

CENTAUR



Our staff talk about us.

Bob Vineer joined us straight from school, when he was 18. "I'd just taken 'A' levels", he says, "I wanted a job that offered security and the chance to get ahead, so I chose the Midland. My work there began as a junior clerk, you know, generally learning the business. But after four months, I moved on to higher things — as a cashier.

"After a while at that, 18 months or so, I did a spell on control work.

"Now at 21, I'm doing junior foreign and securities work at Acton Branch.

"What do I like about my job? Oh, the variety, meeting people—the money's good as well.

"My prospects? I hope to be in management within ten years, but that depends on me."



Andrea Waters joined the Midland Bank at 16, straight from school. "Why? Oh, I'd just taken CSE's and one of my passes was in typing. The Midland offered me a job as a typist, so, I took it. As it happens, I started in Head Office as a junior. That was a year ago, and since then I've moved on to more responsible work in the same department. What do I like about the job? Well the money's good for my age, I like the people, but mostly I suppose, I enjoy the work. There isn't much more you could ask from a job, really is there?"

Elizabeth Stevens. "I left school with six 'O' levels—looking for a career with a future. I joined the Midland, did junior work for a year, then moved on to the counter. I pretty soon got to know everyone—they're a great crowd, really friendly people. I plan to get married before very long, but I'll probably carry on working here afterwards—it'd be a shame to leave all my friends. I get a good wage (equal pay with the men) and this is coming in very handy in setting up a home."



Our staff have talked to you. Why not come and talk to us?

Write to:

The District Staff Supt., Midland Bank Ltd.,
135 Granby Street, Leicester, LE1 6FF.



Midland Bank

A Great British Bank

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If you're good with your hands, we can train you to be a skilled mechanic with a trade for life.

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In fact, whether your bent is academic or practical, you can go a long way in the Navy. Or with the Navy's sea soldiers, the Royal Marines.

For example, with five 'O' levels (or 2 'A' levels) you can try for a commission as a Naval Officer.

And of course, you can now join us for a much shorter period, if you wish.

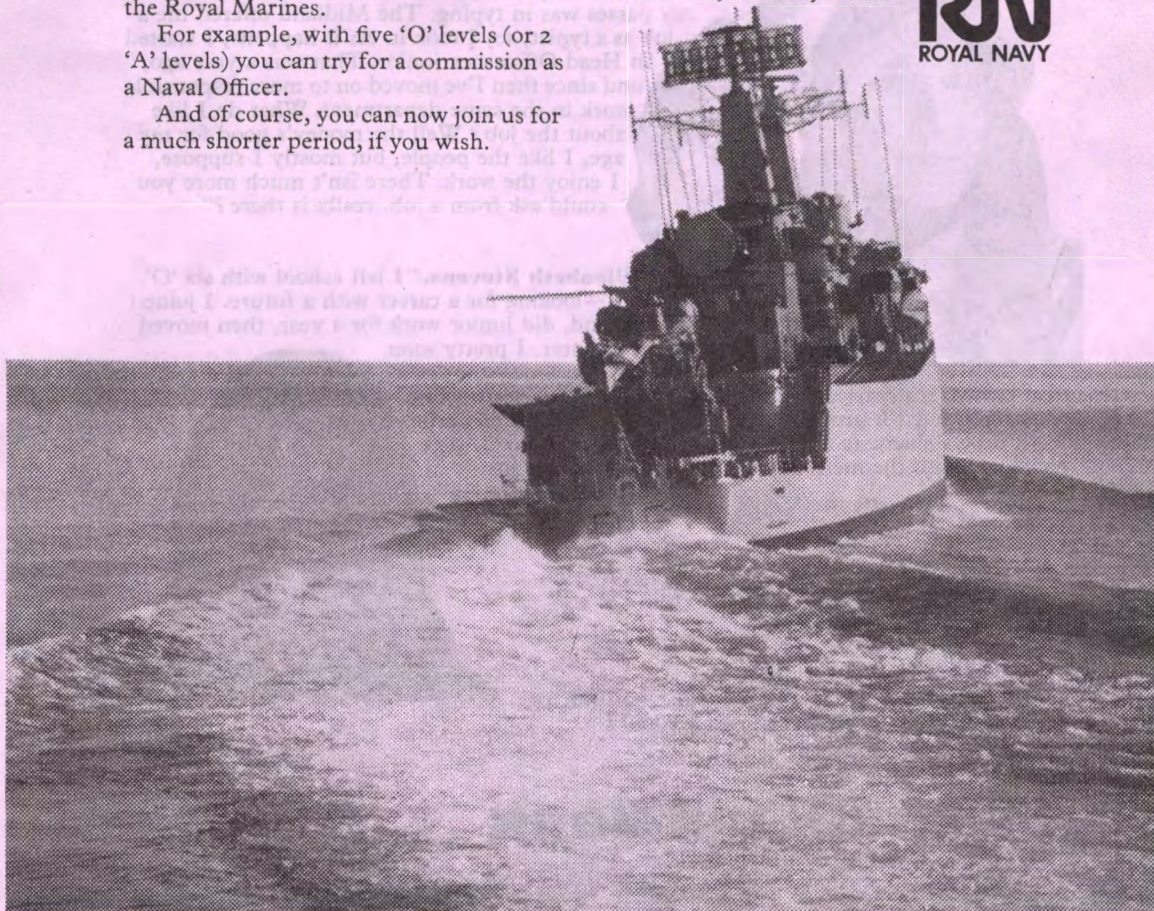
For Girls. If you're a girl, there's a happy, active life waiting for you in the Wrens (the Women's Royal Naval Service). Here you work with officers and men of the Royal Navy. There's a choice of many interesting jobs. You also have the same opportunities to try for a commission. And you may well see something of the world.

For someone keen on nursing, the Queen Alexandra's Royal Naval Nursing Service is a career that offers excellent training, travel, variety and an active social life.

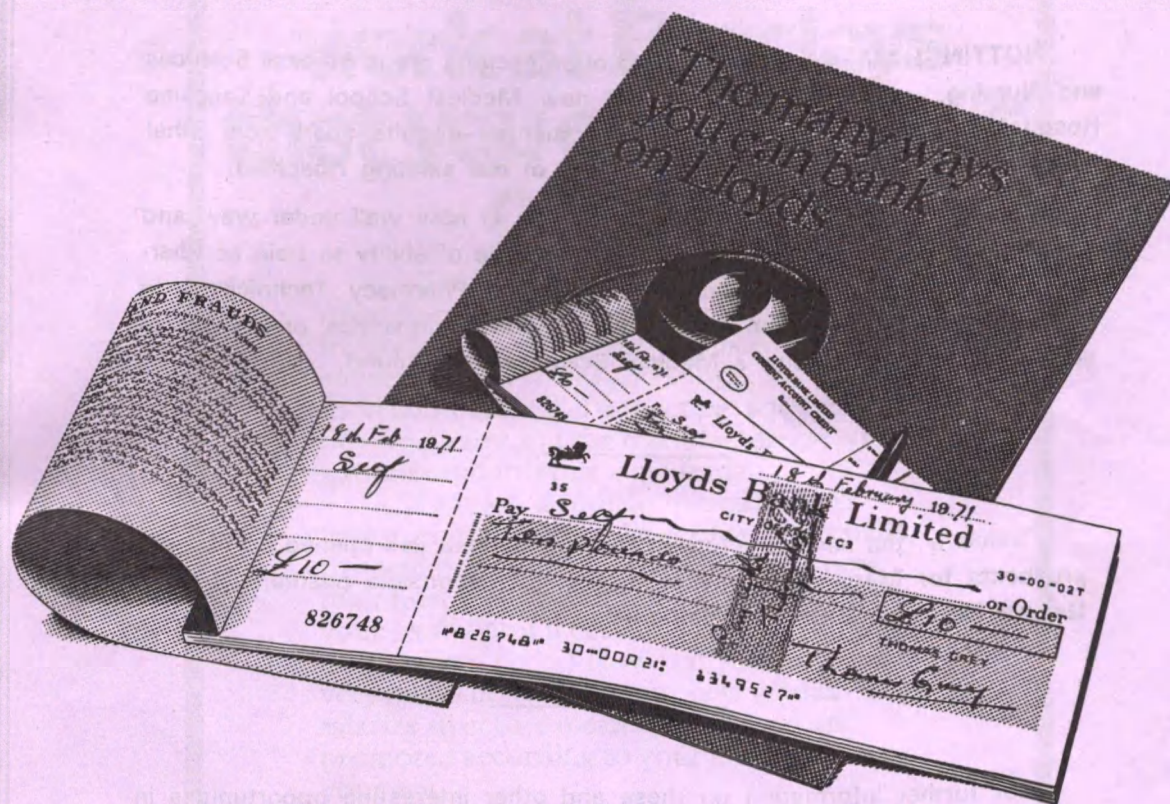
For full details of any of these careers, talk to your Careers Master or Mistress. Or write to the address below giving your name, age and any examinations you have passed, or hope to pass.

**The Royal Naval Careers Service (25 FD),
Old Admiralty Building,
Whitehall, London, S.W.1.**

RN
ROYAL NAVY



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This 'easy-to-read' booklet details our wide

range of services and explains how much we can help you in the years ahead. Whatever you make of your life—Lloyds Bank can help you make the most of your money.

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Lloyds Bank looks after people like you

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What about the Hospital Service?

NOTTINGHAM is on the threshold of an exciting era in **Medical Sciences and Nursing**, with the building of the new Medical School and Teaching Hospital to accommodate some 1,400 Patients — quite apart from other major developments and projects at many of our existing Hospitals.

Considerable expansion of these Services is now well under way, and good opportunities are available for young people of ability to train as **Pharmacists; Radiographers; Medical Laboratory or Pharmacy Technicians; in Physiotherapy, Occupational Therapy or Remedial Gymnastics;** or any one of several other careers with a **Medical Sciences background.**

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is to open a current account, and we can
give you a free copy of our informative
booklet, too.

**you cannot start too early thinking about
your future!**

Lloyds Bank looks after people like you

It's after you start work at Barclays that you choose your career.

Barclays is a vast, complex banking organisation. In one way or another, it's involved with every sort of business: with supermarkets, stores and shops; with farms, food companies and breweries; with airlines, oil companies and car manufacturers; with national and international trade.

Our job is to help our customers invest, expand and make profits. Eventually, this will be your job. You'll have to know their business, as well as be a specialist in your own. (You'll certainly be given all the training you need.) How fast you progress is very much up to you—our new graded salaries structure means you're paid and promoted according to your ability, not your age.

To start with, you need at least four 'O' levels. But preferably, two or more 'A' levels, which apart from anything else will put you ahead on starting pay.

For more information either see your Careers Teacher or local Barclays Manager.

Or write to: The Local Directors,
Barclays Bank Limited, P.O. Box 18,
Old Market Square, Nottingham, NG1 6FF.

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It takes three or four years to qualify as a chartered accountant, depending on the level of education you have reached. This, your age and the district in which you work will govern your salary during training.

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Accountancy is not a dull or monotonous profession. Many problems, each requiring a different solution, occur every day and it is often necessary for the chartered accountant and his articled clerks to travel extensively, sometimes abroad.

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The booklets "Become a Chartered Accountant" and "See a Chartered Accountant" issued by The Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales will tell you more. Send for copies to:

*To the Secretary, The Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales,
Chartered Accountants' Hall, Moorgate Place, London, E.C.2.
Please send me copies of "Become a Chartered Accountant" and
"See a Chartered Accountant"*

NAME..... ADDRESS.....

CENTAUR

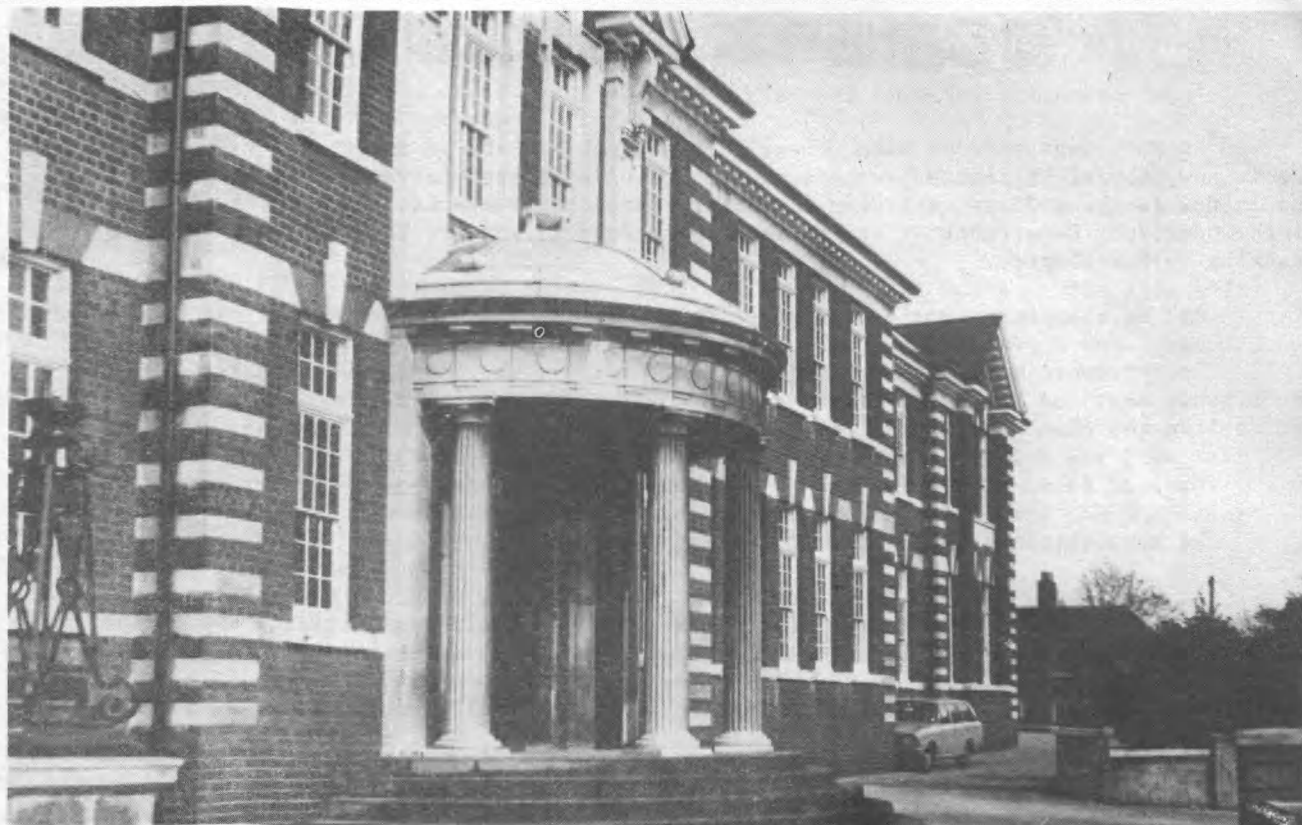
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SCHOOL OFFICIALS 1971 - 72

School Captain	H.A. Edwards
Vice Captain	C. Crowley
Prefects	M. Austin
	M. Burnside
	A. Bosworth
	K. Cole
	R. Dance
	S. Fraser
	K. Gardiner
	G. James
	R. Kitching
	R. Mathieson
	D. Matthews
	S. McGivern
	J. Rayner
	D. Stone
	N. Williams
	Z. Wozniakowski



EDITORIAL

Each year we have to decide whether or not we should go ahead with another edition of a school magazine. The major problem is, of course, one of cost. As the years go by, we are more likely to lose money. We have to sell a large number of copies if we are to meet our various bills for printing. We realise that for many boys - and probably for parents too - having to purchase a copy is something of an imposition. Nevertheless, this is the only way, under present arrangements, that we can operate. No printer is likely to encourage us to 'publish and be damned' - (on second thoughts he might say just that!); he has to be paid, and there is no beneficent authority who will subsidise our losses.

