

BOWTHORPE
magazine

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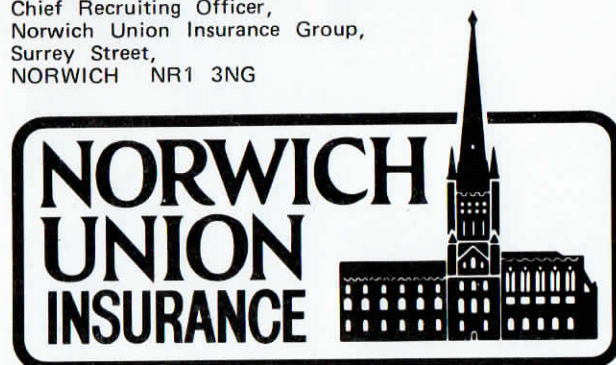
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Surrey Street,
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Editor: J. REES
Assisted by: J. PAGE
K. ROSE
Advertising: M. GOMEZ
Photography: M. CARTER
Cover Design: J. GOMEZ

EDITORIAL

In 1975 when the present Fifth Formers were still at their Middle Schools and those who are now in the Lower Sixth had only just joined us at the age of 12 years, we decided, just as an experiment and for one year, to produce a school magazine. Now five years later, the experiment has become a tradition and the magazine is part of Bowthorpe School life. It has proved to be so popular and successful that it would seem strange and empty for a year to pass by without the publication being available for all of us. With this in mind it gives me great pleasure to, again, write the editorial and congratulate all those who have contributed to the success of yet another edition.

I am sure that the present students and their parents would like to know that during the five year life of our magazine the school has grown quite rapidly. In 1975 there were 785 children on roll and 45 teachers. We now have 970 students and a teaching staff of 54. This growth will not continue and I visualise a degree of stability over the next few years. Also during this period over 1,000 students have left Bowthorpe for further or higher education or the world of work. We have seen the retirement of one Deputy Head - I wonder how many still remember Mr Cooper - and the appointment, this year, of another Deputy to the Headship of Martham High School. Congratulations to Mr Fuller on his promotion and at the same time let us welcome his successor, Mr Redmayne, to Bowthorpe.

This year the magazine takes on a new look for we have a change of editor and I would like to thank and congratulate Miss J. Rees on producing this edition. I am sure she would agree with me when I say that it would never have gone to press on time without the able assistance of our ladies in the office who typed the scripts and the sub-editors Julie Page and Kevin Rose of the Lower Sixth.

E. H. EVANS, B.Sc.

Headmaster

We should like to thank all the advertisers without whose help this magazine would not have been possible. Also all those who have helped in writing & typing and especially members of the VI th form who have given so much time and assistance.



BOWTHORPE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION 1978-79

The first event arranged by the Association was a Social Evening in September. This was a marvellous opportunity for the parents of children starting at school to meet each other and the teachers in an informal atmosphere. Entertainment in the form of Folk singing was provided by Mr. Moreton and friends, and an excellent buffet supper had been prepared by some of the parents. A bar was also provided and the evening was a great success.

A Christmas Fayre was held in December. There was a fantastic response to the request for cakes to sell and all the stalls and competitions were very popular with both parents and children. Taking advantage of the chance for fun in the school one of the highlights of the afternoon was the 'Soak a Teacher' stall. An auction, efficiently conducted by Mr. James proved successful with many attractive items donated by parents and friends of the school coming under the hammer.

A Jumble Sale with many good bargains to be had was also held on the same afternoon. Helping at a sale is always a good way of meeting other parents and although there is a lot of work involved in preparing beforehand, it is a very rewarding way of raising funds. A lot of work was put into the organisation of the day but the money raised made it all very worthwhile. Thanks to all who ensured the day's success.

There was a small attendance for a Bingo evening organised by Mr. and Mrs. Elmer in February. Everyone enjoyed themselves and it is hoped to repeat this event next year.

The A.G.M. took place on March 1st. The Chairman, Mr. Evans, completed the business quickly. Mrs. Bentley and Mrs. Tompson were persuaded to carry on as Secretary and Treasurer respectively, and a new Committee was elected. After coffee, a panel of speakers, consisting of Mr. P. Salmon Chairman of the Governors, Mr. D. Branson James, County Advisor on Secondary Education and Mr. D. How, Central Area Careers Officer, answered questions put to them by parents and teachers. Each question was considered carefully and the answers given were very informative and interesting.

Following a successful Sports evening for parents and children in March, it is hoped to make this a regular Wednesday evening event from September.

Another Inter-Schools Quiz was arranged and took place at Blyth Jex School. Earlham School were the winners with Bowthorpe and Blyth Jex close behind in joint second place. Bowthorpe will probably be the hosts next year when the prize again will be a wooden spoon.

A number of circumstances led to the cancellation of the Summer Fete and we were also unable to enter a float for the Lord Mayor's procession. We are hoping, however, to arrange both these things next year.

The last event of the year was the Cricket Match held on 17th July, an evening when the weather was kind and it was a pleasure to sit on the grass and watch. The Parents/Teachers team had 1st innings, achieving the magnificent score of 94 runs, Mr. Peate and Mr. James knocking up the majority of these. The VIth form team tried very hard to beat this but could only manage to score 55 runs in the match which was limited to 16 overs for each side.

The proceeds from all these events will go towards the new school mini-bus.

Do try and support the Association in all the activities planned for the next year and you will have enjoyable and rewarding experiences throughout the year.

B. Cary



HORNES

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BOWTHORPE TEDIUM (TE DEUM)

(To be sung with great reverence, the congregation standing)

1. Hear now the rules of the Bowthorpe Comprehensive School, that thy days may be fruitful in the noble institution which the Norfolk Education Committee in its bountiful mercy hath given unto thee.
2. Five days in every week shalt thou labour; yea even from 8.30 of the clock unto 11.35, and again from 12.35 unto 3.10; when thy just works shall be rewarded with due repose in the house of thy forefathers.
3. Thy code of conduct at all times shall be impeccable. Whilst going about thy routine business, thou shalt walk on the left of the corridor. Thou shalt keep under control thy youthful ebullience. Neither shalt thou make uncouth or unseemly noises.
4. Whilst attending thy masters or mistresses; yea even outside a classroom, thou shalt wait in an orderly manner. Thou shalt haste thee to thy lessons most punctually; neither stopping to talk to thy acquaintances, nor loitering on thy way.
5. Facility has been provided that thou shalt enjoy thy moments of leisure when it is permitted that thou mayest eat and drink to thy satisfaction.
6. Accordingly, it is not permitted that thou mayest partake of sweets or other confectionery during thy lesson time, and the chewing of gum is definitely out!
7. During morning and afternoon breaks shalt thou take the air perforce when one bell rings. Six bells signifyeth that thou shalt remain within the buildings, and conduct thyself in an orderly manner, in close proximity to the place of thy forthcoming lesson.
8. Shouldst thy ears be assailed by three bells, thou mayest freely have the choice of remaining within, or going outside, and if by perchance the bell should sound twice, thrice, four, or, yea even sixty-four times, expecting six times as heretofore mentioned; thou mayest verily in all reason be persuaded within your hearts and minds that the system has broken down!

