind of weather to play. We were sorry to lose some of our classmates at the end of the last Summer Term.

C.H., R.H.

3G

In this form there are 34 mischievous girls and we reside in the Geography Room, where Mrs. Hogg does her best to keep us under control.

Two girls received prizes on Speech Day: Sandra Perrin and Janet Marriott, both of whom came to us from 3F.

Amongst us we have a few girls who are good at sports. On Sports Day, a few of our girls who competed were placed.

J.A.G., S.M.R.

4

We contaminate the Needlework Room which is situated in a perfect position for sunbathing—when the sun shines. Our kind psychiatrist is Mrs. Watson, who is also training us, slowly and painfully, to sew. None of us particularly like work, but the majority enjoy playing games—especially rounders, when we have our own rules. The less said about individual members of our form, the better; but one thing is common to us all—we love school.

Anita Cawley and Carol Giles won prizes at our last Sports Day. Anita is also the brains of the form and is the only one who does not have to visit our psychiatrist at regular intervals. Well, we must close now for fear of exerting ourselves; it is also time for 'Workers' Playtime.'

J.C.B., M.Y.W.

4A

Our eyrie is Room 9 where we have been under the surveillance of Mr. Hogg for the last six terms. Our form-master combines the eye of an eagle with the memory of an elephant; and our past misdemeanours are frequently "misused in evidence against us."

Rooke and Farey are the most academically able boys of the form: it is rumoured that they have at least one examination's swotting always in hand. We hear that Pomeroy has expressed a desire to become an ambulance driver; whilst we applaud his humanitarianism, we ought to point out that he will certainly have to be a little less forgetful and much more punctual. Denny, who will probably enter the Army at the end of the term, will lose both his long vacation and his lustrous locks.

B.L.B.

4M

Whilst we were in the third year, our form made many enemies. Probably it is because of this that we have Mr. Hartwell for a form-master again this year. We thank him very much, and would like to take this chance to say how courageous he is.

The female members of the form include Lesley Smith and Pauline Malin, who are good at sports, and several other unlikely characters. Jennifer Thornton and P. King both received prizes on Speech Day.

The male population of the class is mainly part-time and includes the class vampire and chief comedian, T. Shaw, who will be following P. Holden into the army. B. Tuckley, S. Wright and R. Kent are best at games, and the girls excel the boys in all subjects—except woodwork and metalwork.

We have in our form an inhabitant of a remote tropical island. She arrived here one day by mistake and, although her style of dress was considered somewhat bizarre, we have come to realise that even tropical islanders can be very nice. J.T., P.K.

4C

Our form (Room 14) is the crowning glory of the Tower Block. Set in the picturesque scenery of ink stains and chalk dust, we thrive on sport of various varieties. The football team has, according to its captain, R. Webster, won seven games in a row. As far as rugby is concerned, we have eight players who have played, at one time or another this year, in the Under 15 team; these are such unlikely characters as Gregory, George, Winkworth, Harris, Ganley, Mulcahy, Stewart and Tingley. G.R.S., P.C.E.G.

5

Our form is divided into two sections—Grammar and Commerce. There are nine in the Commerce Section, studying Short-hand and Typing. Several have been offered jobs in different types of offices and some have taken them. Of the Grammar Section, there are twelve who are studying very hard (! ! !) as most of them will be taking seven or eight subjects in the G.C.E. this June.

We have several good sportswomen in the form, some of whom are in the School's Hockey and Tennis Teams. Some were also House Athletics Captains this year. Others are good at Cookery and Needlework and have helped in the catering for such events as Speech Day. M.F., P.D.

5A

Under the remote control of Mr. Clements, there proliferates a vast growth of talent from Room 3 in the Tower Block.

The geniuses amongst the 21 members of the class include P. Thomas, our budding 'Dickie Jeeps' who recently obtained his School Colours for rugby, and J. Tero and A. G. Hancock who have played for the 1st XV in the back division. In activities outside the School, R. Martin and T. Roke play in a skiffle (begging their pardon), 'rock group,' and were recently auditioned by the B.B.C. with a view to appearing on 'Saturday Club.'

J.P.T., A.G.H., A.W.M.

5B

There are 24 pupils in 5B this year and, by and large, there has never been a better one (so we hope!)