We like to think that a school magazine is worthwhile. It should reflect something of school life, not perhaps as fully as it might, but then, we can only publish what we are offered. This year the editors claim that "this year's 'Centaur' is by far the most exciting, action-packed, fun-filled extravaganza of stimulating reading so far produced in this school."

Certainly the editors have worked very hard to extract material from reluctant contributors. Indeed, their energetic advertising campaign might well have made sufficient copy for an entertaining magazine. We hope that you, the readers, consider their efforts worthwhile.

We would like to acknowledge, with considerable gratitude, the help given by I.B.M., Nottingham. They were kind enough to let us have the use of a typewriter, the merits of which can be seen in the printing.

Again our sincere thanks to Miss Christine Hodges who did all of the typing and cheerfully deciphered the numerous scripts which were handed to her. Also we would thank Mrs. F. Hutchings who has helped in so many ways. We would be in grave difficulties without such willing co-operation.

SCHOOL NOTES

In July last year we bade farewell to several Members of Staff: Mr. P.B. Done, who is now Head of English Department at the Dukeries Comprehensive School; Mr. Gladwin, who is now teaching Classics at the Rushcliffe Comprehensive School; Mr. Pryce, now Head of the Geography Department at the Annie Holgate School; and Mr. Prince, who is now teaching in Northampton.

All of them carry our best wishes for the future.

In September we welcomed Mr. Bastow (Chemistry); Mr. Bowles (Geography); Mr. Hinshaw (Art and English); Mr. Prescott (English). We also welcomed the return of Mr. Spolton who came back to the fold after a year's teaching at the Dukeries.

Miss M. Bales also joined us as a Laboratory Assistant.

We hope that all enjoy their time with us.

At Christmas, Mr. E.H. Jones retired. Actually, he returned to us after the New Year to assist with the teaching of French and will be with us until the end of the Summer Term.

In the New Year we welcomed the return of Mr. Marshall who, like Mr. Jones, is helping out until an appointment is made later in the year. Mr. Marshall is as lively and active as ever and seems to be enjoying the slight break in the pleasures of retirement.

M. Fethi Naski joined us in September. We have enjoyed having him with us. Like his predecessor, M. Boutière, he displayed a talent for football in the Staff match against the Prefects.

Mr. W.G. Harcourt left us at the end of March. He has taken up a post as Head of English at the new Chilwell Comprehensive School. He has our good wishes for success in his future career.

The Commemoration Service was held in Bulwell Parish Church on Friday, 22nd October 1971. The service was conducted by the Rector of St. Mary's, Bulwell, the Rev. W. Beasley (1945-52), and he was assisted by the Rev. E.P. Bailey (1946-52), Vicar of All Hallows, West Bridgford, and the Rev. F.G. Green (1952-59), Warsop Rectory. The sermon was preached by the Rev. D.H. Williams, Rural Dean of Bulwell.

The Carol Service was held in the Parish Church in the evening of the 14th of December. A large number of parents and friends attended.

Once again the School was able, thanks to the generosity of parents, to distribute food parcels to Old Age Pensioners at Christmas. As a result of this, the School has been able to adopt an Old People's Home in Bulwell and members of IVA have been continuing the good work of visiting during the year.

While on the subject of good works we would like to congratulate all those who took part in the 'sponsored swim'. These boys raised the surprising sum of £156 and this money will be used by the Parent/Staff Association for special purposes connected with School work.

The Staff again won the annual match against the Prefects - this time without the help of Mr. Gladwin. There seem to be enough young Members of Staff to provide an active side. Perhaps there will be a corresponding improvement in the Staff Cricket team.

The Old Boys' Rugby Club have had a successful season again. Unfortunately they were defeated by the Old Baileans in the play-off to decide which club will represent the Three Counties in the National Knock-Out Competition.

4 It was with great regret that we learned of the death of Mr. L. Jackson. Mr.

Jackson will be remembered by past and present pupils as the skilled carpenter who made good all the damaged furniture, doors, etc. We will miss his cheerful presence. We extend to his family our deep sympathy.

Another shock for us was the death, in April, of Geoffrey Millns (1951-1959). This seems particularly sad for one so young and active and we offer his wife and family our deepest sympathy.

The Public Speaking Competitions were held on Tuesday, 21st March. The standard was again high and the competitors are to be congratulated on their performances. We are grateful to Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Howell of the Nottingham Speakers' Club who gave willingly of their time in order to adjudicate for us. An account of the proceedings appears elsewhere.

The Third forms and others enjoyed the visit of the Nottingham Playhouse Theatre Company to School in the Autumn term. They performed enthusiastically as Roundheads, Cavaliers, Citizens, etc., in a spirited production of 'Praise God and Guard the Gunpowder' an account of Nottingham in the Civil War. The Playhouse is to be congratulated on an entertaining and instructive performance.

During the Spring Term we had with us Messrs. Borrows, McIntosh, Turner and Wilson from the Nottingham University Department of Education, and Mr. Batters from Loughborough College. We hope that they enjoyed their time with us and we wish them every success in their future careers.

We managed to survive the coal strike and are entitled to cry, like the old Windmill Theatre, 'we never closed'. But it was a near thing and doubtless the Vth forms will long remember mock examinations endured through a haze of paraffin fumes.

We have news of three dentists. Ian Hallam has now qualified but will first concentrate on pursuit cycling. We wish him every success - in selection for the Olympic team and in the Games themselves.

Barry Austin (1955-61) is now practising in Derby.

David Davidson (1959-65), having obtained his B.D.S. at Guy's Hospital, joined Sir Vivian Fuchs' Expedition to the Antarctic in 1970-1971. After this he hoped to spend some time in South America.

The Annual Swimming Gala had to be cancelled this year. Owing to the coal-miners' strike restrictions were placed on the use of premises for such activities and we were unable to re-arrange the programme.

The Band, the Orchestra, and the Choir have continued to entertain. The Orchestra accompanies the Junior Assembly; the Band provides lunch-time entertainment; the Band and the Choir entertained with carols at the Highbury Hospital just before the end of the Autumn Term.

Two pieces of late news have reached us. The Old Boys Rugby XV has again won the Nottinghamshire Knock-out Cup. They defeated Newark in the final. In the Counties' Challenge game they went on to beat Derby R.F.C., the Derbyshire winners, and they now stand a chance of qualifying for the National competition. We wish them every success.

Alan Fish has been selected by the Badminton Association of England for a week's course at Lilleshall. This is a course for a group of players, under 25 years of age, who are considered to have international potential. He has our hearty congratulations.



Parent/Staff

Association

The Parent/Staff Association has continued to prosper and provide an interesting range of activities for its members. In financial terms the past year has been extremely successful and the Association's funds are now in a particularly healthy state. The size of the Games Fund is especially pleasing and owes much to the increased generosity of parents making termly contributions to the Fund, and also to the sponsored swim, organised by Mr. F.J. Sutherland at the Northern Baths during the Autumn Term, which raised the marvellous total of £156.11p.

Family Day was held on Saturday 22nd May 1971 and was much enjoyed by parents and other members of their families who were able to watch the annual athletics championships in fair weather, and also take part in various games and competitions, arranged by Mr. J.L. Barlow. This year there were no stalls and the intention was to play down the former fund-raising aspect of this function. Even so, a worthwhile profit was made on the various forms of entertainment provided. The Autumn Fair, held on the 12th November, was again a very successful venture, with each form being responsible for devising a game or competition in the gymnasium, whilst volunteer parents were selling goods from stalls in the School Hall. The evening was completed by a mock auction which provided a novel and more rewarding departure from the usual raffle.

On a more serious plane, a 'Modern Science Evening' was held at the School on the 22nd October, when parents were conducted around the laboratories to see something of the work being done by their sons in Biology, Chemistry and Physics, and were able to participate themselves in some experimentation. This meeting was particularly well attended and showed the very real interest that parents take in their sons' education. The Autumn Term closed with a Social and Dance on the 26th November, which was better patronised than usual and which again was greatly enlivened by the efforts of Mr. J.C. Barlow, acting as M.C. The catering by the lady members of the committee, needless to say, was of the usual high standard.

Unfortunately, the Spring Term activities were curtailed and disrupted by the combined effects of the Miners' strike and the subsequent power-cuts, which prevented Mr. W. Baguley, Secretary of the Nottingham Historic Film Unit, from presenting a filmed survey of some aspects of Nottingham's past. We feel sure, however, that Mr. Baguley can be persuaded to present this programme during the next session. The A.G.M. was eventually held on Tuesday 28th March and saw the election of a new president, Mr. J.L. Barlow, a new vice-president, Mrs. A. Gilbert as well as six new committee members to replace Mr. B.F. Lowe (past president), Mr. A. Kitching (past vice-president), Mr. G. Matthews, Mrs. R. Allington, Mrs. S. Claringburn and Mrs. E.M.L. Edwards, to all of whom the Parent/Staff Association is greatly indebted for their valuable services rendered over a period of years.

MR. E. H. JONES

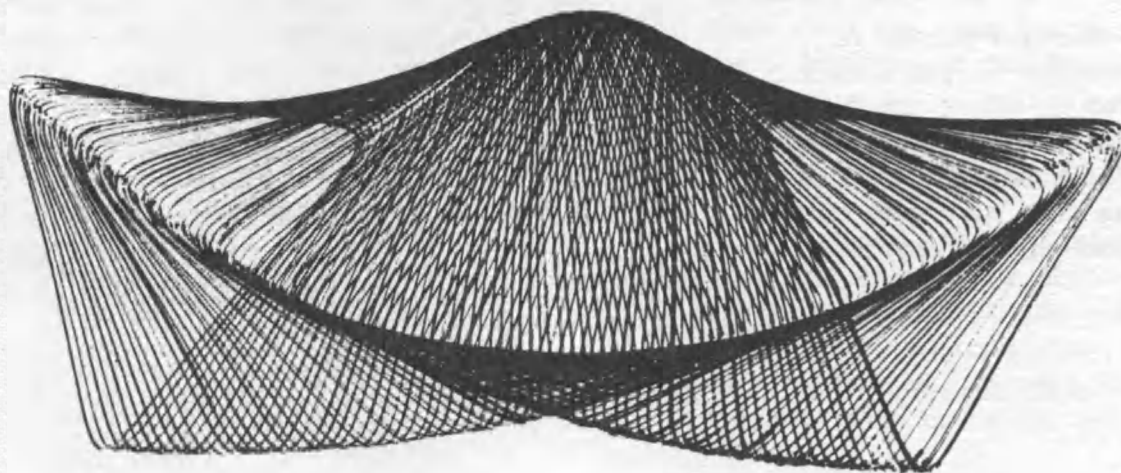
It is unusual for us to say good-bye to one who is still an active member of the Staff. Mr. Jones officially retired at Christmas but he has stayed on for two terms helping with the teaching of French until his successor can take up his post in September.

Mr. Jones joined the staff in 1947 after service in the army which included a spell as a prisoner of war. During his time with us he has been primarily concerned with the teaching of French though he has taught Latin and English and was, for a period, in charge of the Music, regularly accompanying the hymns at morning assembly. In all his work he has laid emphasis on the need for hard-work and discipline - two qualities which may seem a little unfashionable in these enlightened days but whose passing may yet be regretted by many.

The subjects which Mr. Jones has taught reflect his wide interests to which one might add a love of fast cars, gardening, travel - and crossword puzzles! His retirement will give him opportunity to indulge his many hobbies. We wish both him and Mrs. Jones every happiness in the future.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE ENTRANCE 1971

Allen C.J.	Lanchester Polytechnic	Mathematics
Bealby W.	Bristol University	Philosophy & Economics
Blackman A.C.	Manchester University	Town & Country Planning
Bullard S.A.	Aberdeen University	Botany
Coleman P.	Manchester University	Latin & Ancient History
Coopey J.	Durham University (Grey)	History
Cunningham J.	North Staffs. Polytechnic	Mech. Engineering
Dunmore M.	Lanchester Polytechnic	Business Studies
Easton R. J.	Liverpool University	Geology
Fayers R.A.	Kent University	French
Gee A	Cambridge (Gonville & Caius)	Electrical Engineering
Gee M	Bristol University	Mathematics & Computer Science
Goodliffe R.C.	Plymouth Polytechnic	B.A. General
Greenaway D.	Liverpool Polytechnic	Economics
Handley T.T.J.	Cambridge (Selwyn)	Chemical Engineering
Hartley S.R.	Aston University	Pharmacy
Hodgkinson M.A.	Newcastle Polytechnic	B.A. General
Hodgkinson S.W.	Bristol University	Mathematics & Computer Science
Morley W.	Central London Polytechnic	Sociology
Peacock R.A.	Sheffield University	Physics
Pettefar L.G.	Leeds University	English & Latin
Pykett I. L.	City of London Polytechnic	Physics
Riley C.J.	Manchester I. S.T.	Physics
Rodgers P.A.	City University	Civil Engineering
Simms D.H.	Sheffield Polytechnic	Business Studies
Smith R.	Portsmouth Polytechnic	Zoology
Stevens A.J.	Birmingham University	Physics
Walster P.K.	Loughborough University	Mech. Engineering
Winfield J.E.	Liverpool University	Geography



HOUSE

NEWS

McEWEN HOUSE



Captain	S.N. Fraser
Vice-Captain	R.G. Dance
Rugby	G. James
Athletics	S. Stepanian
Cross-country	S. Stepanian
Swimming	A.J. Hyson

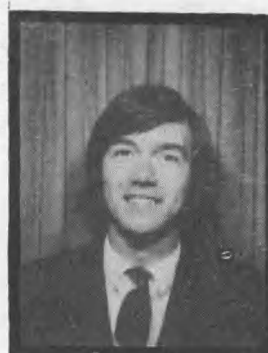
The House this year saw an unusual spate of enthusiasm from the Upper School as far as Rugby and Cross-country were concerned and we won the cup for Rugby. We hope that this achievement will be appreciated by the younger members of the House and that this enthusiasm will spread.

It is interesting to note that these victories in the senior department followed last summer's success in the cricket championships, when the House came first against all the odds.

Unfortunately, the new scheme of playing the championships in years rather than in groups seemed to upset the juniors. We hope, however, that in the forthcoming cricket and athletics championships, they will find their true form and some of the talent and enthusiasm which seem, at present, hidden.

S.N. Fraser.

BULKELEY HOUSE



Captain	C.W. Crowley
Vice-Captain	R.P. Mathieson
Secretary	A.J. Thring
Rugby	R.P. Mathieson
Athletics	C.W. Crowley
Swimming	J.E. Rayner
Cricket	M. Burnside

Once again Bulkeley have had a somewhat poor year in sport. We won the Senior Athletics last summer but in the present year, the only glimmer of light in the darkness of mediocrity has come from the second years who came first in both rugby and cross-country. The juniors shared the cross-country championship with Balk.

The poor record is not entirely due to lack of ability among members of the House. There is a general lack of interest and enthusiasm - a complaint which seems somewhat prevalent these days. If the House system is to succeed, if there is to be needful element of competition, then there must be keenness from all members of the House. All have something to offer and we hope that in the future we shall be able to regain the pre-eminent position which this House held for so many years.

BARBER HOUSE



Captain	M. Austin
Vice-Captain	N. Williams
Athletics	N. Williams
Rugby	R. Kitching
Cricket	M. Austin
Swimming	D. Stone
Cross-country	N. Williams.

It is pleasing to report that in general, this House has enjoyed a very successful year. Although the seniors did not do as well as expected on the sports field, the juniors more than compensated for this disappointment by obtaining most satisfactory results, which surely must be an encouraging pointer towards continued achievements.

In this year's rugby we were outright winners of the 3rd and 4th form championships, joint winners of the 2nd form championships and the 1st years also did very well.

