

CENTAUB 1974

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On my way to school some months ago I overheard a lady asking a pupil of this school the meaning of the motto on his blazer, and I was amazed when he reluctantly admitted that he did not know. The school motto is (need I say it?) "Tenax Propositi"; which every Henry Mellish school boy should have engraved on his heart, albeit on his blazer pocket. However, the elusive meaning of these cunningly contrived words seems to have escaped the vast majority of Mellish "scholars" and therefore I take this opportunity to end one of the myths surrounding our school: The school motto is not a coded message, nor is it an anagram, nor an exhortation to the powers that be. It is Latin and means in simple English - "Stick to Your Purpose" - or words to that effect. No doubt many Mellish old boys have followed this advice and found it useful, and it is to be hoped that future generations of English citizens will contain a core of ex-Mellish pupils following their old school motto "Tenax Propositi."

The Editors wish to thank the office staff for all their invaluable work in the preparation of this magazine.



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SCHOOL NOTES

In July we said farewell to Mr. Bottoms who left us to take up statistical work with the new County Authority. He will be affectionately remembered not only for his qualities as a teacher but also for his wide interests and enthusiasms. No aspect of School life lacked his support but chiefly, for many years, he devoted much of his spare time to the training and encouragement of junior cricketers. He had a keen knowledge of the game and many of our first eleven players owed much to his help and advice. He had a deep knowledge of and love for music, a passionate interest in crosswords and a delight in orderliness - what member of Staff will forget those whirlwind assaults on the accumulation of a term's papers and paraphanalia!

Despite physical disability during these latter years he never lost his essential interests and enthusiasms. We shall miss his companionship and wish him every happiness in the future and a speedy return to full and active life.

We welcomed, in September, Mr. M. Cobley as Head of the Music Department, Mr. W. Johnson, who teaches Maths. and Mr. A. Lewin, Physics. We hope that they will enjoy their time with us.,

Mr. R. McCandless and Mr. E.H. Jones are still giving their valuable help with Physics and French. We trust that their duties do not mar entirely the joys of retirement.

At Christmas, Mr. P. Driscoll left to become Headmaster of the Deanery School, Chester-le-Street. During his time with us as Deputy Headmaster he has been involved in so much that it is difficult to do justice to the full variety of his interests - rugby, cricket, the Parent/Staff Association, indeed, every activity connected with the School. We are sure that he will bring to his new post the same energy and enthusiasm, the same loyalty and concern which he has shown to us. We wish him and his family every happiness and success in the future.

During the year we have had Messrs. Tye, Waters, Parry and Davey from Nottingham University Department of Education and Messrs. Gladden and Jackson from Clifton College of Education. We hope that they have benefited from their time with us and wish them every success in the future.

The Commemoration Service was held at the Parish Church, Bulwell, on Friday 19th October, 1973. The Service was conducted by the Rev. W. Beasley (1945-52), Rector of Bulwell. He was assisted by the Rev. Canon E.W. Sheeran (1929-33), Vicar of Edwalton, and the Rev. F.G. Green (1952-59), Vicar of Clipstone. The address was given by the Rev. R.J. Brunswick (1954-55). The organist was Mr. F.D. Wilson (1952-57).

A party of enthusiasts from the middle school visited Bayonne during the Autumn Term and enjoyed not only games of rugby but also the proverbial hospitality of their French hosts. We were delighted to welcome these French friends on a reciprocal visit last term during which they impressed us not least by their skill on the rugby field. A full account of these events occurs elsewhere in the magazine.

The institution of a "School Council" last term was generally welcomed. The members have already met several times and we have been impressed by their seriousness and common-sense. They, as representatives of the various forms, should be able to contribute greatly to the future well-being of the School.

Another innovation this year has been the election of two pupil-representatives to the School Governing Body. Those elected were D.B. Buchanan and C.K. Rawding. They will act primarily as observers but doubtless will be able to make their presences and the views of the School as a whole felt by those in authority.

The fever of elections, both national and internal, have left some of us exhausted. A time for quiet consolidation is needed, but that seems unlikely. We still operate under a cloud of uncertainty which masks the future. That we are to be a mixed school seems certain; that we shall be comprehensive is accepted. But beyond that we wait for the approval of that 'Section 13', a document seemingly as elusive as Godot. To a cynic it appears as a miasma hiding from us the intentions and promises of 'them'. One remembers the words of one of our former governors, the late Professor Chambers : 'Educational needs, administrative convenience, political expediency, - will the public administrator put his hand on his heart and swear that this is the order of his belief?'

Perhaps, as this magazine is published, we will already know our fate. Rumours are that we will be taught in vestibules, cloakrooms, nooks and crannies at present used for storage. It is even hinted that the holy of holies, the Headmaster's Study, may be, if we may say so, translated from canework to needlework. O Tempora, O Mores!

We shall see. There is no doubt that we will adapt somehow and do our best not to lose those values which we have come to cherish.

Many of the School events are recorded fully elsewhere in the magazine - the Carol Service, Band concerts, orchestral and choral recitals, Christmas parcels for the old folks, Hospital visits. We sometimes take all these things for granted and forget the hard work which each entails. Perhaps we could record a general word of appreciation for all those who are engaged in these worthwhile and, we hope, rewarding, activities.

M. D. Canto has been with us this year as our French Assistant. We hope that he has enjoyed his time with us and we wish him every success in the future.

We welcomed the Playhouse Touring Company in the Autumn term for a performance of a play, 'Robinson Crusoe', - an excellent production much enjoyed by the forms who watched.

The fuel crisis caused the cancellation of the School play at Christmas. The play - 'The Royal Pardon' by John Arden, promised some excellent entertainment and it was sad that the cast, after weeks of hard work and preparation, had to suffer this disappointment. We trust that their efforts will not be entirely wasted and that the experience gained will be valuable in a future production.

It was a great pleasure to welcome P. Richards (1953-60) who came to judge our Public Speaking Competition held on the 4th April. His enthusiasm and interest helped to make the event pleasurable and worthwhile. The standard of speaking from the various groups was again high and we enjoyed some entertaining speeches on a wide variety of topics. M. Winfield, in the senior section, showed that he had lost none of his histrionic talents.

Each year we record, with some pride, the continuing success of Ian Hallam (1960-67) in the cycling world. His achievements are many - three gold medals in the national events - and were, perhaps, crowned by his performance in the Commonwealth Games held this year in New Zealand where he won three gold and one bronze medal. We know that he has his sights set on the World Championship and he has our best wishes.

P. Rushton (4B) continues to achieve success in the wrestling world. We congratulate him on his performance in the championships held in Mexico last Autumn.

The annual soccer game, Staff v the Prefects, resulted in a win for the Staff by 6 goals to 2. Whether this is a reflection on the current youth of the Staff side, their skill, or lack of abilities of the opposition, we are not in a position to say. Certainly the issue looked rarely in doubt.

P. Hendry (6th 1a) has played cricket for Notts. 2nd XI - a well-deserved reward for past performances.

Our congratulations to S/Sgt. R. Martin (1955-60) who has been awarded the M.B.E. for his work with the Bomb Disposal Units in Northern Ireland. Not an enviable task but one which he has performed with great credit.

It was a real pleasure to see Mr. W.L. Evans back at School - if only for a brief visit. We hope that by the time this magazine appears he will be back with us, fully restored to health after his long illness.

The Captain of the School this year has been M. Hunt. Vice-captains, M.E. Cooper, M.S. Ellis and L. Williamson, and J. Grummitt.

As always we must extend our very real thanks to the Office Staff without whose loyal help the production of the magazine would be impossible. Not only are they burdened with the typing of scripts, some of which must present considerable problems, but all manner of problems concerned with such things as finance and advertising are willingly undertaken and dealt with. And all this in addition to the normal day-to-day work of the School.

The editors for this magazine are M. Bennet and D. Costagliola. The Magazine Committee: Mr. Prescott, Mr. Henry and Mr. Hinshaw.

HOUSE

NEWS

BARBER HOUSE

Captain:	D.J. Godley
Vice-Captain:	S.G. Robinson
Athletics:	D.J. Carter
Cross-Country:	D.J. Godley
Rugby:	P. Akers
Swimming:	S.G. Robinson
House Secretary:	A.N. Stacey

On looking back I see that Barber House has always held a promise of success within the lower school. I am extremely pleased to be able to say that at last this enthusiasm has spread to the seniors. I know that if Barber House as a whole can maintain or, better still, improve its present attitude it will do well.

Although our placings in the inter-House competitions have not been remarkable they have shown great promise. The juniors as usual have tried hard and have won both the Rugby and Cross-country.

The senior section, as I have already said, has suddenly sprung to life. We astounded everyone by winning the senior Rugby competition. There were many cries of amazement and disbelief but win we did. The senior Rugby competition is something that up until now we have not won for a long time. I hope that this is the start of a new era.

I am sorry to say that among the intermediates, enthusiasm is very hard to find. I am sure that if only they would try harder they would get much better results.

The House as a whole is now showing much more enthusiasm than in previous years. I know that we can look forward to a successful future.

McEWEN HOUSE

Captain:	M. James
Vice-Captain/Secretary:	B. Jackson
Rugby:	C. Chambers
Athletics:	D. Buchanan
Cross-Country:	A. Shaw
Swimming:	M. Farndale

Assessing the performance of the House during the year is a difficult task and so this notice will be nothing more than a general statement. The officials must be acknowledged for their help in the running of the House Programme and the organisation has been handled somewhat better than previous years indicate. To those who have involved themselves in the House goes a hearty thanks and any success gained is solely your success.

A list of achievements and failures is not necessary but a look at the way competitions are held and the spirit in which they are undertaken is an important factor. Naturally enough, there are some members who are not willing to participate but a major fault of the system is the lack of communication between members and officials. More discussion is necessary to instil new ideas and vary what could be for some, a monotonous procedure. We can only hope that something like this may occur in the future.

B. Jackson (6UA)



BALK HOUSE

Once again it has been a successful year for Balk House. There has been plenty of enthusiasm from all years and this has contributed a great deal to our success. However, it is not only this achievement which has pleased me but also the fact that everyone has been willing to participate. In the intermediate section there have been exceptional performances from Morton and Loud in Athletics, the former having also been successful in Rugby and Swimming. The results read as follows:

Rugby: Seniors - 2nd
Intermediates - 2nd
Juniors - 2nd

Swimming: Seniors - 1st
Intermediates - 2nd
Juniors - 1st

Athletics: Seniors - 1st
Intermediates - 1st
Juniors - 2nd

M. Ellis (6UM)

BULKELEY HOUSE

House Officers:

Captain of House: L. Williamson
Vice Captain of House: M.H. Winfield
Captain of Rugby: L. Williamson
Captain of Cricket: J. Thorley
Captain of Swimming: L. Williamson
Captain of Cross Country: J. Wood
Captain of Athletics: J. Wood

The results this year have not shown any very great improvement but it is pleasing to see a more enthusiastic spirit amongst the House members. The House was placed third in Senior Rugby but first in the Intermediate section. The Intermediates have, in fact, done extremely well this year also coming first in the Cross Country and Swimming Championships. The results at the Swimming Gala were sufficiently good for the award to be made of three senior colours to Baker, Rockley and Reacher and junior colours to the first and second year captains Hobbs and Chitty.

It is to be hoped that the House will do well in the forthcoming Sports Day and Cricket Matches.

5 M.H. Winfield (6UA)

TWISTERS

Use the same word, only mixed up, for each section.

1A	A small rock
B	Brief messages
C	First stage of disease
D	Pitches in music
2A	Send payment
B	Bishops' headdress (plural)
C	Earns: deserves
D	Title of respect
3A	A quarrel
B	Gone by
C	Spigots
D	Small piece of butter
4A	Glen or valley
B	To load, as a ship
C	A common metal
D	A round in a card game
5A	Rules, as a king
B	To quit formally
C	An endorser
D	A songster
6A	Felines
B	Begone: get out
C	Persons in a play
D	Division of a drama
7A	Chronological measure
B	Tiny object or person
C	Short newspaper article
D	To issue: send forth
8A	Make a clear profit
B	A number (plural)
C	Dispatched
D	Bird's home
9A	Supplications
B	Sounds of thunder
C	Turns wan
D	Fall or slip into error
10A	A pointed peg
B	Accepts: selects
C	Large cut of meat
D	A shoe on wheels

T. Leafe (1B)

Answers on page 44

SPORTS



SWIMMING

The main event of this year's season was the Swimming Gala held at Bramcote Baths in March. The whole event was supported well by parents and was a success despite some boys who decided not to turn up and compete. The highlight of the evening was a relay race between a team selected from the lower school and one made up from the visiting French party of Bayonne. A race which naturally we won.

The Swimming Club continued throughout the winter, kept going by the hardy few and the unending enthusiasm of Mr. Gribbins whose improvement in swimming and style has given encouragement to the rest of us. The Club provides a good opportunity for those swimmers wishing to improve and who want to learn. All are welcome.

Russ Morton has been the outstanding swimmer this year, having swum for the County and been selected for an Under 14 team representing England and Wales to compete in Germany.

S. Robinson (6UM)



Hockey

Captain: P. Hendry
Vice-Captain: S. Happs
Secretary: K. Whitaker

With the loss of virtually all last season's 1st XI, the exception being Happs in goal, a new side had to be built based mainly on last year's 2nd XI. The results during the season were generally disappointing but they did not reflect the true enthusiasm and effort of the side. Only two out of the twelve games played were won; the reason for this being mainly the lack of goalscoring forwards to convert the many chances created; Lees and Hendry scored seven of the ten goals between them.

The best hockey was undoubtedly played in the 4-1 defeat of Carlton-le-Willows.

Three fifth formers played regularly, Hunter, Smith, S and Fletcher, who, in goal in the second half of the season, ably deputising for Happs, who himself saved the side from humiliation on more than one occasion with brilliant displays of goal-keeping, notably against High Pavement.

We look forward to next season when we should have a more experienced and understanding side hopefully it being our second full season together. Finally, our thanks to Mr. Sutherland for officiating at our matches.

CROSS COUNTRY

P. Hendry (6LA)

This season the senior teams once more failed to distinguish themselves in inter-school competition but several individual runners performed creditably (again!) at the South Notts. Championships. While they failed, for a change, to win a trophy in any of the sections - junior, intermediate or senior - at the Championships, all the teams did well, juniors being placed 6th, Inters. 3rd and seniors 2nd. There were also some fine individual performances at both area and County championships, notably by Morton, Buchanan, Godley, Shaw and Chambers.

Congratulations, then, to all the members of the above teams, but let us hope that more of next year's senior runners will be sufficiently inspired by the sport to take up extra training. The deficiencies of our present course are not the only reasons for our relatively poor performances at inter-school level and, if runners are to compete seriously, they must be prepared to train more frequently.

CRICKET

In 1972 the 1st XI had to be rebuilt from very young players and began to show evidence of great promise for the future: this promise began to be fulfilled in 1973 as the players gained experience under the capable and encouraging leadership of A. Fish and the results were very good. The batting if not spectacular, was solid throughout the team; the bowling, especially from Fish, Smith and Thorley, was very proficient and the whole side showed a keenness in the field which was very encouraging. It would be invidious to single out individuals since the good results were obtained usually by the efforts of the whole team working together and working for each other. Most of the players will be available for season 1974 and should be a very good side indeed under the captaincy of J. Thorley.

There were only a limited number of players available for the 2nd XI but these who were keen tried hard and at least enjoyed their matches although they won only one. Next season's 2nd XI should be somewhat stronger as more boys of ability reach the 5th and 6th forms.

The junior teams practised hard and although the results were not all good they enjoyed their cricket and there is clearly a solid nucleus of good cricketers in the lower school. Of the junior teams the Under 14 XI had a very good season, losing only one game.

The weather at times was not too kind and a number of matches had to be cancelled, but in spite of this the house competitions were completed throughout the school.

