

were very narrow with white-washed buildings on each side and numerous gift shops filled with dolls, tambourines, castinets and all kinds of jewellery.

On Wednesday afternoon, we went to Blanes. High up on the mountainside were the Botanical Gardens, containing plants from all over the world. There was a small harbour here and, just before it was time to leave, we watched the men lay out for auction the fish which had been caught that day. It was very similar to the auctioning of fish at Lowestoft in England.

As there was very little to do in Lloret at night we were allowed to jive in the patio, which was the bar in the front of the hotel. Some played cards or wrote letters home while others watched the experts dance the twist.

During the rest of the week, while our stomachs were beginning to get used to the food, we visited Tossa, which was a holiday town similar to Lloret, and Montserrat. Montserrat was 4,000 feet high, and on the side of this mountain a monastery had been built. As we rode up the mountain-side the plains lay before us like a jigsaw puzzle. The sun shone on the cultivated land, and the olive groves were luxuriant and rich in colour. I thought that the Monastery was rather disappointing as it was surrounded by gift shops and restaurants and had lost its simplicity. We entered the monastery and listened to the choir boys singing. It was very dark inside and every corner smelt strongly of burnt incense. We were very fortunate to see a wedding ceremony in progress and afterwards we were able to see the two newly-weds ride away in a car filled with flowers.

At the end of the week we went on a whole-day coach-tour to Barcelona. We visited a typical Spanish village actually in Barcelona and found that the goods sold there were much more expensive than those in Lloret. We stopped for a short time at Barcelona football ground and passed the two large bullrings in the centre of the city. Barcelona seemed rather like London with certain monuments and buildings of interest to foreigners.

When Sunday arrived, we found that the rain in Spain does fall mainly on the plain, as it poured all afternoon and for part of the evening. After lunch—at 8.30 p.m.—we all listened to the boys' account of a bullfight, as some had been to Barcelona to see one.

It was still raining on Monday, when we went on a circular tour of the Costa Brava, visiting such places as Palamos, Llanfranch, and Tamariu. We spent our last evening jiving in the patio and we were all rather reluctant to go to bed. Tuesday morning was spent in buying last-minute presents and packing our cases.

After dinner, we boarded the coach for the last time and soon we had left Lloret far behind us as we sped on our way to the station at Gerona, and the beginning of our journey home.

ANITA CAWLEY (FORM 5)

THE CASTLE

The Castle stands upon the hill,
Against a sky of grey;
It's taller than the old wind-mill,
And a Ghost haunts there,
Beware! a Ghost haunts there.

The shutters bang on the window frame,
Against a sky of grey,
And the door bangs just the same,
And a Ghost haunts there,
Beware! a Ghost haunts there.

The moon come out; it's dull and round,
Against a sky of grey.
It casts weird shadows on the ground,
And a ghost haunts there,
Beware! a Ghost haunts there.

The shadows fall into the hall,
Against a sky of grey.
A figure appears against the wall,
And a Ghost haunts there,
Beware! a Ghost haunts there.

The figure's clad in robes of brown,
Against a sky of grey;
It drops an object, and stoops down,
And a Ghost haunts there,
Beware! a Ghost haunts there.

The figure's gone, now all is dark,
Against a sky of grey,
The castle's left alone in the park,
And a Ghost haunts there,
Beware! a Ghost haunts there.

SUSAN COTTER (FORM 3)

DEATH

No-one knows he is coming,
Yet he is feared or long awaited,
As the case may be.
He alone holds the key to paradise
Or hell.
Shall we scorch in the flames
Or shall we play our harps ?

No-one knows but this silent spook
Who sees all our comings and goings,
Who waits for his chance, and then,
Springs.
We cannot stop him; some wouldn't
Even if they were able to.
He may be welcomed;
He may be shunned.
He may end suffering;
He may cut short a joyous life.
He may be met on the roaring roads,
Or by the quiet fireside.
The ships at sea know him well
When sometimes, in the middle of a raging tempest
He calls.
None stay; all must follow.
He calls; they go.

