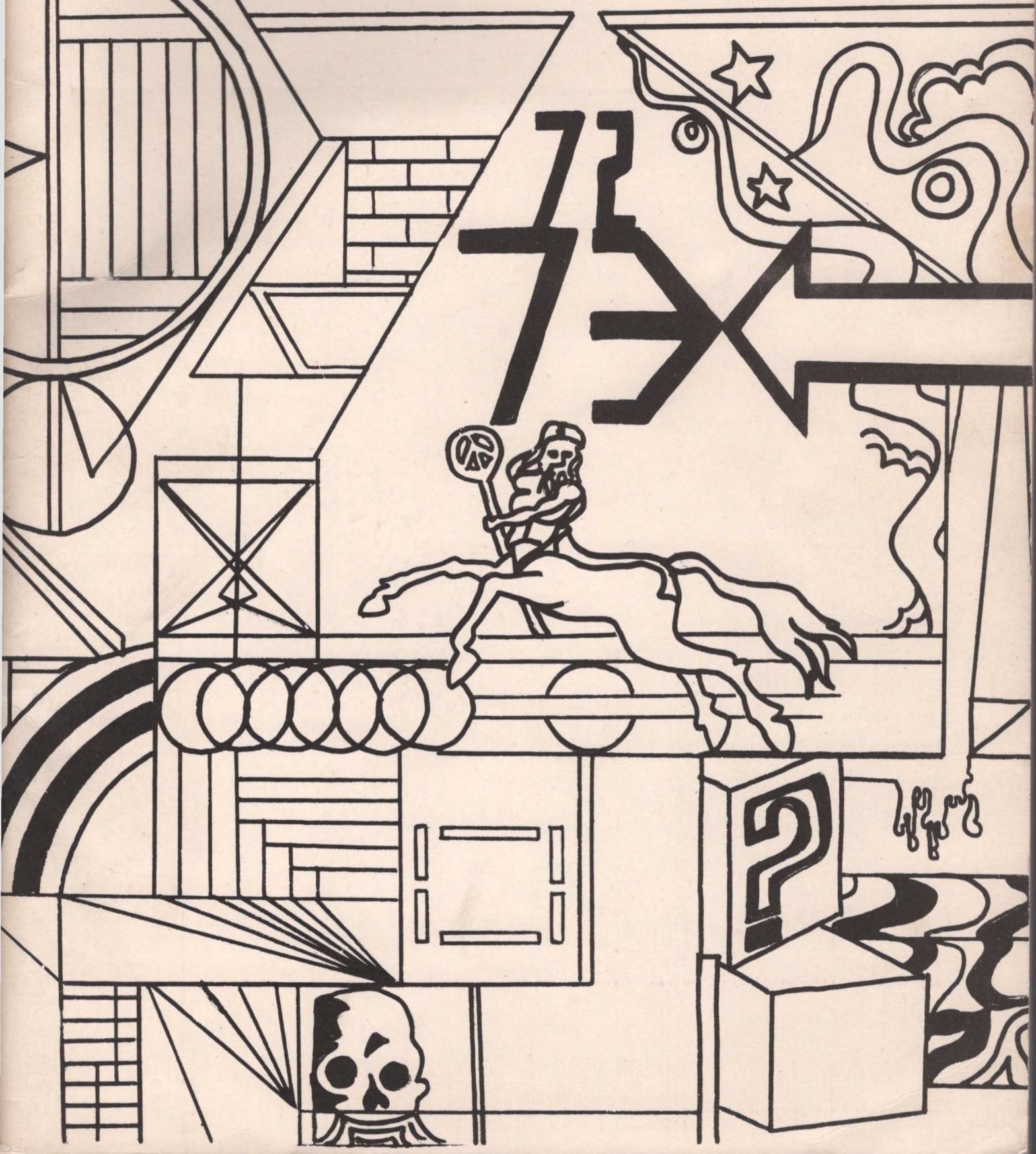


# Centaur



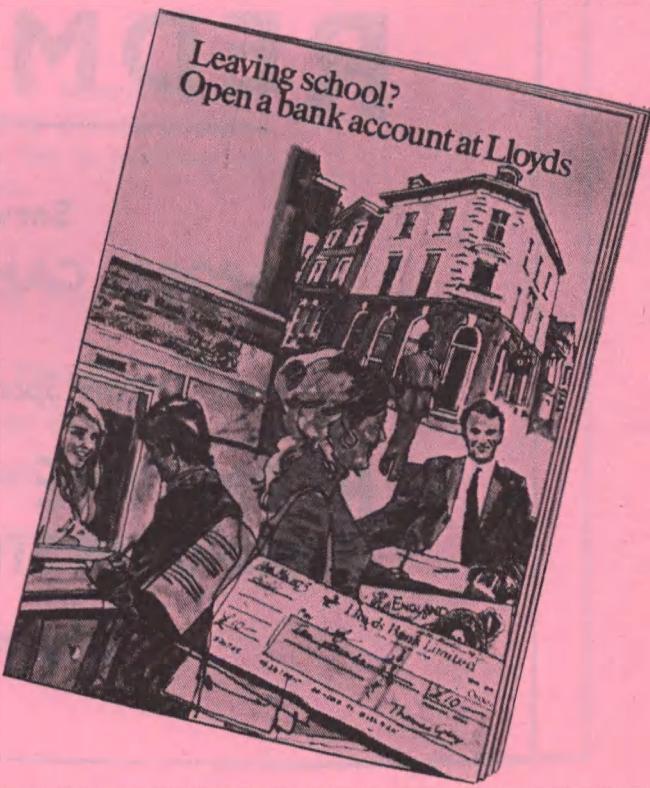
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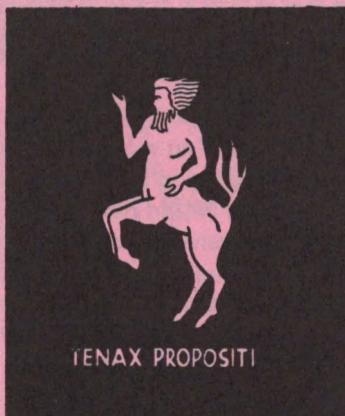
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early as 14) and help you towards getting your degree.

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# 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."



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## contents

<b>School Notes</b>	2	<b>Stories</b>	16,19,20,21,
<b>PTA</b>	4	<b>Poems</b>	to 30,33,42
<b>MR.S.REVILL and MRF.WHITE</b>	5,6	<b>Clubs and Societies</b>	9,18,31,40
<b>University &amp;</b>		<b>C.C.F. Report</b>	35
<b>College Notes</b>	6,7	<b>Geog. Field Trip</b>	36
<b>MR. T.E.SMITH</b>	7	<b>Public Speaking</b>	45
<b>Sport</b>	10	<b>Crossword</b>	8 & 37
<b>House Notes</b>	14	<b>Quizzes</b>	8,30.
		<b>Answers</b>	46,41.

## SCHOOL NOTES

During the year we have said farewell to Mr. S. Revill, who retired in July, and Mr. F. White, who retired at Christmas. Their combined service to the School is over eighty years! On that score alone they deserve a long holiday. We wish them both every happiness in their retirement.

Mr. A.J. Hobson left us at the end of the summer term to take up a post at the Annie Holgate School, Hucknall. During his brief stay with us he managed to inject some life into the Chess Club. It is good to see that this Club is now doing so well. A full account of its activities appears in the magazine.

At Easter Mr. E.N. Bonsall left us to become Head of Science at the Eastwood Hall Park School, and Mr. I.C. Sharpe to teach music at Myers Grove Comprehensive School, Sheffield. Both of them have done a great deal for the School in their respective spheres and we wish them every success in their new posts.

In September we welcomed Mr. D. Best, Mr. P. Henry, Mr. C. McIntosh and Mr. P. Oxley. Mr. M. Carley joined us in January as Head of the Modern Languages Department. To all of them we extend our best wishes and our hopes that their time with us will be most enjoyable.

Monsieur C. Duchemin came as French Assistant at the beginning of the school year. We hope that he is finding his time with us both pleasant and profitable.

Mr. Collins has joined the Staff this term to help with the music. Already he has established himself with his work for the choir and the summer concert.

During the year we have had with us Mr. N. Hunt from the Nottingham University Department of Education and Mr. M.A. Speake from Clifton College of Education. We trust that they have enjoyed the experience of teaching here and wish them every success in their careers.

The Commemoration Service was held on Tuesday, 31st October 1972 - a change from the usual Friday preceding half-term. The service was conducted by the Rev. W. Beasley (1945-52), Rector of St. Mary's, Bulwell. He was assisted by the Rev. E.P. Bailey (1946-52), Vicar of All Hallows, West Bridgford, and Canon E.W. Sheeran (1929-33), Rector of Edwalton. The Organist was Mr. F.D. Wilson (1952-57). The address was given by J.F. Aram, J.P. (1929-35).

On Monday, December 18th, many parents and friends of the School attended the service of lessons and carols held in the evening at Bulwell Parish Church.

In December the School again collected gifts of food and other items of good cheer and these were distributed as Christmas parcels to old folks in the neighbourhood. The response of parents to this scheme is always gratifying, particularly as there are so many calls on their generosity at this time of the year.

Parties of boys have also done good work at the Highbury Hospital, visiting and helping patients and entertaining with football matches. The choir and band have given concerts there, notably at Christmas when they provided a carol service.

The introduction by the County Authorities of the Playhouse Voucher Scheme has been welcomed. Various groups of fifth and sixth formers have made good use of these opportunities to enjoy evening performances of plays. We hope to extend the scheme so that it can be used by forms lower down the School.

The Library has purchased a copy of a booklet, 'Sir Thomas Parkyn of Bunny', written by B. Twelvetress (1931-33).

The painting of the interior of the School is now complete. The old place looks brighter, cleaner, and more cheerful. One wonders, in these days of indifference to immediate surroundings - indicated by the amount of litter left in the course of one day, how long this will last.

We welcomed the Playhouse Touring Company in the Autumn Term for a production of 2 'Maoris, Missionaries and Muskets', an account of the colonization of New Zealand. Members

of the second and third forms were coached in their parts by the Playhouse actors and actresses and took part in the performance later in the morning. The boys obviously enjoyed themselves and proved convincing and enthusiastic Maori warriors and British Tars. Our thanks are due to Mr. J. Whatson and his excellent company for their contribution to an enjoyable and instructive morning.

It has been most pleasant to have Mr. R. McCandless back with us this term, if only for a few days each week. We are glad to learn that Mrs. McCandless has recovered from her illness. We wish them both good health and every happiness in the future.

Mrs. Curson has been helping us with the laboratory organization during the year. We hope that she is enjoying her time with us.

The Old Boys' Rugby XV have enjoyed another successful season. They won the Nottinghamshire Championship but were defeated by Scunthorpe in the Three Counties Knock-out.

We hear from time to time of Ian Hallam's continued success in the cycling world. He has our best wishes in his preparation for his defence of his title at the Commonwealth Games in New Zealand next year.

J. Meller (1961-68), having obtained his B.Sc. at Nottingham, has now passed his finals in Chartered Accountancy at the first attempt - one of the youngest in the country to do this. He has also been awarded his County Colours for Hockey.

We congratulate the Rayment twins (I. and T.) both of whom obtained 1st Class Honours in Chemistry at Durham University.

We were especially pleased to welcome Lt. Col. T. Holloway (1940-47) as Inspecting Officer at the C.C.F. Annual Parade on the 18th May.

We note that two of our Old Boys are contesting seats in the forthcoming Gedling District Council elections : H. Bird (1938-41) and D.I. Storr (1960-65).

The School gave a successful concert in the School Hall on the 23rd May. A large audience of parents was entertained by a wide variety of items provided by the orchestra, choir and band. Some of the winners in the Public Speaking Competition provided their brand of humour as a contrast to the more serious aspects of the evening.

The Public Speaking Competition was held on Friday, 6th April. The standard in the Junior and Intermediate sections was very high and we enjoyed some excellent and very entertaining speeches from the finalists. We thank Mr. F. Booth who kindly adjudicated for us this year. A full account of the proceedings appears elsewhere in the magazine.

We congratulate A. Fish on his continued success at badminton and P. Rushton, whose success at wrestling has been brought to light. He has been persuaded to write an account of his activities for the magazine. His list of successes is quite impressive : Derbyshire Open Champion, Bury Open Champion, Midlands Open Champion, Nottingham Schoolboy Open Champion, Midlands (Closed) Champion, British Schoolboy Open Champion, English International against Scotland and Ireland - all this in 1973 at the weight of 9st. or 9st. 7lbs.

J. Spencer is Captain of the School this year. Vice-Captains are M. Copson and V. Start.

The Editor of this magazine is B. Jackson, assisted by M. Winfield and M. Cooke.

Once again we owe much to the Office Staff who have been so helpful with the production of the magazine. In particular to Miss C. Hodges who does the typing - a task which adds greatly to the burden of her days. As always we are grateful for her cheerful acceptance of this added responsibility.

Finally a word of praise for M. Asher who has been most helpful in preparing the lay-out of the magazine for the printers.



# PTA

## PARENT-STAFF ASSOCIATION 1972-73

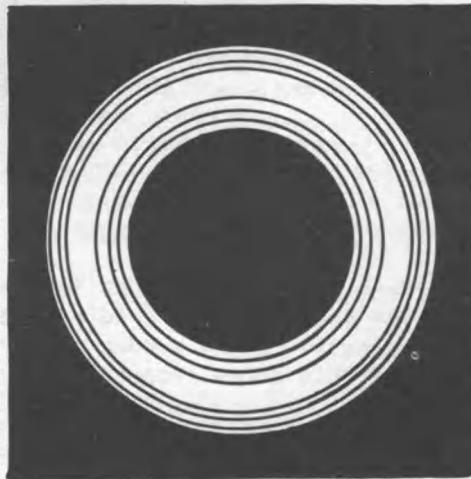
The Association has had another successful year from the point of view of the range of events provided by the Committee and the support, financial or otherwise, that the varied programmes have received. Family Day was held for the last time on Saturday, 13th May, 1972 and was much enjoyed by those who attended. It had been felt for some time that this event no longer commanded sufficient support and had to compete with numerous powerful external attractions at that time of the year. It was also felt that its financial return did not warrant its continued existence, and that fund-raising, apart from any special appeals, would be confined to the Autumn Fair. This year the Annual Athletics Competitions were held on Wednesday, 9th May in the afternoon and were witnessed by the whole school, together with a pleasing number of parents.

The Autumn Fair was held on Friday, 28th September and provided a clear profit of £163.18p. It was well attended and much enjoyment was gained from the Games, provided in the Gym by Mr. F.J. Sutherland and numerous boys, as well as from the 'Mock Auction' run by Mr. J.L. Barlow. The Association was also indebted to Mr. R.E. Stephenson who provided a turkey for first prize in a raffle which he organised. The Annual Buffet Dance was held on Friday, 29th November, and this too was even more successful than usual. The number of parents and friends who patronised the Dance was larger than usual; and for the first time for some years, a profit was made on the event, thanks to the more realistic measures adopted by the committee.

In the Spring Term of 1973, a meeting was held at school in the library on Thursday, 15th February, at which Mr. R. Ellis spoke on the subject of Careers Guidance and Mr. P. Driscoll on the subject of Examinations. The question and answer session, which followed this meeting and was chaired by the Headmaster, showed the keen interest of the parents who attended in these two topics. Then, on Tuesday 27th March the A.G.M. took place, at which Mr. and Mrs. C.G. Moss, Mrs. M. Cotton, Mr. R. Flower, Mr. P.J. Williams and Mr. J.R. Carpenter were either elected or co-opted to serve on the committee. Tribute was paid at the same meeting to Mr. E. Richardson who retired from the committee after two years

of valued service to the school. The A.G.M. was followed by a showing of two films on aspects of Nottingham's past, entitled "Nottingham in the 1930's" and "The Goose Fair". The Association is particularly indebted to Mr. W. Baguley, a parent, as well as Secretary of the Nottingham Historic Film Unit, and to his colleagues for a memorable evening.

The Treasurer, Mr. P.B. Dunleavy, underlined in his report to the A.G.M. some of the uses to which the financial resources of the P.S.A. are put and which are not generally recognised. In the course of the year, two tape-recorders were bought out of funds for the English Department: £117.25p was spent on the hire of the Lumoprint Photocopier, available in the Office for use by all departments in the school; and refreshments were provided on Saturday mornings for all sports teams representing the school. In addition to these charges, the Games Fund was drawn upon to provide several sets of rugby and hockey shirts for senior teams, as well as chess sets for the newly formed and thriving Chess Club. In connection with the P.S.A. Games Fund mention must be made of the efforts of Mr. F.J. Sutherland and all the boys who have taken part in the recent Sponsored Swim, which has again raised a very sizable sum of money for use by the school.



MR. S. REVILL

This is written with some feeling of trepidation - not merely because Mr. Revill expressly forbade any such mention of his retirement, but primarily because one feels a sense of inadequacy in attempting to assess his influence on the School. Yet the debt owed to him by the School itself, by the boys present and boys past, and, by no means least, by those members of Staff who have been his colleagues, is such that the occasion cannot be let pass unnoticed.

Mr. Revill came to the School when it opened in 1929 and his departure marks the complete break with those first days. His scholarship might have led him to a career in other fields. The Mellish can count itself fortunate that he chose teaching and elected to remain at this school.

His teaching was characterised by his love of learning, learning not restricted by the limitations of his own particular subject, History - though he might well argue that History was the all-embracing discipline. The success of his approach is amply demonstrated by the long list of Old Boys who have entered universities, particularly Oxford, to continue their studies. But it must not be thought that he confined his influence to those who displayed academic potential. All benefited from his deep knowledge, his insistence upon thorough preparation and research, his love of argument and his refusal to accept shoddy and indolent thinking. His enthusiasms were infectious and there are many who have taken into adult life a more than passing interest in such delights as brass-rubbing, archaeology, local history, art, architecture and antiquities, all derived from his knowledgeable instruction.