Hope of further honours were dashed with the cancellation of the swimming gala, in which we excelled last year. However, we have every confidence in our cricket teams for the summer.

For so long, Barber House has not realized its full potential, but the efforts of the junior and intermediates indicate that this House will very soon recover its former distinction.

M. Austin
N. Williams.

BALK HOUSE



Captain	H.A. Edwards
Vice-Captain	Z. Wozniakowski
Secretary	N. Davis
Rugby	Z. Wozniakowski
Cricket	A. Stevenson
Athletics	M. Bukowski
Cross-country	W. Leggatt
Swimming	K. Gardiner

The House has had a successful season, with one or two notable exceptions - 2nd and 3rd form Rugby and 4th form Cross-country. However, this aside, everyone in this House has made a great effort. The new members of the House excelled themselves by winning both the 1st Form Rugby and Cross-country championships and I hope they will continue their successes in future years.

I am looking forward to the summer sports season when I am sure that the enthusiasm shown in the winter season will be repeated with equal success.

It was unfortunate that this year's Swimming Gala had to be cancelled, as I know that the team the House had selected (some members of the House believe the press gang still exists) was particularly strong and would have guaranteed a good placing for the House in all events.

I should like to extend to all of the House our thanks for their support and guidance throughout the year; their role often goes unnoticed when, in fact, they are responsible far more than us for the House activities in the school.

H.A. Edwards.



HOUSE TROPHIES 1970-71

Kayser Cup (Senior Rugby)	McEwen
Burnham Cup (Intermediate Rugby)	Barber
Orchard Cup (Junior Rugby)	Barber
Old Boys' Cup (Senior Cricket)	McEwen
Strutt Cup (Intermediate Cricket)	Balk and McEwen
Haines Cup (Junior Cricket)	Bulkeley
Clifton Cup (Senior Athletics)	Bulkeley
Parent/Staff Cup (Intermediate Athletics)	Balk
Norman Cup (Junior Athletics)	McEwen
Memorial Cup (Junior House Championship)	Barber/ Bulkeley.
Woodcock Cup (Intermediate House Championship)	Balk
Houston Cup (Senior House Championship)	McEwen

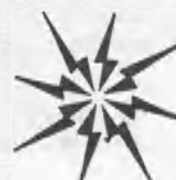
INDIVIDUAL TROPHIES

Nicholson Cup (Cricket)	P. Coleman
Tomlinson Cup (Junior Cricket)	A. Scowcroft P. Hendry
Stanfield Cup (Rugby)	C.W. Crowley



UNIVERSITY SUCCESSES 1971

Austin S.F.	B.Sc. Hons. Chemistry
Briscoe A.J.	B.A. Hons. Law
Brown D.	B.A. Hons. Business Studies
Buckler M.W.	B.A. Hons. Biology
Burrows C.	B.A. Hons. French
Burton P.J.	B.Sc. Hons. Chemistry
Carrier B.H.	B.Sc. Hons. Mechanical Engineering
Carter D.J.	B.Sc. Hons. Geography
Cooper J.	B.Sc. Hons. Pure Maths. & Philosophy
Day P.E.	Town and Country Planning Diploma
Dodd A.T.	B.Sc. Hons. Chemistry
Fletcher C.	B.A. Hons. Natural Sciences
Henstock C.J.	B.A. Hons. Natural Sciences
Hull J.M.	B.Sc. Civil Engineering
Knewstubb J.E.	B.A. Hons. French
Marsden R.E.	B.A. Hons. English and American Lit.
Newbold D.R.	B.Sc. Hons. Maths. & Physics
Pollard B.J.	B. Pharm.
Poole I.C.	B.A. Hons. Geography
Riley K.	B.Sc. Hons. Biochemistry
Ryland C.J.	B.A. Music
Sams D.J.	B.Sc. Hons. Biochemistry
Saxton R.	B.Sc. Computer Science
Seagrave D.E.	B.Sc. Hons. Physics
Stocks D.W.	B.A. General
Ward J.S.	B.D.S. Dentistry
Williams M.W.	B.A. Hons. History
Wright P.W.	B.Sc. Hons. Chemistry
Wyllie J.N.	B.Sc. Hons. Mechanical Engineering.
Tindall, L.J.	B.Sc. Mechanical Engineering



RUGBY

Captain
Vice-Captain

R.S. Kitching
R.P. Mathieson.

There is no point in disguising the fact that this season has been one of the worst we have experienced. That we could not, on occasions, provide enough numbers to make two representative senior teams is indicative of the lack of interest and enthusiasm in the upper school.

It would be quite wrong, however, to suggest from this that those who played for the 1st team - and some twenty boys represented the School during the season - did not give of their best. Games were hard fought, there was determined defence, and frequently the result indicated a narrow margin between the two teams. In addition the side had its share of misfortune - injury and illness. The Captain was injured early in the year and unable to play for most of the season. In his place, R.P. Mathieson led the side most capably. Mention should also be made of M. Bukowski. He did well throughout the season and though not selected for the County side this time, he should stand a good chance next year.

We hope for an improvement in the coming season. Rugby is a demanding game. It demands dedication, fitness and hardwork. There is enthusiasm among the junior sides and this keenness should filter through in the future.



UNDER 15 RUGBY

Once again our season, even from the start, has not been too successful. Of the seventeen matches we have played, we have only won three. In the Cup Competition we played against the Dukeries and lost 38 - 8. Nevertheless, dismal though they sound, these statistics do not truly reflect the spirit of the team. In several of our matches the result was close, the difference being a try in the dying minutes of the game. Surprisingly our best performance was against West Bridgford Comprehensive when, playing our best team rugby, we won 28 - 4.

S. King was the highest try-scorer, closely followed by P. Akers. Our best defender was D.S. Reid whose tackling was always sound. S. Lamb hooked well throughout the season and was chosen as reserve for the County side. M. Shaw took up the task of goal-kicking during the latter half of the season and proved most successful.

C. Chambers.
D. Gilbert.



SPORTING ANAGRAMS

ATSN RLMELO	(A Jockey)
ADVDI DFBOEDR	(An Athlete)
YMARNY FWODOORFE	(A Swimmer)
LNAA KRUIDN	(A Boxer)
THGAER WEDDSRA	(A Rugby Player)
KMEI HNNANCO	(A Footballer)
VDIAD WTOBSTRA	(A Cricketer)
KJAIEC WTRATSE	(A Racing Motorist)
ETPER WSNEDTNO	(A Golfer)
ARGMHA LTLSLWIE	(A Tennis Player)

C. Watson 10

Answers on Page 13



TRIP TO TWICKENHAM

We left School at 8.15a.m. It was not the best of days, the sky was overcast and the ground was wet. After a long journey down the M1 we made for Heathrow Airport. There we went into the Queen's Air Terminal and watched, from the roof, the planes coming into land and taking off. One of the main interests was seeing the Jumbo jets.

After about an hour at the airport we set off for Twickenham.

We arrived early and when we went in there were not many people but the ground soon filled up. The match was between England and Ireland and near us was a large group of Irishmen who had nearly brought a pub with them. All through the match they were singing and shouting. The match was due to start at 2.45p.m. but there was a delay of about five minutes while the police cleared the ground of people who were protesting.

Tom Kiernan, the Irish captain, was playing in his fiftieth international and everybody cheered when he kicked a goal. England were winning right up to the end when Ireland scored a try and the final score was 16 - 12 to Ireland. The Irish fans went mad. They ran onto the pitch and some of them started to tear up English rosettes, hats, and even nylon scarves, which on the ground cost 60p.

After all the excitement we made our way back to the coach ready for home.

R.A. Stephenson
R. Harrison.

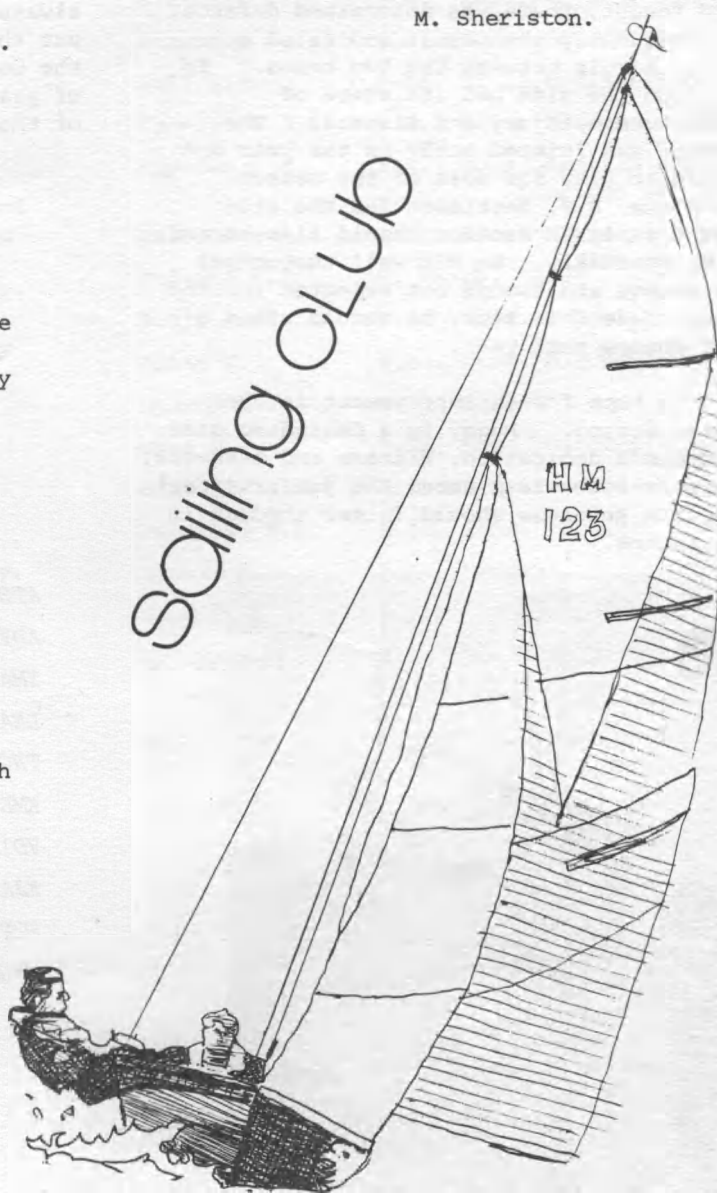
THE SAILING CLUB

The sailing club has flourished during the past year. New members have joined and most of us are becoming quite proficient. A small regatta, organized last year, brought a win, our first, for our 'Enterprise' sailed by M. Sheriston and S. Thornalley.

An excellent piece of work has been done on the 'G.P.14' and it is now ready for the river. A complete new hull has been fitted and other improvements made. Our thanks go to P. Cobb and S. Thornalley who have worked so hard on this.

Altogether the prospects are bright and we are looking forward to competing in the Nottingham Sailing Club's junior handicap series which are to be held this summer, starting in June.

M. Sheriston.



CRICKET

1971 was another successful season for the 1st XI, firmly and ably captained by P. Coleman, who had an excellent season himself, finishing easily at the top of both the batting and bowling averages. He went on to play for Notts. G.S. XI, making a century at Trent Bridge against Derbyshire G.S. and was appointed captain of the Notts. Youth XI on their summer tour.

He was ably supported by Outram and Peacock, (both of whom also played in the Notts. G.S. XI), and Rann who developed into a very good wicket keeper; of the less experienced players Millward and Fish made some solid contributions and Hendry gave glimpses of future promise.

The U.14 XI, captained by Hendry when not playing for the 1st XI or Notts. U.15 XI, are to be congratulated on a very good season, winning all their matches but one. The rest of the school teams had little success, due mainly not to a lack of enthusiasm in those who played, especially in the case of the U.12 XI, but rather to a lack of depth in the various years.

The immediate future presents the school with some difficulties: nearly all the experienced senior players left school together, which is unusual, and so the 1st XI in particular will be a very young side.

These players who over the years have ensured a high reputation for the school on the cricket field have not been boys who walked on to the field on Saturday and just played in matches, but boys who have spent countless hours working at the game, sometimes being frustrated, sometimes even bored, but in the end gaining as much from the game as they had put into it. It is almost fashionable at the moment to look down on this sort of dedication: it is easy to do nothing and let someone else do all the hard work, but it is only from joining in and persisting at the game that real enjoyment comes. The opportunities are there throughout the school for anyone with any ability at all to make his mark if he is willing to give up some of his time to practise hard: all any boy has to do is to see one of the members of staff who run the cricket XI's and tell him that he really wants to play the game.



Team results for 1971 are as follows:-

	<u>Played</u>	<u>Won</u>	<u>Lost</u>	<u>Drawn</u>
1st XI	15	6	5	4
2nd XI	7	0	6	1
U.15	11	2	7	2
U.14	8	7	1	0
U.13	*4	0	4	0
U.12	4	1	2	1

*(8 matches were not played owing to bad weather, 3 of these unfortunately being U.13 games, nearly half their fixtures).

The Nicholson Cup for Senior Cricket was awarded to P. Coleman.

The Tomlinson Cup for Junior Cricket was awarded jointly to A. Scowcroft (U.15) and P. Hendry (U.14).



Stan Mellor

David Bedford

Martyn Woodroffe

Alan Rudkin

Gareth Edwards

Mike Channon

David Bairstow

Jackie Stewart

Peter Townsend

Graham Stilwell

Answers to Sporting Anagrams

Hockey

Captain M.C. Copson 6LS
Vice-Captain I. A.C. Lavelle 6LS
Secretary S.T. Checkley 6LS

With the loss of most of last year's 1st XI, it was necessary to rebuild a new team, but through the enthusiasm and spirit shown by all players this task was made reasonably easy. Only five out of the sixteen games played were won; the reason for this being mainly the lack of goalscoring forwards; Copson and Sams scored nearly all the goals between them.

The best hockey was played against Carlton-le-Willows (A), West Bridgford (A) and Mundella (H) in which Sams scored a notable hat-trick.

Several younger players made an impact on the game, including Wellor and Greenwood. Greenwood in particular played consistently well throughout the season. Copson played for the Notts. Schools' Under 19 XI.

We look forward to next season when we should have a more balanced and experienced side.

M. C. Copson. 6LS

HOCKEY RESULTS



High Pavement	(Home)	Lost	1 - 2
Mundella G.S.	(Away)	Won	2 - 1
Nottingham University	(Home)	Lost	0 - 2
Nottingham High School	(Away)	Drawn	1 - 1
Carlton-le-Willows	(Home)	Lost	0 - 4
Loughborough	(Home)	Lost	0 - 3
Shirebrook	(Home)	Lost	0 - 3
Forest Fields G.S.	(Away)	Lost	0 - 1
Bramcote	(Home)	Won	2 - 1
West Bridgford Comp.	(Home)	Lost	0 - 1
Nottingham High School	(Home)	Won	3 - 1
West Bridgford Comp.	(Away)	Won	3 - 1
Ashby Boys School	(Home)	Lost	1 - 2
Mundella G.S.	(Home)	Won	5 - 1
Carlton-le-Willows	(Away)	Lost	1 - 2
Loughborough	(Away)	Lost	0 - 5

cross country



CAPTAIN S. Stepanian
VICE-CAPTAIN M. Jopson.

With a large nucleus remaining from last year's successful team and with the help of several new useful members, we were enabled to maintain the standards set in the previous season.

The opening fixture was against High Pavement - a strong team. However, the School won quite comfortably; Maltby, Stepanian and Jopson doing particularly well. In the return match, even though our team was unfortunately weakened, we again managed to win. We had further victories against Becket School and Forest Fields but suffered a setback after a crushing home defeat against a very powerful Loughborough Grammar School Team.

The high point of the season came at Wollaton Park in the South Notts. Schools' Athletic Finals. In the senior section both Stepanian and Bellaby were selected to run in the County final, and in the Intermediate group we had considerable success. Maltby was the individual winner and the School won the team event. As a result of this, Maltby and Jopson went forward to the County finals.

