

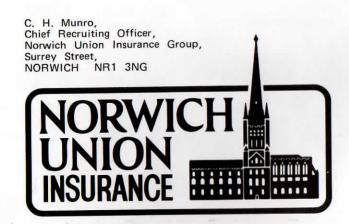
# SET YOUR SIGHTS ON A REAL CAREER

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If you think you measure up to our requirements, we suggest you get a copy of our careers booklet from your school or from the address below. After you have read it, talk over the prospects with your parents, your careers adviser and your friends.

Then if you feel you would like to come and work with us, write and tell us about yourself and the examinations you are hoping to pass. Perhaps we can arrange an interview.



Editor: M. GOMEZ Design: W. HARTWELL Advertising: R. FULLER Photography: M. CARTER

#### **EDITORIAL**

Each year the Editor orders/asks me to write the editorial.

Each year I agree.

Each year I write 300/400 words and she uses her red marking pen – viciously.

Each year I sit and wonder what I should say that is different

from the previous year.

Each year I attempt to produce a learned article.

Each year I fail.

Each year I compliment our young journalists on their excellent contributions.

Each year I say to myself, "The magazine cannot be improved further, it has already achieved such a high degree of success."

Each year I am pleased to be proved wrong.

Each year I am grateful to so many – both staff and students who, in addition to their normal school work, participate in a variety of activities which keep our school alive and thriving. The magazine articles prove this so clearly.

Each year I am pleased to publicly express my thanks to our

advertisers who make the magazine financially viable.

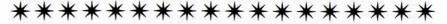
Each year it gives me pleasure to read our magazine and to say thank you to Mrs. Gomez and her team, named above.

Each year my editorial follows a similar pattern.

This year it is quite different.

E. H. EVANS, B.Sc.

Headmaster.



We should like to thank all the advertisers without whose help this magazine would not be possible. Also all those who have contributed in writing and typing and Stephen Wood for his hours of help in the dark room. The woodcut print on the cover is by Robin Gray. It is based on a view from the Art Room window looking towards May & Bakers.



#### NURSES OF THE FUTURE

On Thursday afternoons, seven hopeful future nurses make their way to the West Norwich Hospital where they spend two hours helping the nurses on a pre-nursing course. The aim is to discover for ourselves what a career in nursing involves. The nurses manage to find us many tasks, from chart inspections and the shaving of neglected chins, to flower arranging and emptying bed pans.

Although it all seems formidable to us on the outside, once having arrived, the nurses are extremely kind and helpful. The patients also

seem glad of the company.

Each month we have a change of wards so that by the end of our course we will have some idea of what goes on in each ward. The wards that are lucky enough to have helpers from the Bowthorpe School sixth form are:— male and female medical, male/female geriatric medical, eye ward and the surgical wards. We would like to thank the hospital authorities for accepting us.

Elizabeth Bentley Tina Jordan

#### FLEET STREET HERE I COME...

When I came into the Sixth-Form I expressed a wish to take up journalism as a career after completing the 'A' level courses. I was then fortunate enough to be given the opportunity of writing once a month for the "Eastern Evening News" in a column called "Sixth-Form Forum". I was asked to write an article of 400 – 500 words based upon Sixth-Form life. Hardly believing my luck at the opportunity of writing for our local paper I launched readily upon the task, lapsing into fantasies of fame and fortune on Fleet Street and a happy and prosperous career as a famous columnist in one of the Nationals!

However, reality soon reared its ugly and awesome head as I actually had to get down to the task of writing a regular article. I was faced with the awful sensation of having a blank piece of paper which had to be filled with something interesting, topical and easily read. The vision of Fleet Street became vaguer

and then vanished completely.

I have tried to keep my articles more or less to topical events and our interest in them in the Sixth-Form. My first effort was about mine and other Sixth-Formers involvement with the Anti-Nazi League. Successive pieces have been on the Police, Exams and even Silicon Chips! I also wrote an extremely controversial article on Religion which induced a letter from a lady disagreeing with my views in the "Letters to the Editor" column. I also had several telephone calls from complete strangers wanting to discuss with me my views upon this ticklish subject. This gave me much encouragement as although I was being disagreed with at least I had proof that someone out there had read my efforts

So with this valuable experience behind me . . . Fleet Street here I come . . .?

by Jane Le Surf

Should you happen to wander around the school after 4.00 pm. and hear angelic voices raised in harmony, you could be forgiven for assuming that the school choir is practising for its next concert. Beware of false assumptions; it could be 'Troubadour'. "What on earth is 'Troubadour'?" you ask, quite justifiably.

The answer is that in May, 1978, while the balance of my mind was even more disturbed than usual, I started a school folk group! I cannot claim to have named it: the credit (or blame) for that must go to its bass

singer, David Simmons, whose idea received the popular vote.

We've had a lot of fun since we began. After a few weeks of intensive rehearsal, the group, consisting of David, Anna Bentley, Elaine Candler, Karl Dawson and myself gave a concert to old people at Miller's Lane, Sheltered Home, assisted by Mr. Crandell. Before the summer holiday, there followed a second concert at St. James' House, another of the Sheltered Homes. At the time of writing, early in the Autumn term, we have just given our third concert, this time at Don Pratt Court, a new home named after the Sheriff of Norwich.

The group all perform their solo items and combine to perform anything from Bach to traditional folk music. Most of the items are arranged by ourselves, after what might best be described as 'fruitful

discussion'.

Seriously though, to be part of 'Troubadour' has been a most rewarding and enjoyable experience. We look forward to many more public performances in the future.

P. S. James

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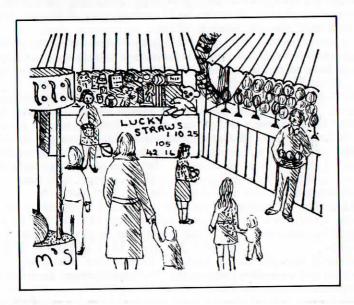
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For further details write to:

ARMY CAREERS INFORMATION OFFICE 2 MAGDALEN STREET NORWICH NORFOLK NR3 1HX TELEPHONE: NORWICH 24616

#### THE FAIRGROUND

Poem and drawing by Karen Basey.



I remember, I remember,
My first day at the fair.
I tried to win a coconut,
But I had no luck there;
So next I picked a lucky straw
And found that I had won,
A lovely teddy blue and white,
The fair was surely fun.

I remember, I remember,
The time on the Big Wheel,
My face turned white and I felt sick,
Oh! how ill I did feel;
For I'd forgot' my fear of heights,
While up there in the sky
So now I stick to dodgem rides
Instead of things so high.

#### **MATHEMATICIAN'S PRAYER**

O great Fuldton, high in your Euclidean paradise, **please** let 2 abc equal 5. It would make life a lot easier for your humble servant. And if you could possibly see your way clear to letting the probability that X tells the truth when Y lies to Z on alternate Fridays equal  $\frac{5}{13}$ , I wouldn't half be grateful. Yesterday I asked if you'd let the tangent to the inverse hyperbola (which bisects angle C) pass through  $K^2 + 1$ . It still won't. And now theta equals 2b alpha and so I still can't integrate.

I know you're busy, but the Carnot system seems to have lost entropy and I'm getting confused. If the Edspot jumps negative again I swear I'll go mad.

I don't think the sun's electrostatic but no-one believes me, and I'm

sick of palendromic polynominals.

I'm lonely – I want someone to talk to – even my pyjama case has started to ignore me. Please strengthen my shoulder muscle – I've Physics (again) tomorrow.

O my poor CPU reels. O my poor CPU reels.

Our performance is sluggish at best. Death to the Klingons.

Your humble, insane but dutiful servant,

she of the White Shoulders.

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# BOWTHORPE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

The Association entered its second year by holding a Wine and Cheese Social Evening in September. This gave us the opportunity to welcome new parents, to get to know each other and be entertained by some fine folk singing. A large number attended and were treated to an excellent buffet. I was only sorry that we had eaten a rather large dinner before arriving and could not do justice to the marvellous spread provided by the industrious ladies.

In November a Jumble Sale was organised. This always gives us a chance to have a clear out at home and always makes money. If you have not helped or attended a Jumble Sale I would

OOH!



recommend it as a good way to meet people and have a good laugh. There are also some amazing bargains.