JULIE HAYCOCK (4F)

REFLECTIONS OF A SCENESHIFTER

THE atmosphere was electric. People were scurrying here and there making last minute adjustments to costumes and props; members of the stage crew were checking the scenery. Then someone called, "Places, everyone!" The stage cleared, house lights dimmed, the curtains drew slowly back, and, to the sound of energetic applause, the play began. In a few hours we would know whether the venture was a success or not.

However, while the actors were visibly doing their part on stage, behind the scenes the members of the stage crew were also doing theirs. Two teams were waiting to move in from the wings and transform the Committee Room into a setting for a typical rehearsal of Manglewurzleton's Pageant.

This was the first play in which a scene-change had been attempted and, much to everyone's relief, it was completed without hitches. After the interval, there was less tension, as there were more tasks to perform. 'Props' had to be carried from one side of the stage to the other; entrances had to be kept clear.

The second scene was the shortest and very soon the curtains closed and the crews again went into action, erecting a small, but realistic castle in record time. It was during this interval that we were able to relax a little and have a cool drink, for it becomes very hot backstage. The Lord Mayor of Manglewurzleton and his worthy Lady having been installed, positions were taken once more and the play continued.

There was still plenty to do; removing 'dead' bodies, loading cannons, and returning 'props' to the property man. Then, just as suddenly as it began, the performance was over and we tasted sweet success. It was hard work but very rewarding.

D. W. BAMPKIN (6UMT)

EXPRESS AT SPEED

Waiting at the railway station,
I haven't seen a train for hours.
An express is coming through here soon,
But all I see is a field of flowers.

Then, suddenly, out of the daffodils
Comes the express with coaches five,
And dashes through the smoky station,
Then down the hill with a graceful dive.

R. ALIBONE (1K)

FISH

As I walked past the fishmonger's
One morning last July,
A funny face looked up at me,
And quickly caught my eye.
I found it was a cod fish
With eyes both cold and grim,
And next to it upon a dish,
An eel long and thin.

A little crab was lying there
Upon a marble slab,
And nearby, on a shiny hook,
There hung a little dab.
The king of the river was king no more,
As he lay on that slab so cold,
The lobster with its cruel claw,
Had eyes that gleamed like gold.

I thought of lovely summer days
When I'd sat beside the stream
And watched the fish glide in and out;
It all seemed like a dream.
A silent tear came to my eye
And trickled down my cheek;
I thought again of days gone by:
No fish for me this week.

DENISE MOISEY (FORM 1)

A SNAIL

Gradually moving, sliding, feeling,
A snail comes pondering down the path,
Carrying his house upon his back,
As he leaves a slimy track.
See the sun brightly shining,
Makes the track alight.
There goes a snail on his way,
To the strawberry patch.

MICHAEL BROWN (FORM 1R)

ON WRITING LETTERS

A LETTER, as defined by the esteemed Mr. Chambers is "a written or printed message." Not a very good definition, you may think, coming from someone skilled in the art of lexicography.* For, to some people, the process of submitting their thoughts to paper is a long, gruelling ordeal—and something to be avoided at all costs.

However, if good letter-writing is your ultimate aim, there are certain rules which must be adhered to. The first golden rule is that the sender's address should be written clearly in the top, right-hand corner—obviously so that the recipient of your letter may reply to it. I have said 'clearly,' but if your letter is likely to cause offence or—better still—is to your local M.P., it is preferable for the address to be either scribbled illegibly or omitted.

Now, we come to the customary greeting used at the beginning of the letter itself. To cite an example, 'Dear Sir.' You will find this phrase useful when you are writing to someone whose name you don't know, except when the person happens to be a woman. If the recipient of your letter is of higher rank than would normally be denoted by the word 'Sir,' then it is customary to address him accordingly. These salutations vary from—once more to cite examples—the editorial board of *The Daily X* to, say, General de Gaulle. As this article is not intended as a source of reference, however, it is unnecessary to bore you with the actual form of salutation. Just let me add, though, that if you do wish to write to General de Gaulle*, it is necessary to do so in French; if to *The Daily X*, in words of one syllable.

At last we come to the contents of the letter. If, however, having reached this point, you feel it would be easier to use the telephone—then please do so!

**Author's Note:* A word of doubtful origin, but possibly having some connexion with the afore-mentioned Mr. Chambers' addiction to card games.

