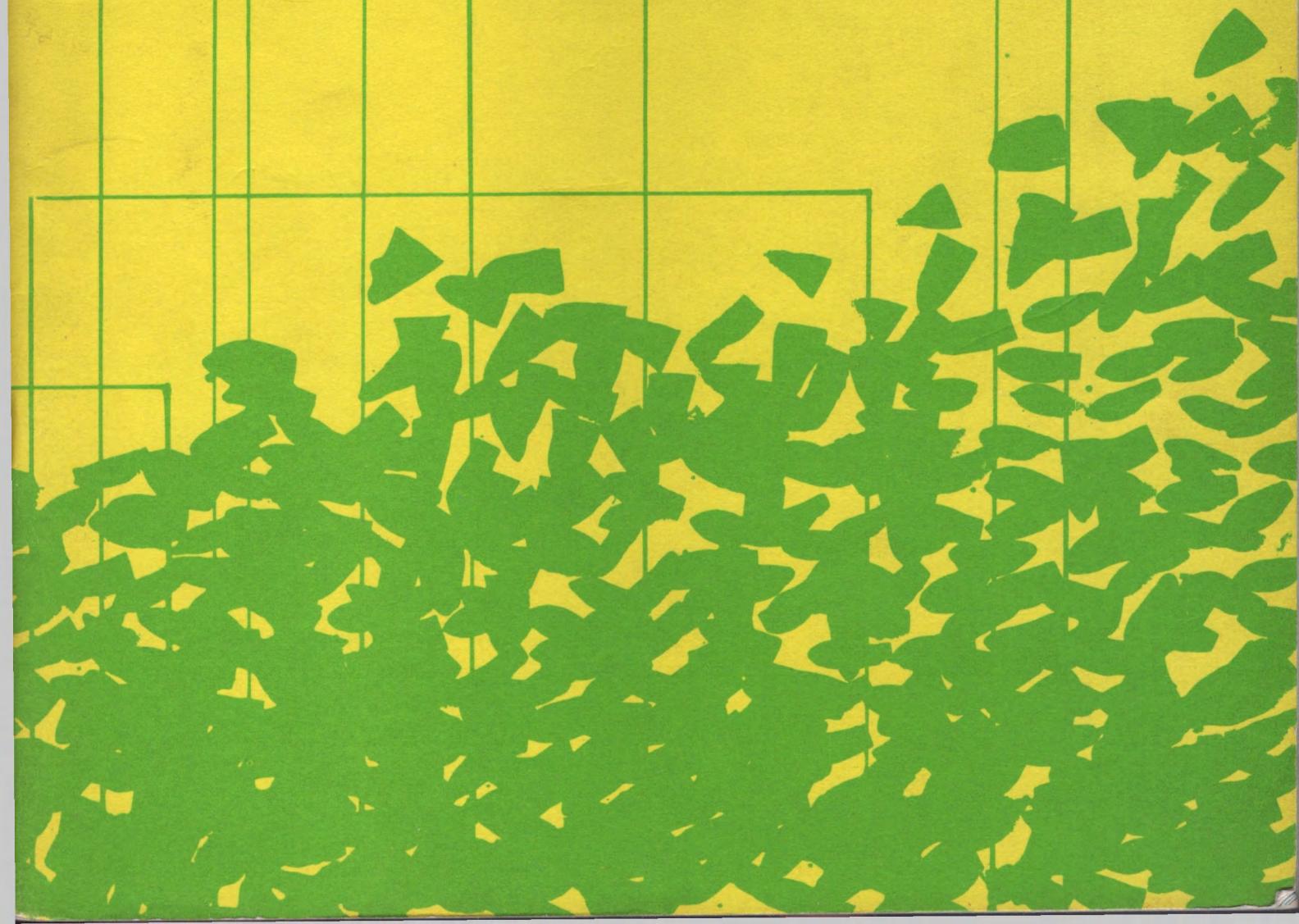


CENTAUR

1970 - 1971



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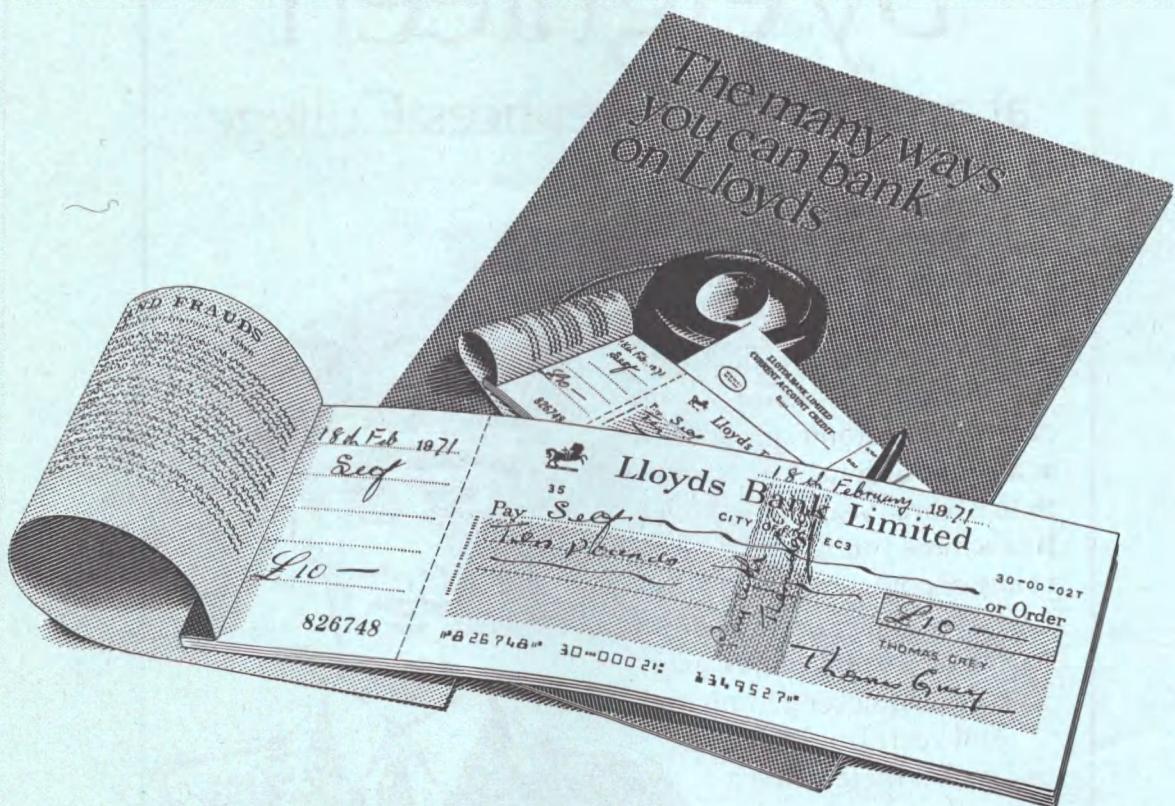
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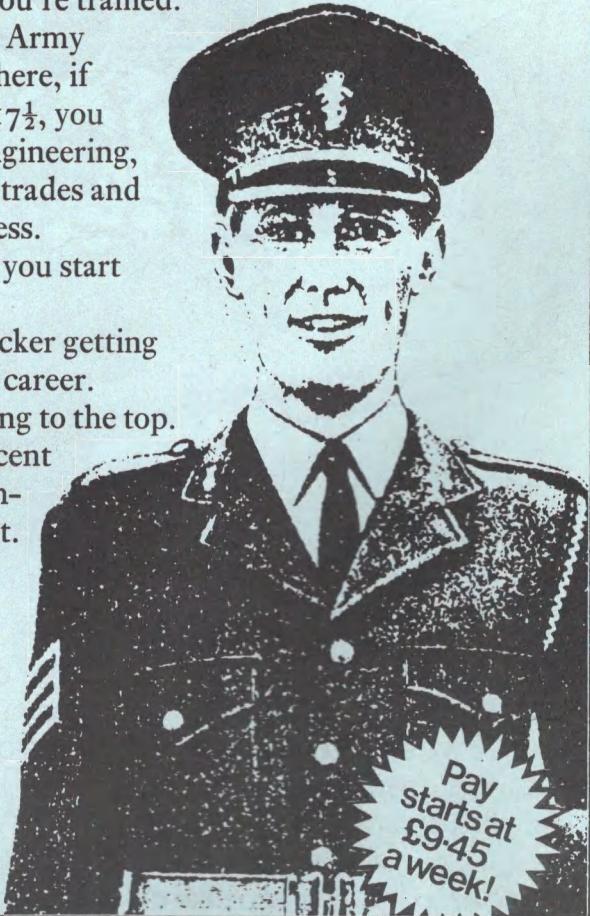
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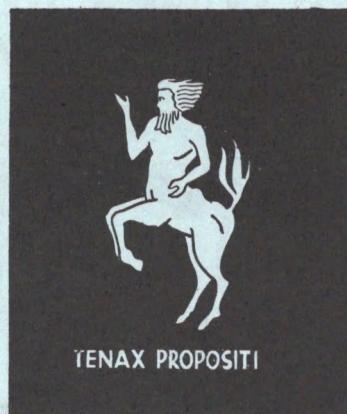
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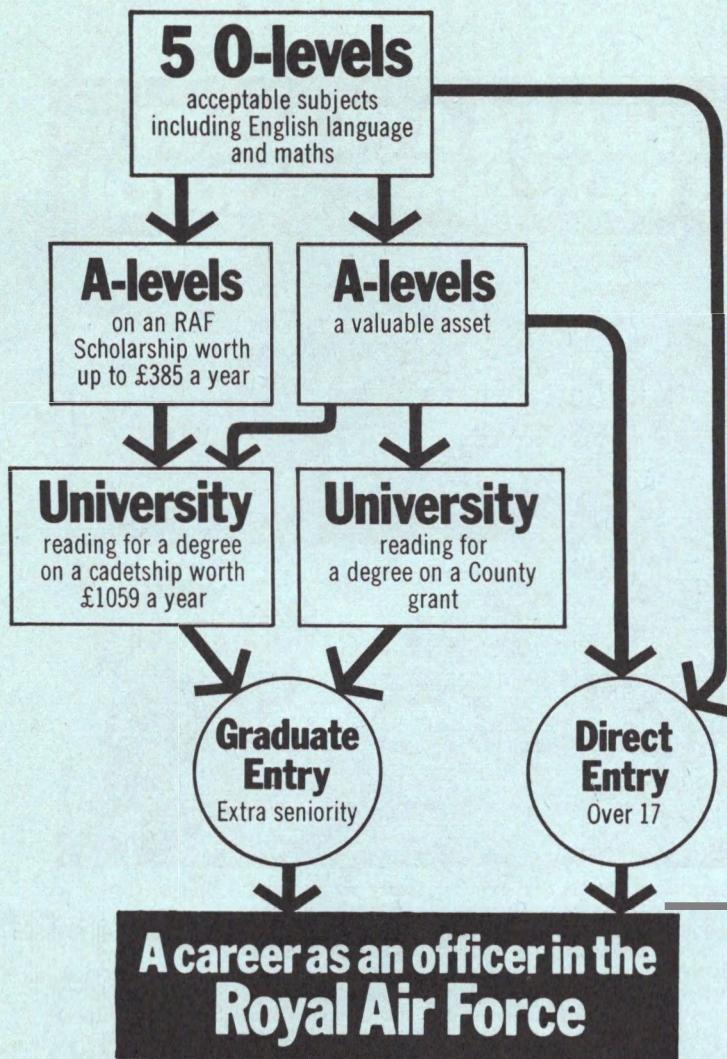
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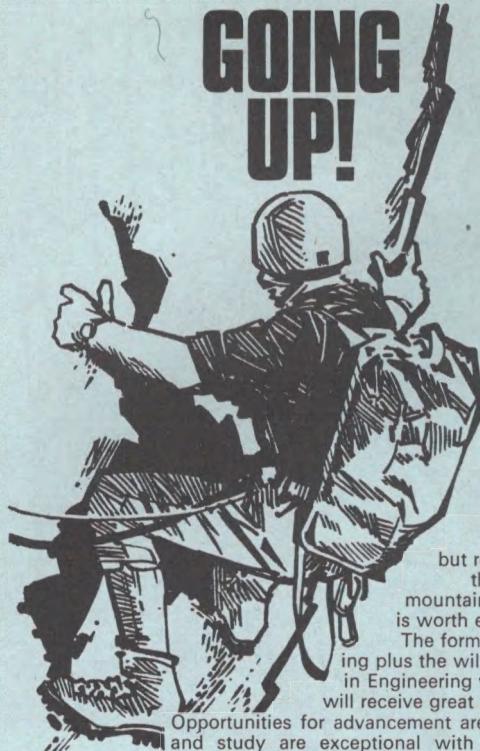
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CEN TAUR 70/ 71.

contents

School Officials	2	Who was Henry Mellish ?	17
Public Speaking	16	Toad of Toad Hall	38,39
School Notes	4	School Dinners	41
House Notes	14 to 16	Austria & Denmark	48,49
University & College Notes	7 to 9	Fifth Form Camp	51
Mr. R. McCandless	5	Quizzes	8,17,24,28
Mr. T.O. Balk	6	Answers	53
Sport	10 to 13	Clubs and Societies	43 to 46
Staff-Prefects Match	18,19	Crossword	40
C.C.F. Report	42,43	Sixth Form Common Room	37
PTA	52	Stories	15,20,23,29,32,35,39,47
Geog. Field Trip	50	Poems	22,25,26,30,31,34
		EDITORIAL	3

SCHOOL OFFICIALS 1970 - 71

School Captain: R.T. Rowell
R. Goodliffe
Vice-Captain: I. Lindsay
Prefects: W. Bealby
C. Beckitt
A. Blackman
A. Bullard
P. Coleman
H. De Jonge
R. Fayers
A. Gee
M. Gee
J. Goodwin
S. Greenhalgh
T. Handley
D. Haywood
S. Hodgkinson
S. Longdon
R. Outram
R. Peacock
L. Pettefar
D. Potts
R. Saxton
R. Smith
D. Standring
A. Stevens
P. Walster
Z. Wozniakowski



Demolition is a difficult task. People are angered, others saddened, some relieved, and of course, there are the nerveless indifferent. The indifferent, we acknowledge, are beyond us, but the rest, well, what we have built in the place of the past may not be better, but it is different, and if different, then it may be taken note of. To be taken note of is something of an achievement. That is not our complete goal, but at least it will give us an identity and that is something to begin with.

The Editors would like to thank all those members of the school who have contributed in any way to the production of CENTAUR. In particular they would like to thank Miss Christine Hodges for her patient, careful and good-humoured typing-out of texts which were often illegible and usually unsightly.

**The Editors for this magazine are M.A. Austin,
J.F. Goodliffe and P.M. Tiahnybida.**

SCHOOL NOTES

In July last year we said goodbye to Mr. McCandless, who retired; to Mr. Spolton, who has taken up an appointment in the Maths. Department at the Dukeries Comprehensive School; to Mr. Stafford, who is now Head of the History Department at Coventry; to Mrs. Smith who is now teaching English at Bramcote Grammar School; to Mr. Wilson, who is in charge of Music at the Carlton Cavendish School.

To all of them we extend our best wishes for the future.

In September we welcomed Mr. W.G. Harcourt (English); Mr. P. Henwood (History); Mr. I. Sharpe (Music); and Mr. K. Sherratt (Physics).

We hope that they enjoy their time with us.

Mr. Skidmore moved, at the end of the Easter term, 'over the hill' to High Pavement where he will teach Chemistry. He carries with him our good wishes.

M. Boutière joined us in September. We find him a most delightful person to have with us and in the Staff match against the Prefects he displayed an unsuspected talent for 'la (or is it le?) football'. We hope that he has enjoyed his time with us and we wish him every success in the future.

The Commemoration Service was held in Bulwell Parish Church on Friday, 23rd October 1970. The service was conducted by the Rev. W. Beasley (1945-52) the Vicar of St. Mary's, Bulwell. Others who assisted were the Rev. E.W. Sheeran (1929-33); the Rev. E.P. Bailey (1946-52); and the Rev. F.G. Green (1952-59). The organist was Mr. F.D. Wilson. The lessons were read by the Chairman of the Governors, E.R. Hudson, Esq. (1931-35), and the Headmaster.

A large number of parents and friends attended the Carol Service, held in the Parish Church in the evening of the 16th December.

We offer our congratulations to a former editor of this magazine, R. Saxton. He has been awarded an Exhibition in English at Magdalen College, Oxford. He will be going up to the university in October.