It is impossible to give a full appreciation of his many and varied contributions to school life. There is the Library - which seems to be the truest indication of the man; some recall the many successful chess teams which he coached; others remember his pre-war performances on the cricket and rugby fields. Perhaps we should mention one quality less known - the real understanding which he had of boys and their ways. Not that he countenanced foolishness and stupidity and other sins common to youth, but he had a genuine understanding of the problems and difficulties which boys have to face and he was an able champion of their rights.

Perhaps all that might be said of him is implied in Bacon's words: 'Reading making a full man; conference, a ready man; and writing an exact man'. Mr. Revill was certainly in these terms, full, ready and exact.

He will, we can be sure, find his time filled with his 'digs', his lectures, photography, music and books. He carries our best wishes in his years of retirement from the hurly-burly of school life.



MR. F. WHITE

Mr. F. White retired at Christmas, the last of those members of Staff appointed by T.O. Balk.

It is difficult to be brief when listing all that F.W. has done during his forty years with us and it would be impertinent to attempt to assess his influence on the School during that time. By all he will be remembered for his never-failing courtesy. He disliked bad manners and pretentiousness. He demanded and gave respect where respect was due. He was forthright in his condemnation of those who failed to exercise that considerateness which does so much to improve relationships between people. He always gave of his best and demanded the best from those whom he taught. He believed in the discipline of learning - a view regrettably unfashionable in some 'progressive' quarters to-day.

Most boys when his name is mentioned will recall his work in charge of 'Careers'. Over the years he has maintained this service of advice and guidance - long before it became the industry which it is now. He established close contacts with business and professional life in Nottingham and elsewhere which proved invaluable to pupils. The many careers conventions which he organized so well are a testimony to the efficiency of his methods as indeed are the many expressions of gratitude from Old Boys who have benefited from his concern for their welfare.

He has taken an unfailing interest in all aspects of School life - as Bulkeley House Master, organizing visits to local factories and places of potential employment, running General Studies courses, promoting National Savings, games (he was a notable rugby player and athlete in his younger days), school journeys to aid the French which he so ably taught, - the list could go on.

We will miss his sound judgment, his eminent good sense, his excellent company. We wish him every happiness in his retirement. Of one thing we can be sure, he will not let the time hang heavy on his hands.

COUNTY MAJOR AWARD

Results obtained by Students who have completed degree courses:

Name	Course
D.H. Fearnley	B.D.S. (Birmingham)
J.S.P. Aldenton	B.A. General
D. Bamford	B.A. (Hons.) General
A.C. Beardsley	B. Pharm. (Hons)
N.R. Blanks	B.Sc. (Hons) Mathematics
P.E. Buxmann	B.A. (Hons) Geography
K. Burrows	B.Sc. (Hons) Geography
C.C. Clark	B.Sc. (Hons) General Sciences
J.A. Coleman	B.Sc. (Hons) Applied Physics
M.L. Dobbs	B.A. (Hons) Social Sciences
B. Dowhan	B.Sc. (Hons) Electronics
S. Ellis	B.Sc. (Hons) Computer Science
R.J. Field	B.A. (Hons) Natural Sciences
M.D.J. Grant	B.A. General
I. Hallam	B.D.S.
D.H. Hitchcock	B.Sc. (Hons) Geography
T.E. Howe	B.Sc. (Hons) Electronics
J. Meller	B.Sc. Quantity Surveying
R.A. Moore	B.A. (Hons) English and American Studies
G.M. Prescott	Dip. A.D.
I. Rayment	B.Sc. (Hons) Chemistry
T. Rayment	B.Sc. (Hons) Chemistry
P. Robinson	B.Sc. (Ord.) Computational Sciences
A. Smith	M.A. Geography
P.R. Snodin	B.Sc. (Hons) Chemistry
L.J. Tindall	B.Sc. (Hons) Mechanical Engineering

New Awards for Degree and Comparable Courses

<u>Name</u>	<u>University/College</u>	<u>Course</u>
P.W. Bell	Reading	B.A. (Hons) History/Politics
N. Burnside	Lancaster	B.A. (Hons) General Engineering
K.A. Cole	London - Imperial	B.Sc. (Hons) Electrical Eng.
C.W. Crowley	Manchester Polytechnic	B.A. (Hons) French
R.G. Dance	Swansea	B.A. (Hons) Politics
H.A. Edwards	Cambridge - Emmanuel	B.A. (Hons) Natural Sciences
S.N. Fraser	U.M.I.S.T.	B.Sc. (Hons) Civil Eng.
K. Gardiner	Lancaster University	B.A. (Hons) Engineering
A. Gee	Cambridge - Gonville & Caius	B.A. (Hons) Engineering
M. Gee	Bristol	B.Sc. Computer Science
D.J. Haywood	Kent	B.Sc. (Hons) Chemistry
N. Lee	Trent Polytechnic	B.Sc. Elect. & Electronic Eng.
W.G. Leggatt	Manchester	B.Sc. (Hons) Chemistry
R.P. Mathieson	Sheffield	B.A. (Hons) Architecture
J.E. Rayner	Kingston-upon-Thames Polytechnic	B.Sc. Computer Science
A. Stevenson	Trent Polytechnic	B.A. General
A.J. Thring	Cardiff	B.A. (Hons) History
P.K. Walster	Trent Polytechnic	B.Sc. (Hons) Urban Estate Management
M.S. Winfield	Bradford	B.Tech. (Hons) Applied Biology
Z. Wozniakowski	Leeds	B.A. (Hons) Geography

T.E. SMITH

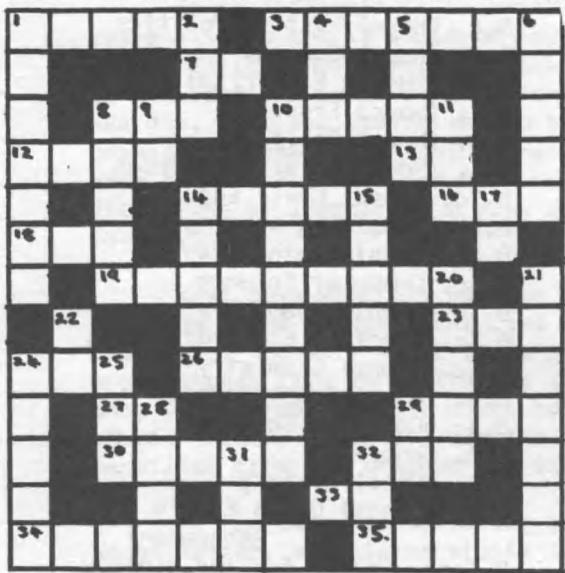
It was with very real regret that we learned of the death at Northampton on 13th April this year of 'T.E.S.'

T.E. Smith came to the School when it was opened in 1929. He had been instrumental in forming the Hucknall County Secondary School which became absorbed into the new school, the Henry Mellish, and played, therefore, a particular and personal part in our foundation and development. His considerable experience, his tact and resourcefulness, were invaluable in helping both Staff and pupils over initial difficulties and in creating that atmosphere of mutual respect and friendliness which became so characteristic of the School. His interests and enthusiasms were many and varied and no aspect of School life was without his support. Many Old Boys will remember him as 'somewhat difficult to shift' when batting for the Staff against the School. Members of Staff both past and present will testify to the friendly and courteous way in which he welcomed them into the Staff Room on their first arrival as 'new boys'.

The School owed much to him for his wise guidance in difficult times. All will recall his readiness to help and the quiet authority which he exercised, without ostentation, during his long 'stint' as Second Master. On his retirement in 1957 it was said of him: 'he leaves behind a "memorial more lasting than bronze" in the very heart and tradition of the School' - a tribute richly deserved.

We extend to his family our sympathy in their loss.

# CROSS - WORD



8

## Across

1. Sorrow
3. Birds like them in winter
7. Briefly for example
8. and 31 down. England v. Iceland
10. Angry
12. A young salmon
13. Indefinite article
14. Not more dangerous
16. A garden looks better for being
18. Latin pronoun
19. A story
23. An 'Old' theatre
24. A sporty yoghurt
26. Castle windows
27. Negative answer
29. Preposition
30. Understood
32. It is - shortly
33. Average abbreviation
34. Men in a team
35. Small boats

## Down

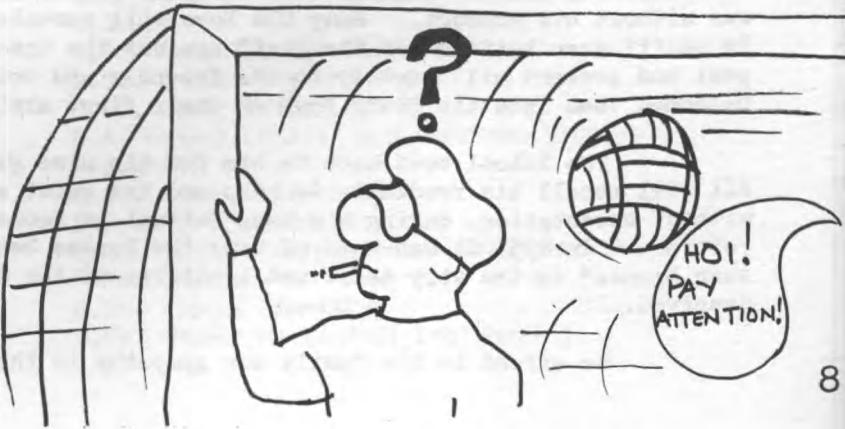
1. A hook - used by pirates
2. Babies have to be
4. Hearing aid
5. Duty list
6. Found in a playground
8. Hum quietly
9. Alternatively
10. Abnormal increase
11. Finish
14. Different things
15. Made by the Vikings
17. Bottom to top
20. Seven (anagram)
21. Whales swim in them
22. All right
24. Sleep counters
25. Washable or maybe permanent
28. Merely
29. The thing
32. Clinging girl

J. Taylor (2B)

1. Which English football team has won the F.A. Cup most times and how many times?
2. Who were the holders of the F.A. Cup the year it was stolen? How much was the reward offered?
3. What season was the first F.A. Cup Final played at Wembley? Who were the two teams?
4. Who was the first team to win the World Cup?
5. What team was the first to be founded and in what year did this happen?

A. Weightman (2B)

Answers on page 41



8

# library NEWS



THE LIBRARY.

There are two main problems facing us at the moment. The first is the increasing cost of books - something we can do little about. It means, however, a severe curtailment of the number of books that we are able to purchase. This has an obvious bearing on our second difficulty - the loss of books, since these books have to be replaced.

Most libraries suffer from loss of books. Over the years we have been fortunate that these losses have been minimal. Recently, however, there has been a change in attitude. To be charitable one might say that borrowers, particularly sixth-formers, have been forgetful. Books have been taken from the library with the honest intention of returning them at a later date. One cannot, however, make any excuse for those people who keep library books at home and retain them even when they have left school. They cannot be unaware that these books are not their property, the books themselves must be a constant reminder of the fact. We know how much we would benefit if sixth-formers both past and present, as well as other pupils in the school would look over their shelves at home and return all those volumes which properly belong to the school. It would be pleasant if this could happen.

On the brighter side we can record that the library is well patronised by all forms though by no means are the resources fully exploited. Books on the second world war, on war games, military uniforms, aircraft, etc., are most sought after - perhaps some sociologist will have an explanation for this. However, the more pacific pastime of fishing seems equally popular as are the less violent hobbies of trains, stamp-collecting and model-making.

New books are added regularly. To replace old and worn-out editions new sets of encyclopaedias and various other standard reference books have been purchased. These have proved a heavy drain on our resources but should be well worth the cost. The sixth form paper-back collection should prove its value when we can get the books properly housed. We are extremely short of room and are badly in need of additional shelving.

We would like to thank the librarians - Winfield, Abbott, Bennet, Grummitt, Lamb and Shaw - for their untiring work in the organization and running of the library. Without their help we should not be able to function and they shoulder, without complaint and with little reward, a great deal of responsibility.

Finally a word of appreciation for Mr. Revill who retired last summer. We owe very much to his guidance and wise purchases over the many years he has been responsible for the library. We have a collection of books of which any school might be proud and which in themselves are a real testimonial to Mr. Revill - a reflection on the breadth and depth of his scholarship and the wide variety of his interests.

# **SPORTS**



## **RUGBY**

As we have only won 5 games from 18 played, it is obvious that this year's 1st XV has not been as successful as our previous sides. In this year's team we had several good players but lacked experience and depth, two vital qualities for a successful side.

Although many of our defeats were heavy, we managed to hold our own for lengthy periods only to give away a mass of points after continuous pressure. This can be attributed to a lack of cohesive team-work and despondency resulting from errors.

The team's best performance was against the Old Boys, a match watched by many pupils and staff. The team, playing against an older, heavier and more experienced pack, were seen working for each other and playing the kind of rugby which one knew they were capable of producing.

On the individual side there are a few players who are worthy of note. Bukowski was the team captain and scored 17 tries during the season, frequently showing his speed and change of pace. Ellis worked hard, tackling and covering, and always effective as an attacking force. In the forwards Turner and Bolton quietly gave of their best and often inspired the other members of the side.

My thanks, along with the teams, go to Mr. Hinshaw for sticking with us throughout the season. We realise he has a tough job and hope that if he is harder on the team next year he will get a better response, especially in training. I cannot promise anything but the general impression is that most people are looking forward to next season and if we can produce a good spirit at the start then I am sure we can look forward to better results.

L. Williamson  
(Vice-Captain)



## **ALL THE NEWS ABOUT SPORT**

#### UNDER 15 RUGBY

This season saw disappointments and jubilation. The main disappointment was our inability to field a full-strength team owing to injuries and players on holiday at vital times. Another disappointment was the weather which brought about many cancellations. Bad conditions haunted us - snow in the game against Lincoln, which we won 12 - 8; marshes, rivers, freezing temperatures and horizontal hail in the game against Lady Manners - conditions which gave them the edge and the victory 4 - 3. Jubilation came in the game against West Bridgford. They had beaten us in the past three seasons and we were expecting a hard tough match. It was. In a great game we won 4 - 0. All through the season the team played well and, given the same enthusiasm and fewer injuries we should be able to provide some good players for the senior teams next year.

The following played: Buchanan (capt.), Carlin (vice-capt.), Jones, Hancox, Meakin, Johnson, P., Cotton, Cocking, Coronato, Harrison, Grayson, Featherstone, Rawding, Hazzledine, Broughton. Reserves - Knight, Cox, Edgell, Taylor.

Finally a word of thanks to our faithful supporters.

D. Buchanan.



#### UNDER 13 RUGBY

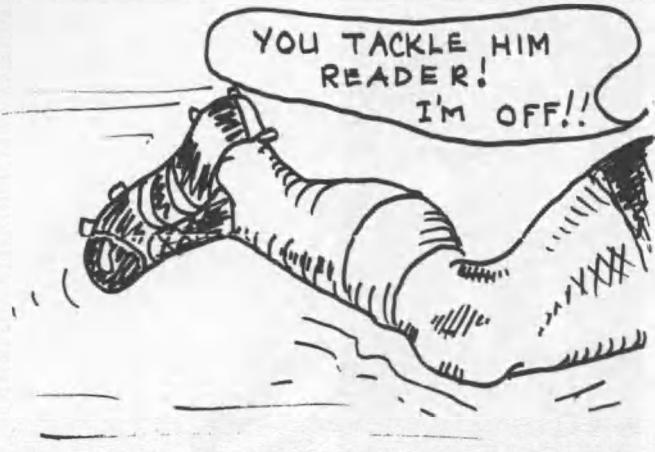
The under 13 team played well throughout the season. Out of fourteen games we lost four. Our best performance was against Rushcliffe Comprehensive School whom we beat 64 - 0. Carpenter, the captain and scrum-half, led the team very well. Morton and Miller were the highest try scorers and Loud managed to score in nearly every game. The forwards played well together and Weightman proved his value as a hooker. If we can maintain the same spirit we can look forward to a very successful season next year.

S. Loud.

#### UNDER 14 RUGBY

We enjoyed quite a successful season in 1972/73, a season in which we lost only three of the fifteen games played. Results might have been better still but bad weather caused the cancellation of some matches which we felt fairly confident of winning. The matches lost were against Carlton-le-Willows (away); Bramcote Grammar School (away); and Newark Magnus (home). We were well served by players who were keen to turn out at all times but we must mention the following: Ollis for his drive and fierce tackling; Slater and Bonham for their devastating running; Shelton, Hooper and Campion who on many occasions saved the team from defeat. We look forward to another great season next time round.

M.J. Prentice and  
R.A. Stephenson.



## SOUTH-NOTTS. ATHLETICS MEETING

Our luxurious coach left the School shortly after lunch with thirty unusually quiet and rather apprehensive boys. On arrival at the Harvey Hadden Stadium in fine weather - blue skies but a rather cold wind - we were shown to our changing room. The meeting started at 2.00p.m. - or should have done. After some startling performances in the 100 metres it was discovered that the track was 10 metres short - rather a disappointment for some who had visions of mentions in the Guiness Book of Records.

Generally we did well in the various events despite the fact that the senior team was depleted by illness.

### Junior results:

Shelton - 2nd in the 400m.  
Prentice - 2nd in the triple jump.

### Intermediate results:

Wilson - 2nd in the triple jump.  
Akers - 2nd in the long jump.  
Relay team (Buchanan, Akers, Carver-Smith, King) - 2nd.

### Senior Results:

Bukowski - 1st in the 100m.  
Carter - 3rd in the 800m.  
Wilson - 3rd in the discus.

Overall placings: Junior - 3rd;  
Intermediate - 4th;  
Senior - 3rd.

There were 30 schools taking part so we can be reasonably pleased with our performance and we ought to be able to improve on these performances next year.



P. Akers.

# ATHLETICS



### THE CRICKET FIELD.

The quietness;  
Just the crack  
Of the ball  
Hitting  
The long bat.

In the distance  
A church  
With a spire  
Stretching  
High into the sky.

Nearby a tree  
Stretches out  
Like a hedgehog  
Casting  
A shadow  
Like a giant's hand.

Up, in the sky,  
The clouds, grey and white,  
Floating  
Like the swans on the pool.