The A.G.M. in February was remarkable for the speed and efficiency with which the business matters were completed. Mr. Evans, as Chairman, had managed to persuade both Mrs. Bentley and Mrs. Tompson, our excellent Secretary and Treasurer, to carry on their good work. All committee members were willing to stand again and were duly elected. After coffee Mr. Chaplin, our Norfolk Education Committee Chairman, spoke about future plans for the region.

We had a massed gathering at Earlham School for the Inter-School Quiz. Teams from Bowthorpe, Blyth Jex and Earlham School took part. Each team had representatives from parents, teachers and children. Blyth Jex were the victors, and we all agreed that this enjoyable evening will become a yearly event.

The Raffle held in May again helped to swell funds by £359.

The Fete was held in June. Those of us who braved the elements had the pleasure of seeing B.B.C.'s Ian Masters at close quarters and trying our skills at the varied sideshows. For the amount of work put into the event by the organisers it was disappointing to see the day dawn so grey, but £272 was raised and our thanks must go to Mr. Peate and his fellow helpers for their hard work.

Black stockings, mini skirts and thigh length pads were the main weapons used by the parents to distract the Sixth-Form from their main task of scoring runs. By the end of the match there were more runs in the stockings than the score book.

Despite the rain, wind, crowd riots and a small dog using a statuesque fielder as a convenience, the keenly contested match ended in a convincing win by the parents with the glamorous guest appearances of Miss Max and Miss Rees. Sponsorships of each batsman contributed to the funds. "It's not cricket!" Maybe not but two maidens were certainly bowled over.

We now have approximately £900 in the Association funds. £50 was donated to the school earlier in the year to buy skirts for the school choir.

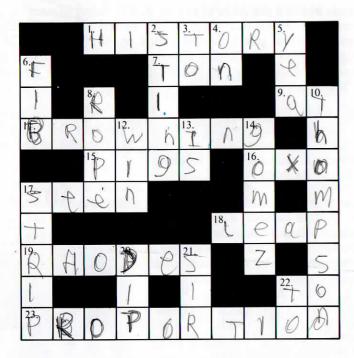
All proceeds already raised and those for the coming year will be spent on the purchase of a new school mini-bus.

By supporting your Association, you will help the school and also have a great deal of fun.

AH!



Ann Hardiman



#### DOWN

- 2. Mr. Smith's bees may do this (5)
- 3. \_\_\_\_\_ be or not\_\_\_\_\_ be (2)
- 4. Sur (French) means \_\_\_\_\_ in English (2)
- 5. Yes in poetry (3)
- 6. Part of the armbone (3)
- 8. Mr. Peate may make you climb up this (4)
- 10. French teacher or English teacher? 17. The careers officer has to be \_\_\_\_\_
- 12. We hope to do this in a quiz (3)
- 13. Est (French) in English means (2)
- 14. English teacher sounds foreign (5)
- 17. Boys have to have a proper P.E.
- 20. Our running track is in a \_\_\_\_\_(3)
- 21. No miss, yes \_\_\_\_\_(3)
- 22. See 3 down

#### ACROSS

- 1. Mr. Mann teaches this (7)
- 7. A weight (3)
- 9. A Preposition means:-to\_\_\_ or by
- 11. Gravy colouring, music teacher
- 15. Farm animals (4)
- 16. Meaty cube used in cookery (3)
- before leaving school (4)
- 18. To break the school long jump record you must take a big \_\_\_\_\_
- 19. Needlework teacher or an island
- and fro (2)
- 23. In Mathematics you learn how to scale things up to \_\_\_\_\_(10)

Solution on page 44.

May 24th - Departed Norwich 6.00 am. Crossed Dover/Calais. Arrived at centre 9.30 pm. Unpacked and settled in.

May 25th - Breakfast 8.30 am. Visited Rue Mouffetard Street Market. Lunch in Jardin des Plantes. River trip on a Bateau Mouche, Drive round central Paris -8.30 - 10.30 pm. optional exploration of the Metro.

May 26th – Swimming 7.00 am. Visit to Palace of Versailles. Then a country drive with 2 stops at a village and a small river. All pupils had competition using Metro 8.45 — 10.30 pm.



May 27th - Swimming 7.00 am. Group I visited Aquarium in Palais Chaillot. Group II went to Galeries Lafavette and other shops. Lunch at the Eiffel Tower. Threequarters of pupils then went to the top of the Eiffel Tower, the rest to the 2nd floor. Visit to supermarket for shopping. 8.45 — 10.30 pm. pupils went to local cafés.

May 28th - Saw the Mona Lisa and Venus de Milo in the Louvre. Then heard sung Mass at Notre Dame Cathedral. T.V. interview at bird and flower market. Short one hour visit to Georges Pompidou Centre. Late afternoon spent at Montmarte with a visit to the Sacre Coeur. Rounders in Bois de Boulogne 8.45 - 10.00 pm. Night tour of Paris to see the illuminations.

May 29th - Group I went to Vincennes Zoo: Group II went to an open air swimming pool on the River Seine. In late afternoon visited Arc de Triomphe and went to the top. Then a last supermarket call. In the evening Group I went to the cinema: Group II returned to local cafés: Group III used Metro again: Group IV remained at the centre.

May 30th - Departed Paris 8.45 am. Crossed Zeebruge - Felixstowe. Arrived at Norwich 10.15 pm.

by M. Tompson

# A CAUTIONARY TALE

# ... FOR YOUNG LADIES WITH ASPIRATIONS

Once upon a time there was a young princess, a real smasher, who was very eager to find and marry a handsome prince. Daily she went round all the duck ponds kissing all



**Drawn by Ann Roberts** 

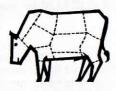
the frogs in the vain hope that one would turn into her handsome prince.

One day whilst sitting dejected by a pond she noticed a very ugly frog sitting on a lily leaf. During the ensuing conversation he revealed that should he be kissed by a young lady he would be released from a spell cast upon him by a wicked witch.

Heart a flutter the princess kissed him, a right smacker, and in a magical moment he was transformed into a handsome prince. Then to the princess's amazement and distress he jumped on a horse and rode furiously away.

Well fellas . . . would you marry a girl who goes around kissing frogs?

R. Warnes



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We Give Discounts for Cash and Offer Attractive Credit Facilities What a prospect, two whole years of an English Literature course which of course has to include Will Shakespeare and his contemporary Ben Johnson. Our feelings at the start of the course soon changed to enthusiasm with the anticipation of a proposed trip to London to see Jonson's "Volpone" performed at the National Theatre. Although I was unable to go on this trip the rest of the group found the play entertaining and hilariously funny. However a substantial part of the memories of the trip concerned the journey home when entertainment was provided by two zany American members of the sixth.

It was our English Literature course which also led to visits to Cambridge and Stratford-upon-Avon to see productions of Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure". On both occasions, as on the London visit, the party was swamped by torrential rain and we all sat and steamed in the mini-bus and theatre.

As far as the plays were concerned, the superb and professional Royal Shakespeare Company's production was comicly enlivened by the sudden and startling explosion of two light bulbs. Was it part of the play? We also wondered whether all the other bulbs would follow suit and plunge us into total darkness, but unfortunately they remained whole. On consideration however, I must say I enjoyed best the utterly funny, modern dress version of the Cambridge students.

The visits we have been on were due entirely to the untiring efforts of the English Department who, despite our apathy not only managed to arrange visits but also succeeded in the enormous task of dragging several of us to sixth form literature meetings in the city. "Oh well I suppose it really will broaden our outlook".

However, I believe we were particularly lucky to have the chance of a visit from the notable Welsh poet, R. S. Thomas, who was touring the country on behalf of the Arts Council. Personally I believe the English staff were more overawed by the poet than us students who I don't think really realised the eminence of the man. For this visit and also our trips our many thanks to the English Department particularly Mr. James who is always prepared to risk himself driving the minibus for us.

A. Moore

#### LOOKING BACK ON MY FIRST HALF TERM

My first morning at Bowthorpe was a confusing experience. When I arrived I saw a long line of second years walking towards one of the halls. I decided that I might as well join on the end and see what happened. When I reached the hall, I found row upon row of seats, the first half filled by second years. Soon a worried Miss Brighty stepped onto the stage to announce the tutor groups and I found myself in Cavell

After morning break that day we were sent down to the hall again to

be sorted into classes. I was put into 2W.

My first lesson was Science with Mr. Hazelhurst, where we found ourselves writing laboratory safety rules. That first day was better finished I can tell you.