9. The prolonged and unbroken ringing of the bell indicateth that the school is burning down. In this hitherto unknown event, thou shouldst leave the school in orderly fashion by the nearest exit and report thee to thy tutor on the upper school playground.
10. At break times, lower school inky spotted examples of pond life must resort unto the Henderson playground. Whilst all noble fourth and fifth year pupils shall assemble on the Gurney, or face the consequence of their transgression, yea verily a gentle shove in the appropriate direction.
11. Whilst sporting thyself, thou mayest partake of healthy and invigorating ball games; excepting that such spherical globules be not released upon the upper section of the Gurney playground, lest classroom windows be broken, and it be necessary to call the glazier in.
12. Thy outdoor robes may not be worn around the school, but must be deposited on thy cloakroom peg, which thy lord tutor hath in boundless generosity given unto thee.
13. For what thou mayest receive at lunch time, thou shalt not blame the Lord but in full heart, mind and spirit shalt thou recall that lower school pupils must not leave the premises.
14. Now these are verily the just and worthy rules by which all must be governed. Those that would seek to sin against them shall be corrected, admonished, and otherwise sorted out, whilst those who keep them shall walk in the paths of righteousness and shall in the fullness of time reap their just and due reward, and be exalted among the prefects.
15. Glory be to the Headmaster, and to his deputies, his senior master, house masters and all members of staff, as they were in the beginning, art now, and, unless the Russians invade, probably ever will be, School without end.

Amen.

Translated by Mr. P. S. James from an ancient Latin manuscript found in a lead-lined coffin during excavations for the building of the new classroom block.

MUSIC FOR CHARITY

By Philip Child

If you want to survive in the sixth form at this school then it is better not to volunteer for anything. I learnt this to my cost when, together with Helen Jessup and Mark Bennett, I volunteered to man a barrel organ for the muscular dystrophy charity in Davey Place.

We had a long stint on the job from 8.30 a.m. to catch the office workers, until mid-day.

The day was bright but bitterly cold and windy, real autumn weather, which I expected would sharpen people's tempers, and make them unwilling to give generously. I was much mistaken, the people of Norwich were most generous. Mind you, they were probably seduced by the German march tunes that we cranked from the barrel-organ. In fact, the music did create pleasant atmosphere and almost every passer by was cajoled into supplying us with a donation in return for a sticky badge.

The organ was certainly very popular with the toddlers who were fascinated to hear music flowing from such an unlikely instrument. Although we offered to let them turn the crank, they were very shy and preferred to nurse and stroke our mascot, a black, acrylic, woollies' chimpanzee, with which they were very impressed. After two and a half hours our wrists were aching with the constant cranking, but we were saved the last hour's toil by the arrival of an elderly woman whose father had had a street organ in the nineteen twenties, and she, despite an arthritic shoulder, insisted upon cranking the organ for the remaining hour.

On the whole, despite the cold and the aching wrists, we enjoyed ourselves immensely. And I recommend collecting for charity with a barrel organ as the ideal way of spending a few hours at half term.

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EASTER DISPLAY 1979

Just before the Easter holidays the Home Economics department held a competition and display of Easter cookery. Third year pupils made and decorated Simnel Cakes and second year pupils were invited to bring decorated eggs. Other pupils made and wrapped Easter biscuits and hot cross buns.

The display was attractively arranged and Mrs. Evans agreed to complete the unenviable task of judging.

Though there were not as many decorated egg entries as hoped, the few showed quality and results were as follows:-

- 1st Peter Fox
- 2nd Angela Piper
- 3rd Tracey Ives-Keeler

Highly commended were eggs by Jane Roberts and Amanda Powell.

The Simnel Cake competition was full of coloured variety with many interesting ideas shown. The standard was such that three were awarded first prizes as follows:-

Joint First:

Jayne Cozens
Karen Fuller
Keven Moghtadar

Highly Commended:

John Killett
Sally Manders
Michelle Whitehead
Adrian Wood

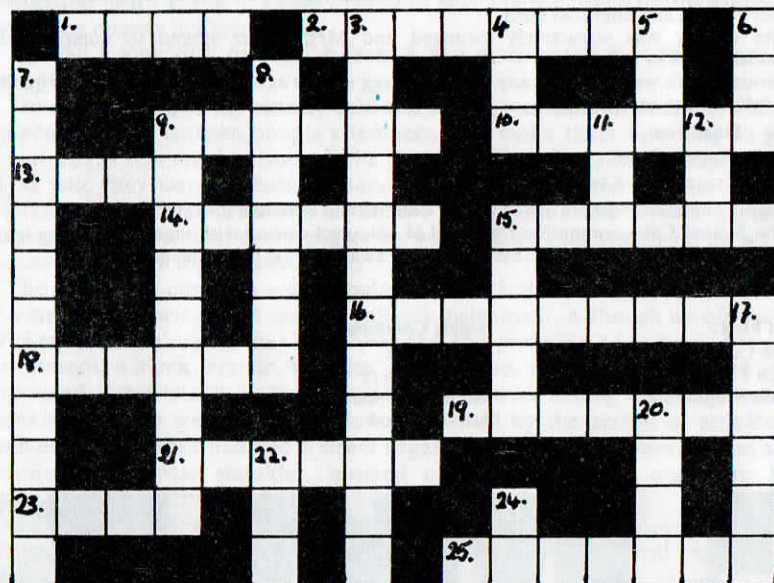


We would like to thank Mrs. Evans, once again, for her brave efforts.

B. Harding

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT BOWTHORPE?

(2nd YEAR CROSSWORD)



ACROSS

1. It signifies the end of a lesson
2. Is called twice a day
9. ___/Henderson
10. Necessary for maths
13. ___ work
14. The secretary works here
15. A very hand subject in room 3
16. Their headquarters are in room 42
18. Never get caught playing
19. Teaches History and Art
21. Miss ___ teaches Games
23. The school stages one every year
25. Miss Max is head of ___

DOWN

3. The Maths one is orange and English is green
4. Not Miss or Mrs
5. French for road
6. ___/No
7. Mr. Smith arranges these
8. Pupils appointed to keep order
9. A worldly subject
11. 400 metres equals one of these
12. Do not do this in the corridor
15. Your ___ takes the register
17. The Boomtown Rats don't like this day either
20. To sing alone
22. Mr. ___ teaches Woodwork
24. Religious Instruction?

Solution on page 45

LOOKING BACK

I was thinking the other day about the fears I had about coming to my new school.

My mind drifted to the thoughts of the school cross-country course. Or rather what people had told me about it.

Up and down hills that a mountain goat would have trouble with, then jump across a dyke with a foot of water in it and then through nettles and thistles 10 feet high. Climb up trees and jump from the branches nearest the top and across a tree over a river and then 3 miles of running back to the school, and all this in any weather!

By Gary Reed



Drawn by Michael Leeder

IF ... EDUCATION IN THE 90's

We are now in the 1980's and looking back, vast changes have taken place in our educational system during the last decade. We have gone comprehensive; the school leaving age has risen to sixteen and many schools have taken on sixth forms.

And now to look to the 1990's. What will it be like then?

EXCERPTS FROM THE BOWTHORPE SCHOOL PROSPECTUS 1990

ENGLISH: A special course in classical poetry, featuring the works of William Shakespeare, William Wordsworth, Sir John Betjeman and Johnny Rotten!

MOTOR MECHANICS: Design and build your own hyperspace accelerator and cosmic gearshift.

SCIENCE: A general course, beginning with Einstein's theory of Relativity and culminating in "Make your own Black Hole".

HOME ECONOMICS: How to programme your robots to do the cooking and general household chores.

GEOGRAPHY: Choice of three subjects - Ordnance Survey Maps of the Canals of Mars; Submarine research in the Oceans of Venus or a study of Urban centres on Earth with special reference to 'Great Britain City'. (Field trips can be arranged for these subjects).

GAMES: Football and tennis being the main sports on the timetable. Consequently, you will find ample facilities to play these rigorous video games!