P.J. Oldershaw has continued his successes at Cambridge. He was awarded a first class in Part II of the Medical Science Tripos having obtained a 1st in Part I. He is now at Guy's Hospital, London.

The Old Boys Rugby XV won the Nottinghamshire Knock-out Cup, beating Newark in the final. In the match against the Derbyshire champions, Old Baileans, the Old Boys lost a close game 11 - 6. There is some consolation in the fact that one of our Old Boys, Lou Marquand, was playing for the Old Baileans.

The result of the Staff v the Prefects football match emphasised the current superiority of the Staff team. Man of the match was undoubtedly Mr. Gladwin who scored the three goals recorded by the Staff.

During the Spring term we had with us: Messrs. Aristidou, Jackson, Reed, Swann, Walker, and Welby from Nottingham University Department of Education; Mr. Butt from Loughborough College and Mr. Smith from Clifton College. We hope that they enjoyed their time with us and we wish them every success in their future careers.

We would like to express our appreciation of the work done by members of IVc and Vc in erecting and dismantling the stage and in acting so efficiently as stage hands during the performance of the play 'Toad of Toad Hall'. All did very well indeed.

Mention of the play reminds us to congratulate and thank Miss Christine Hodges who, when a member of the cast fell ill, took over the part at very short notice and performed admirably.

The Public Speaking competitions were held on Tuesday, April 7th. We are very grateful to Dr. P.J. Hitchman of the Nottingham University Department of Education who came to adjudicate. A report on the proceedings appears elsewhere.

Parties of boys have been to the Playhouse to see performances of the following plays: 'The Rivals', 'Hamlet', 'Waiting for Godot', 'Le Misanthrope'. 'Waiting for Godot' was, without doubt, the highlight of the season. The performances of Peter O'Toole and Doanal McCann were relished by the members of the sixth who saw this production.

We offer our congratulations to Alan Fish. He played for the English Schools Badminton Team in a triangular match against Scotland and Ireland. The English team drew with Scotland 5-5 and beat Ireland, 9-1. Alan Fish won 3 of his 4 matches. He also played for the Nottinghamshire Schools in the Inter-county Championships. Notts. were placed 2nd in these. In the individual tournament he was in the winning doubles team but lost in the final of the mixed doubles. He and his partner won the East Midlands Junior Doubles Championship.

Mr. Frank Musgrave (1934-41) has been appointed Sarah Fielden Professor of Education at the University of Manchester. Since 1965 he has been Professor of Research in Education at the University of Bradford and has had two periods as a visiting professor in North America - at the University of British Columbia and in 1969 at the Department of Sociology on the Davis Campus of the University of California.

P. A. Wilkinson, School Cricket Captain in 1969, is now playing for Nottinghamshire C.C. He made a successful appearance in the Player's Cup against Hampshire - even though Notts. lost. We wish him every success in this and in future seasons.

John Waller (1947-53) is working as sub-editor on a newspaper in Philadelphia, U.S.A.

Ian Hallam was narrowly defeated in the final of the individual pursuit event at the World Cycling Championships at Leicester last year. In the Commonwealth Games in Edinburgh earlier in the year he won a gold medal. We are hoping that he will again be selected for the Olympic team next year.



MR. R. McCANDLESS

Mr. R. McCandless retired in July 1970 after 22 years at the School as Senior Physics Master and latterly as Head of the Science Department.

As a teacher of Physics his achievements speak for themselves but it is not simply as a scientist we will remember him. His interests were wide and his concern general. He possessed in large measure that keen sense of loyalty of the dedicated teacher. He did his work quietly and without fuss, neither seeking nor requiring the praise of others. He involved himself fully in the life of the School. He was, for many years, the Secretary of the Parent/Staff Association and did much to establish the organization on a sound basis. He gave generously of his time to debates, school plays, sports meetings, and S.C.M. conferences.

We shall miss his lively humour, his - if he will forgive the phrase - 'geordie' integrity and practical commonsense. His future time will be taken up by his many interests and we wish both him and Mrs. McCandless long and happy years of retirement.

T.O. BALK

It was with very real regret that we learned of the death early in the Autumn term last year of T.O. Balk, the first Headmaster of this School. He will be remembered with affection by all who knew him. It was in December of 1969 that he last visited the School and he delighted us all with his undiminished enthusiasm, his gentle courtesy, his keen memory for events and faces. It was hard to believe that he was in his eightieth year.

There have been many tributes to him and we are not qualified to add to these. It may not be amiss, however, to recall his own words when he left the Mellish in 1935 to become Headmaster of Hackney Downs School, London. "A school needs more than a reputation for good work and sportsmanship; it must have that quality, almost impossible of definition, which is generally known as "atmosphere" ... a spirit of friendly courtesy, the courtesy which shows itself in spontaneous respect for those older and more experienced, and a friendly sympathy with, and a willingness to help, the younger and the less fortunate." It is the opinion of those who knew him that T.O. B. by his own example - by his cheerful and unceasing labours - gave to the School the 'atmosphere' which it has cherished.

We extend to his daughters and family our deepest sympathy.

E.A.B. writes -

His was not an easy task when he opened the Mellish in 1929. He had a new building and an entry of over 100 first-formers, who were the original Henry Mellish boys, but forms 2 to 6 were filled with boys who had begun their Grammar School lives at other schools and who had now to change their loyalties. His Staff was also mixed - young men chosen by himself, along with older men from other schools. The fact that in five years the Henry Mellish had become a lively, united and successful corporate body was in no small measure due to T.O.B.'s wise and unremitting efforts. He showed those two qualities which are to be found in those successful in controlling institutions. He delegated authority with great care and yet was in close touch with every activity within the School. He devoted his life to the School and expected a similar attitude in both Staff and Boys. Winter and summer he attended School matches and School functions.

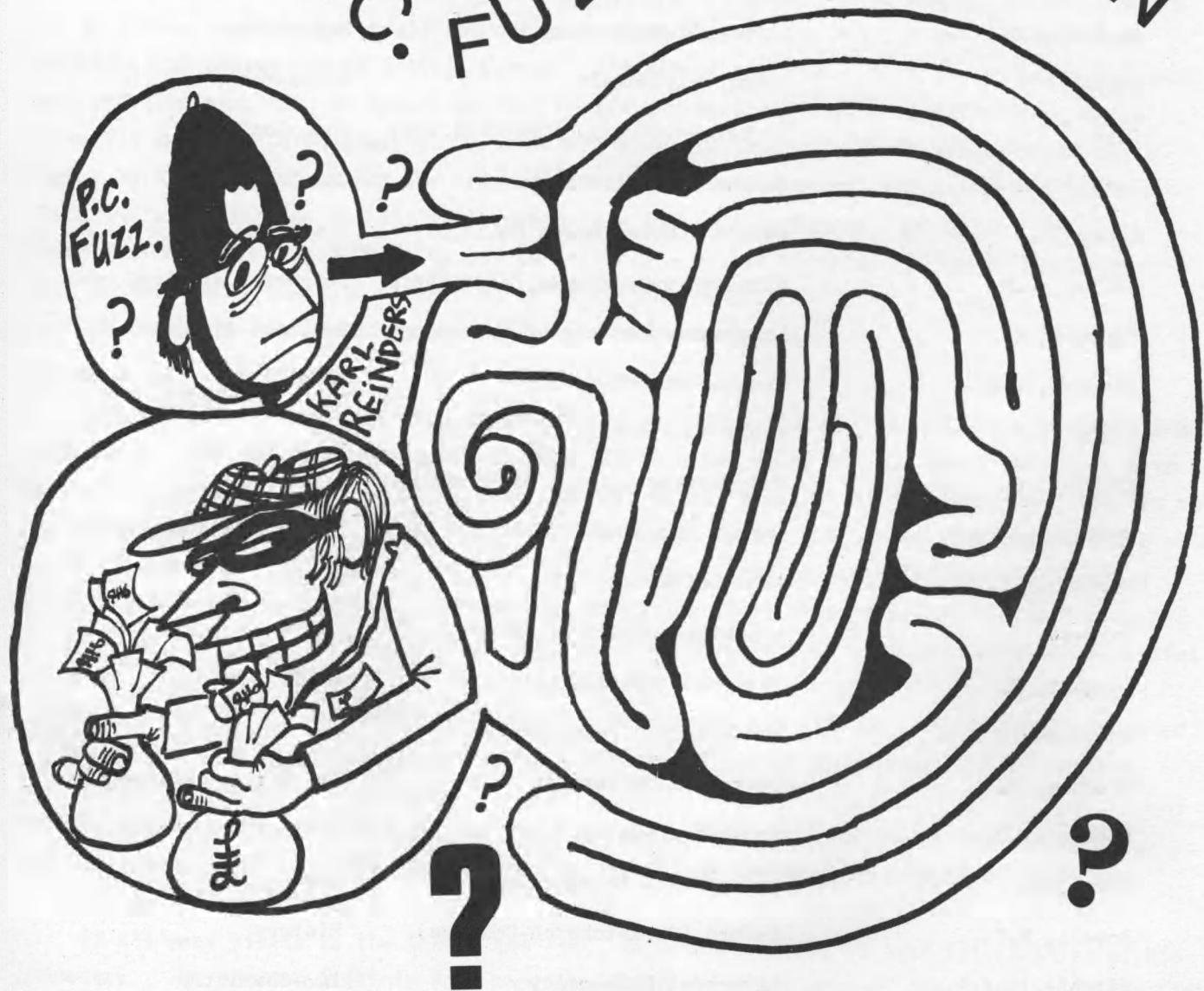
He was reluctant to leave the Mellish but rightly his family's health was his first consideration. But he never lost touch with the School and he said many times that the Mellish was his great love.

Of his many visits to the School the last, in December 1969, is best illustrative of his character. He brought with him form photographs of the first year of the School. On the back of each were the names of most of the boys. He asked one astonished member of the original staff if he could supply the missing names, after a lapse of some forty years! During that visit his spritely figure could be seen along the corridors, his face expressing the evident pleasure with which he recalled past events.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE ENTRANCE 1970/1971

Bailey, J.D.	Liverpool University	Veterinary Science
Blunsdon, C.A.	Cambridge (Gonville and Caius)	Natural Sciences
Bray	Carnegie College, Leeds	Physical Education
Buckley, J.	Liverpool University	Psychology
Burman	Trent Polytechnic	Accountancy
Clay	Durham University (Grey College)	Sociology
Considine, M.	Manchester University	Chemistry
Cook, I	Oxford (Christchurch College)	History
Davies, P.M.	Kingston-upon-Thames Polytechnic	Geography and Economics
Dunmore, M.	Lanchester College of Technology	Business Studies
Edmonds, W.E.	Manchester University	Botany
Ellis, P.	Trent Polytechnic	Law
Gilbert, C.	Westminster College of Education	
Greenhalgh, S.P.	Oxford (St. Catherine's College)	Electrical Engineering
Harrison, C.	Kent University	English
Jeffery	Brighton College of Education	
Langham, R.	Liverpool University	Architecture
Nowakowski, P.S.	Huddersfield Polytechnic	Electronics
Needham, R.	Liverpool University	Electrical Engineering
Parkin, A.J.	Cambridge (Selwyn)	Medical Science
Potts, D.	Oxford (St. Peter's College)	Law
Rowell, R.T.	Oxford (Christchurch College)	History
Ritchie, D.F.A.	Liverpool University	Bio-Chemistry
Saxton, R.	Oxford (Magdalen College)	English
Tyas, F.	Newcastle University	Physics
Westby, B.J.	Trent Polytechnic	Electrical Engineering
White, B.	Sheffield University	History
White, M.	University of Wales, Cardiff	History
Wilmott, J.F.	Cambridge (Selwyn)	Natural Science
Wilkinson, S.	University of Surrey	Chemical Engineering

DOES P.C. FUZZ GET HIS MAN?



A farmer with a load approached a covered bridge. He looked down the long dark tunnel and turning to his mate said, "I could get in all right but I'd never squeeze through the little hole at the other end".

Question - What grows in the garden and sings?

Answer - Elvis Parsley.

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funeral last week wher

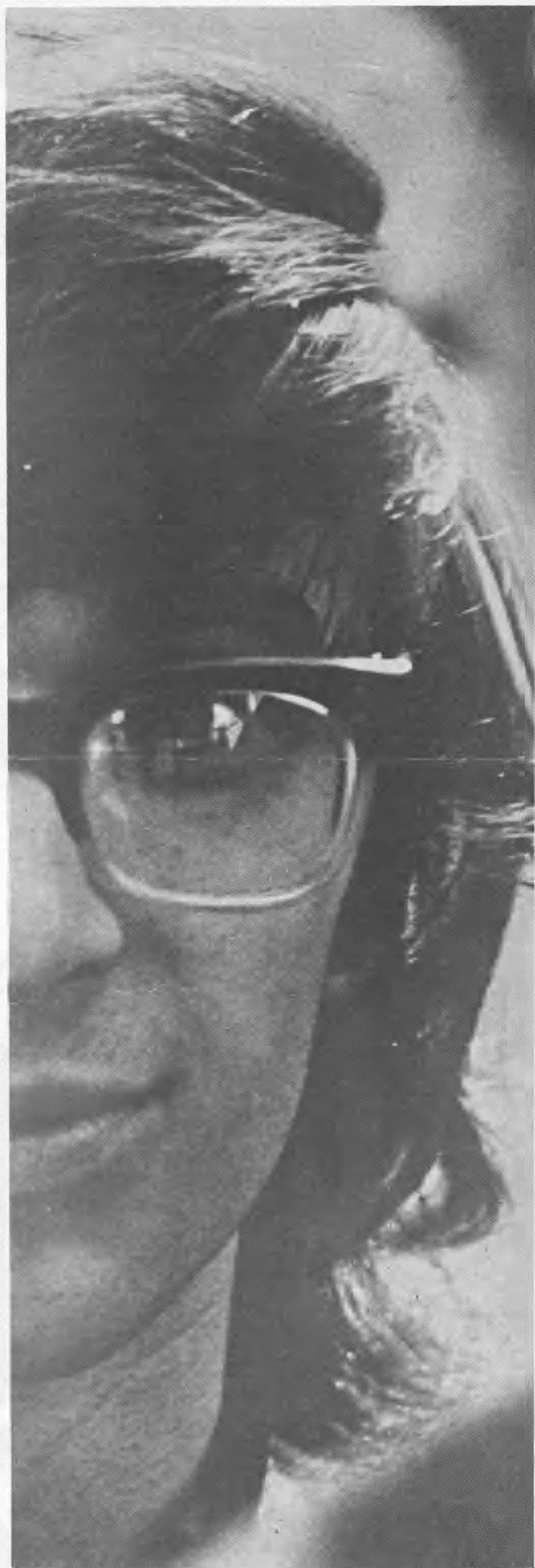
UNIVERSITY SUCCESSES 1970

J.M. Allen	B.Sc. Hons. Civil Engineering
M.D. Beardall	B.A. Hons. Social Studies
T. Beharall	B.A. Hons. History
D.C. Cale	B.A. Hons. Modern History
J. Clifton	B.A. Hons. History
D.W. Davidson	B.D.S.
E.W. Davies	B.Sc. Hons. in Mech. Eng.
G.S. Hanson	B.A. General, Geography, Economics, History.
P.G. Heywood	B.A. Joint Hons. Biblical Studies/Eng.
P.P. Hooper	B.A. Hons. English
D.M. Lancaster	B.A. Geography
J.R. Lindley	B.Sc. Hons. Civil Engineering
A.M. Luckuck	B.A. General
P.G. Murchie	B.Sc. Hons. Electrical Engineering
P. Oldershaw	Hons. Medical
M.E. Rayner	B.A. Hons. Architecture
D.J. Rowell	B.Sc. Hons. Horticulture
K.W. Scott	B.A. General
G.S. Stapleton	B.Sc. Economics
J. Stevens	B.A. Hons. Architecture
D.J. Titman	B.Sc. Hons. Mathematics
R.B. Turner	B.Sc. Chemistry
B. Watson	B.Sc. Hons. Electronics
D. Wheatley	B.Tech. Hons. Civil Engineering
R.J. Wilkinson	B.A. Hons. Social Studies
R.A. Winfield	B.A. (Joint Hons.) English and History.



Question - What succeeds?

Answer - A budgie without a beak.





• SPORTS •

CRICKET

Captain: B. White, 6UA

Vice-Captains: C. Gilbert, 6UA
M. Bray, 6UA

In the first few weeks of the season, the weather was good and the school recorded victories in their first two matches, when both bowlers and batsmen got in some much needed practice. On good wickets the batsmen made several good scores and gave the bowlers a large enough target to bowl at.

The match against High Pavement provided a setback when, helped by some rather indifferent bowling and poor fielding, Pavement overtook the School's total of 147 in only 90 minutes!