While I was in 2W, I had a funny experience. Twice in one week I got lost from R.I. Miss Weatherley let me off the first time but the

second time I received a verbal lashing.

In 2W, we received a test on nouns, prepositions, verbs, pronouns and that sort of thing. I'm not quite sure how, but I was one of the people who got the best results. This gave me the chance to study Russian and from then on I was counted as 2B.

#### DIARY OF A FOURTH YEAR LAD

5/13/78 - Three 6th formers were arrested for growing poppies in the biology garden. All three stated that they were for use in a scientific experiment and told reporters that they had high hopes of getting

31/10/78 - A Bowthorpe pupil was rushed to hospital after a lamp fell upon his head when he was sitting in the library. Doctors stated that he was

still a bit light in the head.

7/11/78 - A 3rd year was sent home for wearing jeans. Jean did not wish to

press charges.

1/4/78 - Firemen were called when smoke was seen coming from the front corridor area of the school. However, it was a false alarm; someone had left the staffroom door open.

7/10/78 - Several teachers were taken ill, suffering from hot flushes. The cause was found to be a fault in the heating system of the staff toilet.

- Lady teacher broke the world land speed record on a bicycle. When asked what her secret was, she replied "Mars bars and moonshine".

And finally - Today two 4th year boys were charged with libel after a recent article published in the school magazine. Neither had any comment to make except to state that Stephen Boore and David Simmons were not responsible.

FOOTNOTE: Any resemblance of people in this article to any other people. alive is purely intentional.

ALL COMPLAINTS TO: The Waste Paper Basket, Room 41, Bowthorpe School, Norwich.

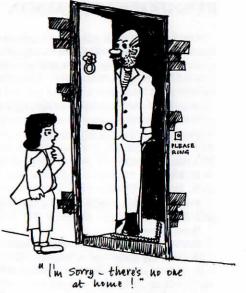
#### TEN POUNDS FOR CHARITY

Collecting for charities can be very hard work but great fun as well. We come home from school, do our homework, eat tea and then we are off.

For hours we collect jumble, sell raffle tickets, and get prizes for the raffles. One evening we got a large bag of jumble from a large man. In the bag was a large pair of shorts which made a very good sign pinned to our gate with the words "Jumble Sale" painted on them.

On one road we found an invisible man. He must have been invisible because when we knocked on the door a gentleman opened it and said "Sorry there's nobody here at this moment' Can you call back later?" This really struck us funny as he seemed a very solid ghost.

Altogether it's a very worthwhile pastime especially when the jumble sale is over and everyone has gone home happy with their purchases and we can sit back and count the money we have raised for the needy and those who are less fortunate than ourselves.



**Drawn by Paul Leeder** 

Neelia Dyke, Karen Holden, Tina Copland and Sharon Dyke

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#### **RUSSIAN AFTERNOON 1978**

On Tuesday, 11th July, 110 students of Russian took part in the annual Russian afternoon at the University of East Anglia. This year they saw an amateur film made by a teenager who in 1977 visited USSR with a Norwich Youth Group, were entertained by contestants in a Russian Quiz and sang a Russian song.

Results of the Inter-School General Knowledge Quiz: Bowthorpe 63 points, Notre Dame High School 52 points.

Our successful contestants were:

A. Johnson S8

A. Newton N2

K. Rose F2

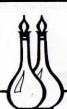
N. Brooker C2

Prizes were presented to the winners of The Norwich City Quiz 1978; a 100 question written quiz.

Bowthorpe results: ,

Second Year Quiz: 1st A. Johnson S8 Third Year Quiz: 1st A Newton N2 3rd D. Simmons N7

M. Marsh



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# **SOVIET UNION 1978**

Elsewhere in this magazine is an article about visitors from behind the Iron Curtain to our school. Having given them the chance to visit us, one member of our school went on the return visit.

He arrived in Moscow on 28th July. There, having avoided the French air-traffic delays at Heathrow, he had a seven hour wait whilst his party's luggage arrived in a separate plane, having been left back in England, "Moscow" he says, "is a huge place". And certainly, from his descriptions, a very interesting one; briefly mentioning the Tretyakov art gallery, the home of Russian paintings, or Red Square, to see the amazingly weird St. Basil's Cathedral (you know, the one with all the domes on top). He'll proudly tell you about his visit to the Moscow Kremlin, the heart of Soviet government. He retains other, less important memories of sights of Moscow that he could tell you about – the metro stations, the theatre, and the Central Stadium, where the Olympics will be held.

Then, he and his companions, (of which there were 20, the youngest being himself) took a night train to Leningrad, "Leningrad, although younger than Moscow, is a city of much more historical significance. It's the cradle of the Revolution", he tells me pompously. But as much as the role it has played in the history of the Soviet Union, it too is a town that aches to be seen. The liveliness of Nevsky Prospekt, Leningrad's main street, is a justification for being there. Other sights to be seen are the hermitage art gallery, one of the most extensive of its kind in the world; St. Isaac's Cathedral, the world's largest dome after St. Paul's and St. Mark's in Venice; the Museum of the Revolution, with its stained glass window depicting Lenin; and the State Russian Museum, which, despite its grand title, is just another art gallery.

Then one night he was off again on a night train; this time to Tallinn, the capital of Soviet Estonia. "Tallinn is rather unremarkable compared with the other two". I completely disagree, because, there is a very old centre of the town, which looks rather like Elm Hill. Mind you, the outskirts are very modern, very square, very grey, symbolic of the Soviet way of building things. Or, so he says, and his photographs do seem to bear this out.

Then, for him it was a last-tw-day stop, in Moscow, during which he made his acquaintance with the preserved body of Lenin. This was the last major thing he did there, except for visiting GUM, the huge supermarket in Moscow which literally contains anything the Soviet person could wish to buy . . .

"We got back on 11 July", he concludes. "The differences between here and there are quite amazing. For two weeks we'd got used to posters everywhere saying "Glory to the Communist Party", and we get back and are confronted by "Brand X cigarettes" . . . You just have to laugh . . . " At this point I leave him to his mumblings.

Interview by J. W. Lennon



## **SPRING**

And now it is Spring The cool May Breezes blow by Warmer days have come

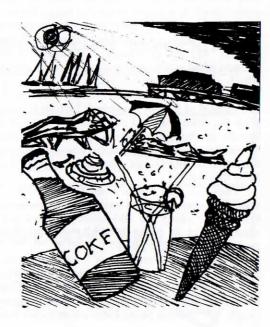
by Julie Cornwall

**Drawn by Ann Roberts** 

#### **SUMMER**

Sun shining all day People bathing in the Sun All day eating ices

by Beverley Tyce



Drawn by Robin Gray

#### **AUTUMN**

Deep red sun setting Sinking lower in the sky Hiding from all eyes

by Beverley Tyce



Drawn by Karl Dawson



Drawn by David Norman

#### WINTER

White carpets are laid
Upon the silent gardens
Life, below is still

by Julie Cornwell

#### FROM IRAN TO BOWTHORPE



Each year many people leave Iran to go and study in other countries. It is not because people do not have a chance in Iran, but because they want to learn other languages and meet other people. I left Persia about fourteen months ago. The first five months were very difficult for me because I couldn't talk or understand anything at all. In that situation other people played a very important part in my life.

In England people do not seem to have much information about my country and they

imagine Iran quite different from what it is.

They imagine Iran as a desert with houses made by mud and people wearing long dresses. They imagine that the usual transport is camel, but in fourteen years living in Iran,

I have seen a camel once in my life.

The real Iran is a very modern country. In Iran you can see high buildings and markets, shops, cinemas, discos and other things that you have, here in England. In the country, some people expect to see no sight of cars, but now there is heavy traffic and sometimes traffic jams last for hours.

The schools in Iran and England are similar but with a little difference. For example school ends at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Each year if you don't have the correct mark for examinations you stay in your form for a second year. At least if you can pass the second examination that lets you to go to the next form so if you don't do your best for yourself you are wasting your own time.

There are still people leaving Iran. They are going to face a different world, different

people and different languages.

**Kumars Moghtader** 

#### PEMBROKESHIRE - 1978

We finally arrived at our first camp site and attempted to get on to a high part of the hill, but with the mini-bus in poor condition it took 10 minutes. We ate our first dinner of Scotch Broth which had been cooked over the gas stove by Chris Potter.