'O' levels are taken at twenty-five, but it can be arranged for students attaining 95% in exams to stay on for an indefinite period in the sixth form!

By Neil Brooker

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★ ★ ★

AGENTS FOR SIRVIC CLEANERS

THE HOURGLASS

The fantastic structure appeared to be an enormous hourglass: I saw that it was viscid, and gleamed with glutinous tenacity. The dragon stretched and lolled a peppermint tongue. It roared, and the thunder of its voice bellowed into the cold, unwelcoming sky: it was surely a desolate place. Its fires threw the structure into relief.

The hourglass loomed above, seemingly touching star-lit infinity. Never in a demi-god's thousand tormented nightmares could he conceive such an obscenity. Countless fibres of iridescent light intertwined and moulded with blasphemous animation; the single stray ends moving to an unfelt symphony of winds, blowing over arid parched deserts on a faraway world.

I drew nearer. Waves of oppressive heat and petrifying cold washed over me alternately, and in that one dreadful moment I realised that the unspeakable horror lived. The throbbing pulsation that was the beating of its giant heart reverberated in the upper aethers rolling above me.

As it breathed those ungodly respirations, the pallor of its sticky surface (which had previously been a necrogenous grey) was changing insidiously, until the hellish colossus glared an angry, vivid orange; or where the shadows fell, the darkness was as black as the Pit.

The hourglass wavered unstably, as if it stood astride the transit of the worlds. The clouds were gathering; heaven opened the black stronghold. And the hourglass was outlined against the abysmal void, its limbs filled with strange light: I saw all this, in its profound unglory.

Inside, far beneath the heaving surface, shapes floated down the Acheron of its foetid ichor, as if journeying to the Eternal Destination. They were grotesque travesties of human beings: their lethargy, as sometimes a whitish limb appeared briefly in that flowing foulness, or their inaudible moans, as some turned their bloated faces towards me, were a perverted parody of life.

By Julie Page

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LOVE IN DREAM

Worlds apart, two sightlines met,
Admiration became their ally, happiness their Friend.
Monoliths of desire, hearts on fire,
Souls release, at one with peace.
Heavy feeling, heavy metal,
On their mettle, in fine fettle.
Guttural tensions, good intentions,
Verb declensions, sky abstentions
From reality.
And out they went, on lover's bent,
Scratch the trees, lick the breeze,
Resposing together in drunken sleaze.
Rustic blisses, confetti kisses, railway misses.
Cherry imprints on naked napes.
Holding hands, touching fingers,
Overnight sensation lingers.
Porcelain figurines with airs and graces,
Eat your heart out Galatea.
Medaffection, madaffection, mania,
Mind clot, with arrow shut,
Cupid, stupid? No! Not they!
Nights out in machismo worlds,
Lights out in love unfurled,
sweetnegations, action stations,
Blue talk, new talk,
False talk, true talk,
Love talk, above talk,
Above all, in fact in seventh heaven.
Then bubble bursts, dreams die first.
Isolation, desolation, insulation,
Deseccration, consolation.
Dream believers, dream deceivers,
Characters in the psychic play.
Worlds apart.

Anonymous.

SPIRIT OF THE SEA

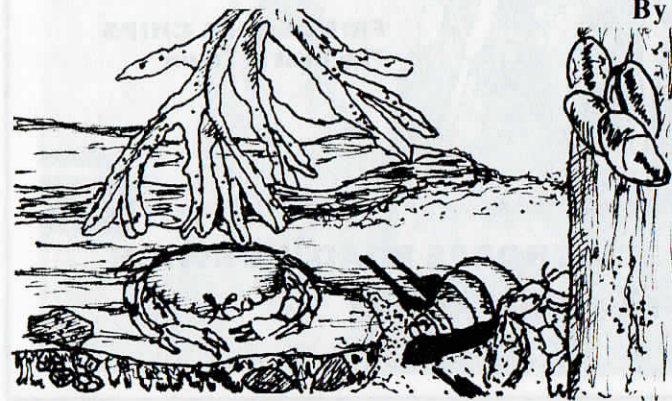
Sea, you are my magnet,
I love to watch you wrangling with the shore.
To see you crouch, and leap, and then withdraw
With rattling stones and long, spent sigh,
To trip the curling wave behind.

I revel in the winds you send
That buffet me and tug my hair,
That offer me the salty air
Which teases me with some slight tang,
To touch a feeling, then is gone.

I love to wander with the beach,
The soft sand singing underfoot:
Then change the tempo, and to put
My feet down-heels first on the stones
For the sharp clink of flint on flint.

White horses, come and play,
I'll watch your carefree gambols hour-by-hour:
With sadness, stand and gaze, without the power
To stop you rushing headlong to your doom.
The spray subsides, and you are gone.

By Tony Hanson



**Drawn By
Rhonda Leeds**

A PREFECT'S LOT IS NOT A HAPPY ONE!

Hans is a prefect on duty by the Boys' Gym. Fritz is a close 'friend' (about a yard away). Hans has many 'friends'. Fritz is sitting on the radiator and calculating the amount of heat given off using the formula $Q = MCA$ and rapidly getting a sore armpit. Hans is pacing the corridor, clicking his heels and wincing. Oberleutnant Konners marches past and the prefects salute.

"You went a few minutes ago!" he barks and continues goose-stepping down the corridor towards the Kommandant's office.

Fritz' armpit has just reached boiling point so he shrieks in agony (which incidentally is the name of the school).

Herr Transplant (duty Meister) comes down the stairs and skids on a second year, but fortunately its head broke his fall.

"Schwein!" he exclaimed, scraping it off his shoe.

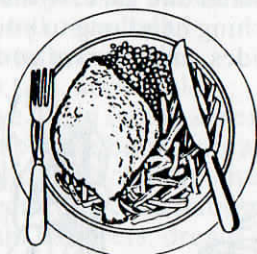
"More work for the littér clearers on Monday morning," remarks Hans to Fritz, who is still in great pain.

"I'll just go and clear the Boys' Gym" he continued . . . Just at that moment an alarm sounded. All on the playground stood briskly to attention for 'Appel' and then marched back into the building.

Our hero, Hans, removed his badge of insignia, took off his helmet and with the still suffering Fritz in tow, retired wearily to the Guard room.

By C. Starling, T. Boore, D. Simmons

R. MICKLEBURGH



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SOME OF THE YEAR'S ACHIEVEMENTS

STAMPING OUR MARK ON THE YEAR OF THE CHILD

The Norwich post office recently organized a competition for the City's pupils; to design a stamp for the International Year of the Child. Mr. Hartwell, head of the Art Department, decided it would make an ideal project for his 2nd, 3rd, and 4th year pupils.

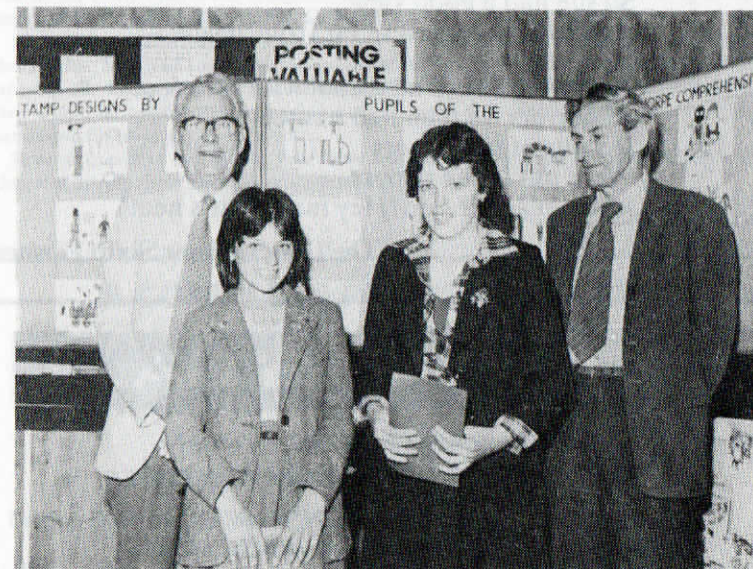
For several weeks we worked hard to perfect our entries for the competition. To begin we made rough sketches of our ideas; having, with the help of Mr Hartwell, decided upon which would appeal most to the judges, we carefully set about planning out the pictures on 9" x 6" pieces of paper, allowing space for the stamp price and for the Queen's head. Finally, we transferred our drawings onto the correct paper, and shaded or coloured them in.