Approximately 30 different boys had experience of coaching at Trent Bridge at various times throughout the year, 4 boys are with the Senior Youth XI at the nets and, on the whole, one can say that the cricket picture is encouraging and shows promise of some successful seasons to come.

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
1st XI	11	6	3	2
2nd XI	5	1	-	4
U.15	9	3	1	5
U.14	11	7	3	1
U.13	8	4	-	4
U.12	5	-	2	3

RUGBY

School Captain: L. Williamson
School Vice-Captain: M. Ellis

The results produced by this year's 1st XV are probably the worst in the history of Mellish Rugby. The main reason for this season's flop is the lack of experienced players. Most of the season was played with only two or three members of the team from Sixth Upper, whereas most of our opposition contained at least seven or eight mature players. There were some happy moments however. In our games against King's, Grantham, Welbeck College and Southwell Minster (all strong sides) we played some first class team Rugby. During the Easter break the better half of the 1st XV played for the Old Boys in the semi-final of the Under 19 Knock-out Cup against Newark. We led 13-6 for much of the match but were then beaten by a couple of lucky tries and lost 22-17. Players that managed to shine in this dismal season were J. Thorley, a reliable Full-back M. Ellis, a very capable Fly-half, Buchanan and Cocking, both dependable Wing-forwards and C. Chambers, who showed in the Under 19 match that he is an extremely intelligent scrum half. Thanks go to Mr. Hinshaw for sticking with us and I wish him and the 1st XV better success in the future.

The 2nd XV, captained by R. Wragg, also had a disappointing season and I hope they will be more successful next year.

In complete contrast to the 1st and 2nd XV's, the under 15's have had an outstanding season; as far as I know they have only suffered one defeat, which was to a strong Magnus side. Their success is due to the fact that they have several good players and an extremely good team spirit. I only hope that they continue in this vein and receive the 1st XV. The side was captained by M. Prentice, who also contributed much to the success of the team. Another player worthy of mention is P. Ollis who was asked to play for the Under 19 side against Newark. He put in a really first class display and must be a candidate for the 1st XV next season. There are several more players deserving a mention, but as there is so little space — congratulations to all of them on behalf of the School.

The under 14's also had an excellent season, they only suffered three defeats and won a sevens Knock-out Competition. Again, on behalf of the School, I congratulate R. Morton and his team and wish them every success in the future.

The under 13's have unfortunately won only two of their matches but have plenty of time in which to improve their performances.

STAFF V PREFECTS

Once again, the annual and long awaited clash between the staff and prefects' football teams finally got underway after much doubt earlier in the week about the date of the game. The staff, seeking revenge for their 1-2 defeat last year, started off confidently, spearheaded by the experience of Mr. Hinshaw and the speed of Mr. Bowles, pushing forward at every opportunity. However, rather against the run of play, the prefects struck first, with M. Ellis moving in from the right wing and beating the helpless goalkeeper with a well placed shot inside the near post. This spurred on the prefects but their short period of pressure soon fizzled out and the staff were back in the match when "Greebo" Gribbins equalled the scores with an acrobatic header from a well placed corner. As the tide of the match ebbed rapidly away from the prefects, D. Best and "Kev" Hinshaw added a second and third to the delight of the near hysterical crowd.

All the signs pointed towards an engulfing of the prefects' side in the second half, their team sadly weakened this year by the small numbers of the Upper Sixth pupils and the bounds of tradition. The prefects started the second half with renewed determination but their task became near impossible when H. Bowles received an accurate through ball and had the time and space to round the goalkeeper to score the fourth goal for the staff. The prefects' attacks were now becoming less frequent and although M. Jopson scored a second "consolation" goal for the prefects, the enthusiastic defence of P. Oxley, "Al" Lewin, P. Henry and J. Bastow soon got a hold of the general situation, despite the occasional probing runs by Ellis, Williamson and Nicoll. At the other end, A. Gribbins and K. Hinshaw added a fifth and sixth and there would have been ever more goals but for several great stops by the prefects' overworked goalkeeper P. Pycko. So ended this momentous game with the highest score for years; a resounding 6 - 2 win for the staff.

J.W. Thorley (6LA)



BRIBERY!!... MR BOWLES HAS A QUIET WORD WITH THE REFF.

FOOTBALL?

WILLIAMSON WOWS THE CROWD WITH A DISPLAY OF SUPER SOCCER!



Les Français contre les Anglais.

En octobre, un groupe de garçons de "Henry Mellish" sont allés faire un séjour de huit jours à Bayonne. D'abord nous avons pris le bateau jusqu'à Calais, puis nous sommes allés par le train à Bayonne. Après notre arrivée, nous sommes allés chez nos camarades français. Le lendemain, tout le monde est resté au lycée. L'après-midi, nos deux équipes ont joué contre celles de Bayonne. Malheureusement, les Français ont gagné les deux matches.

Le lendemain, nous sommes allés au Musée Basque de Bayonne, où nous avons vu comment vivaient les Basques d'autrefois. Le soir, tout le monde a eu rendez-vous au bar de Tony. Là on pouvait s'amuser dans une véritable ambiance française.

Pendant les jours suivants nous avons joué contre le B.O., une équipe de Biarritz (et comme d'habitude les Français ont gagné) et nous avons passé une journée à San Sebastian. La veille de notre départ, nous avons joué le dernier match contre Bayonne. Ce soir-là nous avons fait nos bagages et avant de nous en aller, nous avons dit "au revoir" aux familles qui nous avaient si bien reçus.

Deux jours plus tard, à la fin d'un voyage fatigant, nous sommes arrivés à notre destination.

Alors, maintenant nous parlerons un peu du séjour des Français en Angleterre.

Ils sont venus ici en mars pour huit jours pour jouer au rugby, et comme nous, ils avaient deux équipes, les cadets et les minimes.

Pendant leur visite ils sont allés à York, et aussi à "L'Hôtel de Ville" à Nottingham..

Les cadets ont joué trois matches et les minimes ont joué deux matches. Voici les résultats:

Les Cadets:

	POUR	CONTRE
High School	23	16
Henry Mellish	67	0
High Pavement	4	16

Les Minimes:

	POUR	CONTRE
Henry Mellish	0	8
High Pavement	10	12

Les Français se sont bien amusés, mais ils ont dit que toutes les jeunes Anglaises ressemblaient aux chevaux (mais nous ne le croyons pas!).

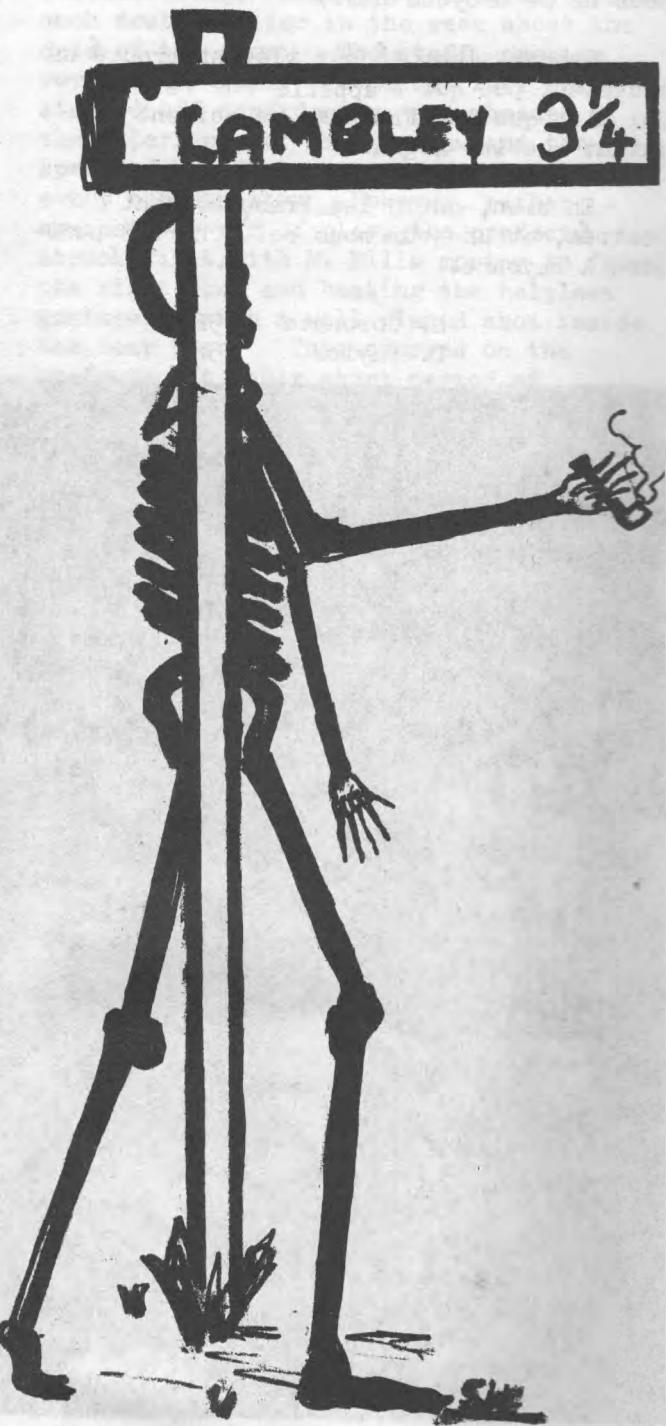
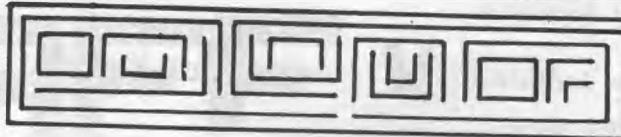
Pendant leur séjour ils ont trouvé un excellent pub qui s'appelle "The Vale". Qui dira que les Français ne boivent pas autant que les Anglais?

Eh bien, enfin les Français sont rentrés, et un jour nous retournerons peut-être à Bayonne.

L. Coronato (5B)
D. Taylor (5B)



PHOTO: COURTESY OF 'NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST'



HAUNTED LAMBLEY

Where I live is on the Main Street in Lambley, which lies in the valley and on the west of the village is the Dumbles, with the stream, Cocker Beck, which trickles from the hills near Arnold, through the village and beyond Lowdham. One interesting thing about Lambley is that there are a number of true stories about ghostly and supernatural happenings.

Probably the most notorious ghost in the village is the one of old Timend and his savage white Bull-dog.

This ghost has been seen by a number of my friends. Sometimes the ghosts of man and dog appear as shadows and sometimes alone.

Old Timend died about three or four years ago. His ancient cottage on Catfoot Lane has been knocked down and a new house built over its place. This activity is probably what made the spirit restless.

If you walk at night past the old barn at the top of Mill Lane, you get the feeling that some presence is in the darkness of the barn and unseen eyes are staring at you. As you walk down further you begin to think there is someone behind you but, of course, when you turn round there's nothing. As well as the sound of your own footsteps on the loose gravel of the lane, you can hear the tread of other steps above the noise of your own. When you stop, they stop as well.

Lastly, there is Darkhole corner on Wicketwood, which is a small lane leading to a field just off Spring Lane. This lane is on one side bordered by a high bank and on the other side by a thick hedge or thicket coming off the lane and up the fields. The same sensation is felt as on Catfoot Hill. Darkholecorner is believed to be haunted by the same species of Spirit which disturbs the peace of nocturnal passersby near the old barn.

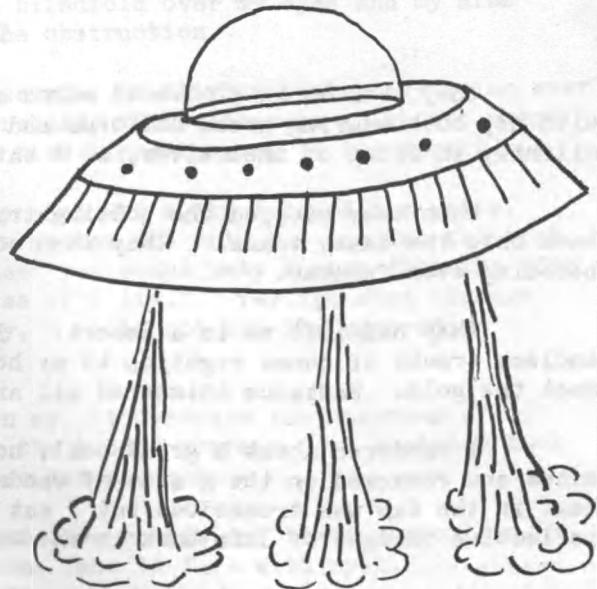
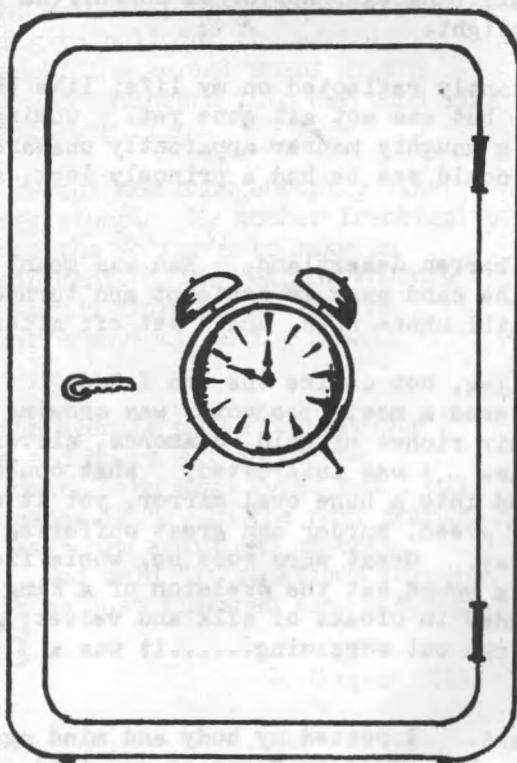
R.V. Common (1A)

THE SAFE

He stood opposite the safe, knowing that if he turned it to the wrong number it would set off the alarm. He put on the stethoscope and slowly he turned the dial; it clicked round. Then he heard another sound. Was it because it was the right number or was it the clock? It was a difficult decision: he either went to prison for ten years or was on the way to being a rich man. He made up his mind it must be the right number so he turned onto the next number. No alarm went and he heaved a sigh of relief. Decision after decision: was it the clock or was it the safe? He had only fifteen minutes before the guard came back. The minutes ticked away and each minute seemed like an hour. There was the clicking of the safe and the ticking of the clock, one then the other, click then tick until he was not sure which was which. The noises seemed to become louder until he thought was it the safe that went tick or was it the clock?

His mind went blank and all he heard was the tick of the clock and the click of the safe, or was it the tick of the safe and the click of the clock? Then he didn't know which was which and just kept turning the dial until suddenly it opened. There before his eyes were thousands of notes. He just stared at them for a while then started to count them one by one. Then the guard came in, saw him and raised the alarm. Later he was taken out, still counting the notes.

A. Sansom (3C)



U.F.O.'s

Do you believe in U.F.O.'s?

During an evening reception of several hundred astronomers at Victoria, British Columbia, in the summer of 1968, word spread that just outside the hall strangely manoeuvring lights - U.F.O.'s - had been spotted. The news was met by casual banter and the giggling that often accompanies an embarrassing situation. Not one astronomer ventured outside in the summer night to see for himself.

A U.F.O. REPORT.

Two police officers even sighted a U.F.O. It was a large, bright, round object 50 degrees above the horizon. The object hung motionless for about 15 minutes blacking out when the officers shone their spotlights up towards it. Then it moved and then stood motionless again. After 30 minutes, the light shot off at high speed. No sound was heard.

I do not know whether to believe in U.F.O.'s or not, but out of all the planets I think there must be another with life forms on it.

All U.F.O. reports are put in a file, called project blue book.

Very few reports are generated by mentally unstable persons. Psychiatrist Berthold Schwarz examined 3,400 mental patients without finding one experience related to U.F.O.'s.