We visited Pembroke castle and Milford Haven where we saw a large oil tanker. Later we returned to the camp. As night drew nearer, we walked up the cliffs to see the moon

reflecting upon the sea. The sight was absolutely magnificent.

One morning at 6 am., Chris Potter, Richard Jervis and Mr. Smith decided to be brave and go for an early morning swim. After breakfast, we went for a  $2\frac{1}{2}$  mile walk to Barafundle Bay and then we walked down the many steps to the beach where Sally Powell and Helen Filby went paddling in their jeans only to find out they had to go to Haverford West in their soaking wet jeans.

On Saturday we went to Skomer Island in a rubber dingy and then by boat. On the crossing a "tame" seagull, whose name was Percy, came and sat on the rail. On the island

we only saw seagulls, other birds at a distance and 12 seals.

On Sunday morning we visited St. Davids where we bought presents for our families. In the afternoon we walked over 10 miles. On Tuesday we went to Cardigan castle followed by Cenarth waterfalls, where we saw some Coracles in which a nervous Chris and Neil had a ride. Later we moved to Abergavenny, 120 miles away, and stopped at two caves.

On Thursday morning after 9 days we set off for Norwich, stopping on the way at Tewksbury. Everybody agreed we had a wonderful time.

Helen Todd, Sally Powell and Helen Filby



#### BIRDS ARRIVE BY RAIL

On Tuesday, 30th May, I was expecting a parcel which was to come from Bristol. I had been waiting for nearly 3 hours at Thorpe railway station and there was one train to come, the 12.38 from Bristol. I wondered whether my parcel would be on it and fortunately it was.

In the parcel were birds in two separate boxes. The birds were Redeared Waxbills, Golden-breasted Waxbills and orange cheeked Waxbills. I had a pair of each and after signing a form, I took the birds home and let them out into an inside flight cage to find food and water. Half an hour later, I opened the little hatch so they could fly outside. The

flight cage is 8 ft. wide by 10 ft. long and 7 ft. high and is made of wood uprights and wire netting. The Waxbills found a nest box next to a Zebra Finch's nest and the Zebra Finch chased the Orange cheeks away because the Zebra Finch had young birds and did not want them disturbed.

I fed the birds at 6 o'clock in the evening and left them to rest. Since then one of the Red-eared Waxbills has died because a cat frightened it and it broke its neck when it crashed into the shed but the other birds are still fit and healthy.

I like birds because of their colour and the way they move. They are quite expensive, but it is nice to see them, and hear their song and see their special dance.

#### P.T.A. RAFFLE

Drawn 24th June, 1978.

£50 – S. J. Chapman, 45 Globe Place, Vauxhall Street, Norwich.

£25 - J. Carter, 51 Hellesdon, Norwich.

£5 - Mr. Wootton, 65 Appleyard Crescent, Mile Cross.

There were also five £1 prizes.



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## RUSSIANS VISIT BOWTHORPE, 6th JULY

On the above date, a pink and yellow 'bus pulled up directly in front of the Bowthorpe School. It contained a party of 28 Russians, engaged on a frantic 10 day Magical Mystery tour around Great Britain's more obscure social masterpieces.

Fourteen of them had decided they wanted to be conducted around our school; the others had let themselves in for a close encounter with the "people" of the Hewett, (What've they got we haven't?)

And so began their excursion. We showed them everything we had to offer (well, not quite everything!) On their tour, they showered us liberally with small gifts; badges, postcards etc., perhaps they were trying to bribe us into letting them go, before they were allowed to sample the delights of Norfolk Education Committee's famous and renowned meals!

However, they were, at the end of the morning, led off to the dining hut, where the truth about the Soviet defence system was elicited, following which they were allowed to watch the amazing gyrations of the Bowthorpe School Gum Club.

After this, some were whisked off to the Woodwork Shop, there to remain until it was time for them to leave. At this point, the Russians caught a disease peculiar to the west; Wheelis Maniacus, otherwise known as Skateboard Fever. Having been sufficiently amused by this, the time came for them to (try and) leave, UNFORTUNATELY... one of the Russians had wanted to see a Maths lesson, and, at the appointed time of departure, was nowhere to be found. I've no idea whether that person was recovered or not. Perhaps we still have the poor chap locked in some obscure corner...

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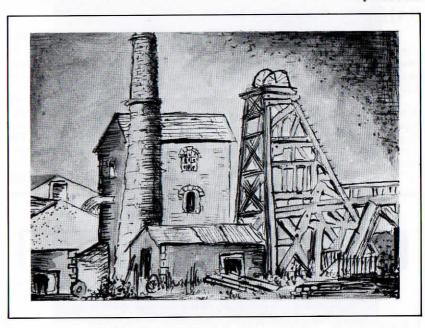
With a single cylinder capacity of nearly 100 litres, i.e. one hundred times the total cylinder capacity of a modern Mini the Cornish winding engine at East Pool in Cornwall was a marvel of its day. It was used to draw both miners and ore from a depth of 1,300 feet and consumed coal at the rate of seven hundredweight a day!

Nearby is a very necessary pumping engine with a cylinder capacity of 1,000 litre – large enough to drive a Mini through with ease! It raised water from a depth of 1,700 feet. The pumping rod was made of wood measured 20 in. square at the surface tapering to 16 in. square at the foot. The weight of water within the shaft at any one moment was 85 tons, and with a stroke of only one every 12 seconds. 27,000 gallons of water were raised every hour.

\*From "Whimsey" a 19th century term for a winding engine.

Both of these pumps were visited by a group of 4th year boys who visited Cornwall at Easter this year.

by D. Smith



#### READY ABOUT WITH THE VIth FORM

At 10.15 on a Monday morning, nine members of the sixth form, stagger at this early hour from their lessons into the minibus and then race down to Filby Broad to commence their weekly voyage. To begin with, the boats have to be rigged and then it's onto the water. The first week we took out three boats, Fenella led one boat with Berice and Maxine as skivies, whilst Gillian took Jane and Tony and Mrs. Bullock took Christopher, John and Bryan. We all thought sailing was great until it was time to go home and Fenella's boat unfortunately got stuck in the reeds. After about twenty minutes of floundering, the others got in the rescue boat to come and get a closer look so they could laugh and eventually tow us out.

This first week led to many weeks of fun, I might add wet fun, as various members ended up in the water; Gillian managed to capsize her Topper, then Berice managed to wedge herself and Christopher into the reeds whilst trying to repair their broken mast, Christopher then proceeded to leap out of the boat in his leggings, repair the damage and push the boat off. Subsequently, we were half an hour late back to school, much to the disgust of various members of staff.

However, it's not all fun. The boats have now been taken out of the water and we are left to do the maintenance so we shan't venture out onto, or into, the water as the case may be for some months.

by Maxine Ashfield

# SAILING FOR YOU: NORFOLK SCHOOLS SAILING ASSOCIATION

If you would like to learn to sail you can go to private schools or centres like the National Sailing Centre at Cowes for £78 for a week's instruction. In Norfolk you are lucky because your own Education Committee runs non-residential courses at approximately £10 per week and residential courses at £20. Your P.E. Department has all the details.

If you have skill but not the opportunity to get afloat join the Norfolk Schools Sailing Association. They organise a wide variety of events using many types of boats at the Authority's Sailing Bures at Ludham, Filby, Trowse and Burgh Castle. For membership send £1 to the Secretary, Miss C. Proctor, The Lancastrian School, Fakenham, who will forward to you details of next year's programme. This is your very own organisation and needs to be supported.

by J. Bullock

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I haven't done badly in the last five years. In fact, I've learnt a lot. I've learnt how to mend physics equipment with elastic bands, how to appease irate chemistry masters and how to make depth charges from weedkiller and drinking straws.

I've squinted through spectrometers, choked in chemistry labs, almost broken my back in gym lessons, and been driven **insane** by indefinite integrals.

I've played war games on Cambridge computers (after snack refreshments at a local establishment). I've learnt about quarks and dinosaurs and danced until 2 am, at Bath University.

I've almost succeeded in attempts to drown physics teachers/poison history masters/utterly confuse maths personnel/harass French students.

I've spent cold nights in tents and even colder afternoons on hockey pitches. I've dismantled marquees and been marooned on Filby Broad (and thus also learnt you can't appease irate maths teachers).

I've travelled the ground between Bowthorpe and home over 2,600 times and walked, run, staggered or cycled over 3,500 miles in pursuit of this priceless education.