M. Chitty (1A)

# CRICKET

At the start of this season the school was faced with a problem which had never before occurred. Traditionally the Senior XI's have always been very strong and it is fair to say that Nottingham High School and Henry Mellish together have for many years been in a class of their own. However, this season all the experienced senior cricketers had left together and in the two senior years there was virtually no-one of any real talent left. Two courses were open: (a) to play senior boys in the 1st and 2nd XI's of no real talent and only moderate enthusiasm, or (b) to take the risk of using inexperienced junior cricketers in the 1st XI and hoping that we could at least fulfil the fixtures and not be disgraced unduly. This was the course taken: 5 junior boys (under 15) played regularly in the 1st XI and in fact in one game (against the Old Boys) as many as 8 juniors were included. It was inevitable that no many games would be won but these boys worked so hard and showed such determination both in practice and in matches that they only lost 3 matches (2 of these being to the Old Boys and Nottingham High School). Now the prospects for the future look very good indeed: next year should produce moderately good results and in 1974 we should once more have a very good XI indeed.

Inevitably it was very difficult to field a 2nd XI, especially when examination time came along but this will be no problem next year. There was enough depth in the fourth forms to produce an U.15 XI which remained unbeaten in spite of losing all their best players to the 1st XI. The U.14 XI were rather weak but I am sure it will improve next year - at least they are keen enough. The U.13 and U.12 teams played very well and show great promise for the future.

Although the weather was not too kind, resulting in rather a large number of cancellations, nevertheless house competitions were completed in all years throughout the school: on normal games days there was an all-round improvement in keenness partly as a result of introducing a large amount of 8-a-side cricket which keeps all the players involved all of the time.

Whenever it was fit the field was fully occupied with teams practising on the pitches or at the nets - every lunch-time for instance is fully occupied.

Between 15 - 20 junior boys had experience of coaching at Trent Bridge in the winter and 5 senior boys are shortly to be coached with the senior Youth XI at Trent Bridge.

On the whole one can say that the cricket picture is encouraging and shows promise of some very successful seasons to come.



	<u>Played</u>	<u>Won</u>	<u>Drawn</u>	<u>Lost</u>
1st XI	11	2	6	3
2nd XI	3	-	2	1
U.15	8	4	4	0
U.14	7	0	4	3
U.13	9	7	0	2
U.12	4	3	0	1



# HOUSE NEWS



Photographs: S.D. Hunt

## BALK HOUSE

Captain: R. Turner

Rugby: M. Bukowski

Swimming: C.P. Dodsley

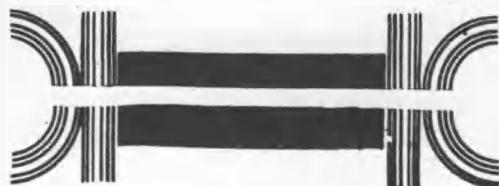
The House has had a most successful year and with only the Cricket Championship results to come, we should become the top House of the year.

The junior boys of the House have been particularly enthusiastic, and have merited their victories in the various Championships. R. Morton (2B) in winning the new individual Swimming Trophy for juniors, deserves special congratulations. The success of the juniors will mean that the House should be strong for the next few years.

The senior members have also made a fine effort and have won two Championships, they also competed very well in the Swimming Gala at Bramcote Baths. Bukowski and Dodsley were members of all House teams.

The results to date are as follows:-

Kayser Cup for Senior Rugby  
Orchard Cup for Junior Rugby  
Clifton Cup for Senior Athletics  
Norman Cup for Junior Athletics  
Prefects' Cup for Junior Swimming  
Cross-country Championship - Juniors



# BARBER HOUSE

Captain:	A.J. Bolton
Vice-Captain:	M.C. Copson
Athletics:	D.J. Carter
Cricket:	M.C. Copson
Cross-Country:	D.J. Godley
Rugby:	A.J. Bolton
Swimming:	S.T. Checkley

At last this House is beginning to break from tradition and is leaving the lower places in the inter-house competitions to others. Although we have not actually won many events we have always been close behind the winners and the increase in team spirit and enthusiasm during this year has been remarkable.

The pride of the House at the moment is the Intermediate group, whose performance has been outstanding. So far they have won the Rugby, Cross-country, and Swimming and look forward to probable success in the Cricket.

The Junior Section though not as successful did manage to keep well away from last place, and showed just as much sportsmanship as the Intermediates. It is hoped that they will do even better next year.

Support for the House from the senior boys is divided into two groups - those who do and those who don't. There are those who are willing to do everything and those who refuse to do anything at all. Despite some reluctance, those who have competed for the House have given of their best. Barber House is on its way back up the ladder and can look forward to again being "cock" House in the near future.

D.J. Godley.

# BULKELEY HOUSE

House Captain:	M.W. Kitchen
Vice-Captain:	J.P. Wilson;
Athletics:	M.W. Kitchen
Cricket:	V.W. Thorley
Cross-country:	H. Bellaby
Rugby:	L. Williamson
Swimming:	J.R. Wilson
Secretary:	M. Winfield

Bulkeley House has had a year of almost unrelieved mediocrity, coming third or fourth in every single event except for the senior rugby where they came second. Despite this last performance, which was in large measure a tribute to the efforts of our captain, Williamson, we can say little in praise of the attitude of most of our members. Such a consistently low standard in the various competitions would be understandable if the House were devoid of sporting talent, but it is not. There is, generally too little interest, a distinct lack of enthusiasm. We can only hope that, with more effort from the seniors and a better example in all aspects of House life, next year will give us more cause for pride.

We cannot end without some tribute to Mr. F. White, who retired at Christmas. Over the many years that he has been Bulkeley House Master he has done all that is possible to inspire us. He has maintained a careful system of House records, awarded House Colours, and his never-failing interest has been a source of encouragement. He carries our best wishes in his retirement.

M. Winfield.



HOUSE TROPHIES 1973

KAYSER CUP (Senior Rugby)	Balk
BURNHAM CUP (Intermediate Rugby)	Barber
ORCHARD CUP (Junior Rugby)	Balk
STRUTT CUP (Intermediate Cricket)	Bulkeley
HAINES CUP (Junior Cricket)	Bulkeley
CLIFTON CUP (Senior Athletics)	Balk
PARENT-STAFF CUP (Intermediate Athletics)	Bulkeley
NORMAN CUP (Junior Athletics)	Balk
LEAMING CUP (Senior Swimming)	McEwen
CARLTON CUP (Intermediate Swimming)	Barber
PREFECTS' CUP (Junior Swimming)	Balk

## INDIVIDUAL TROPHIES.

NICHOLSON CUP (Cricket)	A. Fish
TOMLINSON CUP (Junior Cricket)	M. Smith
STANFIELD CUP (Rugby)	M. Ellis
WHARMBY CUP (Swimming)	P. Fenton
SHERWIN CUP (Junior Swimming)	R. Morton

# McEWEN HOUSE

## McEWEN HOUSE

Captain:	P.E. Roberts
Vice-Captain:	A.P. Fish
Athletics:	A.P. Fish
Cricket:	V. Start
Cross-country:	V. Start
Rugby:	M. Terry
Swimming:	P.J. Fenton

Once again the House has enjoyed considerable success in the senior events, for we won both the cross-country and swimming championships.

The juniors must also be congratulated, for although on the whole their results were rather disappointing, the new members of the House in the first form won their cross-country championship. It is hoped that in future years their success and enthusiasm will spread into other fields.

The apparent lack of talent in the juniors and seniors in athletics was made up for by the efforts of the intermediates who gained second place.

We now think of the forthcoming cricket championships. The intermediates came second last year, narrowly defeated in the final game. We can look forward with optimism and enthusiasm to the coming matches.

**CONT'D FROM PREVIOUS PAGE**

The other laughed hysterically and, bending over, thrust his knife hard into the soft clean calf of the whimpering boy's leg, fetching blood immediately. A long scream of pain and then silence.

"O, my God! What have I done?" whispered the bully, suddenly coming to his senses and throwing down the knife.

Tears drenched his eyes and he stood up. Then he heard a Master's voice. Should he stay or clear out? He turned to run but, in turning, tumbled over the still body and fell headlong, arms out-stretched, onto his own knife. The shiny blade cut through thick, dirty hair and dull bone. Slowly the blood of the two mingled. All was silent again.

W. Straw (3B)



## THE BOY IN THE CORNER.

Every lunchtime, as if by clockwork, he slowly strolled across the playground, dragging his feet, not caring about the caps of his shoes. It was fine for him, he did not have to pay for his clothes. He would rely on others to feed him and dress him.

He wore faded jeans with his name scrawled across them and 'I love you baby' on his matching vest. The knees of his trousers were caked with mud from a recent disagreement with my friend, who came off second-best.

As he approached his favourite area, a secluded and derelict air-raid shelter, he glanced around, his face dirty and scar-covered. He gazed with a sly look showing off his long hair, but who would want to comb his hair? It was greasy and, like his face, plastered with mud.

As he looked, he saw a feeble, pitiful little boy crouched down next to the kitchen wall, deeply interested in an argument between a caterpillar and grain of sand. From time to time the boy would slowly clench his fists as if in anger. Then he would smile and gently touch the caterpillar's back. He was a smart, neat, little boy, the bully's junior by two years. A clean pair of short trousers were suspended around him by a thin, elastic cord which was just peeping from under the seam at his waist. He wore white ankle socks with a velvet fringe.

A smile widened on the face of the bully. He rubbed his chin with his left sleeve then clapped his hands. Yes, he had it, the perfect plan to torment this young meek specimen of a creep.

He was on the move again, this time slowly and silently round the edge of the empty playground, empty except save for the little boy, crouching fascinated, close by the kitchen wall.

The bully was beginning to enjoy himself. His movement became rapid until he eventually came to a halt. Then slowly he raised his left hand and put it behind his back. A few seconds later he revealed a gleaming, neat and sharp flick-knife; it was the only clean article about him. He paused a second time pondering his approach to his wretched victim. Yes, he would use method five, a moderate walking pace to within striking distance, circle your prey and then, in for the 'kill'. Yes, that sounded highly appropriate.

He chuckled in anticipation of the expression on the miserable specimen's face when he saw the glittering blade flash in front of him.

All was quiet; even the birds remained silent as if sensing the danger. Second by second the bully advanced.

The little boy, by now slightly bored with his strange game, was just about to rise when a great, black shadow appeared, blotting the grey asphalt. He had arrived.

Slowly the little boy raised his head. A large figure loomed above him, grimacing viciously and holding a shiny knife threateningly above his head. With a startled cry the boy was on his feet and running.

"Come 'ere, you little blighter!" But it was no use, the boy was off, racing for dear life. In a flash the bully was after him; he was not going to give up now.

Inch by inch the gap between them lessened. Soon the short-trousered figure collapsed exhausted.

"Given in, 'ave yer?" smiled the bully, gasping.

The little boy lurched forward but the bully ground a heavy foot on his bare, white knee-cap.

"A-ah! Get off. Please?" he pleaded.

### 'SEAGULLS OVER SORRENTO'

The School Dramatic Society, this time represented by members of the Lower Sixth, put on Hugh Hastings' play, 'Seagulls over Sorrento', as part of the pre-Christmas entertainment.

The action of the play is set at a secret naval base in the Scapa Flow where dangerous experiments are being carried out with new underwater weapons. A group of naval personnel is confined on a small, war-time island fortress and the play explores the inevitable frictions which develop and the friendships which are cemented. Not an easy play since some of the humour is dated and the emotions dealt with are rather complex in nature. The cast worked fairly well during rehearsals but without any sense of urgency and it needed a performance to bring home their deficiencies. To their credit they reacted with determination and successive productions went well.

Walster as 'Badger' extracted to the full the opportunities for humour though he perhaps missed the irrepressible insouciance of the cockney original. Still, his sense of theatre and his constant 'attack' prevented any flagging in the action and his performance received the applause which it justly deserved. Grummitt as the solid, sometimes mutinous, 'Lofty' managed to project the personality well and his conflict with the sadistic Petty Officer never lacked sharpness and interest. Winfield, as the Petty Officer, entered fully into the spirit of his part. Though he missed some of the calculated menace of this character, he never failed to give a full sense of the mixture of threat and bluster.

It was interesting to see how other characters developed as actors gained in confidence - Daykin as the solitary and inhibited 'Jock'; Lambert as the intellectual 'Radar'; Thornalley as the youthful and inexperienced 'Sprog'. Some of these performances became quite outstanding. Gale lost none of the ebullience of 'Sparks', and his relationships with Badger - both past and present - yielded a great deal of humour. Jopson and Nicol as the two officers, though perhaps lacking in authority, were, nevertheless, more than adequate in their respective parts.

We owe thanks to the many who helped with this production: to the Naval Authorities who recorded for us the sounds of seagulls, destroyers at work, explosions and guns; to the C.C.F. and local Naval detachments who provided the uniforms; to the various boys who built the sets, painted the scenery, provided the lighting and sound effects, and worked so hard as stage hands. We hope that all who took part or helped, gained from the experience and that their efforts will encourage those who wish to take part in this year's production.

Photographs: S.D. Hunt



## Nottingham Playhouse : First Impressions.

### 'The White Raven' by Maxim Gorky

The Nottingham Playhouse is a very modern theatre; the design of the place does, in fact, suggest to you when you are inside, that it is not only a place for older people but also for the young. In Nottingham we have two major theatres, the Playhouse and the Theatre Royal, the second is by comparison to the other, historic. After being inside both of them I think I am justified in saying that the Playhouse caters for all ages whereas the Theatre Royal tends to cater only for the older people.

To be inside the Playhouse is an interesting experience. It is very modern in structure and fairly simple in design - like the majority of modern buildings. When we went, there was a modern art exhibition on and there were advertisements for pop concerts held there. All this helped the impression that it was for the young as well as the old.

As we went into the building there was a doorman who opened and closed the glass doors and this helped you to realize that you were being well-treated by the management and staff and made welcome.

The actual seating I thought was not too well arranged because during the play I found the seats themselves not very comfortable. They were crammed together with not enough leg room. The positioning of the seats in the downstairs arena was not too bad but upstairs, because they are in a semi-circular arch, if you are not in the middle you cannot see one side of the stage - the side you are sitting on.

Although there was no amplification of the sound, the actors' voices came over very well and I could hear the words very clearly. One thing that would have ruined the play for me would have been if I could not have heard what was being said.

The lay-out of the stage was typical of the period during the first world war, just like it would have been if you went to a place like Yegor Bulichov's house. Everything was in place, neat and tidy all the time. The two rooms used, the dining room and the sitting room, were very big rooms and the furniture was spaced out well and evenly which helped to give a homely impression. Everything looked solid and well-made as though it was meant to last a long time. There were lace cloths on the side-board but there was nothing really extravagant and it was not meant to look pretty. The best part of the scenery that

captured my eye were the paintings on the wall of the staircase. These, I thought, broke up the back wall and made the house look lived-in and realistic.

I went to this play thinking it was going to be a night wasted. However, I was proved wrong. In fact I found I soon got interested and when the breaks came I was surprised the time had gone so quickly. One thing which helped to make it interesting was that we had just been doing the Russian Revolution in History and so we knew a little about the situation in Russia at this time. I enjoyed the play as a whole but one thing that stuck out in my mind was the way Yegor Bulichov treated his wife. He treated her like dirt and publicly embarrassed her. I could not understand why Yegor's wife did not have an argument with him. I think if there had been an argument, it would have added a touch more reality to the play.

The people in the audience were very different from what I thought they would be. There were not many so-called 'snobs' there at all. There were many who were students like ourselves. When someone found something amusing then they laughed and this made it more enjoyable for other people.

When the play came to an end my friends and I were all discussing it, so it must have been good in their eyes as well as mine. Actually everyone said how much they enjoyed it. It just shows how wrong you can be about a place until you go yourself.



M. Asher (5C)

## THE TIGER AND HIS PREY

Silently moving through the thickets  
Stealthily, stealthily, moving in rhythm,  
Left foot first Right foot next  
His prey he  
sees  
His lips they water.

Left foot first Right foot next  
His large and burning  
eyes  
Glaring at his prey

A sudden jump;  
rightfootfirstleftfootnext,  
The struggle's on

Who will win  
The zebra or the tiger?

His legs so strong  
They pin the frightened zebra  
down.

tiger teeth  
bite  
zebra flesh  
zebra motionless is  
done

Left foot first right foot next.

I. Daykin (2C)



# ON THE HILL

A peregrine falcon stood on a block perch, eyes alert and sharp. A cool summer wind blew across the garden and ruffled her metallic blue feathers; she shut her eyes as the wind speed increased. She stood majestically, gripping the wood with needle-sharp talons which had the power to kill in two seconds. They shone as though they had been burnished.

In the hall, Jonathan Peters was putting on his climbing shoes and parka overcoat: he knew he would need them. Outside again, the falcon was preening herself; then, as Peters came out, she picked her head up and listened intently. She started to panic as Peters' gloved hand came close.

"Hush, Girl, Hush!"

He offered the falcon a scrap of beef which she tore into strips and ate. Peters undid the special knot at the base of the perch and removed the creance from the swivel. The bird stepped back onto his fist and Peters secured the jesses between his fingers.

"Damn!"

Peters realised his mistake and replaced the creance on the swivel and wound it securely round his hand. The falcon panicked again and it was quite a difficult task to get the Dutch hood on but he succeeded and then carried the hawk past the aviary to his car.

The peregrine settled down quite comfortably even when Old Mick, Peters' Pointer dog, got in the car. The bird was strapped to a perch specially made in the village for the car: it was a work of art.

The car sped away steadily and was soon in the heathland, where the partridge and pheasant lay. The car stopped on a narrow gravel path and after struggling a bit Peters brought her out and offered her a scrap of beef, whistled to Old Mick who came obediently, and set off to the cliff edge - the peregrine falcon's natural home. This was to be a supreme test for both falcon and falconer. Peters sent the Pointer to seek game. The wind swept over the heather and a pair of hooded crows flew over the horizon.

