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THE TOWER

The Magazine of the
Northampton Trinity High School

VOL. 2. No. 2.

JULY, 1966

EDITORIAL

YOUNG people growing up in an industrial society have many difficulties to face and not many opportunities for personal achievements. For both the young, and those people who take an active interest in their welfare, Prince Philip founded his project for the youth of the nation, The Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme. In Prince Philip's own words, "It is designed as an introduction to leisure time activities, a challenge to the individual to personal achievement, and as a guide to these people and organizations who are concerned about the development of our future citizens."

The scheme has three separate levels—Bronze, Silver and Gold. The actual standards of the scheme are meant for the average boy or girl, not the expert, and all sections are designed in this way. This award scheme helps young people to a knowledge of themselves, their capacities and limitations.

For both the boys and the girls there is a section requiring some form of Public Service. The aim of this section is to influence young people to realise that, as a member of a community, they have an obligation to others. For the service section one can choose the ways in which it is possible to help others; nursing, first-aid, helping the blind or deaf, or caring for animals.

The uniformed organizations, Scouts and Guides, etc., all aim to bring young people together and to develop them soundly in mind and body in order that they may not only be of service to themselves, but also to the community. Many Youth clubs are also beginning to devote time to voluntary work of all kinds in their localities.

For those young people who would like to give service to the community voluntarily for a period of time, for example twelve months perhaps after leaving school, but before going to college, there is the Voluntary Service Overseas and Community Service Volunteers organisations. The latter is for young men and women between the ages of 18 and 20 years who are ready to work anywhere in the United Kingdom. Volunteers are normally posted outside

their home area, attached generally to residential institutions which feed and accommodate them. A small amount of pocket money is provided. The aim of the C.S.V. is to enable young people to be of help in the community and to gain personal experience of social problems. Volunteers may serve in General and Mental Hospitals, Approved Schools and Remand Homes, Institutions for Old People and the Disabled, Children's Homes and Schools for the Handicapped.

Voluntary Service Overseas was started to provide young men and women with a chance to give their service for a year or more in the developing countries throughout the world. It offers them the opportunity to see something of the problems confronting other peoples, to live and work alongside them and so make friends and develop their own initiative by undertaking constructive tasks, not always under easy conditions. Not only their horizons are broadened, but volunteers increase their self confidence and self knowledge through the challenge that they meet.

Volunteers must be over 18 and usually below 25, and they must be physically fit. A good standard of academic attainment is required and skill at practical hobbies, music, games, Scouting and Guiding is a help. Outward Bound or the Duke of Edinburgh's Award is also useful.

These projects are not easy or glamorous. The volunteer must be prepared for real work, sometimes dull, often routine and occasionally unpleasant; there is however, a real need here to be filled and we urge all of you to look to the assistance of those less fortunate than yourselves. You will find no more worthwhile task.

NEWS AND NOTES

FOLLOWING the success of "Iolanthe" in 1964, the School Dramatic Society this year produced the popular Oscar Wilde comedy, "The Importance of being Earnest." A full report of the play appears elsewhere in this issue.

Theatre visits have been made during the year to Oxford, Stratford, and Derby.

Due to bad weather the 1965 Inter-House Swimming Gala had to be cancelled.

We are pleased to record that the sum of £250 was collected by the School in the Christmas Charity Appeal, in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. As a result of this collection, the N.S.P.C.C. were pleased to present the School with their Certificate of Merit. Nearly £100 of this sum was raised by prefects at a Jumble Sale.

At the end of the Autumn term the Annual Carol Service was held in the School Hall. The service was conducted by the Rev. T. A. Taylor, and lessons were read by members of the School, with the Choir singing two carols alone.

Nineteen boys and girls went, as a choir, to an audition for a B.B.C. television programme at the B.B.C. Show, at Granby Halls, Leicester, on 6th April. Although not selected for the programme they did appear on Midland Region television.

The School extends a welcome to the following members of Staff who have joined us during the past academic year : Messrs. Austin (an old pupil of the School), Brewer, Daly, Joy, and Miss Farnham, Mrs. Smith, and also Mlle. Stephan.

Last year we were sorry to lose the services of : Messrs. Little and Williams, and Miss Ekins, Miss Perkins, and Mlle. Chevalier.

Mr. R. Bennett and Mr. A. C. Clements are retiring at the end of this year, and to both we offer our best wishes for the future.

We congratulate Miss J. Perkins on her appointment to the post of Regional Organiser of Girls' Physical Education for Northampton.

We congratulate L. F. Evans 4S, and T. H. Crane 4K, who were selected to play Rugby for the Northamptonshire Schools' Under 15 team, and J. Swingler, who has played for the County Under 14 XV.

Last Christmas, members of the School again collected at Northampton Castle Station in aid of the Blind, and also distributed Oxfam Christmas Boxes.

We are pleased to record that a number of our Old Boys were awarded Prizes and Apprentices' Certificates at the Annual Dinner and Apprentices' Prize Giving of the British Timken Co. Ltd., held last December at Daventry. Another Old Boy of the School, P. G. H. Mawby, proposed toasts to the Queen and The Guests.

Last February, a party of pupils and Staff saw a most enjoyable performance of "The Pirates of Penzance," by the D'oyly Carte Opera Company, at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford.

Congratulations are offered to V. Waterfield, VI U.G., who has reached the Gold standard of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award.