I've laughed. I've cried. I hope I've contributed.

Oh, and I've done a little work as well. Thank-you Bowthorpe,

from Fenella.



Caption Competition
Write a Caption and win a voucher for 50p at the Tuck Shop.



Photograph by courtesy of Anglia T.V.

#### **CHATTERBOX**

Finalists: Julie Mucklestone, Peter Gallagher, Anna Bentley

#### Behind the Scenes at "Chatterbox"

On a Tuesday afternoon in mid-May we assembled outside Anglia House ready to watch a recording of Anglia's quiz programme called "Chatterbox". We were looking forward to going in to the studio as it was a new experience for all of us. Mr. James gave us all a ticket to show we hadn't just walked into the building and soon we were waiting in the reception area. We were led through a network of corridors with complex equipment all around us.

Finally we reached a big sound-proof door which when shut made an ear-splitting clang. We settled into the masses of seats and surveyed the intriguing sights. Between 50 – 100 lights loomed down on us from rails along the ceiling and the cameras swivelled and moved like robots. The background that looked so neat on television was just bits of board propped up.

The floor staff came in, cameramen, a director, the quiz judge and the panelists. One of the panel, a mad comedian-author called Giles Brandreth introduced himself and the other members of the panel. We were issued with autographed programmes and instructions telling us when to clap. The guest panelist was Rolph Harris and the others were Betty Mulcay and the introducer Chris Kelly.

The teams from Bowthorpe and a school in Cambridgeshire came on and were introduced. The director counted from ten downwards and the recording began.

Chris Kelly introduced everyone and the actual competition began. Each child had to speak on a prepared subject for one minute and then on an object revealed before them on which they had to make up a story lasting 30 seconds. At the end we needed exactly 21 points from 30 to win. Betty Mulcay awarded just that and so we won by a single point.

**Christopher Starling** 



Photo by courtesy of Eastern Counties Newspapers

#### **CRIME PREVENTION**

Winning Team: Carlena Borrett, David Simmons, Ann Roberts, Stephen Day.

On Wednesday, 19th April, 1978, a team from Bowthorpe School won the final of the Norwich and District Crime Prevention Panel's Inter-School Quiz for the second year running at County Hall. The team:— Stephen Day (5th year), Ann Roberts (4th year), David Simmons (3rd year), Carlena Borrett (2nd year), Neil Hardiman (Reserve), beat another team from Earlham School by 132 points to 116, having already beaten teams from the Hewett School, Sprowston, Eaton (CNS), and Norwich School in previous rounds. (Another team from Bowthorpe was eliminated in the quarter-final by a team from Notre Dame School).

Later in the month, an unchanged team went on to represent Norwich in a contest with one from Northgate Grammar School, Ipswich at Ipswich County Police Station. The Ipswich team won by 11 points; an unfortunate end to a successful season.

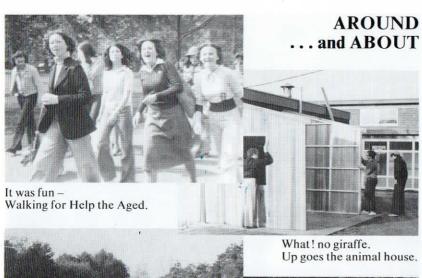
by David Simmons

#### THE YEAR IS 1940

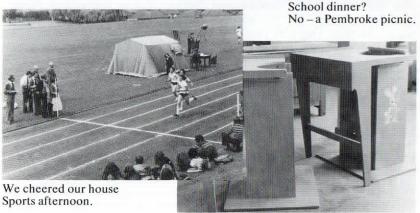
"Teachers Against Nazis" read the headline in the Times Educational Supplement. Thirty years after the end of the war came the great revelation of the Enigma secret; and now even more sensationally comes the true story of Dad's Army or could it be perhaps called "Ted's Army". The year is 1940 and in the corner of the staffroom a crystal set built by combining the geology department's one crystal and the science department's complete set of electronic gadgets, wheezes and splutters as it competes with the staff tea urn for the power being generated by two boys pedalling furiously on a dynamo equipped tandem mounted precariously on the bracket from which had hung the school bell prior to its being melted down to help the war effort (along with the school boiler, the toilet chains and the caretaker's half hunter watch). The voice of the Prime Minister suddenly activates the three occupants of the agglomeration of cloth, moths holes, woodworm and rusty springs that passes for furniture. "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few".

"Ruddy true" croaked a voice from within a pile of assorted paper, staples and ink blots" and about time the government recognised how underpaid we teachers are ..." His words ended with an appalling crash outside signalling the irreversible union of a Heinkel 111 and the boys' toilet block. In a twinkling of an eye half the ceiling descended into the tea urn and the trio of senior somnambulists dived headfirst for the solidest remaining piece of the building which happened to be the ladies' cloakroom. As the dust settled, the radio emitted its last wheeze, the door opened and coolly unruffled, and with every hair still in place the Headmaster entered the room. Apart from a few flecks of dust on the left toe cap of his gleaming shoes and a slight tear just below the lapel of his hand sewn suit he gave no sign of the events of the previous few seconds. "Gentlemen . . ." he began, and then stopped puzzled, where on earth was the boys' P.E. Master? To the best of the Head's knowledge he had never left his favourite chair by the telephone in 32 years of unbroken service (both to the school and his bookmaker). Three rather abashed and dishevelled figures emerged from the toilet, their nerves at least partially restored by the leader they had followed through thick and thin (and the magistrates' courts) for so many, many years.

Tersely the Headmaster outlined the situation – the crashing Heinkel had saved the caretaker his daily graffiti removing session, saved the authority the need to supply a further twenty gross of toilet rolls, and saved two fifth year miscreants a thrashing. The real problem was the appearance of four crew members from the aircraft armed with four revolvers, and more significantly perhaps the remedial mistress and all her class as hostages. The Nazis demands were simple – an O.S. map and compass so that they, plus hostage could head for the coast and a boat. Geography departed muttering to himself about his lack of stock but returned shortly clutching 25% of his textbooks, namely an 1853 Oxford School Atlas, and a compass last used in the 1904 expedition to the Sprowston Ice Cap. These were handed over to the Germans who decided to leave the remedial class but retaining the mistress as hostage departed having cut the one telephone cable and threatened all manner of dreadful ends for their hostage should the alarm be raised.







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They set off northwards along the Gurney corridor bending low in order not to be visible by the industrious cooks operating in the Domestic Science rooms where they are baking Woolton Pie. It was a combination never tried before and the result was astounding. A cloud of choking orange smoke swept through the room. Obeying the instructions so carefully specificed in the Fire Regulations, the class panicked and led by their teacher they emerged from the room like Vesuvias at the downfall of Pompeii. In a trice the four Germans were trampled underfoot, by 60 size ten utility clogs, and only their hostage accustomed to avoiding the end of school stampede, eluded the surging horde. With the presence of mind used to coping with events beyond normal human comprehension she dashed into the quadrangle, seized the nets covering the quarter acre of "Dig for Victory" radishes and with the aid of the groundsman effectively trussed up the four very, very deeply sleeping Germans.

On hearing the news the headmaster moved swiftly. The R.I. mistress was sent pedalling off to inform the police and the military, the D.S. department were reprimanded for wasting food in a time of national emergency, and the Education Office were informed in triplicate on form B.U.M.P.H. 412a, that it had been quite a normal day at Bowthorpe, two boys could be removed from our registers; there was a slight blockage in the drains, four interlopers had been removed peaceably from the school grounds and – oh yes, as an afterthought there was a little matter of the Heinkel, but the metalwork had it well in hand. Shortly afterwards in yet another inspiring speech the Prime Minister said to the nation "Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duties, and so bear ourselves that if the British Empire, and its Commonwealth and Bowthorpe School last for a thousand years, men will still say, "This was their finest hour".

R.I.P.

#### **AUTUMN**

Autumn is silent and dark.

Trees lose all their glory, standing spiky with frost bitten fingers. Flowers once blooming disintegrate in the gloomy atmosphere. Witches, ghosts and goblins return to cast their wicked spells.

Shivers pierce bones like needles.