P. Oldershaw (2C)

They took me in a covered wagon and drove for long hours. There were two in the back with me, both wearing green uniforms and both carrying automatic weapons. They stared silently in front of themselves, so I sat and said nothing.

When they stopped the jolting truck, the two picked me up and threw me out from the back onto the dusty track. They then continued on and were soon only a cloud of dust becoming ever fainter.

They had left me in a desert. I looked all around and encountered only sand, endless tracks of dunes right up to my horizon. From above a clear blue sky leapt down to meet the gold. Radiance shimmered all around.

I wandered about a great deal; not with any particular purpose but climbed odd sand dunes and remarked on the grains of sand and took interest in the scattered rocks. The heat in the day was tremendous but I sat in shade of dunes and had plenty of time for reflective thought of life back in the City.

It was as I sat at the bottom of a dune one day, musing, that a stranger stood over me. I looked up to him but he seemed to be gazing all around. He was large, in fact so grand to the point of being grotesque and his girth blotted out the light from above.

He grinned hugely down at me, but his mouth was full of decay. "Utter waste", he said, spreading his thick hand in front of him. "Only stones and sand to eat, come and follow me and have your fill." I tossed a stone aside and stood up beside him, he grinned again and waddled off. I followed him.

For some time we walked until we came to a concrete blockhouse and he bade me enter. This I did and came upon a huge banquet table strewn with strange meats and exotic fruits. At the head of the table sat the stranger, still grinning and asking me to feast; and there were two others, one each side.

Straightway they set to the spread before them and I stared amazed. With their hands they started to gorge their gaping mouths. Like fish the cavernous orifices were constantly moving; dribble and debris scattered over face and clothes. Stupefied, I saw a change in their mien, the three had become human pigs. Disgusting noises echoed all round and the whole feast had no taste of decency. From them I looked to the remaining spread and, as I did, I fancied I could smell something like ripe food going bad. Looking more intently I saw signs of the corruption, exotic fruits had marks of degeneracy, globular maggots writhed from sugary prisons, insect grubs dissolved their panaceas, horror of horror the three ate. I shrieked and ran out into the bright sunlight.

More time passed in the golden heat and I constantly reflected on my life; like the grains of sand all about me it fell through my fingers, but was not all gone yet. Coming towards me was a man, tall he was, carrying himself in a haughty manner apparently unaware of the conditions around him. He came up to me and I could see he had a princely look, a pointed face, dark hair and tapered beard.

"Utter waste", he said. "You live and rule a barren desertland. Man was meant for better. Come with me; let me show you." He kicked the sand away in contempt and turned back on the path he had come. I stood up, radiance still shone down, and I set off after him.

Time trudged by and we came to a concrete dwelling, not unlike the one I had encountered before, and he slipped inside. When I entered a movie projector was showing a film of our world. All the continents were shown, their riches of gold, diamonds, silver, sapphires, rubies, jewels were thrown up from the bowels. I was interested, What could not be done with such wealth? I looked round and gazed into a huge oval mirror, yet it was not my reflection I saw. Therein I gazed on scenes of greed, murder and great suffering by many. I saw plague and pestilence, starvation and decay. Great wars rose up, whole fields were bathed in warm, gushing blood and in the midst, on a mound, sat the skeleton of a King. An encrusted crown topped its grisly pate, it was shrouded in cloaks of silk and velvet; baubles of all sorts bedecked its whitened digits. I ran out screaming.....it was a travesty.

I lay back now and the sand was warm and pleasant. I rested my body and mind again, it was good to feel alive inside. A shadow crossed my shut eyes; in front of me stood a figure, shrouded in a grey cloak and hood so that I could not see his face. From afar came

a voice, and I felt that I knew it. It called out. I stood to see where it came from, and, as I was turned away from the stranger, he tied a blindfold over my eyes and my arms became so numb that I could not move them to remove the obstruction.

Then we walked, and I felt my legs ache with weight; we climbed tortuously up an ever steepening hillside. Perspiration poured off my forehead, my breath came in short, sharp stutters and I felt complete exhaustion for the first time since my stay in the desert.

All was hot and sticky, drumming sounded in my ears and again I heard the voice. "We are at the top of a high mountain, as I look below stones are only but specks, the rock is sheer and the view is of great unending space; indeed you stand only inches from the edge of an almost bottomless drop. Just lean and fall, see if I lie." Vertigo shot through my body in sickly, spasmic waves, I clutched at sanity, I could not see the panorama, therefore it made it more terrifying.

Panic surged from some primal root deep within me, it overcame the numbness of my arms. I tore off my mask and came face to face with the hooded outrage. I snatched back the protection and was stunned to see my own face under its apparel.

The truck jolted back towards the City, the same two guards sat there motionless. I clenched my hands over my knees. Now that I had come face to face with myself.....

B. Jackson (6UA)

IT SOMETIMES HAPPENS

Here, there, everywhere, my mother
Dusting everything in sight, like a
Computerised dusting robot. Suddenly,
The television approaches her, she
Rubs it, while the dust flies into
The air.

Ouch! my mother cries as she
Looks down at her swelling
Thumb. She says to herself think
Nothing of it. The pain takes control
And she sees the radio aerial
Sticking out in the form of a splinter.

Ouch! my mother cries again while
Trying to pull out the aerial.
Craaack! the aerial snaps at the
Base and splinters into her hand like
A Cadbury's flake.

The aerial now ends abruptly like
A tree stump. My mother frantically
Phones the doctor's to make an
Appointment. The rest of the day
She spends thinking of all the
Horrible ways of having a nail
Off.

In the evening my father arrives
Home and hears all about the
Accident. He says "yes, yes I will
sandpaper it." In the next morning
She asks him again and he does
It. Dad said "it sometimes happens."
While he just finished sandpapering.

13

G. Cooper (2A)

LIBERACE

The portly, plump and pleasing figure
of Liberace minced across the stage, his
candelabra held aloft.

His gleaming white teeth flashed a
smile at his audience, as brightly as his
candelabra. His face radiated confidence
and joy. His whole bearing indicated self-
assurance and satisfaction. He was indeed
a prominent man. His nose emphasised this
point.

His sequin coat tails sparkled as he
flipped them up to seat himself at the
piano.

The billion dollar sparkles in his eyes
were nearly as bright as the buttons on his
suit.

His nimble fingers chased each other
across the ivory keys, playing the music
that momma likes.

With expert timing his smile turns to
the audience, his smile synchronizing with
the beat of the music.

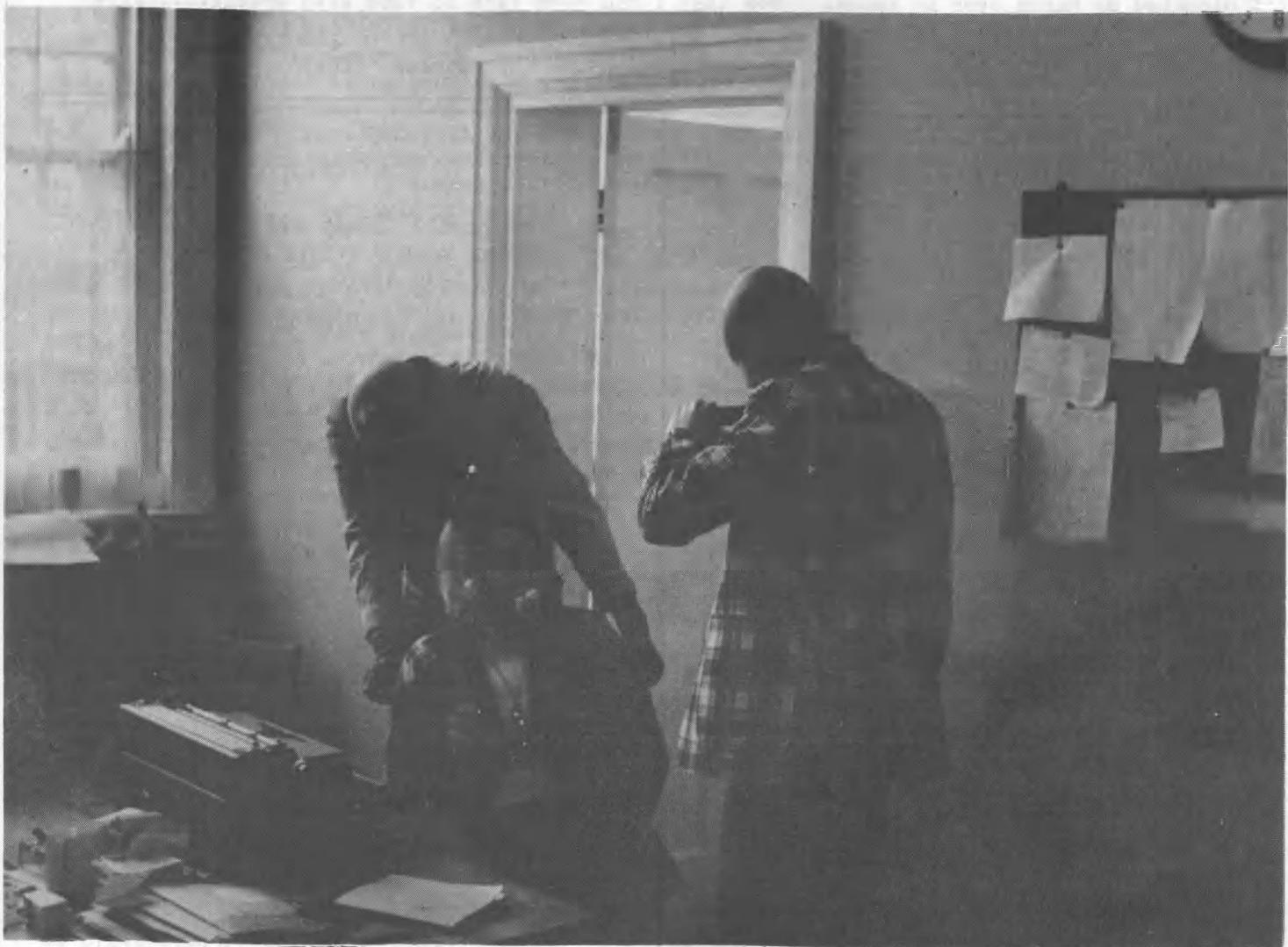
His frilled cuff dangled delicately as
every now and then he flourished a limp hand
at his audience.

P. Blatherwick (4A)

THE DAY THE OFFICE WAS RAIDED

Many of you will already have read reports in local newspapers concerning the robbery which took place in the school office during the Easter holidays. Among articles stolen were a bag containing a large amount of silver, coins and notes and several school trophies.

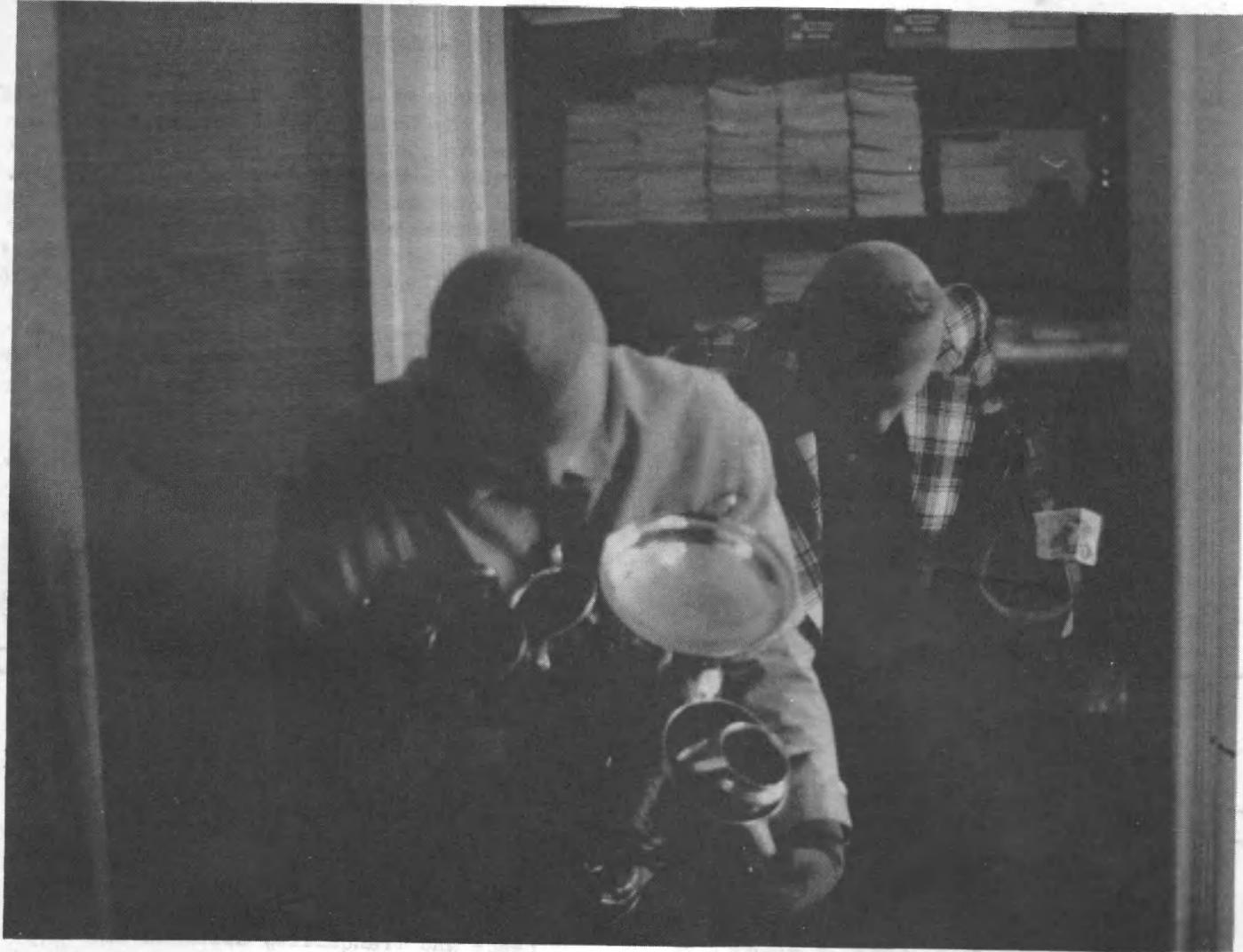
Miss Hedges, one of the school secretaries, was working alone in the office when two men wearing stocking masks burst in. While naturally alarmed, Miss Hedges had the presence of mind to activate a switch (located under her desk) which operates a closed-circuit T.V. system. Such systems are in use in many authority schools and form a part of the security precautions advisable for all premises where - as at Henry Mellish - sums of money (for lunches etc.) are kept and handled. The photos which we print below are enlarged "stills" from the T.V. tape and show the raiders at work. They have recently been returned to us by the local police.



MISS HODGES IS BOUND AND GAGGED BY ONE RAIDERS WHILE THE

OTHER THREATENS AND REMONSTRATES WITH HER.

OPPOSITE TOP: THE RAIDERS LEAVE WITH THEIR BOOTY!



Miss Hodges takes up the story:

Miss Hodges: I was busy working on Mr. Henry's dinner register, correcting it and so on, when there was a sudden thump at the door and these two vicious-looking thugs rushed in. Well, at first I thought it was just Mr. Atkins and Mr. Hutchinson up to their usual tricks but these two men weren't quite that frightening.

Editors: Were you able to recognise their voices at all?

Miss H: Well, one of them sounded a lot like Mr. Sutherland....but they were both very athletic and fit and they had long hair.

Editors: So you knew it couldn't have been Mr. Sutherland?

Miss H: Yes. Also neither of these men was handsome enough.