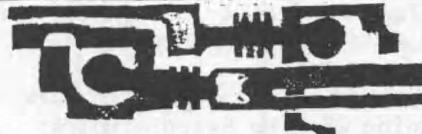
Suddenly Mick 'pointed'; Peters removed the hood from the hawk and the creance and swivel as well. Then he launched the hawk into the air and waited for her to gain height. He signalled for the dog to flush the birds. Mick jumped

forward and two partridges flew from the ground.

Up above, the hawk selected one and began her stoop. Her speed increased as her dive became almost vertical, eighty, ninety, one hundred miles per hour.

Peters' heart beats went faster and faster as the hawk stretched its claws and partridge and hawk disappeared in a puff of feathers. A kill.

R. Abbott (3A)



## WHAT THE STARS SAY

The hour hand was on seven. The minute hand moved onto twelve and this gave the signal for the alarm clock to launch into its daily "war-dance" that signalled seven o'clock. Arthur Redditch leapt up with the shock an icy shower brings. He thumped the top of the alarm clock and the commotion ceased immediately. Glancing at the time he wiped his eyes and put on his glasses. He jumped out of bed, ran on the spot for a few seconds as if proving his fitness and seized hold of his "slim-wheel". Creaking onto the floor, he began his exercise to reduce the corpulence which marked him as a "City-gent" (and showed he had a habitual tendency for confectionery delicacies). A few grunts later he was in the bathroom trying to pep himself up ready to face the Underground rush.

By seven-thirty, he was at the breakfast table. To his left was a plate containing two pieces of charcoal black toast and to his right a cup of luke warm tea. After forcing down the toast he glanced at his watch - seven-fifty-five! "Hurry yourself, Arthur, old boy: you don't want to be late!" He jumped into his shoes, sparkling with several layers of "paddawax", pulled on his jacket and of course his bowler hat. Snatching his umbrella from the hall stand, he gulped down the by now stone-cold tea, shuddered, took the door keys out of the lock, slipped the latch down and slammed the door. He set off at a quick pace down the road. After a quarter-of-an-hour's frequent glancing at his pocket-watch and frequent quickening of his pace, he arrived, breathless, at the underground station with two minutes to spare. He purchased his ticket and of course his newspaper and wriggled through the crowd to the platform. Almost immediately the train pulled in and soon as the doors sprang open with the hiss of an angry cat, he leaped on with a skill born of practice and secured his corner near the window.

"Morning, Mr. Redditch," came a voice near him. He peered over the top of his newspaper.

"Oh-er-good morning, Mr. Brown," he replied. He turned his attention contemptuously back to his newspaper. He read the sport and business news and turned to the television page. Opposite was the day's horoscopes. For something to do he looked up his own. It ran:

"Your generosity today will contribute to someone's gain in money."

He studied it, trying to work out its meaning when he heard a voice:

"It's our stop, Arthur."

He glanced out of the window. So it was. He folded up his paper, jumped out onto the platform and headed for his office.

The day passed quickly and soon he was headed homewards. He had missed the normal five-thirty train as he had stayed on at the office to finish some work, and this was the eight-thirty train. His thoughts ran over the day's events - the meeting with one of the directors. He wondered if he had made a good impression as he had tried to say the right things. In no time at all the train pulled in at his station and he was stepping onto the platform. He began heading for the exit. He thought how there was no need now to dodge and twist to avoid the crush. "There's no-one about", he thought as he turned a corner. Suddenly he hastily changed his mind. Leaning against the wall ahead of him was a group of "muggers". They spread out and barred his way. In panic he turned to flee but there was another line of those savages behind him, who had obviously been following him!

"Feeling generous today are we, Grandad?"

"Excuse me, I'm late as it is already," stuttered Mr. Redditch.

"Sorry, but our funds are a little low at the moment. And I'm sure you could help us out."

"I'll call an officer, if you don't move."

"Go ahead."

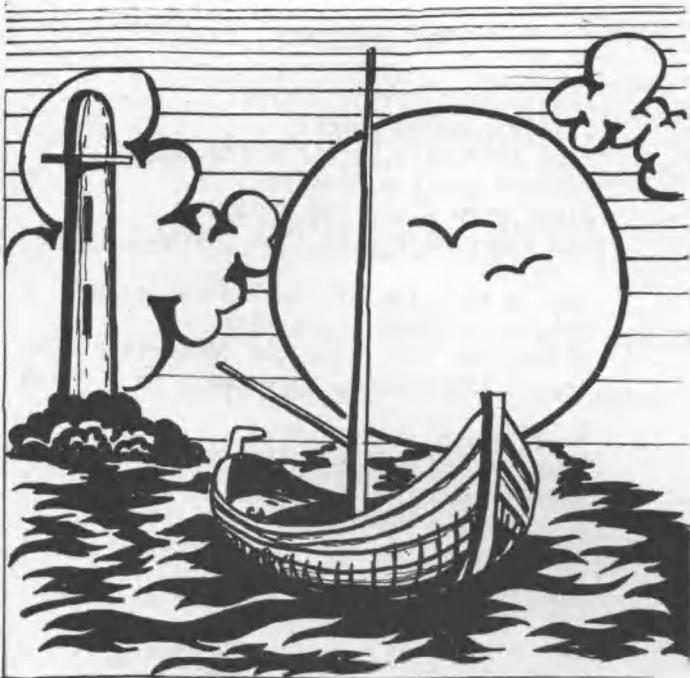
Mr. Redditch opened his mouth to call for help but before his vocal chords uttered any sound a fist sent him reeling to the floor.

"Okay, let's get him lads!"

Was this Mr. Redditch's horoscope coming true,.....?

P. Temple (4B)





## SPRING

In Spring each one is happy  
To sit lazy in the sun  
And watch the birds flying about.

All the trees are in bud,  
The grass starts to grow,  
Animals come out of hibernation.

The lambs are born;  
They start to run shyly  
Near their mothers' feet.

J. Pepper (2B)

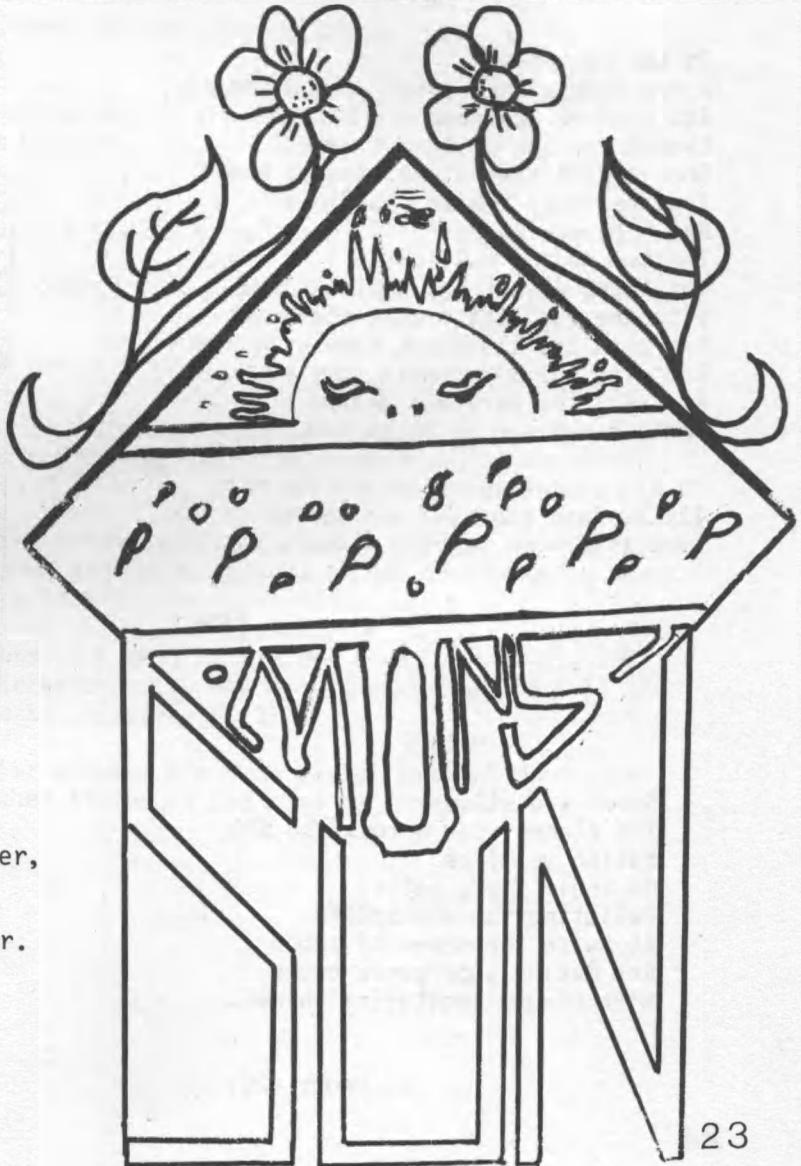
## NIGHT TIDE

The sea is resting, lapping gently  
On the smooth surface of sand.  
In the grey light all is still,  
No other sound,  
All is quiet and peaceful.

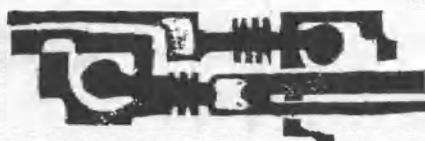
Then a gull is heard  
Above the gentle lapping of the sea.  
Soon a whole wheeling flock  
Squawks on the still half-lit beach.  
A voice is heard, then more voices  
And more as the crowds come.

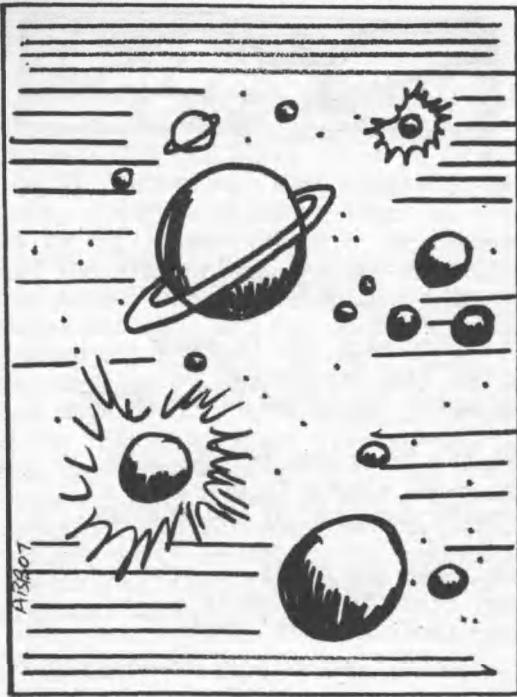
But as quickly as they come, they go.  
Once more not a sound is heard.  
In the darkness the sea murmurs gently  
Covering the sands. All is quiet.

G. Masters (2B)



There was a young girl from Gloucester  
Whose parents thought they had Gloucester,  
From the fridge came a shout  
And she was let out,  
But the trouble was how to defroucester.





### FULL CIRCLE.

In the beginning  
 A new-born planet spins around the sun,  
 Its surface scorched and barren  
 Except for one failing flower.  
 Soon a girl came along, then a man,  
 Together they tended the flower  
 And hope was born.  
 The two people multiplied  
 Until the planet was well stocked.  
 With the population came statesmen  
 And with the statesmen came warmongers  
 And with the warmongers came war  
 And with the war came death;  
 Bombs burst and death burned.

An old planet spins around the sun,  
 Its surface scorched and barren  
 Except for one failing flower.....

M. Sheil (5B)

### PLANES

Sleek and silvery  
 The planes roar across the sky  
 Eating up miles  
 On their fiery paths.  
 Polluting the atmosphere  
 At twice the speed of sound  
 And making supersonic booms  
 With window-shattering whines.

R. Woods (2B)

### THE SPACESHIP.

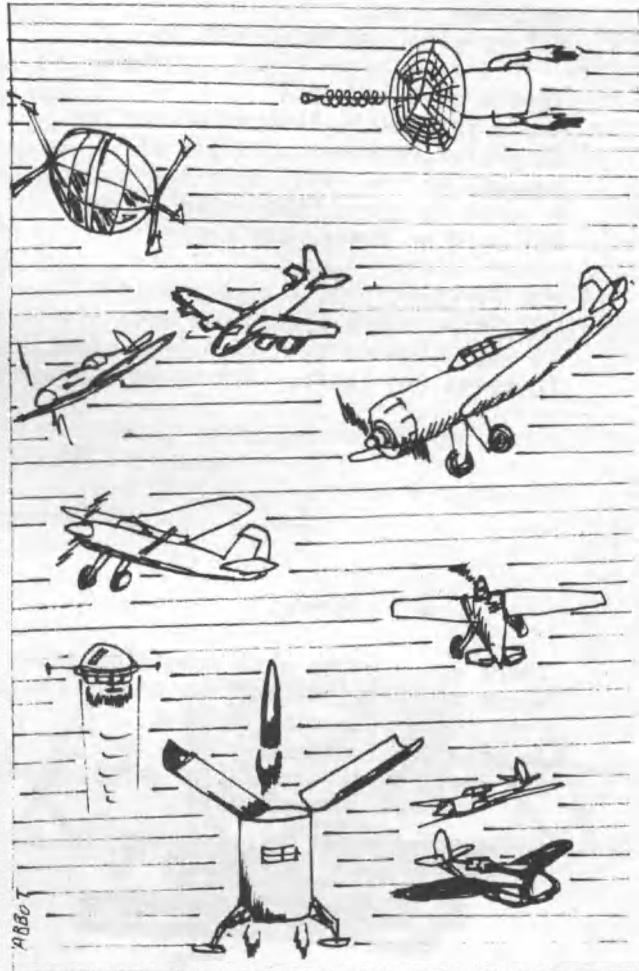
Night: Searchlights shine;  
 A silver arrow points,  
 Men, insectile, scuttle around,  
 Tankers shuttle, beetle-like,  
 Pipes worm along the ground  
 And over the rocket like snakes.

Day: A skeleton of steel draws away;  
 Men and tankers creep back.  
 Silence settles over the concrete plain,  
 The rocket gleams, expectant, in the sun.

A voice cut the silence;  
 Then a loud report,  
 A low rumble which grows until  
 A screaming crescendo rends the air.  
 The base of the solitary arrow,  
 A single pinnacle above the plain,  
 Explodes into smoke and belching flame.

Eyes turn towards the sky, gazing,  
 Gazing at a silver glow  
 Rapidly vanishing into the blue.  
 Then, silence settles once more,  
 Men slowly, silently, walk away.

M. Sheil



Warden B.7315 is always just out of sight; around a street corner or in the doorway of a shop, maybe even in a bus shelter. But he is watching, as a hawk watches its prey. He watches the car pulling up on the double yellow lines, outside a goods entrance or within the limits of the 'zebra'.

He pounces..... or more likely strolls complacently up, and taps the offender on the shoulder. The removing of a notebook from a breast pocket is almost instinctive.

Eyeing the driver up and down, B.7315 speaks:-

"You are the owner of this motor vehicle, sir?"

"Yes I am, but....."

"But what, sir?"

"I was just about to explain. I have to visit my wife in hospital. It's very urgent and there is nowhere else to park."

"I'm sorry about your wife, sir, but a job is a job. Your car is on a double yellow line, and we know what that means....."

"Sure I do. It means that there is nowhere else to park in this damn town other than here. You have to leave your car about four miles out to get in the place."

Warden B.7315 immediately switches to his tones of authority. He is never stuck for an answer, his uniform sees to that.

"Now see 'ere lad. There's no cause for violence; I'm only doing me duty for which I'm paid as a corporation traffic warden. My life's hard enough as it is, without some know-all messin' me around."

"Look mate, a quid says you didn't see me, okay?"

Slowly and deliberately B.7315 tears off a ticket and places it under the nearside windscreen wiper.

"A quid says you're bribin' me."

A pencil scratches on corporation notepaper: 'Owner of said vehicle put up some considerable resistance, to my great inconvenience, insulting specifically the highly efficient network of corporation carparks.'

Noting the time on his watch the warden scribbles something down in the margin of his book and snaps it shut. He ignores the angry cursing of the victim as he leans up against the lamppost allowing himself a little time to daydream.

Fourteen double liners, five bus stop obstructors and a demon horn-blaster. That must put him way ahead of B.7322 Hickenbottom. One more ticket book to fill and that would clinch it; 'Corporation Carparks Inspector B.7315.'

The clinking of an expired meter arouses him from his visions of the happy future. Yes, it is true, he is yet another ticket on the road to promotion.

D.J. Wragg (4B)

In a dark dark country  
On a dark dark night  
Stood a dark dark house  
And in this dark dark house  
There was a dark dark staircase  
And at the bottom of this dark dark  
staircase  
Was a dark dark cellar  
And in this dark dark cellar  
There was a dark dark box  
Containing a blown fuse.

M. Cooke (5b)

## THEY ARE ALL GOD'S CHILDREN - PERHAPS!

In a dark, disorganized part of the Meadows, a tumble-down remnant of Luigi's fish-and-chip shop is the meeting place for the local vandals. On the other side of this forlorn common lies the village hall. Inside, rows of chairs fill up the meagre space. Another meeting place, to try to bring this wretched community together.

Thursday was a dreary, foggy day. The Reverend Hancocks pulled his coat collar tight around his neck. On a street corner outside the nearby pub, stood the local drop-outs. Young lads who were on the dole or who were playing truant. These standing or crouching figures loomed out of the mist like a grey wall in front of the Reverend Hancocks.

'Hiya, Rev! Still holding your great village disco?' Catcalls and guffaws buffeted the Reverend's ears; anger rose sharply into his eyes and then quickly subsided. Months of patience, of understanding had gone into his attempts to bring these lads round to his way of thinking, God's way of thinking, telling them that they, each one, had a destiny. But his thoughts were interrupted by more rough and obscene language and threats of physical violence.

'Get stuffed, Rev. Just because you've got yer collar on the other way round don't mean we 'ave to foller yer like bloody disciples!' Yet even in this the Reverend saw a glimmer of hope. Something had stuck; perhaps something had set in.

Triumphant in his own way he found jobs for them in the village hall. Armed with mops and brushes, whitewash and paint, they attacked the hall with vigour. Perhaps God had planted some tiny seeds of goodwill in them.

Perhaps the turning point came when Rocky, their leader, picked up the bible.