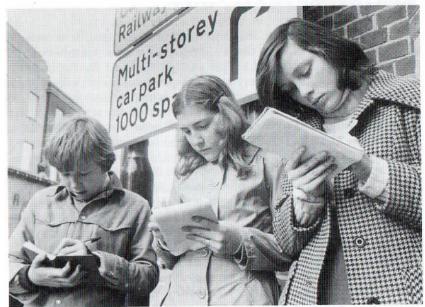
The soft soil becomes chapped as dry lips. The sky becomes silver with playful clouds,

occasionally throwing mirror like droplets to the ground.

Birds forget their once sung melodies,

and fly to warmer countries.

Soon snow will fall and cover the ground with feathers, then it will be a time of rejoicing and spreading happiness, to all mankind.



Photograph by courtesy of Norwich Mercury.

#### FINDING OUT BY GOING OUT!

Paul Land, Jane Butcher, Jacqueline Wilkin.

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#### **DEPARTURE FROM CHILE**

From that day there was to be no more peace for anyone in Chile who had political ties – My father was a member of the Socialist party in Chile and he was persecuted by the military fascists, who were after anyone with political ideas, killing them wherever they found them. My father was put into jail. I do not remember the date or day, but when I was on my way home from school I walked past the soldiers and I saw how they ill-treated my father. They had tied his hands and feet and there were four soldiers guarding him. They were armed with machine guns, and were ready to fire at the first signal from their superior.

Thousands and thousands of political prisoners disappeared, caught by the military. They said my father had disappeared but my mother had no rest until she found him. We heard he was in a camp where prisoners were tortured and some were killed. When he was freed he needed urgent medical attention because he was so badly injured by blows and torture. Six months later in 1974, he went to Argentina and there too, he was jailed and tortured before being released. He was given a room and food by a committee which worked for the United Nations and he began to look for work which was very difficult as he had no papers.

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We arrived in Argentina six months later. It was a short journey because we travelled by plane and it only took two hours. We got to Buenos Aires, the capital of Argentina, and then we flew to Rosario, which was the province where my father was. We arrived there at 11 o'clock at night. He was in bed and it was such a surprise to him after all that time, to see us again.

We went to a very poor hotel and we were not very welcome. A lot of Chilian people came there and they all depended on a committee of the United Nations which paid the hotel and food. We were there for about three years. Then bad news came and we were told that all Chileans would have to leave Argentina. We were given a choice of place to go to. We choose the United States because we thought we might come back to Argentina but this was not possible. We were given another choice and we decided to come to England. We travelled to Buenos Aires to fetch some papers for the journey and then we left for London, England. We arrived at a hotel where there were political refugees from Chile. We were received by an English committee which undertook to find us a home. We stayed in this hotel for nearly nine months and we wasted time because we did not learn English.

Then we were told that we had to choose a region in England and that there was a committee which hoped to give us a house – a house which we wanted so much after all the time spent in exile – those four years in exile are the years which taught us most. They taught me good things and bad things and I matured a lot. I shall never forget those four years of hunger, of cold, of misery and sadness.

This was my life until now when like other English boys and girls my sister and I come to Bowthorpe.

**by Rolando Otton** Translated by Claudette Simpson

"Quotes of the Year

#### **Muddled Teacher**

Put your books under the desk and hand your chairs in.

Andrew Newton N2.3B

When putting up the tent Dad uttered those immortal words 'When I nod my head you hit it'. I resisted the temptation."



Cartoon by Andrew Edwards.

#### REMINISCENCES ON

I cannot say that Dr. Arnold of Rugby used to borrow my board duster, or that when I started teaching the village square was a place and not a person, but I can go back 20 years when the Ovaltinies rule! OK!

Becoming a teacher was an ambition fulfilled. I thought something of myself, and I nearly wore sunglasses in church so that God wouldn't recognise me and ask for my autograph.

My first school was an all age school which means that a teacher took his class all the time for all subjects. There were no "marking periods" except when a peripatetic teacher came along once a fortnight for music lessons.

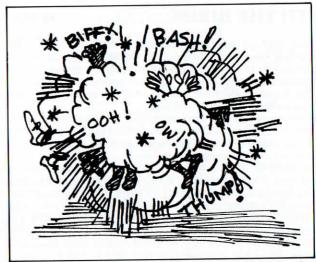
Every member of staff had to sign an attendance book on coming in each morning and at ten to nine the Head ruled a line across the page. Anyone arriving after that line had been drawn was deemed late.

On the first occasion the Head would say with sparkling originality "We usually give a gold watch after 45 years service but in your case we are giving an alarm clock now". Of course this would never happen now in the liberated 70's!!

In those days pupils used to walk to school and kept warm by running part of the way. Now they stand and shiver waiting for transport.

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. . . and drawn by Paul Leeder

#### LEAVING BOWTHORPE

Even in those days there were children who as Bernard Shaw would say "were unfortunate in their choice of parents", and of course there were children of good background who spent all their time leaning against it.

Each Christmas a pantomime was staged and it was really amazing the way these youngsters could put it over. Their enthusiasm was infectious. The practical departments in any school always do a fantastic job on these occasions and I have found this true throughout my teaching career.

I left the all age school and went to a secondary modern and eventually to a comprehensive school. My waistline became a coastline and I no longer supervised cricket and football. In any case we have specialists now and better facilities and equal opportunities . . . haven't we?

In many ways though things have not changed a great deal. We still have the boy who was "cleaning my catapult, sir, when it went off".

RAY WARNES

Ray Warnes is now Senior Master, Head of Education, at Red House Community School. *Editor*.

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#### **UP WITH THE BIRDS**

by Alan Saddleton

It was very dark on Sunday at half past four when I went to Gary's house and rang the bell. Gary said "Be quiet, do not wake my mum up". However he went upstairs and woke his dad. We were going bird watching.

I had a packed lunch (breakfast) and was ready to go. We shut the door and sat inside the Toyota. Celica and Gary opened the gates and we were off down the quiet street where lamps were shining.

The car was very fast and we approached the country. Wood pigeons were sitting on the roads, rabbits were on open fields. Finally we drove down an alley into woods and stopped. It was lighting up and birds were singing when we got out of the car and walked around the trees.

We saw Mallards, Coots, Moorhens. Little Grebes and even saw a tamed White Duck with a yellow bill with her chicks. We walked on, then saw a hole in a tree. We looked in and saw a Blue Tit sitting on her nest and eggs. Next we saw a robin on her nest and a song thrush nest. She had five blue eggs with dark spots on them. The nest was made out of grass, moss, straw and a cup shape in the middle made out of mud. It was in a thorn bush and it was hard to see.

At eight o'clock in the morning we found a turtle dove, and a jay both sitting on their nests. The Dove had two eggs and the Jay had five eggs. After I had eaten my packed breakfast we got in the car and drove home only to find my parents were still in bed.

It was an exciting morning and I was proud of what I had learnt.

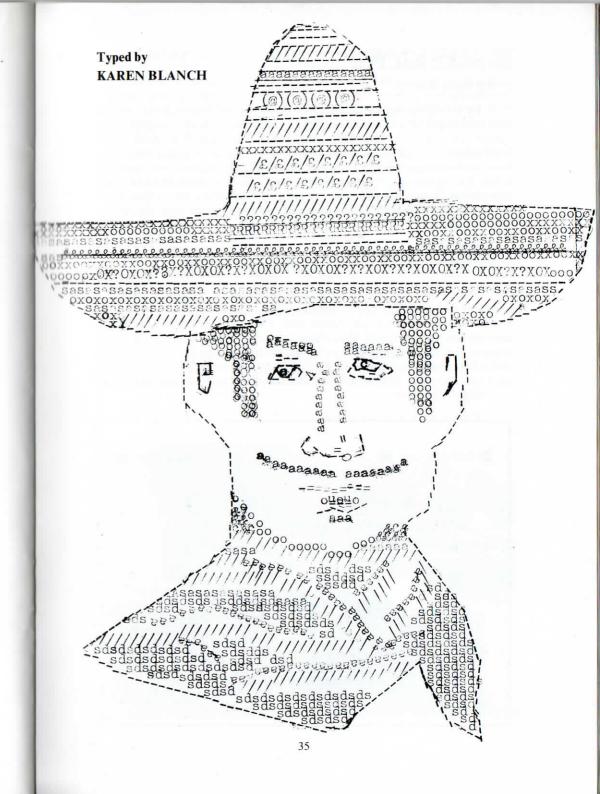


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#### BANGER RACING

by Big Peter Barnes

I have been going to the Banger trials around Norwich for almost four years and have seen many of the thrills and spills of the sport. Two tracks in Norfolk are Hempnall and Norwich Raceway near Hevingham. I visit both these tracks and have had many enjoyable hours, sometimes with the cars in the pits. It is a great pity that the council is against this type of sport taking place in Norfolk. The main complaints from the public are noise, dust clouds and traffic congestion. The dust is combatted by a water cart spraying water over the track, after every other race in hot weather. If this is not done a dust fog occurs.