SPEECH DAY, 1966

SPEECH Day was very successful, the proceedings running smoothly with a well-balanced mixture of formal pageantry and informal enjoyment. The former was ensured by the presence of the Mayor's Sargeant, and the latter by the virtuosity of the Speaker, Professor William Walsh, of the Department of Education at Leeds University.

His speech was excellent and firmly held the attention of even the youngest pupils. In fact, he began his speech by sympathising

with them, and noting the difficulty, but importance, of the young being able to check impulse. After spending the first few minutes of his speech gaining the attention of his audience, he went on to develop his principal theme, which was : " Why does one go to school ? "

He agreed that there were many conventional answers to this, but questioned their authenticity. He suggested that everyone in school had an obligation, " Not only academic but about human life." He added that we should endeavour to master ideas, values and principles, trying to implant them into the minds of people who have otherwise been well-educated.

Professor Walsh was also very enthusiastic concerning the complete education of women ; he remarked that, " They should have trained minds and so be able to communicate a sound sense of values to their families." He made several ancillary points in enlarging on this principal theme, and told the audience that one should always have an aim ; one should enjoy oneself, but not confuse seriousness with solemnity ; and lastly that it is important to expend all one's energy in order to expand the range of personal intellectual experience.

The Headmaster gave his customary Report, which was as interesting as it was comprehensive, and our warm thanks are offered to the Mayoress for her graceful presentation of the prizes. A Vote of Thanks was proposed by His Worship the Mayor and seconded by the School's Head Boy, so concluding an interesting and informative afternoon.

THEATRE VISITS

THIS year's Sixth Form has shown a lively interest in the Theatre as a living art, and it is gratifying to note that this interest has not been restricted to the arts side of the School.

While productions of plays being studied for examinations were obvious choices for visits, other plays unrelated to School studies were also seen.

Antony and Cleopatra

This Shakespearian tragedy is the principal dramatic text in the Advanced Level English Literature syllabus for the next two years, and consequently those Sixth Form involved in the study of English welcomed an opportunity to see it performed at the Oxford Playhouse in October.

The production was very good in general, much of its success depending on the note-worthy performances of those in the title-rôles. The cynic Enobarbus, one of Shakespeare's most stimulating and attractive characters, caught between his loyalty to Antony and his reason, which " sits in the wind against me," was admirably portrayed.

The contrast between Rome and Egypt, an important theme in the play, was augmented by the excellent contrast between their representatives Caesar and Antony, the one a firm stoic, the other, an equally firm hedonist.

The production was also enhanced by the use of a revolving set, and minor characters who could act.

Julius Caesar

A number of Upper School pupils travelled to Wellingborough Boys' Grammar School, in December, to see Shakespeare's play, "Julius Caesar."

The scenic simplicity made continual scene changes unnecessary. Good sound effects had been produced and the storm scene in the first act was very well staged, with lights flickering, and drums rolling. The Battle scene, despite its sudden beginning and ending, was quite realistic, although the distant sounds of fighting at first rang out like the clatter of knives and forks in a large canteen.

The boy playing Calphurnia gave a good impersonation of a woman, but Portia's actor never did look very feminine. Most boys had been chosen well for the leading roles, and were as like the characters as one might imagine. Cassius, however, stole the show. He was excellently portrayed, and put great feeling into his speeches.

On the whole, apart from a few mistakes, the play was well-acted, and an entertaining and instructive evening was enjoyed.

The Jew of Malta

Clifford William's production of Marlowe's "The Jew of Malta" attracted a party of Sixth-Formers to the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford in December.

The play was being produced as a parallel to Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice," also in the season's repertoire.

Eric Porter, who was playing both Barabas and Shylock, was outstanding, but in this production the success was due to everybody's performance. All parts were played well, and the production ran with an easy smoothness.

Tim Wylton and David Waller, were particularly attractive as the two rather sensual Friars, while Katherine Barkers admirably played the role of Abigail.

The Winter's Tale

On March 7th, a Sixth-Form party went to Derby Playhouse to see a performance of Shakespeare's "The Winter's Tale," by the Derby Shakespeare Society—a local amateur group.

Although there was no outstanding acting talent in the cast, the overall impression was sufficiently convincing to make the

play worth the visit. The main characters, Leontes, Hermione and Paulia, were well portrayed, but they lacked firm support from the minor roles. There were too many minor characters swaying about, or standing awkwardly in the background.

If the play is really to come to life, then it is essential that Autolycus is well portrayed; unfortunately Autolycus was rather lifeless in this production, and many of his scenes became boring. The "Statue scene" at the end of the play, was excellently performed, and this made up for many of the faults earlier in the play.

Hamlet

An opportunity to see the Royal Shakespeare Company in Peter Hall's production of "Hamlet," sent fifty Sixth-Formers and Staff to the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford, in May.

All Stratford Hamlets inevitably receive nick-names from the critics, and David Warner has already been labelled the "Beatnik Hamlet." He rolls about the stage, reacts cynically to Polonius, and pities himself in such a manner that the tension which he builds up and maintains from his first entrance, never slackens, and the mind of the spectator becomes indissolubly integrated with that of Hamlet himself.

His lines are spoken softly and rapidly, almost off-handedly as though talking informally to friends. Warner's reactions are essentially emotional, rather than moral; his disgust at the murder and incest is highly subjective, in contrast with the concern for the family pride which some actors have held to be the important part of Hamlet's interpretation.