In the very pleasant surroundings and sunshine of Loughborough, we produced our best batting display of the season. The openers provided the springboard with an opening stand of 60 and the total was built up to an imposing 196 for 4. However, in the end the wicket proved too good to bowl the opposition out on, and the match ended in a draw.

Against the High School the seam bowlers showed their worth and the High School were dismissed for 116. Peacock gained the impressive figures of 5-44 and was ably supported by Needham and Pavis who shared the remaining wickets between them. However, with expectations high, the batsmen were overawed by the occasion and we struggled to a draw.

In blustery conditions the game with the Old Boys was as fiercely contested as ever and due mainly to a mature knock of 64 not out by Pavis, the School were within sight of victory when time ran out.

Towards the end of the season several newcomers had to be brought in but they quickly settled down and should develop well in the coming seasons.

Throughout the season the brunt of the bowling was shared by the quicker bowlers. Peacock showed his fine control of length and direction and was generally the most impressive. He was well supported by the always-reliable Needham and the aggression of Pavis and Millward. The spinners remained patient although they were used only on occasions and made their impression when called upon. The fielding was as keen

as ever and Rann showed that he had a safe pair of hands behind the wicket, compensating for the less reliable close-in fielders. The batsmen proved to be a solid combination: the openers, Gilbert and Bray, developed a good understanding and paved the way for several large scores by the middle-order batsmen, the best being the 87 not out made by Outram against Heaner.

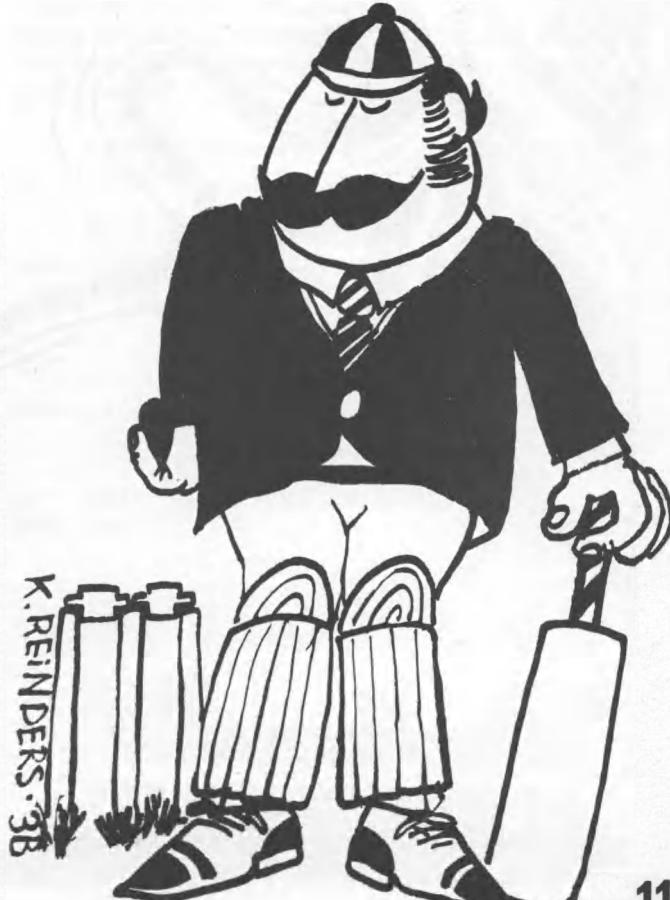
Two of the team, Coleman and Peacock played for the Notts. Grammar Schools' Cricket XI and did enough to merit their choice.

Although the lower school did not enjoy a great amount of success, the teams always tried hard and enjoyed themselves. Even so several youngsters shone and should provide the nucleus of a good team in the future, promising that the pitches will never be empty of enthusiastic performers.

Coleman, 6UA.

Summaries:

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
1st XI	13	6	4	3
2nd XI	9	3	1	5
3rd XI	2	0	0	2
Under 15	7	2	0	5
Under 14	8	3	0	5
Under 13	5	2	0	3
Under 12	4	2	0	2



Tennis

Captain: D. Pestell, 6UM

The tennis team last summer proved rather disappointing. This was mainly because the more promising players were needed for the school cricket teams and we were not surprised, therefore, to be soundly beaten by Loughborough Grammar School (9-0), Trent College (8-1) and Long Eaton Grammar School (8-1).

I do not doubt, though, that the few remaining representatives will provide a nucleus from which to grow in strength this summer.

R.G. Dance, 6LA



CROSS COUNTRY

Captain: S.P. Stepanian 6LA

Last season's cross-country was severely hit by injury and absenteeism but even so a strong team spirit persisted and continued to produce results, despite the fact that, at times, they were poor.

We were well and truly trounced by High Pavement (twice) and Becket School, but in the South Notts. Finals, held at Wollaton Park, the senior team finished an encouraging 3rd out of a large field, and Maltby and Stepanian were chosen to represent South Nottinghamshire in their respective age groups.

The 1970-71 season started on high hopes, and these were soon rewarded with a convincing win over a strong High Pavement team. More results like this were hoped for, but owing to postponements only one other result was obtained - a tie against Becket School.

Throughout the season the 1st Team pool consisted of Stepanian, Parker, Dance, Greenaway, Winfield, Simms, Start, Cunningham, M. Thomas and Clamp.

S.P. Stepanian, 6LA



RUGBY

Captain: S. Longdon, 6UM

Perhaps a rather disappointing season and certainly a frustrating one for the players. We have lost so many times in the dying minutes of a close game, or scored more tries than the opposition with open running only to lose finally through penalty kicks.

During the middle of the season we lost the services of Outram, one of our most powerful players, with a cracked collar-bone, received in a county trial. This injury robbed him of a second series of matches with the County under 19 side.

Thanks go to Coopey and Potts who played for us in the first half of the season. Both gave much to the side and we hope they go on to better things.

Thanks are also extended to Mark Winfield, our much celebrated 'sawbones' and physiotherapist, who has attended all the matches giving vocal and medical support to our often weary and sometimes battered limbs.

S. Longdon, 6UM

SUMMARY OF RESULTS

	P	W	L	D
1st XV	18	8	0	10
2nd XV	12	3	8	1
Under 15 XV	13	5	8	0
Under 14 XV	18	5	12	1
Under 13 XV	16	7	6	3
Under 12 XV	10	5	5	0



Question - What do you call two rows of cabbages?

Answer - A dual cabbageway.

Hockey

Captain: A. Millward, 6UA

Vice-Captain: C. Carlin, 6LA

Secretary: C. Beckitt, 6UA

We began the season with three regular first teamers from the previous year and were faced with a very hard away match against High Pavement. Considering the opposition and our lack of practice and cohesion we salvaged some hope, even if we did lose. However, the following match proved to be more successful and we were unlucky to lose against the University the following week.

The next few weeks showed that the team was growing in understanding and a resounding victory over the High School boosted our morale; Millward and Cook both scored hat-tricks.

Throughout all our matches and practices, great enthusiasm was shown by all hockey players and consequently we had no trouble in recruitment.

Several promising players came to the fore from the 5th form, notably Roberts, Copson and Checkley, and we were well assisted by players from the Lower Sixth, such as Rann, Underhill, Brooke and Baldock - the latter developing into a very sound goal-keeper.

We were represented in the County by A. Millward, C. Beckitt and L. Pettefar.

Half of the first team also gained experience whilst playing on Saturday afternoons for the South Notts. Hockey Club.

A. Millward, 6UA.

Summary

	Played	Won	Drew	Lost
1st Team	13	6	3	4
2nd Team	6	4	0	2



McEWEN HOUSE

Captain: R. Fayers
Vice-Captain: R. Goodliffe
Secretary: L. Pettefar

Rugby: S. Longdon
Cricket: T. Underhill
Athletics: S. Stepanian
Cross-Country: S. Stepanian
Swimming: R. Fayers

The House seems bedevilled by a general lack of enthusiasm and initiative. Its talents, especially in the senior section, seem largely wasted. We seem heavily dependent upon the goodwill and skills of a few members at each level of competition, and what we expect of them grows greater as the majority give less and less.

The only trophy we have secured so far has been in the Intermediate Cross-Country and our congratulations go to those boys who competed.

At the time of going to press we still have the Athletics and Cricket competitions to run, and I hope that these, challenges though they are, will help us gain some of that superiority which a few have worked for and all of us ought to be fighting to achieve.

R. Fayers.



BALK HOUSE

Captain: R.I. Lindsay
Vice-Captain: Z. Wozniakowski
Secretary: R.I. Lindsay
Rugby: R.I. Lindsay
Z. Wozniakowski
Cricket: R. Peacock
Athletics: D. Simms
Swimming: R. Peacock
Cross-Country: D. Simms

Since our last report in Spring 1970 we have been moderately successful without achieving anything outstanding. Again, as in the past, it seems the result of a willing, enthusiastic minority supporting a lethargic majority.

In the Summer Term of 1970 the House Swimming, Athletics and Cricket competitions were held and our modest successes were won chiefly in the Intermediate and Junior sectors.

So far in the present school year the House has been a little unfortunate in the Cross-Country Championships, coming second in each of the age groups. The Rugby, however, was encouraging and we managed first and second in the Intermediate and Senior competitions respectively. The Swimming Championships provided our Intermediates with another first and we look forward to the promise of their talent in the forthcoming years.

I would like to thank all those staff and boys who have contributed to the House effort with such goodwill and enthusiasm this year. We look to the future for greater things.

R.I. Lindsay

BULKELEY HOUSE

Captain: J. Goodwin
Vice-Captain: W. Bealby
Secretary: P. Coleman
Rugby: C. Crowley
Cricket: M. Kitchen
Cross-Country: T. Parker

It is pleasing to report that the seniors have done their bit, as one might say, and pulled off the Rugby Championship. The middle and lower school seem not to have yet realised their potential.

Elsewhere we have been looking for a little light in our darkness: the Cross-Country and Swimming Championships were rather disappointing and we can only hope that the forthcoming competitions, (as this goes to press) in Athletics and Cricket provide us with some points.

Let me finally thank those masters in the House who have showed enthusiasm, and welcome Mr. Henwood who takes the place of Mr. Wilson.

14

J. Goodwin.

TRY!

The ball slid into my grasp, big and clumsy. I ran towards the touchline pushing and fending people off my body and legs. A great feeling of happiness and determination came to me. I ran faster than I had ever run before. I clutched the ball hard to my chest. A group of players were ahead. I side footed them almost blindly and ran past ten or twelve men. (Some were in my own team I noted absurdly). I could feel my hair blowing over my face. The mud flying off my boots, I still ran. I came face to face with a player. I was determined to pass him. There was only him between the touchline and myself. He came towards me. I stuck my hand out, pushed it into his face. He fell, clawed, grabbed my shirt. His weight was intolerable. A feeling of horror opened inside me. I thought, I'll never make it!

I made a desperate dive for the touchline. The force was too great. I swayed. My shirt clung to me. And then I was down. A try. The whistle, and it was mine.



Grummitt

BARBER HOUSE

Captain: H.J. De Jonge

Rugby: R.A. Outram

Cricket: S. Rann

Athletics: D. Greenaway

Swimming: C.G. Carlin

The junior forms in the school have given us hope for the future. They did magnificently in the Rugby Championships and we hope that their enthusiasm, skill and determination to win will provide us with some success in the Athletics and Cricket competitions which have, as this goes to press, still to be run. They have put fresh blood into our veins and we expect great things of them.

Against this hope, though, we suffer the usual malaise of the upper school - indifference, unwillingness to participate and lack of initiative. It is time we shook off the doldrums and set to. We can do it, the Swimming Championships proved that.

It is, then, with an optimistic look to the future that I close this report and once again say, well done juniors.

H.J. De Jonge



HOUSE TROPHIES 1969-70

Kayser Cup (Senior Rugby)	McEwen
Burnham Cup (Intermediate Rugby)	Balk
Orchard Cup (Junior Rugby)	Balk
Strutt Cup (Intermediate Cricket)	McEwen
Haines Cup (Junior Cricket)	Bulkeley
Clifton Cup (Senior Athletics)	McEwen
Parent/Staff Cup (Intermediate Athletics)	Bulkeley
Norman Cup (Junior Athletics)	Barber
Leaming Cup (Senior Swimming)	Barber
Carlton Cup (Intermediate Swimming)	Bulkeley
Prefects' Cup (Junior Swimming)	McEwen
Memorial Cup (Junior House Championship)	Balk
Woodcock Cup (Intermediate House Championship)	Bulkeley
Houston Cup (Senior House Championship)	McEwen

INDIVIDUAL TROPHIES

Nicholson Cup (Cricket)	B. White
Tomlinson Cup (Junior Cricket)	A. Fish
Stanfield Cup (Rugby)	S. Longdon
Wharmby Cup (Swimming)	R. Outram

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

The Public Speaking Competition produced some lively and interesting work and the standard was generally high. After much preliminary sorting out we were left with five finalists in each of the Junior and Intermediate Sections and six in the Senior.

All finalists chose rather serious, though relevant, topics and there was little light relief for the listeners. However, there was no lack of interest. If there was a serious fault it was a tendency to rely on prepared notes - a fault less apparent in earlier rounds.

In the Junior section Tye spoke forcefully and disapprovingly on 'Vandalism'; Barton on 'Space Travel'; Stephenson on 'U.F.Os'; Thomas on 'Pollution' and Murray, quite persuasively and without notes, on 'Conservation'.

In the Intermediate section Barlow, even if his argument was somewhat wayward, left his audience in no doubt as to his feelings on 'Strikes'. Fulford spoke convincingly on the problems of 'Pollution'. Conacher on 'Newspapers' and Fryer on 'The Loch Ness Monster' were informative and most interesting.

There was little to choose between the competitors in the Senior group. All spoke well and discussed their subjects with obvious interest. It was pleasing to see how well the younger people in this section fared. Bexon spoke on 'Advertising' as did Brooke. König tackled the problems of 'Smoking' and Readhead 'Bloodsports'. Shaw chose 'The Hazards of Pollution and the Remedy' and Thomas - 'Fur Coats (My Pet Hamster)' - made a plea for some humanity in the treatment of wild life.

All in all it was an enjoyable afternoon. Dr. P.J. Hitchman, who was the adjudicator, complimented all who took part on the high standard achieved. He awarded the prizes as follows:

Junior	-	G.C. Thomas
Intermediate		M.G. Fryer
Rose Cup for the Seniors		D.N. Brooke

WHO WAS HENRY MELLISH?

Colonel Henry Mellish, J.P., C.B., was born in 1856 at Hadstock Priory (though it never was a priory) which stands at the end of a beautiful shaded lane two miles from Blyth, Northumberland. It is a modern house in lovely gardens on the site of the old home of the Cressys and the Cliftons, and is now the home of the Mellish family. The moat is still there, its waters crossed by a small stone bridge in front of the lovely Tudor gateway which has fifteenth century windows and an embattled turret either side of it.

As a young man he was in the 8th Battalion Notts. and Derby Volunteer Force, in which he rose to Major and later succeeded to the command. He was a notable shot who had a long list of Bisley successes. He was Chairman of the Notts. Territorial Force Association.

He used to take a great interest in the weather. He compiled daily and published annually, observations on the weather at Hadstock, including details of the temperature, rainfall, sunshine and cloud, and he was a President of the Royal Meteorological Society in 1910.

He was a member of the County Council since its formation and was an Alderman and became Vice-Chairman in 1914.

He was Chairman of Notts. Education Committee, and several other committees. His labours were arduous for he had the grasp of the sub-committees. He served also as Chairman of the Education Committee of the County Councils Association. He was Chairman, too, of the Retford Quarter Sessions, and was on the Council of the Nottingham University College; Sheffield University and on many other public bodies. His services to the public were invaluable.

He died in 1927, and in 1929, because of his enormous services to the Notts. Education Committee, this School was named after him.

N.J. Readhead, 4A



Capital punishment - The Income Tax.



000

WHERE DOES SCARLETT LIVE?

Close by there is a short street of fourteen houses, seven on each side, with odd numbers on one side and even numbers on the other, 1 and 2 face each other.

The interesting thing about the street is that all the people along one side bear the names of trades or crafts, while all those on the other side have the names of colours.

Fletcher and White live respectively opposite to Green and Wright (who are both neighbours of Black).

Smith is Mason's father-in-law. Mason lives in a higher number than Brown, and Mason's and Brown's numbers together equal those of White and Wright's together.

Mrs. Taylor's number is twice that of her sister, Mrs. Tyler.

Gray lives opposite Baker.

If Mrs. Tan lives in a double figure number opposite her daughter, Mrs. Taylor, what is Scarlett's number?