Our varied interests range from traditional jazz—whose followers are Lea, Spring, Roberts, Row, Dunville and Hofman—to motor-cycles and cars, of which the disciples are Spring, Wingrove, Dunville and Draper. There are a number of ardent photographers in the form—Spring, Roberts, Wingrove, Watts, F. Church and Hofman.

F.A.C.

5C

This year the members of 5C must decide their future occupations.

Finnis left us at Easter to go into the Army; he has already been mentioned in dispatches, and is now serving in the "wilds" of Chepstow. Atkins is following him into the Army in August. It's the R.A.F. that attracts Horne, and it's the farm life that attracts Sharp. Frisby hopes to become a printer, and Brown is going to be an electrical engineer. Gibson is our "sparks" and is becoming a television and radio maintenance engineer.

Our Employment Officer is Mr. Grimshaw who has recently been given a little pupil of his own. We all extend our sincere congratulations to him.

R.F.

SIXTH REMOVE

At the beginning of this school year, Form 6R (we were uncertain at first as to whether the letter "R" stood for "redundant," "religious," "removed," or "retired") numbered 10. At present, it numbers 6, having suffered the unfortunate losses of Messrs. Winter, Harrison, Newton and Breakspear. We find that we are left with two studious, yet light-hearted, girls—a contrast to the four gentlemen of leisure.

A.G.S., H.M.E.

LOWER SIXTH SCIENCE

Our life consists of a long siesta, interrupted most rudely on Wednesdays by a mile gallop round the games field. Thursday afternoon we spend trying to prove that a certain substance contains elements that it never did, doesn't, and never will contain. During Friday morning we find how much the substance contains of the element which we proved on Thursday it doesn't contain.

None of the form is famous, although most are well known to the blue-coated gentlemen of the town. Outside of school our interests are many and varied, although we all have one interest in common. All, that is, except the little lady of the form. She finds life rather lonely; but this seems strange as she has 17 boys for company.

T.D.R.

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UPPER SIXTH SCIENCE

We are the Upper Science lot. If you ever need us, you will find us, I hope, in the Physics Lab. There are 14 of us now, but I can remember the "good old days" when there were 18 in our merry band.

We have two rather energetic individuals in our crew. One is a straw-haired rugger player, Mick Ryan, who insists on being the captain of the 1st XV and even fiddled a place in the County XV. The other spartan, a curly-haired fiend, is Brian Capell, who delights in running half a mile in the shortest possible shorts. Myself, I prefer to bus. The rest of us rarely do anything; the exception is, perhaps, Phil Hern, who made a kitchen cabinet for the Prefects' Room. A.O.

LOWER SIXTH MODERN, ARTS AND TECHNICAL, ETC.

At the beginning of the school year, there were eighteen scholars in this group; but, at the time of writing, there are only an unlucky thirteen. The other five members have left because they didn't like work and are now permanently in residence at the Labour Exchange.

The member of the Domestic Section spends most of her time in the kitchen, concocting various poisonous dishes and learning how to cremate bacon and eggs in two easy lessons, which comes quite easily to her, as she has natural morbid tendencies. Not being very good at cooked meals, she specializes in cold dishes.

The only sportsman of the form is found in the Modern Section—K. Rixon. He has represented the School at most of the major sports and is, I believe, quite well-known in the Town League at cricket. Another member is a keen Chess player and is secretary of the Chess Club. The last member is a relative newcomer to the School. He came here from Cherry Orchard and soon settled down. J.S.W.

UPPER SIXTH MODERN ARTS AND TECHNICAL

The eleven occupants of Room 4 constitute the largest Upper Sixth form to inhabit the room since records were first kept. We are all prefects and have the Head Boy and Head Girl, and their deputies, among us. Mr. Bennett is our "guiding-angel."

Our pastimes range from navigating the waterways of England in a narrow boat, to camping, philately, farming, philandering and pleasing the Staff. Apart from these activities we are, of course, engaged in "A" level examinations and most of us hope to enter Universities and Training Colleges after leaving in the summer. D.A.J.

THE QUEST

Beside a mossy garden wall,
There lived a man three inches tall
Who looked into a crystal ball
To seek his long-lost daughter.