All the complete entries were sent to the Post Office to be judged. Some weeks later, Mr. Hartwell received the names of the three winners, which were;

- 1st Katherine Webb
- 2nd Nichola Mann
- 3rd Julie Snodgrass

With the exception of Katherine Webb, who was unavailable, we went to the City Post Office with Mr. Hartwell to receive our prizes. Inside, there was a display of all the entries. At the presentation Katherine was awarded £10, Nichola £5, and myself £3. The presenter explained how difficult it had been to judge the winner, as all the entries had been of a high standard. The prize money made all our efforts worth-while.

By Julie Snodgrass



OUR BOWTHORPE SURVEY

The liberal study group were all set,
For an expedition out into the wet.
From our warm room we budged,
To Bowthorpe we trudged,
Residents' opinions to get.

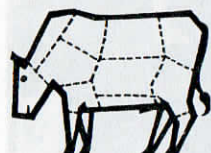
Some people were friendly enough
But some slammed the door in a huff.
With clip-boards in hand
We kept in a band,
So to appear very tough.

Vicious dogs kept the whole group at bay
As we sheltered from snow in mid-May.
A phone-box at hand
Into which we all crammed,
One couple stayed there all day.

One girl had a terrible fright
When a naked man came into sight.
The door was see-through
So she had a good view
And his answers were far from alright.

We arrived back at school with sore feet,
Reporters we then had to meet.
Results of our capers
Were put in the papers
And a teacher said 'Hey man, that's neat'.

The Door to Door Sixth Formers



D. R. BROWNE
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NAT. WEST. - PROJECT RESPOND

For several years the National Westminster Bank has given money to schools to carry out projects which will benefit the community. In May, Alison Langley and Jonathan Greengrass, with representatives from other award-winning schools in Norfolk, went to the main branch to collect their cheque.



The £50 cheque is being spent to provide very large draughts and snakes and ladders boards for Little Plumstead Hospital. The actual work is being carried out by a number of boys under the supervision of Mr. Golder.

Little Plumstead Hospital is for severely mentally and physically handicapped children and adults. Many of them are incapable of doing anything for themselves, some cannot move at all. These boards will enable some patients to play simple games which otherwise they would be unable to play because of the small size of the normal boards, which their hands and fingers cannot cope with.

Several pupils in the fourth year have helped at the special school at Little Plumstead Hospital during their Social Studies lessons.

By Alison Langley

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THE BOWTHORPE SCHOOL CRIME PREVENTION QUIZ EXPLOITS 1978-9

After the great success that the earlier Bowthorpe Crime Prevention teams had met with, under the guidance of the now departed Mr. Fuller, it was a daunting task that faced the new teams, under the new guidance of Miss Max and Mr. Carter. I am happy to report that we lived up to, and even surpassed previous Bowthorpe teams.

With yours truly stepping up from last year's reserve, to captain; and our new addition Kenny (Allsort) Bassett it was with hearts aquiver that we set out on our first round against arch rivals Earlham School. Imagine the disgrace of being knocked out in the first round. Fortunately this was not to be and we won quite convincingly 96-76. Back we went to the seemingly endless hours of practice, under the extremely patient Miss Max and the ever cool Mr. Carter. Then another win against Eaton school, with a score of 88-75 took us through to the semi-finals. More practice and the day arrived; tension mounted as we scored a narrow victory over Thorpe House 93-85. All! I say all, we had to do was win the final over that towering fortress of female genius, Notre Dame.

So Bowthorpe had reached the final again. A spectacular affair with important people from all over Norfolk attending, including the Chief Constable, Mr. Gordon Taylor. The competition started and Bowthorpe narrowly held the lead. As it drew to a close the lead was snatched from our grasp, and suddenly it all depended on the last question. It was with horror that I realised I had to answer and with further horror I realised I could not. I looked at Miss Max and the Bowthorpe contingent, and it struck me, that they looked like a row of goldfish silently mouthing the answer. "Could you repeat the question please?" I asked (famous stall for time). I still did not understand, but amazingly a stream of facts poured from my mouth, and even more amazingly I was awarded two out of five points so clinching the title by 1 point. So for the third year running we had won.

After this you would think we would sit back on our laurels. But even greater things were planned, and off we went to Ipswich to see if we could better last year's team by attempting to win the inter-city quiz against Ipswich and Chelmsford with us representing Norwich. I am extremely happy to report that we won, upholding the reputation of Norwich, but much more importantly of Bowthorpe School.

A special thank you must go to Miss Max and Mr. Carter without whom none of this would have been possible.

Also the team: Kenneth Bassett
Carlena Borrett
David Simmons

and even a bit for myself . . . Neil Hardiman

By Neil Hardiman

EAST ANGLIAN CHAMPIONS



STEAMING INTO CHRISTMAS

At the beginning of November, Mr. Golder asked for volunteers to make a large wooden toy as a Christmas present for a children's hospital. The project decided on was a wooden railway engine. The following boys helped on the engine and we worked in pairs.

They were: Adrian Mulley, Colin Grayley, Maurice Moore, Martin Moore, Paul Callaway, Selwyn Fountain, David Arnold, Martin Ward and Brian Potter.

The final coat of paint went on just before delivery to the carol service at Norwich Cathedral.

Maurice Moore and Adrian Mulley



A CARETAKER'S VIEW

When I joined Bowthorpe School three years ago, it was a dramatic change of employment for me, as I had spent the previous twenty years as a long distance lorry driver. At first, I had some very mixed feelings about the change, but now all my fears are forgotten. However, sometimes I still wish I could roam the country again at the wheel of a truck; then I decide that I have found my slot and would like to spend the rest of my working days as a caretaker (at Bowthorpe, of course).

I've had some amusing moments, such as the night I was about to lock the front doors, I noticed a car still on the car park and was told that a certain female teacher was on the premises.

"Have you locked her in the cupboard?" I asked myself.

I spent half an hour searching for her, only to be told the next day that she had been in Bawburgh, playing squash.

During last winter's fuel crisis, I was quizzed every morning by eager pupils (and staff!): "Will we have to close the school?", "When's the tanker coming?"

But we kept going; was it good management? (all I can say is, someone up there loves us).

I must look insane as I walk the corridors with a garden hoe, but I find it an excellent tool for scraping chewing gum off the floor. One dinner lady asked me if that was all my job consisted of!

I've just been asked to play cricket by Mr. Peate – this should be fun!

By Bryan F. Clark



SOJOURN

My frost-laden shoes,
Stare me in the face, as I awake.
My mind panics.
Senses fail to register.
I am ambushed, by a total reflection of light.
White,
Bright, white,
Bright, white, light.
The since pigment, forgotten trees,
Are overwhelmed by the snow.
It is everywhere.
I wait
What for?
For a renegade.
Something that will stand up to the snow.
Still I wait,
I wait as though,
I had an innate cause to carry on.
My eyes are motionless.
An old cigarette packet.
As I watch,
Horried as the enemy takes over.
The renegade is defeated.
I wait again.