We now have considerable support and enthusiasm and we feel that we can look forward to further success in the future.

S. Stepanian.

STAFF v. PREFECTS

The start of this soccer extravaganza suffered a delay because of adverse weather conditions and so both teams were left to sweat it out until the afternoon when they finally paraded into the arena, the Masters sporting shirts of pretty green and yellow quarters, while the Prefects donned shirts of blood red, obviously hoping for some sort of psychological advantage just before the kick-off, though judging by Forest's performances of late, it could have had littl effect.

A dull first half has become a characteristic of these encounters over the years and this one was no exception - the wind played havoc with the ball and by half-time, both teams were still trying to find their feet - and I mean that literally.

But after a goalless first half, the second half erupted, with intense pressure from the staff, which made The Battle of Waterloo look like a Sunday afternoon tea-party. Finally, a few players managed to find a sense of direction and Mr. Hurst stabbed in No. 1 from a cross which goal-keeper Dance was unable to hold.

This injected further vigour into the Staff ranks, while an overall aura of apathy reigned over the Prefects who didn't quite wake up until the Masters sealed the issue by adding a second goal, scored by Mr. Bowles, a well-deserved goal for someone displaying an unusually excessive amount of keenness.

Wozniakowski managed to reply for the Prefects, obviously a consolatory goal which the Staff annually seem to allow once their superiority over the opposition has been established and as expected, the Masters held on to their lead until full-time.

Once again, the game was played in a friendly, good-humoured atmosphere; the only strain on the proceedings was Gardiner's ferocious tackle on Mr. Hinshaw, which prompted referee Mr. Sutherland to take action and in true F.I.F.A. style showed the offender a yellow warning card (isn't it all getting a little too serious?)

The masters have now established a phenomenal unbeaten record against the Prefects, but there is absolutely no truth in the rumour that in the cocky atmosphere of the Staff dressing room after the match, mention of a possible future encounter with Leeds United was discussed.

A. Franklin 6LA





THE F. A. CUP



One March day, twenty-two men wearing long white trousers and caps, walked out on to the field at the Kennington Oval. Were they going to play a test match? No, they were going to play the very first cup final ever. The date was 1872, and the two teams were 'The Wanderers' and 'The Royal Engineers'. Two thousand spectators paid a shilling each to see 'The Wanderers' win 1-0, and if you'd have been one of the spectators in that crowd, you'd scarcely have recognised the game you were watching as football.

To begin with, there were no goal nets. Two posts with a tape stretched from one to the other marked the goal-mouth and every time a goal was scored, the teams changed ends.

There was no neatly marked field, for in those days there was no centre circle, no half way line, and no goal or penalty areas - just ropes to keep enthusiastic fans well away from the pitch. If the ball went out of play, both sides made a dash for the ball. It didn't matter which team kicked it out, the throw went to whichever team grabbed the ball first.

You wouldn't have seen the neat accurate, cross-passing that the skilled players of today use. It simply hadn't been invented. In those days, the game was played with eight forwards and three defenders, and the way to score was to have a forward dribble the ball up the field, backed by one of his team mates to fend off opposition.

Watching a game like this may not seem like a very exciting afternoon, but the crowd that watched that very first cup final waved and cheered just as they do today.

The cup 'The Wanderers' won at that first final was nothing like the splendid trophy that is fought for today. Football wasn't a rich sport in those days.

The main part of the story is at the cup final of 1883, 'Blackburn Olympic' beat 'Old Etonians' 2-1, and for the very first time the cup went north. Brass bands played and cheering crowds lined the streets as the team drove through the streets in a wagonette drawn by six horses. Just like today, Warburton the 'Blackburn Olympic' Captain held the Cup high for the crowds to see. "Is that t'coop?" shouted a voice from the crowd, "why it's like a tea kettle."

"Aye, lad," shouted back Warburton, "but it's welcome in Lancashire and it'll ne'er go back to Lunnnon."

And it never did.

Year after year the Cup was won by teams from the Midlands or the North, and in 1895 "Aston Villa" won the Cup and took it back to Birmingham in triumph. There a man called Mr. Shillcock, who made footballs and football boots, asked if he could display the Cup in his shop window.

The team agreed and people flocked to Mr. Shillcock's shop to see the trophy. But on the morning of the 12th September 1895, when Mr. Shillcock took down the shutters, he was horrified to find the Cup had gone! It was practically a national disaster.

The Newspapers were full of stories of the theft. Police and detectives searched high and low, there was even a £10 reward for information but no-one came forward.

The Football Association Challenge Cup had vanished into thin air, and was never seen again.

16 In 1911 a replica was made, but somehow this splendid trophy did not seem the same as the original.

AIR DIVING

'Now!' the sergeant cries from inside the cabin. I jump. Away from the plane, at a safe distance, I start to manoeuvre my body and go towards the star being formed by my friends. Eventually I reach them. I cling to Paul's legs for dear life. When I feel safe again, I pull my way up his body and join hands, gripping tightly. Soon there are twelve of us in the star. The wind rushes past my face and billows our clothes.

At one thousand feet we separate and pull our rip-cords. The descent is slow now but we still have to control our landing to a white cross on the ground. Carefully I pull on the control-lines; a little to the right and then a perfect fall onto the cross. The man in charge came forward and shook my hand. 'A perfect landing, lad' he said.

I wait for the rest of my friends and then go off to wait my turn for another jump.

J.J. Leeming 2B



THE SEA

The sea, a furious dog
Lapping over the shore,
Eating the rocks up,
Crashing into the huge caves
Like a mad animal,
The rumbling waves so fierce.

Now at night
Getting calmer,
And gradually the tide goes out,
All becomes still
As it dies down, and as I walk away
The sun is just setting,
Glowing on the hungry dog.

M. Williams 1C



THE LONELY AUTHOR

*Sam goes about depressed and bored
As though he's full of care;
Although his work's been a success,
Of loneliness he's had his share.*

*He's written books of many kinds,
Which have made his name well-known;
He's spent so long in writing these
That he's always lived alone.*

*And now he's reached his middle years
He has a greater need;
For home and for companionship,
From loneliness thus freed.*

P. Temple 3B

QUIZ!?

Questions.

1. What kind of ceremonies were performed over the anvil at Gretna Green?
2. Where would a snorkel be used?
3. Where might an iron lung be used?
4. Why was a statue of Robert Stephenson erected?
5. Who was the first King to reign over both Scotland and England?
6. Two of Britain's Prime Ministers were father and son. Who were they?
7. What is a Conchologist?
8. Why is Cape Kennedy important in the story of exploration?
9. Who was King Henry VIII's last wife?
10. Who was the first man to set up a printing press in England?

S. Pinegar 1C

Answers on Page 28

THE DAY THE TRENT BURST ITS BANKS

The rain cascaded down in torrents beating against the windows, driving down the path. The river was now a swirling mass rising in depth every minute. The bank was almost invisible under the violent force of the water. For a horrified moment we watched the water seep down the dirt track. We had to act quickly. The carpets were quickly rolled, and furniture that could be lifted was manhandled upstairs. A pool of water had already collected on the stone steps as the water silently seeped under the door. We were hustled upstairs where it was quite dry, and stared out of the window. Water splashed down the window pane as the gutter had overflowed and was sagging dangerously. The water butt was full to the brim and ripples of water seeped gently over the sides.

Everything was still. The rain had stopped and a hazy sun shone through an accumulation of low lying clouds. It glinted on the water which lapped against the walls like a besieging army determined to force a way in. A film of oil lay on the surface, a spectrum of dull colours which feathered and swirled in a never-ending spiral.

It was I who first spotted a red duster waved from an upstairs window of the small picturesque cottage over a hundred yards away. I hastily dragged on a pair of thigh-length waders, dashed downstairs and into the icy cold flood water. The air was sharp and penetrating. I shivered slightly. I pulled up my collar and made slow progress towards Mrs. Fletcher's cottage.

The old woman was still waving her makeshift distress signal as I approached her front door. She suffered acutely from rheumatism and the damp atmosphere and biting cold were obviously wracking her in pain. She had propped herself up against the window and when she turned she had a relieved expression on her face. She put her arm around my neck and I lifted her as best I could. I stumbled back and almost fell headlong down the hard wooden stairs. I unlatched the door and we waded clumsily through the water. After ten minutes hard labour I finally managed to get her safely upstairs and she slumped miserably into an armchair grunting mournfully.

We spent a miserable night, lying in bed, warming our hands over a rusty oil stove. This infernal flood had left us desolate and chilled on the day the Trent burst its banks.



HIGHWAY TO TREBLINKA

There is no time to sleep, to dream,
For pain has barricaded time.
Death calls, and life is ended,
From the depth of the mountain, from the
dark of the forest.

You have treasured life for thousands of
years,
Incapable of taking life through laws that
forbade you to kill;
You who are the chosen
Walk down this highway with fear.



Your brothers are made to toil,
Your wives and children are murdered
Yet you do not raise one voice, save to pray
For the next year in Jerusalem.

And now, helpless, you lie imprisoned by the
sky,
A sky red with flames, black with burnt
flesh,
The waterspout of your blood gushing upwards.
It is now too late to live.

And yet you must remain men
Though the beasts of the jungle do not care
for humanity.
You must remain men to die as men
Because of your past loves and loyalties,
Because of the tradition of bygone centuries.
In your death you will live until the end
of days.

M.A.R. Habib 6US



LOST



It was a dark autumn morning. The rain beat down onto the roof of the bus shelter, drumming out a musical rhythm. People in the shelter were shouting to each other, trying to make themselves heard above the roar of heavy vehicles as they rushed and splashed past the bus stop.

I was only six at the time and I could not understand why everyone was rushing about and making such a commotion over the weather.

At last the bus came and pulled up with a screech. My mother held my arm, lifted me onto the platform and guided me to an empty seat.

For a moment I was blinded by the bright lights inside the bus. We both sat down, I was nearest the window. The seats were cold and hard. I looked out of the window but all that I could see was a dull reflection of the inside of the bus. Then I caught sight of the rivulets of rainwater racing down the pane. I was so fascinated by their movement that I jumped up with a start while my mother grasped my hand and stood up. We staggered to the door, bumping into the edges of seats.

The bus stopped and the doors opened with a faint humming noise. My mother got off first and then lifted me over the moat of multi-coloured, water-logged leaves that lay crushed in the gutter. We walked down a short road lined with bare trees and then turned a corner.

The sudden change of scene stunned me for a while. Although it was still very early, the whole street was buzzing with life. There were hundreds of people, dressed in all kinds of different clothes, all rushing about and bumping into each other. There were brightly-lit shop windows with dummies posing in all sorts of funny positions. There were brilliantly coloured signs flashing off and on. Huge buildings with flag-poles on the top reached into the silvery-grey sky.

I felt my mother grip my arm tightly and then we too started off and joined the stream of people jostling past the shop windows. My mother led the way dragging me behind her. At last we stopped in front of an enormous window which glowed with an orange light. I pressed my nose against the cold pane. Long dresses and gowns hung loosely from elegant dummies with long, pointed fingers and thin smiling faces. I stared at them for a moment and then turned

to find that my mother was no longer at my side.

I moved away from the window and was brushed into the flowing mass of people. I felt the panic rush from my feet and my face became hot. I turned around and around in terror, searching everywhere, but I could see nothing through the thick jungle of people which had suddenly grown about me. The rain which had seemed so harmless from the inside of the bus now beat against my hair and face. Fear engulfed me. I looked upwards and towering above me I could see tweeded overcoats and black raincoats merging together. My mouth opened and tears ran down my face, off my cheeks and onto my chest. I turned round and round; nobody seemed to notice me; I was being swept away.

Suddenly a warm hand grabbed my coat collar and pulled me into a doorway. My tears flowed even faster as my mother held me tightly in her arms.

G.W. Crofts 5A



THE FAIR

The dazzling lights confront your face;
The Octopus turns with amazing grace;
Twisting, turning, all around,
The Waltzer goes flying around.

Upside down you fall on your face,
The Skyliner whirls as if in a race,
Taking off and crashing down,
The flying Coaster goes swirling round.

Crash! Bang! You've been hit again;
Dodgems from nowhere go nowhere again;
The penny arcade and the money it brings!
Its five pence-a-go on the rock-about swings.

Coconut shies, the rifle range too, -
The Twist and the Waltzer,
I love it - don't you?

C.K. Rawding



Untitled

The day was Tuesday, January 11th. The bus journey home from school was nothing special. The day itself had been rather a bore (as Tuesdays usually are) and only the consolation of having no Biology homework saved the day from being a complete disaster.

At home there was no-one to greet me but my old Boxer dog, Sally. Sally and I had been friends since I was three months old. She, then, was only four months old, a bounding puppy of a German champion show dog. We had grown up together, her birthday in July, mine in August. It was a unique friendship of love and happiness, she a boundless bundle of everlasting loyalty and devotion.

Sally was now thirteen (so was I) and everyone knew she was not well. Her feeding was poor - sometimes she would go a whole day without eating - and her overall condition was not good. In fact it was serious, so serious that there was talk of having to put her down. But I would not listen.

That minute I walked in, Sally was there wagging her stub of a tail like a non-stop fan, fussing and jumping around me. It was clear that her eyes were not good; she was virtually blind in her right and the left was going. Her hearing was seizing up and sometimes she was nearly deaf. My Mum and Dad tried to explain that it was cruel to keep her but I would not listen to such talk, suggesting that she should be put down.

When the whole family was home, Dad said for the best we should take Sally to the Vets for a check-up. He said it with a sort of sadness and I thought of the worst. It was not a check-up; it was to put Sally to sleep, to kill her, to murder a helpless animal. I knew this. I would not believe it though.

Later that night, at about seven o'clock, I heard the start of our car engine. I dashed to the window. It was dark outside but I could see the silhouettes of Mum, Dad, and Sally! I knew this was it. I felt the warm run of tears creep down my dry cheeks; feelings of sorrow and pity filled my confused head. Sally was going, going. As the car swept away, I thought I saw Sally look up to my window with a sad grey face as if she knew what was going to happen.

I stood gazing out into the endless sky above me. I knew there was no end to it and I knew there was no end to my love for Sally. I should always always love her. There were no words to say what Sally meant to me.

A. Swanwick 3B



THE ANTELOPE

*He stops from grazing
And listens,
But he hears nothing -
Nothing except the rustle
Of leaves in the breeze.*

*Then, through the sleepy glade
Rang like a shot
The sound of a twig snapping.
Without waiting,
He dashed with his herd
Racing to safety.*

R. Woods 1C

SHOT DOWN!

The bomb-shackles had been released; the deadly slug-like shiny bombs long gone. Now the plane handled like a thorough-bred fighter. 'Head straight back to base and don't dawdle' were our orders and orders were to be obeyed. Yet how I would have enjoyed a dog-fight with the Japs at that time. I waved a friendly hand to my second-in-command who acknowledged with a nod of the head, a good-natured, satisfied exchange. The sky was empty and blue except for occasional wisps of cloud like cotton-wool blown about on a windy day. The slip-stream whistled above the noise of the radial engine and the wireless aerial sang.

Suddenly a neat row of holes streaked across the side of 'A' Flight Commander's aircraft and the metal shell peeled back to reveal parts of the shattered framework. The row snaked up towards the cockpit but mercifully stopped as the pilot took evasive action.

'Bandits!' The cry rose in a crescendo and within seconds the whole neat formation had peeled off into a whirling chaos of havoc and death. I glanced in the rear-view mirror to find a 'Frank' tucked in behind me. I could not hear the firing of his twin cannon above the crazed roaring of the engine but I could see the winking in his gun ports and the canvas covers splintering off. Instinctively I triggered the combat flaps and hurled my plane into a frighteningly tight turn that made me and the plane creak with pain. To my dismay the Jap hung on grimly, still firing. Unable to out-maneuvre him, I closed the radiator and oil flaps and applied boost for a desperate sprint. I could not maintain this for long; the engine would soon overheat.