He saw the vapours twist and twirl;
He saw the fog and mist unfurl;
He saw the dungeon of the earl,
Where dwelt his only daughter.

The rusty gates swung open wide
And, watching fearfully, he tried
To pierce the gloom where slowly died
His only long-lost daughter.

Of magic words he spoke but three;
With those few words he set her free.
He whispered softly, "Come to me,"
And found his long-lost daughter.

MARGARET CRAWLEY (FORM 1)

A CASTLE IN SPAIN

O no-one will purchase
A castle in Spain.
It would certainly vanish;
But other things Spanish
Would always remain.

If I had a castle,
I'd dwell on a hill
Near the broad Guadalquivir,
The beautiful river
That runs through Seville.

From my loftiest tower,
I'd see the stream run
Where oranges mellow,
All golden and yellow,
Look up at the sun.

The white April roses,
Which stand out so bold,
Their petals do scatter,
Like children's gay chatter,
On pavements of gold.

O no-one will purchase
My castle in Spain;
But the swift river flows
Where the sun always glows—
And these will remain.

JUDITH MACNALLY (FORM 1)

THE SAWDUST RING

A LOUD fanfare echoed through the Big Top as the ring-master, resplendent in top hat and tails, entered the ring. "Ladies and Gentlemen," his shrill voice rang out, "The Flying Mariveos." There was loud applause as an Italian group of two men and a woman mounted the swaying rope-ladder.

As they flew through the air, gasps of amazement rippled through the audience at their skill and daring. But their brilliant act was over, all too soon.

Whilst the circus hands were preparing for the next act, the clowns gave an hilarious performance. They turned somersault after somersault, until the audience was quite dizzy with watching them. But, at last, their act was over and they went bounding out of the ring.

Then, a roll of drums sounded as three lions walked sedately along the tunnel which led into their cage. The entrance to the tunnel was closed and the lion-tamer was let into the cage. Now, he was alone with the kings of the jungle.

The act went well and the crowd loved every minute of it. But, suddenly, tragedy struck. As the lion-tamer turned his back to the lions to take a bow, the eldest lion pounced on him and the man went crashing to the ground. The lion pounced again and damaged the tamer's arm. Again and again, the lion attacked and it looked as if the man were going to be severely mauled. Blood was streaming from his arms and legs and the ferocious lion was roaring in anger.

The tamer was only semi-conscious when the circus hands rushed into the cage armed with chairs and long poles.

Meanwhile, the other two lions had started to roar loudly and were pawing the air.

But, eventually, after what seemed like hours to the horror-stricken audience, the lions were prodded and pushed into the tunnel.

Loud buzzes of anxiety came from the crowd as a small, chubby doctor, carrying a black bag, followed by two ambulance men with a stretcher, entered the cage. After receiving a swift examination, the tamer was carried off. He was given a blood transfusion straightaway and rapidly gained strength. After a few weeks' rest, he was allowed by his doctor to return to the job he loved so much.

CHRISTINE BODDINGTON (FORM 1)

MY BICYCLE

My bicycle is clean and new—
A really lovely shade of blue.
I keep it spotless for I must
Be careful not to let it rust.
I clean it proudly, once a week,
And gadgets new I always seek.
The saddle and the saddle-bag
I polish with a clean, soft rag.
I pump the tyres, oil the chain,
And turn the pedals round again.
And now it's spotless, neat, and clean,
I'll learn to ride my new machine.

JILLIAN ROSE (FORM 1)

FRIENDS

Over the hill did the little mouse run,
And the dear furry thing thought it very good fun.
But the hill was a lion ! And the little mouse saw
That the lion could kill in one stroke of his paw.
So the mouse begged for mercy. The lion let him go.
Said the mouse, "I'll repay you for treating me so."
A little while later, whilst out for a walk,
The mouse heard a roar, a bellow and squawk.
He saw with surprise that the lion was bound
And tied with great ropes to stakes in the ground.
So through these mouse gnawed and the lion he freed.
Now the two creatures are great friends indeed.

CAROL ISAACS (FORM 1)

LOST—ONE GOLD WATCH

JANET BROWN smiled to herself as she saw young Bobby Simons trying to draw a picture of a boat, for it looked nothing like a boat. He saw her looking and said, "It is not very good, Nurse, is it ? Will you please show me how ?"

