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THE TOWER

The Magazine of the
Northampton Trinity High School

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JULY, 1967

EDITORIAL

THE accusation that schools are becoming "education factories", producing examination results and little else, has been made in an article submitted by a member of our Sixth Form. Internal examinations are a useful and necessary aid to teaching, however, it is worth examining the pressures created by external examinations. These pressures act on pupils and teachers alike. The temptation for teachers is to concentrate solely on success in the G.C.E., because a school and its staff are often judged on examination results alone. Teachers also realise that results which are important to them, are doubly important to the pupils they teach, as their whole future in life often depends upon their performance in an examination. Very often, intensive coaching for examinations produces only mechanical results, and a demanding examination syllabus encourages a restricted approach to wide subjects; only those aspects immediately relevant to the examination are studied in depth.

A further tendency is for students' education in the Sixth Form to be restricted to the subjects of the examination, so that schools become forcing houses for specialists. The trouble is that our education system has become too competitive, and that good examination results lead to a good career. The examination then becomes more important than the subject, which can no longer be studied for its own sake. There is no easy solution to this problem. Examinations multiply yearly and it is idle to suppose that there can be any prospect of a change in the system. We can only urge teachers to resist as far as possible any narrowing of syllabuses, and urge employers and those concerned with the selection of students for college and university to place more reliance on a candidate's school record, his headmaster's report and their own interview, and to place less reliance on examination results as the measure of a person's work.

This year, we welcome the formation of a Community Service Group in the School. The Group's members are prepared to tackle all kinds of tasks to help those less fortunate than themselves; and as the membership grows, so the Group will be able

to extend further its field of activities. Last year's editorial stressed the desirability of young people helping those less fortunate than themselves, so we feel particularly happy at the foundation of this latest School society. We wish the members every success in their efforts.

NEWS AND NOTES

LAST year the School and Staff presented "The Pirates of Penzance." A full report of the opera appears elsewhere in this issue.

We are pleased to record that £250 was collected by the School in the Christmas Charity Appeal. The money is being used to train a guide dog for a blind person. About £100 of this sum was raised by the prefects at a Jumble Sale.

The School extends a welcome to the following members of Staff who have joined us during the past academic year : Mr. Frost, Miss Pettifer, Miss Heaton-Ward, Mr. Boswell and Mrs. Crook. We hope they will enjoy their stay with us.

This year we are sorry to lose the services of Mr. H. D. Smith, Mr. C. H. Hill, Mr. Strickland, Mr. Boswell, who is going to America, and Miss Hamlett, who is going to the Bahamas. We offer them all our best wishes for the future. We would like to thank Mr. Hill and Mr. Smith for their help over a number of years with 'The Tower' publication.

We extend belated congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. L. Hill on their marriage, which took place in France last summer.

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

A party of girls went to the Annual Hockey International at Wembley between England and Ireland and saw England win 7-1.

At the end of the Autumn term the Annual Carol Service was held in the School Hall. The service was conducted by the Revd. John Smith, Rector of St. Peter and St. Paul's, Weston Favell, and lessons were read by members of the School.

During the year two films have been shown, one on driving, and another warning us of the association of cigarettes with lung cancer.

Nadine Stratton, 6LG, has been awarded the "Charles Newton Flying Scholarship" which enables her to become a member of the Junior Air League and of the Northampton Aero Club and contributes towards the cost of flying tuition. The Scholarship is awarded by the Charles Newton Trust.



Obituary

MR. R. R. JONES, B.Sc.

MR. Reyburn Russell Jones became Head of the Mathematics Department in September 1965 in succession to Mr. F. N. Hogg. Mr. Jones had been a member of the school staff since September 1958. He was educated at Glan Afan Grammar School, Port Talbot and at the University College of Swansea.

Mr. Jones was an accomplished and a gifted teacher of his subject, respected by, and popular with, everyone in school. To the staff he was a good colleague always willing to lend a helping hand in time of need. To his pupils he was a sympathetic mentor with an instinctive insight into difficulties and ability to solve apparently insoluble problems.

Under Mr. Jones' guidance the Department of Mathematics was markedly successful and many a former pupil now on the high road to success owes much to the firm grounding he or she received in school at the hands of Mr. Jones and his colleagues.

Mr. Jones' quiet wisdom, his never failing good humour and his innate kindness will be greatly missed by everyone who knew him.

We extend to Mrs. Jones and to Mr. Jones' relatives our sincere sympathy in their bereavement.

SPEECH DAY 1967

THE Guest Speaker at this year's Speech Day was Dr. F. Musgrove, Professor of Research in Education, at the University of Bradford.

The theme of his speech was the need to provide opportunities at all stages in life for those who can take them. He advocated a system of educational episodes since specialised knowledge gained today, particularly in science and technology, will be of limited use in 10 year's time. Dr. Musgrove continued by giving examples of how this system had already been adopted in the programme of refresher courses for teachers. He concluded by deploring the fact that one's whole life should be decided at the age of 11 or 18, a sentiment which we all share.

The Headmaster then read his annual report. He mentioned the shortage of medical, social and child guidance personnel and suggested these careers as alternatives to young people wishing to serve the community but not wishing to teach. He concluded by saying that all indications pointed to an expanding Sixth Form.

After the presentation of prizes by Dr. Musgrove, the Mayor of Northampton, Alderman Mrs. Grace Brown, thanked the Speaker, and the Head Girl, Carol Isaacs, seconded the vote of thanks.

"THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE"

AT the end of the Christmas Term, the School Dramatic Society presented "The Pirates of Penzance", by W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan. The production ran for four nights, and as is customary, Old Age Pensioners from Northampton attended the Dress Rehearsal.

"The Pirates of Penzance" is in the usual style of Gilbert and Sullivan — love, baby-mixing, misunderstandings and right prevailing over wrong combining to provide a happy ending. The production was guaranteed to lift depression the moment the audience saw the bevy of beauties playing the daughters of Major-General Stanley. Their singing was light and confident and the natural enthusiasm of the chorus soon infected the rest of the company.

The cast as a whole was extremely good, and it would be unjust to say that any one character was outstanding. Certain performances however, deserve to go on record, notably S. Slinn's amusing and apt portrayal of the Sergeant of the Police, Mr. G. C. Grimshaw's gruff but soft-hearted Pirate King, and Lesley Griffiths as the loving Mabel.



“THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE” — December, 1966

Photograph by Ralph Meakins

Over one hundred members of the school were involved in this production, and they all acquitted themselves well. Particular credit must be given however to the Wardrobe Mistress, Mrs. Watson, and to Mr. Adams who was responsible for the design of the striking scenery, constructed by the A.D.W.S. and painted by Sixth Form Art Students. Make-up and lighting were both of the usual high standard. Especial credit is due also to the producer, Mr. Timms, and the musical director, Mr. Baker, who both patiently persevered to make this production the success it undoubtedly was.

This was an excellent evening's entertainment, but we feel that the school should now look to the future, and the establishment of a "Gilbert and Sullivan tradition" raises several questions, which ought to be considered before the next opera is chosen. Is the school satisfied with Gilbert and Sullivan, or is it now ready to find fresh fields to conquer in the realms of opera? We maintain that our sights should now be set on something more taxing, both musically and dramatically; after all, over a hundred pupils have shown their willingness to help, so we cannot complain of the lack of support. One of the functions of a grammar school is to set a standard in the field of taste and entertainment, and if our audience goes away at the end of the evening having had to think about what it has seen, so much the better.

An argument often advanced in support of Gilbert and Sullivan is the difficulty of finding any other suitable opera. We suggest that those involved in choosing the next opera should consider, "Let's Make an Opera" by Benjamin Britten, "Amahl and the Night Visitors" by Giancarlo Menotti, and Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas". If these are considered unsuitable, perhaps the school could commission a composer and librettist to write an opera specially for Trinity High School, a project which could be financed from the profits made from previous dramatic productions.

LONGTOWN : HILL WALKING COURSE

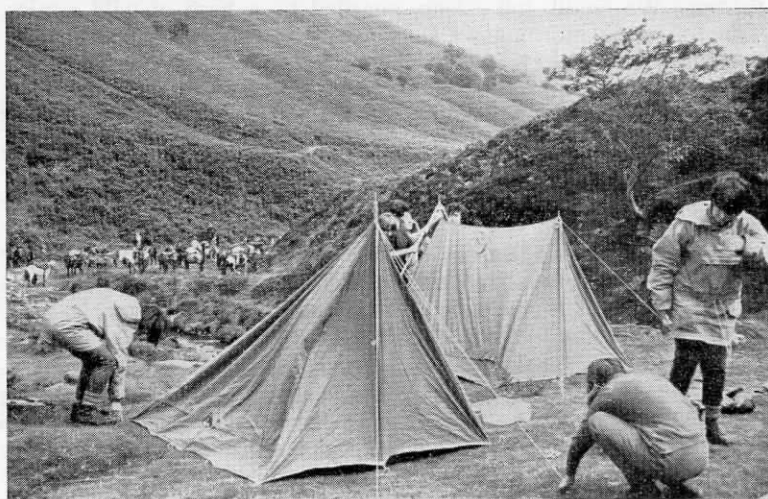
ON Friday, the 15th of July 1966, a party of girls set out from Northampton for a hill walking course at the Youth Centre, Longtown.

On arrival we were issued with equipment ranging from stout walking boots to a bright orange windcheater, designed to make us as conspicuous as possible. We began enthusiastically with a short walk along the Red Darren, and hastened the breaking-in of our boots by soaking them in one of the rivers.

On Saturday we began our week with a vengeance. Our first taste of hill climbing was to be a seven mile walk up the steep Cat's Back and further along the Hatterral Ridge. The climb up the Cat's Back was hard but once on the ridge the going was easier.



*Brecon Beacons
Girls' Longtown Course, July 1966*



*Preparing for overnight camp in the Black Mountains
Longtown 1966*

Part of our route took us through swampy ground which slowed us down, but once through this our pace quickened. The sun was extremely hot at times but it was tempered with a cooling wind. We were very tired when we reached the Court House and sleep came quickly that night.

Sunday, however, was far from being a day of rest, for on this day we were to gain our first experience of rock climbing. We were set down by the mini bus some miles from our final destination, and given a bearing to plot our own route to the cliffs which we were to climb. Our course took us past a lake which made the ground marshy, and the final part of our journey was in a fine drizzle. By the time we were ready to climb the drizzle had increased to a down pour. This made the climb more challenging and we completed our two climbs, one of ninety feet and another of about a hundred and thirty feet, with a great sense of achievement.

On Tuesday we travelled into the county of Brecon, through magnificent scenery dominated by the Beacons. The Penn-y-Fan Beacon was our destination, which we intended to traverse. The climbing was not too difficult and we were able to appreciate the marvellous views from such a great height.

On Wednesday we travelled further into the Black Mountains to find our camping site. The hike was made more difficult by heavy haversacks containing our food and tenting. We pitched camp in bright sunshine and made our meal from dehydrated rations. We finally fell asleep, guarded by a herd of wild ponies. The following morning we hiked back to our waiting transport, a County Borough minibus which struggled along the steep and winding mountain roads. This was our last excursion and the remainder of Thursday was spent checking and returning equipment.

M. EVES (6LG)

A VISIT TO A LEICESTERSHIRE COALFIELD

A PARTY of 5th and 6th formers arrived at Donnithorpe and Measham in Leicestershire on March 8th, 1967, prepared for a gruelling tour of a coalmine. The event proved however, to be a very interesting and informative occasion.

The party was split into two groups for pits a few miles apart. On arrival at the pithead all names and addresses were entered in a special book and numbered discs distributed, which were to be checked on entrance and exit from the shaft, to ensure no one was left below ground. After changing into old clothes and equipping ourselves with helmet, torch and batteries, we prepared to descend in a small cage. The preliminaries of checking equipment and searching for inflammable articles delayed us for only a few minutes, before we stepped into the cage which was to take six of us at a time down to a depth of (about) seven hundred feet at about forty m.p.h.

The ventilation and lighting of the main tunnel made it even more difficult for us to realize that we were so deep. A walk of a mile and a half preceded the journey on the underground train (call a "man-rider") which seemed to travel a great deal faster than the regulation speed of twenty m.p.h.! The tunnel had narrowed considerably and there were no longer any electric lights, when we arrived at our destination. The party with Mr. Hartwell at Measham was fortunate enough to be able to watch the setting and firing of charges in the coalface. Both parties were able to watch the coal cutters being demonstrated. The machines consisted of three rotary blades which cut rectangles of coal at various sizes. It automatically placed the coal on a series of conveyor belts which transported it to the surface.