I found myself thanking heaven for that desperate move had gained some relief. But the Nippon creed obviously did not give up so easily. He opened up with all his guns in a last gamble. He must have had the luck of the devil. One shell exploded on the control panel and another fouled the engine somewhere. I was just about knocked out by the concussion on the panel and then the engine cut. I groped for the switches and cut the fuel supply and electrics. All my flying instruments had been smashed and my chronometer shot off my wrist by metal fragments leaving a neat burn. There were no apparent fires but the port wing was heavy. A trim correction was needed and I wound back the wheel. The result was negligible. I glanced back over my shoulder. The sky was empty! Below, in the steaming jungle, there was the yellow of an explosive fire.

I set the controls to fly out to sea. In wartime you couldn't afford to foul up a runway with tangled wreckage. I bade a last farewell to the old aircraft and slid back the hood. As the slipstream met me I realised how stuffy the cockpit had been. I somersaulted out and tumbled, buffeted by the wind. I pulled my 'chute' cord and the canopy billowed out above me.

D. Wragg 3B



DISASTER

John West hummed happily as he drove to the airport. His wife, Sheila, had been to Canada and was coming home.

He arrived at the airport gates with plenty of time to spare. He found a place to park and then made his way to the balcony from where he would be able to watch the aircraft as it came into land.

An hour went by. It was late. He began to pace up and down anxiously. Then he saw a plane circling in the distance. He took out his binoculars and focused them. Yes, it bore the markings of Canadian Airways. The plane circled again. John's worries returned and he grabbed an official and asked him why the plane had not landed. 'The undercarriage will not come down,' he said. Then after a pause he added, 'Have you a relative on that flight, sir?'

John nodded, at a loss for words. The man tried to smile. He knew as well as, if not better than, John what might happen when that plane landed. It's not as bad as it might seem at first, sir. Canadian Airways employ first-class pilots and we, at this airport, take great pride in our very efficient emergency services.'

John brightened a little. 'So you think there is a good chance?'

'Yes, there's always a good chance but don't get your hopes too high.'

The aircraft was ready to land. It took a long approach, edging slowly down towards the ground.

John wondered if Sheila knew what was happening. He hoped not.

The plane was now only a few feet off the runway. Fire-engines were rushing along beside it. People watching were just beginning to realize what was happening. Suddenly, the nose dipped. The aircraft hit the ground, folded up and burst into a mountain of flame. No one could get near it and no one could get out. In the confusion, the official lost sight of John.

A few hours later a report came in of a car which had been driven over a cliff near the airport. The driver had been killed instantly. He had been identified as John West.

C. Worthington 3B

LESSON TIME

*Thirty or so boys, all bored,
Playing illegal games whilst
the Master's voice drones.
For those who can hide
behind a fellow sufferer,
dozing while the time away.*

*Drone, Drone, the voice
is hypnotic, almost
seeming to induce sleep.
Drone, drone. Sinking
into a delicious doze
whilst the others play.*

*Suddenly, startling,
the bell rings out,
Alarming
Master and boys alike.
Master sighs,
Throws chalk into his box.
Boys jump up noisily
and depart.*



A. Parkinson 4B



THE FIRE

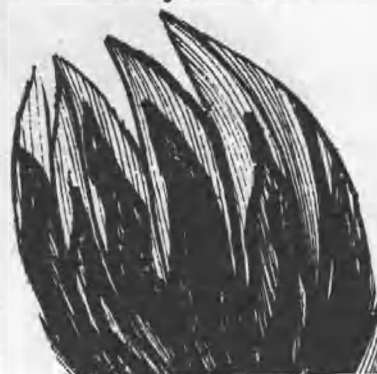
The roaring flames in ferocious fury dance and jig up the walls of jaded timber. White hot ashes in the shimmering air are vomited out by the turbulent inferno.

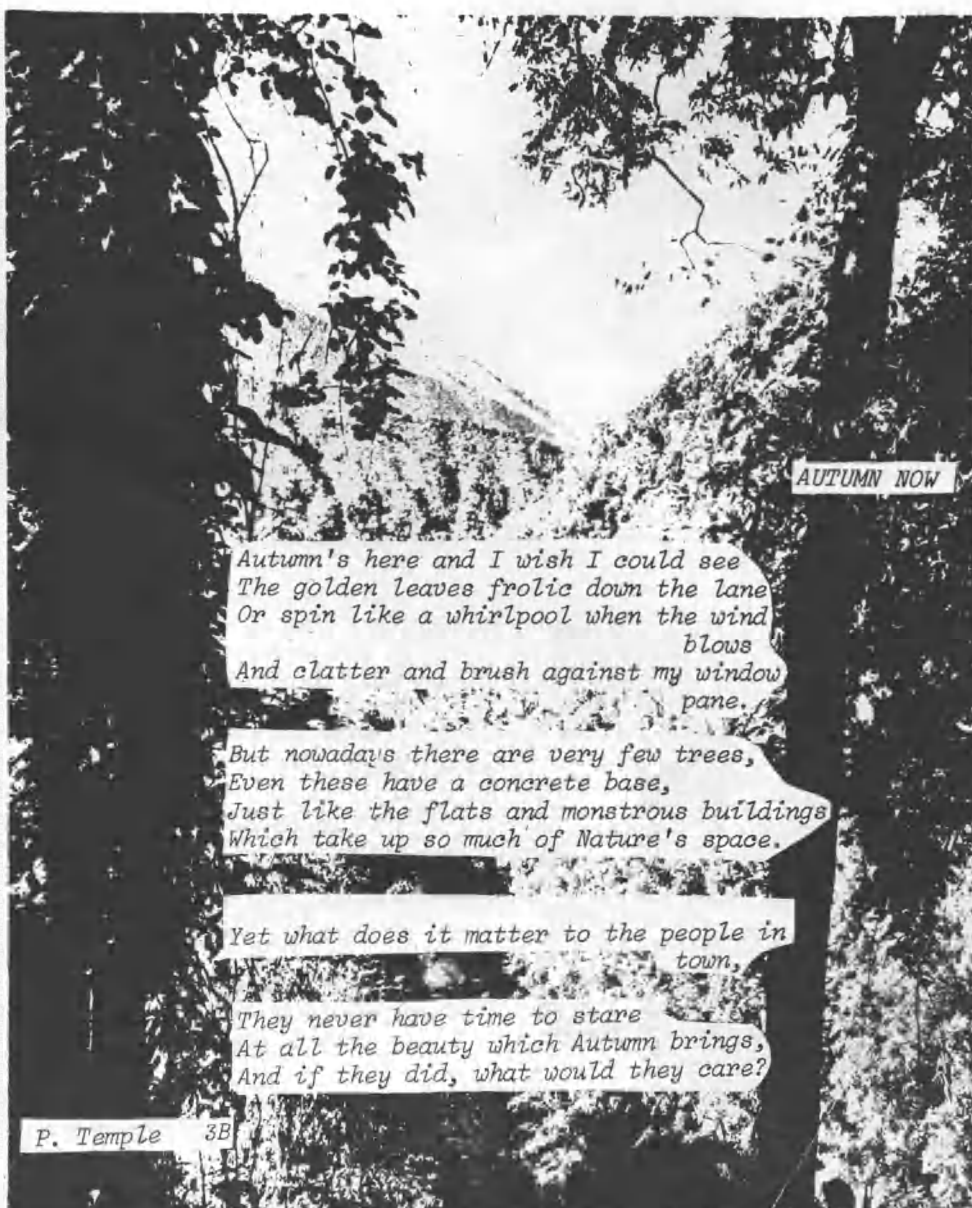
Smoke billows from an open window; A petrified cat cowers in a shadow. Its terrified eyes glinting in the flames, which explode in a torrent of sparks.

Water smothers the encircled house; Fire bells clang in a despairing tone; Small boys stare in stupefied silence as the flames jump higher and higher.

The night wears thin. The flames in their last breath of life, smoulder over the rubble, dust and desolation of a once noble building.

C. Tye 3B





AUTUMN NOW

Autumn's here and I wish I could see
The golden leaves frolic down the lane
Or spin like a whirlpool when the wind
blows
And clatter and brush against my window
pane.

But nowadays there are very few trees,
Even these have a concrete base,
Just like the flats and monstrous buildings
Which take up so much of Nature's space.

Yet what does it matter to the people in
town,

They never have time to stare
At all the beauty which Autumn brings,
And if they did, what would they care?

P. Temple 3B

CROSS-COUNTRY

"Flip cross-country! You'll not get me doing it!" But of course, all or most of the people enjoy it anyhow.

The second-year cross-country trial was on the 20th of January. That day was a little too hot for sports. A week later the proper run was on.

We were instructed on our course. It was raining - the first bit of bad luck. I took the lead from the pavilion to the gate but there I was overtaken. Then the second bit of bad luck - I was tripped. It hurt a bit but only a bit of skin seemed to be scraped off so big brave me kept on going. Later I stopped for a breather and looked at my leg. Blood was pouring out and my sock was pink instead of white and there was a nice bloody streak of red down my leg. "O corks," I said (and other things!). The sight of it only worried me so I kept on.

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

T. Wildgust 3B

About fifty people had passed me when I tripped but I came in twenty-sixth. Then the faces of the boys changed from laughs to "Oohs" and "Poor Mike".

It took about a month for my leg to heal and there is still a pinkish mark down one side. But funnily enough I enjoyed that run best of all.

M. Pearse 2C 23

LESSONS!

Lessons

French then Maths.
 What's the difference?
 None of them makes any sense.
 I read the desk;
 A lot more interesting than books.
 Someone's voice was droning on,
 On in vain, for I was gone
 Exploring my inner mind,
 Thinking of the quickest route to Cotgrave,
 Wondering what to do when I got there;
 Wishing I was at a different school,
 One nearer home.

A.D. Oldfield 4B



The Master's voice goes on and on
 As people move outside.
 Today we will talk about the U.S.A.,
 Baseball, cowboys and space.

The U.S.A. has a population of two
 hundred million,
 With the capital at Washington.
 I wonder when the bell will go?
 And Washington is the capital.

There are five great lakes in the
 U.S.A.,
 On the border with Canada.
 Five great lakes in the U. S.A.,
 And there are five minutes to go.

M. Shaw 4B

The same dull, boring drag
 When even disobedience
 Is a welcome diversion.
 The boys, unruly and loud,
 Working little and talking
 Much; noise irrepressible.

These poor, misguided beings,
 Runny-nosed and dirty handed,
 Trying vainly to do the work
 Set before them. Ceaseless
 Silly questions. Need a firm
 Hand. Order, that's the thing.

Silence! Silence! not a sound.
 Boys look up, surprised.
 Get on with the work or you
 Will learn what's good for you.
 These boys, foul of mouth,
 Dirty of hand, will be my death.

A. Parkinson 4B



SILENT DAWN

I woke up suddenly this morning. It was not the shrill note of the alarm clock nor the noise of cheerful voices but the glare of light from the bulb which shone on my face. With a heave I rolled out of bed and dressed, though it took me some time to get my balance. I could see my brother singing but I could not sing with him; I cannot listen to the radio and even if I knew some of the pop songs, I would not be able to tell which one he was singing. I can hear, but only sounds in my head like muffled bells. I try to join in the conversation but because I have to lip read, I can only catch snippets of information. I become confused when people change subjects and feel left out and lonely, with no one to turn to.

I put on my shoes and opened the door. I knew there was a click as it closed behind me though I did not hear it. My feet were silent as I walked up the steps which led up to the garden. I stamped in anger, desperately trying to hear some noise. The wind whipped my clothes, I could feel its silent sharpness. I walked carefully so that I would not stumble. Doctors had told me that my balance would return but it never seemed to want to return. I walked over silent leaves and mud. The birds flew around in deadly quiet.

K. Richards 2B

SLAVES OF REVOLUTION

*The Poet's writing means nothing,
The Scientist's Empire even less,
Distorted slogans only serve
This stale, broken, weary mess.*

*The Statistician prophesies his own death,
The Philosopher's talk is contrived
rubbish,*

*These leaders lead by following,
Hoping in vain to fulfil a wish,*

*The Doctor cannot cure himself
So the hippies show him how,
The Priests prepare for their own
confession
And before their crumbling altars bow.*

*Their Pilots are vultures in the air,
Their Admirals have betrayed their sunken
fleet,*

*The spirit of their minds is waning
Their world and mine shall never meet.*

M.A.R. Habib 6US

EVENING GROSBEAKS

Shading from gold to sulphur
With flashes of white and black,
A chirping host has descended,
The grosbeaks have come back.

After the worst of winter,
Before the first of spring,
Stout-hearted gay way-farers,
Joyfully tarrying.

Now that the feast is ended,
They take to their wings and go;
Mountain-ash berries scattered
Like jewels on the snow.

J. Horne 3B



THE HARBOUR

*In the harbour, scattered with boats, -
Pleasure craft, fishing vessels, sailing
ships -
Swaying gently at the buoys,
A scene of beauty.*

*The sun's rays upon the water
Reflect the colours of the craft -
Colours of amber, yellow, gold
Shimmer upon the surface, now cold.*

*The houses stepped out upon the hill
Look out over the harbour
From aloft, on what might have been
A busy, thriving, water scene.*

*But now the stillness is complete
As the end of the day draws near.
The houses, row upon row, are neat,
The reflections still and clear.*

A.P. Hazzeldine 3C

CAMPER'S NIGHTMARE

The sleeping were wakening
From their snoring and dreaming
Stirring and listening
Peering and wondering
In the dim lit tent.

The thunder was crashing
With its pealing and roaring
Lightning was flashing
Splitting; zig-zagging
In the still hot night.

The rain came pattering
Then hailing and pelting
Teaming and streaming
Beating and lashing
On the sleeping camp.

The skipper was shouting
With his ordering and commanding
Knocking and hammering
Digging and trenching
In the force eight gale.

The tents were creaking
Then blowing and flapping
Ripping and splitting
Tearing and shredding
From the cracked tent pole.

The guy ropes were straining
Tautening and shrinking.
Tugging and pulling
Dragging and lifting
From the drenched sodden ground.

And the sleeping bags were soaking
Ground sheets were floating
Sailing and drifting
Skimming and lifting
In the wind driven flood.

J. Taylor 1C



THE STORM

As I come from the cottage
The rain beats on my face.
Everything becomes blurred.

The dense undergrowth is wet
And the rain drips off the trees
Onto my hair.

The sky opens,
the thunder roars,
lightning sears,
Then it is dark.

As I run over a rickety bridge,
Thunder,
lightning,
darkness,

Panic
Confusion.

The bridge falls
but I am
Safe.

V.G. Smedley 3B

DOWN THE MINE

It was my first day at work - at the pit. I was excited at the prospect of at last getting school out of my system. I was a man. Not a schoolboy but a man.

Mum packed my lunch and I set off to catch the bus, heart pounding, fingers trembling. It seemed the longest ride I had ever known. It seemed hours and I was afraid that I would be late. But I was five minutes early. I went to the clocking-in office, a dull, drab, wooden hut, and gave my name. I was told to go to Number 2 head but not where it was.

Outside, I stood rather bewildered. An old, unshaven man in a cloth cap and grey mackintosh came up. "You're new, aren't you, son? Going to Number 2 head?" Nervously I said I was. "Follow me, then," he said.

We walked up the hill towards a rusty, grey pit-head while he told me all about what I would be doing down the mine.

When we got there, we changed into boots, overalls, and helmet and I was introduced to a man who seemed to be in charge. I was told what to do and sent to corridor 2 which was just along the tunnel.

It was a grey, dirty tunnel, cold and wet. Weary miners were hacking away at the coal face. To think that I would have to do this. How I wished I were back at school!