By Gary Connors

MINIBUS THIS IS YOUR LIFE

The minibus is eight years old.

We took delivery of TVG 238K on the 22nd January, 1972. Today after 70,000 miles and at least sixteen different countries under her wheels, when we are looking forward to a new and slightly larger vehicle, we present a review of the incidents of the last eight years.. Within a matter of weeks we were in the Harz Mountains by the 'Iron Curtain' on the border with E. Germany. Heavy snow made driving extremely treacherous and we envied the local traffic, equipped with snow chains as we pushed the vehicle out of a snow drift.

Four months later we actually crossed the 'Iron Curtain' into Hungary and not without some trepidation when we saw armed frontier guards in concentration camp like towers guarding the frontier. Our fears were unfounded. In fact we had no problems unlike some visitors who were delayed for hours whilst they obtained visas. Roads throughout the Balkans were quite good except for a short stretch just over the Bulgarian frontier in Yugoslavia. The Yugoslav authorities apologised for the state of their highway and we soon discovered why. The pot-holes were so wide that they accommodated the whole minibus and so steep that the near step grounded as we moved from one hole to another. It took us an hour to travel a mere ten miles and, needless to say, the suspension was well and truly tested.

We've explored many castles in as many different lands and actually stayed in two of them. At Bran in Rumania we toured Dracula's legendary home where we had to wear special felt overshoes – was this to prevent contamination by the dreaded vampire?.

Although we have usually taken a good deal of food with us on our overseas trips the memory of one meal, a "fisherman's breakfast", taken after a five hour boat trip of the Danube Delta, and within half an hour of the Soviet border, will long remain with us. The meal started with cat fish soup, followed by boiled cat fish and finally – yes you've guessed – fried cat fish steaks! We were not even presented with a bill but, instead, we were asked to pay what we thought we should. A difficult decision this because we did not wish to offend our Rumanian hosts (the elder spoke only Russian) who had also accommodated us for the night. We erred on the generous side and our hosts were clearly delighted.

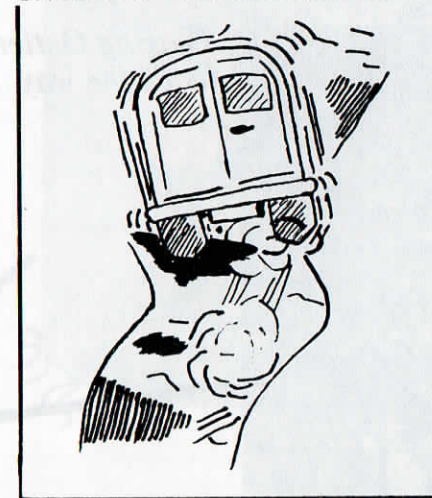
We've been down lead mines, tin mines and even a silver mine and of course, caves. At Postojna in Yugoslavia we visited a cave so vast that a small train was used to transport us. What luxury, we thought, until we discovered that the tour involved walking out! An even less conventional method, a bosun's chair, enabled us to descend, one at a time, to the bottom of Gaping Gill pot-hole.

Language problems have seldom been a barrier and we have generally found French and, more especially, German invaluable. On one occasion, however, when we turned up at the cave in Northern Bulgaria the guide clearly had no language in common with us and we suspect he delayed our visit in the hope that other visitors, who might have helped, would appear. None did but our visit was, in spite of the language barrier, quite enlightening.

Some mountains we have climbed and many we have just admired. Maljovitza in Bulgaria, Galdhoppigen in Norway, Cairngorms in Scotland and the Aiguilles du Midi in France, have been among our ascents – the latter we

"did" the easy way, and were astonished at the number of Japanese on top! With mountains come glaciers and we have ventured, among others, on and even into Norway's Hardanger Jokulon, Scott's training ground for his Antarctic expedition.

ON THE ROAD IN YUGOSLAVIA



Drawn by Michael Leeder

Inevitably we have occasionally had to seek help from mechanics and sometimes they were hard to find. In Brasov, Rumania, a city about the size of Norwich, there were but two workshops. We were, nevertheless, given immediate attention when we needed an oil and filter change. On another occasion, when we had a minor problem with the clutch, the Swiss Touring Secours sent a patrolman in a gas fuelled vehicle, which was, at that time, even more of a rarity than today.

Inevitably we've had to cross the sea many times, occasionally in hovercraft, but mostly in car ferries. Among the more famous craft we have seen however have been the raft "Kon Tiki", the polar expedition's ship "Frans" and, perhaps the most remarkable of all, the Oslo Viking Ships.

The kindnesses we have received have been countless. The people in the small Bulgarian town who sent us to the head of the bread queue, the assistant in the supermarket who told us the names of commodities in Bulgarian, the Dutch family who took in all our washing when it rained during our absence, the sixteen year old girl who showed us the remarkable gold treasure of Panagyurishte in Plovdiv, the small boys who took us on a tour of Sighisoara and showed remarkable ingenuity in explaining some of the sights (they had even heard of Norwich City!) the Luxembourg lady who opened her youth hostel especially for us and the gentleman in Edinburgh who found us a parking place!

All of which helps to explain why Hazlitt wrote "With change of place we change our ideas, nay our opinions and feelings".

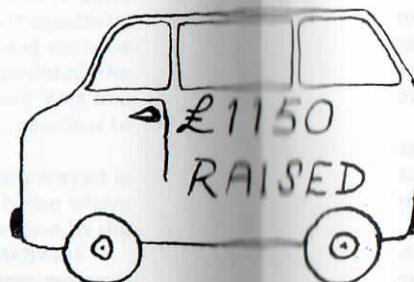
YARE VALLEY WALK

9th July, 1979



*Tensing Ostler
leads the way*

*"Country Casuals"
Vogue 1979*



Refresher Course



*Bridge over the
River Yare*



Edited by
GAIL WARREN
and
APRIL IRESON

SWITZERLAND HERE WE COME!

The minibus left school at 0600 with eight female pupils: Gail, Rhonda, Elaine, Helen, Roslyn, Susan, Hilary and Sally. We arrived at Felixstowe and boarded the ferry, The Viking Viscount (Mr. Smith assured us it was not built by the same company as the Titanic). From the deck we watched England become a thin line and then nothing but open sea. The voyage to Zeebrugge took five hours.

On arriving in Belgium, we all advanced our watches one hour, and made for Chauny, our first camp site. (The tent was erected without mishap). On Wednesday 25th we visited Louis Pasteur's house and laboratory at Arbois, and travelled on to Interlaken, Switzerland.

Next day we really began to enjoy our holiday as we ascended the Niederhorn, (5000ft) in a chairlift. The view was breathtaking. Continuing our holiday, we all squeezed into a rack railway carriage, which took us to the top of the Schynige Platte. We stumbled down the mountain and three hours later we arrived at the bottom, exhausted. We recovered, to play football/rugby (or was it netball) with some German boys from Frankfurt. Needless to say, we won, after showing them all the red card.

The following days were crammed with interesting sights; these included, the Trummelbach waterfalls, caves of St. Beatus, Lucerne and Grindlewald. On our way to Sion, we visited the Rhone Glacier. Inside we were pursued by Polar bears, and on leaving were soaked by melting ice.

August 1st was Switzerland's national day, and as fireworks exploded near us, we got little sleep. We visited two places in the Guinness book of records; the Grand Dixence Dam and the cable car trip to the Aiguilles du Midi.