3
GOA
VIC-
TORY
FOR

gladwin





This explosion in the world of light entertainment got off to a late start because officials insisted on subjecting the Prefects to a sex test. Fortunately, despite an abundance of long hair and some squeaky voices, they raised sufficient hormones between them to impress their masculinity upon the judges. Nevertheless, we were suitably thrilled with varied and delicate shaded head-bands as they strove womanfully against the opposition and hair.

The masters, unsure of the quality of their opponents, disguised themselves as grass, and dashing about in green shirts, clutching buttercups and daisies, managed to lose not only the opposition from time to time, but themselves also.

The match was played in a competitive yet friendly spirit.

The first half saw the wily masters, grown cunning with age, quite content to let the prefects exhaust themselves with their conscientious approach to the game - tactics which yielded a 0-0 scoreline at the change round.

After the interval and injections of orange-juice and nicotine, they pursued hit (literally) and run tactics. This approach resulted in a goal. Mr. Gladwin, after trampling Pettefar's shadow, nodded the ball home past the floundering, protesting goalkeeper.

The crowd showed their dislike of the referee's decision in allowing the goal and invaded the pitch hot for blood.

However, this sparked a revival in the Prefect's ranks and Outram scored whilst the staff were still congratulating the referee. In an attempt to bag a brace Outram unfortunately cut himself. Blackman, a last minute substitute and with all the rotund signs of his successful soft living, proved, nevertheless, an asset.....to the staff.

While still recovering from this blow the Prefects allowed Mr. Gladwin to score twice more; one being a rebound after Mr. Gribbins had rocked the post from six feet.

Eventually time ran out - pressure causing Coleman to miss a penalty - and the masters retained their unbeaten record, much to the dismay of the crowd.



THE **RETURN**

THE RETURN

This was the first time I had returned to the "city". It had been over fourteen years since I had last been here. It wasn't really a city, in fact it was the result of an attempt to colonise Callisto, the satellite of Jupiter.

From the top of the Control Tower the whole could be seen. It was getting dark, the yellow Jupiter was slowly disappearing. Outside the buildings huddled closer together in the dusk. The "trees" advanced out of the depth's of their "gardens" into the light from the Control Tower. The yellow haze made it impossible to see for any great distance. All around, the weird landscape of grotesque buildings became lost in the haze.

Slowly I walked across the iron floor, each step rang out and echoed around me. I was frightened. Before, I had walked along these same corridors laughing, playing, not knowing the word afraid, but it exhibited itself everywhere I went and lived. There was danger of radiation, disease, war. I found a staircase, descended. Large machinery bulked there. There was no light, but it didn't matter, infra red points showed me the way. Finally, after a few bangs and bumps, I reached the opening and ventured out onto the street.

Some strange impulse dragged me in the direction of my house. Bypassing the hospital, I stopped and looked up at the colossal building.

"This will not hurt. It is necessary!" These simple words flashed through my mind, at first they meant nothing, but slowly the agony and pain of that first time that I broke my backbone returned to me. I forced myself away and onwards, surveying the scene around me.

"Move over.....Get out of my way!.....Excuse me....." These thoughts flashed through my mind as I walked along the sidewalk.

"Look out, the building's coming down!" How well I remember those words which saved me. As I stand here now, thinking, remembering, about that disaster in which fifty people died. The sounds of the innocent, unlucky people, flow through my mind. I feel restless, as if fifty pairs of eyes are watching and frowning at me for escaping their fate. My mind tells me to move, but my body stays put, slowly, I tear myself away.

Walking along "Sol Strauss", a reddish building came into view. "Informacia" was written above the door in faint gold letters. The doors slid open by touch; worked faultlessly on the sun's energy. The deoxygenated air hit me in my face, my lungs screamed for oxygen, pure oxygen. I switched on the oxygen generator by impulse, which to my relief worked. I entered, the metallic sound which my boots made on the iron floor, rusted in places, made me realise my loneliness on this world.

"Hello there Jack!.....Get the work finished!" Thoughts such as these flashed in my mind portraying the time I had spent here working as a 'Student of Space'.

"Privatna Informacia", printed above an unclosed door, made me stop. Normally the door was sealed, nobody (except for the director) was allowed in. But now it was open. I entered out of curiosity. The files had been left behind, I searched for mine. After locating the right cabinet, I extracted my file and began to read it. "Born on Callisto.....at age of twelve suffered a spine injury.....brain damage due to radiation....confined to hospital.....cured....study of nuclear cosmology.....degree....."

After a few more stops I arrived at the place where I was born. I entered the building. I looked around at the state of things. Everything was in chaos, the walls had holes in them, the iron floor had rusted and gaping holes stared me in the face. In the corner lay a lead plate, on it was written the words: "On January 45,317 (according to Jupiter, or March 14, 3217 Earth time) Maria Wroblewska died". My frail frame trembled, blood gushed to my head, I felt dizzy, I had to sit down and cry.

E. Stryjakiewicz, 4A



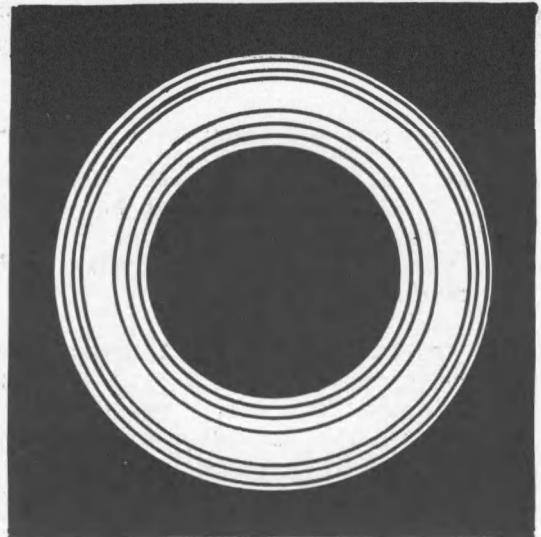
S. Lamb

STILL LIFE

It was cold outside;
Snow was everywhere.
I sat by the fire
Sunk in my chair.

The wind was howling,
The dog snored unaware.
The snow kept falling,
And I just sat there.

A. Stratford, 3C



FLAT HORIZON

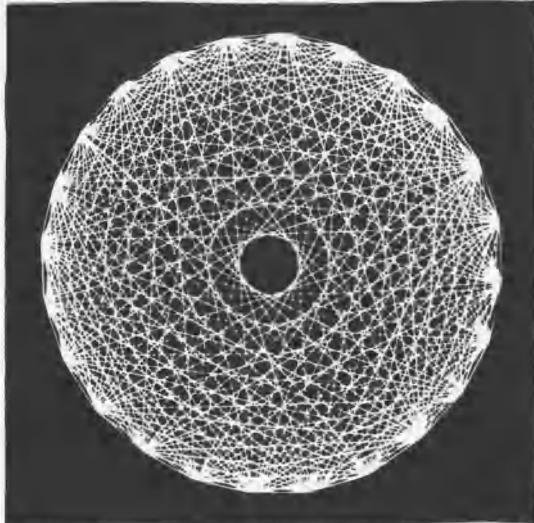
Waves come and go, frothing at the edges.
The sea, deep grey sea, stretches for miles and then
As if compass drawn, the horizon.

Waves come and go as if caught on the rocks.
Ships drift past on the horizon, clouds drift past as if in time.

An ambulance moves mysteriously over the sand
And someone is drowning slowly.
Drama ends and day ends.
Night falls.

A dog and a man walk where the waves come and go,
Wearing down the rocks.

J.D. Hart, 3C.



THE NIGHT

The night is dark,
As dark as a blank mind.
The dark breaks and lets you see the city trees
Stretching out their arms to reach for the moon.
The leaves fall to the ground,
Parachutes in a dangerous breeze.

The dark covers over the trees like a blanket,
Swaying with unease.
The houses close down their shutters
And bolt the door to stop the weathers coming in.

Chilton, IA

RAIN

Johnny slowly walked down to the chip-shop, his hands fisted deep into his raincoat pockets. His face was barely visible beneath the large sou'wester his mother had made him put on. Despite the wellington boots his legs were damp and dashed with mud. Under the street-lights his plastic clothing shined and water splashed up from the puddles beneath his feet. The way ahead was pitted with harsh falling rain, facets that flew off the rough cast sky. "The road sparkles in this light", he thought, not noticing his friend coming up the street to meet him.

"Hey! Wake up!"

"Oh, hello", said Johnny, "I didn't see you."

"You're blind", laughed his friend. "Are we getting some chips?"

"Yeah! Yeah, let's get some; I could do with something to warm me up."

The two boys walked on to the chip-shop, laughing and shouting.

They bought a shilling's worth each and sprinkled them well with salt and vinegar. The chips were hot and their hands felt burned as they cupped them to support the newspaper, soggy with vinegar and rain.

The chips tasted good and brightened their spirits considerably.

"Let's just walk about in the rain", suggested his friend, and so they did.

It was not raining so heavily now and they could see fragments of stars shining between the trailing grey clouds, caught in a murky darkness that was the sky.

Then they decided to run up onto the railway bridge, cold, grey, trestled iron, to watch in anticipation for an engine to ride beneath them.

On reaching the bridge they gripped the wet metal with their tingling hands, and looked out onto the cold moonlit track cut off in the distance by a half circle of jet blackness over which ran the new road bridge.

The semi-circle was a tunnel and before long they could hear the low rumble of a train. Suddenly two bright lights emerged from the tunnel, pushed by a thundering train, sound swirling along its body like a sharp pain. The train howled and the boys waved down at the blank roofs of the carriages as they rattled beneath them. The tail-lanterns on the guard's van shone red, and the train was gone.

"Wonder where it's going?" mused Johnny to himself.

"Where's it going, I wonder?", said his friend, speaking Johnny's thoughts out loud.

"That's just what I was thinking, I expect it's going quite a distance, it had enough coaches".

"That doesn't mean anything. We went to London in a three coach express!"

"We went to Edinburgh on a single engine without no coaches!" said Johnny.

"Liar!"

"'S truth".

"And the rest. Made it up".

And they trod home, arguing between themselves, shortening the distance until they became lost in the drizzle and darkness of the encroaching street.

**GOODLiffe
&
WOZNIAKOWSKI
PROMISE A FORTUNE!**

HALF A HUNDRED PENCE
WORTH OF TOKEN IS
READY FOR THE FIRST
PERSON FROM THE 5TH
OR 6TH TO ANSWER
PERFECTLY THE FOLLOW-
ING QUESTIONS AND
RETURN THEIR ATTEMPT
TO THEM IN THE SIXTH-
FORM COMMON-ROOM



1. On their best-selling album, Simon and Garfunkel sing about a famous American Architect. Who?
2. In which city was Sir Basil Spence's Cathedral built?
3. What are the Greek and Roman names for the goddess of love?
4. Who played Butch Cassidy in "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid"?
5. Who wrote the song, "Woodstock"?
6. What is Africa's largest city?
7. Give the names of four of the signs of the Zodiac?
8. Who is the recently married Prime Minister of Canada?
9. Which minister replaced James Callaghan when the Tories came to office last year, and died soon afterwards?
10. In June, 1970 Brazil won the World Cup for the third time, in which years did she win it before?
11. When Henry Cooper was beaten by Joe Bugner in March of this year, which titles did he lose.
12. Name the sports in which these are found:
(a) puck (b) cue (c) birdie
(d) crosse (e) deuce (f) stiff.
13. In which sports were these sporting personalities famous?
(a) Jochen Rindt (b) Joe Louis
(c) Donald Bradman.
14. In what year did the school open?
15. In which year did the Titanic sink?
16. What is Mach 1?
17. "Arteries carry blood to the heart." True or false?
18. What are the following places known for?
(a) Smithfields (b) Saville Row
(c) Covent Garden (d) Harley Street
(e) Portobello Road.
19. Which famous Italian born in the 15th century was a painter, military engineer, architect, mathematician, sculptor, and is renowned as each of these?
20. Who wrote, "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning"?

THE WORM

A hole in the ground
Where the earth worm's been.

I see it round
And I see it long.

It moves along like a creeping man,
Not seeing the colouring light,
It creeps along, nose in the night
Eating left over leaves in the soil.
It does not make the slightest sound.

A harmless coil,
Something less than an inch.

A friendly thing night or day,
No walking sticks,
No running nose,
But a lovely harmless thing.

The Worm by G. Bramley

THE MOLE

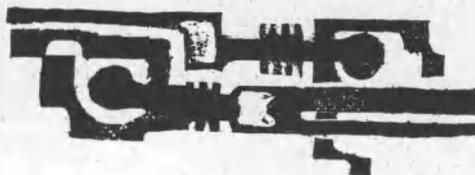
I'm squat in length,
I'm fat in width,
I'm black as night
And dig all day.
I'm scared of hawks and cats and crows
And that is why I work my toes,
Digging and digging to get away
And join my friends in moley May.

The Mole by K. Bloch

drawn by J. König + S. Lang

CONCRETE

He sat there head in hand,
Staring over wide open spaces,
His eyes half shut as he muttered
Some words.....
Something about the weather.



In his dazed life, it seemed
He could see the forest;
He knew it well,
Swaying in the wind.

Through half open eyes he saw
The bare,
The tall,
The grey
Skyscrapers
Trying not to bend.

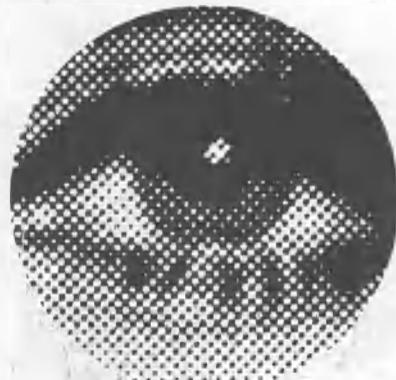
Rowlands, 2B



COMMON SENSE

One man
One finger
One button.
A little pressure destroyed a nation
That ended a war.
Or did it?
"Fat man" would end the war, they said;
Or did they really know
It could only end people?
A noiseless flash that killed
Sixty thousand people.
That was the start.
Where will it end?
Isn't ten tons of T.N.T. per person enough?

R.G. Dance, 6LA



NOW THE FUTURE

Overhead a bird glided with ease through the still air.
Beneath it, a hare danced and tumbled in the
Shimmering grass.
A cool breeze played with the trees
Making them sway and bow before it.

Somewhere behind me I could hear
The noise of the bustling city,
A chaos.
And I imagined the people pushing
And rushing through their lives
As I lay back over the land,
Before that too should harden into a city.

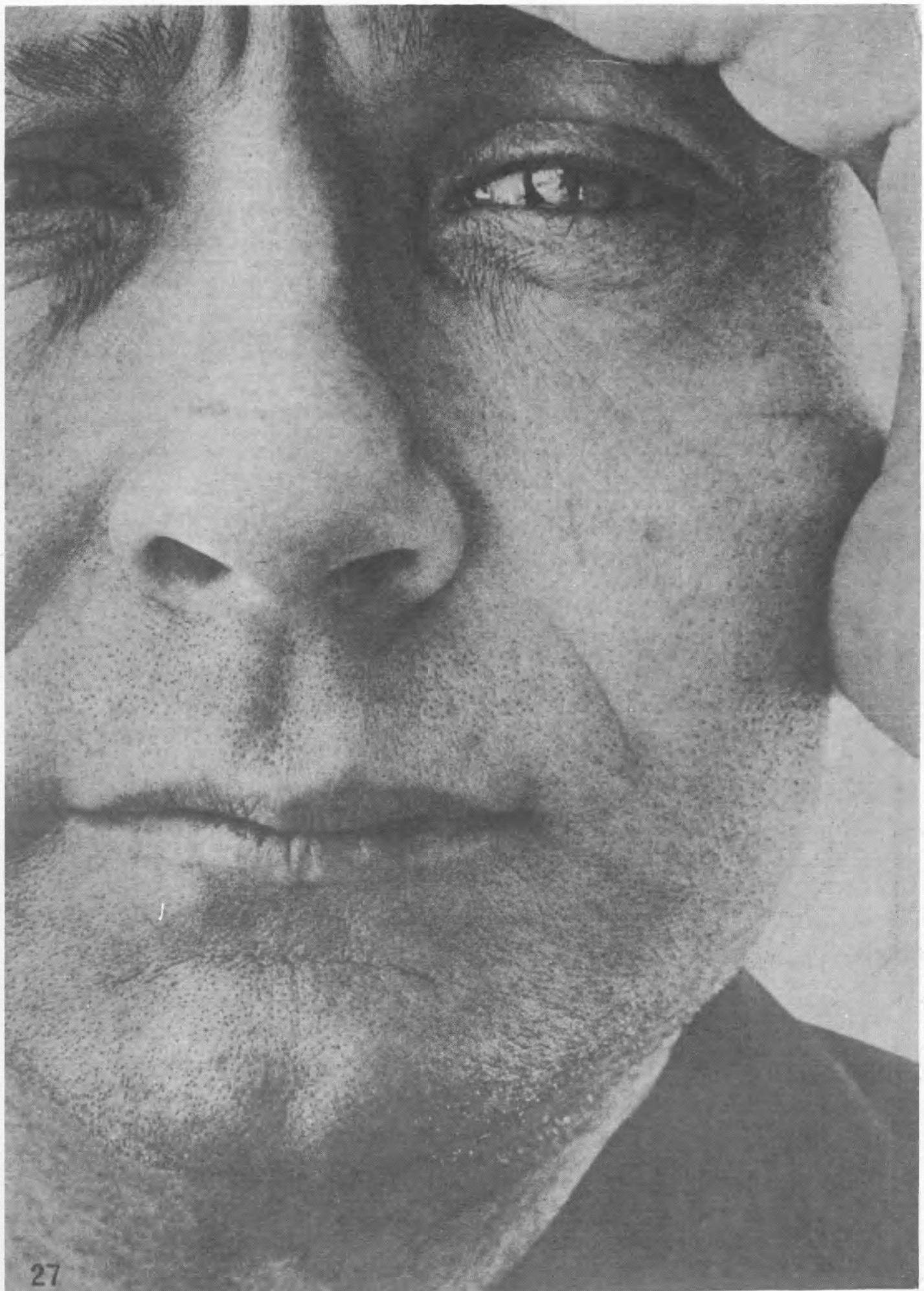
C. Fox, 4A

26

CAGED.