**Author's Note:* This is most unlikely unless you intend joining the O. A. S.

As you may already be aware, there are many and varied types of letters, calling for—but not always getting—different letter-writing techniques. In the following few paragraphs I will try to deal mainly with the unconventional type of letter, or the letter that is, in one way or another, out of the ordinary.

If you had not written a letter for many years, and, on the receipt of a small gratuity from an aunt whom you didn't know even existed, you wished to write her a small letter of appreciation—what, you might ask, would be the best way to go about it? The answer is simple. First, you should write your address clearly in block capitals, lest her already-existing copy be lost or mislaid, and the flow of money cease. Secondly, the salutation should be simple and to the point, "Dear Aunt ——" followed by her name would do nicely. Needless to say, it is necessary to be over-profuse in your thanks, stressing how you 'really appreciate' her gift. Keep repeating this every two or three lines, and also mention, occasionally, that you hope to hear from her again some time in the near future. If you can manage it, make the writing shaky, and break off every few lines, as if over-come by emotion. Droplets of water, which, when the letter is opened, will look like tearstains, should also be very useful, if sprinkled over the letter.

This brings us to another type of letter in which tearstains would be useful—the begging letter. When deciding to write it, it should be remembered that the recipient should be someone who can afford to give money away. A millionaire who has just won the Pools should be suitable for this purpose. So, after scanning your copy of *Who's Who*, to find out which millionaires do the Pools, and also your copy of *The Daily X*, to find out which millionaires have recently won the Pools, you may proceed with the letter.

As mentioned before, your address should stand out, so put that at the top in BIG letters. Next comes the salutation. This is most important, so, as people like to be flattered, address your recipient as, for instance, "Dear General ——" if the gentleman in question had been thrown out of the Foreign Legion with the rank of corporal, second-class. The contents of the letter are, of course, a matter of choice. But you can make your position as dire as you feel is necessary—as long as you don't make yourself out to be a hospital case.

Another type of letter is the anonymous one. The anonymous letter can be used for various purposes—perhaps you can think of a few—but mainly for keeping your identity a secret. Therefore, it is imperative that your address be omitted. 'Clever' concluding remarks such as 'Yours truly, A. Nonymous,' should be refrained from. If you have a sudden rush of blood to the head, though, you might use someone else's name—preferably someone whom you don't like. You might, of course, when writing a begging letter put

'Yours hopefully,' but if you feel that something a little more original would be better suited, you might put your powers of imagination to work: for example, when writing to Jonathan Routh, you could sign yourself 'Yours candidly.' If you feel that this is not very original, it is mainly because my powers of imagination are not very good.

Having completed your letter, there remains nothing for you to do except to post it.

If you were one of the people mentioned at the beginning of this article, who took five or six hours over writing a letter, and now find that you still take five or six hours over the same letter—or even longer, then you have a right to feel that you have been wasting your time reading this. And if you still think it would be easier to use the 'phone, then perhaps it would be a good idea to do so. Thus, resorting to letter-writing is only necessary when:

You haven't got fourpence;

You have fourpence, but not in pennies;

The person with whom you wish to communicate has no 'phone.

B. DRUKER (5A)

THE SQUARE

Round-toed shoes and plain, grey socks,
Horn-rimmed glasses—that bloke looks
Someone who's just about half there,
In fact, a square.

Double-breasted jacket has he;
Grey, wide trousers—at the knee
There are two patches wearing bare.
He's just a square.

Mozart, Bach, Beethoven as well,
Are the only composers you could sell
To him; low taste is ever there
Within a square.

A book of poems under his arm,
A book that would fill you with alarm.
Poems that would create a scare
Within you. You're no square.

His greeting, no, not "Dad" and "Chic,"
He would be very shocked at this,
But, "Bang on," and "How very rare."
The square.

We will have to create in him
A typical "Get with it," sort of whim.
We'll convert him so you won't dare
To call him a square.

JULIE HAYCOCK (4F)

HIGH STREET

HIGH Street is its name. Perhaps it sounds rather plain, but it is typical of the people who live in it. How they would scoff at a high-faluting name like Laburnam Terrace or Shakespeare Road; for no laburnam trees grow in it and I doubt if Shakespeare ever passed along it.