So, back through France and Belgium, on to the ferry (which we nearly missed) and we finally arrived home sound in mind, if not in body, at 11.30 p.m. after a very enjoyable two weeks. Many thanks to Miss Browning and Mr. Smith: (we think they came through it very well).

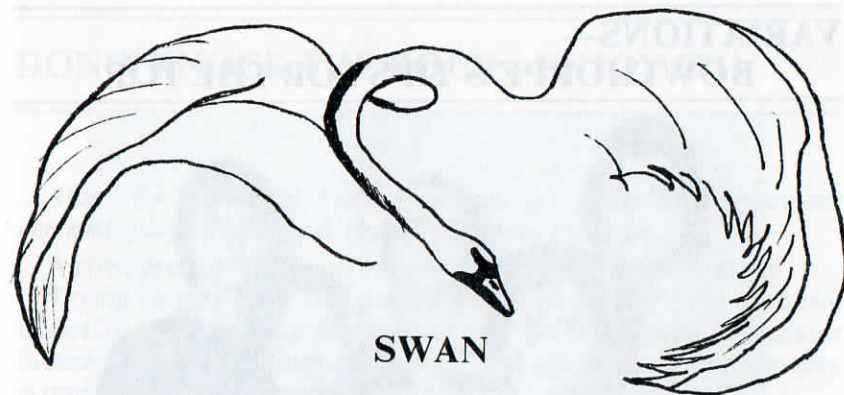
By Rhonda Leeds and Gail Warren.



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SWAN

Like a swan's snow white feathers
The snow gently drifts to earth
Landing where it will.

A child stands crying in a field,
Its face turned skyward.
Crying for the swan in the sky.
The swan whose feathers float earthward as snow.

The child stands alone crying for the swan.
Who never would feel the first drift of snow
But who would be that snow.

The child stands crying in a field
Needless of the adults calling
Needless of all but the swan whose
Feathers, snow white feathers
Float earthward as snow.

By Joanne Knapp

VARIATIONS— BOWTHORPE'S TIPS FOR THE TOP



ROKO LIVE AT WEMBLEY

Well not quite! But if you ever have to pass Colney Hall one evening and you hear a band playing songs by the Stranglers or Deep Purple, you will know that 'Roko' are rehearsing for their next gig.

The band consists of Judy Griggs on vocals, Adrian Rix on keyboards, Andrew Rix on bass, Karl Dawson on guitar, Brian Savage on drums and Tony Mortar who works the mixer.

The task of working in a band takes up a lot of our spare time, for as well as playing we also have to help in setting up the amplifiers and loud speakers. This has to be done correctly for if it isn't it will mean that we won't be able to get the sound we want.

All the sound is controlled by Tony, who sits at the mixer console and controls the volume levels and the effects.

It takes quite a while setting up a band and getting it on the road but when this becomes possible, all the hard work will have been well worth it.

By Adrian Rix and Karl Dawson

SPINNING JENNY

Another of our pupils who is having musical success is Jenny Watts, who left school in the summer.

Jenny has been working at Jack White's demonstrating playing techniques on the organ, and in her spare time she has been trying to get a professional career off the ground.

In July of this year she took part in a Red Cross Competition at the Theatre Royal which she found very exciting. She has also had various engagements in the area.

Recently, however, Trident Insurance have offered to sponsor her. She will be playing in clubs and theatres throughout East Anglia and we wish her every success in this venture.

DON'T KNOCK THE ROCK – ENJOY IT!!

Alan who left school 2 years ago and his group Rich Gypsy are currently playing in pubs & clubs throughout the area.

A rock group – hard work, enjoyment and disappointment.

Trying to make any impression in this particular field of music is not the easiest of jobs. In order to get anywhere one major factor is vital: one's individual style and presentation. Originality is one of the most important elements of rock music.

Many groups starting on the road to success will do cover versions of songs. This is fine, providing you do your own version and arrangement, and do not try to follow the original too closely, because with today's advanced studio techniques you may do yourself more harm than good as people expect to hear the exact thing.

Try to write your own compositions. Do not be put off by lack of audience response, because if your material is any good, after a couple of hearings they will accept it along with the more well known pieces.

Live sound is very important. Before starting a gig, it is crucial to get balance between all the musicians. If you have a bad sound the only way out is to pack up and go home, as nobody in his right mind will listen to you! A successful group comprises good material, good sound and cohesion between the musicians.

Rich Gypsy, the band I am with have been together now for about two years, and we are in the process of negotiating a recording contract with a major company. In getting to this stage we have had a lot of fun, many good gigs, a few bad ones, and the odd argument amongst ourselves or with club owners. But it has all been worthwhile.

So if there is anyone out there who fancies 'having a bash', enjoy it, have lots of laughs, and remember in the words of an AC/DC song:- "It's a long way to the top (if you wanna' rock n' roll)".

By Alan Wick

BOWTHORPE PUPILS IN THE PAPERS

Each of these pupils appeared in the local newspaper during the last year as a result of his or her actions.

NYT SUMMER

During the summer holidays (from 13th to 25th August), I attended a drama course in London, organised by the National Youth Theatre of Great Britain.

After applying from school I went to London for an interview/audition which proved successful. Another interview later I was lucky enough to be chosen for the intermediate course, run for 14 to 16 year olds.

At the very beginning of the course, Michael Croft, the director, told us that he had not picked the best actors, but those who he thought were the most "interesting" people; who would benefit from a course of this nature.

The course was extremely interesting and great fun. It consisted of physical exercises (either to limber up or to relax), speech training, movement instruction and numerous periods of improvisation, when we were given a subject or theme on which we had to make up a short sketch. We also played various games, to help us concentrate, and other things like intimate discussions and the very interesting practice of humming together that brought us closer to one another, giving us more capacity to perform as a group.

The whole course culminated in an hour-long show consisting of various improvised sketches, songs, poetry and stories which we performed in front of the rest of the NYT (those attending other courses at the Haverstock School – the course venue).

The whole course was a fantastic experience. I made lots of new, and very close, friends from all over the country. It has given me a taste of life in the big city and, I believe, widened my whole outlook on life. I am a very much more open person now, which is essential for good acting. I hope to return next year to perform in one of the plays.

By David Simmons

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CLOVER HILL YOUNG CITIZEN'S AWARD



Kim Woods with the shields she received for her work with the Guides on Bowthorpe Estate.

WATER RESCUE

After the school disco Paul Sharp was walking home along Colman Road, with a group of other Bowthorpe pupils, and their French pen pals. Five of them went into the chip-shop to get a drink and then the 2 French boys left.

The girls wanted to get to St. Augustine's the quickest way but were unsure of the way, so Paul offered to accompany them.

At the top of Barn Road, Paul saw some men running round a corner near bill boards. He thought they were going to chase him, but they went through a hole in the fence and were looking into the water. Others joined them and Paul, who had just passed Colman's food factory started to run towards them.

As he arrived someone said, "Can anybody swim?"

Paul replied, "I can", and stripping to his underwear dived in. The water was dirty and weedy making his task more difficult as the unconscious woman floated down the river.

When he reached her, he tried to hold her head above water by holding her chin, but finding this difficult he held the back of her neck and managed to swim to the side. Men on the bank lifted the woman from the side and she was given artificial respiration until the ambulance arrived.

I personally think Paul's action was very brave and we all would like to congratulate him on it.