Estelle Kohler's Ophelia is a complete contrast to Hamlet. She is prim and dignified, almost Victorian, and though she looks incapable of madness, does the job properly when the time comes.

Tony Church as Polonius is very entertaining and when Hamlet eventually kills him, we really feel sorry for him. He is the natural object for the cynicism that is so important to Warner's interpretation.

Whenever one goes to Stratford, the thing which is always striking is the excellent and swift scene changing. This was particularly true of this production, which was superb throughout.

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST"

IN the Spring Term, the School Dramatic Society presented their annual production, which this year was "The Importance of Being Earnest," by Oscar Wilde. The play was greatly enjoyed by the audiences and the cast also derived much pleasure from taking part.

The play is different because the comedy stems from stylized manners and sophisticated dialogue, but the cast without exception gave a good account of themselves. The acting was skilled and confident, and the cast acted well as a team; and while it would be wrong to say any one person was outstanding, we should like to record fine performances from Jeffs, as Algernon Moncrieff and Susan Berrill, as Lady Bracknell, while in Caple, we clearly have a budding character actor of high standard.

The period of the play is the early 1900's and the cast did well to sustain the atmosphere as they did. They were helped by the magnificent costumes, particularly, the ladies' hats, which were made in school. The settings, which were designed by Mr. Adams, were among the finest seen on our stage, and reflect great credit on all those who helped in their construction. Here too, the task was a difficult one, because of the need for three different sets, which presented considerable problems for the A.D.W.S. The make-up was supervised by Mr. Hartwell and the lighting by Mr. Guffogg, and were of their usual high standard. Most of the credit, however, must go to the patient and long suffering producer, Mr. C. H. Hill, who did so much to make this production the success it undoubtedly was.

Photograph by Ralph Meakins



"On the contrary, Aunt Augusta, I've now realised for the first time in my life, the vital Importance of Being Earnest."

SCHOOL CAMP 1965

EARLY one sunny morning last July, twenty boys and five teachers set aside the luxuries of life and ventured into the wilderness. We arrived in Longtown, Herefordshire, in the early afternoon to find the tents already set up (as the girls had been there during the preceding week). After the first day, most of us had got used to the environment and we all made a good start the next morning by popping our heads round the side of our tents at 6.30 a.m. (although the time of rising gradually grew later throughout the week). While the less active boys stayed at camp, the hikers among us set out for a long, two day trek in the mountains.

All went as planned, and as the sun shone, brightly reflecting on the metal frames of our rucksacks, twelve of us including Mr. Williams, Mr. Price and Mr. Wilson ascended and descended the mountain slopes. We camped out that night, and the following morning, we continued our expedition only to run into heavy precipitation on the Cat's Back. After losing our way, we finally arrived home, altogether completing a tough course of about twenty-two miles.

On the Wednesday we were divided into groups for a hiking competition, the prize being a free supply of foot ointment and corn plasters for the rest of the week.

It was an added (although not very appetising) experience cooking our own food. This was undertaken by the group on camp duty, at which we all took a turn. Other duties performed by us were the collecting and chopping of firewood washing-up and the general maintenance of the camping site.

Apart from the above activities, we could take part in canoeing and pony trekking. Both were very popular, and many people who didn't know how to ride a pony found the exercise very interesting, especially Mr. Wilson, whose horse got fed up with him and bolted, leaving him stranded on the wet, muddy ground.

If you wished, you could ride into the neighbouring towns, Abergavenny and Hereford on two days of the week, and if you wanted to be driven (out of your mind) there, the kind services of Messrs. Houghton and Grimshaw were available.

On the last day of our holiday we woke up to find the coach ready and waiting to take us home. As we reluctantly climbed the steps of the coach we all agreed that it was a very short, but well spent week, which we could look back on for a long time.

We would like to thank Messrs. Grimshaw, Price, Wilson, Houghton and Williams, who helped us a great deal; without their experience, good sportsmanship and understanding, last year's camp at Longtown, Herefordshire, would not have been a success.

ALAN MELHADO (4R).

EASTER TRIP TO SWITZERLAND

IT was in typical British weather on Saturday, April 9th, that we left Northampton for our holiday in Switzerland. We went by coach to Folkestone and boarded the boat to take us to Calais, where we caught the night train to take us to Sargans. The train reached Sargans at 7.0 a.m. next morning and here we had our first Continental breakfast of bread and jam and coffee. From there, a coach took us to the cable cars where four people at a time, with their luggage, were taken up the mountain to the Baschalva Hotel. At the hotel we were able to freshen up after the journey and were given our ski equipment in the afternoon.

Next morning we went up in the cable car to the ski slopes for our first ski lesson. After the lesson, which was certainly an unforgettable one, we had our packed lunches which had been given to us in the morning. After lunch some of us continued ski-ing and some went back to the hotel. The evening meal was at 6.30 p.m. and each meal we had was different and delicious.

That day set the pattern for the rest of the week and after each lesson we became better at ski-ing. On Friday we had a rest from ski-ing and went for a day trip to Davos, just an hour's coach ride from Sargans. We spent more money that day on presents and souvenirs, than we had done during the whole previous week.

On Sunday, our last day, the better skiers amongst us took part in a ski test and the others sat around in the snow. Afterwards, on the hotel balcony, Miss Hamlett presented those who passed the test with a bronze badge. We caught the 7.0 p.m. cable car down to the village and were taken to the station by coach.