It is a long street and straggles for well over a quarter of a mile till it merges into Castle Ashby Road. No-one knows exactly where it ends, for there is no sign to say where the next road begins. It is usually quiet, and one can quite safely walk down its middle, except when one of the village boys screams past on his flashy motor-bike.

At its lower end is the church, which stands upon a hill, behind a row of small, stone houses with red-tiled roofs and leaded window-panes. The paint is peeling off their rough, wooden doors, but this is usually unnoticed, for attention is drawn to the gillyflowers and tulips in the neat front-gardens. Opposite these cottages is the little, white Co-op butcher's shop—soon to be demolished—where, behind the rows of meat, beams Mr. Woodford, a robust character with a large, blue-and-white-striped apron enveloping him. To the left of this shop is the brook, which runs the length of the street and disappears under a large bridge, its murky waters infested with flies and an abundance of flourishing weeds.

From the church lych-gate, the tall square tower and brass clock can be seen quite clearly. Nearby, is another row of familiar stone cottages, the end wall of the nearest one, in summer, having a beautiful show of white roses climbing towards its eaves. The neighbouring farmhouse is large and sombre, with grey, stone pillars at its gates and large, sash windows.

On the Green, is the old village drinking-trough, shaded by two oak trees and filled with dark green slime, beyond which is a converted cottage, quite pretty, although it is no longer crowned by the grey thatch it previously wore. To the left, are the Smithy's forge and stone cottages with purple clematis climbing them. 'The Red Lion,' the village pub, with a swinging sign and an apple orchard in full bloom, stands on the other side of the Green. In its orchard, four dogs pace along the fence, barking at passers-by and waiting to be let out.

'The Red Lion,' with its limestone, white paint-work and recently-thatched roof, is a striking contrast to the modern box-like house of the grocer next door, whose shop is old-fashioned and painted in dark green. This shop is badly in need of a new front. However, Donald Elderton, the grocer, does quite a good trade and has a considerable reputation in the village. Perhaps, one day, he will be able to afford a new shop-front to brighten the beginning of High Street.

SUSAN LEWIN (4F)

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DATE OF BIRTH



THE MATCH

(With apologies to W. S.)

Scene: An unmentionable rugby pitch on the east side of town.

Enter fifteen sacrifices,
Striped and studded for the crisis.
Enter 'Ref.', ball in hand,
Wading through the marshy land.
Amid the mud there stands a team,
Clean and faithful, dressed in green.
Waiting for the nearing game,
Fifteen men for them to tame.

Opposing team in yellow stand,
A savage-looking, brigand band.
Each of them is six foot plus;
Cool and calm, they make no fuss.
The coin's tossed; our captain's won,
A brilliant start, a good deed done.
Alas, our team stand biting thumbs,
Something evil this way comes.

Twice the hooker's foot has lifted,
Twice our scrumhalf has been shifted.
Make sure that offences swarm,
Lots of scrums'll keep 'em warm.
The other team can do no wrong,
We should've brought 'Our Ref.' along.
Now they use the Ref's. chief tool.
Curse, the mighty 'Off-side' rule.

Where can we meet this 'Ref.' again ?
In hailstorm, thunder, lightning, rain ?
When this losing battle's won,
When the victors have had their fun ?
Flesh of Dave, shirt of Pete,
Scattered round the swirling feet.
Clod of oozing Borough mud,
Drenched in gallant full-back's blood.

Ear of scrumhalf, hair of prop,
I fear our team has 'had its lot.'
The opposing team victorious stand,
Tyrants of this sewer land,
With click of stud and thud of ball,
To us in mocking voices call.
Alas, great team, you did your best,
But have a year in which to rest.

R. D. BIERTON (4A)

Turbulent troubles and times of unrest,
Infinite joy, a forgotten request,
Many more things are like these and soon die,
Ending their lives in Time's rush to go by.

ANGELA PETO (4F)

AT NIGHT

The moon shimmers onto the old mill pond
While the ripples distort its face.
The whispering trees sing songs to the grass
While it sways to and fro in its grace.