Editors: I see. There were some rumours that this could have been an inside job -

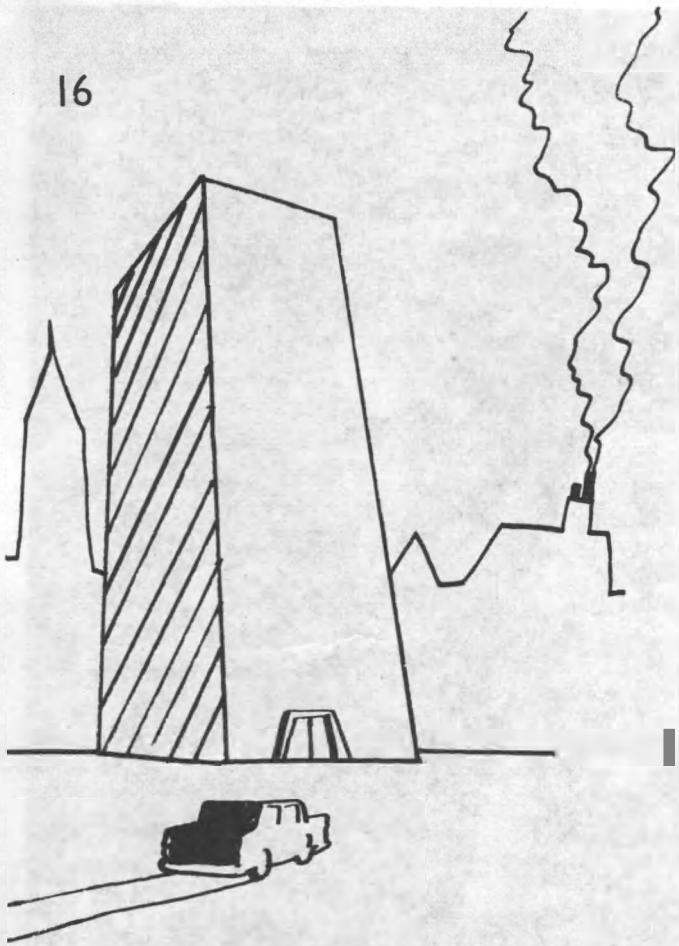
Miss H: Now, listen, you rats - the feds can't pin anything on me.

Editors: Finally, have you been able to help the police in their inquiries?

Miss H: I'd like to think so but when they arrived, they seemed more interested in clearing up the widespread allegations of corruption and embezzlement in the tuck shop.

Editors: Quite. Thank you, Miss Hodges.

(Final Note: No arrests have so far been made in this case but the editors confidently expect some legal charges to be made soon - if not in connection with the robbery then surely in connection with this article).



THE CENTRE

(The year is 2000 - a solitary pedestrian has just been picked up by one of the two remaining police cars in the city).

Driving through the night the car made its way to the outskirts of the town. In the back of the car I tried to talk to the intercom.

"What have I done? Where are you taking me? What is the centre?"

The intercom said in a metal voice, "Shut up and do not say another word."

Sitting, I thought what are they going to do to me? Will they kill me; will they torture me, or will they brainwash me?

Now the car drew up in front of a large building I had never seen in my life before in all the walking I had done. The building was a dirty white colour and to my surprise had no windows facing on to the street. The building I guess was made of conasteel - this is a lot stronger than ordinary steel. This material was very expensive and only the government could afford a building as big as this one. The building I guessed was at least 200 feet high. Suddenly the door opened and a man in a red suit was standing there.

"Follow me", he said.

I followed and we went into the building and to the lift. At the fifth floor the lift door opened and we were in a long corridor. We walked down this corridor until we came to room 76. Opening the door, the man led the way in and told me to sit in the chair. Sitting in the chair the man placed some wires on my head and then left.

An hour later I left and was driven home in the same car in which I had come. Leaving me outside my house the car drove off. I thought what stupid person would want to go a walk when they had a T.V. in their house?

C. Bent (3C)

THE OLD CHIEF

The Old Chief sat staring at the midnight sky. His emerald green eyes shone. His face was as rugged as the North wind. His chin had been eroded away, his lips had no definite shape. Peace and tranquility dwelt in his once tempestuous mind. Hatred had grown and developed quickly against the white man after his family had been slaughtered. Once hatred had been the leader of his army of thoughts, which conquered his actions, and brought his slaughtering of his once white friends. Only passive resistance had calmed his thoughts and defeated hatred.

C.J. Smith (2B)



THE SLAYING OF THE MONSTER

The Tyman was a terrible two-headed monster who ravaged the country of King Elandor. If people looked at this Tyman they would be put in a trance and become motionless. The Tyman would come up to them and carry them off to his den. There he would eat some of them and hang their heads outside his cave. The remainder he then put in a giant pit and unleashed ten terrible snakes who would sting them then eat them. This was the fate that the friends of Helphon were to share.

One day Helphon and his friends were walking through the woods on a hunting trip. They did not know they were near the cave of the Tyman and so they were only looking for animals to shoot. Helphon had wandered from the path and when he was quite a distance away he heard a crackling of branches being broken and shouts of surprise. Then everything went quiet.

He rushed back to the path only to find that his friends had gone. He heard a roaring in the distance. He ran in the direction of the roaring and saw the back of the Tyman and all his friends slung over the monster's shoulder. Then the Tyman went into his cave and all Helphon heard were the screams of pain and the hissings of the serpents. Helphon knew that the Tyman would bring the heads out of the cave and hang them on his post so he hid himself and took care not to look at the monster as it came out of the cave. As he waited in his hide Helphon swore revenge on the Tyman.

Jupiter heard this and said that he would give Helphon a sword so sharp that a person had only to scrape it on his skin to receive a deep gash, and also he would give Helphon a shiny shield so that he need not look directly at the Tyman.

That night Helphon stole into the Tyman's cave, looking into the shield. Just as he was about to plunge the sword into the Tyman's heart the Tyman awoke. Helphon ran and hid. He was looking in his shield and as he saw the Tyman walk out he followed and drove the sword right through the monster's chest. The Tyman reared up and slowly and noisily he died.

Helphon cut off the creature's head with one stroke of his sword and put it in a purse to show to King Elandor. King Elandor was so pleased that he offered his daughter's hand in marriage to Helphon.



AN ESCAPE FROM A BOARDING SCHOOL

Vincent Holmes goes to Mayfield College and one day he had an argument with a teacher and the teacher said he would get six of the best. He was upset about this because he had been blamed for something he did not do. For the next few days he went around sulking and if anybody upset him he would shout at them and tell them to go away or he would. The other boys thought that he would run into a corner and start crying but he did not, he meant he would run away from school.

Two weeks later Vincent had made up his mind, he would run away from school! Over a few days he had been thinking of what he was going to take with him, but there was one thing he could not make up his mind about: this was whether to run back home or to run out into the country. A little later that day Vincent had made up his mind. Vincent was going into the country.

The next day he started a project called "What you need in the country". He went around his form asking boys what they would need to live rough in the country. After a few days Vincent had a long list, but he did not have any of the items. Most of the listed things he could get but some he would have to buy or borrow. The next task was to get them. He had already got £3.33¹p so he went to the village and bought two penknives, an enamel cup, a plate, three plastic knives and two plastic forks. This cost Vincent £1.97p. He then went to an ironmonger's and bought a catapult, which cost the grand sum of 75p. This left Vincent with 60¹p.

When he got back to the school he went to his sleeping quarters and put all the things he had bought under his bed. Then the lunch bell rang, one.....two...., three bells rang so Vincent ran down to the dinner queue. Vincent was third from the front and was pushed a lot. Then Vincent went across, but, when he got to the dining room, Mr. Blake was waiting for Vincent. Vincent was whipped out of the queue without his feet touching the ground.

"I told you to see me today at 12.45p.m. and it is now 12.55p.m. Why didn't you come?"

"I forgot, sir."

"See me at five o'clock without fail."

"Yes sir," said Vincent.

"Right, get back in the queue." But by this time nearly all the prep. school boys had gone into dinner, so Vincent ran to the front of the queue.

It was now 4.45p.m. and Vincent was worried, but it was his favourite lesson, Maths, so he did not have to think about it much. Tick, tick, tick..... the time was rolling on, it was now 4.53p.m. The bell would go soon, thought Vincent.

"Holmes, come here!" yelled the Maths. teacher. Vincent had been caught not paying attention. "What were you doing, young boy?"

"Nothing," was the reply.

"Nothing! I will tell you what you were doing, you were looking out of the window, weren't you?"

"No sir."

"You were."

"I wasn't, sir. I was thinking."

"Right lad, I want to see you in the staff-room after this lesson."

"But sir"

(AS) 10/11/1960

"No 'buts', " said the teacher. "Get back to your place."

"Yes sir." Then the bell rang with an ear-piercing drone. Vincent ran as fast as he could down to the staff-room, and knocked on the door. Mr. Blake opened it. It was the first time Vincent had been in the staff-room and it was funny; it smelt of lots of things, plastic, smoke, ink. It was like home and this comforted Vincent, but just then the Maths teacher came in.

"Oh, so you are here already, are you? I want 500 lines from you before 7 o'clock," said the Maths teacher.

"Yes sir."

Then Mr. Blake turned round. "Right, young lad, why didn't you come to me at lunch time?"

"I forgot, sir."

"I will teach you to forget. Hold out your hand." Then from behind Mr. Blake's back came the dreaded cane. "Hold out your right hand." Vincent lifted his hand slowly, and when the cane went up Vincent closed his eyes. A slight breeze passed his face and then his hand went numb.

"That hurt," thought Vincent.

"Hold up your left hand, Holmes." Vincent lifted his left hand, and then rather quickly came the cane smack on Vincent's hand. Tears came to Vincent's eyes.

"Right. Off you go." Vincent went out crying.

It was now 1.15a.m. Vincent gathered his things from under his bed. He was now nervous, but he still went on. He put his coat on and crept out the door. He passed the Head's office, down the back corridor and out the main gates. Vincent is now free. He ran past the Post Office and round the corner to where the taxis were parked. He got in the nearest taxi and said "52 Grosvenor Square, please." Vincent had changed his mind. Even though he knew he would be back tomorrow and would get the cane.

D.J. Hone (1B)

Meanwhile, back in the library...

①



②

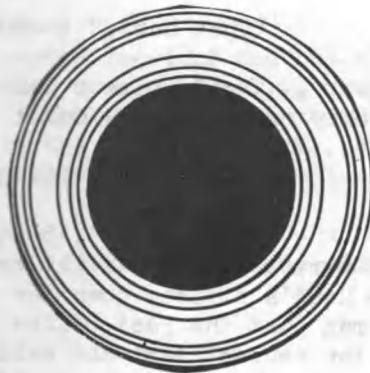




The first headmaster of the School was Mr. T.O. Balk, M.A., M.C. (Oxon), who had previously been headmaster of the Andover Grammar School. In the early years of the School Mr. Balk was assisted by ten masters, two of whom merit special mention: they are Mr. S. Marshall, M.A. and Mr. S. Revill, M.A., who are remembered with affection and gratitude by over forty generations of Henry Mellish pupils. In 1935 Mr. Balk left the school to take up an appointment at Hackney Downs School in London. He had been responsible for the equipment of the building before it opened and he had guided it through the early, and perhaps the most difficult years. Mr. Balk, his colleagues and their successors established the high moral and academic standards which are associated with the Henry Mellish Grammar School today.

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AND THE FUTURE....?

We had hoped to be able to print an enthusiastic article on our future role as a co-educational comprehensive school but at present there are too many uncertainties relating to our new function for us to feel justified in conveying very much optimism.

As we know, Henry Mellish Grammar School can justly claim a fine tradition of service, both to education in the county and to the local community; in addition, it has a right to be proud of the achievements of many of its past and present pupils in wider contexts. Now that we are to become a comprehensive school, we hope that we can continue to provide sound educational and moral values within a structure of learning that - while some will doubtless feel it has altered things for the worse and others will think it has changed them for the better - seems to be here to stay.

But along with our hopes we have misgivings.

THE EARLY DAYS

The Henry Mellish County Secondary School for Boys was opened by Miss Mellish on Friday, 4th October, 1929 and on Tuesday, 17th September, of that year the first pupils arrived. Some of the boys had previously attended West Bridgford County Secondary School, and others the Hucknall County Secondary School, which had been closed with the opening of the Henry Mellish School. Besides the one hundred and twenty-three boys who had previously attended secondary schools, there were ninety-one pupils for whom secondary school-life was a new experience.

The name chosen for the School commemorates a revered educationalist, a leading gentleman of the county, a man respected for his public work. Colonel Henry Mellish, C.B., was chairman of the Nottinghamshire Education Committee for twenty years, from its inception in 1903. He was also a farmer, a magistrate, a meteorologist, a councillor, a sportsman, chairman of the Nottinghamshire Territorial Association, and a member of the National Rifle Association. Colonel Mellish has been described as universally trusted and loved, noted for a perfect integrity of character, and a modesty entirely free from self-seeking. His life is a fine example to all young men.

COMMENT COMMENT COMMENT COMMENT COMMENT

In order to accommodate its new role and its expanded, mixed intake, the school will clearly need alterations and improvements. For reasons of future growth some of these alterations will be only temporary but if, as is rumoured, cloakrooms and entranceways are to be converted into classrooms then such conversions must be carried out thoroughly and thoughtfully, so that work and morale do not suffer and so that neither pupils nor staff can find legitimate cause for complaint concerning their renovated environment. Girls' changing areas must be provided but this should be accomplished without reducing the facilities which are required by present pupils. Likewise, with only one gymnasium in the school (and that a small one, built in the days of low-density classes) the arrangements for P.E. and Games will clearly require some major reorganisation and there will be a need for the introduction of new equipment.

Then, too, there are the matters of improved or new amenities for Art, for Drama and for girls' crafts - all areas where a deal of thoughtful expenditure would be needed to bring this school up to the standards of many others in the area. Extra provision may also have to be made for the introduction of open-plan work areas of the kind favoured by many comprehensives.

In a school which is already fairly crowded and in which spare classroom space is hard to find, the problems of adjustment that we will have to face will be many and large. Let us hope that, through consultation, careful planning and moderately generous expenditure, the new authority will provide Henry Mellish School with the resources necessary to continue the task it has performed so well for forty-five years.

We should be prepared to ensure that the changes we accept will be for the benefit of the school and its students. This is why we need to maintain our confidence and vigilance in the months ahead. For all our sakes - whether we are parents, members of staff or pupils - we must wait and be watchful.

Whatever else next year brings it could mean the introduction of . . .

THE PERFECT PREFECT

Beware all first and second formers! Look out for the Pride of Prefects, lying low in wait in their lair, in the hope of pouncing upon some "stray fag". But don't believe rumours that a number of second formers have been eaten this term - they haven't found any bones yet!

To some people, dodging the prefects has become an art - developed with months of practice (and many essays). These folk spend a lot of break and dinner-time in a "cat-and-mouse" game, usually ending with the cat going hungry! At the end of a day of trickery, the days tales are told on the buses, a popular topic being the type of paper dart made with the essay paper!

Despite the fun they have, these people have their own ideas about what sort of prefect they would like to have. In other words, the perfect prefect!

The perfect prefect is one who does not wait in ambush, hiding behind the door, holding a fresh, crisp piece of essay paper with some stupid title on it, to be handed in with best handwriting on it, twelve words a line. He would not jump down your throat in the dinner queue, when you decide to clobber your best mate over the head with a sledge hammer! He wouldn't suddenly pop up out of the ground, when you're playing soccer where you are not supposed to, and nick the ball and make you stand outside the prefects' room until the end of break. When you decide to quickly pop out of school for 10p worth of fish 'n' chips, he would not be the part of the enemy to nab you despite your strong protests that you were starving to death!

The perfect prefect would, in other words, confine himself to the prefects' room, be blind to misbehaviour, be deaf to bad language and insults to himself, and slow on the sprint down the front corridor (by the way, it's no coincidence that the French police force is known as the "PREFECTURE!").

But we must all remember to consider that the prefects have a very difficult job to do, and small gifts might be in order sometimes, but wait, remember never to make a gift of a lighter to them, because where they're going after this life, they won't need a lighter to light their scrounged cigarette stubs!