On the journey back we passed the underground bunkers, containing about 300 tons of coal. The pit at Measham contains about ten years supply of anthracite for domestic and electrical generating purposes.

Although most of the tunnels were well ventilated and lit, it was easy to imagine the damp, suffocating atmosphere experienced by miners in earlier years, and many of us were not unhappy to reach the surface, after more than two hours underground.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Frost and Hartwell for their efficient organization of this interesting trip.

ALASTAIR SHARP (6LM), COLIN LOAKE (5S)

VISIT TO THE GUIDE DOG TRAINING CENTRE

ON Saturday, 11th March, a party of pupils and staff visited the Guide Dog Training Centre at Leamington Spa.

When we arrived we were greeted by the Head Trainer, who was to be our guide. She began by telling us about some of the other training centres in Britain. She mentioned that the dog which we had named "Trin" was now at the training centre at Bolton. After the interesting talk we again met Mr. Jarman and "Candy".

We began our tour by visiting some very young puppies in a small enclosure. They were so excited to see us that they ran to meet us and playfully nibbled our fingers. When we finally tore ourselves away from them we entered the newest building at the centre. In here were some dogs which were about half-way through their training. Our guide released two dogs which ran between our legs wagging their tails. They were beautiful labradors with glossy coats and very strong tails, so strong that one bruised me!

Most of the dogs were labradors, but some were alsatians. Labradors are preferred because they mature earlier. Each dog lives in a spacious and hygienic compartment. Some kennels are

heated by an under-the-floor method which is thermostatically controlled. Two types of doors were used. Some were barred and others were in two parts, like a stable door. Both types of door are used in order to simulate normal living conditions. Most of the beds are hinged to the wall so that they can be moved easily for cleaning. Some beds have no covering on them, because this prevents disease.

Finally our guide put one of the dogs on the lawn so that we could take photographs. The dog seemed to realise this, for she remained very docile. We then returned to the main building where our guide answered our questions. She said that there were ninety nine dogs at the centre and a litter of ten puppies which had been born the previous day. She also said that the oldest dog was fifteen when he died, and that one dog had produced over a hundred puppies.

After the visit everyone agreed that it had been very interesting and worthwhile.

S. VERITY (4R).

THEATRE VISITS

"THE TEMPEST"

ON October 28th, a party of Vith formers visited the Arts Theatre, Cambridge, to see a production of "The Tempest", by William Shakespeare. "The Tempest" is one of Shakespeare's last plays, in which the author was much concerned with the regeneration of moral values; in this play, the character of Alonso is restored to goodness after he has undergone a period of intense suffering, thinking that his son has been drowned in the shipwreck conjured up by Prospero. Earlier this term, there was a production of "The Tempest" at the Repertory Theatre in Northampton, and those who saw both plays were able to make an interesting comparison.

The general opinion was that although both productions were most enjoyable, the Cambridge production was the better one because of superior acting. This was not true of all characters however. At Northampton, Ariel was outstandingly portrayed by an actress, whereas Aerial at Cambridge was indifferently played by a man. It was also felt that Jenny Oulton, as Miranda had a more commanding stage presence than her counterpart at Cambridge.

At Cambridge, the scenery was more suitable, and the producer's treatment of the masque was more sensitive than the knock-about treatment accorded to it at the Rep. Nevertheless, both productions were very enjoyable, and those who saw them felt that they had gained a great deal.

"A PENNY FOR A SONG"

ON May 29th a party visited the Phoenix Theatre, in Leicester, to see a performance of John Whiting's comedy "A Penny for a Song". The Phoenix Theatre is interesting as it is a modern theatre, opened less than five years ago and incorporates an open stage with a steeply banked auditorium. The play is set in England in the early nineteenth century and the theme is the threat of an invasion from the forces of Napoleon, and its effect on the lives and characters of the people portrayed.

Misunderstandings, mistakes of identity and of intentions abound. The Dorset country gentry engage in noble and patriotic attempts at preparing for the imminent disaster.

The play is an attempt by a modern dramatist to state, in an historical setting, the familiar theme of the futility of war, and to caricature the characters who humiliate themselves and destroy all vestiges of dignity by participating in such a campaign. The blind soldier rejected from the army strikes a note of sober reality as he witnesses all the others playing at soldiers.

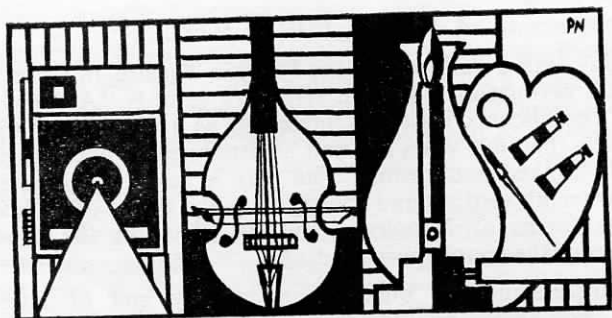
This seemed a play of considerable merit both in its thoughtfully presented theme and its high entertainment value. The production was a noisy, uninhibited one, with some fine performances from John Forgeham as the eccentric Sir Timothy Bellboys and Paul Stewart as Humpage, a form of Shakesperian clown.

The school is embarking upon a full-scale production of this play for its 1967 presentation in December next. We wish it every success, knowing that, if the Leicester production is any guide, the audience will enjoy a stimulating and enjoyable evening.

"JULIUS CAESAR"

LAST November the Vth form English Literature groups travelled to Coventry to see a performance of "Julius Caesar" at the Belgrade Theatre. This proved to be a very interesting visit. The production was very well done, with outstanding performances from the actors portraying Caesar and Casca. The scenery was very effective, but perhaps what most impressed us was the varied changes of mood produced by the skilful use of lighting, and the frighteningly realistic portrayal of the murder of Cinna the Poet by the angry mob. Even the matinee audience of highly critical schoolchildren was impressed by this scene, in which Cinna seemed to be torn limb from limb.

There is much value in seeing a play which you have studied in detail because you know the text and can enjoy the satisfaction of watching the play come to life. This was a very vivid production from which we all learned a great deal.