'A best-seller,' the Reverence said with a glint of hope. But these lads had not got past reading kids' comics; some could not even read. 'All that I've been telling you is related in this book. Stories which, when given a little thought, really relate to your life ....'

But the bible, God's book, hit the far wall with a thud and slid to the floor. Pages were torn from the binding, others were bent and loose. It lay there like a crippled man. 'Rubbish, bloody rubbish!'

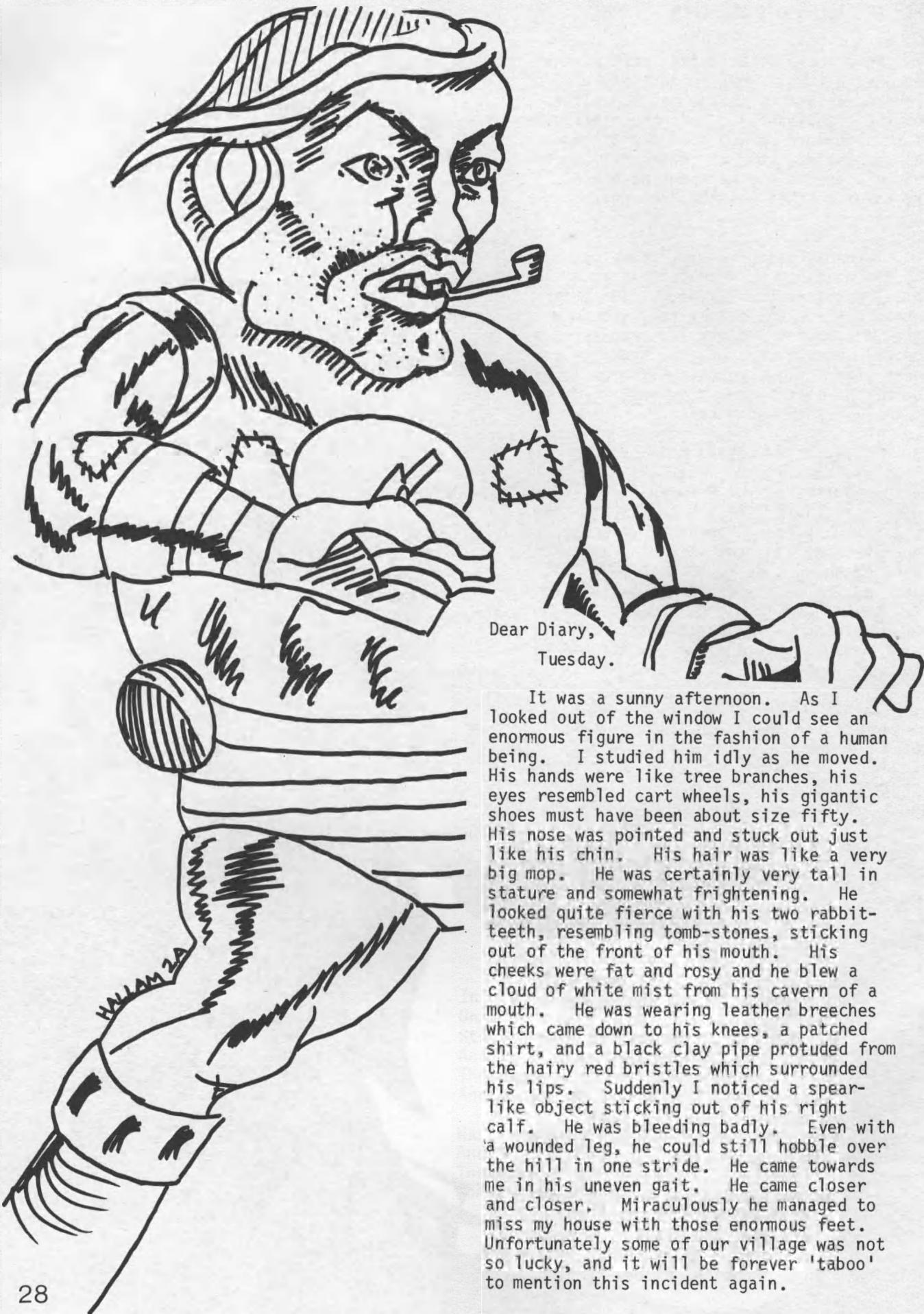
Rocky screamed.

The Reverend stood still blindly for a moment. Then his face turned from a placid lake to a roaring tempest. He stood like a Goliath about to cut down the foe. Words were of no use.

Delinquents are something on their own. They have one rule only: to inflict pain whenever possible. This time they had hurt more than the Reverend.

S. Morecroft. 5c





Dear Diary,  
Tuesday.

It was a sunny afternoon. As I looked out of the window I could see an enormous figure in the fashion of a human being. I studied him idly as he moved. His hands were like tree branches, his eyes resembled cart wheels, his gigantic shoes must have been about size fifty. His nose was pointed and stuck out just like his chin. His hair was like a very big mop. He was certainly very tall in stature and somewhat frightening. He looked quite fierce with his two rabbit-teeth, resembling tomb-stones, sticking out of the front of his mouth. His cheeks were fat and rosy and he blew a cloud of white mist from his cavern of a mouth. He was wearing leather breeches which came down to his knees, a patched shirt, and a black clay pipe protruded from the hairy red bristles which surrounded his lips. Suddenly I noticed a spear-like object sticking out of his right calf. He was bleeding badly. Even with a wounded leg, he could still hobble over the hill in one stride. He came towards me in his uneven gait. He came closer and closer. Miraculously he managed to miss my house with those enormous feet. Unfortunately some of our village was not so lucky, and it will be forever 'taboo' to mention this incident again.

## A VISIT TO AMSTERDAM

Several of the boys in the first form, who are in the Woodthorpe Wanderers Football Team, were invited to play two Dutch Football Teams, at the end of March this year.

We arrived at the 'Nell Gwyn' at 9.40a.m., and all of us were very excited. We started the journey to the East Midlands Airport. On the way people talked about the aeroplane ride; they said that when you take off from the runway your ears pop, and one boy Stephen McCauley was deaf for three hours on his first flight.

We arrived at the airport at 11.00a.m. Some boys had their names on the group passport and these boys had to have their baggage checked and weighed, then the rest of us with fathers who came along had their bags checked and weighed. Our flight was at 11.55a.m. and we had to wait about an hour. During this time we sat around, some playing cards and the rest at an automatic machine which gave drinks for 5p. In the hall there was a shop which sold sweets and books. After this we had to be ready to show our passports and flight tickets ten minutes before take-off.

Darrell Whitt and I sat at the front of the plane. It was not long before we were speeding down the runway. We began to lift in the air. As we began to lift higher, I could not hear as well as I could before. Darrell told me to hold my nose and blow; my ears popped and I was all right. As soon as the plane levelled out a stewardess came with coffee and biscuits. After we finished this we played cards, and then I discovered we were over Holland. The view was brilliant looking at all the canals. As we were landing my ears were worse than when taking off. We came out of the airport and a coach took us to the hotel. The hotel was called the "Hotel Cok", and it had 500 beds.

All the boys were split into three groups; two groups had nine people in them, and the other group had five. We were each given a V.G. Food Stores tee-shirt and then we went for a water-bus tour around the canals. The water-bus dropped us off at the coca-cola factory, here we could drink as much coca-cola as we wanted, and had two films, one on football and one on the history of coca-cola. We arrived back at the hotel at 6.15p.m., and at 7.00p.m. we had "lunch". Up to 9.30p.m. all the boys played in the games room.

When we went to the bedroom the boys in our group just could not fall to sleep, so everybody stopped up until 3.00a.m., and we only slept for four hours.

In the morning we had our breakfast, and then went on a coach to play S.P.W. Football teams. The 'B' team won 1-0 and the 'A' team won 2-0 with goals from Stephen McCauley, Philip Saunders and Andrew Maddison. On this day we made many Dutch friends. When we arrived home, at the hotel most of us did the same as the evening before but a few people went to bed early.

On Sunday we had our breakfast which was coffee and jam and bread once again. The meals were not very good. On this day we played the Ajax Juniors and lost 3-0. After this match we watched the game between Ajax A.F.C. and F.C. Utrecht, Ajax won 3-1.

During the stay some of us lost money and people thought it was stolen, because when we locked doors and then came back they were open and the lights on.

Monday after dinner, which was chips, we left the "Hotel Cok" at 13.15p.m. to go through the town to the airport. Here we left the coach and went into the building. We had our bags checked and passports. At 15.20 we left the airport and this time the flight seemed shorter. We arrived in England at 4.40p.m. We caught the coach and arrived home at 6.15p.m. Everybody thought it was a marvellous journey and enjoyed it very much.

G. Brown (IA)

M. Hebb (IA)

D. Parr

R. Power

K. Ping

D. Whitt (IC) P. Thompson

S. Peck (IB)

G. Brown S. McCauley Bramley (IA) (IB)

Res. H. Teanby (IC)

A. Ablitt (IA)  
THE GOOLY GAE

Here is the story of the Gooly Gae,  
Who never is in, but out all day.  
He plays in the morning,  
He plays at night,  
If you see him  
He will give you a fright.  
The one curse of his life  
That he cannot resist,  
He rampages through doors as though they  
are mist.  
But once he had a terrible fright,  
As he was rampaging  
In the middle of the night.  
He barged through a door,  
Which you and me  
Wouldn't have done  
Because it leads to the sea.  
The Googly Gae cannot swim,  
And nobody knows what happened to him. 29

### THE MUSIC MAN.

Glasses rattled, groups chatted, smoke curled lazily to the roof. A lone figure pushed his way to a high stool spotlit in the centre of the room. He sat down and tuned his guitar.

He fingered the worn frets gently and sang his old folk song quietly; but no one heard. He didn't notice this but sang and played as if in a world of his own.

One by one heads turned; one by one people heard the soft melody. Soon the chatter ceased; soon the rattle of glasses died. The lone man's notes were the only sound that filled this smoke-drenched room. People stood motionless, their eyes fixed on the single man. His hair hung over dreamy eyes that wandered around the smiling faces. His thin pale lips twisted into a returning smile. He sat hunched over his guitar, his long fingers danced over the strings.

The night drew on and then, as the hour of midnight struck ..... he stopped. The audience started to stir as if pulled out of a trance and moved silently to the exit.

Left alone in the still room he was pleased. Their silence was his applause.

D.B. Buchanan (4A)

### CRYPTIC FOOTBALLERS.

1. LLECAAANKRL
2. IRDKBDAN
3. OSIKEMNJC
4. PPISLIJNOHH
5. OOOEEDPSRTG
6. NTINLАОAHN
7. EABRLNHICANALL
8. OHMEGRAGRAEG
9. EYSLCBDTE
10. ONSHTRPLIETE

G. Parkin (2B)

Answers on page 46

### VILLAGE GREEN.

Our village green, like most others, Is fringed by oaks and briar hedges, The village church and thatched-roof inn, The pond where fishing is prohibited.

On the boundary is placed a seat Where pensioners meet to voice opinions. In the centre is marked a pitch Where cricketers have played for years In the English tradition.

P. Charlesworth (1A)



## THE SUMMER CONCERT

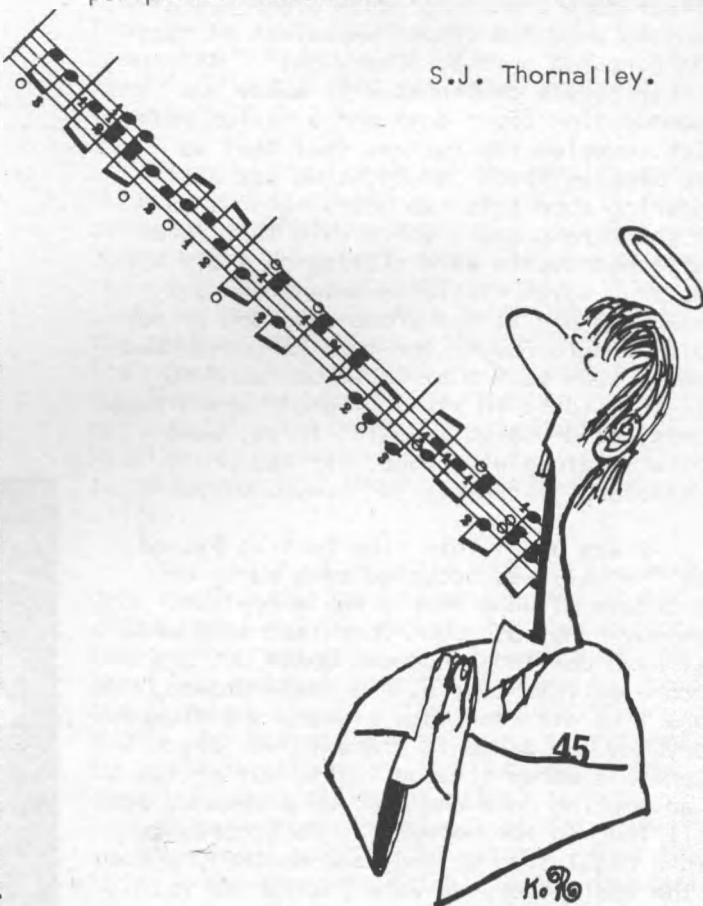
Although we were without the services of a music master in the Spring Term, we were determined that plans for the Summer Concert should go ahead. Mr. Collins came to help with the choir, while Mr. Nabarro and Miss Mace looked after the band and quartet respectively. The Headmaster became general co-ordinator, arranging practices and doing most of the work with the orchestra.

By May 23rd, after much last minute preparation, we were ready for anything. At 7.00p.m. people were already arriving and by 7.30p.m. there was standing room only. However, it must be admitted that there were almost as many performers back-stage as the choir, orchestra and band account for a very large proportion of the School.

Despite the difficulties in handling such large numbers, the concert went very smoothly. All items were well received and the audience gave some indication of their appreciation by demanding an encore from the band at the end of the concert.

Our thanks are due to all who took part and to all those who gave so much of their time in the training and organisation - the Headmaster, Mr. Collins and the peripatetic teachers.

S.J. Thornalley.



## Musical Activities



### THE MUSIC CLUB

The Music Club was formed in 1972 and immediately attracted interest from the upper school musicians and younger members soon followed. The idea was to involve ourselves in as many types of music as possible although there are limitations in the diversity of interests and the musical abilities of the members. However, it was singing that proved most popular and at the Carol Service we performed that marvellous arrangement of 'Adam Lay yBounden' by John Ireland. At a special Christmas service at School we sang 'Jesus Christ the Apple Tree'.

After Christmas we organized a Jazz group, with piano, bass, clarinet, saxophone, guitar and percussion. In this we gained much help - information and encouragement - from Mr. Sharp, whose advice has always been welcome and readily given but never forced upon us. We also played several pieces for recorders.

At the summer concert in May this year we contributed two madrigals and two pieces for the recorders. The madrigals were: 'Over Hill, Over Dale' by J.L. Hatton, and 'Heraclitus' by C.V. Stanford. The recorder group played 'Three into Five' by Brian Bonsar and 'Pony and Trap' by Geoffrey Russell-Smith.

In the future we hope to encourage more interest in our activities and to extract even more enjoyment from our Friday meetings.

S.J. Thornalley.

MEMOIRS OF A NAVAL SERGEANT  
BEING A TALE OF COMBINED OPERATIONS.

The trip began with a nervous wait on the forecourt of the Nottingham Midland Station (a cross between a public convenience and a Victorian chapel as someone so justly said) for a member of the party who had inconsiderately fallen ill on the Friday and whose arrival that Sunday was therefore in doubt. When it became apparent that he would not be coming, my two companions and I went down the platform and caught the train. We reached London a mere twenty minutes late, so allowing us time for a lively sprint across the city in pursuit of a train which left, as we might have known, half-an-hour after the scheduled time of departure.

Once at Portsmouth we were shepherded onto a lorry and from thence to an old destroyer/frigate conversion, 'H.M.S. Ulster', which served as an accommodation ship.

In truly seamanlike manner we fell down ladders and dropped bags on each other. It is strange to note that out of a party of 27 cadets - all with three exceptions able or leading seamen - only two had been on a naval course before. When a Chief Petty Officer came down to produce order out of chaos he used the simple expedient of that time-honoured phrase, 'Carry on!' After an hour he was presented with money for accommodation (5p a day) and a muster roll which revealed the curious fact that we were missing three cadets. He was still pondering upon this two hours later when the phone rang and a voice said that three unattached cadets were sitting on their kit-bags at a naval station a mile or so away having got off at the wrong stop and if he would like to indent for them he could have them as soon as a boat could be found to sail them round to him. The afore-mentioned cadets, able-bodied (Naval), three, were delivered along with bags, kit and possessions, personal, to 'H.M.S. Ulster'.

It was about this time that we **found** that the ship was occupied by a party of sea cadets of whom Murphy was a typical example. He was about four feet tall and must have convinced someone about his age to come on this course. He chain-smoked, swore like a three-badge stoker, and kicked everybody who dared to stand in his way. He and his mates treated lights out at ten as an amusing joke and kept up a raucous din until four in the morning. In accordance with a regulation dating back to 1860, pinned on the cabin door, we were instructed to 'maintain and exert over junior ratings the forms of naval discipline'. A pious hope!

It took a fearful character known as the M.E.M. to quieten that lot! By resorting to tactics of a kind which probably provoked the Nore mutiny in the early nineteenth century, he rapidly restored some sort of peace; at least we got some sleep.

The next day we were ferried over to 'H.M.S. Dolphin', a shore station and centre of the submarine service. Here, for the ensuing five days, we listened to lectures on submarine history, construction, escape, communications, types and weapons. We examined torpedoes and mines, periscopes as well as engines, S.S.E's escape towers and models. The sheer number and variety of activities makes it impossible to deal with them adequately. Perhaps the most interesting visits were made to the submarine escape tower in which we saw men escaping from a depth of one hundred feet. We went over two conventional submarines and spent some time in the Dolphin submarine museum. Here, the officer in charge of the course, a retired commander, filled up time with tales of the submarine service since 1927 when he first joined. Finally we had half a day at sea and a trip to a medical laboratory where we received a crash course in blood grouping and transfusion.