By Gary Culling

SPIRIT

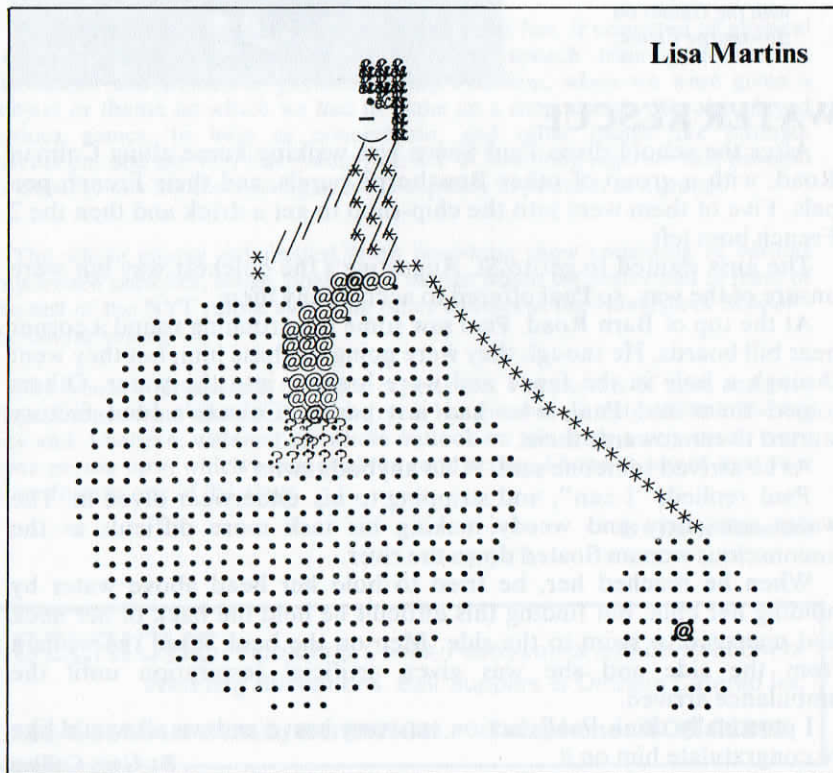
Hush, be still Immortal Friend,
Not long now, until the end.
From this shell of life gone past,
Freedom from this thing at last.

Swirling mist rising high,
Up into the darkening sky.
"Wait for me," a voice did cry,
"Don't leave me here to die".

Turning faceless from around,
From the depths a voice is found.
"Don't you know? . . ."

By J. K. Page

Lisa Martins



THE GREAT BOWTHORPE SCHOOL TEACHERS' CYCLE RACE

There were 14 entrants for the above race, including such illustrious professionals as Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Hazlehurst and Mr. Bawden, to name three, each of whom fancied their chances of victory on the 11 mile circuit of the Norwich Ring Road.

At precisely 11 o'clock the race commenced from the front of the school. As the group headed towards the traffic lights, Miss Weatherley made for the front, riding as if she was 100 yards from the finish line. A gap soon opened up, due somewhat to the unwillingness of the pack to chase the leader who, needless to say, must have had God's will on her side! By the time the group had reached the fast tail-wind stretch going down Colman Road, the R.I. teacher had a lead of over 30 seconds!

However, those competitors from the Geography department had decided that Miss Weatherley's run of glory should end there and then, and so Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Collins set about closing the gap on her. With the former went Mr. Peate, who had obviously been doing his homework. The trio made good progress, easily catching the now tiring Miss Weatherley.

Meanwhile, two stalwarts from the English department, Mr. Davison and Miss Rees, were making their presence felt further back.

The breakaway group was now in sight, and with half the distance gone, they approached the hardest climb of the course, and Mr. Jacobs who, up to now, had made little impression, broke away from the chasing pack.

Seeing this, another 'old stager', Mrs. Bulwer, surged away from the pack, joining the front quarter of riders. But these inspired attempts by the above named pair were to little avail, for the rest of the pack had caught up with them by now.

Contained in this group were those sprinters who were saving their strength until about 200 yards from the finish line: Mr. Dix, Mr. Kilshaw and Miss Max.

With 3 miles to go, Mr. Broady made for the front. He had created a slight lead when, approaching the left hander at the bottom of Guardian Road, he skidded on a patch of oil and crashed into a big heap in the middle of the road.

The bunch came down the hill, narrowly missing Mr. Broady. By now Mr. Dix was in the lead, a length up on Mr. Kilshaw and Miss Max. Mr. Kilshaw made a desperate last-gasp effort, but to no avail, for Mr. Dix had won, with Mr. Kilshaw second, Miss Max third, and poor old Mr. Broady in plaster.

By Jeremy Greengrass

FRANCE (EXCHANGE) – EASTER 1979

The trip to France was fairly easy-going, but none of us realised all the excitement and setbacks that we had to follow through being in a strange country. We were all very anxious and nervous about meeting the French families but after the first few words, things seemed better.

School was like a zoo, all the French people were looking and laughing at us as if we were monkeys in a cage. French school dinners were worse than Bowthorpe's "THATS SAYING SOMETHING".

One day a few of us went with Mrs. Bulwer to the swimming pool. It was an outdoor pool which was like a hot spring; steam was rising from the pool because of the cold air. You had to keep all your body under the water or part of it froze. Adjoining the swimming pool was a skating rink; here we had hours of pleasure clinging desperately to the walls. We also had to suffer bruises and frost-bitten bottoms.

After visiting a museum one day Mrs. Bulwer suggested that we should go and visit Jean-Paul, a teacher whom she knew. We were all packed into his tiny room like sardines. He had to search for anything that would hold drink; cups, glasses and even vases. We all looked like hippies especially Mrs. Bulwer.

All the families made us very welcome and treated us like their own children. Mrs. Bulwer and Miss Rees made sure they enjoyed themselves by painting the town red every night.

At the disco all of the girls were made victims of the French boys. They did not take no for an answer, they just pulled us onto the dance floor (they are very romantic). About a dozen of the girls hung desperately to the English boys' necks for protection.

At the station one of the penfriend's dad insisted on carrying one of the cases onto the train, because the corridors were jam packed. The whistle blew and the train went with him on it, he yelled, but it was too late.

A lot of inspectors with different stars on their hats kept arguing with Mrs. Bulwer about our ticket. They said there was a piece missing. We all felt very guilty and worried about the illegal imports which we were carrying through customs.

On the boat we were confined to the floor because there were no seats. Everybody felt seasick and of course Chris Potter had to catch Chicken Pox. Mrs. Bulwer had her first chance of playing nurse since her childhood many years ago.

Thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Bulwer and Miss Rees we had a very good stay in France and we hope to go again.

By Carlena Borrett
and Kerri Parish

AND THE RETURN VISIT!!

Characters

Mrs Bulwer – a French teacher
Mr. Bulwer – her harrassed husband
Mme. Deshayes – a confused French teacher
A coach driver
Parents, pupils etc.

Scene 1. – Mrs. Bulwer's house, the day of the arrival of the French exchange group from Rouen June 1979.

The phone rings.

Mrs. Bulwer: Ha! Ha! That must be the French people ringing from Newhaven to say that the coach hasn't arrived.

Hallo, Norwich 21435.

Mme. Deshayes: Hello, the coach to take us to Norwich hasn't arrived! (noise of panic, confusion etc.)

Mrs. Bulwer: Oh * * * !! Hang on, I'll ring the coach company and find out what's happened.

One frantic phone call later.

Hello, they forgot to go! Can you fix up a coach from Newhaven.

After further confusion, phone calls, wheeling and dealing, a coach is arranged at vast expense.

Mrs. Bulwer (to as many parents as she could telephone). Hello, I'm afraid there's been a slight delay. The French children won't be here until midnight.

10 p.m. The phone rings again.

Mme. Deshayes: Hello. We've broken down in London, we'll arrive at 3 a.m.

Scene 2. – Bowthorpe School. Midnight.