We arrived back in Northampton at 8.0 p.m. on Monday evening, after having a wonderful time in Switzerland and a holiday which will never be forgotten. Our sincere thanks are offered to Miss Hamlett, Mr. Price and Mr. and Mrs. Fellowes for a most enjoyable and troublefree holiday, due in no small measure to their competent leadership and cheerful example.

SUSAN GORDDARD (6LG).

THE SCHOOL JOURNEY TO BELGIUM

AFTER hearing that I was to go on the School Journey abroad I was naturally thrilled. My parents were pleased and jumped at the chance of letting me go abroad. I began to pack as the day of departure drew nearer and I became excited but not unduly so, as the last arrangements were made.

As we started from Balfour Road, I looked forward to the journey ahead. We managed to keep to time at Victoria Station where York's Coaches took us without a hitch. We caught the train to Dover and although the Customs were crowded, we managed to pass through without any trouble.

The boat was a modern cross-channel steamer and the crossing was made quickly. We arrived on time at Ostend after a calm journey. There was no trouble at Customs and Mr. Bamber found our coach, into which we loaded our cases. We arrived at Blankenberge in the late afternoon.

We visited the huge, domed Atomium Construction, which is over 300 feet high, in Brussels, the Belgian capital. From the top of this huge mass can be seen the suburbs of Brussels and some of the surrounding countryside.

On the border of the Ardennes, the town of Dinant stands on the River Meuse, sedate with the 11th century church and citadel built into the hard rock of the valley. During our stay in the Belgian Ardennes, we also visited the castle at Bouillon; but the main object of the journey was to visit Luxembourg and the Grottos at Han. We did not stay in the city of Luxembourg for long but we were allowed to spend our time touring the city by ourselves. The Grottos at Han are world famous for their beauty. These subterranean caverns have been carved over millions of years by the River Lesse. We were shown how the first explorers found their way among the rocks and also how small sounds echo throughout the caverns.

Later in the week we visited an old windmill at Sluis, in Holland, which was built in 1739 and which still grinds corn. The party also visited the Island of Walcheren in Holland.

The return crossing was very similar to the previous one but a strong cross wind made the sea a little rough. Because of the strong wind and the heavy snowstorms, the ship was diverted from Dover to Folkestone. The journey from Victoria Station to Northampton went without mishap.

I am sure all the pupils lucky enough to have been on the journey are sincerely grateful to Miss Farnham, Mr. Clarke and Mr. and Mrs. Bamber for giving up their free time to provide us with a grand experience and holiday.

R. WILCOX (2R).

LA GROTTTE de HAN

IN the Ardennes, there is a cave called "La Grotte de Han." You go to the cave by train, which takes you to the top of a hill from where you walk down a rough path leading to the entrance of the cave. At the entrance of the cave, a guide takes you first in the narrow part and gradually to the wider part of the cave, where there are many stalactites and stalagmites.

The stalactites grow downwards and the stalagmites grow upwards. It takes them thousands of years to grow just one inch. There is one stalagmite which is very thin and tall, one slight touch would move it.

If the stalactites and stalagmites have water and sunlight on them they change from a dark or light brown to a bright green. The stalactites and stalagmites in the cave had formed large and small crystals shaped like a mountain which, hung up, would look like a chandelier.

As the guide takes you further into the cave, he tells everyone to keep quiet and very still. He gives a signal of some kind and all the lights go out. Then, from the top of the hill of smooth and rough rocks, a man with a flaming torch runs down the rocks showing you how the first explorers explored the cave.

In the cave they serve you with tea or coffee near an underground lake. To leave the cave you have to go by boat over the lake which takes you right to the end of the cave.

This is one of the many things we did on our school journey through Belgium, and although some of us were nervous at being underground we all agreed we had a marvellous time.

SUSAN WHITWORTH (Form 3).

GEOGRAPHY FIELD COURSE 1966

AS if once wasn't enough—Mr. Fellowes was again persuaded to take a group of ten Sixth Form Upper pupils to Longtown for a geography field course. Apart from thoughts of an extra week's holiday, the eight male members of the group were also delighted to find themselves accompanied by seven Grammar School girls.

After an uneventful coach journey to Longtown, we were thrown into a turmoil of **WORK ! !** Yes, work that proved to be unceasing seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day. Indeed, three members of the group were so completely and utterly exhausted that they were consistently unable to get up in time for breakfast.

In the field, the athletic Mr. Fellowes set a cracking pace always striding ahead with a man-sized rucksack filled with everything from surgical spirit, (for overheated feet) to a geologist's hammer, for taking rock samples. The pace set was terrific and only those people who were completely unencumbered were able to match his pace. Despite all the complaints, some five mountains were climbed in the course of the week and everybody managed to reach the top. On top of one peak in the Brecon Beacons the group nearly experienced a quicker descent than they bargained for when they were lashed by a 90 m.p.h. wind and a hailstorm.

Occasionally, we were given a break from walking and subjected to new terrors in the minibus, but miraculously we escaped unscathed, although one steep hill and ten people did prove too much for it on one occasion, and it had to be pushed. However, all good things have to come to an end, and after a week's hard work at walking, climbing, writing and learning three L.P.'s by rote, everybody was just a little sad to be returning to a more mundane life.