C.K. Rawding 3B



*Dufferin! Dufferin!
It was their battle cry,
As the soldiers of the king
So proudly marched by.*

*Their boots no longer black,
Their clothes no longer brown,
The Royal Sherwood Foresters
Marched proudly into town.*

*It was back in 1914
The world war had begun,
And through the muddy fields of France
These British soldiers come.*

*Four more years of fighting
What will the years foretell?
Four more years of dying?
Four more years of hell?*

*Those four years are over
And now the long tramp home,
All over England
The British soldiers roam.*

*But now those years have passed,
Twenty years have gone,
No longer through those muddy fields,
The British soldiers run.*

*England again is blackened
By the threat of war,
Now through the heavy cloudbank
The German Stukas roar.*

*Again the Sherwood Foresters
Are called up to war,
But no sooner on the battlefield
When tragedy struck once more.*

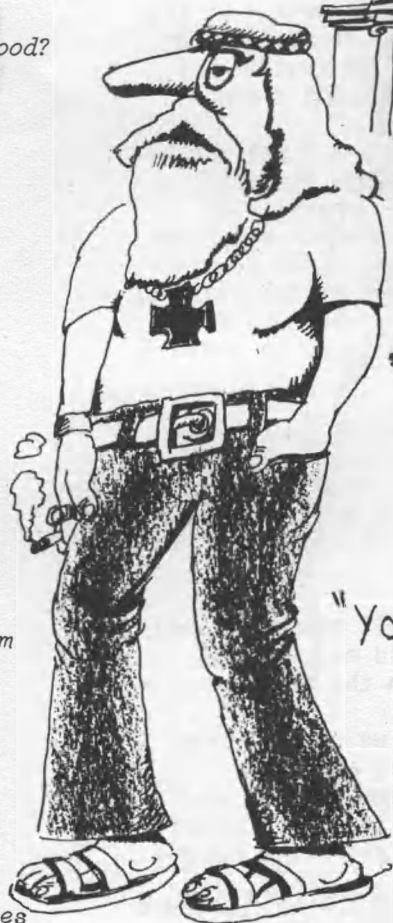
*The Germans found their position
And through the blood and mire
They swung their large guns at them
And began to open fire.*

*Suddenly the guns were silent
And through the smoke (now thin)
There came a long loud battle cry,
Dufferin! Dufferin!*

C. Hooper 2B

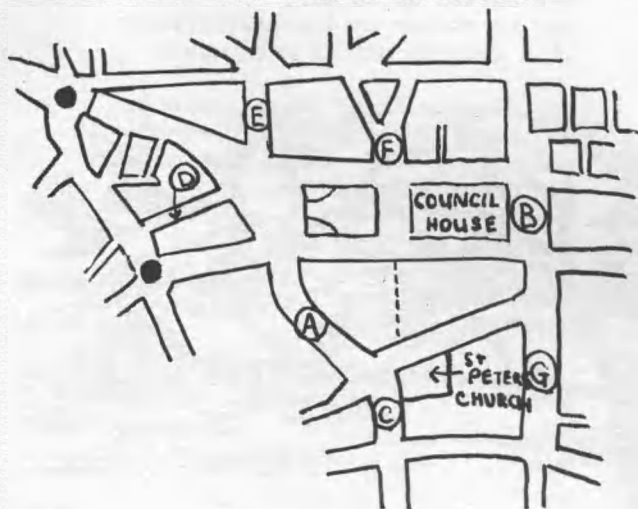
A QUIZ ON **Nottingham**

1. What does NOTTINGHAM mean?
2. How old is Trent Bridge to the nearest 5 years.
3. What famous author was born in Eastwood?
4. Name street A marked on the map?
5. Name street B marked on the map?
6. Name street C marked on the map?
7. Name street D marked on the map?
8. Name street E marked on the map?
9. Name street F marked on the map?
10. Name street G marked on the map?
11. Which aeroplane pilot, who came from Nottingham, was awarded the Victoria Cross in World War I?
12. When was the Trip to Jerusalem Inn built?
13. Who previously owned the Castle before it was leased to the Corporation?
14. Who raised his standard in Nottingham on Standard Hill?
15. When was the Council House opened?
16. Which famous comedian came from Nottingham?
17. When did Nottingham Forest win the F.A. Cup in the nineteenth century?
18. In which House is BBC Radio Nottingham and on which frequency does it broadcast?



"YOU CAN ALWAYS
TELL A MELLISH
OLD BOY"

A. Conacher 4A
S. Cleverdon 4A



Answers to Quiz on Page

1. Weddings. The place is noted for runaway marriages.
2. Under water.
3. Usually in a hospital.
4. He constructed the London and Birmingham railway.
5. James VI of Scotland and James I of England.
6. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham and William Pitt the younger.
7. A person who collects sea-shells.
8. Its America's major space and rocket research centre.
9. Catherine Parr.
10. William Caxton in 1476.



yugoslavia

The party was to visit the Istrian Coast of Yugoslavia. The trip was organised with the help of Mr. Prince and Mr. Done but in charge was everyone's friend, Mr. Ellis.

The party of smartly dressed schoolboys assembled at the Midland Station on a moderate morning of mid-summer at the breath-taking time of 06.15 - but everybody made it. We boarded the London train at 06.30. Mothers waved frantically at their little boys but as soon as the train began to move from the exuberant parents stranded on the platform, card games emerged from pockets and bags of many descriptions. Some boys tried to catch up on lost sleep.

After a comparatively short journey, we pulled into a bustling St. Pancras station and the trek down the stairs to the underground began, the smaller boys struggling with oversize suitcases. Eventually we managed to find the right platform and one half of the group squeezed into a crowded train. Being directed by Mr. Prince we were able to get off at the right station where we waited for the other half of the party. Then we started the trek upwards to the main line station. The train we had to catch was waiting amongst a hoard of heavy diesels. We reached Newhaven and boarded a French-named channel steamer which stood moored in a small dock. We deposited our bags in a corner and explorations round the ship began. If you happened to wander past the galley and stuck your head round an opened window, the sight of a stumpy little chef standing over his pot and the smell of the food put you off chancing going into the restaurant.

When we disembarked at Dieppe we boarded yet another train bound for Paris. Travelling on trains was not bad for the first part of the journey but now it was too much. From Paris we took an overnight train to Trieste where we should have caught the last train of the journey but trust our luck and bad navigation; we caught the wrong train, through some local peasant giving us wrong instructions. We were stranded on a station where we sat down and worked out how to reach our destination by a different route. We managed this travelling on the local trains which weren't very good. At last we piled into the hotel, dumped all the luggage and went for a meal. Then we found out we had to go three to a room but we didn't really mind. Everyone enjoyed a good night's sleep.

Continental breakfasts aren't up to much - bread and jam and a cup of coffee. After this meagre meal we collected some pocket money and went out to explore the local vicinity. Some people ventured to try out the local bit of beach and the clear blue sea attracted everybody except the only thing to put you off was there were a number of sea anemones.

The temperature was in the 90's all the time and drinks were not very cheap. The cheapest drink was coca-cola but this was 13p per small bottle. Wine was cheap as they make it locally.

On the next to last day of the holiday the excursion around the Istrian Coast took place. A nice clean coach pulled up outside our hotel and the proud-looking driver stepped out.

The trip wasn't very enthralling; we would have rather stayed at the hotel.

The days passed quickly and soon it was time to begin the journey home.

We were supposed to have a tour of Paris but as the trans-European train was four hours late it was a case of running down the station to catch another train.

Everyone was becoming fed up with train journeys; there was nothing we had not tried or done except pulling the communication cord.

We all were excited when we found out that we were going to return by Hovercraft. We changed our minds when we were about halfway across.

As soon as we got out of the Hovercraft you could tell we were back in England it was raining.

101. Cont'd.

About forty innocent-faced boys strolled through the customs to an awaiting coach (the getaway vehicle).

We raided the first fish and chip shop in sight. A queue formed with open mouths as the beautiful aroma wandered up our noses. Orders were placed and different people ordered different things "fish and chips, pie and chips, sausage and chips".

A few hours later we arrived back at Nottingham in the early hours of the morning.

It was an enjoyable holiday but there was too much travelling especially on trains.

P. Johnson 3B



What noise does a motor-cycle horn make in Scotland?

It hoots mon.

What fills a field with music?

Pop Corn.

'Star Trek' has been cancelled tonight: the Captain's Log has developed Dutch Elm disease.

Where do you weigh Whales?

At a whaleway station.

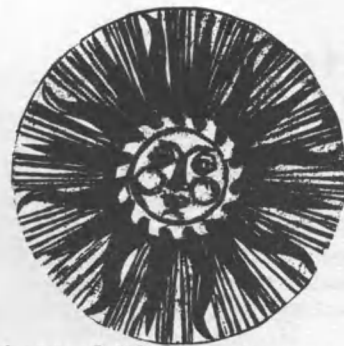
QUIZ!?

- Who designed the Morris Mini-Minor? Give his full name.
- Was Bobby Moore awarded (a) K.B.E. (b) M.B.E. (c) C.B.E. (d) O.B.E.
- Who wrote 'Ben Hur'?
- Give the name of the first man in space, and the craft he went up in.
- What part of London is Soho Square in? (e.g. S., S.W.1.)
- Who beat Port Vale in the 3rd round of the F.A. Cup?
- Give the year of the battle of Jutland.
- Name the Capital of Albania.
- Name ALL the countries that surround Hungary.
- Is India a continent?
- What is Germany's currency?
- Of the people who have had heart transplants, who lived the longest?
- What is Dixie Dean's proper name?
- Off what coast is Heligoland?
- In Maths. "therefore" is represented by ∴, what is "because" represented by?
- How many drams are there in an ounce?
- (a) b.h.p. (b) I.O.U. (c) A.A. (d) B.S.T. What do they stand for?
- What does LEPORINE mean? (a) a woman with leprosy? (b) something belonging to the hare family? (c) a female leprachaun? (d) someone with a narrow shaped skull?
- What medal has purple and white diagonal stripes on the ribbon?
- Which planet is furthest from the sun?

Answers
on
page
35



Holiday



MONDAY

The group left Nottingham Midland Station at the unearthly hour of 06.30. We arrived at London, St. Pancras for an underground trip across London to Victoria Station. From here we left for Newhaven where we boarded a cross-channel ferry. The crossing was uneventful and was followed by an even less eventful trip through French customs. We boarded our Paris train. We arrived at Paris to find, or rather not find, our coach. It took half-an-hour to materialise. This was followed by a ten minute crossing of Paris down one-way streets which, apparently, are made for going down the wrong way. The next train, which we succeeded in catching, had couchettes. These seem to be good for most things but not sleep.

TUESDAY

The morning found us at Venice with cold coffee and rolls (tagged, "breakfast", I believe). From Venice we passed through Trieste then Divacca ending up at Ljublyana. Somebody then mentioned off-handedly that we should have changed at Divacca. We were some miles off our route. After this slight detour we eventually arrived at Pula station, again to find a coach not there. It arrived and we were willingly led to the hotel for a meal and a bed. Not a really eventful journey!

WEDNESDAY

In the morning, after breakfast, most people headed for the rock beach. The seabed however was sandy, and the water was superb. Most of the group stayed near the sea and the attractions around the hotel.

THURSDAY

Sunning and swimming in the morning was followed by an afternoon trip into Pula to see the Amphitheatre and to bargain in the market for souvenirs. Most enjoyed this very much, some even tried arguing by sign language. The return coach dropped us at Medulin (a nearby village) from which we had to walk back about one mile to the hotel. The evening meal lasted one hour ten minutes and our one waiter worked overtime. A group of Americans, apparently dressed in dollars, had six waiters. The evening provided entertainment with a travelling side-show affair with a shooting-range and one-arm-bandit type machines.

FRIDAY

This was a free day. Some of the group hired canoes which were available. Most had a good time. The hotel had a crazy golf course and tennis courts. Three of us tried out the golf course; only one finished successfully.

SATURDAY

This was another free day, again generally enjoyed.

SUNDAY

A tour was arranged for today around the Red Istrian coast. Our first stop was Rovinj, then we went on to Lim Fjord where the film, 'The Long Boats' was made. The Viking village made for the film is preserved here. Some boys were, by this time, finding the bus trip a bit much on top of the night before. The coach returned to Pula via Perc.

MONDAY

The final day was spent swimming and buying the last souvenirs. In the evening, a little fella called Ellis, suggested an early night. Some hope!

lol. Cont'd

TUESDAY

Breakfast was at 06.00 hours and departure from the hotel at 06.30. At the station in Pula we were told that our train left at 08.00 not 07.00. One hour's kip lost! Eventually it arrived and we journeyed on to Trieste where we had an afternoon trip around Maximillian's castle. In the evening we dined in a restaurant and were provided with a packed breakfast. The same evening we boarded our return couchette train.

WEDNESDAY

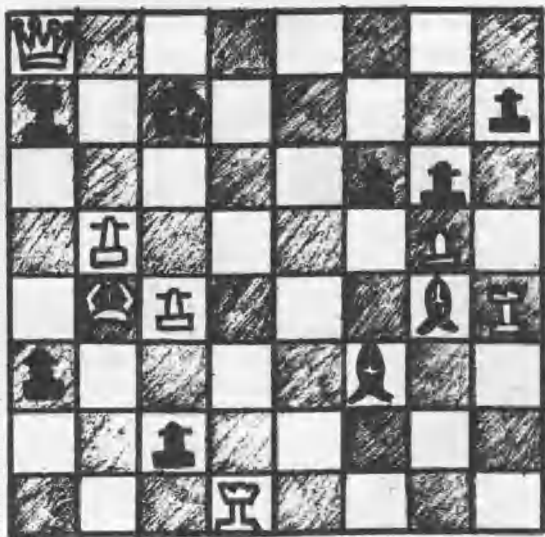
We discovered that we had lost four hours overnight. Our planned three hour Paris tour was reduced to a ten minute lightning trip. I never knew Paris had so many one-way streets. We just caught our 14.00 train at 13.59. A packed meal was provided during the train journey. Compensation for the four hour delay was a hovercraft journey. At Calais all illicit liquor was bought. (Oh, the memory!) The crossing was made in a force 8-9 gale. We arrived in England and it was raining. Whilst waiting for our train we found a 'chippy'. Definitely home! Finally, at 02.15, Thursday morning, a group of dirty, tired, mortals fell off a train at Nottingham Midland Station.

J. Spencer 6LS

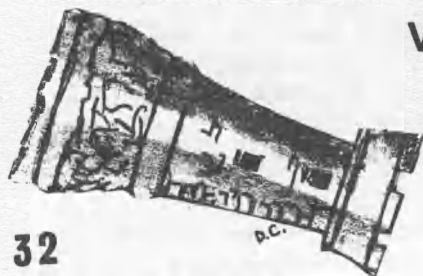
TRY TO DO THESE

CHIESS

BLACK 8 PIECES

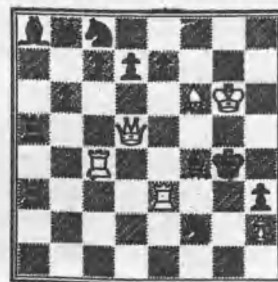


WHITE 8 PIECES



PUZZLES

BLACK 13



WHITE 6



WHITE TO PLAY AND MATE
IN TWO MOVES

combined cadet force



subjects by outside assessors.

This year's Annual Inspection takes place on Friday 19th May when the Contingent will be inspected by Colonel E.C. Dodd, R.E.M.E. Central Workshops, Old Dalby; Lieutenant G. Steele, H.M.S. Cochrane; Major C. Horne, H.Q. East Midland District; and Flight Lieutenant S.J.G. Cord, H.Q. Air Cadets.

Annual Training this year for the Army Section is once again at the excellent training area at St. Martin's Plain near Folkstone. The R.A.F. Section have been invited to R.A.F. Benson for the first time and the Navy Section Cadets will again distribute themselves over the many interesting courses arranged by their parent Service.