All this was compressed into five days - an indication of the marvellous organisation. At the end of the course we were inspected by the Captain of the establishment, shown round the wardroom (and searched for silverware!), given an examination in which everyone reached the required 75%, presented with appropriate certificates, taken to Portsmouth station from whence we returned to Nottingham eventually arriving two hours late, by courtesy of British Rail.

Thus ended a week of intense training and interest, fully enjoyed by all.

M. Winfield.



## THE NECROPOLIS

'Great holes secretly are digged where earth's pores ought to suffice, and things have learnt to walk that ought to crawl.'

H.P. Lovecroft.

The snow lay thick on the ground, more was falling from the heavens. The day had been perpetually dull; now night had overtaken, promising more heavy falls.

The footsteps crunched along on the crisp snow and halted in front of the cemetery gates. Tall gates they were, of iron, culminating in ferocious spikes like halberds, locked by chains and padlocks to keep the dead in and the living out. But not so tonight.

The stranger looked furtively around, his features dimly illuminated by a far-off light. He was tall, clothed in black with matching hat and seemed almost spectrally pale. His face was set against the flurries of wind-whipped snow which whirled around him. He looked to the skies, then with uncanny agility pounced onto the gates, swung lithely over the top and landed like a cat on the other side. Without a backward glance he disappeared into the snow-filled night.

The morning revealed steel-cold skies and a thick blanket of snow covering the area. It was cold with temperatures below the freezing mark. One police car was present, it stood like an assuring beacon to all those of nervous disposition. The special investigation detectives stamped their feet and rubbed their chilled limbs in an effort to keep warm as Zagreb, the ancient grave-digger, was spoken to.

"So you found the victim?" asked the blue-faced officer.

"Yes, sir, that's right sir, about six, I comes in early all times. Well, it's like I says, I collected me tools, went over to next plot and what does I notice but this bloke stretched out in the snow. Talk about nasty! Gawd, he wuz a mess, torn open, blood spattered all over me graves. Cripes! I nearly had an attack." Zagreb's awkward, lisping tones cut the air. He continued. "I guesses there's a wild animal about these parts, must have been right hungry. Well, then I calls you blokes." Zagreb spoke earnestly.

"Yes, I see. Well, we have your statement, the corpse has been removed so I think we can leave it at that. If we need you we know where to contact you," the chilled officer spoke crisply.

The officers trudged off through the snow down to the gates, climbed into their car and departed. Zagreb stared after them, his long, wispy hair flaming around his face. His heavy jacket protected him from the weather, and as he turned around, numerous heavy iron keys clanked by his side.

"Fellow came to the right place anyhow, plenty of nice homes here, yes would save lot of trouble if folk came here and died, instead of carting them up hill in a car an' all." Zagreb muttered to himself. He took up his spade and began to dig. The snow started to fall again.

The graves were unvisited that day. Withered stalks cloaked in white protruded from unkempt vases, yet the dwellers were snug below.

The snow fell heavily but Zagreb carried on digging. The ground was hard, the snow a curse yet Zagreb was a tireless worker. Night came quickly and Zagreb swore softly. He flung down his spade and in a curious hopping motion leapt over to some graves, sat down in crossed-legged fashion, unmindful of the cold, wet snow and began to speak in mindful whispers.

"Yes my pretties we is warm and happy here." Zagreb murmured to the snow-covered silent graves. "Heh, heh, you, the corpse-like ghouls, the bloated maggots, all them there dwellers below is happy. But yer must beware, like him that got away, remember I warned yer."

Down in the bowels of the earth strange things occur about which none of us in our everyday trafficking knows of. Tunnels are honeycombed underneath every burying ground, the newly buried cadavers are taken from the plots by great gaunt rats to the ghouls in the caverns where they gibber and grunt. The naked, greenish-hued living corpses then squall and gnaw uttering praises to their masters, the Old Ones, the crawling chaos Nyarlahorep and the eternal Crhulhu waiting to be called from beneath the sea-kingdom of R'lyeh.

Yes their secrets are safe in the rich, dank earth among grotesque urns and stolen tombstones, and the rubbery bloated maggots that squirm and wriggle. But what of the ghoul who escaped from their haven and trod the pathways above? There was no other course, he had to be - and was, sacrificed to the Gods waiting on the Outside. The chanting, the calling of primal terrors beyond human comprehension took place on an improvised tomb for an altar. Then the thing - the space in space and the nauseating stench, the flying coloured globules that massed and . . . only pieces remained,

CONT'D OVER

pieces Zagreb found. Zagreb the idiot grave-digger who spoke to himself and graves and.....

People spoke for days of the incident, reporters massed, full coverage was given. Yet months later the police had still learned nothing and so the case was left unsolved. Below the cemeteries all was again serene. Ghouls gibbered happily and went around the slimy tunnels and caverns in safety. Behind the necropolis standing on the hill a full moon rose, it illuminated the squat, mitred building, the sepulchral headstones guarding the Retid hollows of the graves hiding masses of nauseous rotting vegetation. Then finally the cruel tips of the iron portals rusted with weathering were outlined..

However, the grim, gaunt, ghouls had not forgotten. They crept from their Stygian crypts and ended all threat of their existence being known. Impaled on the decaying gates was the wide-eyed hideous corpse of Zagred, his life blood staining the fallen snow.

B. Jackson. (V.I.L.A)



Photographs: S.D. Hunt

## COMBINED CADET FORCE

March 1974, before the publication of the 1974 Magazine, will see the Twenty Fifth Anniversary of the formation of the School Contingent of the Combined Cadet Force. It is therefore probably apt to start this account of the year's activities with hope that next year will find the Contingent at full strength, as this year, and that it will be possible in some way to celebrate our 'silver' Anniversary.

Fortunately for those responsible for the instructing, few changes have taken place in syllabuses or methods, although each year there are changes in detail which keep everyone on their toes. It is perhaps appropriate here to state that unlike many Units this one has a full compliment of Officers and with the help of Mr. P. Henry the work load is comfortably shared.

For the first time in its history the Annual Inspection Reviewing Officer was an Old Boy of the School. Lieutenant Colonel T. Holloway (1940-47) was Head Boy in his final year and was in fact the first member of the School to obtain admission to R.M.A. Sandhurst. Although his Regiment is the Royal Anglians, Colonel Holloway is at present on the Staff of the Inter-Services Staff College.

The event was blessed with a fine warm day and the Parade under the command of C.S.M. M. Hunt was greatly appreciated by Colonel Holloway. The events after the Parade were held in the form of competitions between the three Sections, successes being fairly evenly shared by all three.

Perhaps a good criterion of interest by Cadets, can be assessed by attendance on Camps and Courses arranged by the three Services. The numbers from the Unit this year have been well up to former standards. Unfortunately facilities which can be offered by the three Services are declining and the number of places being offered gets fewer. This year, for instance, the R.A.F. Section can only send fifteen Cadets to the N.A.T.O. Base, R.A.F. Machrihanish. This is unfortunate as the ride from Glasgow round and down the Hull of Kintyre passes through some of the most beautiful scenery in Scotland. The programme there looks to be more full than that carried out at R.A.F. Benson last year.

The Army Section will also travel north to Scotland this year, camping at Culterbraggan which the Contingent has not visited for some years. If it is as well run and equipped as last year's Camp at St. Martin's Plain, Folkestone and the

weather as good, it should be a great success.

Last year and this various Naval Courses have proved popular especially the ones which are mainly practical in nature such as Sailing and Submarine Acquaint.

Adventure Training at Easter was again popular. With new Staff at A.T.A. Otterburn, Northumberland the Contingent was given new training areas necessitating the organising of new 'exercises'. Blessed with cold but fine weather it was possible to operate each day with considerable success.

Contingent's successes during the year include 100% passes in Proficiency Examinations set by the Services and three Gliding Proficiency Certificates by Cadets Flight Sergeant S.H.C. Bancroft, Sergeant J.M. Grummitt and Senior Cadet S.W. Lamb.



35

# CC



## Geography

### Field Week

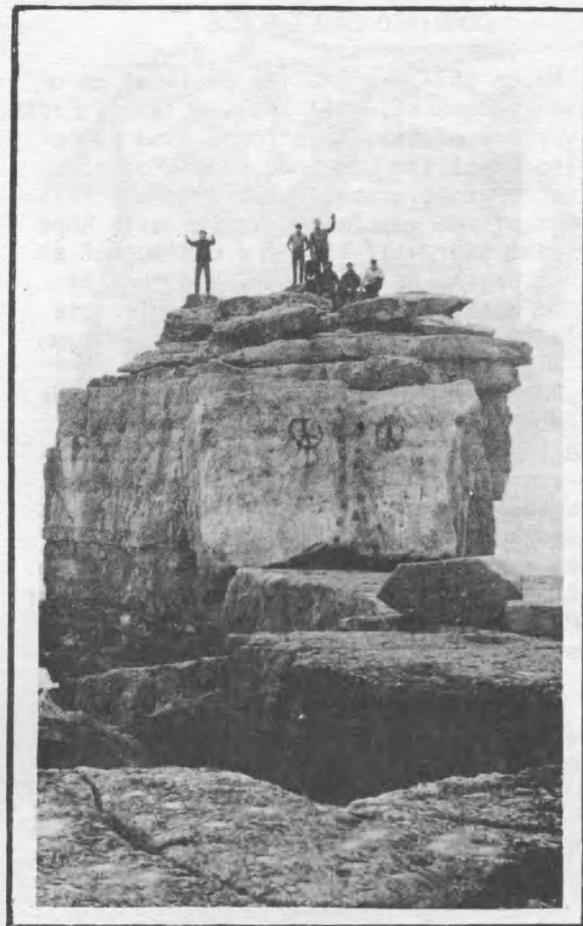
One of the dreariest features of learning is to study lessons in a classroom all the year round, so it was with some feelings of relief and pleasure that VI Lower Geography Group made its way to the South Coast to see, as it were, Geography in the field. The accommodation was in a very pleasant hotel on the sea-front with a good view of the Naval Harbour at Portland; food was plentiful and enjoyable.

The holiday atmosphere was not symbolic of events to come. During three full days of work many miles were travelled. On the first day, cold and windswept, with a very rough sea to watch crashing on the coast, the shingle of Chesil Beach was studied, the group progressing southward to finish at Portland Bill. Another day's coastal study included such well known beauty spots as Lulworth Cove and Durdle Door where once again the beauty of the English countryside was apparent as well as its geographical interest. Indeed having spent the greater part of each evening copying up the day's work it was perhaps satisfying to realise that the holiday season attractions were not underway.

The trip was well worthwhile as it brought to life the geomorphological facts which had been presented in the classroom and books. The delightful villages studied, Abbotsbury and Portisham, showed how kind, helpful and interested people are when questioned about their surroundings.

Altogether the trip was enjoyable and instructive and the students were most grateful to the staff who not only did the instructing and organisation, but also drove the transport which 'wheeled' the group around.

36



Photographs: M.S. Cooke



# PRIZE

# 50

P-PRIZE

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

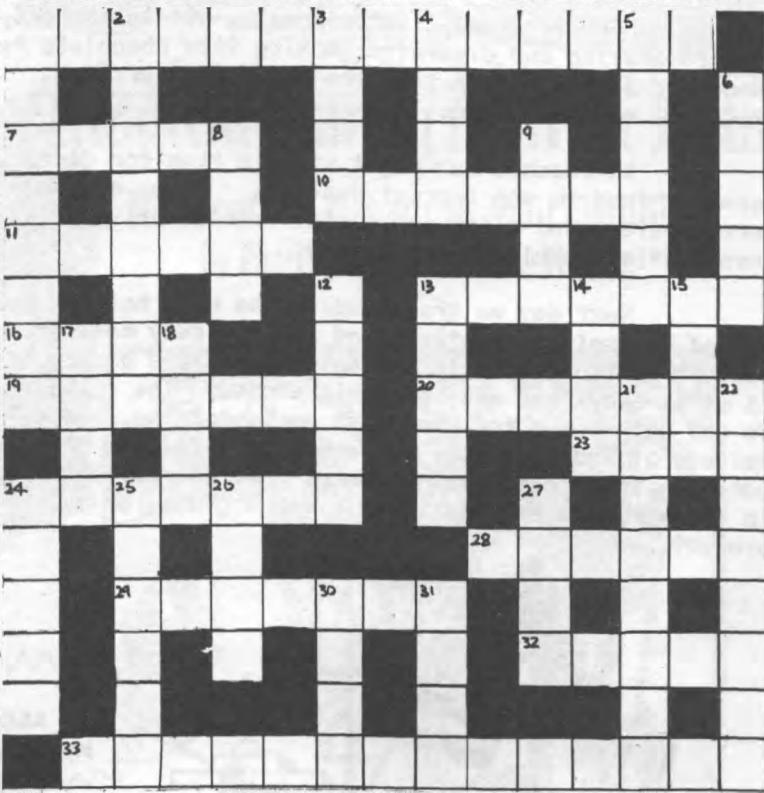
Answers to be  
handed in by 10.0 a.m.  
THURSDAY to:-

*Mr Bowles*  
COMPILER

Clues Across

1. A religious man leads the antipodean city. (6, 8)
7. A border cloth (5)
10. Morning girl across the ocean (7)
11. No swan, perhaps.
13. It sounds like a high girl (7)
16. The monstrous end of 2. (4)
19. A continent missing two makes a country. (7)
20. An African place that could be a wee sulk. (7)
23. The space control place. (4)
24. In Tennessee. (7)
28. High temperature around the drinking place. (6)
29. and 15. Not an old harbour in the press. (7, 4)
32. I see, shortly, a brief sight of it. (5)
33. Sounds to be on the east coast, as well as Geordieland. (14)

# CROSS - WORD



Clues Down

**ALL GEOGRAPHY CLUES!**

1. The boatswain loses one, perhaps. (8)
2. Barrels around before the headland. (8)
3. Headless and taitless father. (4)
4. It sounds like protective wear. (4)
5. A shortened boy and girl in the U.S.A.? (6)
6. Oranges. (5)
8. Get on with starting the game. (4)
9. It sounds north European but it isn't. (4)
10. You are Jolson's presumably. (5)
13. But it isn't where you rise like uncle. (5)
14. The initial drink and the first part of a century. (4)
15. See 29 Across.
17. Lift the direction of a foreign street.
18. Reverse it, but miners go down them. (4)
21. Mix four of the first and, initially, keep love more true. (8)
22. Not the west jungle. (8)
24. A soldier's order. (5)
25. Princess Grace's place (6)
26. Sounds like a question. (4)
27. Lift an object to worship. (4)
30. Explain between the foreign where. (4)
31. Tea or biscuits initially at this resort. (3, 1)

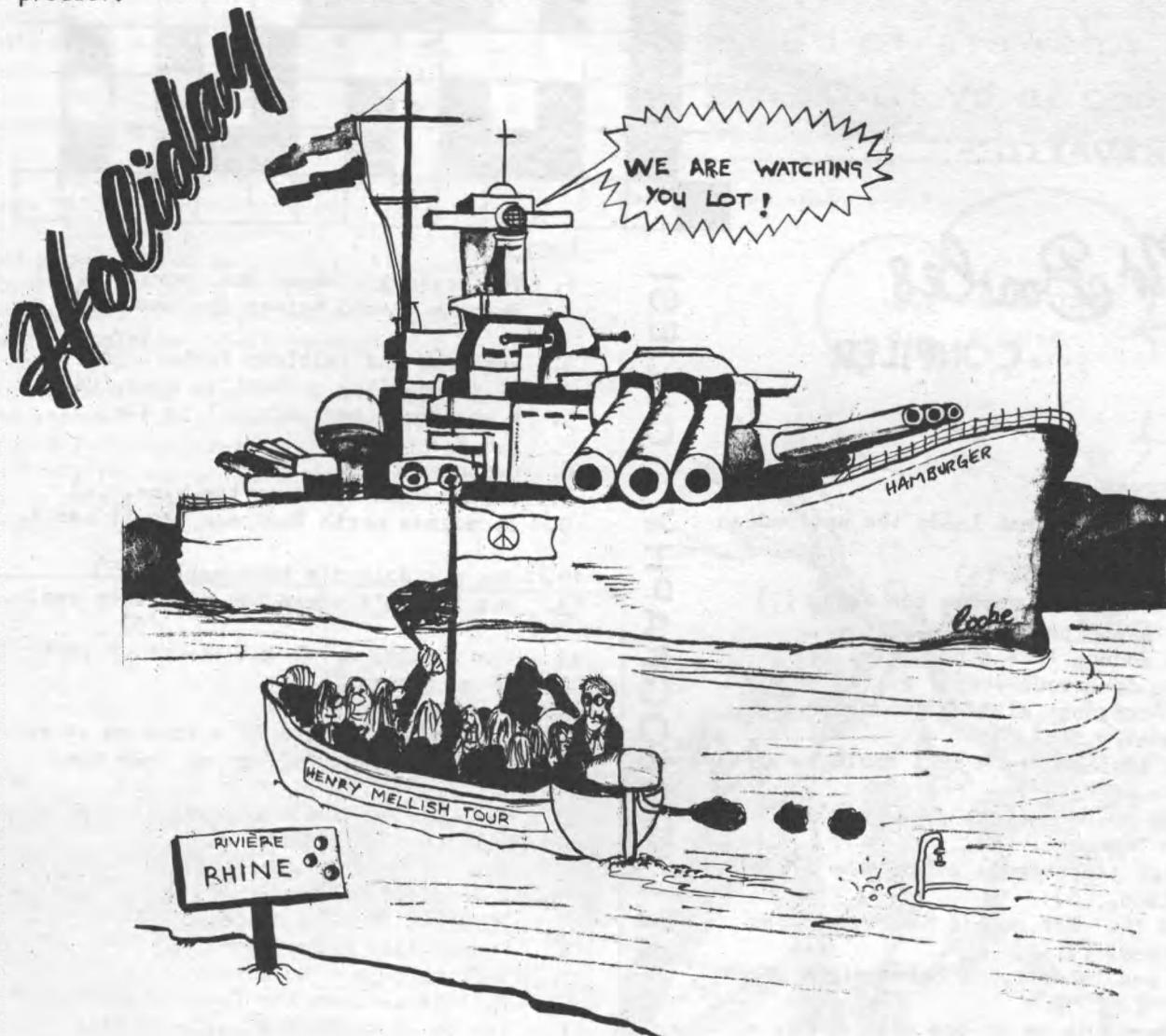
## SCHOOL TRIP TO GERMANY 1972

Many months of building up came to a climax when we set out on our nine-day trip to the Deutschland. A film had been shown depicting pleasant hotels and the delicious German nosh. Maybe our version will prove to be different.