CELIA WHITE (FORM 3)

THESE I HAVE LOVED

Dew-spangled spiders' webs seen at dawn,
A graceful doe and her spotted fawn,
Scarlet orchids and emerald moss,
Bubbling streams and pink candyfloss;
Pleasant memories laced in Time.
The heady scent of a delicious lime,
A royal swan drifting by
And heavenly larks singing on high,
My mother's gentle endearing kiss,
A kettle's loud and warbling hiss,
The spectacular sky at sunrise
And the silent owls at moonrise,
The velvet-footed cats out stalking
Little mice who listen to me talking.
These I have loved and ever will
Until an earthen hole I fill.

KAREN BUCKLEY (FORM 2)

THE GHOST OF TENNYSON

First Day of term:

"So all day long the noise of battle roll'd."
(*Morte D'Arthur*)

Examinations:

"I wrote I know not what."
(*To J.S.*)

School Fish Pond:

"Here and there a lusty trout
And here and there a grayling."
(*The Brook*)

The Detention Room:

"I was cut off from hope in that sad place."
(*A Dream of Fair Women*)

Singing in Assembly:

"A low melodious thunder."
(*The Poet's Mind*)

The Tower Block:

"The blind walls were full of chinks and holes."
(*Godiva*)

The Staff Room:

"Wild words wander here and there."
(*A Dirge*)

School Rules:

"Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be."
(*In Memoriam*)

First Year:

"Brave hearts and clean! and yet—God guide them—
Young!"
(*Merlin and Vivien*)

The First XV After the Match:

"Bitterly weeping I turn'd away."
(*Edward Gray*)

Medium JILL DYER (FORM 5)

MUSIC IN THE MAKING

RECENTLY, two members of 3A conducted a survey of people's attitudes to different kinds of music. Twenty per cent of those questioned preferred 'classical' music; twenty-five per cent, 'jazz'; fifty per cent, 'pops', and five per cent were 'indifferent'.

The reasons given for the choices shown were varied and interesting. It appeared that the most prominent reasons for the lack of classical-music lovers were: that such music sounds dull and uninteresting; that it is tuneless; and that it is out of date.

It is suggested by those who conducted the survey that 'pop' music has such a large following because it is 'the most simple form of music, and well-suited to a meagre brain.' Their comment on jazz is that it 'is, of course, far too complex for the general public,' which explains why, 'Modern jazz has a minute following.'

R.C., P.J.

As the Editors feel that you might wish to express your opinions, they are prepared to open correspondence on this subject in the next issue of "The Tower."

THE ROOM AT THE BOTTOM

SINCE the last report from the 'dugout' there have been several changes. The first of these was the appearance of three dozen odd faces (some very odd) of new, keen, alert, Junior Prefects whose behemoth-like behinds our chairs took with a resigned sigh. Another change was the introduction of a very high-class cafeteria service during break, when tea is served at the very cheap price of two-pence a cup (three-pence with tea). As a result of this service, four new easy chairs were purchased and the room decorated in a contemporary manner. Also a bell has been installed by our own highly respected electrician, for the use of people, other than prefects, wishing to enter the room.

Such is the change that the prefects now treat this room as a bethel and, instead of drying their hands on the curtains and furniture, they use the paper towels provided.

Every Friday evening, all the furniture, including the electrician, is removed from the room and it is thoroughly cleaned by those training for later life (as dustmen, floor-scrubbers, furniture-removers, etc.). On such occasions the number of foremen often exceeds the number of workers.

R.W.

AROUND THE FORMS . . .

FORM 1

In September, 1961, 32 little girls entered the inescapable gates of Trinity High School and were installed in Room 1, under the guidance of Miss Rhead. At Christmas, we were joined by a Welsh leek who soon got into our way of living. We are now a family of 33 little horrors, although Mr. Bamber still tries to turn us into well-spoken mademoiselles.

Some of our form are quite talented. Jane Pendle is the brains of the form, but we also have sprinters, songsters, gymnasts and even a horse rider who has won a first prize. The best handwriter in the first year comes from our form and she also sailed through the audition for reading a lesson at the Carol Service. J.M.

1K

Behind the closed door of Room 3 is an organization called Form 1K. Under the unsuspecting eye of Mr. Strickland we make plans to annoy the teachers whenever possible. The Annoyance Committee consists of O'Farrel (of the Laughing Department) and Gilkes and Sketchley (of the Talking Department).

The brains of our form have been tightly fixed in the heads of Pearson, Welch, Smith and Coombs. Pearson is also our best athlete, closely followed by Miller and Sketchley. C.C.