Almost any saloon or estate car can be used. These cars are those which have failed the Ministry of Transport Test more commonly known as the "M.O.T.".

First the windscreens and windows are removed. All the seats apart from the driver's seat are taken out. The interior door panels and carpets are also removed. With the inside stripped out, a fuel tank either mounted in the luggage rack or bolted to the floor in the centre behind the driver has to be installed. The fuel pipes should be fixed to the floor, and the batteries moved away from the engine, these are also fixed securely to the floor.



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The exterior of the car remains the same shape, but the lights, back and front are removed. The car is painted rather gaily to please both owner and spectators and for easy identification.

The idea of the race is to pass the finish line, or post, before any other car. This is achieved by disposing of the opposition by shunting, spinning or rolling them out of the race temporarily and if possible permanently.

This type of vehicle is also used in other events such as the figure eight, which involves crossing the path of other vehicles at the centre of the track.

Another spectacular crowd pulling event is the "Roll Over". This involves each car mounting a single ramp and the best judged roll is acclaimed the winner.

The photograph was captured when the vehicle shown was enveloped in flames due to a roll over caused by another vehicle crashing into it. This vehicle was in flames for approximately thirty minutes and was allowed to burn itself out.

See You at the next meeting.



# NORWICH AND NORFOLK GIRLS' CROSS COUNTRY

The Norwich Cross Country championships got under way at Earlham School. A large crowd of nervous and excited girls from Norwich schools gathered in the gymnasium. Amongst these were about 10 from Bowthorpe. After being checked we filed out onto the field.

We were very nervous at the start, all pushing to get to the front. At the signal, we were off and the large crowd streamed out of the gate toward Earlham Park. It was quite a long race during which we had to cross a water filled ditch. Of course, I had to fall in but I only got my feet and legs wet whereas one girl actually sat in it. I carried on running, my feet squelching water in the foam soles of my shoes. Near the finish I saw Miss Hodson who gave us some encouragement and I eventually finished in sixth place. The first eight qualified to run for Norwich at Cromer in the Norfolk Championships. Susan Utting also qualified as she finished first.

It was a very cold Saturday when we caught the coach at Bell Avenue to go to Cromer. We arrived at a Cromer school together with lots of other coaches from all over Norfolk. We changed. Outside it was very wet and cold although at that particular moment it wasn't raining. We had to wait while the officials organised the start.

At last we got underway. The race was over many ploughed fields but I didn't do too well as the competition was very high and I finished about 26th. Susan finished ninth and qualified to run for Norfolk in the All England Championships. She didn't qualify to run for England but she received a cloth badge and bought a souvenir flag to remind her of the

Heather Collins

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#### **BOWTHORPE GYMNASTICS**

Drawn by Ann Roberts

During the past four years at Bowthorpe Scool, I, and many other fifth-formers, have thoroughly enjoyed our regular participation in our school Gymnastic Activities. We have managed to keep ourselves fit and healthy, and at the same time have developed a sound knowledge in a high standard of gymnastics.

This standard could not have been achieved without the hard work and large amount of time that our gymnastics teacher, Miss Hodson has spent in coaching us.

I know I speak for all fifth-form gymnasts when I say how happy and grateful we have been for all Miss Hodson's expert help and tuition over the years.

We hope that Bowthorpe School can maintain this high standard in gymnastics for many years to come, and that it brings as much happiness to as many more pupils, as it has brought to us.

Tracey Denmark

#### 

Juniors: 1st. Fry; 2nd. Cavell; 3rd. Nelson; 4th. Scott. Seniors: 1st. Nelson; 2nd. Fry; 3rd. Cavell; 4th. Scott

New Records Set:

100m 2nd Yr. Boys G. Browne (C) 13.5 200m 3rd Yr. Boys G. Simmons (F)= 27.9 200m 3rd Yr. Girls H. Collins (S) 29.9 400m 2nd Yr. Boys P. Gillings (S) 66.2 1500m Junior Boys S. Mallett (C) 4m 51.1 Relay 2nd Yr. Boys Cavell 58.2 Discus Junior Girls S. Martin (C) 24,65m High Jump Junior Girls J. Mulcahy (F) 1.25m 100m Senior Boys S. Day (N) 12.4 800m Senior Boys A Drummee (N) 2m 19.3 200m Senior Boys G. Connors (C) 25.5 400m Senior Girls H. Davidson (F) 71.7

#### SPRING SONG

by Jane Todd

Kindly, spring again is here, Trees and flowers in bloom appear. Where in Winter all was snow, Now Flowers in clusters grow.

The flowing water pure and clear, Makes music for us all to hear. Hungry birds and beasts too, Seem to know that Winters through.

#### 

What are The Beeples? Can the unwilling astronaut, John-Willy Entwhistle from Lancashire, rescue the fair Princess Sweebee from the wicked clutches of Orrit the 'Orrible, Wassup the Terrible and Black Beetle?

Can John-Willy persuade the lunatic Fuzzbuzz to help him in his heroic quest? All these questions, and many others, will be answered in a night of fun and excitement.

Performances 21st - 24th March.





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#### TRUDI AND THE MINSTREL

The chief talking point this year has been our mammoth production of "Trudi and the Minstrel". It fired my imagination and had the same effect, I am glad to say, upon the cast. I must pay tribute to all of them, for many months of hard work put in by cast and helpers. There were so many good performances in large and small parts that limited space does not permit me to mention them all by name. Therefore I ask their forgiveness in mentioning David Simmons and Anna Bentley who held the whole thing together in their demanding lead parts; Astella Williams as the mad Baroness (about whom the "Eastern Evening News" commented 'Bette Davis had better look to her laurels'); the popular Karl Dawson, who was our chief laughter maker Rothbart, the longsuffering troll slave of the Baroness. Stephen Day as Siegfried, the "Prince Charming" character, gave his usual dependable performance, while Robert Gook and Jenny Watts gave strong farewell performances as the gypsy leaders. The large crowd of gypsy dancers and acrobats gave a colourful and exciting display, the stage crew and helpers made the whole affair work like a well oiled machine, and Mr. Crandell's music was the little lost cog! Thanks to all concerned for making "Trudi and the Minstrel" such a memorable production.

by P. S. James

#### WHAT THEY SAID ABOUT IT ...

"With a little more projection, it could have transferred to the Theatre Royal".

Eastern Evening News.

I will always remember when I raced with the other trolls through the audience. As we turned the corner, my leg collided with an empty chair. Luckily I was not on for half an hour and recovered.

David Crowe (Weissbart).

The dress rehearsal was the first time we used real tea, and when it came to throwing it I was not sure what to do. Taking my life in my hands I threw the vile liquid behind me. Unfortunately there was too much in the cup, so throughout the rest of the rehearsal (in front of 300 middle school children) we carried on with a wet stage and stained curtains.

Peter Pumpernickle, the Minstrel, David Simmons

They call me the hired acrobat for school productions. This time I tried to throw my legs off doing the cossack dance.

Tim Fiddy (Cossack dancer and acrobat)

The funniest incident was when Mr. James and I were working out the gypsy dance together. After running round, all the girls had to sit on the boys' knees and shout "Hey!" When I sat on Mr. James he fell over. All the rest went down like a pack of cards and there we all lay, laughing.

Paula Harvey, Dancer

One night as I lifted the rostrum the lights came up too early. I never knew I could move so fast off that stage.

Keith Boast (stage crew)

What a laugh we had in rehearsals, jumping about, trying to learn how to fly! They could have hired a plane!