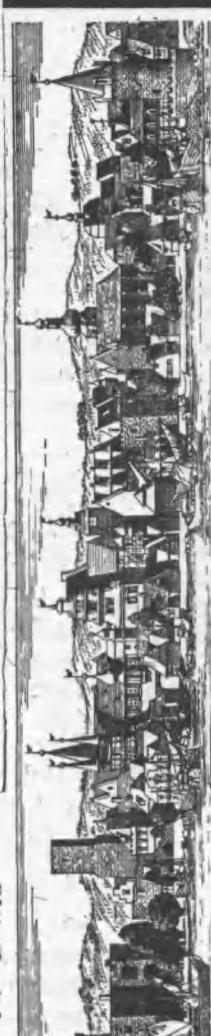
Parents waved, little knowing our intentions, as we settled down to a long journey of card-playing and cigarette smoking (the chocolate type). We reached Ramsgate after lunch and sat in a cafe till the hovercraft arrived. The ride was uneventful and we docked at Calais early evening.

We reached our night stop in time for dinner, chicken and chips, a type of meal we were destined to see a great deal of. After dinner we went to case the joint. Pedal cars were popular that night and certain maniac drivers caused many heart attacks among the unsuspecting population of Ostend.

Next day we travelled to the main hotel - headaches and all. In transit we passed Brussels and Antwerp and had a midday meal of, guess what? The town of Boppard had many attractions, a fascinating cable car, a modern discoteque, luxurious swimming pool (3 miles away) and many souvenir shops. The climax of the trip was a trip down the Rhein. We set out from Hotel Rheinlust early morning, and sailed up river to the Asbach Brandy Cellars of Rudesheine. We waved and threw our discarded lunch at passing barges, whilst admiring the spectacular scenery. We journeyed through the cellars, which had 4% alcohol in the air, and emerged to be given a glass, or two or three, or four..... of the end product.



Hol. Cont'd



## Weinfest RÜDESHEIM am Rhein

THURSDAY

went  
in to  
went  
lift  
it

BOPPARD

Dortmund  
Sesselbahn  
zur größten  
Rhelschleife

K.G. Mrs I. MEAKIN. INN,  
THE COMMERCIAL RD.  
ATON 1

## The great brandy from the Rhine

A tour of the Asbach Brandy Distillery  
in Ruedesheim-on-the-Rhine



We tottered back to the boat. Dutch girls we met, whilst a drinking contest was in full swing on the lower decks among the sixth form.

After a week of merriment we departed. Spending the afternoon in Cologne we travelled to Maastrich and a dingy cramped hotel. Here we passed the evenings playing Billiards and pinball in the numerous street cafes.

We had an exciting trip to a Dutch fair while we were there, and returned to our now favourite meal, chicken and chips. There was some bother about meals as table manners were relaxed.

The next day saw the start of our return. The last night was spent in Brugge. The younger lads commenced a Beer-mat collection race. We congratulate that outstanding collector, P. Johnson, on his performance; he achieved 60 in two days. The stinking canal provided us with night life. Mosquitoes invaded the St. George Hotel, causing many injuries.

Our trip home was used by most as a time to catch up on lost sleep. On arriving at Ramsgate again, we had a small problem of customs duties, but I'll say no more. The rest of the trip was quiet except for a song for Bill our driver.

I am sure all the party would like to thank Miss Hodges, Mr. Harcourt, Mr. Hinshaw, Mr. Bates and the driver Bill for taking a crowd like us all the way there and back.

# C H E S S

# C H E S S

RAY  
RAY

The School Chess Club formed in September of last year began on a wave of enthusiasm probably created by the Fisher-Spassky encounter in Reykjavik for the world championship last year. Three internal tournaments were organised and the initial entry for these totalled nearly 150 boys. It soon became clear, however, that the spread of ability within these tournaments was extremely diverse ranging from the mere "wood-pushers" and those who prefer the warmth of the chess room to the frosty climes of the school yard to those players who are bordering on selection for county representative teams. After a long process of preliminary rounds in the tournaments Pycko (6L) emerged as winner of the senior event with Teanby (1C) winning the junior competition. Unfortunately the intermediate tournament was unfinished.

Two school teams were entered for the Sunday Times National Tournament and although both were beaten in the first round, valuable experience was gained for future years. The school also made its debut in the Nottingham and District Schools Chess League, entering teams in the Under-14 and Under-12 divisions. The Under-14 team under the captaincy of Beesley (3A) had a moderate season winning four of their nine matches. The Under-12's remained unbeaten until the last fixture of the season against Arnold County High School. After a tense struggle the school team of Teanby (1C), Tuer (1C), Jezioro (1B), Lo (1B), Henson (1B), and Pike (1C) lost the match by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  Boards to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  and consequently the league championship. A senior school team also played several friendly matches and their results were very encouraging. However, since several stalwarts of the team (Bukowski, P.D. Shaw, Dodsley and Goldberg) will be leaving school this year, there are a number of vacancies for any seniors who are keen to play.

#### School Matches.

##### 1st VI

v. Brunts G.S., Mansfield  
v. High Pavement G.S.  
v. West Bridgford Comprehensive  
v. Mundella

LOST	0 - 6**
LOST	$2\frac{1}{2}$ - $3\frac{1}{2}$
LOST	$2\frac{1}{2}$ - $3\frac{1}{2}$
WON	4 - 2

##### 2nd VI

v. Oakham School 1st VI

LOST	5 - 6**
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##### Under-15's

v. Oakham School 2nd VI

WON	8 - 4
-----	-------

##### Under-14's

v. Bramcote Technical G.S.  
v. High School  
v. Mundella  
v. Loreto G.S.  
v. Bramcote Hills G.S.  
v. Arnold County High  
v. Eastwood Comprehensive  
v. High Pavement  
v. Becket

WON	$4\frac{1}{2}$ - $1\frac{1}{2}$ *
LOST	0 - 6*
WON	5 - 1*
WON	5 - 1*
LOST	2 - 4*
LOST	1 - 5*
WON	5 - 1*
LOST	$1\frac{1}{2}$ - $3\frac{1}{2}$ *
LOST	1 - 5*

##### Under-12's

v. Arno Vale Primary  
v. High School  
v. Mundella  
v. Ellis Guilford  
v. High Pavement  
v. Becket  
v. Arnold County High

WON	4 - 2
WON	4 - 2*
WON	6 - 0*
WON	6 - 0*
DREW	3 - 3*
WON	5 - 1*
LOST	$2\frac{1}{2}$ - $3\frac{1}{2}$ *

\*\*Sunday Times National Tournament; \*Nottingham Schools' League.



WRESTLING  
AMATEUR OLYMPIC STYLE.

It was about 3000 B.C. that wrestling was officially recorded for the first time. This was on the walls of the tomb belonging to Hammurapi, an Egyptian Pharaoh.

Throughout the ages wrestling has developed into many different styles but, on the whole, the aim of the sport has always been the same, to render the opponent harmless without deliberately injuring him.

The Spartans and Athenians had their own style as did the Romans, Japanese and Turks.

In the 18th Ancient Olympiad wrestling was introduced into the already demanding array of sports. At present, the Russians are the leading nation in wrestling closely followed by the Japanese and Americans.

Professional wrestling, as opposed to Amateur wrestling, is an entertainment and, therefore, not comparable with the sport.

Wrestling is governed by F.I.L.A. (The Federation Internationale der Lutte Amateur) and British Wrestling is ruled by the B.A.W.A. (The British Amateur Wrestling Association) which is split into various regions.

Sadly, wrestling is a minority sport in this country but it is the most widely spread sport throughout the world and I hope it stays that way.

P.I. Rushton (3B)

Answers to quiz on page 8

1. Aston Villa; Seven.
2. Aston Villa; £10
3. 1923-24; Bolton Wanderers and West Ham.
4. Uruguay.
5. Notts. County; 1862

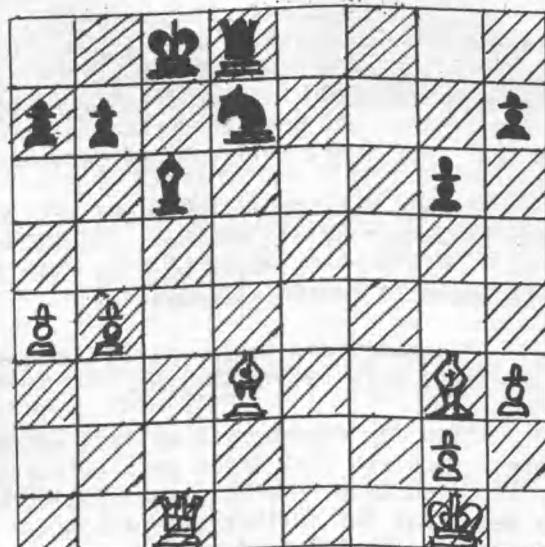


41

TRY TO DO

THE  
**CHIESS**

PUZZLE !!?!



WHITE TO PLAY AND MATE  
IN TWO MOVES

The lights faded, every eye was fixed on the telescreen. The atmosphere was electrified with expectancy. The rousing National Anthem came to a close, and the all-powerful face of Big Brother appeared on the enormous screen.

"Comrades, we come together today to discuss the very exciting future of our noble country, the glorious Oceania! I feel it is of the utmost importance to convey to you our numerous political reforms which will benefit the whole country.

"Equal rights, comrades, equal rights, that is our most positive and meaningful aim. Equal rights for everyone. In the long term this will mean no class distinction: all men will be equal in the sight of the Government. Each man, whether he be rich or poor, highly intellectual or poorly educated, has the same aim in life, to be economically successful. Under our new regime this will be made possible for each and every one of you in this mighty state of Oceania.

"Reflect, a moment, on the poor wretches who reside in Eurasia and Eastasia. Each year an estimated five per cent of the total population dies of starvation. Many people live in poverty, too frightened to speak out against the tyrants who rule with such cruelty and disregard for fellow human beings. It is enough to make the blood boil in even the meekest of you.

"Oceania stands alone, the one light in the world, the one speck of humanity on a vast horizon of darkness. Our glorious army defends the fatherland, which has been built on such a firm basis of peace and understanding by our forefathers who strove to open up a new chapter in the annals of civilization. Yes, comrades, we stand alone, we must oppose the tyrannies of such people, the power-mad dictators who strive for self gain, and who pay no heed to the poor wretches who are crushed like flies beneath them.

"Fight, comrades, fight for humanity, fight for those things which we hold most dear - our homes, our families, and most of all our country. Remember! Oceania stands alone. When the enemies of our fatherland are annihilated, the whole world, the whole universe will benefit. Under this Government the world will be a better place to live in. Yes, comrades, support our party and L.I.V.E., LIVE. But most of all, do not forget.....Oceania Lives On!"

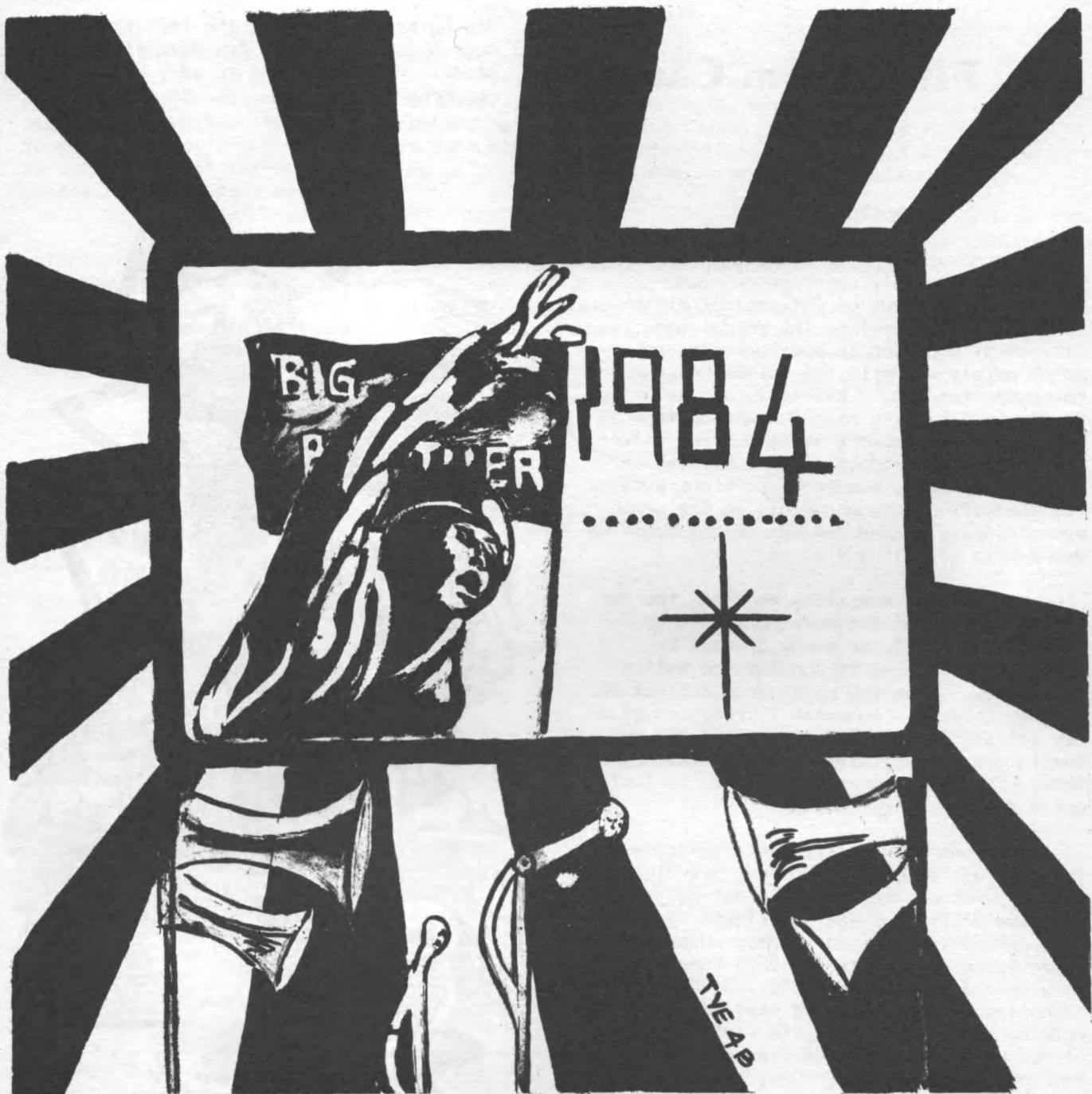
Thunderous applause burst out throughout the huge hall. Perhaps this was the beginning of a new existence. They had been brainwashed to believe all that was said by Big Brother and his fanatical party members, and they wanted to believe that those ideas would indeed become reality.

These hopes, however, were dashed in a matter of months. Unemployment had reached a new peak, the ruling class, the rich, overshadowed the working class populace of Oceania, who plight could only be described as atrocious. The victorious forces of Eurasia and Eastasia were poised for the final offensive into the beleaguered state of Oceania. The army of Big Brother had been in constant retreat and food and medical supplies were so harshly rationed that many small children had perished through malnutrition.

It was Winston Smith's job, as a member of the Ministry of Truth, to re-write a speech for broadcast by Big Brother. Opinion against the Government was at a dangerously high level. Big Brother would have to calm the nation's temper and fill it with renewed hope if he hoped to remain all-powerful.

"Comrades and fellow party members, I am speaking to you today about events arising over the past few months.

"You may remember in my last address how I promised equal rights to every man. I must impress upon you that these revolutionary reforms cannot be fulfilled in a matter of weeks. It takes time - months, even years, but it will happen and what better basis to build up these new ideas for further generations. We must work harder; a bigger output means a better economy, a better economy means a richer state, a richer state means better housing and a higher standard of living. We are climbing the steps to a brighter future, a future which will see Oceania at the peak of its power, not only the richest, but the most prosperous state in this vast universe.



"You will have been incensed with reports that the glorious army of Oceania is in full retreat. These so called reports are complete and utter lies, and I must stress this point. The army is congregating behind the frontier in preparation for the great offensive when the ever-glorious forces of Oceania crush, once and for all, the tyrannical forces of evil. This unfounded propaganda has been infiltrated by spies and revolutionaries, enemies of our country.

"Now, more than ever, does the Government need your support, the citizens of Oceania. With your help our enemies can be vanquished, and Oceania will once again bear the name "The greatest State of all".

"Bear these points in mind, and you can be assured of success if you support the Government. Just remember.....

Oceania Lives On!"

# Fifth Form Camp

CONISTON 1972

The Advance Party, consisting of a few hardy and allegedly experienced sixth-formers and a group of influential fifth-formers, left School on the Monday and arrived at Coniston in pouring rain, rain which persisted until the following Wednesday morning. Wet-suits and swimming trunks were quickly donned and each tent laboriously moved to a new and drier site - not the best introduction to a holiday affair. Indeed, weather conditions were so bad that at one stage cancelling the camp was seriously considered but in the event we decided to give it a try.

We awoke on Wednesday morning, the day of the arrival of the main party, to glorious sunshine, an event greeted by uproarious cheering throughout the entire camp site. When the main party arrived at mid-day they were somewhat incredulous of our wet and haggard appearance and suspicious of our tales of floods and high water - by this time the site was, in fact, quite dry.