1R

Behind the door with 2 on it, there are thirty-one of us, who are said to be the noisiest form in the Tower, but of course it is not so. Latin is not our favourite lesson, but we all like sport. Our form-master is Mr. Bamber who is always telling us off. Ian Griffith holds the record for detentions, but is also good at gym. We have nearly finished our first year, and hope we enjoy the second year as much. L.G.

1S

Our form room is the Music Room and our form master is Mr. Bertalot, who also runs the school Choir and Orchestra.

Macey emerged as top boy in the form in the Christmas Exams. Several boys from the form had some success in winning medals at our first Sports Day. S.L.

FORM 2

If you search among the pots and clay animals of the Craft Room, you will find twenty-five apprentice potters under the watchful eye of master craftswoman, Miss Stroud. Leader of our Apprentice Potters' Union is Carol Isaacs and at our union meetings, which, incidentally, occur eight times a day, Christine Boddington and Pat Major are the chief spokeswomen. Although we occasionally feel like striking, we are generally quite pleased with the management of the workshop. J.D.

2A

2A abides in the General Science Laboratory among skeletons, fish, test-tubes, bunsen burners and a forest of other indescribable objects. Among these you may find twenty-seven intelligent boys under the stern eye of Mr. Timms. Slinn came top in the Christmas exams, with Harding and Harrington second and third. Ten of us were in the Under 13 rugby team: Horne, Judd, Green, Ireson,

Williams, Roberts, Johnson, Barber, Spring (captain) and Kemp. The athletes in the class are, Williams, Johnson and Judd. Spring is a keen ornithologist; Bland and Harrington are in the School Choir, and Spring and Barringer are ardent phillumenists.

R.W.J.

2B

The scene . . . Room 5; the crime . . . murder; the criminal . . . Mr. Burgess; the motive . . . self preservation; the victims . . . 2B. Gough died from an electric shock from his home-made radio; Ashby and Stewart, the astronomers, died when a star fell on their heads; Gordon died of laughter when Mr. Burgess cracked a ruler across a desk and it broke in half. Foster, the king of 2B, was assassinated. Parker died of fatigue after coming first in the exams. Page, the aero-modeller, had his arm pulled off by a high-powered, control-line model, and the lynching party of train spotters were never seen again after a day trip to London. As for the rest, there is a blood-red streak smothering the car-park.

C.R.A.

2M

Amidst tapestries and masterpieces sleep a very contented band. When they have a mad spell, Martin Botteril, Jack Lear and Belinda Woodcock excel in athletics, and Hitchcock in a show of intelligence. The clown of the class is Nigel Davis who reached the finals of the Boxing Tournament, only to be beaten by a first year boy. Mr. Adams is, as all form masters should be, our master-craftsman.

A.G.H.

FORM 3

We have twisted away the past year in Room 12 without wearing out either the linoleum or Mrs. Queenborough!

Just lately we have become more civilised, though an outsider might not realise it from the various quaint hair-styles that appear. Jennifer Cansdale and Rosemary Coe gained form prizes. Susan Harris won second prize in an art competition and Carol Gibson has written an interesting novel.

The whole class has recently fallen madly in love with Dr. Kildare, except for a few who prefer Northampton Romeos.

J.K.H.

3A

At the beginning of the school year, worried officials decided, in sheer desperation, to cast us into the remote and dark dungeon of S1 with Mr. Waller—who was the only warder with enough courage to take us on.

The intellectuals of the form are Littlewood and Taylor; Jones and Luck are good rugby players; Jackson and Daley are our athletes, and Snedker is our gymnast.

M.V., R.F.B., C.H.

3C

We inhabit Room 7 although, for many of us, Room 2 seems more like home. Our warder is Mr. Meadows. Stringer, with many others from the form, shines at sport; two of our inmates won prizes at the School Speech Day. Most of us still like to spend the day sleeping. R.D.

3M

In Cell 6 of the dreaded Tower Block there are thirty-two of us doing twelve months hard (academic) labour. We hope Poynton escaped successfully to Hong Kong, and welcome our new member, Currie.