R. J. ASHBY (6U.M.).

MOUNTAIN SURVIVAL COURSE, LONGTOWN, FEBRUARY, 1966

HOW would you like to spend four days being battered by a freezing westerly gale? You do not fancy the prospect? How about being two and a half thousand feet above sea level and the mist so thick that you cannot tell your right side from your left? This was what we had to contend with when we set out to cross the Black Mountains and the Brecon Beacons from Longtown to the Storey Arms, taking in the north faces of all the mountains. This was the first expedition of its kind to set out from Longtown and it was probably the first time these mountains had been tackled by a party from the north side. On arrival at the Centre we were issued with our kit and briefed by the warden on what we were going to do. That Sunday night we retired to bed not realising what we had to face in the next few days.

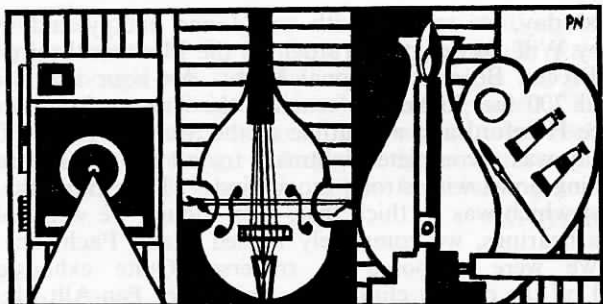
Eight of us set out at 11 a.m. on the following Monday longing to climb the Black Darren Ridge facing the Youth Centre. About an hour later and 1,000 feet up, the first member of our party, Spic, started wheezing and spluttering. He had smoked too many cigarettes before coming on the course. When we finally reached the top of the ridge, we stopped for a pre-packed lunch and a strong wind started and we had to shelter on the leeward side of the mountain. After lunch, we walked round the top of the ridge and down lashed the rain and stayed with us for the rest of the course. We started walking down the side of the mountain very gradually so as to come off it at the village of Capel-y-ffin. During the descent, we had to walk for about half a mile in a stream as this was the only path. In the village of Capel-y-ffin, we came across one of the few radio-telephones in the British Isles. After two more miles of road walking we reached the hostel and several members of the party were very glad to see it. At the hostel we had to cook our own meals and do several "chores" before we left next day. An interesting thing about our stay at the hostel in the Afon Honddu Valley was that we met several of the cast of the B.B.C.'s serial "The Spies," who were filming in the mountains.

Next day, we set out with new-found energy and we were joined by Wilf Davies, the Warden of the Monmouthshire section of the Brecon Beacons National Park. An hour and a quarter later and 700 feet higher we reached the Tump from which we could see Hereford and an outline of the Malvern Hills. The rest of the day was a complete nightmare for all of us. The rain was still lashing down with strong cross winds. Then came the mountain mist which was so thick that, even though we were following compass bearings, we completely missed Waun Fach, one of the peaks we were supposed to traverse. Quite exhausted, we rounded off the day by climbing to the top of Pen-Allt-Mawr and Pen-Cerig-Calch and dropping down into the Usk valley to Crichowell hostel. If it had not been for the experienced leadership of Wilf Davies, we may have been lost on the mountain tops and we certainly would not have been the first to die of exposure on the Beacons.

On the third day we walked for eight miles along the Monmouthshire and Brecon Canal, the majority of which was built in 1793, and near the end of the canal, three of the party dropped out with feet covered in sores and blisters, (one of the boys who carried on, Humph, actually had two different sized boots which he claimed were both the same size when we left the Centre). We left the canal at Talybont, waded along flooded roads and collected the hostel keys from the warden at Tyhe-Clydach and carried on up the mountain. The track might have been a river for all the rain water that was pouring on to it. Drenched, bedraggled and strung out, we finally reached the hostel at Nantllanerch, where we were put off straight away by the sight of a cow in a barn next to the dormitories. There was no electricity and it took us about ninety minutes to change into dry clothes and find out how the gas worked. We had a good meal and early night, as the last day was supposed to have been the toughest.

We got up at six the next morning and left the hostel at about eight. Throughout the whole morning, while we were in the valleys, there was brilliant sunshine between heavy showers. However, when we reached the top of the lower Beacons, a thick mist came down and we had to rely completely on bearings and sending people in front for a few yards. When the mist cleared for a few seconds we saw wonderful examples of glaciation. At last we came to the foot of Pen-y-Fan and for about the last half-an-hour we had sunshine, but when we stepped on to the highest mountain in South Wales, (2,906') down came the mist and very fierce hail. This weather stayed with us all the way up the north face, but when we got half way down the lee-ward side, the sun came out again. We crossed the six foot brook at the bottom of the mountain, and walked up the road to the cafe from where we were driven back to the Centre.

D. E. C. SHADRACH (5S).



THE JUNIOR SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

AT the first meeting of the Society, R. A. Gough was elected Secretary and N. Davis, Treasurer.

Two films were shown during the year, which were entitled "Loads of Power" and "The Safe Transport of Radioactive Materials." The first film explained the importance of butane and propane in the expanding industries of steel, ceramics, glass, porcelain, etc., while the second dealt with the preparation and transport of radioactive isotopes. Interesting talks are planned for the future, and demonstrations will be given in the physics and chemistry laboratories soon.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

THE Society has remained active, meeting irregularly throughout the year. Its motions have ranged from "Immorality is Fun" to "The Glories of Our Church and State are Shadows not Substantial Things."