HOW THE OTHER SIDE LIVE

(when you're not looking)

The fiendish physicist (top left) emerges from the miry depths of the Lab. and, aided by the skills of the Geography Department (centre), succeeds in locating his victim—

Count K. von Dracula!

Will someone actually be able to bring the Count back to life before next term?

Another
triumph
for

Applied
Science!

Mr. A. ($E=mc^2$)
after winning
Dept. Open
Kipp's Apparatus
MR. BASTER

The Editors are privileged to be able to present, for the first time ever to a public audience, some remarkably candid photographs of members of staff disporting themselves in their leisure moments.

Pictures by courtesy of our roving Peeping-Tom-with-a-Tripod, S.D. ("Ernie") Hunt.



One of

A rare moment of relaxation for the hard-working Maths. Department! its members lays down some heavy riffs at a recent open-air gig, held in a secret location outside the groundman's hut.

ROLL OVER ... CHUCK BERRY AND GARRY GLITTER
AND THE OSMONDS AND MILES DAVIS AND BOB
DYLAN

- and give Rock Music the recognition
it deserves.

Let's face some facts about four
sections in today's musical sphere.

Classical Music was and is great music. I
won't dispute that, but the classical music
written today is no farther forward, its
still basically the same. Today's
classical composers are tending to live off
the memory of yesterday, often appearing in
a straight, long and narrow rut. Why
don't they break out of it? Why don't
they experiment? Bach explored the
possibilities of employing the organ, others
the harpsichord, why don't composers of
today venture into the sphere of
synthesizers and mellotrons? Answer -
tending as they are to be in a rut, they
can't break out of it.

Jazz Music tends to be monotonous, one
tracked, unadventurous etc., etc.. The
jazz musicians are like their music -
single minded - to them jazz is the music,
and to hear them speak (reference Buddy
Rich on the Michael Parkinson television
talk-show, where he condemned nearly every
kind of music - except jazz) it seems as
though jazz music is the only music people
should enjoy. What right have they to
condemn without exception other people's
music? None. They're living in a world
of their own, a world in which they feed off
each other's inspirations and do not
consider outsiders' ideas.

The greater percentage of today's 'Top
Twenty Chart's Music' is gimmicky and
meaningless, and consequently has little or
no musical merit. To take some examples:
A certain individual, who dresses himself
in glitter suits, produces records which
consist only of a few easy to play guitar
chords and a heavy drum beat, plus a
saxaphone and bass rhythm section. His
songs express no meaning or message of any
worth.
A certain group of five are living off the
fact that they look nice!! When a girl
was asked on television 'would you rather
keep your pictures or your records of this
group,' she replied 'the pictures'. Proof?
Their records contain little musical merit,
and what about meaning? Well, alright the
concept of their most recent album was good,
but just how sincere was it?
And kids of today are taken in by all this -
they're conned into putting this so called
'music' into the charts. If people such
as these are going to be the influence upon
the children of today and consequently the
musicians of tomorrow, then we need help,
because music will die.

Folk Music is like jazz, it's one tracked
and unwilling to break out and experiment.
To sum up folk music in a few words, it is
a man, woman or group who stand on stage,
strumming a guitar and pounding forth
beautiful and meaningful words. The only
'plus' feature of that definition is
'beautiful and meaningful', but I think I'd
rather read them in a book than be bored
listening to them. But will the majority
of folk musicians venture into other spheres?
No - they're too caught up in themselves.

I've painted rather a bleak picture, so
what have we got left to save us? Answer -
Rock Music. Why? Because it offers
everything classical music offers, it
provides infinitely more than the nonsense
of the charts provides, and it gives an
alternative to the monotonous world of jazz
and folk.

To prove these statements:

- (a) Classical music offers light, easy
listening music. Rock musicians like Mike
Oldfield offer that.
- (b) Classical music offers complicated,
concept music. Rock groups like 'Yes' and
'The Who' offer that.
- (c) Classical music offers light concept
music. Rock groups like 'The Moody Blues'
offer that.
- (d) Top Twenty chart music offers so little
that Rock music must offer more.
- (e) Folk music offers fine lyrics but little
music. Folk/Rock groups like Steeleye Span
offer fine lyrics plus fine music.
- (f) Jazz music offers a little. Jazz/Rock
groups like Chicago offer that 'little'
plus much more.

Whatever your taste, Rock Music offers
something for you.

Perhaps now, though, Rock Musicians are
gaining some recognition. 'The Who's'
rock opera 'Tommy' has been highly
acclaimed; 'Yes' 'Tales from Topographic
Oceans' and Mike Oldfield's 'Tubular Bells'
have been rated as classical equivalents;
Rick Wakeman's 'Journey to the Centre of
the Earth' was so much liked that he has
been invited to play a classical piano
concerto with the London Symphony Orchestra.

But these judgements have been made by
professional critics and classical
musicians. Why don't you lend an ear to a
piece of Rock Music? Don't condemn the
musicians because 'their hair's long' or
because 'their music's loud and electronic'
or because 'it sounds discordant'. Try
to understand the meaning and message they
are trying to express, try to appreciate

the music which they play. Listen to Rock Music for what it really is, and you will find your own level of Rock Music, your own satisfaction, and your own enjoyment.

N. Howard (6LA)

SCHOOL 2197

School in 2197 is completely different from school in say 1974.

In 1974 pupils used to go to school: some would listen to a master for, say, five hours a day, go home, do more school work, go to bed, get up and go to school; most children used to think this was boring.



2197 is a lot different, in fact so much so that pupils enjoy it. Well, take Yzak; he is 13, lives in Colony 3 in the Mediterranean and he goes to a rather large school. I will give you his timetable. On Monday, school starts at 9.30p.m. (at night so there are no dangerous fish about). He first does electronics and is making an aqua bike with Bruno his pet robot; it is very fast going at 75 Km. (about 35m.p.h.) After a snack they go out and play flood-light Kromoson which is a sort of game of football except it is played with a steel ball. After this they have lunch and all afternoon they have talks played on a mini cassette recorder (this is fun as it is very funny). He will go home at one o'clock and sleep until five o'clock.

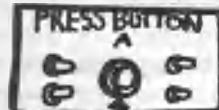


Tuesday night they start with English, then the universal language. Lunch and then a choice of either electronics or games (Yzak takes electronics).



Wednesday is the longest but the best as it starts at 9.00p.m. and finishes at 10.00p.m. The lessons then start at 6.00a.m. Thursday morning Yzak and his mates go ashore where they study the towns and go in various planes. The trip home is very exciting as they travel by aqua-plane; this is a plane that flies up into the air and then dives down into the water. Yzak likes that. The rest of Thursday is free. On Friday they do fish farming. This consists of learning how to use different calls on a supersonic whistle (this gives out supersonic notes which only the fish can hear) and making them go in cages. Then they have to learn which seaweed is edible, which rocks to look under for plants and generally to learn about the sea. This will take all morning but in the afternoon they learn how to defend themselves against, say, a shark and how to get the proper use out of one's flippers to get maximum speed and how to use an aqua-car.

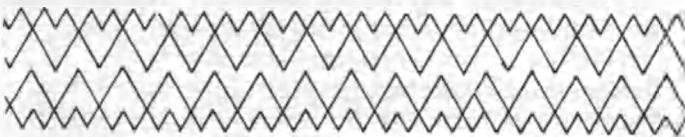
Saturday school is only very short; first the pupils have a handiwork class; this is where the pupil can take either learning how to draw, how to swim properly, how to ferret properly (this is the training of a small fish and the trainer when he has completed the first stage will be able to



win prizes and caps if it is any good). There is also aqua-planing: this is the one Yzak takes (this is when you get a small motor which is clipped on the flippers, go to the top of the water and skim across the top but you have to keep your body very straight otherwise you sink).

On Sunday, Yzak will go down to the shops and then if they wish to go to the school library to get cassette tapings on things like fish. Yzak likes to study the seabed to see how it is formed. He also has homeworks which are things like writing about dinosaurs or something they do not have in the week. Yzak also likes this because you are allowed to put jokes in and a computer will transmit some more back.

But even now in 2197 people are complaining because human teachers are used and not computers or robots. I do not think people will ever be satisfied.



THE LITTLE WOMAN

Once upon a time there was a little old woman called Mabel. She lived in an old thatched cottage that was nearly falling down and in a small country village. Mabel was that poor that she sometimes had nothing to eat for several days.

Now one day she decided to have a little walk, to break the boredom of staying at home. Her walk took her to the grave yard. In this depressing place she walked for a few minutes and came to her husband's grave.

On the grave lay a bone amongst all the overgrowth. Mabel picked it up and decided it could make some lovely soup. She thought her husband had done her a good turn, so she prayed for him.

When Mabel got home she was feeling very tired so she first put the bone into the cupboard and then went upstairs for a sleep. She had only just got to sleep when she was awakened by a man's soft voice from the cupboard which said,

"Give me my bone, Mabel!"

At this the small woman was astonished to hear her husband's voice and she became frightened. To overcome her fear she put her head under the pillow and eventually went back to sleep. Soon the same voice said, a bit louder this time,

"Give me my bone, Mabel!"

This made the little old woman petrified and sweat began to run down her spine. So petrified was she that she went to the bottom of the bed. Soon all was well again and she went to sleep again. But she did not stay this way for long because the voice came again, only it seemed as if it was at the top of the bed. It said, more loudly,

"Give me my bone, Mabel!"

At this she nearly died of fright but somehow she managed to get out of bed, grab the bone and ran petrified down the street in her bedclothes to the graveyard where she threw the wretched bone onto the grave of her husband. Then the voice said, ever so soft this time,

"Thank you, Mabel, and you shall join me soon!"

Mabel was now very happy for she knew she was going to see her husband again. She went home and went to sleep. The next morning she was dead. The little old woman had died in her sleep.

S.G. Loud (3B)

HEAT

Red Hot Metal,
Images of it could be seen in sand and
what water there was,
Everything you touched could have been an
image,
You could only be sure that what you were
looking at was a true object, by
touching it.

The 'sad' look on everybody's face,
Was not sad, it was the heat tiring them.
Where water could be seen you could see
the vapour rising,
The sun, so hot, drying all water, leaving
throats dry and desperate for water.

The Heat was making it too hot even to
sleep,
Too hot to laugh,
Too hot to cry,
It was the devil's furnace, burning,
scorching all thrown in,
It was like a panther clawing your skin,
leaving marks where it had struck.

Aye, it was the Devil's work,
No sanity, no soul, no sin, left untouched,
All could feel the pangs of pain in their
bodies,
The ground so dry, it was easily done -
kick up the sand, show dust at your
heels.

No animal alive,
No plant alive,
Could possibly be safe from the wrath of
the Sun God's heat.
The Sun God's fiery flames,
It was like a mixture, lasting long and
working its way through your mind
slowly,
It was a life of hardship and cruelty,
Long and slow was life in the Devil's
furnace.

P. Rai (3C)

THEY WERE ALL IN THEIR KIT

Down in the dark pit,
When it happened, the disaster,
They were all in their kit,
The whistle sounded for the muster.

Suddenly, a far away roar,
Down in the gloomy pit,
Then a quaking tremor
As they worked in their kit.

The rumbling came nearer,
In the still, clammy pit,
The props were creaking and groaning
They stopped still, in their kit.

The props were cracking, splitting,
Down in that terrifying pit.
They were breaking and falling
On them, mesmerized, in their kit.

With a tremendous crack the roof fell
Down in that disaster pit.
Screaming all in the black,
Crouching all in their kit.

The lights, when the roof fell, ceased
Down in the black pit.
In came the enveloping darkness
They could not see each other in their kit.

The dust flowing, swirling.
Down in the musty pit.
Men coughing, spluttering and choking,
Coal dust smothering them in their kit.

Particles of dust showering
Down in the humid pit;
Gasping for air, suffocating
They grovelled, all in their kit.

Finally the roof collapsed,
Down in that death pit;
All life ceased
For all those in their kit.

They were left to rot away
Where they lay down in the morbid pit.
All were left to decay,
All in their kit.

J. Taylor (3B)



THE ACCIDENT

Back with the top.
Back with the bottom.
The nail on the stick went.
Take aim, fire!

Someone coming - hide.
The boy hid under the board
Covered with snow.
"Gerald, Gerald", still he hid.

Tea,
Must not miss that.
The boy ran and slipped.
The nail visited the eye
And borrowed it.

He to hospital for
an operation.
The eye, now dry,
just stood there watching.

S. Farmer (2A)

MIST

I curse the mist,
Like a demon cloud,
Hiding everything from view,
It's here, there and every where,
So near and yet so far.
It winds across the country side,
Like a white sheet,
So horrible, clutching everything in its
path.
Yet it's like a mother sheep
Who covers her lamb with a white sheet,
To keep it warm and safe from me.

S. Johnson (3A)



CHILDHOOD

I had no thought of stormy skies
In days when I was small
When all the world was bounded
By our ten foot garden wall.

M. Bloomfield (1A)

THE DESERT 'RAT'

The ex-army jeep pounded its way across the stony waste of Libya with two passengers, Adam Cooper and his driver, Abdul Ubal, hired with his jeep at Tobruk. Adam Cooper was a big, burly Australian and ex-Desert Rat. Being a Desert Rat was the most fortunate thing about it.

It started with Adam's company holding a German Panzer patrol at bay with an anti-tank gun on the highest tip of a plateau overlooking a wadi near Tobruk in 1942. It was Adam's stretch on the gun and the rest of the company had retired into a nearby cave on the shallow side of the wadi. There had been heavy fighting all day with neither side getting anywhere. At about five o'clock in the afternoon a shell was fired from one of the German tanks. The shell whistled as it revolved through the air, shattering the silence that had prevailed for the past five minutes. It struck a direct hit on the cave where Adam's comrades had been resting. Rocks were hurtled scores of feet into the air, dust was flying and fire was licking out from the cave entrance. Adam had remained at his position behind the gun.

As he crouched motionless he was aware of the rumble of the murderous Panzer patrol moving on. On hearing this, he scrambled back towards the cave, turning over boulder after boulder with amazing strength, screaming, "Bob, Bill, Dave, Joe, are you there?" He knew it was useless, the blast from the shell had not given them a chance in hell of being alive. "What was that?" He turned as the glint of metal caught his eye. It shone like, like gold! Adam ran over to it and examined it. He had found a golden cup. Then another glint - coins! All feeling for his dead friends suddenly vanished and he was overcome with greed.

That was four years ago. He was now on his way to a fortune. The thought gripped him like a vice. He did not feel the shimmering heat of the Libyan Desert as he had other things to think about. He would get there and his driver would help him load the treasure onto the jeep, then he would shoot the driver, bury his body and drive himself back to Tobruk where he had made special arrangements to smuggle the treasure back to Australia.

"Salaam, Mister Adam, look - big, big storm. Look!" Adam turned to see a swirling grey wall of sand coming from the east.

"Drive on, Abdul, keep going."

"But, but, Mister Adam."

"Keep going!"

"But, but....."

Bang! Adam was not going to be stopped by a half-witted Arab, his automatic would see to that. He threw Abdul out of the jeep although he was bleeding viciously from the head where the bullet had entered at point blank range. While this was going on the wind had sprung up, it was now howling round the vehicle, piling sand into it, into Adam's face and down his neck.

The storm struck, sand was swirling round at great velocity, stinging him like a thousand bees. Sand had clogged up the jeep's engine and Adam was now forging his way through the blinding sand, half suffocated, swallowing sand with every breath.

He could not have seen it, it was too dark, but he stepped one step too many. His foot felt nothing, he was falling, desperately trying to grab something, but it was too late. The escarpment he fell down was one hundred feet deep. The irony of the situation was that he was only ten yards from the cave mouth and safety - let alone his treasure.