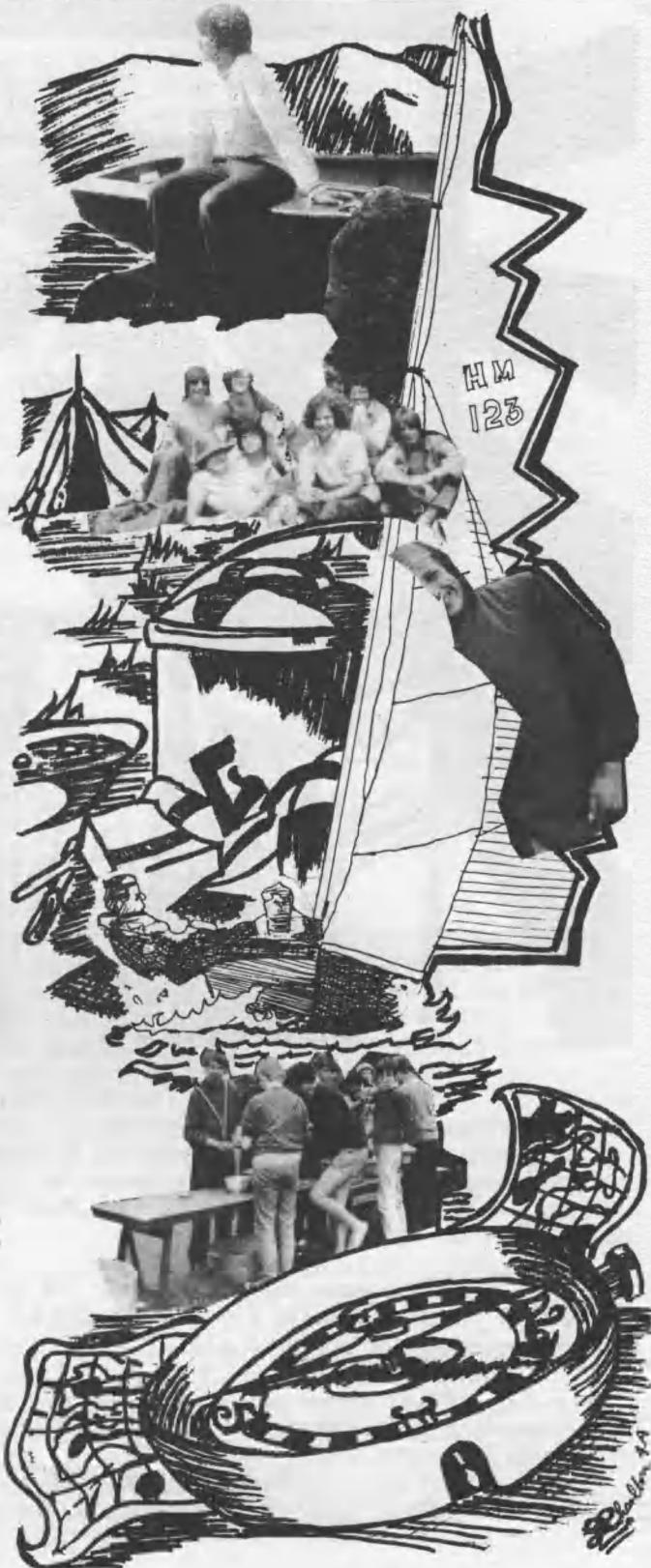
Everyone soon settled down to enjoying the sailing, walking, canoeing, overnight camping, but not the domestic duties. Each of these activities was undertaken by the five groups in turn, each group under the supervision of a master. This year we were spared any 'incidents'. Only one happening of note occurred when the Thursday walking group was making its way along one of the most spectacular routes over Striding Edge and up Helvellyn. One, Lambert, dropped his bag 200 feet over Striding Edge, an action which seemed to elicit nothing but approval from his colleagues.

Over-night camping was the most popular activity for obvious reasons. Each group of about ten left in the morning by mini-bus for a location decided earlier by themselves. From there they could hike to a camping site and then return to main camp the following day.

All in all, the camp was a great success and enjoyed by everyone. This was due largely to the unselfish and determined efforts of the Members of Staff who organised matters. Particularly we should mention

Mr. Sutherland despite the fact that he was confined to bed for a few days with a stomach upset - not, we hasten to add, brought on by our cooking.

S.J. Thornalley.



## THE PUBLIC SPEAKING COMPETITION

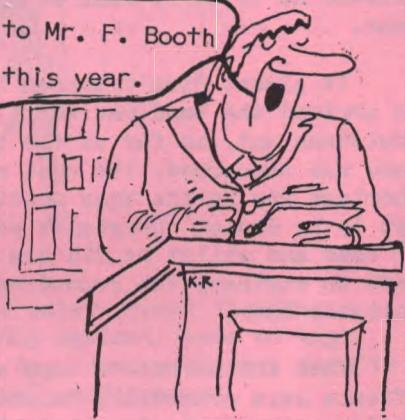
The Public Speaking Competition was held on Friday, 6th April. In the Junior and Intermediate sections the enthusiasm was most encouraging and we were faced with many difficult decisions in the preliminary rounds. We could, without doubt, have nominated more than the required numbers for the finals - indeed, we stretched the limits to make room for eight finalists in each section instead of the six which we had proposed. We can only hope that those who were unsuccessful will make every effort to improve and secure selection next year.

All the finalists in the Junior section spoke well and all speeches were both interesting and entertaining. It was good to see how well they managed with scarcely more than a glance or two at notes. There was no doubt about the winner - Oldroyd's description of the pains and pleasures of bee-keeping was assured and delightfully humorous. One must mention the performances of the first-formers - Driver, Kirk and Smith, - who were in no way abashed by the occasion.

The competitors in this section were:

T. Driver	Model Making
M. Williams	The Olympic Games
R. Oldroyd	The pains and pleasures of bee-keeping
W. Baguley	Yeti
Richard Kirk	Impressions of Wells Cathedral
S. Cross	Different types of public speaking
T. Smith	History of Aviation;
A. Gray	The Oak Tree

We are very grateful to Mr. F. Booth  
who adjudicated this year.



The Edwards Cup (presented by H. Edwards, who was School Captain last year) and first prize: R. Oldroyd  
Second: S. Cross  
Third: W. Baguley.

The Intermediate section produced the strongest competition. Tye spoke entertainingly on his own family history and produced evidence in the form of medals and other decorations, some dating from the Crimean War. Rushton was eloquent in his account of his struggle against Machines. Eagle attempted to convince his audience of the dangers of smoking and Hogg tackled the problem of drugs. It was not inappropriate that Wragg should give some hints on Wills and Last Testaments - some preparation in this direction seemed necessary at this stage. Fortunately Harper restored our spirits with his tale, somewhat sad it must be admitted, of a pet wasp; an amusing speech, well-prepared and delivered. Murray spoke feelingly on the difficulties of public speaking, sentiments doubtless shared by all competitors. Straw was awarded first prize for a well-constructed and clearly delivered account of bicycling and its hazards. Harper was placed second and Murray third.

The Senior section was not quite up to the standard of previous years. Perhaps the competitors missed the challenge of Winfield who was engaged at the time on some naval business - it was rumoured that his advice was needed in connection with events in Iceland; quite unfounded. Nevertheless it was pleasing to see that so many were willing to try their skills. The topics chosen were of rather a serious nature, or rather the speakers tended to treat their topics seriously. There were possibilities of 'double entendre' in Nicoll's dissertation on 'A South American Monkey'. Lambert suggested an approach to modern music, a subject which might have been enlivened by some illustration; Lindley spoke more generally on the subject of music. Richards chose as his topic 'The art of being vague' which seemed to be an account of a search for a lost speech. Burgess-Wilson gave a competent discourse on 'Some aspects of animal behaviour' and Thornalley gave a lengthy peroration in praise of a diet of peanuts, fruit and molasses, obviously a diet to sustain the constitution and preserve the species. Barlow, the winner of this section, was awarded the Rose Cup and first prize for a soundly argued and pleasantly presented treatment of his subject, 'Censorship'. Second was Burgess-Wilson and third, Lambert.

## MEETING THE NEW 'CHIEF'

This saga really began when my father decided to produce a tape cassette story about the life of Lord Baden Powell (being a record-producer and a scouter I suppose that was inevitable).

I became involved when Dad went to record a military band who were to play some of the background music. Being a member of our School band and of an inquisitive nature, I persuaded him to take me along to help. He agreed and kindly allowed me to carry some of the heaviest gear.

It almost didn't happen because when we arrived the band was short of a few musicians and, as far as the balance of the band was concerned, the most noticeable shortage was in the bass section. Dad was not to be denied though; he sat down with an E<sup>b</sup> bass and whilst he did his bit I was left to engineer the recording on his portable Uher.

When the narrative tape and the sound effects were eventually 'mixed', Scout Headquarters in London thought it would be a splendid idea to present the new Chief Scout, Sir William Gladstone, with a special gold cassette of the life of the old Chief, and arrangements went ahead.

Some genius then decided that a scout should make the actual presentation and as I had actually helped with all the preparation of the master tapes, I should be the one to do the honours!

*Answers*

Cryptic Footballers (page 30)

1. Allan Clarke
2. Brian Kidd
3. Mick Jones
4. John Philips
5. Peter Osgood
6. Alan Hinton
7. Alan Birchenall
8. George Graham
9. Clyde Best
10. Peter Shilton.

It was agreed to hold a press presentation at Baden Powell House in London on the 23rd of February, the day after the anniversary of the Founder's birthday. Being a Friday it meant that I would get an extra day off school!

After an age the great day came around and my father and I set off for A.T.V. House where I changed into my brand new uniform. I was introduced to the gentlemen of the recording company and then we made our way to B.P. House by taxi.

The Chief Scout was already there when we arrived so Michael Aspel (who narrated the story and is my father's partner) and I were introduced. I was given my instructions and we had a little rehearsal and then all was under way. We were ushered onto the stage, the ladies and gentlemen of the Press were in their places, speeches were made, excerpts from the tape played, and then I did my bit.

We then left the stage and whilst Scout officials and the business tycoons enjoyed the cocktail party, the Chief Scout and I had our photographs taken for the daily and trade papers - the results of which you have no doubt seen!



AN INTERVIEW WITH PAUL RUSHTON

BY Stuart Rinkert

Q. Why wrestle when you can do other sports, such as football, swimming or fishing?

A. I wrestle because my father and grandfather were wrestlers. I wanted to continue in the sport because I am successful and I enjoy it.

Q. Do you ever get injured when you wrestle?

A. Yes, but not seriously because no injury is given intentionally. Pulled muscles are common and so are abrasions.

Q. What kind of life do you have to lead?

A. The most important thing is to live like an athlete. I get up at 7.00a.m., go to school and come back home, do my homework (if any) and then I have a one and a half hour weight-training session or go to the club to train and practise holds for three hours.

Q. How much spare time do you get?

A. Virtually none; but I get a two day break in a week out of season, but only one day in season. Now, though, I am training for Mexico and the world championships in September so I have no break.

Q. What was it like in Edinburgh when you retained the British championship?

A. Nerve-shattering. The Scots had put the Commonwealth wrestling hall at our disposal. We wrestled on a £400 composition rubber mat which was used for the Commonwealth finals in 1970.

Q. What are your future aims in wrestling?

A. Obviously to represent Britain at a higher level in the Olympics and in world championships.

CROSS COUNTRY

This year has been a difficult one for the senior team. Lack of a consistent, adequate course for home runs (building activities at Rise Park having destroyed much of the old courses) has greatly hindered the teams' development.

# CROSS COUNTRY



Results of inter-school fixtures - though admittedly against teams of high calibre - have been disappointing, despite strong individual performances.

Just what the teams could achieve against quality opposition when operating on a good, familiar course was, however, resoundingly demonstrated at the South Notts Championships at Wollaton Park. Here the junior team gave a creditable performance while the relatively raw intermediates (heartily encouraged by their most ardent supporters Mr. Sutherland and Mr. Spelton) went on to take a very pleasing third place in their section, although relinquishing the winner's trophy earned by last year's team.

Spurred by these performances, the senior team, ably captained by Jepson and steered by Byers, covered itself in mud and glory to take first place and most of its members earned plaudits at the County Championships.

The level of endeavour by the team members, particularly at Championship competition pitch, has been so consistently high that it would be invidious to select individuals for honourable mention. All the team members and particularly the sixth form have regularly given of their best. The major needs now are for more consistent out-of-school training on the part of team members and for a suitable, demanding local course.

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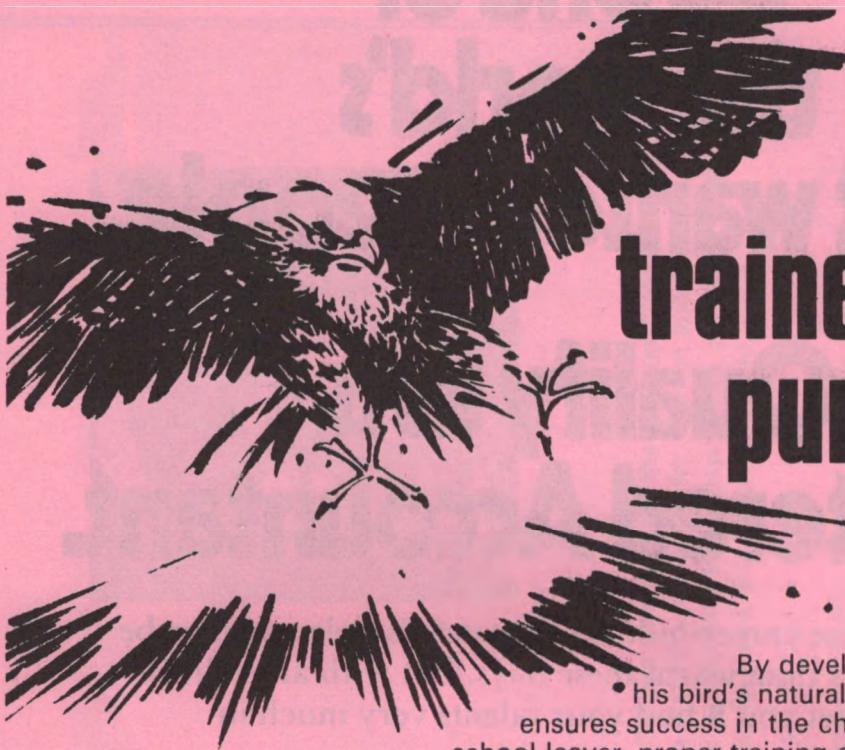
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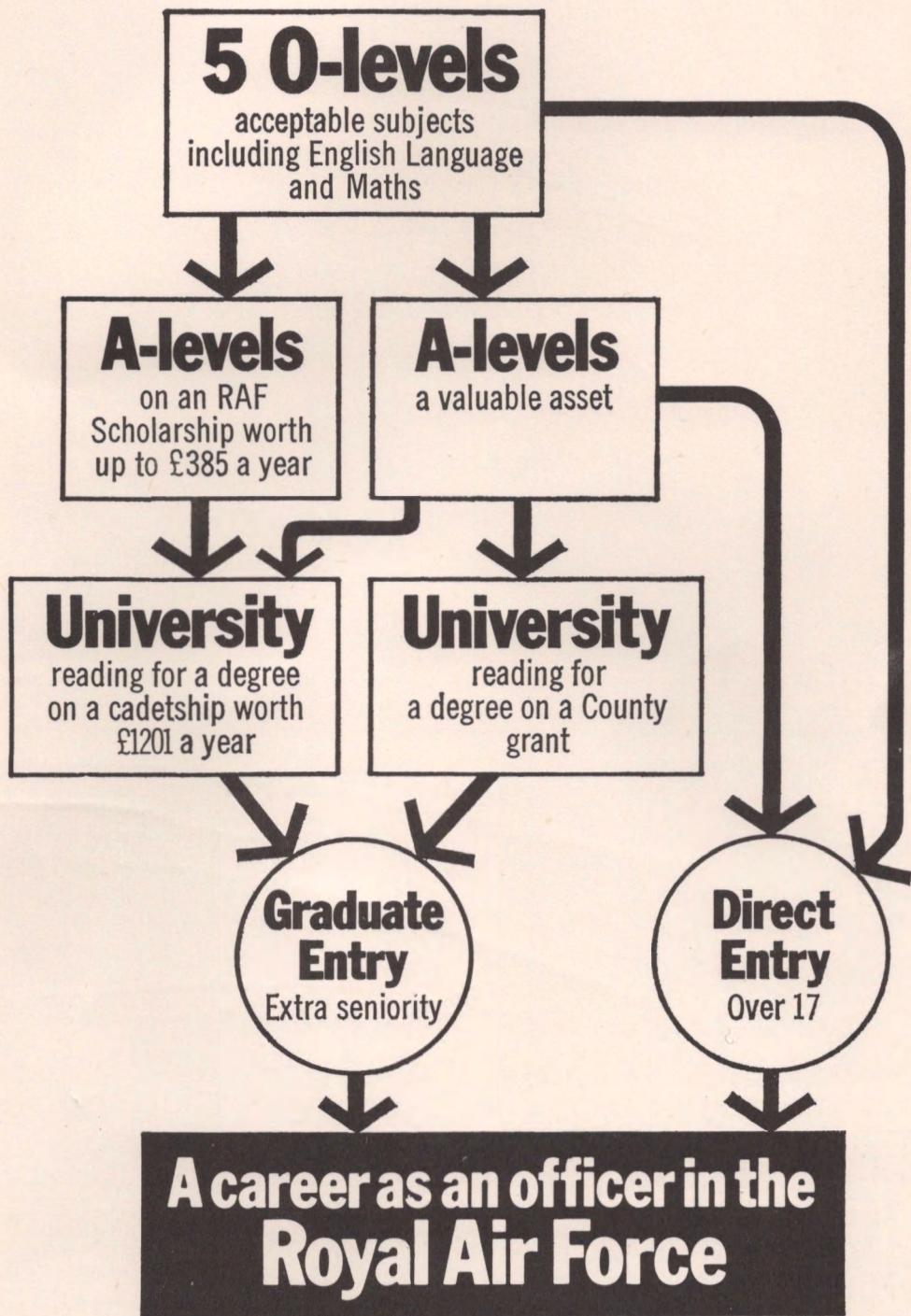
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