I am on my own.
I have a number. I name myself.
I exist in a small cell;
Only a bed and a table.
A beam of sunlight streams through
The small barred window.
An eye stares at me.
A man is watching me.
Steps echo down the corridor
For the last time.
I am alone.

P. Blatherwick, 1A.



50

P—PRIZE

Greenaway & Millward
invite 1st. to 4th. to pit
their WITS

WIN A TOKEN, CHOOSE A BOOK



1. Which planet is furthest from the sun?
 2. What is the longest river in the British Isles?
 3. What is the capital city of Iceland?
 4. Who was the men's singles champion at Wimbledon in 1970?
 5. Where is the sun directly overhead on June 21st?
 6. Which is the odd city out: London, Glasgow, Cardiff, Belfast?
 7. Who was the footballer of the year in 1970?
 8. Which is further, London to New York or New York to San Francisco?
 9. Which is the only poisonous snake in Britain?
 10. By what name is Edsan Arantes di Nascimento better known?
 11. What was the first stamp ever used?
 12. Which team has won the F.A. Cup the most number of times?
 13. Who is the present Chancellor of the Exchequer?
 14. Complete the following pairs:—
- Tom and.....
Abbot and.....
Laurel and.....
15. What colour is a chameleon?
 16. When was the Battle of Hastings?
 17. What was the flight number of the last Apollo moon mission?
 18. Who painted the Mona Lisa?
 19. What do the following abbreviations stand for?
(a) O.H.M.S.
(b) A.B.A.
(c) U.N.E.S.C.O.
 20. What character in fiction was created by Ian Fleming?

The winner will be the first person to return a completely correct set of answers to Millward in the Sixth-Form Common-Room.

I AM GOING TO ATTACK THE ENEMY NOW!

The elderly Canopus ploughed with awkward majesty through the high Atlantic seas. Captain White felt the rolling even more acutely on the high flying bridge. Clinging with his right hand to the railing he fumbled for his binoculars, adjusted them to power seven and scanned the skyline to port.

The icy spray leapt over the plunging bows and broke against "A" turret, then the vessel rolled slowly to port. Another wave crashed against the belt, drenching the captain, who, with a disgusted shake and an involuntary splutter, promptly made for the enclosed fore-bridge.

Having gained its shelter he dried his face with a towel offered by the gunnery officer and then he carefully wiped and dried his prized binoculars before returning them to their case. "What speed?" he grated down the voice pipe to the engine room.

"Thirteen knots", came back a voice, drowned by the screaming of the rods.

"What?" he repeated.

"Thirteen knots, sir!"

"Thank you!"

"Thirteen knots," he murmured, "too slow, far too slow".

In the grey waters of Port Stanley the flags of the admiral's squadron rustled as they flew over the dark and rippling surface. The admiral looked out on the vessels of his command with pride, true they were old, even antiquated, but they were British and he was a British rear-admiral, a blessing conferred upon very few men. He turned to greet his flag captain and return his salute.

"Sir, acting upon the latest information sent to us by Room 40 it seems that the Count's Squadron comprises the two heavy armoured cruisers and the three light cruisers from Hamburg."

"Thank you Captain. What news from the Canopus?"

"Very bad sir. Condensers gone, tubes, say twenty four hours steaming, boilers generally poor and the gunnery officer says his twelve inchers will be able to fire two full salvos and after that he would rather not be held responsible".

"Oh dear, it appears we must press on without his aid."

"Sir, do you think that wise? We have two inferior armoured cruisers, a light cruiser and the merchantman - Otrarto. The Count's Squadron is far stronger."

"Captain, my orders were to engage the enemy and thus protect the trade route with Argentina. It is my intention to fulfil those orders to the letter. No Squadron of the Royal Navy has ever run away. I shall not be the first, our honour will not be in question."

"Very good sir."

Salutes were exchanged and the captain left in silence to chart his course.

On board the Canopus the Captain watched as the flagship Good Hope steamed towards the open sea. As it approached the harbour entrance the men lining the cruiser's foredeck gave a great shout and threw their caps in the air.

"You know sir, I think Craddock's men would gladly die for him if needs be."

"They may well have to do that Lieutenant. He may be wrong but by heavens a man with that much courage doesn't have to be right."

The Count looked at the tiny shapes of the distant British cruisers already perfectly silhouetted against the setting sun.

It was unfair, yes quite unfair. Why should he have to be the one to meet this insane admiral? Craddock was his friend, they had known each other for many years and the last thing he wanted was to have to kill him, and kill him he would, his force was so greatly superior, it was almost impossible not to win. Why him? Why not one of those tacticians in Berlin? Why not one of those smart young submarine commanders? He did not want to fight, if only Craddock would turn away he would not pursue him, he could say with some justification that his duty was to return to the fatherland that needed him. But no, his duty was to fight and destroy the enemy. Duty, yes Craddock would be the first to agree, duty above all else.

And afterwards? Rejoicing in Berlin, stupefaction in London, perhaps a new First Lord. Who would that be? Probably Fisher who would most certainly be after him with half the Grand Fleet if necessary. But then, Fisher was no gentleman and he was, Craddock was, and gentlemen had no stomach for butchering each other.

The Count waited, waited for the ranges to close.

On board H.M.S. Canopus the captain received the admiral's last message, "I am going to attack the enemy now!" With a sigh he crumpled the leaf of paper and let it fall into the icy grey Pacific waters.

M. Winfield, 4A



AUTUMN NOW

Autumn is here.
The crisp brown leaves
Scuttle round the gutters
Like the five o'clock rush,
Coming from nowhere.

The cold wind hits you
Like a calloused hand.
Cigarette packets, newspapers
Whirl around in the dark alleys
As if waiting to pounce.

Warm inside,
Watching the rain
As it hits the ground.
The wind screaming to get you,
Rattling and shaking the windows.

The sun breaks the clouds
Making a rainbow over the rooftops.
People leave their houses.
The sun glistens on the rubbish
Turning it to gold.

T. Wildgust, 2B

AUTUMN

Whirling leaves hurrying down,
Twisting and turning golden brown,
Rushing along, gusty and strong,
Whistling and sighing all day long.

Driving the winds and the scudding clouds,
Where the roaming birds gather to fly.
Drooping rose, scattered to earth,
Dying and fading,
Waiting new birth.

P. Anthony, IA

THE SEASONS

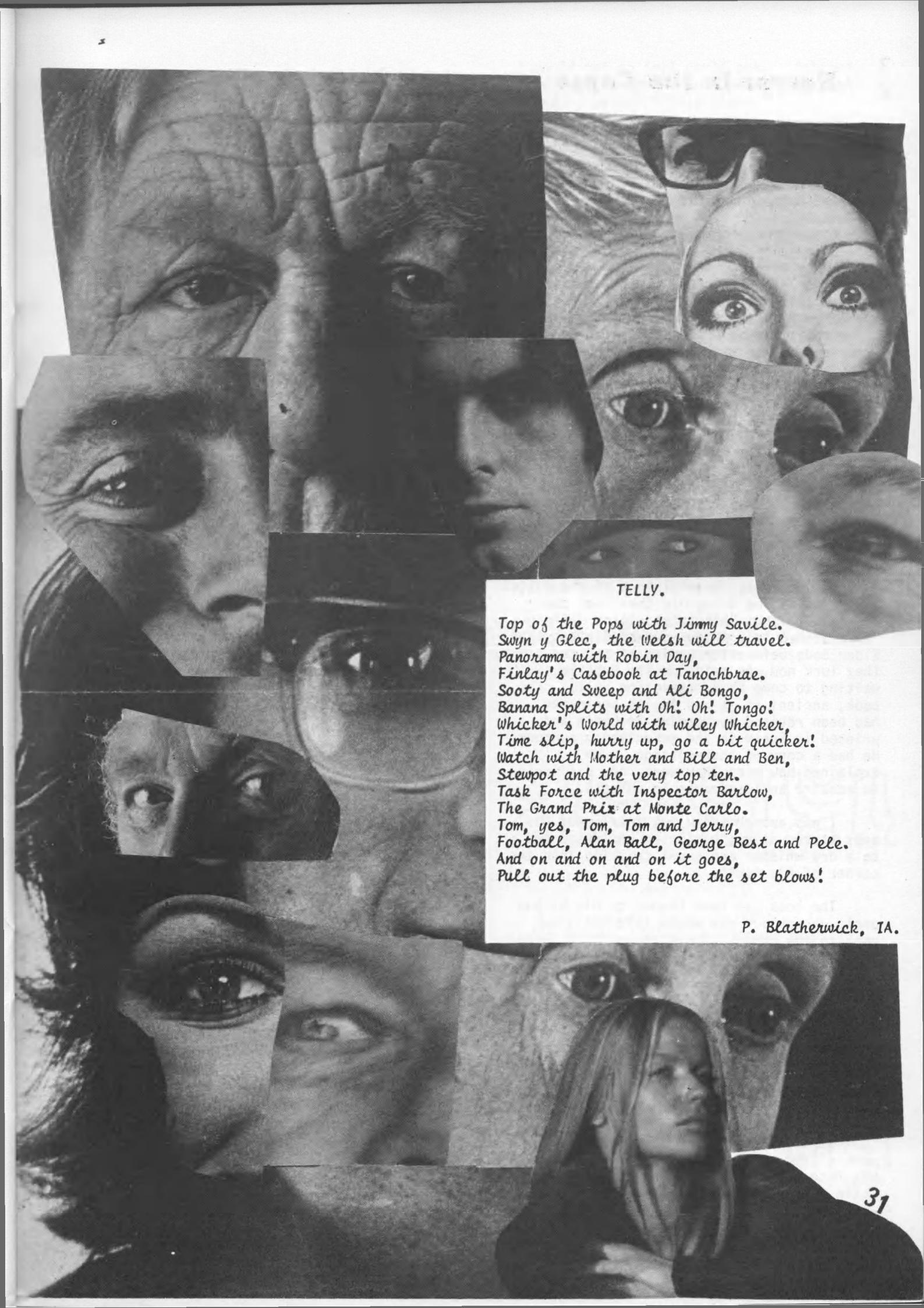
The small white clouds wander across the sky;
Sunlight bounces on the water.
The spider's web catches the fly;
The ground is covered in a sea of blossoms.

The brown leaves float down from the trees,
Wind sings in the forests.
The clouds clash and drop;
Food is collected.

The snowflakes crumble down, alive;
Water finds a cold coat.
Animals float back into long sleep
And people build their fires.

And suddenly birds rush their cheerful songs,
Creatures shake and mate.
Water runs freely
And all the world rings happily.





TELLY.

Top of the Pops with Jimmy Savile.
Swyn y Gle, the Welsh will travel.
Panorama with Robin Day,
Finlay's Casebook at Tanochbrae.
Sooty and Sweep and Ali Bongo,
Banana Splits with Oh! Oh! Tongo!
Whicker's World with wiley Whicker,
Time slip, hurry up, go a bit quicker!
Watch with Mother and Bill and Ben,
Stewpot and the very top ten.
Task Force with Inspector Barlow,
The Grand Prix at Monte Carlo.
Tom, yes, Tom, Tom and Jerry,
Football, Alan Ball, George Best and Pele.
And on and on and on it goes,
Pull out the plug before the set blows!

P. Blatherwick, IA.

Horror in the Copse

I did not want to write and re-live the story of the awful terror that beset a neighbourhood, but I have to. I need to cleanse, to free my mind of the horror.

It was the evening of June 15 when Neil came to my home. He was my build, stocky, had mousey hair and strange, dark almost blank eyes. Where, however, I was quite retiring, he was straight-forward, blatant and adventurous. I took him to my room; we were discussing a script both of us were involved in, and the floor was littered with paper and magazines; Neil was carrying an old volume clenched tightly to his side, and I assumed it was something relevant. The book was the key to the ensuing terror.

He wasted no time in getting to the point. Laying the volume before me, decrepid and tattered as it was, he waited. The book possessed a strange smell, musty and slightly acrid, the smell of centuries, like a crypt. I read faintly in faded gold the title, "The Necronomicon".

The book was, he explained of the cults and rites of The Great Old Ones, and their people, Cthulhu, Sothoth and Azif. These "things" had been thrown out of Earth by the Elder Gods before the coming of Man and Light. They lurk now, he said, on the Outside, waiting to come back, expecting call. The book, ancient as it was in its beginning, had been revised by Wormius in Latin and printed in Spain in the seventeenth century. He had a copy of that edition. He explained how rare they were, how difficult to acquire and dangerous to possess.

I was apprehensive but intrigued; his eyes stared at me, his voice had descended to a dry whisper and sweat trickled into the corner of his mouth.

The book had been handed to him by his uncle, a curious man whose life had grown rank in the shadow of mystery and dark secrets. Indeed, an old ancestor of Neil's had been racked and burned in the Salem witch-trials of New England.

He had the incantations on his lips. He began quietly at first and then with a growing fervour he began to intone and chant the mysterious words. He had fastened upon a devilish rite to raise up a noxious being that would do his bidding.

It was late at night now. His eyes were glazed and a film of sweat lay upon his face as he persevered in the archaic Latin. It was as if he were unaware of me.

I watched mesmerised. All of a sudden he collapsed, foaming. There was stillness, a deadly silence, a vibration in the light and then nothing.

We parted in silence, cold and embarrassed. Dawn slid like a chill nightmare across the still landscape. Nothing was spoken.

Later I tried to convince him that the spell was a lot of rubbish. He hardly accepted my protests. He had a feeling.

After a few days the matter was forgotten between us, then, on June the 19th a strange event occurred. The Saunders had taken their dog for a walk in the copse at the far end of the village. The trees stood isolated half a mile away, growing up to the road and bounded on the other side by the cemetery wall. It stood wild and overgrown, rooted, as it was, so many years before. The night was close and the clouds shuddered across the face of the moon.

The dog was allowed to wander, and it ran off scuffling, scratching and sniffing among the undergrowth, while its masters walked arm in arm in the crawling light.

The dog noticed the movement in the undergrowth and went across to the spot. At first it merely sniffed and then it began to bark with an alarming ferocity that caused the Saunders to hold still. Such terror was unknown.

Then there began a yelping and squealing. There followed a pause long enough for the blood to pulse twice, and then came a horrifying, screeching howl as if their dog were being torn jaw from jaw.

Terror-stricken the Saunders fled down the path they had taken. Blindly stumbling Mrs. Saunders tripped and fell over something on the path. As the moon again reappeared from behind the clouds she gave out a terrifying scream: the moon shone on the glazed hair of their dog's head, torn from its body.

The police were informed, and intrigued they searched the copse. A body was found, it seemed to be the dog's, it was hard to tell. The hair had been burned as if the dog had been half roasted. Then there was the eldritch, viscous, yellow liquid which clung to the remains, and from this sickly substance was given off a most nauseating and horrible stench.

The police were baffled, the local press concerned, but the whole prank, vicious though it was thought to be, was avoided as too obvious by the dailies.