E.G. Allbutt (2A)

THE MISER

It was a dreary, poorly lit room. In the far corner I could just make out an old oak desk, and behind it an old hunched back man. I approached quietly to get a closer look. When I reached the desk, I could see the man's features clearly. He did not notice me as he was too concerned with counting piles of coins.

His silver hair was very thin, uncombed and very straggly. His face was shrivelled and had a yellow look. There were creases against his dark blue sunken eyes and thin lips. His nose was long and bent and appeared to be very long. Probably because of his small shrunken face. Really there was nothing about his ears, except that one, possibly, was bigger than the other. They were not easy to see anyway, as they were covered by his hair. The veins on his neck were clear to see and his shirt collar was far too big for his neck. His grubby hands were also crinkled like his face and they trembled as he counted his money.

Looking around the room I could clearly make out a small coal fire which gave out very little heat or even light. In the other corner of the room stood a dark, big grandfather clock, which ticked very slowly but very loudly. The carpet was worn and there were holes here and there. Papers which were filled with figures were scattered around every corner in the room. The whole scene was very sad, so I quietly slipped away from the room, altogether unnoticed by the man who was still busily counting his money.

M. Hebb (2A)



A LONELY SHORE

Wave on wave
Flowing, draining, hissing
of pebbles.
Ripples surrounding
Pulling, pushing,
Creeping stealthily
Mingling
with others.
Ripples flowing through
foam. White horses rising,
jumping Rollers rising, covering
surging, eddyng
lowering, curling
back and forth.

Seaweed
fronds dragging, swirling
Breakers building
up, wavering, breaking, swelling
frothing.
Plunging, skating
spume spraying.
Breakers mercilessly pounding on rocks.
Moonlight shimmering on ripples.
Phospherence sparkling on the moving
surface.

Purple water at the dawning.
Seagulls rising, chasing
Along the edges of waves and shore
Porpoises jumping, diving,
waves bending,
curving, receding, retreating.
Making
patterns with the sand
Undulating, shattering
In the sunlight.

Myriads of splinters,
Reflections of light
Honeycombed, weaving.
Impressed seaweed
traces like engraved fossils,
Indented in grains of sand.
Wave upon wave
never ending,
continuously breaking
The lonely shore.

J. Taylor (3B)



DESOLATION ANGEL

Desolation angel burns
Like a fire
In the wilderness.
The crowd call
"We will give you
Our heart!
Live! Live!"
The life flame goes out
The crowd lives on.

M. Sheil (61s)

ACCIDENT STRATEGY

Boom, smash, bang,
Heads turn with deadly thoughts,
Gloom falls and hearts beat,
People feel uneasy on their feet.

People rushing, shouting, screaming,
Everyone watching, hoping, staring.
Sirens blaring,
Lights flashing.

Crowds disperse,
Wreckage moved,
Everyone is soon
In their normal mood.

M. Smithson (3B)

AN UNOCCUPIED FLAT'S BACK YARD

Beside the cracking and broken wall, a fusty smell came from a putrid rotting heap of musty garbage. Set on top of the green, mouldy, mice bitten cheese was a stale loaf wrapped in a faded, yellow newspaper. Ferns grew at the side of some slabs. Ashes lay under all the deteriorated clump of rubbish. As I kicked the paper, rotten eggs let out a pungent odour which made me stand back and then something rustled in the long, decayed mass and a long, lanky tail appeared and then a matted coat on its body. A rat's home, I thought as it prowled around rolling with its clammy skin. I left the dump but still the smell lingered around me like a thick blanket of smoke.

TIMOTHY WINTERS

Half way through the last lesson on Friday, Tim lost all interest on the subject of the lesson, and was soon day dreaming. He just didn't see why children had to go to school and work on pointless subjects.

The bell at the end of school was the only thing that woke him up and, although he was sitting at the back of the classroom, he was out of the door and out of the school first.

He ran out past the forbidding, dark, black gates and sharp iron railings, forgetting, as usual, all his homework books. He ran home shouting and kicking at the stones and rubbish in his path. He reached the door, in Suez Street, and banged and kicked on it and then swore aloud 'that the old man was out again.' He fumbled in his scraggy pocket for a key but found only a large hole. Swearing to himself that he would now get a whacking for the loss, he walked slowly back down Suez Street.

At the end, being suddenly thirsty, he picked up a milk bottle left on a door step, pressed in the top and had three long gulps. Finished now with the bottle, he threw it across the street where it shattered on the far wall. He ran off quickly round the corner. Here he found a new car, parked on the pavement, so he first blocked the keyhole with a small twig, next let down one front tyre and finally plonked a big ball of mud on the front windscreen. He then ran off down the street, laughing and ringing and knocking on all the doors and windows as he passed. He enjoyed this much better than school.

It was now growing dark and Tim was becoming hungry, so, after stopping the cars at the pedestrian crossing, he decided to make his way home, throwing stones at the deserted houses' windows as he went. He at last reached Suez Street and walked slowly in at the open door. His drunk old man was mad and gave him a beating and Tim went to his corner and wept on his tatty old sack.

C. Pike (2B)

HOMEWORK

Quizzing,
Writing,
Thinking.

BILL TODD'S TRIAL OF STRENGTH

The sweat stood out upon his brow,
His face a bright red mask,
Bill put every ounce of strength,
Into his mighty task.

The muscles bulged inside his shirt,
His grip was iron fast,
But his opponent wouldn't budge -
The fight was to the last.

Bill had to win this trial of strength,
A great prize was at stake,
But, as he grappled with his foe,
His arms began to ache.

Another twist, a mighty heave,
Oh, what an awful fight,
But Bill had saved some extra strength,
And victory was in sight.

One final wrench and Bill had won,
The fight came to a stop,
Bill, the victor, had removed
The lemonade bottle top.

G. Brown (2A)

THE CONVICT

The party of convicts left the dining hall. As they did so their numbers were called out.

Most of the men were out in the yard, kicking a freckled ball around, but one man who did not join in was Joe Hawkins, Number 26384.

Joe was fruitfully playing Patience by himself in the corner of the yard. He was easily distinguishable from the rest of the convicts, mainly for two reasons.

The first was that his boots were not scratched at all, and the polish still existed on the black-tanned leather, but this was not all. The crease in his light blue trousers looked sharp, in fact his whole image was very sharp and outstanding.

His jacket was not torn or faded like the other convicts' and there was no trace of the dinner he had just eaten. This well groomed man gave you a feeling of his

being intellectual but behind this thin, cellular face there was a snare of hatred.

The hatred was the cause of his being in prison, this hatred existed in him and would not be driven off by any amount of years in prison.

He shuffled the cards with immaculate precision, but his hands were not graceful on the outside and they denied all the precision as though to make him out to be a card sharp.

Joe paused for a second and looked up. He could sense the poor quality odour of a prison officer standing over him. Joe looked back down.

The prison warder came with a message and told Joe in his own kind of grubby voice to follow him.

"Come on Hawkins."

"What for?"

"Dunno."

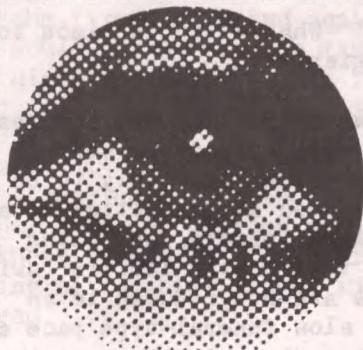
"Well, where am I going?" said Joe, who hardly gave up trying.

But the warder did not answer and cautiously both men weaved between the footballers.

"In here", the warder said.

They walked along a creamy coloured corridor which supported a few posters and eventually finished at the Governor's office. Now what! Joe thought, biting his lip. He had done nothing wrong.

M. Holden (4A)





MORNING ASSEMBLY

The bell rings for morning assembly.

"Alright lads, come on now, down to assembly, hurry up."

"Oh, drag."

The old, wooden, scratched desk lids rise in synchronization and each of us takes out a scraggy, ripped, blue hymn book, except Benkinsop.

"Hey, who's nicked my hymn book?"

"Shutup Benkinsop, you can share with someone else for the time being."

"Oh, okay sir."

Now follows the usual scene as all 32 of us try to cram through the all too small form room door at the same time. This is chaos and all kinds of shouts drift from the 32-man scrum:-

"Get your finger out of my ear, Temple."

"Oh, sorry Blotsworthy but somebody's standing on my foot anyway."

Eventually we manage to squeeze out of the scrum and filter into the dull, empty corridor. Now starts the stampede towards the stairs.

"I say Croshaw, watch out for the fire extinguisher."

There followed a sharp crack as Crowshaw's head made hard, brief contact with the bright red fire extinguisher.

"Owch! What a stupid place to put a fire extinguisher."

The majority of us had now reached the stairs and were torpedoing down at top speed, seven at a time, only to be abruptly stopped at the bottom by a thick crowd of fifth formers, shuffling mournfully towards the familiar swinging doors. We are now reduced to an incredibly slow funeral-type pace as we squeeze, five abreast, through the doors into the hall and take up our usual positions for morning assembly.

THE LIGHTHOUSE

'The lighthouse stands all alone
its corroded rocks and girders tall,
as the crashing waves break and hit
the solid wall,
followed by a flash of spray.
But the old lighthouse on
those corroded rocks still stands and
shines its light out in that deep ocean,
miles from anywhere.

The waves break as they hit
the solid rocks
And a layer of foam untouched
by anyone
forms slowly on the water top.
This foam is white and so elegant-
How is it formed?
We do not know
It comes so fast and slowly goes.

I. Barkes (3A)



AFTER SCHOOL

The swishing of the cleaner's mop,
The wind blows through gaps,
Doors banging,
The noise stretches across the empty
corridor.

P. Humphrey (1B)

ASSEMBLY

Walking in like gunfighters,
Talking to each other,
There's plenty of noise until the headmaster
walks in,
Then quiet.

P. Humphrey (1B)

KILL ME AGAIN

The car sped along the narrow roads as the sun shone brightly down. It was a hot day, too hot for a person with a quick temper.

"I hope that it will be worth the journey," said Sandra tiredly.

"It won't be my fault if it isn't," replied her husband irritably. "I'm just going on what the ad. said in the paper."

"Oh, that's great," she retorted, "a two hundred and fifty mile journey for nothing."

"Well I'm not exactly enjoying it," he said, the anger slowly creeping into his voice.

"I'm surprised at that. You're going miles too fast, thirty m.p.h. is quite enough," she said, her glare intensifying.

"Oh, listen to the greatest back-seat driver, herself; if she had a car she'd never do anything wrong," he mocked.

"Sarcasm wasn't called for and if we're going to pick faults -"

He stopped her further conversation. "All right, all right, we're here now," They both stepped out of the car; she slammed the door and walked off haughtily. He started to speak but she interrupted. "Before you start moaning, I didn't slam the door on purpose." He looked at her, his mind ticking over what to say next, he spoke -

"I wasn't going to say anything but now you mention it, I'm sick of you and your silly ways, it's nothing but vanity. You're a stupid, vain bitch!"

"For God's sake, who the hell do you think you are? You're nothing, nothing but a back-street writer with big ideas." Her eyes narrowed to cat-like slits, his face stayed calm. He said, raising the volume of his voice:

"At least I've got ideas, I'm not just a drifter, a parasite like you. Why don't you just get off my back and clear off?"

"I'm going, and the newspapers will find out what a wretch you are, the hell it is to live with y.....ah!"

He looked down at her, lying slumped across the cream bonnet of the car, the knife standing erect from her back. He lit a cigarette and stared dumbly, like an animal,

at his dead wife.

"God," he murmured. "What can I do? Accident? Suicide? What can I tell the police? I suppose I could plead insanity and ruin my writing career or perhaps - a frame?"

He dumped the body, time passed, his writing career boomed and he took the house near to where he murdered his wife. But one night, one terrible night

The fire burned brightly in his small stone cottage, his eyes wandered round the room, examining the beautiful material benefits around him. A coal fell from the fire, he jumped nervously and then he smiled at his sudden flash of fear. He looked at the fire and there, there in the flames was her face; everything was there, even her typically stupid expression. He gasped, his body shook. "No - No," he murmured. The rain spat on the window.

"Tony, Tony, you can hear me, you thought I was dead. But it is you who are dead, you thought you had got away with it."

He tried not to hear it, he pushed back the fear and told himself it was his imagination. The telephone rang, he picked up the receiver, a woman was on the other end.

"Hello, darling, it's me, Sandra!"

He heard her hysterical laugh and dropped the receiver. The door opened, no one was there. He went outside, his face tense with fear and anger. The night was cold and empty, a voice echoed around him.

"Come on darling, kill me again."

He fired his revolver to where the voice came from, it spat fire into the darkness. All was silent and then there was laughing, growing louder and more cruel, malicious, bitter laughter which rocked and swayed in the air. He fired again and again but the laughter would not stop. He ran blindly into the night in search of his torturer and then:

He waved his arms in distress and screamed strangled cries, the swamp sucked him further down, he writhed and struggled, the blackness closed in around him while the ringing of laughter stayed in his ears. He was dead.....

R.G. Hawkins (3A)

DERBY DISASTER

A beautiful horse was Holly,
The sort who wins every race.
He clears all the hurdles so quickly
That the others cannot stand the pace.

He ran his last race at Chepstow,
And fatal it proved to be,
As he came to the last high hurdle
He was not going to clear it, you see.

He was ten feet away from the hurdle
When he rose into the air like a swan.
But the crowd screamed with horror when
he reached it
And down fell poor Holly, headlong!

His neck was broken on landing
And this finished his racing career,
But he died the next day in the stable
In quiet, with no-one else near.

I. Tooley (3B)

MICKY COALBURN

His head held high,
In that sticky place,
the world is new
he's first of his race.

The tree of pride,
with leaves of lace,
a Dinosaur large
breaks his grace.

His branches do break
he's died of decay;
his body is no more.
Poor Mick's had his day.

His body is a floor
and his coffin is cold
but **Micky** is peaceful.
The land has his mould.

His tranquility is over
he's dug up and slain.
Then he's taken to Leeds
on an express train.

He's thrown on a fire
and from that day
his life is no more
ole **Mick**'s passed away.

T. Smith (2B)

THE ACCIDENT

Gazing through the window at the top of
a tall office block, I thought
how safe the people looked,
but this was not
the life for me!
Not a smart suit
or a white shirt and tie,
but overalls were my daily clothes.

Hearing the clicking typewriter keys,
seeing the flashing pens and pencils,
I thought how unlucky to be
"confined to four walls".

Mine was a much healthier,
existence, always breathing the
clean fresh air.
In the streets below me
I saw and heard the small children.
The sound of bicycle bells,
The screech of brakes
and joyful shouts.

Suddenly a crash! a screech! a cry!
I felt the ladder slip.
I was falling!
The ground was coming closer.
What was happening; is it the end?
A great thud,
dizziness, total blackness,
As I fell into unconsciousness.

Now as I sit paralysed,
in my wheelchair, I wonder
if it would have been better
had I died?
My thoughts drift back,
to those office workers;
how safe their lives,
"confined to four walls".

M. Williams (3B)

SCHOOL DINNERS

Queuing up for our dinner,
Talking, chewing, clattering of plates,
Dinner ladies look and glare.
Some boys are walking with their trays,
Looking for somewhere to sit in the
crowded hall.

P. Humphrey (1B)

THE ECHOING SILENCE

He walked down the lamplit street path slowly. The extra drink he had had a little while ago made him rather unsteady in mind and action. The howling wind was the only sound that broke the silence of the deserted street.

He walked into a dark alley, hardly knowing where he was going. Suddenly the lamp went out and the gate behind him creaked closed. He was alone and he felt it. His uneasiness turned, slowly, to fright and then to terror. He dashed for the gate.