Janet went over to him and was just about to help him when an icy voice cut in, "Nurse Brown, you will kindly remember that Bobby is not the only patient in this ward. Get on with your work, at once !" Janet turned to see Staff-Nurse Thompson standing behind her. Bobby began to cry and Janet tried to soothe him, but with no results. Bobby said, "I hate Nurse Thompson ! Everyone hates her !" Janet had her own feelings about Staff-Nurse

Thompson but she could not discuss them in front of Bobby. So she immediately got on with her work.

The next day, Janet got out on "the wrong side of the bed," because nothing seemed to go right for her. She was told to report to Matron and she wondered what she had done. But, although she racked her brains, she could not think of anything bad enough for her to be sent to Matron.

She tapped on Matron's door and was greeted by Matron who said, "Ah, Nurse Brown. Come in and sit down, please." Janet wondered what it was all about. Matron went on to say that Staff-Nurse Thompson had lost her gold watch and Janet had been the only one on duty in her ward at the time. Then Matron broke off, not knowing what else to say.

Janet soon understood the position: she was being accused of taking the watch. After a moment's thought, Matron said, "Janet, I think it best to suspend you from ward duty." Half-blinded by tears, Janet stumbled from Matron's office to her bedroom.

Suddenly, an idea struck her—the laundry bags. Staff-Nurse Thompson had been on laundry duty and had herself said the catch on her watch was loose. Janet dashed to the laundry and, sure enough, after a long and tedious search, the watch was found.

Janet was given permission to go back on duty and Staff-Nurse Thompson came over to her and told her she was sorry she had been unkind, and hoped that Janet would forgive her. Janet said she would, and happily got on with her work, knowing she had made a new friend.

ROSEMARY SUMMERFORD (FORM 1)

SECRETS

The woeful willow whispers to the stream,
And sadly sheds its gloomy secrets there.
The still and silent weeds just stand and stare
At water flowing by—a passing dream.

A lonely man goes past the stream in thought;
His shabby clothes are dark and he is thin.
His furrowed brow is worn with worldly sin;
His secrets are not known and never sought.

The lily beckons, petals open wide,
Displaying all the secrets there;
Her golden heart, so sweet and fair,
Reveals the glory none can hide.

SUZANNE WITHINGTON (3F)

THE VILLAGE POSTMAN

WITH a slight squeal of brakes, the village postman stopped his bicycle and leaned it against the white wicket fence. He bent his shoulders down to let the bag of post slide round, and he selected three letters from the top.

The half-open gate gave to the weight of his knee and he proceeded through the garden to a picturesque little cottage with a thatched roof. As he approached the door, it opened and a homely little woman, hearing his footsteps, stood waiting.

"Morning, Mrs. Jones," and his lean, weather-beaten face broke into a friendly smile. "There's a letter from your daughter, I think," he said with some assurance.

"Thank you, Sam," said Mrs. Jones, glancing at the letter he handed her. "Yes. This looks like the letter I have been waiting for."

Sam loved animals and the little white terrier that came from the house seemed to be aware of this. It climbed Sam's leg, placing its fore-paws on his thigh, waiting for the usual pat. Sam felt in his pocket for the biscuits he usually carried. They often came in handy, as some dogs were unfriendly.

Waving a cherry farewell, Sam returned to his bicycle and continued on his way. He was a man in his forties with greying, but well-groomed hair, and he was clean-shaven and of a stocky build. His disposition was friendly and thus ideally suited to his job. There were times when his patience was taxed and when he needed tact at his command. The postman's lot was not always a happy one and necessitated him venturing out in all weathers, in winter or summer. However, taking all things into consideration, Sam was happy in his job and, providing he could spend a quiet afternoon fishing by the river, he had no complaints.

ANGELA PETO (3F)

THE WOODS

Where the deer run down through the shady glen,
And the trees are free from the wrath of men;
Where the rabbits run across the grass,
And the pond by the mill is shining like glass;
Where the shadows creep among the trees,
And the flowers bend with the weight of bees;
Where all is still and birds sing loud,
And the sky is free from rain or cloud;
That's where I sit and while away
The summer days of work and play.
'Tis ever the woods which beckon to me,
For there, there's no strife and no misery.