TRINITY YOUNG CHRISTIANS

DESPITE the general trend towards a decrease of interest in religion, the Trinity Young Christians have managed to attract and keep new members this year. This is mainly due to our campaign to prove that religion can, and indeed should, be interesting.

During the year we have had meetings each alternate week, the subjects including "Christianity v. Atheism", "Why does God allow suffering?" and "Christianity and Sexual Morality", to name but three. The number of people attending has risen steadily.

To those of you who have considered coming to a meeting, but have been a little fearful of finding just a small clique of "Bible-thumpers", we suggest you forget this fallacy and come to a meeting. We assure you it will not be a painful experience—indeed, you may enjoy it.

GEOFFREY WARR (4S).

COMMUNITY SERVICE GROUP

AT the beginning of last term a number of Upper-School pupils, under the guidance of Mr. Meldrum, formed the Trinity Community Service Group. This organization, although at the moment a small one, is doing its best to help others, who in some way are less fortunate than most of us. We try to give help in a practical form, by doing errands, cutting lawns, digging gardens, giving concerts, taking the house-bound for car-rides and sometimes simply by just visiting lonely people and talking to them.

However, a society like this must have strong support, for never too much help can be received. Anyone wishing to help in any way, however small, by giving up a few hours a week, has only to contact either A. Toseland (6LG), P. A. Mabin (6LM), or Mr. Meldrum, who will be extremely glad of your much-needed support.

A. TOSELAND (6LG).

MUSIC GROUP

LAST January a choir from Overstone School had arranged to sing at a Lunch-time Concert at the Art Gallery, but unfortunately just before the concert was due to be held they were unable to keep the engagement. As a result Mr. Baker was asked for his help in providing an emergency programme. He, in turn, asked Anne Toseland (soprano), Angela Rubython (alto), Bruce Wykes (tenor), and Edmund Boyce (clarinet), for their help.

After a lot of hurried research it was decided to perform a mixture of folk songs, well-known classical pieces, and piano and clarinet solos. All the folk songs were ones which Joan Baez had made famous. Handel's most famous song, 'Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring' was also performed. Mr. Baker played some light-hearted classical pieces, notably Chopin's Polonaise in A-flat. The concert was concluded by Edmund Boyce, who played clarinet solos ranging from Tchaikovsky's "Chanson Triste" to Acker Bilk's "Stranger On The Shore".

From remarks made by the audience afterwards it seemed that the concert had been quite a success. As a result several people asked us to perform at various concerts in the near future.

The next concert took place at College Street Baptist Chapel. It was one of a series entitled 'My Kind of Music'. Because the audience was small, compared to that at our first concert, the atmosphere was one of complete informality which made it all the more enjoyable.

Since then we have performed at several Church services. As a result a small orchestra has been formed with the aim of performing a Mass setting in modern style. We are also collaborating with the Trinity Community-Service Group, to perform concerts at a number of Old People's Homes.

E. BOYCE (4R).

LIBRARY REPORT, 1967

IT is frequently the case that reports of this nature in School magazines express the disappointment that the facilities of the School Library are not used nearly as much as those responsible for its organization could desire. Through the years since the foundation of our Library, a series of Library Prefects have begun the year full of optimism and ended it frustrated. The year 1966-67 has run true to type.

The reasons for general failure to make use of the Library are manifold. Undoubtedly television has replaced reading for enjoyment with some pupils; others, particularly in the Upper School, plead that homework leaves little time for enjoying the pleasures to be derived from books. Some boys and girls do read fairly extensively but borrow their books from the Public and

circulating libraries. These factors mitigating against reading can be countered by saying that a few episodes of a television film are no true substitute for literature in the original, that "man does not live by bread alone" and that our own store of books is more readily accessible and, in truth, more suitable for our pupils.

The number of books has now topped the 5,000 mark as the result of regular requisitions and visits to book sales here and in Cambridge. The reference section is particularly well stocked and is available to all boys and girls after school: indeed there are a few regulars who browse and others sent by staff for specific inquiry.

Our thanks are due to the Head Library Prefect and his band of helpers who have had the apparently thankless task of administering to the literary needs of so few.

We hope that in the forthcoming session it will not be necessary to use the Library as a classroom and that English teachers will be able to bring their classes for first-hand acquaintance with its contents.

E.G.B.

THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

A SERIES of short films was presented this year by the Scientific Society, on subjects ranging from "Radio-activity" to "Hovercraft". Great interest was shown in the subjects of motor-racing and engineering especially, and several films were on these and similar topics.

The Society's activities have, in general, been well supported by a large number of boys and girls from all sections of the School, and it is hoped that this interest will continue to flourish next year.

J. NEWTON (6US)

THE RAILWAY SOCIETY

THE Railway Society was formed earlier this year, with Mr. J. Burgess as President. Already a number of very successful meetings have been held.

Two tours have been planned for the summer term. One tour will include a visit to Bristol and the South Wales region, which is of particular interest to the steam-locomotive enthusiast. It is also hoped that a visit will be made to the Bluebell Line, a privately-owned standard gauge railway in Kent.

Both these tours are concerned with steam locomotives, but it is hoped that interest will be taken in other forms of railway transport on future tours. It is sometimes difficult to gain permission to visit railway depôts, but it is hoped that with support from the School this difficulty will be overcome.

Many of the Society's meetings will take the form of film shows, illustrating various aspects of the railways. An exhibition of photographs and souvenirs may also be held. If anyone wants to come along to the meetings, all he or she has to do is to keep awake during Morning Assembly, when notice of future meetings will be given. Most meetings are held on a Monday, and last about three quarters of an hour.

All railway enthusiasts are urged to give the Society their full support.

J. BERTRAND (6LS).

THE STAMP CLUB

THE Stamp Club has met regularly throughout the year, and continues to hold weekly meetings, usually on Thursdays after school. Although a small number of people attend regularly, the Club would welcome new members. The majority of the members are in the first three years, but we have also a few dedicated philatelists from higher up the school. The club would also like to extend an invitation to any girl stamp collectors in the school, since at present we have no girl members.

The club obtains a selection of stamps each week from the Association of School Stamp Clubs; these are on sale at most meetings. When attendance is good enough raffles are held, any profit going to the Club. These profits, and the rebate which the Club receives from the stamp dealers, have helped to pay for a stamp catalogue for the use of club-members, and also helped to pay for the prizes given in a knockout quiz held during the Easter Term.