A joint Debate was held between our School and the Northampton School for Girls and a team was entered in the Inter-Schools' Debate, which was organised by the Northampton Debating Society.

The principal speakers seem to consist of Mr. Verity, Mr. Westley, Mr. V. Meakins, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Hicks. The audience usually consisted of whoever was not speaking from the above group! However, when Mr. Littlewood was speaking, a record attendance of 47 was recorded. (Our thanks are due to Mr. Austin for acting as Chairman for that meeting).

Members of Staff, in addition to Mr. Austin, whose names appear in the minute book, and whose support is most welcome, are Mr. Timms, Mr. H. D. Smith, Mr. Baker, and, of course, Mr. Hartwell, without whose devoted attention the society would not exist and to whom the members of the society are most grateful.

JOHN McLELLAN (6U.Sc.)

LIBRARY REPORT 1965-1966

ON the first of January, 1950, the School Library started with thirty-eight books. On the first of May, 1966, the Library owned 4,460 books. This large number has meant that the Library has had to expand into hitherto unused shelving space. At the time of writing, 300 new books are in the process of being prepared for issue. This work is being undertaken by the Library Prefects, who throughout this School Year have given valuable assistance to ensure the smooth running of the Library.

The Library contains books on a wide selection of subjects, but those in more general use by the Lower School are Fiction, especially the "Flame" and "Biggles" books which remain firm favourites, and books on Hobbies, including Stamp Collecting and Mathematical Puzzles.

The Sixth Form continues to use the Library as a source of Fiction, this has been encouraged by the Special Sixth-Form reading section, and also as a source of reference books. In this respect, History, Geography, Physics, Chemistry, English Literature and Domestic Science books have been used most.

A large number of Sixth-Formers use the Library, but over the past year I have been concerned at the low percentage of borrowers from the first five years of the school. Since the Library has now ceased to be used as a classroom, with the opening of the new extensions I hope that more pupils will use the facilities available.

A. M. MARCH, Head Library Prefect.

MUSIC SOCIETY

THIS year's Society held meetings on a wide field of subjects, ranging from Bach to Errol Garner. Meetings, however, have been poorly attended, and it is difficult to arrange enterprising meetings when there is so little enthusiasm.

The meetings which were held were very much appreciated by those members who attended, and it is interesting to note that the most successful one was on the subject, "Modern Atonal Music."

D.A.L.

TRINITY YOUNG CHRISTIANS

THE difficulty of arranging meetings for a Society of this nature is that our members range from first years up to Upper Sixth Formers and it is quite difficult to find material that will be interesting to both age groups. Nevertheless, about 10 successful meetings have been held so far this year.

This year as well as the usual film strips, discussions, etc., we have had some very interesting speakers.

In the Autumn term, we had visits from Mr. Mowbray of St. Giles Church, and Mr. Michael Jones, the well-known jeweller, both of whom talked about their way of life and how they thought we as Christians should act towards other people.

Recently, we held a series called "Christianity in my Position," when we invited people from different walks of life to come and speak on how being a Christian affected them in the way they carried out their work. So far we have had a doctor and a policeman to speak and those two meetings proved the most popular of the year and we hope to start a new series next year.

The meetings of the Trinity Young Christians are held when announced on Friday evenings and we would welcome new members, especially as several of our members will be leaving in July.

I would like to thank Paul Mabin for all the work he has put in for the Society this year and wish him success with the Society for next year.

R. V. SUMMERFORD, Secretary.

AMATEUR DRAMATIC WORKSHOP SOCIETY

THIS year, the Society had the task of supplying three different sets for "The Importance of Being Earnest." This was the most ambitious production to date from the Workshop Society's point of view.

We are indebted to Messrs. Brewer and Price who gave us the benefit of their experience, without whose help we would not have succeeded. In addition, the members, D. H. Boyce, I. J. White, B. M. Dunn and M. J. Clayson, would like to thank other pupils of the School, who helped with the scene-changes on the nights of the performance.

M. CLAYSON.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

THE Photographic Society has had mixed success this year, the meetings have not been too well attended but the dark room has been in constant use. Many hours have been spent in secret by some of our dedicated members who pile into the dark room after school and an hour later emerge breathless, clutching a masterpiece.

The highlight of the year was the last of Mr. Guffogg's lectures on Portraiture, when one of our attractive fifth year girls agreed to model for us. Numerous photographs were taken, to the delight of our members but not of our patient guest whose hair was singed by an exploding lamp.

CHESS CLUB

THE Chess Club has met regularly throughout the year and continues to enjoy good support. The outstanding player this year has undoubtedly been T. Clarke of 5R, who has won both the Problem Solving Competition and the Spring Term Knock-out Tournament. At the time of going to Press, the League Competition winner has not been decided.

We would like to offer our thanks to Mr. Clements for all he has done for the Chess Club during the years he has been associated with it. His help and guidance will be missed next year after he has left and the Chess Club wishes him a long and happy retirement.

THE PIGGY BANK

Oh why does piggy clank and clink,
Creating quite a clatter ?
Does money tickle him d'you think ?
Is that maybe, the matter ?
At any rate, he clinks and clanks.
Enough for fifty piggy banks.
He rattles as he rolls around,
And as he rolls, he wriggles.
As pennies patter on the ground,
He chuckles and he giggles.
And one by one through piggy's slot,
Come all the coins that piggy's got.
As through that slot his savings stream,
The chinks become a tinkle,
And on the carpet coppers gleam
And silver pieces twinkle.
Then when the final penny drops,
We take his treasures to the shops.