Neil arrived at my house the following day and he was obviously excited. He kept repeating that he was right. He would explain no further..

I could not accept my own conclusions, and said nothing. Surely he could not believe.....

They say a brave man is something of a fool, rushing in where angels fear to tread. I am inclined to believe it after the night of the twentieth.

Jeff Towers laughed at the people who actually thought something lurked in the copse. He was the sort who would dive for inner-tubes in Loch Ness. The unknown just didn't exist for him. He was strongly built, quite arrogant and not in the least superstitious. He boasted he would 'stroll', as he put it, through the copse, there and back, once.

A group gathered at the edge of the trees and watched him step into the smothering darkness. I was watching and noticed one or two pressmen and photographers, obviously hoping for a good story.

He set off a little after nine and we settled back to wait.

Then we heard it, a scream. Then nothing. We waited, but no-one appeared. Fear froze in the veins. We waited 'till dawn, and, haggard and tense, keeping close together we edged our way into the copse.

We found him, dismembered, burnt, covered in slime. The press went wild, photographing scenes of the horror. I leant against a tree, sick and exhausted. Neil walked off in ashen silence.

In the late evening I woke to see that I had been sent a letter by him. It was pushed under the door. When I opened it I could tell by the scrawl it had been written in a hurry. It read as follows:-

"Just a note to tell you that I've got to get rid of this thing. I didn't understand it before, yet it seems clear now: I've brought an evil upon the earth that I must destroy. I am going into the copse tonight."

Yours ever,
Neil.

Shocked, I picked up the telephone. It was no good, I could not get an answer. I quickly dressed and went out. It was dark. I ran to the copse. Silence and darkness lay heavily about. I shouted, shouted for Neil, but there was no answer.

I could not go in, I could not. Ashamed, arguing with myself that he could not be there, I walked slowly home.

Early the next morning, shaken by a restless night, I dressed and went down to the copse. I hardly knew what to expect.

In a sort of trance I found myself at the edge and walking in. Then I became clearly aware of everything; reality seemed to have occurred once more and everything was synchronised. I was fearful; any darting bird or moving twig made me stop and quake. My face was set in apprehension.

But there was nothing save an eerinessa sense of something biding, and a page, just one page, scorched and in ancient Latin. I picked it up and read it silently. It was meaningless. I flicked my lighter and put the flame to the sheet. A rending scream vibrated across my skull. My ears rang and my eyes swam blood red. A wind lurched the trees and then released them to sway back to stillness.

Nothing more was ever seen or heard of Neil. His house gave no clue to the mystery. My letter was given to the police and received in silence.

Nobody goes near the copse anymore. The children are forbidden, birds don't fly over and dogs keep clear. Sometimes I feel Neil is very near.

B. Jackson, 4B



A man said to three men sitting in deckchairs, "I'll give 20p to the laziest of you". The first jumped up and said, "I'm the laziest". The second stood up and said, "No, I am". The third said, "Put the money in my jacket pocket".





RAG AND BONE

*The iron rims of the old spoked wheels
Rattle against the cobbles.
"Bones! Any old bones!"
At first the cry grows from nowhere, but
From behind his heap of rusting, ragged gold
A ragged man appears.*

*He cries aloud in the rain.
That road has been trod many a time and does not
Remember.
No one answers the call.
The wind carries his cry away
And blows leaves at him.
They choke him and almost blind him,
They are almost alive,
But even his simple mind knows they aren't.*

P. Pycko, 4A



BUS JOURNEY

The bus rattles noisily on its busy route,
Carrying its passengers unruffled by the uneven passage.
The conductor shouts above the horns and abuse,
"Fares please! Fares please!"
An old man mutters indignities
And gropes into shallow pockets
After a few coppers.
There's an old bus ticket.

The bus rattles on, unfaltering.
Passengers get off, more get on.
The routine of life never broken.
Against the background of dark grey buildings,
Grey skies, dirty roads, withered trees,
Life goes on; the fare is found.

S. Thornalley, 4A.

I gazed a little from behind the hedge and then made my way nervously to the gate, skimming my hand along its wet, glistening, mirror surface. I paused at the gate a while and stared at the number on it. I pushed at it with my foot and it came open. I walked up the pathway stumbling blindly over the jutting, cracked paving slabs which were firmly anchored down by the moss growing where they were joined. I took my hand out of my pocket and immediately a cold, damp feeling engulfed me. I tightened my fist and knocked on the door just in case there was still someone in, although I knew that the house had been empty for quite some time. There was no reply and so I cautiously entered.

The floor-boards were bare and splintered and in one corner of the room they had caved in and the concrete foundations could be seen. The windows were smashed and the sharp, rough edges sparkled.

Outside it had started to rain again, beating down on the grimy glass. I looked at my feet which were still damp and a droplet of rain trickled down my back making me shiver. I looked once again towards the window and I noticed the worn curtain fabric, discoloured and torn.

On the wall it looked as if there had been a picture, for a vague outline was chalked by the mildew which coated most of the surface.

Beads of rainwater formed into rivulets and ran off my hair onto my face leaving moist, silvery trails behind them.

The door into what might once have been a dining-room was open and on the floor in the open doorway were two bent, rusted nails with the fragments of an old carpet clinging to them and around which dust had collected in thick layers. I slowly shuffled in and looked around, my eyes wide-open with amazement.

Underneath the windows there was an overturned chair, faded and with its stuffing hanging out in great billowing clouds onto the floor.

I turned around and slowly shuffled into the first room leaving the smell and some of the darkness. I made my way to the front door. I gripped the handle firmly and tugged at it, the door flew open shrieking as it did. I turned up my collar and ran down the path leaving the door open. I took one last look at the house and made off down the street leaving the gate wide for any other curious traveller who might happen to be walking down Jervis Road.



17, Jervis Road

BY

G.W. Crofts, 4A.



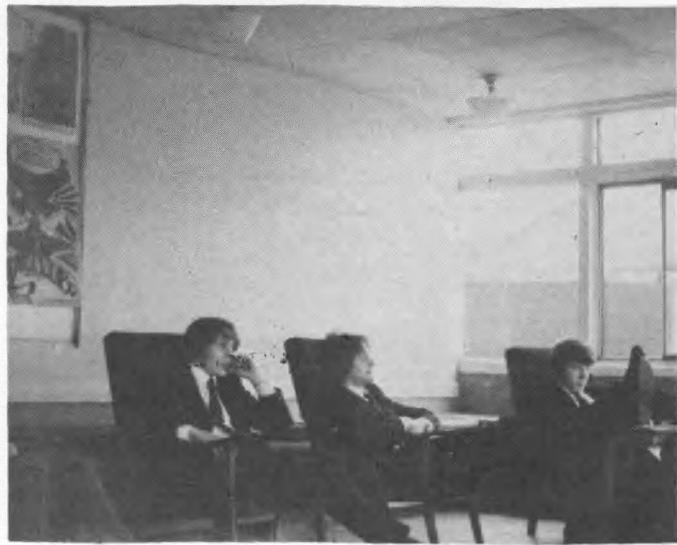


the sixth-Form common- room

H. Aye, madam, it is common.

G. If it be,

Why seems it so particular to thee?



The word "common" has many meanings and most of them can be applied to a room in the new block, room 24, or was it 25? Its official name is, of course, "The Sixth-Form Common-Room", known to many lower and middle school pupils as the place where the sixth-form can meet, and to the upper school as the place where they can, where they can.....work? Work is, as the staff know, and we admit, the least common activity of that common-room.

The word "common" crops up again. What are its definitions? Common means "shared by or belonging to". Well its shared, but whether or not it belongs to the sixth form is debatable. Staff forays and pupil intrusions often appear as facts against sixth form ownership.

"Common" also means, "public, general, ordinary, usual, frequent, inferior and vulgar". One could say it is public, public in the sense that it is open to all sixth formers who wish to use its facilities (it's strange how one finds that generally "public" property is vandalised). "General and ordinary". It's certainly not ordinary. On the left wall is a magnificent display of posters from the indescribable to the unmentionable.

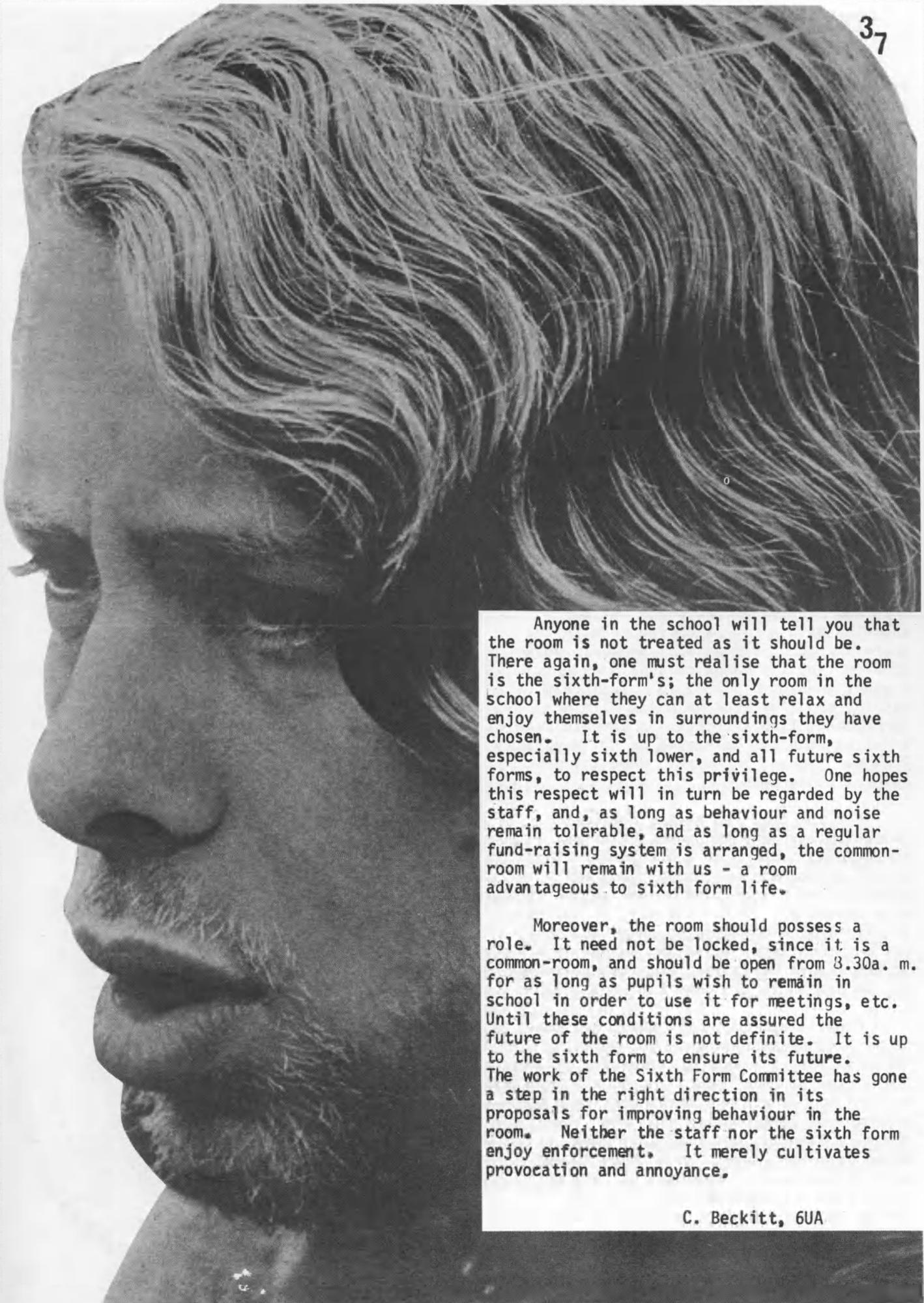
"Usual" is not a word I would want to describe the room, but if one is a sixth former, especially lower sixth (there is a difference between upper and lower!), then one "usually" visits the common-room.

"Frequent" applies itself readily. It is frequently used and frequently misused.

The most apposite definitions survive until last; 'inferior' and 'vulgar'. Now why should a room belonging to the sixth form be inferior? Suffice it to say that familiarity breeds contempt. It once had a pleasant aspect.

Now 'vulgar' is more subtle. A question of tone, atmosphere, language, standing, function. Its purpose has been demoralised. It is a room to lounge and loaf in. Neither have grace.

The future of the common-room is uncertain. As sixth lower drift out into their own room next door or are chosen to inhabit the prefects' room, fifth formers take over and apply their own special touches.



Anyone in the school will tell you that the room is not treated as it should be. There again, one must realise that the room is the sixth-form's; the only room in the school where they can at least relax and enjoy themselves in surroundings they have chosen. It is up to the sixth-form, especially sixth lower, and all future sixth forms, to respect this privilege. One hopes this respect will in turn be regarded by the staff, and, as long as behaviour and noise remain tolerable, and as long as a regular fund-raising system is arranged, the common-room will remain with us - a room advantageous to sixth form life.

Moreover, the room should possess a role. It need not be locked, since it is a common-room, and should be open from 8.30a. m. for as long as pupils wish to remain in school in order to use it for meetings, etc. Until these conditions are assured the future of the room is not definite. It is up to the sixth form to ensure its future. The work of the Sixth Form Committee has gone a step in the right direction in its proposals for improving behaviour in the room. Neither the staff nor the sixth form enjoy enforcement. It merely cultivates provocation and annoyance.

C. Beckitt, 6UA

'TOAD of TOAD HALL'

I think the best way to start is by describing rehearsals. Things were rather slow at first when we were having auditions, and little progress was made. Gradually we sharpened up to a higher level of concentration, and more and more time was demanded of us. We often used to saunter grandly about the yards, quoting passages from individual scripts to each other.

We gradually built up an understanding between ourselves and the characters we portrayed, and it certainly helped us to stick to the job. The learning was tough, but we thought about Latin and Maths. periods and battled on.

We then began Sunday morning rehearsals, and all would-be sleepers and choir-boys were roused at the crack of dawn, to be sent pedalling hard to school with a cup of tea and a few portions of cornflakes in their stomachs. After a ride round the school, and a short game of football, all the budding John Waynes milled into the hall, much to the sorrow of S*****. Some Sundays would be for the four main characters only, (Toad, Rat, Mole and myself) and we would wet our whistles with a cup of coffee made in the prefects' den. (Great will be their wrath if ever they lay hands on this document.) I usually came to school in a leisurely manner, and flew back in a car with a performance like a rocket - a certain fuel - injected VW 411.L belonging to Mr. Vaughan-Thomas. These, I thought, were the most helpful rehearsals.

For the last two weeks, cobwebs collected over script books, (with one exception!) For 3 or 4 days before the actual performance we did nothing but rehearse and butterflies became active in many stomachs. Unfortunately, we had very little time to practise on stage and work out our positions, exits and entrances. So, as the lights were wired and scenery sprang up, we had that "I'm done for" feeling.

Finally opening night came, and found us at 3.45 drinking squash and watching "Wind in the Willows" on television. We had a game of 'wall pill' and Winnie made valiant but abortive efforts to stop a mischievous gang running riot over the stage. Finally, sweating like pigs, we filed into the make-up room to be daubed with grease-paint. Shameful to have a smell like a poodle-parlour! I used toilet paper to protect my white shirt from my black grease-paint, and later, to my horror, it started flapping out during a vital part of the play.

Behind the stage there was frantic whispering, as 5th and 6th formers arranged the props. The tape recorder boomed out 'oldies' by Sinatra and Bygraves, while we positioned ourselves in the wings. A few bars of 'Messing about on the River' and the curtain went up. Unfortunately I was not on stage and we had to lower the curtain again! Well, it was far from perfect, but we had a lot of laughs, especially when my front door collapsed. There was more to come. The log that Rat, Mole and I were sitting on split, with dire consequences, and Rat, although meaning to remove his boater carefully and place it on the table, was gripped by an irresistible urge to bounce it off-stage. The climax came on the first night when the barge-woman's 'falsies' dropped to a remarkable position on her figure: she rammed them up to a biologically possible position amid howls of laughter. On the last night, the barge-horse put his arm through the hole in his costume, when the barge-woman offered him a juicy bunch of grass, and stuffed it into his mouth. He then retracted his arm, and gave a somewhat plump lady in the front row a fit of heaving, turning her countenance blue with the muscular strain of retaining her precarious position on the chair.

Finally, I will go backstage again and salute the boys who worked valiantly under very difficult conditions to produce what we hope was a successful play. Last, but by no means least, I would like to pay tribute to the dedicated staff and especially to our trainer and companion, Mr. Harcourt.

David Wragg, 2B



toad



CRASH!