M.P.J.

AMATEUR DRAMATIC WORKSHOP SOCIETY

AFTER the outstanding success of 'The Importance of Being Earnest' in March 1966, the A.D.W.S. proceeded to build the scenery to be used in 'The Pirates of Penzance' the following December. After much hard work and co-operation between all departments of the School, the scenery for all three acts, each one requiring a different set, emerged complete just two weeks before the first night. The production was a success and thanks are due to Mr. Price, Mr. Bamber and Mr. Brewer who guided the A.D.W.S. in playing their part.

We are now busy designing the scenery for the School's next production, 'A Penny For A Song' to be staged next December.

B. M. DUN (5R).

RESULTS OF "THE TOWER" COMPETITIONS, 1967

THE Haiku Competition was well supported and a selection is printed below. The difficulty was to find haikus which were thoughtful rather than factual. The winner is N. Burns, 6LS, with his haiku "Time".

TIME

Time is the master
Of our daily travelling
Forever faster.

N. BURNS (6LS).

An empire founded
By war must maintain itself
By war and not peace.

P. A. MABIN. (6LM)

SUICIDE

The chasm I see
is yawning below me
and I will soon jump in.

D. OLDAM (5S).

ANXIETY

I do not want the
train to come to this station.
I'm tied to the line.

D. OLDHAM (5S).

THE editors received a large number of entries in this year's competition, and much of the work was of a high standard. Our thanks go to all those who contributed. The following pupils receive book tokens for their work published in this issue of "The Tower".

Jane Cryer, Form 2.
G. Woodward, 2S.
D. George, 4R.

D. Moseley, 4R.
Elizabeth Harris, 6LG.
N. Burns, 6LS.

A VERY IMPROBABLE DREAM

WHEN teenagers stop looking for ways to jump the dawn,
And the Prime Minister earns more in a year than a pop-group,
When cigarette packets have "Can cause cancer" on their flip tops,
And the numbers in congregations show a definite increase,
And teenagers stop being "public enemy number one",
And industrialists admit they like making a profit sometimes,
When China admits she likes living just as much as we do,
And men don't have to be strong-willed to get their beliefs known,
And St. Martins-in-the-Fields is again used as a church,
And small countries find happiness without "big brother" or the Yanks,
And drug-taking by teenagers seems laughable and absurd,
And the colour bar means something blown up by the press,
And cynics start applauding when people do their best,
And the price of food is lowered instead of pensions being raised,
And the class system grows old and falls into decay,
People will say the world has gone mad.

MARK SAUNDERS (5S).

FLEDGED!

THE moment for which I had impatiently waited for two years was now almost upon me. I was ready to fly solo in a glider for the first time. It was late afternoon on a magnificent Autumn day and the wind was dying down to become an almost imperceptible whisper caressing the long grass of the airfield.

I was at R.A.F. Spitalgate in Lincolnshire, where for the past four week-ends I had undergone the training to bring me up to the required standard. I was eligible for such a course because I was a member of the Air Training Corps.

After ten trips in one day, I was feeling a little sore and my regulation collar and collar studs were working like a merciless garotte. My safety-harness held me in a cold vice-like grip, unflinchingly resisting any attempt on my part to make myself comfortable. I religiously ran through my cockpit checks, these having become automatic after constant repetition.

The instructor came forward to rattle off in a parrot-like fashion the same speech I had heard him give to so many other cadets. "Don't pull the stick back too early on the launch. Don't turn crosswind too late and you'll find she floats a lot more on landing." Then after a brief smile he walked away, stopping at a safe distance to say, "Off you go, then."

Then I was ready. Through the haze, I could see in the distance blurs representing the winches that would propel my aircraft skyward. A slight jerk, then another, then a gathering of speed and I am off the ground, the wind noise singing through the struts, sounding like a thousand angels playing on their lyres just for me. Through the narrow perspex canopy all I can see is the sky. Not just a sky any more but my sky, to do with what I will. The glider's nose dips slightly as I release the cable, and I am alone. The decrease in airspeed is accompanied by a decrease in noise. All is quiet. My world lies before me, clean and tidy, a patchwork quilt of fields stretching towards the horizon.

A little left rudder and left aileron result in a nicely executed turn and brings a new landscape under my command. I am so happy and thrilled that I begin to sing a song, the words of which I was not aware that I knew. I feel as though my problems have been literally cast to the wind. My harness no longer hurts but gives me a reassuring hold and my 'garotte' has become a silken scarf. I am sitting on a quilted throne gazing down at my kingdom. Another turn and I am heading crosswind, what a wonderful feeling. From here I can see my friends who had so enviously watched me take off three minutes previously.

Then the final turn and the grass comes up to meet me as the crowd greeted Pompey on his return to Rome. The speed drops, the noise drops and I drop.

The violent shuddering as the wheel and skid touch down awakens me from my world and plunges me into one that I have to share with others.

T. WALTERS (5S).

THE WEAPON

"No need to panic, you've got the weapon", thought Jason Aaron to himself. He plodded steadily on through the earth-like savannah grass. The things were still there. They had followed him since he had left his space craft. Half dog, half cat, they had vicious sabre teeth, but Jason had no need to worry; he had the weapon. A highly advanced weapon, it was given to him by earth scientists for testing, and they awaited eagerly for his report.

He stopped and surveyed the green, rolling landscape of Dynos. They stopped too. Suddenly a strange series of grunts sounded. Jason whirled round. Already the weapon was in his hand, strangely heavy for its size so that it felt uncomfortable. A rhinoceros-like creature wandered out from behind a clump of stunted trees and after eyeing him for a few moments, turned and lumbered off into the dense undergrowth.

Jason sat on a rock and wiped the perspiration from his brow. Two suns made the whole of the small Dynos scrubland and

savannah similar to the veld back on earth. Not that Jason was homesick. He was glad to say goodbye to it but his creditors were not so glad to say goodbye to him. Things had not worked out too well for him on Earth. Now he was a scout working for the Interplanetary Exploration Force. He did not particularly enjoy his job, but he was well paid.

He turned to go back to his craft. He had walked a couple of steps before he realized that the creatures were all around him.