M. ZUBAL (2R)

MOORLAND PONIES

Galloping o'er the moorland plain
Quickly as the driving rain,
Moorland ponies large and small
Answer to their stallions' call.
The chilly wind tugs at their throats
The evening sun glints on their coats,
Manes and tails are long and flowing
Their eyes are sharp and softly glowing.
Cantering, galloping, full of zest
As they return to their place of rest.

SUSAN HADLEY (Form 4).

THE Editors were very pleased with the number of entries in The Photographic Competition. The standard was high and judging was a difficult task. We were particularly pleased to see an interest among the juniors and next year we hope to give them a competition of their own.

The winner of "The Tower" Photographic Competition, 1966, was J. Earle, 6U.S., with his photograph Sarah reproduced.



'Sarah'

SURFRIDING

UNTIL a few years ago, surfriding was a comparatively unknown sport in Great Britain, although it has been popular in America and Australia for some time now. It is, however, rapidly becoming one of the more popular pastimes with holidaymakers, not only in Britain but in many other parts of the world.

Most would-be surfers hire surf boards on the beach and take them into the sea, but not too far out to start with. As a wave comes in, the surfer rolls on to his board and pushes off with his feet from the sea-bed, just as the wave breaks over him. If his timing is right and he catches the wave, he gets an exhilarating ride into the shore on the wave. Of course this is not so easy as it sounds, and many things can go wrong. As you get progressively more experienced you can attempt longer rides with the bigger waves further out.

Most holidaymakers are familiar with this method of surfing, but for the experts there are special surf boards, known as "Malibu" boards.

The expert surfer, having picked out the wave he is going to ride, slowly turns with his board to face the shore as the wave approaches, by this time the wave is towering up ten feet or more behind the surfer, who is now lying face down on the board with his legs dangling in the water behind him. He starts propelling himself forwards with his hands and kicking with his legs. He is now nearly matching the speed of the first approaching wave and as it slowly creeps up on him lifting him effortlessly up towards its crest, he paddles all the more furiously until he is no longer propelling himself but is being carried on the wave. This is the crucial point; he quickly hauls himself up into a crouching position on the board, keeping the nose of the board down to prevent the wave riding away underneath him; he slowly straightens up until he is standing on the board, poised like a ballet dancer, one foot in front of the other. Now he is away, sailing down the inside of the wave, gaining speed and unless he makes a bad blunder is all set for the long thrilling and sometimes dangerous ride into the shore.

Often if the expert surfer is not too happy with his ride he will break it off by lifting his front foot slightly to allow the nose of the board to rise, this lets the wave ride away beneath him leaving him to make his own way back to his original starting point. Most of these surfers do this before they reach the shore, to save themselves battling back through the many rows of breakers, to start their next run.

Unfortunately as yet, surfriding in this country is still not as important a sport as it is in America and Australia. This is mainly due to the lack of facilities and beaches in this country

where the waves are big enough to allow surfriding on any notable scale. The only existing surfing beaches in this country where the waves are big enough, are nearly all on the Cornish coast, although there are some first class beaches in Jersey. But our "Atlantic Rollers" as they are called, are small when compared with those of the Pacific.

PAUL MILLER (5KS).

SATURDAY MORNINGS

ON every bleak Saturday morning throughout the harsh English winter, while the multitudes of Northampton are still deep in the arms of Morpheus, eleven brave souls venture forth unheard into the wilds of the county's schools. Under the resolute leadership of their captain, they prepare to preserve the worthy record of our honorable establishment. To all who have dared to throw the gauntlet at their feet, satisfaction has been given and more important, tea and biscuits after the gruelling match.

On certain unavoidable occasions, they have had to relinquish the advantages of their home ground for the pitfalls, some very real ones, of alien terrain. On such occasions, although among unknown and hostile surroundings, this gallant band has faced all difficulties with outward serenity, instilling quaking fear into the hearts of their adversaries. During the fierce struggle, this fortuitous team does not for one moment let up the ceaseless fight, every atom of their strength strives for the victory which must surely come.

During that haven of rest, half time, their captain inspires courage with words of advice and threats, and so the sound of battle roars anew with the help of reviving strength drawn from the thirst-quenching orange.

And so one asks, with a team possessing such attributes as these, why is victory so elusive? Alas, it is beyond the power of mortal man to find the answer.

For the dejected defeated there lies no road of redemption for all must be confessed on returning to the hubbub of awakened Northampton. Their shame is doubled when confronted with expectant parents and mocking brothers and sisters, and they can only hope for a muffled announcement in Monday's school assembly. But that must wait, for aching limbs and bruised bodies must be soothed back to working order by the soft ministrations of a bath. And so, once more, the Amazon band is ready to face the world with brave smiles and undaunted spirit for, as the saying goes, if at first you don't succeed try, try again, and so they will . . . on every successive Saturday morning.

MARGARET EVES (Form 5).

The lady stands
Tin box in hand—"Help for the Starving."
Reads the Banner;
Coin held out—a Soldier
Gives, refuses the pennant:
He can't wear it in Vietnam
When he fights.