I got up from my seat, smiled at the gentleman facing me and slid open the door. The train must have been travelling quite fast for I lurched drunkenly, I made my way down the corridor staggering from side to side.

Suddenly the train screamed and tried to stop. I smashed forwards trying to regain my balance but it was too late. I was flung into forward space. The floor rushed at me at enormous speed, I closed my eyes. There was a dull thud and I could hear somebody screaming, not realising it was me. The piercing noise grew louder, my ears were bursting, then I grew weightless. My stomach tried to come up and burst out of me. My mind went hazy, everything went foggy. Then a sickening jolt! My limbs were forcing their way through the wood and metal, We were going up again, by this time blood was gushing out of somewhere. I didn't know where.

Everything went silent, then sound rushed and hit me like a ton of scrap. A hiss of steam, I think; people crying; twisted syllables; jumbles of words.

My body should have been hurting but I could feel nothing. I tried to get up, nothing would move. I tried forcing my brain to do something. I managed to grasp hold of the edge of a shattered window and pulled up my seemingly heavy weight. There was a smell of blood in the air and an odd odour, something like grass, oil and grease combined; it stung my nose.

I strained my eyes to see what was up ahead. As far as I could make out the engine was on its side with steam pouring out. Everything went blank, I screamed, I couldn't see.

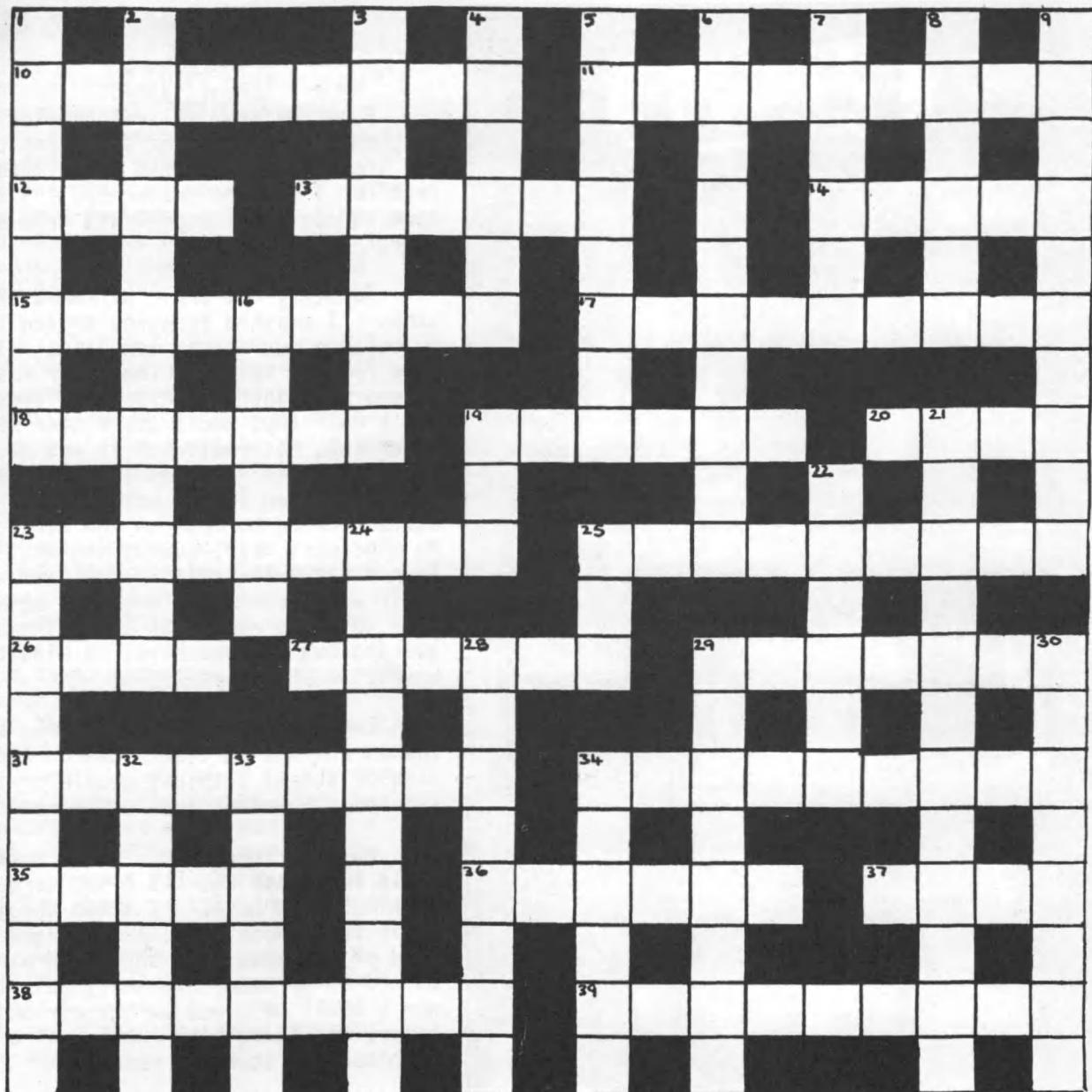
I groped along the corridor, what was left of it, and managed to grasp hold of a handle as the train shuddered. There was a tremendous explosion and I was hollow and weightless again.

I regained consciousness and lay on the grass with a cover over me. I was shivering with cold. I saw people all around me covered with blood and dirt. It was plastered on like a mask. There were soft words echoing in my ears; they said something about me being all right and being the best off.

Later I read how the train ran off the rails on the bridge and then blew up. There were very few survivors.

M.J. Lyons, 4A

BETABY'S ROSS-WORD MAINLY FOOTBALL



ACROSS

10. Arsenal skipper.
11. Train soldiers in this football town.
12. One of soccer's top men.
13. Hungarian genius.
14. Irish international.
15. Amuses.
17. Implored.
18. Hibs' star.
19. Leeds (?)...Road.
20. Concuss.
23. The ref's usual reward.
25. Southern Leaguers.
26. Usually a girl.
27. Chase bad men.
29. Blames.
31. Wolves' wing-half.
34. These dribble ink.
35. They know their onions when it comes to football.
36. It's what we pay for.
37. Consistent Barrow goalie.
38. 1-0.....1-1 for example.
39. When 1-0 becomes 2-0.

DOWN

1. Involves.
2. Just a better way of saying pictures.
3. Famous ex-Scottish powerful forward.
4. Served Stoke well.
5. Coventry City boss.
6. It lets you in.
7. League title, F.A. Cup, F.L. Cup?
8. Ex-Wales goal-keeper.
9. No entrance through this gate.
16. Keep.
19. A green tree in Reading's Park.
21. Players for sale.
22. "City" boss.
23. Giant-killers!
24. He'd never say soccer was our No. 1 game.
25. Little sister
28. Prevent boiling over at grounds.
29. Draw near to something.
30. Costly removal from the ground.
32. More than a mere list.
33. Soft....?
34. Centre of 1966 World Cup incident.

School Dinners

"With a gobble-gobble here, and a gobble-gobble there, here a gobble, there a gobble, everybody gobble-gobble" goes the School as everyday, since Spring half-term, it munches its way through cordon bleu menus, fortified in the belief that some choice is better than no choice and overjoyed that at long last the tyranny of Henry Ford's dictum applied to cars, "You can have any colour you want, provided that it is black", has finally been removed from our daily bread.

How civilized the atmosphere! How pleasing the whole tone of our new democracy as, armed with a tray, bedazzled by the kitchen's cornucopia, and drawn on by olfactory reveries, we shuffle our way past the hatches into some haven of chosen company, enlarging our right to chew over school policy with the paid, and asserting elbow authority over stained and lined territory; an exercise made nervous by the knowledge that it is self-conscious.

At first the meals were greeted with apprehension - a very hopeful sign considering everyday experience. But they were real. Yes, there they were, like life produced in a test-tube, a miracle of creativity; what great creating nature couldn't do, the cooks had achieved - a choice. There, like the lion and the lamb, a sausage lay in peace with potatoes. Elsewhere, as if resigned to its rude exposure, a tomato blushed amongst the curlicued grated cheese. In another region a fish steamed in unashamed luxury, lolling in its robe of bread crumbs against a mound of chips. And the sweets! That jam-jewel in a custard sea!

Everybody seemed delighted; the seniors because they had a choice, and the juniors because at long last they would receive food. No longer would the 'heavies' descend like wolves on the defenceless young, ravaging the fold of its chips and sago. No longer would starving, puerile fingers, searching for a rolling pea or a dropped potato, feel the smashing blow of a swinging spoon. Life at last would receive nourishment, and the school, under the pressure of circumstance would, like a pair of bellows, achieve healthy equilibrium. It was the end of despotism. The sixth-form, like Europe before it, had to come to terms.

It had to come to terms, too, with queuing. Each day that long, convulsed snake of humanity proclaims the indignities of time and size as the small wait longer and the large queue at all. And here we saw surprising subterfuges, sacrifices, strengths and weaknesses in our elders and betters, as, talking to themselves, talking to the person at the front of the queue or churning their elbows and muttering degree!, they shuffled self-consciously, sidled miserably or strode indifferently towards food.

But, considering the past and weighing the present one can admit a remarkable improvement in the food, the society and the atmosphere of the dining-hall. Looking forward to the future one hopes that if anything changes at all it will be the quantity, and even here, one must be careful not to merely cavil.

D.H. Simms, 6UA



CCF

To be over establishment once again is very encouraging in the present 'climate', the new entry being well up in numbers.

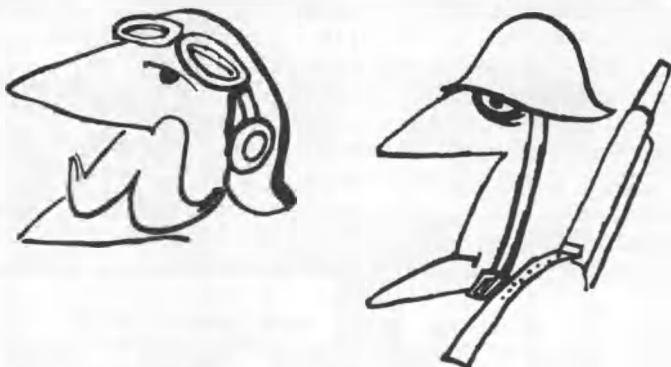
The Contingent welcomes back Lieutenant N. Henwood to help the Army Section.

At the end of the 1969-70 Training Year over half the Cadets attended Camps or courses throughout the country. Every year the range of these activities increases and last year included: Sub-Aqua at H.M.S. Vernon; Canoeing with the Royal Marines; Boatwork at B.R.N.C., Dartmouth and Devonport; Gunnery and Navigation at Portsmouth. The Army Section trained on the South Downs in Kent and the R.A.F. Section enjoyed their week on the Support Command Station at Brize Norton. Not only does the range of activities widen but the effort put into them by the services increases to make them more interesting and valuable.

Information has already been received of this year's activities which will include a week's cruise with the Royal Navy to Gibraltar; a camp in Malta as well as camps at the R.A.F. College, Cranwell and the Army Training Area at Warcop. The Naval training will as usual be dispersed in many establishments and information on final allocation is awaited.

combined cadet force 70-71

Arduous Training, now named Adventure Training, will take place at Easter in the Cheviot Hills at A.A.T.A. Otterburn. The great increase in the interest in this type of training is shown by the fact that twice the number of Cadets allowed to take part volunteered and were disappointed at not being selected.



At Whitsun it is hoped that several Cadets of the R.A.F. Section will attend Gliding Courses in Lincolnshire. It is a pity that a greater interest in flying is not shown in all Sections as Flying Scholarships are now available to all and flying proficiency in single engined aircraft should prove a valuable qualification in many areas of life.



Now the Naval Section has acquired its own boat trailer it is hoped to have both boats on the River Trent much earlier this year and thus make greater use of them. It is not easy to organise these activities away from the School premises but gradually they are becoming more numerous.



The R.A.F. Section enjoys flying at R.A.F. Newton every Thursday, weather permitting, and also had a day's flying during Autumn half-term.

The Army Section has already spent a weekend with the University Officer's Training Corps at Proteus Training Camp at Ollerton and will be carrying out Signals Training there in the summer term. It is hoped that the new Apex Training Scheme for the Army Section will prove more interesting and encourage recruiting next School year.

The Naval Section spent an interesting and busy weekend on H.M.S. Caledonian at Rosyth and look forward to further visits.

The summer term's main event will be the Annual Inspection on 21st May, 1971 when Group Captain W.K. MacTaggart, M.B.E., B.Sc., (Eng.), C.Eng., A.F.R.A.C.S., R.A.F., will review the Contingent.

It is with a great sense of loss that we say goodbye to Mr. Tom Cocking at the end of the Easter Term. Mr. Cocking came to the Contingent to start the Band seven years ago and through his keenness and hard work the Band has never failed to receive praise whenever and wherever it has played. He is moving away from the district and we wish him a long and happy retirement. Mr. Cocking took the Salute at a March Past on his last parade.

Swimming Club ~

Swimming Captain: C.G. Carlin, 6LA₂

Over the last two years competitive swimming in the School has suffered something of a decline where once it was one of our stronger sports. However, in January of this year the School Swimming Club was reformed and began its nightly meetings. All members of the School are welcome. The intention of the Club is to provide advice and coaching for those who, already swimming wish to improve, or being a non-swimmer want to learn. A considerable amount of enthusiasm and progress is being shown.

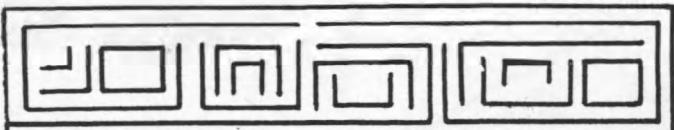
During swimming lessons Mr. Prince has been teaching a group of boys life-saving, and they hope in a short while to be competing for the R.S.L. Bronze Medallion.

The major event of this year was the Annual School Swimming Gala at Bramcote Baths. The whole competition, supported alike by parents and boys, provided not merely the excitement of contest, but the chance for a pleasant family evening.

The only other competition this year is to be held at the Carlton Forum: the Arnold and Carlton Schools Championship for Juniors and Intermediates. By the time the magazine is in print the competition will have taken place, so all the best to those taking part.

I hope that the Club continues to grow and improve and that it encourages those boys in the junior forms, Kelham, Baker, Long, P.D. Carlin, P.D.G. Jones, to practise hard and provide a successful future.

C.G. Carlin. 6LA₂



SAILING CLUB

The Club is held every Saturday morning from 9.45 to 12.15 at Nottingham Sailing Club, Adbolton Lane.

The Club, generously guided and organised by Mr. Bates, is open to the whole school providing that the would-be member can swim. Over the last year the attendance has grown considerably and to accommodate the increase the school has acquired a new Mirror Sailing Dinghy. We now have three boats.

Numerous other schools own boats and sail them on Saturday morning, in fact, a good time is had by all.

The repair and maintenance of the craft is done chiefly during the winter months when the boats are brought back to school for any major jobs which may need doing.

A sailing holiday was held on the Broads for a group of nine boys and as a result of the enthusiasm another one may be organised for this year.

M. Sheriston, 4A.

GYM CLUB

The Gym Club is active on Fridays at 3.45p.m. to 4.45p.m. Its members enjoy the challenge of simple and daring things. The show goes well and we have about twenty members.

Sometimes a sixth-former comes, but only occasionally. The sixth-form aren't barred though. At about 4.30p.m. some long-legged cross-country runners arrive but they can only stand and watch Chambers' death-defying somersault over the long-box, followed by the awe-inspiring, long long-arm of Goodyer junior; Oldfield's forward-roll short-arm and Wilson's artistic somersault. The rest of us, however, can only do the easy things and hardly ever attempt what's daring.

All the members, mainly from the middle and lower school, wish to thank the staff for leaving the gym free on Fridays!

A. Conacher, 3A



P. DARBY, 4C.

Musical Activities



The Choir.

Since September, 1970, the choir has taken part in two important events. The first was the Commemoration Service held in the Autumn term at the Parish Church, Bulwell. The musical highlight of the service was the Anthem, 'How lovely are thy dwellings fair' by Brahms. Immediately after half-term we began rehearsing for the carol service. This too was held in the Parish Church just before the end of term and the programme included an arrangement by Theron Kirk of an old Basque carol, 'Companions all sing loudly'. The following day we went to the Highbury Hospital to sing some of the carols for the patients.

Since then we have again visited the hospital, this time the orchestra came with us, to give an Easter concert. Among the hymns was the 'Passion Chorale' by J.S. Bach, as set in the 'St. Matthew Passion'.

The major festivities now over, we have started rehearsing for a concert later this May and we hope that this too will be a success.