"Oh well, the damn things asked for it," he muttered. The weapon swung out in a wide arc. The trigger was squeezed. For one dread moment Jason thought that nothing had happened until he saw that the three creatures along with a boulder seemed to melt, merge together, and then completely dematerialise. He realised that his hand was shaking terribly and his shirt was soaked in a sudden sweat.

Weapon or no weapon, he obeyed his natural instinct and ran for his life. The things, undeterred followed. He dropped with exhaustion as he reached the airlock. The twin suns blazed down on him. He pulled himself shakily to his feet. At once the things attacked. The silent weapon cut them into neat little pieces. Still more came. Jason worked feverishly on the air lock lever. He turned to scythe a creature in half while it leapt at him. The door clicked and opened.

"Thank God," gasped the suddenly religious-minded Jason, as the air-lock door slammed shut. He sighed in relief, a sigh that stuck in his throat. A slow snarl came from behind him. One had got in! The thing was on his back in an instant, biting at his neck. He threw it off and grabbed the weapon, squeezing the trigger again. His senses reeled to oblivion

Jason lay in the warm sunshine ; a feeling of security and comfort stole over him. He could stay like this for ever. Suddenly his senses awoke with a jolt. Sunshine in the air lock of a space craft? His eyes opened and gradually focused on the headless body of the creature and then on a criss cross pattern of neat holes in the ship's hull. Fuel and air pipes had been severed and the blueish coloured liquid oxygen fuel was dripping its last drops on the airlock floor.

Jason wept.

Three months passed before they came looking for him. They found him building a wooden shelter for himself. There were no creatures about, only one lying dead with an arrow in its side.

"They don't bother me now," he said putting down the heavy-butted weapon he had been using as a hammer.

R. MOSELEY (4R).

BRAVERY OR MURDER

Do you know why
Good people die
Why men go to war
Just acclaiming the law,
To destroy and gain fame,
The honour of a name
Remembered through time
Of ages to climb.
Why people kill
Is a good question still.
To kill is a disease
Not curable by fees
Of miserable cost.
A ransom for lost
Memory and soul,
Gained by a hole
Made by bullets of lead
Buried deep in the head.
To kill to obtain,
And still remain sane.
The disease strikes hard
Though the body be marred
By scar, through it still
The thought remains ill.
The deed has been done,
A life lost not won.
One more to the miles
Of bodies in piles,
On Vietnam's long list
One man never missed.
Through all the affray
Let's not think this way.
We have been saved
From death and the grave.
No battles anymore—
Make love not war !

ELIZABETH HARRIS (6LG).

THE VIOLIN

IT was just another day in the life of Joseph Epstein. He was the pawnbroker on the corner of the High Street.

The time : December 1966, during the Big Freeze. No-one had entered the shop the whole day. Just like yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that . . . Outside, waiting in front of the Labour Exchange, were groups of cold, grey, unemployed men. A weather-beaten poster mockingly read "Go with Labour".

"Ach! might as well close," Joe muttered. But what was this? Someone coming in! Yes . . . yes, he was.

A shabby, elderly man made a shuffling entrance: "You still open?"

Joe merely raised his eyebrows and creased his forehead questioningly.

"You give anything for musical instruments?" he demanded, thumping down on army surplus kitbag.

"Depends".

"It's a fiddle".

"You're telling me," smirked Joe. He could see the violin was old. He blew the dust off it. Hardly visible on the back was the inscription, "Stradivarius of Cremona". Joe could not believe it, but nevertheless he showed no outward emotion.

"Well?" said the old man impatiently.

"Wait," commanded Joe and disappeared behind one of those multi-coloured, plastic screens. He thrust the instrument underneath his brother's nose.

"Whaddya make of this?" he asked. Screwing his inspection glass in his eye, Alf scoured the body of the old violin. The glass dropped from his eye and he started to tremble.

"Joe—it's real; worth forty thousand anywhere." Both men stood motionless. Joe returned to the shop.

"Sorry I have been so long," he coughed, "I couldn't find my magnifying glass." The old man stood waiting.

"Two quid," snapped Joe innocently.

"Oh, I thought it might be worth a bit more."

Joe laughed. "More? How much do you reckon it's worth then?"

The old man gave Joe a steady gaze.

"Forty thousand pounds," he said.

A. DRAKE (4R).

BEAUTY

A blue sky in spring,
Pink and white clouds,
What a wonderful thing.
Four swans on a pond
A grass bank beyond
What a wonderful scene in spring.

SUSAN WHITE (Form I).

COVENTRY CATHEDRAL

Geometrical, symmetrical,
Grand and massive,
Stands the concrete monster,
Beside the result of hate and greed.
Safety standards, fire equipment,
Quick and efficient,
Ready for an emergency,
Beside the result of fire and heat.
Ultra modern, new materials,
New and commercial,
Drop into pre-cut trenches,
Beside the ruins of stone and plaster.
Prefabricated, automated,
Easy to erect,
Built by mechanical hands,
Beside the remains of sweat and toil.

D. GEORGE (4R).

MY PROBLEM

ONCE again the same problem arises, I must write something for the school magazine, but what? Last year I appealed to my elder brother for inspiration, but his comments were unprintable.

My mother was in the kitchen preparing for visitors. No, it was obvious no ideas were forthcoming from that source. She suggested that I ask my sister as she had had to do that sort of thing many times before. I was to knock carefully on her bedroom door before entering, as she was getting ready to go out.

I went upstairs and knocked gently on the door. Muffled sounds came from within, increasing in volume, as did my knocking. Opening the door I went in, and jumped back quickly. Two eyes glared at me angrily out of a mass of white stiff clay. (Well it looked like clay to me!).

"Don't you dare make me laugh," she muttered between fixed white lips. I put my face closer to hers. "As if I would," I said very slowly.

Two dark cracks appeared at the corners of her mouth, spreading quickly to her eyes and ears. Then smaller cracks appeared all over her mask. Gradually her face became her normal shape and pieces of clay covered my sister and the carpet.

"Now look what you've done, you little—!" (unprintable). Still laughing, I made a swift escape into the arms of Mum, who asked me if I had gained any ideas. "Only one," was my laughing reply, "how girls keep their good looks!"