It was locked. He was alone. He went crazy, smashing everything in sight. He found some bottles and he smashed them against the wall. "At last", he thought, "company; even though it is just a mouse it is still a living thing." It tried to escape his trembling hands. He was clutching it very tightly and it could not get air. Its violent struggles ceased. He looked in pure horror at the dead creature. He hurriedly dropped it. He was alone again. The silence seemed to echo all round him. "That's silly", he thought, "how can silence echo? What a stupid thing to say." He carried on trying to reason himself into calmness. He fell down onto the glass covered floor. His throat made contact with a sharp edge. Then silence. The glass cut deeper and deeper.

Another victim for the 'Echoing Silence'.

M. Chidwick (2A)

SUICIDAL?

You say
There's nothing
Its all gone.
But, although
It seems that way,
You're wrong
Because there's always
Something new,
Something to live for,
There's always hope
But death is empty
There is no hope.
Live on,
Your misery will end,
But death
Makes others miserable
While they have life
It's a selfish circle.
Strive for happiness
Make life good for all.

THE SCRAP DEALER'S GLEE

The red car approached its doom
And was caught in the merchant's web.
The once haughty owner's body is dead,
The memories were forgotten in due time.

But the hard smooth shell did not waste
For into merchant's hands was sold.
It was crushed into pulp by the
compresser.
To the Ford firm it was sold.

Some months later it rides again
In a new shape, colour and form.
But once again the pride and joy
Of a small family.

M.D. Lester (3B)



HELL'S ANGELS

Everywhere I look and see,
Faces grey with misery,
Everybody looks the same,
I just don't know who to blame.
I don't want to grow up grey,
With a boring job and rotten pay,
I'd spend it all on bikes and booze,
Nothing to win, so there's nothing
to lose.

I'd like to leave it all behind
Ride my hog, see what I'd find.
With my old lady behind me,
We'd ride together and we'd be free;
Really that's what I'd like to be,
Out in the wind and free, free, free.

M. Peck (3C)

AN EVENING WITH MY FAMILY.

I was sitting in the lounge, having a quiet game of patience. To my right sat my mother, reading a story in "The Times", about a woman who had gone berserk in her home and tried to stab her teen-age daughter to death with a knitting-needle. I had just turned up the Queen of Spades as the sliding door crashed open and my elder sister stormed in with a rather red face.

"Bloody dog!" she shouted, after just having glanced quickly round the room to check that our father wasn't in.

"Patsy!" exclaimed my mother.

"Well", replied Patsy, "damn dog's enough to make anybody swear. I just found my best shoes chewed up all over the kitchen floor."

"It serves you right for leaving them lying around", I said.

As usually happens when I speak to my sister, my remark was ignored. Patsy stood there going redder, waiting for my mother, who had gone back to reading her paper, to go and throttle the dog, or to stick her shoes back together for her. However, as my mother did nothing, Patsy turned to leave. Just then my father arrived and I turned up the King of Spades.

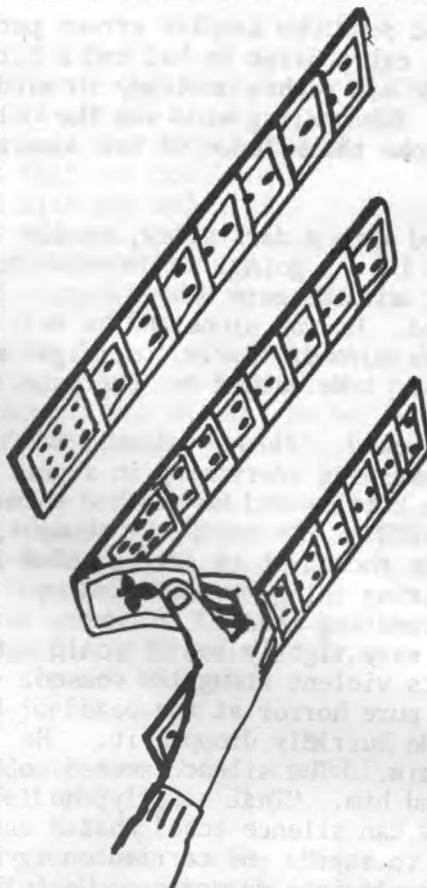
"Who made all that mess on the kitchen floor?" he said quietly. "Was it you Patsy?" I turned up the Ace.

"No, it wasn't me," she shouted, "it was that horrible great dog, he chewed up my best shoes."

"Well you shouldn't have left them lying around," replied my father. Just then our little Jack Russell dog walked in and Patsy, on her way out, trod on his paw. The dog yelped, Patsy jumped backwards and fell over, and I turned up the Joker.

"Be careful Patsy," said my mother, emerging from behind "The Times", and calling off the dog. Patsy got up and, shouting something as she went, retired to her bedroom. My father went across the road to the public house. My mother finished her story in "The Times" and went off to look for a knitting needle! I finished my game of patience and turned on the television to watch "A Family at War".

C. Parker (4B)



WITHOUT FRIENDS

*Ever tried helping someone?
Ever tried being kind?
I have -
You haven't.
Ever found yourself without friends?
Ever wondered why?
I have
You haven't.
Ever hurt someone deliberately?
Ever tried to be cruel?
You have,
I haven't.
Ever noticed anything in common?
Ever noticed the change?
I have.
You, maybe.
Ever been without friends?
Ever noticed?
I have
You have.*

Mr Sheil (61s)

FOREST FIRE

Leaping like cheetahs and flying like bats,
The fiery flames lick at the trees,
The furious wind shaking the branches
that are shrieking in pain from their
attackers.

Springing for their lives, the wild beasts
scatter,
Screaming in case the 'Great God of Fire'
should catch them;
Wicked as he is, his eyes of fury
follow the victims to their dooms,
Helpless, they fall from exhaustion,
praying the God will be overcome.

M. Tuer (2B)

THE ANIMALS' ORCHESTRA

Once upon a time, the lion, being the king of the jungle, held a party outside his lair. All the animals were invited and, as it was a request from the king, there were no absentees.

When they had finished their feast, the lion suggested they should form an orchestra. It was decided by vote that Mr. Fox should be the conductor because he had such a beautiful white waistcoat. After a lot of flurrying, scurrying and excitable chit-chat by all the animals present, the lion and the fox managed to get everyone into his selected place.

Obviously, the cats were on the violins and trumpeting came naturally to the elephants. The flutes and wind instruments were played by the birds and the dogs were magnificent on the french horns. At the back of the orchestra the lion played the double bass. Being the king he liked to keep his eye on everyone and this position suited him fine. The pigs excelled themselves on the euphoniums and Terry Giraffe thought the trombone great fun. Olly the octopus played the organ and he was so pleased because it was the only job he had ever had where he could use all his hands at the same time.

The overture the animals decided to play was the "Thieving Magpie" by Rossini and this they played with all their might. At the finale, Sammy the sea lion crashed the cymbals with gusto and then jumped down and enthusiastically led the applause.

N. Blackhall (1A)

THE ESCAPE

It had been a dull, tortuous day.. The sun was high in the sky reflecting arrows of boredom.

Joe made his way on to the bus with silent glances which pierced the littler boy's mind to let Joe on first. He made his way comfortably down the already trodden alleyway to find the only available seat wrenched from its torn bent sockets.

He placed a grin on his mellow mouth and took out his comb. The spikes slid through his greasy hair as easily as soap would slip down a slide. Joe sat quietly like an undisturbed kitten for the rest of the journey. Now and again, shrieks of laughter would echo around the bus bouncing and bouncing off the walls of the bus as a billiard ball does on a table. After each piercing wail he would screw up his face, repugnantly opposing every little face which turned his way.

At last the bus reached its destination. Joe, his face now wrinkled with a smile, made his way onto the lonesome pavement. At last he had escaped from School and all its boredoms in which he was held captive.

M. Holden (4A)

THE FOREST FIRE

There! lying in the green grass a demon, a fire hazard; a cigarette lies smouldering with a bright fiery red glow, the smoke rising like a snake being piped out of a wicker basket; then a small flame appears at the side of this demon and expands itself into a small fire not much larger than a quare foot. The innocent trees not knowing that in minutes they are to be devoured by the flame. They stand paralysed without motion.

The flame draws nearer, leaping and laughing as it has been set free once more like a geni set free from its bottle; it slowly devours and consumes every living plant in sight and incinerates all the animals and birds trying to escape this terror attacking their homes.

It slowly dies down as it comes to the end of its destructive mission and there over a black and smouldering mass of what is now desolate land lies nothing but a small cigarette smouldering.

A. Gray (3C)

THE GLORY !

The deafening roar of thirty engines
with exhausts pointing menacingly
towards the sky.

The cars roll forward towards the grid,
Engines are revved to an earsplitting whine,
The checkered flag drops
The Belgian Grand Prix has begun
The cars scream round the track.

Pianissimo, crescendo, pianissimo

Always brushing straw bales
Always riding a tightrope
with death.

The smell of burning rubber
fills the air as a car hurtles
past at breakneck speed.

Pianissimo, crescendo, pianissimo

A flash, it dies, a flash, it dies, it dies.
"It all seems so pointless, risking a
life for a moment's glory
as the car bursts into flames
with yourself under it."

This is what anxious people think
as they grip the rail with fright
and a car burns up the road.

Pianissimo, crescendo, pianissimo

It was a normal lap when it happened,
The nineteenth, as a matter of fact.
"A wheel went - just like that."
No-one knows why.

The car slid on one side
Then on the other.
It hit the bank, the engine let out a spurt
- orange, yellow and red.

People running, gazing down into the
bundle of man and metal.

The mess seemed like modern art.

Man was hoisted from the wreckage as
an ambulance droned in the distance.
Water fell on the car which looked
like a poor, frightened creature
as it hissed feebly.

The cacophonous sound of the
ambulance died away.
It all seemed so pointless.

Pianissimo, crescendo, mort.

E. Allbutt (2A)

♪ ♪ Musical Activities

In the new school year, we welcomed Mr. M.H. Cobley as our music master. His arrival was marked by a highly successful Commemoration Service in October, when the Choir sang "Non Nobis Domine". The usual Christmas trips by the Choir and Band preceded a very successful Carol Service at "our" Parish Church in Bulwell. The vocal items were very varied in character and reflected well the wide ranging abilities of the boys.

Mr. Cobley's enthusiasm was shown in two new departures although he did not personally organise both of them. These departures were during the Easter term. The first one, organised by Mr. Cobley, was a Concert by the Choir, Orchestra and Band, with several instrumental solos and a "high spot" by the Band, the Bacharach Suite, part of which had to be repeated owing to the public demand for an encore. Secondly, there was a series of Easter readings and vocal items organised by Mr. Best and a most impressively mimed Easter story, directed by Mr. Prescott. The end of the Easter term proved very hectic as the Band also joined forces with Arnold Hill Comprehensive School to give an excellent performance of Tchaikovsky's March from Symphony No. 2 and the Bacharach Suite, at the Arnold Schools Music Festival in the Albert Hall - it was the only item to get an encore!

We are now working hard for the Annual Summer Concert on May 22nd which we hope will be equally successful.

At the end of this year we shall say goodbye to two boys - James Allington and Stephen Thornalley who have contributed much to the music of the School, Music Club, Band, etc. They will be very hard to replace but we wish them great success in their future careers.

For the record, 74 boys are learning to play musical instruments, 65 having lessons at School. For this we offer our sincere thanks to the visiting teachers Miss Mace, Mr. Glazebrook, Mr. Gledhill and Mr. Nabarro. We are very grateful to Mr. Nabarro who has directed all the Band performances.

D.R. Kirk (2A)



SLUM CAT

Its coat, which once was clean, is now matted with dirt. Lonely, seldom fed with even scraps by its irresponsible owners, it has no property to defend, just roaming around like a stray, not wanted. Not stroked, nor fondled, not cared about, an outcast, thin, showing its ribs. Slum Cat.

M. Tuer (2B)



"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

The title of this piece is a quotation from Shakespeare's "Hamlet". I am glad to say that I have never seen any work by that particular writer attempted by the amateur dramatic society of our School because the resultant chaos would, like the last act of 'King Lear', be too painful to watch. With professional drama one recalls the splendid acting or stunning scenery; memories of school functions always include the fearful hammering and collapsing scenery. In expressing such an opinion I cannot be accused of being partisan for I have been connected more or less directly with five School plays covering as many years.

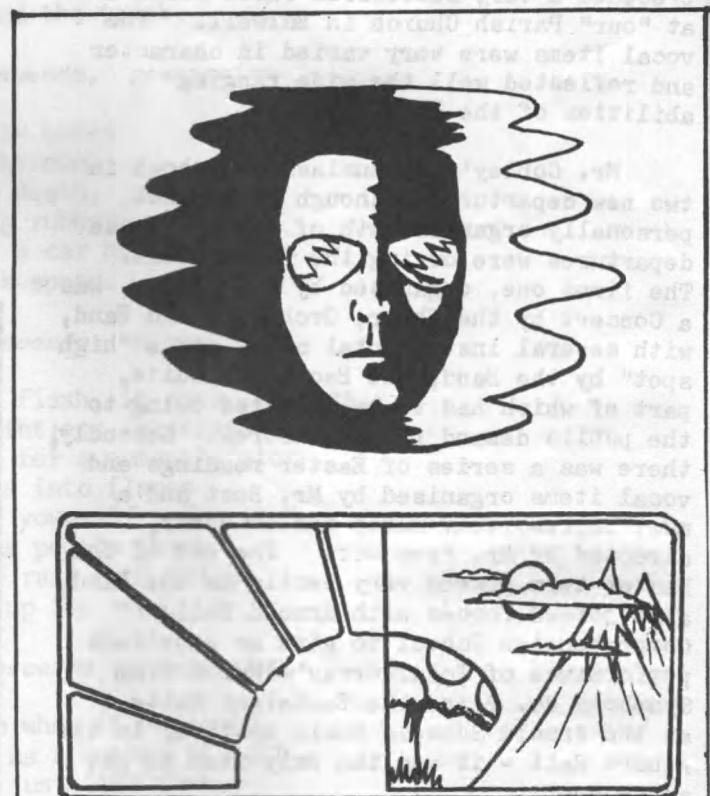
"The Lark", by Jean Anouilh, was a desperately serious piece about St. Joan's sufferings which, despite some very good acting, is chiefly memorable for the scene in which the Bishop of Cauchon delivered a very long and complex speech three times. It was followed the next year by "Toad of Toad Hall" where the problems were mainly scenic, a mighty oak collapsed when someone sat on it and the audience watched mesmerised as a wall of Badger's house slowly fell backwards to reveal the Stage Manager. It was in that play that I took the leading part of the voice of the Horse, spoken from underneath the stage. Who, having heard this, could ever forget??

The next production was more of a review, a series of sketches and songs about the sea intended as a frame for a performance of Benjamin Britten's miniature opera "The Golden Vanity". This went remarkably well, with scarcely a hitch. These were all being saved up for the next production of "Seagulls over Sorrento" which contained such memorable dangers as an actor asking the prompter for his next line in a very clear voice, an explosion which came five seconds after the line, "Gawd! The Laboratory's blown up!" and a splendid moment when a character appeared on the stage whilst the other actors were all saying he would be there the next day when his destroyer arrived. "The Royal Pardon" was dogged by misfortune and was only given one performance due to the energy crisis.

On the subject of Ham acting I will only say that any one who has seen the awesome Archbishop of Rheims, the Post-Captain brandishing his sword or the detestable Petty Officer Herbert will acknowledge my authority on the subject and agree with me that if there is a spear to be dropped, a line to be forgotten, a speech misplaced, a wrong entry to be made or a fine scene to be ruined the Thespians

of the Henry Mellish Amateur Dramatic Society - of which I am chairman and sole permanent member - will rise to the challenge.

M. Winfield (6UA)



?? QUESTION MARKS ??

1. One mouse fell off a wall, what did the other do?
Mouse to mouse resuscitation.
2. Why is a pig in the kitchen like a house on fire?
The sooner you put them out the better.
3. What is black and white and red all over?
A sun burned penguin.
4. What is red and goes "put put"?
An outboard apple.
5. What jewels do ghosts wear?
Tomb stones.