I.L.P.

The School Orchestra.

Our activities have been varied this year and have included a visit to the Albert Hall, Nottingham, to hear the Birmingham Symphony Orchestra. Also, every alternate Thursday we join the Junior assembly, accompanying the hymns and playing various pieces. At Easter we gave a concert for the old folk at Highbury Hospital and, by the smiles on their faces afterwards, we seem to have given them considerable pleasure.

As the enthusiasm of the younger members of the School continues to grow, the orchestra is at last establishing its roots and forming an integral part of School life. We can look forward to improving standards in the future.

A.P. Kirby.



THE MODELLING CLUB

This Club meets every Friday evening after school in the Junior Biology Laboratory and usually lasts for about an hour. The Club is under the direction of Mr. Hadwen who provides the equipment, a generous amount of his own time and plenty of advice.

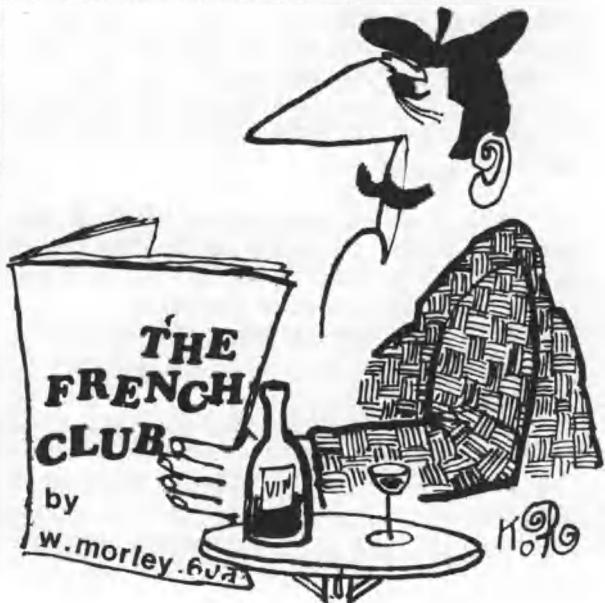
In the summer several club members take their activity onto the school fields and engage in control line and radio-control flying, free flight and gliding.

The winter months are usually taken up with building models and discussing the summer trials.

The highlight of the Club's year is Family Day. Club members hold an exhibition of their work in the School. The variety and interest are great as not only other pupils but eager fathers itch to lay fingers on the model railway, car-track and numerous static exhibits. I would like to add that anyone is welcome to provide exhibits.

The money which Family Day makes for us usually allows us to buy the equipment and kits which take us into the next year. Last year, for instance, enabled us to purchase some very useful radio equipment.

The Club attracts members from first to sixth form all of whom engage themselves in their chosen pursuit. Anyone is welcome to join.



In September, 1970 the old-established tradition of a Sixth Form French Club was once more resumed, and since then frequent meetings have been arranged.

The subjects of the meetings themselves have been many and varied, including a fascinating talk by L. Pettefar on his "Cultural Holiday" in Paris during Easter 1970.

On one other occasion M. Boutière played some very amusing tracks from an L.P. by Georges Brassens, a French singer, whose repertoire includes many lyrics about death and the clergy!

We also enjoyed three visits to The Nottingham Film Theatre to see, respectively, 'Fan-Fan La Tulipe', 'Les Femmes Savantes' and 'La Porte des Lilas'. All were excellent.

Once again the highlight of the year was the Club's annual dinner, which proved to be a thoroughly good night-out - and the prices were bearable!

Lastly, sincere thanks and appreciation must be extended to our two stalwarts, Mr. Dunleavy and M. Boutière, without whose patience and encouragement the few members would never have enjoyed such a successful and pleasant year.



000 VICIOUS CIRCLES 000

It was raining and rivulets of vile water ran along the gutter. The rain had formed a black sheet over the old houses making them appear like great pieces of coal.

A man in a shabby overcoat looked at me, his gloved hands searching nervously for a cigarette. A small child kicked a tin around until it landed in a shop doorway.

At last I saw my old school, a large red-bricked building. The wind had torn the roof away and you could see the tiny hills of broken lead and slate which lay on the floor. A cat soft-nosed its way over the mess, its long paws tearing at an old armchair whose filling and flock lay in still waves over the floor.

I moved off, passing the River Leen where as a child, I paddled and kicked and found pleasure in the yellow waters. I decided to visit the park where I came across my old friend Tabacar Lester, the park-keeper. He had a hawk nose, tight mind and was clever. He told me how as a child I would squirt detergent in the fountain and would light fires in the bushes.....

A sudden wind hustled me along the roads forcing me to shelter. People sailed down the streets like great ships laden with goods. People passed me.....

It was time for my train and as I made my way to the Station I thought about the people whom I once knew: Robbie, David, Mick, Jim, Terry Chalms and William Pearce, the people who travelled unknown directions in manhood. I thought of their journeys as the train drew loudly in.

C. Walster, 4A

A BAD TIME AT THE FAIR

Wheeow!

On the planes whirling round and round, first bombing the pigeons, a lustrous and dim grey, watching them fade in the smoke filled, smoke stained sky.

Then coming down in a wild swoop to knock off a candy floss so green and so gay. Then rising 'till the sky hits my head.

I was still and cold. I shivered, reached for my hat and slowly pulled it over my head. Descending I caught sight of the blood-red brightness of the skelter. Sliding down and down I shrieked as I came flying off the end. I was heading straight for the blue steeled tangle of a ferris wheel, and as I crashed into the cabin I dreaded what would happen next.

It began to turn and wobble. I nearly fell out, then, thrusting out I fell down from the cabin. I seemed to float onto a tent then bounced into the caravan down the chimney, right onto a fire. I yelled as I burst into flames.

Out I shot without a hope, slid over the ice-cream tubs and slithered into the Terror House. It was strange in the black, empty hole. And then there was nothing but silence and flashing lights. Lots of red lights and yellow ones spelling out a name. I listened to them glowing brightly, flicking on and off. I watched them shouting out my name, telling me breakfast was ready!

M. Holden, 1B.

AUSTRIA '70

The trip started on a hazy Monday morning at Nottingham Midland, and following a quite uneventful journey to London, some of the group managed to get separated from the rest on the underground! Chaos reigned but briefly and we were soon one large Mellish once again.

The weather when we arrived at the Austrian village of Thalgau was gloriously hot.



The first few days were spent on conducted tours of Salzburg itself and the beautiful lakes and countryside surrounding it. After the tours we enjoyed a great deal of free time when we could go swimming in the open-air village pool or hiking over the sheltering hills.

There was not, unfortunately, a lot to do at night, however, some of the senior members of the group did, though, find a cosy nearby hotel which was open, where one could adequately lubricate the card games that spread across some of the evenings.



One evening, however, was special, for once a fortnight the hotel held the local "hoe-down". The fare included national dancing in costume, folk singing, general entertainment and a comic who, despite the fact that we could not understand one word he spoke, had us rolling in the logs.

Inevitably all holidays must come to an end, and with regret we crammed our souvenirs into our cases, took a long last look and prepared for the return journey.

S.N. Fraser, 6LS

DANISH BLUE!

In July 1970 a group of boys from the school, accompanied by Mr. Sutherland, Mr. Prince and Mr. and Mrs. Done, travelled by coach to Harwich, boat to Hamburg, and ferry and coach to Farum, a village just outside Copenhagen. The following have been distilled for posterity.

"The school trip to Denmark was a great experience. I don't think I want to go again."

"It was really the same as England except that they spoke a different language to us, and they drove on the wrong side of the road."

"On the boat was a great experience. I was not sick and found it so funny when I saw someone rush to the toilet ready to be sick and trip over a step and do it all over the floor."

"The boat had four decks, a cinema, a dance-hall, a captain, a loud-speaker system and duty-free cigarettes. Duty-free means when you get about three miles out of port everything grows cheaper."

"One thing was when a first-former sat on a fire-extinguisher and it just seemed to set off."

"When we arrived at the dock there were more green uniformed men waiting for us."

"The proprietor was a very strict man. If you did anything wrong like sit on the bed, or breathe loudly, you were in the dog-house."

"The meals there were quite like the English but we had the same breakfast every morning."

"At Elsinore beach there were rocks and jellyfish so everyone picked up the rocks and smashed the jellyfish to smithereens."

"Just outside Farum there were two Danish girls, neither of them spoke English. Me and several other boys swam to the bottom of the lake and got hands full of mud and weed and threw them at the two girls. They weren't very friendly."

"The loos were just holes into the ground and stank intolerable."

"The beds were short."



Geography

Field Week

**March 30th to
April 5th**



This year's geography field week took 12 members of six lower to Torquay where the English Riviera provided a dry though chilly few days.

The Maycliffe Hotel which overlooks Tor Bay was the base for our daily activities. It was comfortable, and as the only occupants, we were able to relax and move about freely. Austin wishes to recommend the personal service it has to offer.

The object of the week was to apply the technique of acquiring and presenting geographical data. The Torquay area, with Dartmoor on its doorstep, a varied coastline, unspoiled villages, and busy market towns, lends itself ideally to this type of work.

Included in the week's itinerary was a study of marine erosion and deposition, which took the party to Tor Cross, Slapton Sands, Blackpool and Brixham beaches. At the latter our official photographer became so enthusiastic about obtaining the correct profile of an igneous intrusion that he inadvertently entered the English Channel, boots, camera and all! Other geomorphology trips took us across Dartmoor to examine granite scenery and Tors, while at Brixham we were conducted around some limestone caves which offered excellent illustrations of karst and a fascinating story of human and animal occupation during the Ice Age. Also crammed into a busy five days was a town study of Totnes, a detailed survey of three Devonshire villages, a farm study and a visit to the rural industries centre at Dartington where we followed the processing of wool from its raw state to the finished cloth.

We had been warned beforehand that, despite our appropriate location, the field week was no holiday. This was certainly the case since each evening we were kept occupied recording and compiling the day's information. Operating as a group, however, sharing and resolving problems together helped to make this work both entertaining and rewarding. In addition there were many memorable and amusing incidents in between work sessions. Dance's birthday celebration providing the week's high spot when Willy, intoxicated by the South Devon air, revealed his secret ambition to go to a Welsh University!

"Geographers"

IT USED TO BE....

It moves eastwards to the sea.
It used to be an excellent salmon river.
It used to be a clean river.
It used to be fed by clear streams.
It used to be without any power stations on its banks.
It used to be free of poisons
It used to be free.
It used to be.

Fifth Form Camp

The coach slowly drew away. With expressions befitting a risen corpse kissed back into life, the examination exhausted pupils gazed blearily at the Mellish.

Without delay the bus sped northwards to the Lake District and Coniston Village.

After struggling across two meadows a heap of white bell-tents came into view. Smoke curled lazily from amidst them and to this day no-one knows whether it came from the camp fire or the chief.

When we had struggled through the rain-sodden field, we were shown out of the wet and into our accommodation by members of the advance party who had pitched camp and dug the "trenches".

After our first meal the chief held a pow-wow in which the activities of the following day were outlined.

The activities were varied and geared to the interests and capabilities of the master in charge. The pastimes arranged included orienteering, fell-walking, sailing, light-weight camping and cooking. The whole range was successful and most enjoyable.

There were, of course, accidents and disappointments, like trying to start the boat in six inches of water! Or finding that the 'guide' to Old Man Coniston preferred a horizontal rather than vertical view of the surrounding beauty-spots.

There was plenty to do at night. One could count stars; listen to the crickets; shout darkly across the muffled tent, or.....but that's another story, and anyway, we were only talking!

When the time came to leave, most of the boys were just growing used to ashened stew, anybody's salad, the tricks of the "trenches" and the thousand and one other changes in routine that altogether made up a most enjoyable, refreshing and instructive experience.

Those of us who went to the camp would, finally, like to thank all those members of the staff who made the experience possible.

N.C. Davis, 6LA



Over the past year, the Parent/Staff Association has held a number of successful functions and meetings and has continued to play a vital role in the life of the school.

The first major event of the new calendar was Family Day, held last year on Saturday the 9th May, which proved to be a most enjoyable occasion, despite the bleak weather, and which, whilst raising money for Parent/Staff Association Funds with side-shows, stalls and competitions, afforded a large number of families the opportunity to visit the school, witness the annual athletic championships and meet other families. Family Day will be held this year on Saturday the 22nd May, when it is hoped that a change in emphasis will in no way affect the popularity of this annual event. Then, on the 15th July, parents of prospective new boys were invited to school at night, together with their sons, to hear something of what the future held for them from the Headmaster; the boys were also taken round in guided parties by selected prefects and the evening finished with a film of past school activities produced by Mr. Sutherland, who also provided the humorous running commentary on the events depicted.

The Autumn Term witnessed three important Parent/Staff Association events. On Tuesday, the 29th September, a large and appreciative audience was given a fascinating, illustrated talk on the mysteries of Modern Mathematics and the need for this different approach to the subject. The audience was able to participate in a practical way and showed its keen interest by the barrage of questions with which it bombarded the speaker, Mr. D. Sturgess, Tutor in Mathematics of the School of Education, Nottingham University. Then, on the 16th October, in the evening, the annual Autumn Fayre was held in aid of Parent/Staff Association Funds. This function was well attended and proved a very successful venture both socially and financially. A clear profit of well over £100 enabled the committee to make over a similar sum to the School Games Fund, which was in dire need of further financial support. Finally, on the 27th November an extremely enjoyable Social and Dance took place at school, which was admirably compered by Mr. G. Barlow, a committee member, who, whilst ensuring that there was never a dull moment, gave an impressive and much appreciated display of prestidigitation during an interlude. Unfortunately, only a small number of parents were present to support this event, but they were amply rewarded for the effort they made.

This term, a Careers Forum was held on the 11th February, when a panel of five speakers, representing a cross-section of the local employment field, gave a brief resume of career opportunities in their particular sphere for the less academic grammar school pupil. This was followed by a question-time in which parents fully participated and took advantage of the opportunity to gain more knowledge of possible careers for their sons. This meeting was very successful and was quite well attended, though greater numbers of parents had been expected. The Annual General Meeting is to take place on Tuesday, the 9th March and it is hoped that the Association will continue to prosper and contribute to the well-being of the school, as it has done so effectively in the past year.

Blood, Sweat, & Tears.



Answers

Scarlett lives at number

Cross. Word

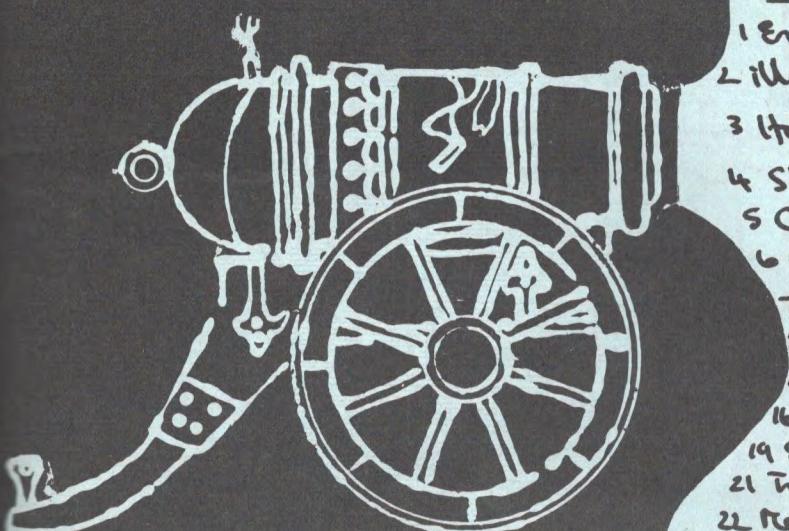
13

Across

- 10 Michelin
- 11 Aldershot
- 12 Rous
- 13 Albert
- 14 Parake
- 15 Entertains
- 17 Entreated
- 18 Stanton
- 19 Elland
- 20 Stern
- 23 Criticism
- 25 Stevenage
- 26 hymn
- 27 Posses
- 29 Accuses
- 31 Holsgrave
- 34 Reporters
- 35 Spain
- 36 Action
- 37 Else
- 38 Equalised
- 39 Increased

Down

- 1 Embroid
- 2 illustration
- 3 Herilson
- 4 Skeels
- 5 Cantwell
- 6 Admirance
- 7 Triple
- 8 Shortt
- 9 Attendance
- 16 Retain
- 19 Elm
- 21 Transfer list
- 22 Kever
- 23 Colchester
- 24 Iconoclast
- 25 Sis
- 28 Stewards
- 29 Approach
- 30 Suspends
- 32 League
- 33 Gentle
- 34 Rattin





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Address.....

..... Age.....

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