P. ROUTHORN (3RL).

THE BLACK SILHOUETTE

A black silhouette sliding through the shadows,
Twin green flashes like two arrows,
Stabbed through the darkness
With a baleful stare,
And vanishing like lightning in the headlights' glare.
The feline shape slinking along the roadside
Was "Black Satan" with graceful pride,
Hunting through the hedgerows for his nightly fare,
Then back to the farmyard to his deep straw lair.

JANE CRYER (Form 2).

"BREAK"

THERE is a growing restlessness as everyone waits for the bell to ring for break. Then, suddenly it rings, chattering breaks out in our maths group, and Mr. X tells us to be quiet or else, as the bell is a signal for him and not for us.

We are then released and the hungry ones amongst us flock down to the tuck shop, and push in. Fred, however, after three attempts to get to the front of the queue by one means or another, is finally thrown outside into the exercise yard by the strong arm men.

Outside there are shrills, shrieks and screams from the younger ones playing at catching and other infantile games. The older and more mature members of our clan are to be found in little groups huddled together, wisely trying to shield themselves from the biting wind. Somebody discovers that it is Fred's birthday, poor Fred. Everyone slowly moves towards him, there is a sudden scuffle, and shouting he is lifted wriggling and struggling into the air, 1 2 3 4 . . . and one for luck, after which he is brought painfully back to earth. He scrambles to his feet, tucks in his shirt and attempts to look respectable again. The little groups are then reassembled and the conversations continue. I get out my chemistry book, replace page 378 and start in vain to do last week's homework.

The female members of our clan however are to be found huddled around the kitchen door, protecting their delicate innocent souls from the boisterous play of us male members, resisting also any attempts made by the strong arm girls to extricate them.

There is a sudden shrill of the whistle and everyone is quiet and still, as if formed of stone. The silence is broken by a burst of laughter, and the derisive cry, "Give him a carrot!" Though threatened by a strong arm member, the comedian is not revealed. The second whistle is heard and everyone meanders to the appropriate queue to await the third whistle which allows us to enter the Tower once more. The doors clang to behind us, and that is break (recreation time) over for another day.

S. W. ALLWORK (4K).

TUCKSHOP REVISITED

A Second Former stood in the Tuck Shop queue,
And the line in front grew and grew.
"If only I could change," he said,
"I'd choose to be a Third Former instead."
A Third Former stayed in at ten to four,
Having just broken a silly School law.
Said he, "The world will make me tire,
To be a Sub-Prefect is my desire."
A Sub-Prefect stood in Assembly Hall,
Attending his charges big and small,
"These children get me down," said he,
"And I a Full Prefect would like to be."
A Full Prefect, walking around the School,
Seeing all obey his rule.
"I would," he said in quite a trance,
"Be a Master if I had the chance."
A Master was secretly longing for bed
But he had books to mark instead.
He said, "If I could change, it's plain,
I'd be a Second Former again."

R. BUTLER (3R).

THE MYSTERIOUS BREW

SUDDENLY the weird old man rose from his chair, tried to straighten his bent old back and shuffled towards a heavy oak door just visible through the half light. A withered piece of skin that vaguely resembled a hand groped for the door-handle and with a loud long creak, the heavy door swung open.

Immediately a cloud of thick mist billowed from the room, and the old man shuffled in. He fought his way through the dense vapour to the other side of the room where from over the fire he unhooked a small cauldron which contained bubbling steaming liquid. He proceeded to pour the liquid into a smaller container, into which he had previously placed some herbs. After stirring this for a while he poured some into a beaker to which he added a thick, white substance and a few crystals. Once more he stirred the steaming potion.

As he lifted the brew to his lips, his dried-up features seemed to crack into a smile. He hesitated for a second and then began to drink.

Suddenly he began to change. His miserable face brightened. He took another sip of the liquid. Then he sat down in a chair and began to sing to himself.

Isn't it wonderful what a cup of tea can do ?

G. WOODWARD (2S).

SOME DIFFERENCES BETWEEN FRENCH AND ENGLISH SCHOOLS

I HAVE been asked to write about a subject which, while you may not find it exciting, I hope you will find interesting, as there are several important differences between secondary schools in our two countries.

First of all, let us consider the organisation. At the head of a school you find the Headmaster (Proviseur), a Deputy Headmaster (Censeur) and a "Surveillant Général", whose task is the maintenance of discipline. There are no such people as prefects; in French schools there are no privileged classes; nobody has got an extra bit of authority. You may rightly wonder how they manage without prefects. Each school has its quota of "surveillants". These are students who come to the school for three days a week, supervise classes, fill up reports and look after the school during the dinner hour.

Of course the differences do not end here. One must not forget that the curriculum itself is quite different. For instance, you cannot drop half your subjects in the Sixth Form and take a three subject course for 'A' Level. For the Baccalauréat, France's equivalent examination, you have to take eight or nine subjects. After this, you are required to remain at school for a further year for a concentrated course in Philosophy. This year, in my opinion, is a most interesting one, and very useful for adolescents as it gives them a good opportunity of training their minds for some serious thinking . . .

I suppose it is impossible to finish this article without mentioning the school life. Unfortunately, in France, the school does not mean very much outside the academic field. School is only a place where you go to learn; it is not a community within a community, as it is in England. For example, sports are only practised outside school hours by the enthusiasts. It is very rare for a play to be produced within a school; every teacher leaves at four o'clock on the dot; and the idea of a French teacher getting up early on Saturday morning to referee a football match is quite preposterous. I could give you many further examples of the differences which exist between our two systems of education, but I would not dream of boring you by going on for another twenty pages. All I shall say in conclusion is that I hope I have given you an idea of the educational gulf which exists between England and France.

Mrs. D. HILL.

TOES

What are things called toes ?
They grows and they grows and they grows,
They grow on your feet,
When awake and asleep,
At the opposite end to your nose.

J. HACON (3K).

MY FEET

MY feet are all out of proportion. They are too wide and too boney. Whenever I have new shoes I get nothing but blisters and sore feet. My toes are so odd in length that they cannot really be called toes but " things " protruding from my feet. The toe next to my big toe is about half an inch longer than the rest of my toes. There is about half an inch between each toe. My little toe curls up so that it does not look like a toe at all. When I space my toes my feet look like ducks' feet or feet belonging to a monster from outer space. The upper part of both feet is all boney and all the veins are visible. My ankles — well, I do not think I had better mention them !