Throughout the year the Contingent has received regular visits from Officers and senior N.C.O.'s of the three Services. These visits are always appreciated and show that the Services continue to place considerable value on the training and work done by the Officers and Cadets of the Contingent.

It is always difficult to know how the minds of 14 year-old boys work especially when they have to make decisions. However, the decision made this year by a large majority of recruits to the Contingent to join the Army Section was very pleasing as it meant that after several years the Army Section has been brought up to its full establishment once again, alongside the Navy and R.A.F. Sections. This is very pleasing as also is the fact that after difficulties the Band is once again in sound shape.

Last year's Annual Training for all Sections was very successful especially as the weather was some of the best experienced for many years. The Navy Section as usual distributed themselves over several types of training and had particularly good 'boat-work' conditions. The Army Section at Warcop received especially good assistance from the 'regulars' with excellent demonstrations. At the Royal Air Force College Cranwell, the R.A.F. Section were able to see something of the life of the new graduate Cadets and their excellent training facilities. They also were able to see the excellent flying skill of H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, who was still under training at the time.

Adventure Training 1972 was carried out in the usual area of Otterburn but in very contrasting conditions from 1971. In place of last year's sunshine and warmth, it was cold, rainy and extremely windy. Gales blew strongly over the Easter Weekend and severely tested all the tentage. The ground became waterlogged at both Base Camp and in some of the one-night sites. The Signal Station at O.P.10 managed to survive all the elements although by the end of the eight days some of the tentage had been damaged.

Unfortunately several of the Cadets undergoing training found quite early on that conditions were not to their liking, but made amends later. Most of the juniors showed considerable fortitude and carried out all required of them. Finishing off the last day with short initiative exercises and a 'spin' round the Confidence Area provided a fitting climax to the week.

The training for all Sections has been based on the changes in syllabuses that have taken place over the last year or so. The main difficulty appears to arise from the time required in examining the numerous

CC



F

HAUL AWAY

An entertainment entitled 'Haul Away', set in the early nineteenth century, was presented on two evenings early in May. In the event, this consisted of what might be called 'a pot-pourri' of songs, stories and poems, all connected with the departure and voyage of sailing ships from Liverpool - or some similar port. -The performance ended with a production, by the choir, of Benjamin Britten's "Golden Vanity".

Songs were provided by a sixth-form group (S. Atkin, S. Checkley, I. Donnelly, C. Draper, A. Franklin, J. Spencer), complete with guitars, violin and some percussion. They sang with considerable enthusiasm and success - even persuading the audience to join in the choruses. In between-whiles we enjoyed an account of some nautical bargaining between Sam Oglethwaite and Noah - this given by P. Darby and M. Sales; a lively hornpipe of which the Prom. concerts might have been proud; and M. Winfield, who, dressed 'to the nines' as a period post-captain, harangues and horrified the audience with tales of the conditions of service in the navy of the time.

Mention too of M. Fieldston, who certainly made the point that 'All the nice girls love a sailor'; C. Draper, who seemed to relish the role of Jeremy Tait; A. Fish, who managed the Bosun's tales most satisfactorily.

"The Golden Vanity" is not an easy work for schoolboys and it reflects great credit on the choir that they performed so well. Certainly they had rehearsed most conscientiously. Aided by a very attractive setting, and suitably made up as pirates and honest tars, they gave a spirited and, at times, realistic account of the old ballad tale.

The whole entertainment proved quite a change from the usual run of plays and we hope that future sixth-forms will take the performance as a precedent to be followed.

"THE GOLDEN VANITY"

CAST

"The Golden Vanity"

Captain: R. Richardson
Boatswain: G. Masters
Cabin Boy: P. Hallam

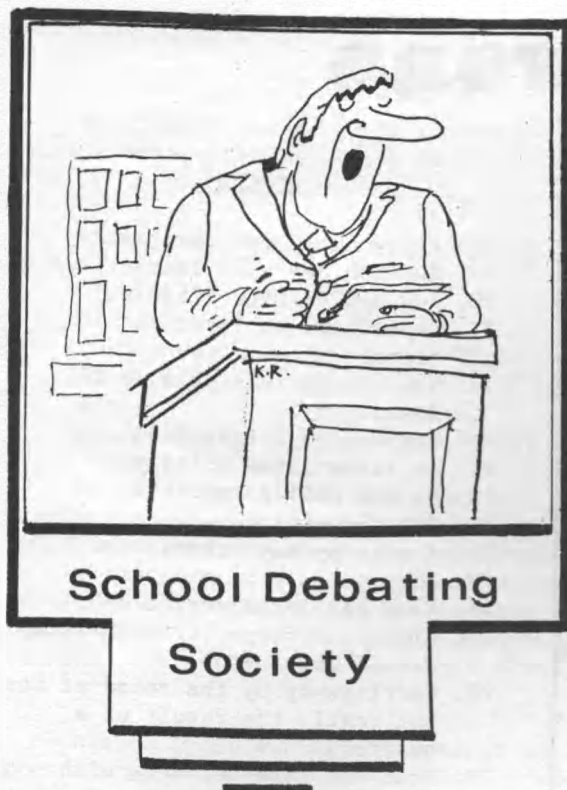
Sailors: M. Callicott
J. Castledine
I. Cook
N. Cooper
R. Crosby
M. Farndale
G. Holmes
M. Lester
D. Machin
S. Martin
S. McKenna
W. Straw
T. Oresczyn

Turkish Galilee

Captain: N. Slater

Pirates: K. Armes
M. Brand
S. Clough
J. Cross
J. Daniel
D. Oldroyd
D. Rockley
D. Scriven
R. Shouls
M. Thomas
P. Whayman
M. Williams
R. Woods
R. Wragg





Chairman
Secretary
Steward
Treasurer

P.W. Bell
C. Richards
M. Winfield
B. Dance

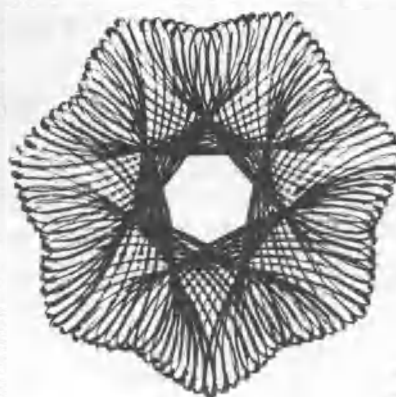
Mid-way through the autumn term enthusiasm arose within the upper school, as if from some deep romantic chasm of primeval force, to provide a forum within which matters of common interest could be discussed.

The Debating Society was revived and the first consult concerned permissiveness in the present times. A large enthusiastic audience assembled, although one of the speakers seemed unaware of the venue and had to be removed from the bus queue. The success of this debate prompted a second meeting concerning the Middle East Problem, and although this was accompanied by an inexplicable drop in attendance it was discussed with hyperoxysophistical paradoxology.

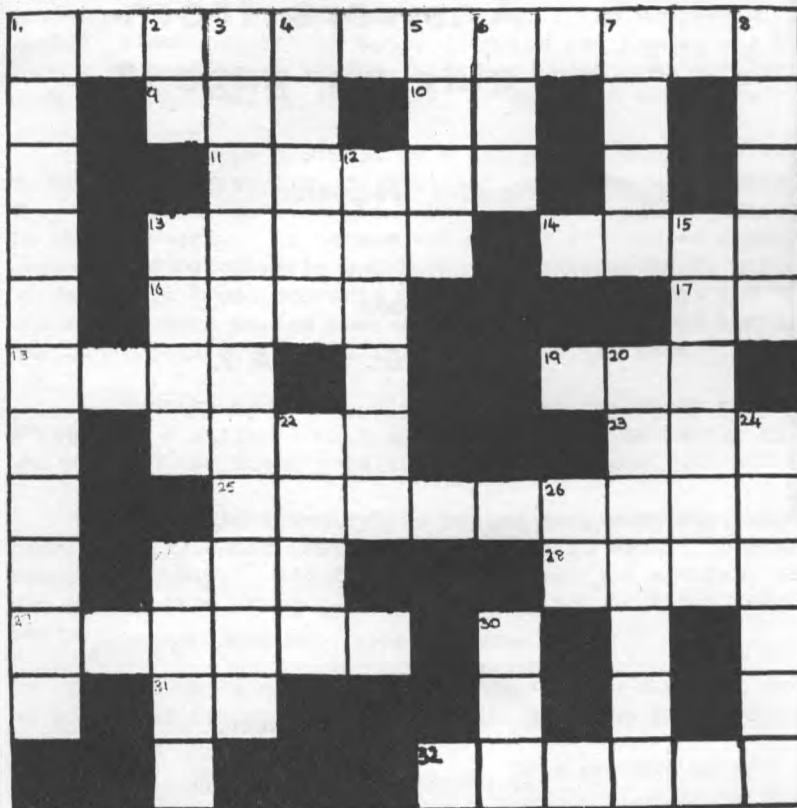
However, since this debate the enthusiasm has been lost in the general state of apathy within the school and prospects of future meetings seem bleak. The society is now only the skeleton of her previous titanic form but we hope that she will be revived and rise again, like the dead from their ruined charnels.

Answers from quiz on page 30

1. *Sir Alec Issigonis.*
2. *C.B.E.*
3. *Lewis Wallace.*
4. *Yuri Gagarin. Vostok 1.*
5. *W.I.*
6. *Birmingham.*
7. *1916.*
8. *Tirana.*
9. *Czechoslovakia, Austria, Rumania, Yugoslavia.*
10. *No, its a sub-continent.*
11. *100 phennige equals 1 mark.*
12. *Dr. Blaiberg (Philip)*
13. *William Dean.*
14. *The German coast.*
15. *∴*
16. *16*
17. *(a) brake horse power
(b) I owe you.
(c) Automobile Association.
(d) British Summer Time.*
18. *(b)*
19. *Distinguished Flying Cross.*
20. *Pluto.*



CROSS - WORD



ACROSS

1. A branch of mathematics.
9. Turkish cap with tassel.
10. 'Go and -- thou likewise'
11. Shakespearian lover.
13. Exeunt -----.
14. You can do this up with 20 down.
16. Nothing to a Frenchman.
17. An abbreviated outside.
18. He was called terrible.
19. Briefly limited.
21. A rose by any other.
23. Edge.
25. Ring for an answer.
27. Plenty, we hope, from the sea around us.
28. Carriageway by the sound of it but really the result of a quarrel.
29. What the gardener does with that overgrown geranium.
31. 'Au printemps; -- hiver.'
32. Discourages or puts off.

DOWN

1. Muse of Dancing.
2. A Kipling poem.
3. Great Minion (Anag.)
4. Bracing air at Skegness.
5. Sapphic or Pindaric.
6. 'One end is ---, the other milk'.
7. One stolen by the Knave.
8. You can have light ones or leap ones.
12. Remembered for his laws of heredity.
13. Algerian port.
15. Useful antiseptic.
20. It's often brewing.
22. Make liquid by heating.
24. Kind of gourd; good to eat.
26. Hoard without an oar.
27. ---- sesame.
30. Often raised with a cry.

QUIZ!?

Questions. for ALL

1. What does the geo in geography and geology stand for?
2. Does a snake poison its victim with its tongue or through its fangs?
3. Finish this phrase: 'The White Cliffs of'
4. What kind of stories did Aesop tell?
5. In what games is a shuttlecock used?
6. How does a kangaroo carry its young?
7. What is the only mammal that can fly?
8. Who was the king of the knights of the Round Table?
9. In which country is Kilimanjaro?
10. Where is the Wash?
11. Is the whale a mammal or a fish?
12. Is the bat a mammal or a bird?
13. What creatures live in an aviary?
14. How often does a leap year occur?
15. What is the Capital of Sweden?

Quiz

Answers on Page

PUBLIC SPEAKING COMPETITIONS

SENIORS

This year, the speeches in the senior section again yielded a high standard of work.

The speakers and subjects were as follows:

Richards	Judgment
Burgess-Wilson	Monsters of the Deep
Greenwood	Newspapers
Atkin	Examinations
Winfield	Victorian Poetry

Richards spoke in a humorous vein though his arguments were based on personal, solid opinion. Mesmerised by his movements on the platform, the audience were drawn to listen to a strong attack on people and the biased views they held of fellow human beings. The speech was certainly novel and interesting.

Atkins spoke vehemently against our present system of examining pupils. He offered suggestions as to how the system could be replaced with a much fairer method of assessing a person's skills. This was a familiar subject but it was tackled with zest and was well-delivered and most rewarding to hear.

Burgess-Wilson gave a most delightful talk on the deadly subject of sharks. His comments were delivered in a 'deadly' tone of under-statement and the audience was highly entertained by his assessments of the dangers for both humans and sharks.

Greenwood spoke about newspapers and the effect they have on popular attitudes. He spoke briefly but dealt clearly with the dangers.

Winfield's account of Victorian verse found a responsive audience. We were entertained with select readings from the most unlikely of sources and these were delivered with relish and considerable enjoyment - both thoroughly appreciated by those present.

The Adjudicators had no difficulty in awarding first prize though, as they pointed out, this in no way detracted from the merits of the other speakers. So this year's speeches ended - in public at least. All were of a high standard and we hope that this standard will be maintained, along with the general interest in this competition, next year.

Results: Rose Cup and First Prize -
M. Winfield.

B. Jackson 5B

JUNIOR AND INTERMEDIATE

The competition aroused great interest, particularly among the junior forms. It was pleasing to see that the subjects were varied and interesting, these facts making the morning most enjoyable.

Many spoke from notes but some managed without and this undoubtedly impressed the judges and inevitably influenced the results. The standard was generally high and the judges commented on this.

The speakers and subjects were as follows:

Harper	A Boating Holiday
Murray	Anti-Smoking
Stephenson	Atomic Energy
Armes	Present-day Problems
Hardy	A trip to Venice
Williams, M.	Extinction of Wild Animals
Flower	Ants
Holland	Ghosts

In this section, the talks were informative and enjoyable. All the competitors spoke well and the illustrations produced by Murray of the lungs of smokers and non-smokers were horrifying and impressive. Harper's lively and amusing account of a boating holiday on the River Trent justly earned him first prize but, as the judges emphasised, the task of selecting the best was most difficult.

Intermediate:

Barlow	Was God an Astronaut?
Thomas	History of Education
Wragg	Unidentified Flying Objects
Reacher	Hares and Rabbits
Buchanan	Pangs of Authorship
Strutt	Was God an Astronaut?

Most of these speeches proved entertaining though the standard was not, in general, as high as that in the junior section. Most of the topics were treated seriously. The judges awarded the prize to Thomas.

We would like to thank the judges, Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Howell. They criticized firmly but very fairly and, as they admitted, their task was not easy.

R. Abbott 2A

A QUIZ FOR 1st TO 5th FORMS

1. What does STRAPPADO mean?
(a) a narrow water passage;
(b) an ancient Spanish coin;
(c) a kind of torture.
2. When will the next total eclipse of the sun be in Britain?
3. Who was America named after?
4. Name a station on the Northern Line of the London Underground.
5. Off which continent are the GALAPAGOS islands?
6. Where was Bob Hope born?
(a) London (b) New York (c) Los Angeles
(d) Southampton (e) San Francisco
(f) Nairobi.
7. What is the capital of Peru?
8. Who was Confederate leader in the American Civil War?
9. Onto what street in Nottingham does 'Marks and Spencers' face?
10. Who is third in line in succession to the British Throne.
11. Where was Britain's longest tram route?
12. Where was the battle of East Stoke and in what county was it?
13. Who won the Wimbledon Women's Singles Tournament in 1969?
14. Who invented the Bouncing Bomb for Britain in World War 2?
15. Who is M.P. for Nottingham South?
16. What is the capital of Yugoslavia?
17. Name two towns or cities, south of Nottingham, on the old Great Central railway.
18. Under which Country's flag did the Bismarck sail?
19. What is the tonnage of the H.M.S. Ark Royal to the nearest 10,000 tons?
20. In which county is the Isle of Wight?