Our chief warder, Mr. Chater, controls us with a firm but fatherly hand, and we voted R. Barnes as form captain, but sometimes wish we hadn't. We are proud of our sporting element; Paige, Wimpless, Dorr, Duff, Hubbard and Giles, who play in the Under 15 Rugger Team.

Amongst our members is a minority of six specimens of the opposite sex, who brighten the monotony of our lives. We are glad they are becoming obedient and punctual as their attitude to this has puzzled us, and, anyway, it upsets our chief warder—which is bad for all of us. M.W.

4A

There are thirty-one boys in our form, which is based in Room 10. Many of us do well at sport; nine of the Under-15 rugby team are members of the class and we also boast five of the six-a-side soccer team which won the Manfield Hotspur Cup, five of the basket ball team and seven members of the cricket teams. Others in the form have outside hobbies. Cave is an ornithologist and Chillingsworth, Warren and Wills obtain joy at hanging worms without a trial, just so that they can catch two or three little fish which they immediately throw back. In the academic field, Bromage still reigns supreme champion. P.F.

4B

This outpost (Room 14) of the Tower is manned mainly by a company of morons who search Olde English Engine Sheds in search of elusive engine-numbers. They are kept under observation by the suspicious eye of Mr. Hill.

Included in their midst are a fanatical Welshman, who thinks that anthracite and leeks are the only things worth living for, and Whiteman, England, Sullivan and Kirby—the only rugger types, as the rest of the form are always tired after walking up 498 steps every day. All their futures are settled; they have agreed to join the Communist Party. P.R.M., P.S.B.

4C

Our form may look unruly, but most of us have some inclination to work, mainly in short spasms prior to exams. We dwell in the Language Room with our Form Master, Mr. Fellowes.

We have some good athletes, such as Thorneycroft, Bell and Harris. Clarke set up a new pole-vault record of 8' 7." There are some strange characters, one of whom is almost a walking juke-box. The Brain of the class is Hawney, who came top in the Christmas exams.

M.E., C.C.

4D

If you force your way into Room 11, you will find yourself with 4D. Most of the class are keen footballers and always watch the 'Cobblers.' Kelley and Farmer played for the Under 15 rugby team and Johnson and Osborne played for the school six-a-side tournament at Bective. 'Enoch' Buthee is the bright lad of the form; Deacons, Thake, Kelly and Miller are the motorbike enthusiasts. The class mascot is Marks who is a keen train-spotter.

D.J., A.K.

4F

Our form, a beautiful bunch of flowers, lives in the Needlework Room, amid smells from the Chemistry Lab. and the Kitchen. Despite our constant appearance of tiredness we take quite a large part in school life. We boast ten of the school's twenty-two hockey team and players and several of us belong to the Tennis Club. Our 'bright spark' is Suzanne Withington who, with Judith Merriman, won a prize on Speech Day.

K.A., J.G., M.E.E., J.H.

4G

We are still in the Geography Room under Mrs. Hoggs' charge and remain a thorn in the side of the Staff.

In an endeavour to get rid of some of us, Mr. Bamber tried to leave us in Spain but, unfortunately, all who went returned safely.

Six girls took part in the Sports, and Margaret Patching and Tina Lilley won prizes at Speech Day. Seven girls have left since September, and two more, Carol Wilson and Sheila Markie, plan to leave in July, to go into Hairdressing.

P.G.

5

We thirty-four darlings occupy Room 15 which, being the 'Room at the Top,' keeps us in trim. We are divided into the Commerce Section (with fingers glued to the typewriter keys, which make a melodious (?) sound) and the Grammar Section (which is the most gifted academically (?). We spend almost all our time in front of mirrors, trying, in vain, to keep up with the latest hairstyles, which we maintain and protect with school hats. We have a Sports Day cup-winner, a Judo enthusiast, many budding typists and a few Florence Nightingales in our form.

S.W.

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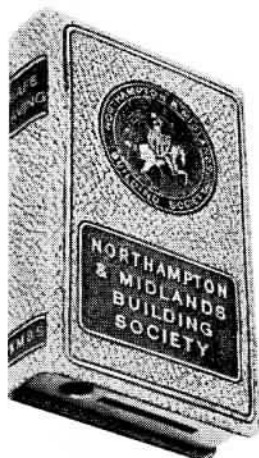
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