The trouble with having broad feet (expert talking !) is that when you go to buy new shoes, you end up by being surrounded by dozens and dozens of marvellous shoes you would love to have but cannot wear, and buying a pair which are the only ones which fit, but naturally you do not like.

Compared with mine, my sister's feet are like angels' feet. They are perfect in size and shape. She can just walk into a shoe shop, select the shoes she likes, and buy them without any bother about size or shape.

The sort of school shoes I am forced to wear are so big and hefty that after wearing them for a week my feet are covered with blisters. About two months later the shoes are too big and just drop off my terrible feet.

Why is it that I have to be blessed with such awkward, wide, misshapen feet ? Why couldn't somebody else have them ?

For Sale : 1 pair of wide, misshapen, awkward, silly feet.
Apply :

ODETTE BOREHAM (Form 2).

ECSTASY ?

I see the sounds I've never heard,
Hear the colours I've never seen :
Writing shapes that feel so real
Yet change in an instant.
Is this death or another birth ?
Is this a dream or reality ?
Is this a nightmare or ecstasy ?
This is fear and L.S.D.

JANET MURBY (5).

CIVILISED SCHOOLS IN CIVILISED BRITAIN ?

The article below was submitted by a member of our sixth form. The editors would welcome letters from readers giving their opinions on the ideas expressed.

THE mutilated, bullet-riddled body of the soldier lay contorted, inert, slowly rotting in the stinking slime of the swamp. He was a man; he died like a man. He was eighteen. "Congratulations, Bruce. I just heard your wife has given you a baby boy. How does it feel to be a father for the first time?" Bruce is a man; he has proved himself a man. He is eighteen. Perhaps contrary to the opinion held in certain quarters, sixth formers attending the many grammar and comprehensive schools in Great Britain are adults also, in fact they are probably more intelligent than the above examples. They are eighteen.

With the rapid expansion of sixth forms in recent years, a situation has arisen which has caused considerable disquiet amongst sixth formers themselves. They are concerned that, very often, senior staff in secondary schools are unwilling to concede that members of their sixth forms are men and women, and not the children of the junior and middle school, unable to be trusted and having to be told what to do. It has been claimed that our sixth formers are some of the most highly educated young people in the world. I will agree with that statement if we call obtaining three G.C.E. 'A' Level Certificates a mark of high intelligence. While accepting that these young people are intelligent, I believe that they are often deficient in one important aspect of their education: they lack a true understanding of life. It is unfortunate that external pressures are allowed to turn schools into "education factories", where the prestige of a school is measured by the number of G.C.E. passes it has obtained. It is a sad state of affairs when we are not given time in school to study the "science of life". Time should be

set aside for the study of problems which concern and affect the maturing student. It is not surprising that members of staff find students lounging about talking, and not frantically trying to learn two more mathematical theorems or quotations from a text, before the next lesson begins.

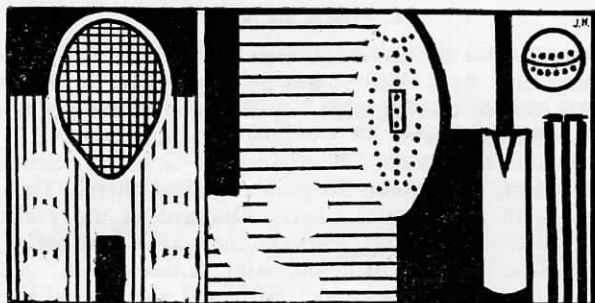
It would not be out of place to mention at this point, the special problems which affect those members of the sixth form who are appointed prefects. These people have the unenviable task of being mediators between staff and pupils. Problems of prefect/pupil relations appear to be present to a greater or lesser degree in most schools. Perhaps the greatest grievance that a sixth former has when he accepts the responsibilities of the office of prefect is that he reaps no material benefits. In a society where trades unions are prominent, and it is unheard of for a man to accept extra responsibility without fair return, it is reasonable for prefects to consider that the reference one receives on application for a job, or a place in college or university, and the honour of the position inadequate compensation. We are not looking for financial reward, but simply that the efforts of prefects in performing a difficult task should be recognized, and that certain basic facilities and privileges should be provided. A room, for example, is essential and it is important that the prefects themselves should be entirely responsible for the administration of that room.

These ideas may conflict with the ideas of some headmasters and their senior staff, but I seriously believe that to provide society with highly educated men and women, who are capable of leading proper civilised lives, we must not only provide them with a sound education in the arts and sciences, but also teach them how to live, and this can be done by showing more understanding and respect for society's young leaders.

SCHOOL

School means books and pens and words,
Teachers, numbers, nouns and verbs.
Prefects who may take your name,
If you do not play the game.
But also there are things of pleasure,
And training on how to spend your leisure.
School dinners are debatable,
And mostly quite uneatable.
But considering and pursuing all,
I am glad I have to go to school.

PAMELA DUNKLEY (Form 1).



SCHOOL SPORT

FIRST XV

THE First XV has had a dismal record this season, principally because there were not enough boys in the 6th Form good enough or big enough to be selected, so that many of the previous season's Under 15th XV had to be promoted. As a result, the First XV was outweighed and outpaced by the bigger grammar schools, notably Wellingborough and Luton, and although the captain, T. Crane, worked hard at fly-half, the team never really obtained enough of the ball to do anything constructive. Out of fifteen games the team won only three, against Northampton G.S. Second XV, against Daventry G.S. and Towcester G.S.

G.C.G.

UNDER 15 XV

ALTHOUGH the team has had considerable success this season, behind the scenes there has been a lack of team spirit. The two games lost were both against Wellingborough G.S., and both defeats were the result of a lack of cohesion among the backs, who preferred to argue about missed tackles instead of trying to do something about them.

I am pleased to record however, that it was team spirit and some intelligent play by Cooke, Stoneman and Morgan that kept the Paget Cup at the School for another year. Played at Franklins Gardens against Northampton Grammar School, it was the first game between schoolboy XV's under the Saints' floodlights.

Cooke, Morgan, Rooke, Campling, Swingler and Thorneycroft all played for the Town Boys' XV; Cooke playing in every position behind the scrum except scrum-half! Swingler also played on the wing for the County XV.

We were able to run a full 'B' team this year, and it was very convenient to have such boys as Ordish, Goldby, Houghton and Smith able to fit into the 'A' XV so well on many occasions.

K.K.P.