Adrian Wenn - Brother Innocent

#### **POLISH HOLIDAY**



The 'Juliana', a sea-link ferry, crossing from Harwich to the Hook of Holland, rolled about. The crossing took about 10 hours in the rough weather and we had found the deck just in time before I was sick over it, so I especially was glad of the solid Dutch soil. Next came, very flat and fast, autobahn after autobahn (motorway) over the Holland/West Germany border followed by even more autobahns but more beautiful scenery. Restaurants with a variety of foods to offer, and villages guided the way. By the time we reached East Germany we were very tired and the roads became bumpier and smaller. Another hot day arose for the last leg of East Germany. Finally the last customs post appeared and we were in Poland. At 2.30 pm. Monday afternoon we reached our destination; my Grandad's brother's house in a place called Grenbochin near the town of Torun. The house was unexpectedly large but poorly and sparcely furnished. Our rooms were furnished with another person's furniture as this family was too poor to afford furniture for the usually unused rooms. My relations were very pleased to see us and I was the centre of attention for most of the holiday.

Many hours were spent in Torun shopping and sight-seeing. A favourite café of ours was called The Reading Room; papers from all over the world came there including those from England, France, Germany, Russia and Arabia. Even 'The Sun' was there!

One Monday we booked an early train to Warsaw (pronounced Vashava). The journey took about 2 hours. Many parts are modern with tall blocks and underground shops but they still have trams. The weather was not very nice as most days it rained and was dull but when it was hot, the temperature really rose. I noticed that the people were poorly dressed, housed and fed. Strangely everyone has a job, although the places might be over-crowded and underpaid. The Poles are very religious people and pictures of Mary, Jesus and Crosses donn the walls. Churches are decorated beautifully and are very well kept and looked after. We were told that very little vandalism occurs. This is a holiday I will remember as not only did I visit a new country but also met relations I had not seen before.

**Beverley Tyce** 



# DON'T WORRY WHEN GOING ABROAD WITH BOWTHORPE

Don't Worry; If the coach is not waiting at the gate, it will arrive; 5 minutes late!

Don't Worry; If when you arrive at the hostel, no food and drink is allowed. The last night came and we were eating and drinking. Suddenly there came a knock at the door followed by Mr. Fuller walking in to tell us that it was time for lights out. My friend suddenly exclaimed that she had dropped her peanuts. We burst out laughing and Mr. Fuller joined in with our feast.

Don't Worry; If the Arc de Triomphe is a beautiful sight but the only beautiful sight you want to see is a toilet! You will find one eventually – we did.

Don't Worry; About money problems if you find you are short of cash, Just pop into the girl's Arc de Triomphe toilets and search for a ten franc note. We found one.

Don't Worry; If the coach breaks down when the radiator runs dry. You only have to have a few cartons ready and when a lake or river comes by stop and fill the cartons. Do this every five minutes and all will be well as it was for

Don't Worry; If being short of water delays your coach and you might miss the boat. Stop a truck (British of course) driver and ask him to come to the rescue. We did and he arranged for the ferry to wait for us.

Don't Worry; About getting through customs but make sure Mrs. Tompson's with you. Her secret plan is to pretend that everyone is asleep. The customs won't stop you because they haven't got the nerve to confront Mrs. Tompson and persuade her to wake you up. We did not leave our seats.

by Heather Bailey

#### **CROSSWORD SOLUTION**

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BAYS

A short plug here. (for an organisation, not an electric toothbrush). BAYS is the British Association for Young Scientists. Talks and demonstrations concerning all aspects of science are arranged throughout the year, and our programme also includes visits and social events. It looks good, it is good, and by golly it looks good on your report card. Learn how to annihilate the world (or your school, or your small brother). Learn how to extract cyanide from flowers and why a cat doesn't bark in stereo. Can you really survive without this knowledge? Membership - to you - 50p. Hurry, hurry, and you may win this month's star prize of a triply strange anti-positron. And if you don't know what that is you'd better come along and find out. Enquiries and fan mail to Fenella Smith of the Sixth Form, or to your science teacher, who will (I hope, pretty please?), pass them on to me. Must go now as the neutrios have gone critical and I don't want the kettle to boil.

by Fenella Smith

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#### **EXAMINATIONS 1978**

The number of candidates increases each year. In 1978 there were 23 subject entries at A level, 310 subject entries at AO level, O level and 16+, 620 subject entries at C.S.E.

#### Congratulations to the following gaining A level passes:

David Briggs English, History David Cary English, Maths, History Paul Filby English History, Biology Robert Gook Philip Hitchcox Maths, Physics Mark Ketteringham Maths, Physics(A), Geography Michael Umney Maths, Physics, Biology Deborah Childs English, French Julie Wooton Art

Special congratulations to Fenella Smith, Additional Maths Grade A, Human Biology Grade A.

#### R.S.A. TYPEWRITING

EASTER Stage I	Pass	D. Starling S. Roberts A. Robinson K. Ashley S. Large T. Denmark
	Pass with Credit	G. Piper J. Fox
SUMMER	Pass Pass with Credit	T. Jordan J. Le Surf
Stage II	Pass	S. Blaseby K. Ashley G. Jordan
Shorthand 50 W.P.M.		S. Blaseby M. Ashfield

Apologies to Jane Le Surf accidentally omitted from last year's list. Jane gained 6 G.C.E./C.S.E. passes in 1977.

#### C.S.E./O-LEVEL ABOVE GRADE C

Congratulations to the following who gained 6 or more passes.

Mark Baker	Mark Quantrill	Deborah Elvin		
Glen Bee	Paco Read	Jacqueline Fox		
Neil Brooker	Kenneth Robinson	Sandra George		
Stephen Cletheroe	Richard Smibert	Janine Hall		
Jonathan Cox	Colin Smith	Angela Hill		
Andrew Cropley	Mark Smith	Gloria Jordan		
Philip Child	John Spurgeon	Julie Lamb		
Karl Clare	Nigel Sweatman	Suzanne Large		
Kevin Crisp	Andrew Todd	Tracey Money		
Stephen Day	John Truswell	Christine Ong		
Nigel Doggett	Brian Twiddy	Beverley Parker		
Stephen Downing	Stephen Waddle	Glenda Piper		
Brian Dunthorne	Simon Watkin	Judith Pope		
Mark Eastall	Kevin Wright	Sharon Randall		
Edward Hitchcox	Michael Yallop	Susan Roberts		
Andrew Hunt	Timothy Pope	Amanda Robinson		
Adrian Kerin		Julie Rushmer		
Dane Lambert		Julie Seaman		
Mark Lambert	Jane Allen	Heidi Short		
Mark Leech	Karen Ashley	Deborah Starling		
Glen Lovett	Lorraine Bocchino	Debra Tidd		
Stephen Leeder	Heather Boulter	Jane Turner		
Stuart Lucas	Kerry Brennan	Karen Ulph		
Nicholas Martin	Beverley Brown	Jennifer Watts		
Kurt Moore	Lindsay Clarke	Carol Webb		
Mark Page	Sharon Cridland	Debra Weeds		
Paul Parker	Tracey Denmark	Deborah Williamson		

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#### **OBITUARY**

MR. LEONARD PALMER, the first Headmaster of the Henderson School and MISS ELSIE BREEZE, the first Deputy Head of the Gurney School, both died during the month of October.

Henderson School opened in September, 1942 after a period in which the senior school shared accommodation with Larkman Lane School. Those who have moved house will understand the chaos of packing cases and boxes which had to be transferred before work could begin. A long procession of the entire school carrying their own books completed the move.

The new school, however, was still unfinished. The quickest route home at the end of the day was a rapid descent of the scaffolding from the upper floor windows. The huge bulk of a barrage balloon was tethered near the school gate, its whining release into the sky an unwelcome prelude to an air raid. The school spent many weary hours cooped up in the cramped conditions of the shelters or under the stage.

There were no facilities for games, the fields were pitted with bomb craters filled with rubbish from the neighbourhood. Books and equipment were quite inadequate and real poverty, aggravated by wartime shortages, was commonplace.

Discipline could be tough. On one memorable occasion a boy was caned in front of the whole school because he had broken into the school's emergency stores and stolen some rice pudding intended for air raid victims. In these unpromising conditions "little Len", as he was known affectionately by his staff, contrived to establish a warm and happy atmosphere which helped to overcome the privations of the time. In this he was ably assisted by Miss Breeze who made the welfare of the pupils her first concern.

The devotion and cheerful service which Miss Breeze and Mr. Palmer gave to Henderson in its early days, was continued in a different way after their retirement. Mr. Palmer was ordained and for some time was vicar of St. George's, Colgate, Miss Breeze continued her work for the Red Cross and also took an active part in the productions of local drama groups. Our school was fortunate to have enjoyed the contribution of these two gifted teachers who did so much to enrich the lives of the first pupils of our school.

by I. Brighty

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