T. Mee (1B)

IN REHEARSAL ... THE EASTER PLAY

This year's very successful Easter Service was organised by Mr. Best and was notable for the high quality of the musicianship, singing and reading. Accompanying the Service was a mimed Passion Play, acted by first- and second-year pupils. The cast was large but each actor appeared confident and assured in his movements. Every part, large or small, was excellently performed. Some sensitive lighting and percussion effects ably complemented the actors' talents. In all, the play demonstrated the very healthy condition of drama in the school and the photographs below show scenes in rehearsal.



Jesus (M.Chitty) is betrayed by Judas (T.Smith) while the disciples (D.Robinson, P.Wragg, P.Bentley) look on.



Jesus' Agony in the Garden

This year has again seen a great deal of activity in the Chess Club, beginning with the entry of two school teams in the Nottingham Schools' Lightning Tournament in September. The under-13 team of Teanby, Henson, Tuer and Lo won the tournament, playing 32 matches in two and a half hours of which 25 were won, 1 was drawn and only six lost. In the under-15 section, however, we finished in third place. During the spring term an inter-form lightning tournament was held in which every form in the school was represented. This proved to be very popular and the final between 6 Upper (Pycko, Burgess-Wilson and Teeling) and 2B (Teanby, Tuer and Pike) required a replay before the match was finally decided in favour of 6 Upper by 5½ boards to 3½.

The only other internal tournament to be held was for the first forms which attracted an entry of over a third of all first formers. After a preliminary competition, the sixteen finalists played an eight round Swiss tournament in which Butler (1A) was placed first with a maximum eight points; second was Hickie (1B) 6 pts; third Cox (1A) 5½ pts; fourth equal Grimshaw (1A), Withers (1C) 5 points.

Four school teams have played in the league this season with only moderate results. This may be attributed in some cases to insufficient practice. The senior team, under the captaincy of Pycko (6UC) started promisingly enough by being unluckily beaten by the High School 3½-2½ but this promise was not fulfilled and as yet this team has failed to win a match. The under-15 and under-13 'B' teams have both had average seasons but the under-13 'A' team excelled themselves by completing an unbeaten season but unfortunately three drawn matches cost them the league championship.

The highlight of the season must have been when four school team players were selected to play for Nottinghamshire against Warwickshire. Pycko (under-18's), Beesley (under-15's), Teanby and Tuer (under-13's) are to be congratulated on gaining this representative honour.

Finally, this year we have to say goodbye to half the senior team in the form of Pycko, Williamson and Burgess-Wilson who are leaving school and to Fai Lo (2A) who has moved to Wakefield. It is to be hoped that their replacements in school teams next season will take the example of enthusiasm for the game which these four players have given.



Geography Field Week

On March 18th, eleven enthusiastic geographers set off on their long journey to this barren, semi-foreign land - the coast of Dorset. Although only a few of us, if any, had ever been there before, we had the feeling we knew the place already due to several intensive weeks' work on the area beforehand. Many of us were excited and looking forward to a good week of sea air and freedom away from the routine and academic grind of school life. This was an illusion which was soon to be dispelled by our two "Big Brothers" - Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Bowles.

After one night to settle down in our pleasant little hotel on the Weymouth seafront, we went straight to work at 9.00a.m. Tuesday morning with our first chance to meet the local inhabitants of Dorset. Split into small groups, we carried out detailed surveys on three different villages, the names of which would mean nothing to anyone not on the course. This was an experience that I personally will never forget. The life of these villagers is incredibly simple compared with us city dwellers. Their friendliness and good nature helped us a lot and we found their colloquial speech and accounts of the village very interesting if not sometimes even amusing.

Back at Weymouth, after a short break for dinner at 6.00p.m., we started the task of writing up in great detail the day's findings. At 9.00p.m. we were free to do what we wanted, within reason, but Weymouth as it is in March didn't present much opportunity to "Paint the Town Red" as that overused cliché goes. The 9.00a.m. to 9.00p.m. working day was to persist all week. At 9.00p.m. we were either so plagued by writer's cramp or so tired that all many of us wanted to do was either sleep or gaze at the stars and various other cosmic phenomena.

Wednesday produced another gruelling, hardworking but nevertheless interesting day in the field, observing a multitude of somewhat rare geological features, the nature of which would only bore the reader.

Thursday's work was the biggest project of the week; an intensive study of the town of Dorchester, which we attacked in a typically military fashion in groups of 3 or 4 amassing page upon page of information and exchanging it at night with different groups. At the end of the survey, approximately 5.00p.m., we were all well and truly exhausted, having covered every inch of the town on foot.

Friday morning saw more geological work and Friday afternoon a break from routine with a visit to Winfrith Atomic Research Establishment. Interesting though it was, the majority of us were non scientists and the "ins and outs" of this huge technological achievement was far beyond our understanding.

Although we were setting off back to Nottingham in the morning we were still kept hard at work until 9.00p.m. to the second. And, though the work was hard, nobody complained, mainly because of the informal and friendly pupil/teacher relations, a thing which must be promoted if the life of a future 6th form pupil is to become bearable.

J.W. Thorley (6LA)

QUIZ

1. Which planet in our solar system has the most moons?
2. What Roman numeral stands for 500?
3. Who wrote the "War of the Worlds"?
4. What gas makes up the main composition of natural gas?
5. In 1970, Brazil won the World Cup for the third time. In which years did she win it before?
6. How many Apollo missions were there?
7. Which is the youngest country?
8. What do the following abbreviations stand for: C.O.D., K.G., Y.M.C.A.?
9. Who is second in succession to the throne?
10. What is Shinto?
11. Which is further, New York to San Francisco or San Francisco to the Galapagos Islands?
12. Which peak is the highest in England?

S.G. Loud (3B)

Answers on page 44

THE BIOLOGY FIELD COURSE

Once upon a time a group of sixth-form biologists decided to go on a Field Course and learn about Ecology; so they looked at brochures, filled in forms, spent money, packed their scalpels and set off for Betws-y-Coed in Wales.

They met one sunny morning in an enchanted grove called The Nottingham Midland Station. What a strange spectacle they were! Arrayed in wondrous garments, funny hats and wellies. It took many hours to reach their destination. One of the first things the intrepid band noticed was the rain - as soon as they got off the train it came to meet them - which is more than could be said for the transport to take them to their goal i.e. The Draper's Field Centre. As soon as they arrived they were shown many different padded cells, one was called a bedroom, one a laboratory, and one a dining hall. They learned a lot in this place - how to survive on daffodils; how to detect exposure and most of all that Tiger tots are rare in Kent. They had a wonderful time squirting water, catching squigglies (freshwater invertebrates), and eating shaving foam.

Seriously though, we did learn an awful lot about Ecology which we are confident will spell 'A' level success. We would like to thank Mr. Key, as none of it would have been possible without his help.

A.D. Oldfield (6LS)

THE MODEL CLUB

Most Friday nights at 3.45p.m. the Model Club meets in the Junior Biology Laboratory until 5.00 o'clock. The Club is open to all boys of the School to construct their own aeroplanes from balsa or plastic kits. In addition to model-making some members fight wargames across the Biology benches and there are usually two games being fought each week. The battles fought use a variety of troops ranging from Ancient Greeks and Persians of the Fifth Century B.C. to Arabs and Israelis of the 1973 October War. The Model Club wishes to thank Mr. Hadwen for staying behind to supervise these gatherings and we hope the Club will continue to thrive.

M. Bennet (6LA)

Answers

Answers to Quiz on Page 42

1. Jupiter
2. D.
3. H.G. Wells
4. Methane.
5. 1958 and 1962
6. 17
7. Canada
8. Cash on Delivery, Knight of the Garter Young Mens Christian Association.
9. Prince Andrew
10. The native religion of Japan
11. San Francisco to the Galapagos Island
12. Sca Fell.

Chess Problem (See page 46):

1. Q-B1 KxN dis.ch. (if black does not play KxN white mates with Q-KB4)
2. Q-B5 mate!

Black's queen, rook and pawn are pinned and unable to capture the impudent queen.

Answers to Twisters on Page 5

1A	Stone	6A	Cats
B	Notes	B	Scat
C	Onset	C	Cast
D	Tones	D	Acts
2A	Remits	7A	Time
B	Mitres	B	Mite
C	Merits	C	Item
D	Mister	D	Emit
3A	Spat	8A	Nets
B	Past	B	Tens
C	Taps	C	Sent
D	Pats	D	Nest
4A	Dale	9A	Pleas
B	Lade	B	Peals
C	Lead	C	Pales
D	Deal	D	Lapse
5A	Reigns	10A	Stake
B	Resign	B	Takes
C	Signer	C	Steak
D	Singer	D	Skate



COMBINED CADET FORCE

March of this year saw the Twenty Fifth Anniversary of the formation of a Contingent of the C.C.F. at the School. The C.C.F. movement had started a year or so earlier by the conversion of the Officer Training Corps which had only Army Cadets as members. The other two Services thought this prejudicial to their chances of obtaining "officer material" and so the C.C.F. was born.

There have been many changes over the ensuing twenty five years, particularly in the type of training which, in earlier days was dominated by 'square bashing' and small Arms Training but this has now been largely replaced by initiative and adventure work.



The Contingent has been fortunate in not having too many changes of Officers, the C.O. having been with the Unit since its formation and three others serving between fifteen and twenty years. This continuity is good, especially as it is now very difficult to get young entrants into teaching to take an interest in such a time consuming activity.

This year most of our usual major events have taken place. Summer Camps, particularly in Scotland for the Army and R.A.F. Sections were not blessed with the best of weather and Cultrybraggan and R.A.F. Machihinish did not provide the full programmes that we have come to expect. The Naval Section, as usual, divided itself for a number of interesting courses which has been Admiralty policy for the last few years.

Adventure Training at O.T.A. Otterburn, at Easter, was a great success. The weather, apart from fog and cold wind, was dry and often sunny. This enabled all the exercises to be carried out and an addition added, with the mounting of an all night patrol after the criminal shooting of the Otterburn Camp Commandant during the Sunday night. No Cadet was excused the day's activities after 'night patrol' which made several refer back to the old description of "Arduous Training".



This year's Annual Inspection took place on 17th May, 1974. The Inspecting Officer, Captain J.J.R. Oswald, R.N., (Deputy Director of Defence Policy) replaced an old friend of the Unit, Commodore B. Perowne. The Accompanying Officers were Wing Commander W. Collins, D.F.C. (i/c C.C.F. at H.Q. Air Cadets), Lieutenant G.H. Steele, R.N. (from H.M.S. Cochrane) and Captain W.S. Bell of the Parachute Regiment.

Summer Camps this year include a visit by half the Army Section to Munsterlager where they will join the Royal Artillery on the nearby ranges. The rest of the Army Section will go to St. Martin's Plain near Folkestone and the R.A.F. Section to the Apprentices' Training School, R.A.F. Halton. The Naval Section once again will distribute themselves amongst the many useful and interesting courses arranged for them.

Once more, at the end of a Training Year, we thank the N.C.O.'s, who have borne the brunt of the instruction, for their work and loyalty and hope that they have received at least as much from the training as they have put into it.

THE PUBLIC SPEAKING COMPETITION

This competition was begun by Barry Wakefield using an orthodox approach in his speech on steam engines and culminated (fulminated?) with the highly unusual methods of Mark Winfield whose "Hymn to Calliope" was delivered with vigour, pomp, ceremony and frequent cries of encouragement from a madly appreciative audience.

After a number of interruptions by the 5th form and an equal number of threats by Mr. Best to clear the hall of the audience, Tim Mee won a hard-fought junior section, narrowly beating Edward Allbutt and Steven McCauley, with a speech on "Death Carts and their Riders".

The first entrant in the intermediate section was Lawrence Murray speaking about Martial Arts (which seem to be practised in a very crude form throughout the School). This was followed by Trevor ("If you want a lot of chocolate") Steeples whose impersonations of T.V. advertisements formed what was probably the most humorous speech yet heard. The winner in this section was Ian Foreman talking about "Sadism" (e.g. how to kill a cat in the most painful way in Six Easy Lessons) and he did very well to beat Grenville Williams who was resplendent in memories of his triumphs on the rugby field.

M.R. Bennet began the senior section with the longest speech in the competition entitled "Modern Humour". This contained a number of "semi-witty" jokes (often not realised as such by a numbed and awestruck audience),

This speech was followed by Geoff. Thomas' "Col. Henry Mellish", concerning an elderly soldier who was constantly without money and often drank to excess, which qualities eventually led to the creation of this sanctified school. Readers will be happy to reflect that the Colonel's traditions continue to flourish.

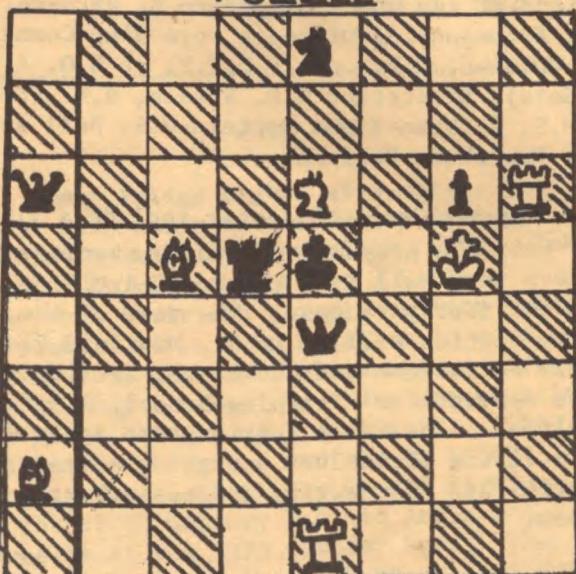
David Barlow's speech was entitled "The public sartorial fantasies brought on by the humanoid cerebellum" and, after listening to all six minutes, twenty-one seconds of his speech, we were told that this meant "The extremes of dress brought on by the subconscious mind".

The final speaker was also the winner of the senior section. Mark Winfield performed his world-renowned impersonation of Long John Silver (R.N. retd.) and used words which the authors of the Oxford English Dictionary have never dreamed of.

Finally, our thanks to Mr. Richards, a former pupil of this school, for judging this competition with so much efficiency, skill and humour.

C. Parker (4B)

CHESS PUZZLE



WHITE TO PLAY AND MATE
IN TWO MOVES

Solution on page 44

IS THAT
THE END, THEN?
BUT WHAT ABOUT THOR...
...AND SPIDERMAN...
AND ULP: CLAUDE DUVAL...
...AND — BERYL THE
PERIL?!?



Report on Brian's first year with National Westminster



Brian joined his local South Coast branch of National Westminster a year ago. He'd got four 'O' levels under his belt, but what decided him to go NatWest was the interview. "They talked my language, so it wasn't hard to make an impression". Brian admits that his first fortnight at the bank was quite an eye-opener. "From being fairly senior at school I was suddenly the most junior person in the place."



The intricacies of 'statements', 'standing orders' and 'proofing' took a little time to fathom. But a talk with his sub-manager soon reassured him that he was appreciated. A bout of 'flu during the winter gave Brian an early chance. He stepped in as No. 2 in the Accounting Section, and the records kept rolling.



Twelve months out of school, Brian could speak with authority on accounting, computers, and foreign exchange—he attended a special three-week course in London on this. Brian has benefited from National Westminster's general upscaling in salaries, and has collected a merit rise, and birthday increase into the bargain. Not bad for a beginning.

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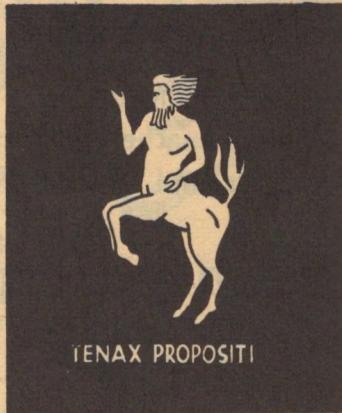
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