J. CLARKE (6LS).

FRED

I THINK many people have learnt a lot about mynahs in general and Fred in particular since his arrival last September. He was then a dull black, scraggy little object, a few months old and still a "gaper." This Greater Indian Hill Mynah may have been born anywhere between Vietnam and the Indian forests but, like hundreds of other baby birds, he had to be transported to Britain after being collected from the wild, because Mynahs will not breed in captivity.

Mention to anyone who knows anything about Mynahs and the immediate reaction is, "Can he talk?" For several months I could only reply, "Well not yet although he does talk to himself making noises from his throat."

Now though, I can say, "Oh yes! He says hello quite well!"

"Is that all?"

"Mm, but he says it in six different ways. Also he can say 'how are you' if you use some imagination and he can 'wolf whistle' perfectly."

He has changed too in another way; his feathers have turned glossy black, with metallic purple on his neck and green on his back. Mynahs have large orange beaks with yellow on the side of their heads and in some species this band forms "wattles" on the neck. These are floppy pieces of yellow skin looking like dress collars. On their wing feathers, they have patches of white which show up well when they fly and these birds need freedom as they are roughly the size of a blackbird.

Fred loves a bath, a time when he can go mad splashing everything for yards around. Quite often he soaks himself so much that he has difficulty in flying afterwards and once he even tried having a bath in a cup of tea but the cup fell off the arm of the chair and smashed on the floor.

Paper aeroplanes fascinate him and he will shake them and tear them into shreds by "killing" them against his perch, afraid that they might attack him first.

Other things he enjoys are making as much noise as possible by talking, pushing a ping-pong ball around the cage with his beak, or bouncing it on the wire floor—and eating.

After reading this short account of Fred some people may decide that a mynah bird would be fun to keep and there is no doubt that they are. But please be warned, mynahs are not the cleanest of pets, as their cages need scrubbing thoroughly twice a week, in spite of this, Fred must be the funniest thing that has invaded our house—ever.

SALLY COOPER (Form 4Sc).

THE ALTON PARK HANDICAP 'CHASE

There were twenty runners in the race,
The Alton Park Handicap 'chase,
Arkle, Flyingboat, Serious Case,
Who was going to win the race?
The flag was up, and they were off,
Into the lead went "Super Gough,"
Round the bend and into the straight
The lead is taken by "Suit your Fate."
Over the first fence, "Le Garçon" fell,
The leader was "over dale and dell"
Over the water jump, over the stile,
And they've still to run just one more mile.
Over the chair and over the brook,
Arkle came to take a look,
Only one hundred yards to run
And Arkle won at two to one.

GRAHAM POPPLE (1R).

HAVE WE THE RIGHT ?

MISS Bell was a very frail lady of advancing years. She lay in a hospital bed with a broken leg but one could tell that she was suffering from some other disease. She was wan and wasted, her eyesight was failing and she talked of visiting her optician when she left the hospital. People smiled and agreed with her, not liking to tell her that she would never leave the hospital. Miss Bell had an incurable disease.

The weeks passed. Miss Bell's leg would not heal properly. She became frailer, her face became slightly deformed and she became inarticulate. At times she had a pain, which passed off after a doctor had given her injections and told her not to worry.

Gradually the pain became worse and more frequent too, and once during a very bad attack when she had been moved into a side ward, they told her that she had an incurable disease. But after the pain had passed she had forgotten, the news had not registered.

Soon they were continually drugging her to deaden the pain and feeding her intravenously. She was no longer living, but just existing, a machine being stoked, watered and oiled, under constant supervision to keep it working for as long as possible. Although she was given as many drugs as possible to alleviate the pain, they did not kill it completely. How can one stand by and observe suffering which is being prolonged by us? An end could be put to her suffering, easily and painlessly just as an animal does to one of its poor suffering offspring. But have we the right?

DAWN BUTLER (Form 4).

FLAG SELLING

ONCE the wintry weather begins to improve, flag selling becomes increasingly popular on Saturdays. Our first experience in this voluntary service was on a cold and wet April morning. Dressed in our warmest clothes, we set out to collect our flags from All Saints' Church. A friendly woman greeted us, and after giving our names we were each given a tray of flags and a collecting tin. We were allowed to decide for ourselves where to stand. We both decided that Derngate Bus Station would be a suitable place as there we would "catch" the country folk coming into town before other volunteers had the opportunity.

On arrival, we arranged to stand at different points rather than together, because there was more chance of us selling out quickly. Although I had a poster attached to my box stating what the flags were being sold for, many people asked what they were in aid of. We both agreed later that the most interesting feature was to watch the varying expressions of passers-by. We noted that usually the gruff looking people crossed the road when they saw us. It seemed that people who could ill afford to donate money, parted with more than the more wealthy and healthy teenagers. Of course the usual excuses were that they had no change or were in a desperate hurry and could not stop. Smaller children came clutching pennies in cold hands and asking for flags. It seemed that for every penny they placed in the tin, a flag had to be handed over.

At the end of a busy morning, we returned to All Saints' Church to hand back our heavy tins and the few flags that were left.

Having enjoyed our first experience of flag selling, we have been happy to volunteer on subsequent occasions. Not only is it a pleasant way to spend warm Saturdays, but it is a very practical way to help others. My friend and I are always ready to help in this way, why don't you come and join us?

G. WHITE (Form 3).