K. GUDGEON (3D)

DREAMS WITHIN A PRISON'S WALLS

I LONG to be near the sea again where the moon gleams on the rippling waters and dancing wavelets break across the firm sand, reclaiming the shore for their own once again. Straggling clouds flit across the moon and resemble witches taking their evening flight to some unknown mystic meeting. Save for one or two pairs of lovers basking in the romantic setting, the beach is empty and undisturbed. The gulls on the cliffs are roosting and lights of some phantom frigate blink and wink out at sea. The hillocks and the holes in the sand tell of some giant pre-historic monster which once roamed the beach and perhaps now lies hidden in the caves of the cliff face.

But I cannot go down to the sea again. From my cell I see only the muddy river and smell the stench of chains and moss. I think I shall jump to meet the murky water and live with the sea-creatures for ever.

JULIE HAYCOCK (3F)

A COOK

MY friend and I were quietly eating dinner in a small but busy restaurant and were remarking that we were gifted with the habit of choosing perfect restaurants with perfect cooks, when I looked down at my dinner and saw, bathing in the gravy and enjoying the cabbage, a spider. Spiders are loathsome creatures, particularly when they take liberties with your dinner. I got up and went to look for the cook.

When I found her, I was confronted by a huge expanse of white overall which, after I had got used to the immense form inside it, was not dazzling but evidently washed in "Brand X" washing-powder. Her hard, blue eyes bored into me and her huge, red mouth seemed to give out fire. Her tightly-waved, grey hair was set firmly in place by a chef's hat which looked curiously ridiculous because it went up, and most of her went out. She looked at me expectantly and rubbed her rough hands on her apron and then looked at her big, cheap-looking watch as if she were going to time my speech.

I told her about the spider. She just shrugged her shoulders and said, "Well, what do you expect? Food from the Ritz? Maisie, get that woman's dinner."

"That's no excuse," I said, trying to be polite.

Once more she smoothed her hands on her apron, the straps of which she had had to lengthen with string, and shouted at me, "We're busy here, you know, and most gentlemen like our food." She looked at her watch and whirled away—surprisingly quickly for one of her contours.

I went after her, protesting and getting lost in a crowd of white overalls, hands and dinners. At last, she turned round to me and said, "Are you still here? I tell you, we're too busy to go

around all day arguing with fussy, impolite old gentlemen who don't appreciate good food (Daisy, what do you think you are doing ?) or good cooks ! (That's right ! Drop it ! Stupid girl !) And what's more . . ."

She carried on until I began to wonder how large her lungs were; but then, at last, she stopped and put her hands on her hips as much as to say, "Answer that back, if you dare !"

I didn't dare. I walked meekly out with my plate. And my spider !

SUZANNE WITHINGTON (3F)

THE WATCHDOG

Night after night, from dusk till dawn,
I sit in the road and yawn and yawn.
"But why," you ask, "should this be so ?
You always were so full of go."
And so I was. But now, you see,
The old night watchman, he owns me.
And while he sits and puffs and snores,
It's I who do his watching chores !

JANE HARRINGTON (3F)

6 Molecule Lane,
Nuclearville.

The Editors,
"The Tower,"
Trinity High School,
Northampton.

30th May, 1961.

Dear Sirs.

I am writing to tell you of my extreme disapproval of the atom-splitting which is regularly performed by humans today.

I am—or was—a quiet, self-respecting atom and I get on well with the missus. I take this work of the devil as an insult. Our race was quite all right before the bald-headed "boffins" started to interfere with us. It is out-and-out murder. You humans call yourselves Christians; yet you grab us atoms and take us to Harwell or Calder Hall and have us split.

Only the other day, Bill, a great friend of mine, was caught by an atom-catcher and split. My friends and I have decided that we shall write to the House of Atoms. Where would everything be if it were not for atoms ? Our proud motto—"an atom is the smallest, chemically-indivisible particle of an element which can take part in a chemical change"—is now useless. We are now no longer safe from your race. We are hunted by "boffins" and their sadistic devices, brought out of our hiding-places, mercilessly split, and then thrown away, unless we are unfortunate enough to be herded into bombs to blow humans up.

.. PSST . . . HERE'S A REAL BARGAIN!



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