S. Cleverdon 4A
A. Conacher 4A

PRIZE DAY?

50

P-PRIZE

For the FIRST correct solution to be DRAWN next MONDAY lunch-time.

Answers to be handed in by 10.0 a.m. MONDAY to :

S. Cleverdon
A. Conacher 4A

Answers to Quiz on Page

1. Heo stands for the Earth.
2. Through its fangs.
3. Dover
4. Aesop is famous for his fables.
5. Badminton.
6. In a pouch.
7. The bat.
8. King Arthur.
9. Tanzania.
10. The Wash is a wide bay of the North Sea between Lincolnshire and Norfolk.
11. A mammal.
12. A mammal.
13. Birds.
14. Every four years.
15. Stockholm.

Fifth Form Camp

As is becoming the annual custom, we assembled one cold summer's morning outside the School at a most uncivilised hour. This was the start of the journey to Coniston for a week of camping, sailing, walking, and other suitable amusements known collectively as the School Camp.

The journey north was uneventful until we neared our destination. Then came a stomach-shattering crawl through the pleasant countryside! The coach rumbled over rough, unmade, narrow roads, bounded by stone walls; negotiated bends not made for a vehicle of our length; heaved itself up steep gradients towards the site at the lake-side.

The advance party greeted us with the usual know-how of old campaigners (they had been there a day or two!) and we were introduced to our tents which were to be our homes for the next seven days. Our first meal had been prepared and, despite appearances, tasted rather better than expected.

Early next morning the various groups began their allotted activities. Of these light-weight camping proved the most popular since it gave a whole evening of freedom from the watchful eye of the masters. On the subject of surveillance, Mr. Sutherland's nightly expedition around the camp-site, complete with torch and riot-stick, proved perhaps the most entertaining memory of the whole week.

Canoeing and sailing were very popular. A small group of sixth-form enthusiasts seemed to spend all available hours of daylight on the water. Mr. Bates, keeping a watching brief on their activities, must have set up record after record for the number of hours spent in a dinghy. Anytime one looked up one could see the little vessel moving backwards and forwards across the lake.

Despite the drawbacks of some wind, rain and cold, and the hardships of such inevitable chores as cooking and washing-up, the week passed amiably for all. Striking camp followed the usual procedure; it was done for most people in the middle of the previous night! However everyone was sufficiently wideawake at daybreak. All arrived home feeling fitter, having benefited from the fresh lake-side air.

M. Bukowski.



PARIS CULTURAL HOLIDAY 1972

During the Easter holidays, the four members of the upper sixth French group attended the 19th Paris Cultural Holiday, organised and run by Air Vice Marshall Sir Bernard Chacksfield, R.A.F. (ret.) and his band of willing assistants.

After a long and tiresome journey, during which six hours was spent on the Nottingham - London Milk and Mail train, we arrived at the skyways departure lounge to find our new companions for the week. They appeared very lively, compared with our party, which had been subjected to the 'comforts' of British Rail for one of the longest nights in memory.

We took off from Ashford Airport amidst thick cloud and rain, with high hopes of a sunny welcome in France. These hopes were to be dashed, however, as the same weather conditions prevailed there.

Ninety minutes on a Skyways coach (luxury, of course) brought us to the environs of Paris, and our final shock for the day - the Lycee in which we were to spend the week was a national monument - and the dormitories lived up to this title.

That evening, the whole party met at the Sorbonne, and we were both surprised and pleased to find that out of 320 people on the course, 265 were girls! Maybe, we thought, the creaky beds and seatless lavatories were not so great a let-down after all.

We later experienced tea, which was served according to true French tradition; the items of the course served one after the other, and all bathed in Olive Oil and Vinegar. Everything was washed down with large quantities of rough "Vin rouge", which cost us around 3½p per pint. The mornings of each day of the course were filled with "cours pratiques" (which were conducted entirely in French), and lectures on French literature at the Sorbonne. This obviously had a beneficial effect on our spoken French, as we were flattered during the week by a French shopkeeper who informed us that our French was very fluent!

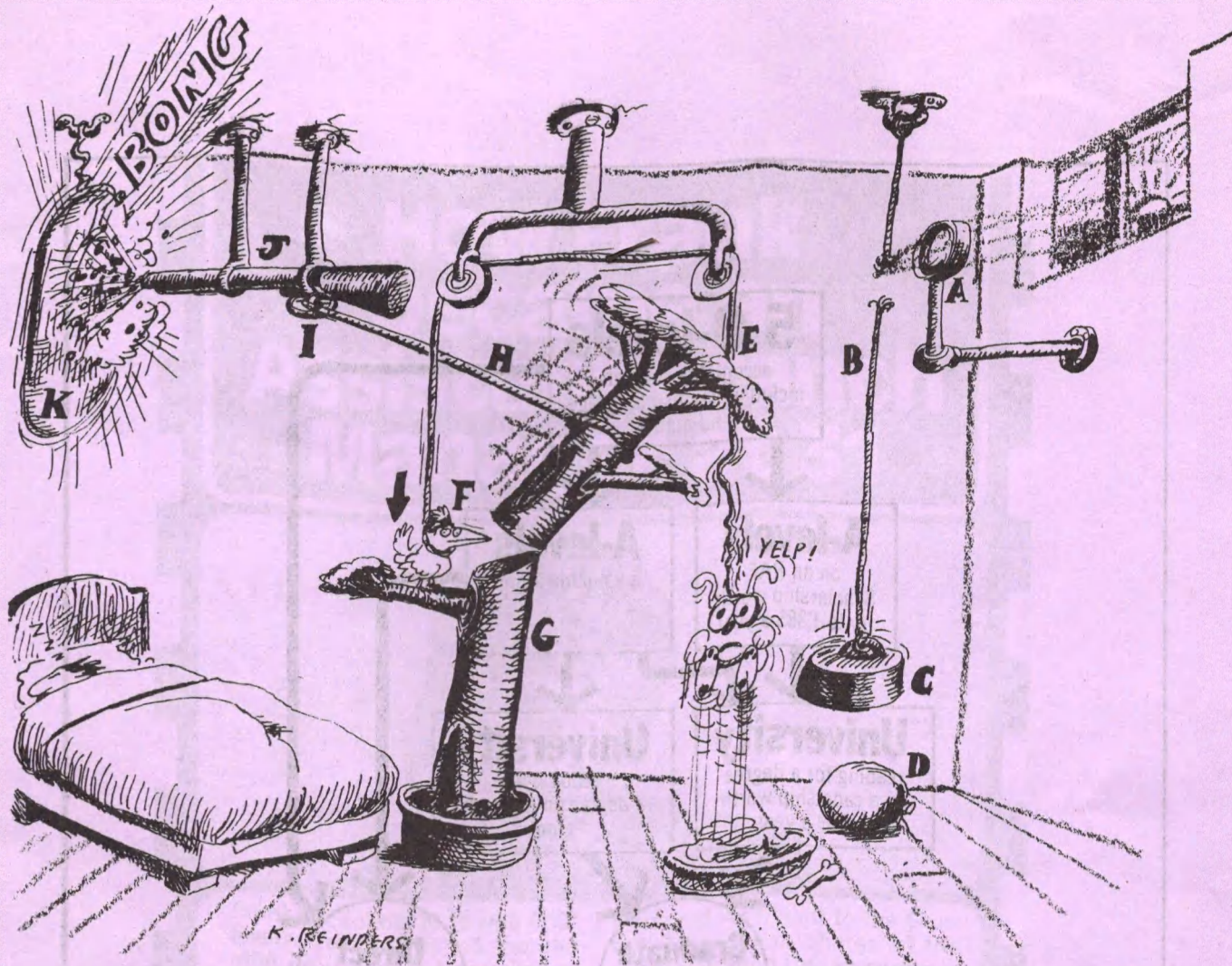
The days fitted into much the same pattern, save for the excursions which were varied. The usual tourist tracks were covered, including the Eiffel Tower, where one of our party discovered that he suffered from vertigo, and showed remarkable reluctance to leave the elevator on the third stage.

The last night in Paris was celebrated by a final concert given by the members of the course all of whom were both willing and able to take part. We were proud to see Anthony Stevenson and Charles Crowley taking thunderous applause for their renderings of three famous folk songs.

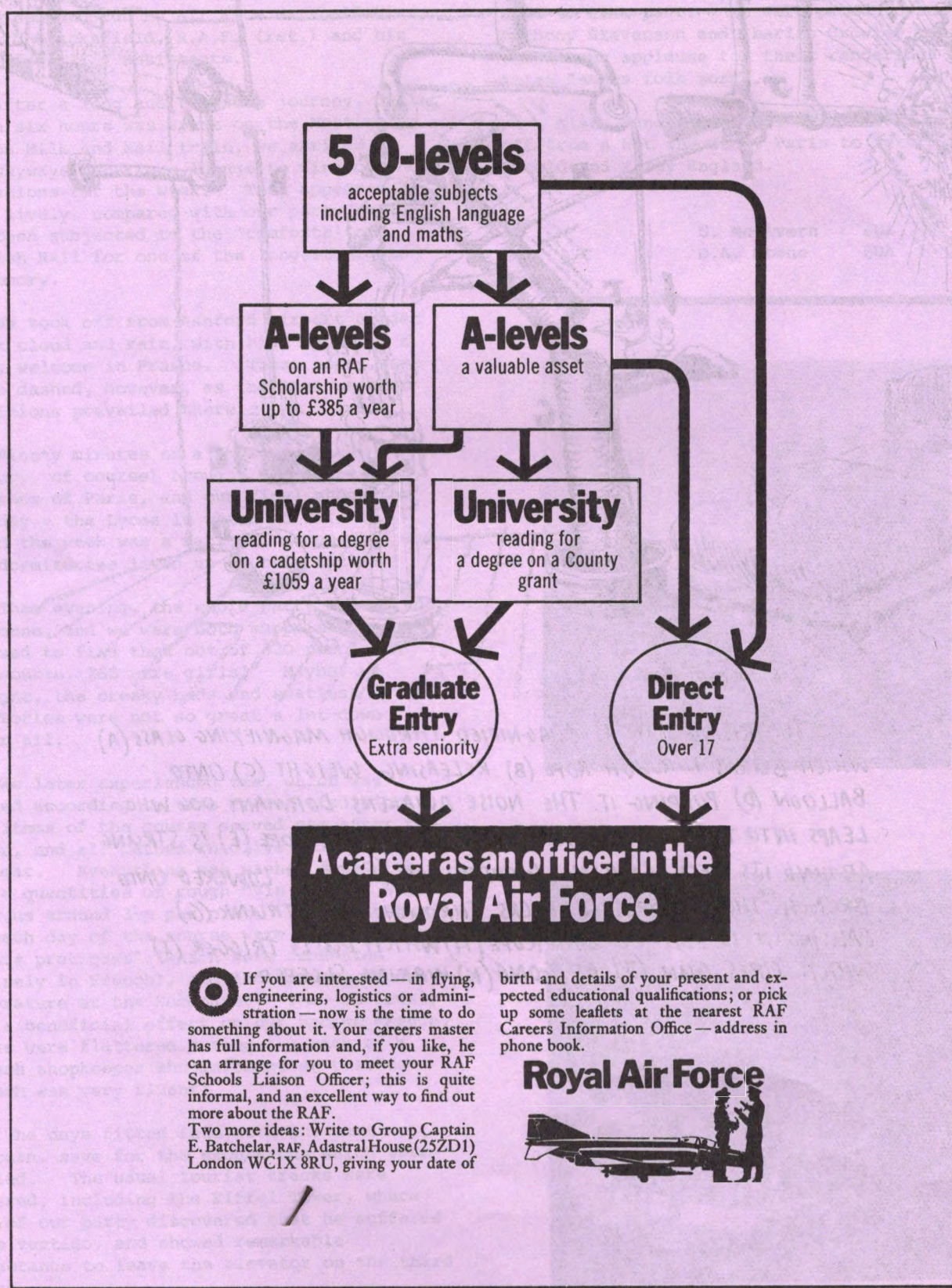
Alas, Sunday arrived, and we were packed off from a hot and sunny Paris to return to a cold and rainy England.

S. McGivern 6UA
D.A. Stone 6UA





THE RISING SUN IS MAGNIFIED THROUGH MAGNIFYING GLASS (A) WHICH BURNS THROUGH ROPE (B) RELEASING WEIGHT (C) ONTO BALLOON (D) POPPING IT. THE NOISE AWAKENS DORMANT DOG WHO LEAPS INTO THE AIR WITH FRIGHT. A LENGTH OF ROPE (E) IS STRUNG AROUND ITS NECK CAUSING WOODPECKER (F) TO BE LOWERED ONTO BRANCH. THE WOODPECKER PECKS THROUGH TREE TRUNK (G) CAUSING IT TO FALL PULLING ROPE (H) WHICH PULLS TRIGGER (I) WHICH FIRES GUN (J) AT GONG (K) WAKING SLEEPER.



If you are interested — in flying, engineering, logistics or administration — now is the time to do something about it. Your careers master has full information and, if you like, he can arrange for you to meet your RAF Schools Liaison Officer; this is quite informal, and an excellent way to find out more about the RAF.

Two more ideas: Write to Group Captain E. Batchelar, RAF, Adastral House (25ZD1) London WC1X 8RU, giving your date of

birth and details of your present and expected educational qualifications; or pick up some leaflets at the nearest RAF Careers Information Office — address in phone book.

Royal Air Force



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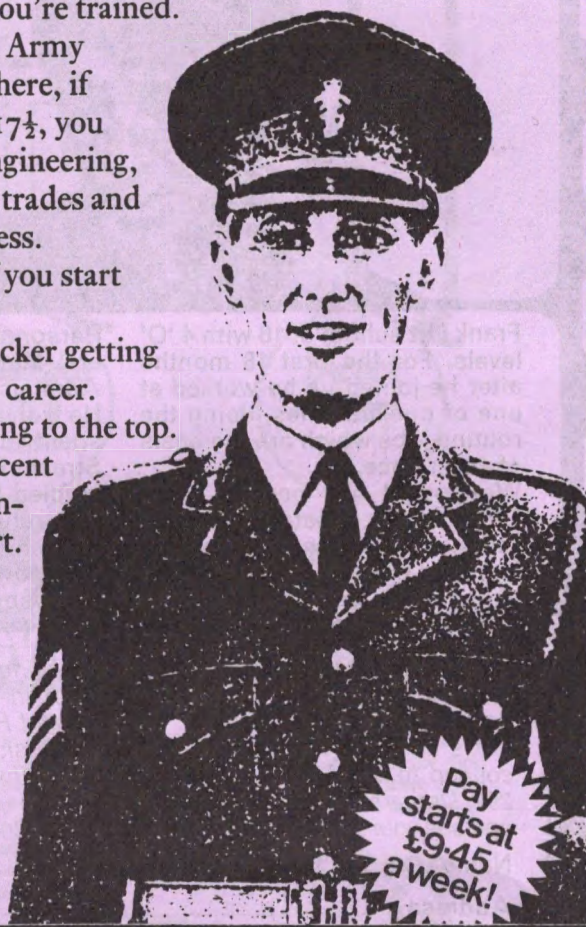
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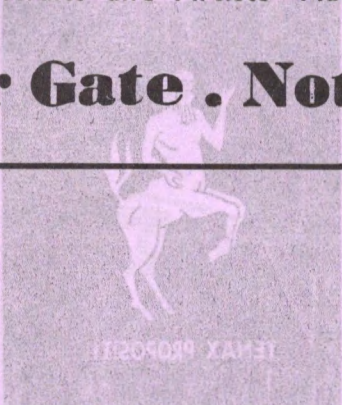
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