Mrs. Bulwer (to parents and pupils). Another delay. I'm afraid they'll now be arriving at 3 a.m.

Parents and Pupils: Oh, no!

(The above scene is to be repeated as a further phone call announced that a 2nd breakdown would mean arrival at 5 a.m.)

Finale – The coach finally turns into Bowthorpe Road at 5.40 a.m. Cheers from parents, pupils and Mrs. Bulwer who's getting cold in her nightie!

In spite of all this, a good time was had by all. Thanks to all the parents and pupils who gave the French children such a good time.

By F. Bulwer

THE MODERN LANGUAGES ASSOCIATION

During the coming year, it is possible that you will take part in some social event, party, or general bun fight organized by a faceless organization known as the Modern Languages Association.

Faceless that is, until now – the time has come to lift the lid off this mysterious organization.

Titles such as “The Modern Language Association” usually conjure up pictures of fat bureaucrats rotting in their chairs; or of a mafia-like body of strict organizers, or, conversely, of super-intellectualized and over-political students.

That was my impression – until one day, I was asked to go along to a meeting. It was a surprise. It was held in a circle of chairs in the Blyth-Jex sixth form common room, and the “representatives” were simply other members of staff and sixth-formers from City schools (the latter tend, on these occasions, to remain silent), or nod when necessary. The idea is to try and make language more of a social event for its students.

Meetings are usually hour long discussions about forth coming events. Problems are inevitably raised, and although many may seem insurmountable some arrangement is usually made. This can, in many cases be made at the last minute due to lack of co-operation from various directions, and the finished product may fall short of expectations. But it must be said, despite all failings, a lot of fun can be had by those attending; it is up to them to get as much as possible from the Association's efforts.

Last year for instance, there was a special Breton evening, during the course of which cider was consumed, pancakes were fried (and sometimes even eaten) and paper doilies were turned into a memorable assortment of coifferie (French paper hats). French folk dancing added a certain amount of heated energy to an entertaining evening.

There was also a barbecue which, although less successful, was still, by all accounts, reasonably memorable. (I myself, wasn't in attendance). And there are Russian and Spanish evenings in the pipeline.

By Neil Brooker



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FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS IN EAST ANGLIA

On July 16th 1979, we two mugs – cum-Russian students embarked on the Norwich Russian Course, the cost of which was £35 (as we were resident in Norwich). For 3 weeks we were mercilessly subjected to those tortures – translation, extempore, and prose – which constitute a large part of our A level language work. Light relief was provided in the form of grammar lectures, along with an endless stream of cups of chocolate, Cabanas, and not infrequent visits to the pinball hall. Social events included films, trips, parties, Russian Scrabble! and, on the last Thursday, a concert which was well received by everyone. Exams were inevitable, and we fared very well, along with the 120 or so foreigners and the English natives. To be fair, we found the course a helpful and rewarding experience, for it provided us with invaluable practice and preparation for our Russian A level, an experience which we should like to repeat in the near future.

By Kevin Rose and Neil Brooker

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GYMNASTICS

During 1979, Lindsay Metcalf, 4X, F2, has gained the B.A.G.A. Award 1.
We apologize for omitting the 1978 competition results in the last magazine and include them now.

Inter-House competition

1978	1st	Fry	172 pts.
	2nd	Scott	171 pts.
	3rd	Cavell	165 pts.
	4th	Nelson	134 pts.

1979	1st	Scott	309 pts.
	2nd	Fry	306 pts.
	3rd	Cavell	301 pts.
	4th	Nelson	201 pts.

Champion Gymnast Competition

1978	1st	Donna Moore
	2nd	Katrina Gook
	3rd	Heather Collins
		Dawn Lovett

1979 This competition takes place in December this year, so results will be in next year's magazine.

By V. Hodson

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SCHOOL SPORTS DAY – 16th JULY, 1979

New best performances were set by:

Glen Simmons, Fry, 3rd Year 100m. : 12.8
David Fiddy, Fry, 3rd Year 200m. : 27.6
Paul Adcock, Scott, Junior High Jump : 1.50m
Lorraine Nixon, Fry, 2nd Year 400m. : 71.9
Shaun Mallett, Cavell, Senior 800m. : 2m. 18.8
Heather Collins, Scott, Senior 400m. : 71.3
Shaun Utting, Scott, Senior Long Jump : 4.68m

HOLIDAY SPORTS CLUB

This Club was formed to provide activities for YOUR benefit during school holidays - mainly sporting but visits and journeys too. Not many of you came. If you can think of activities you would be keen to do during the holidays, see Mr. Peate.

After all, it is YOUR school!

SNATCHES OF COMMENTARY ON THE TEACHERS – Vith FORM NETBALL TOURNAMENT (REMEMBER?)

The whistle goes. Miss Hodson receives the ball from Miss Goodrum. General uproar. Hurrah! It's a goal! Mr. Taylor, put Miss Hodson down! Yes, I know she's the shooter, and I know she's small, and that she cannot reach the goal, but you must not lift her up! No, that goal is disallowed. Someone is injured. A sixth former is carried off, clutching her shin in obvious pain. Miss Davison! Why did you kick that sixth-former? No! This is netball, not football. The whistle blows. Mr. Ostler, give that ball back! I know that that sixth-former had the ball, but then she's allowed to. Give it back! I know you're a teacher, but you can't make her give you the ball. That's cheating!
Lord help me throughout the remainder of this match.

By Lisa Martins.

SIXTH FORM V TEACHERS HOCKEY MATCH

After having to remind Mr. Smith he was playing, all began well. The sixth-formers were looking young, fit and lively – and perhaps too confident, the teachers, wise and aged, apart from some energetic fools. Mr. Redmayne was in goal, suitably attired in his crash-helmet.

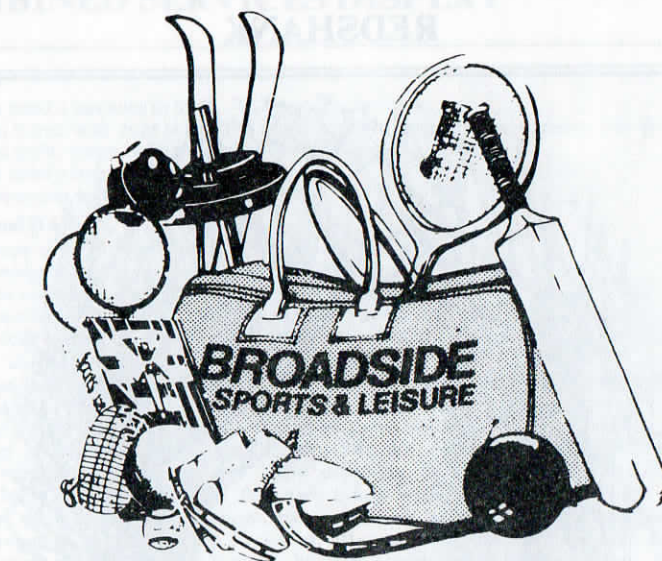
It wasn't long before the teachers scored; their team was a bit unequal – with Mrs. Tompson, doing very little and being glad only to do that, and some young male teachers almost running the whole match. The sixth formers were generally quite good, with Neil Hardiman falling about 25 times. The score at half-time was 4 : 0 to the teachers.

At the start of the second half, VIth form goalkeeper Bryan Dongray moved to right back and Debra Sparrow moved to goalkeeper. The VIth formers fought back with renewed vigour, scoring twice – however the teachers also scored twice.



The final score was 6 : 2 with the teachers asserting their might once again. The VIth formers of next year are determined not to let these mere teachers win again.

Julie Muckleston.



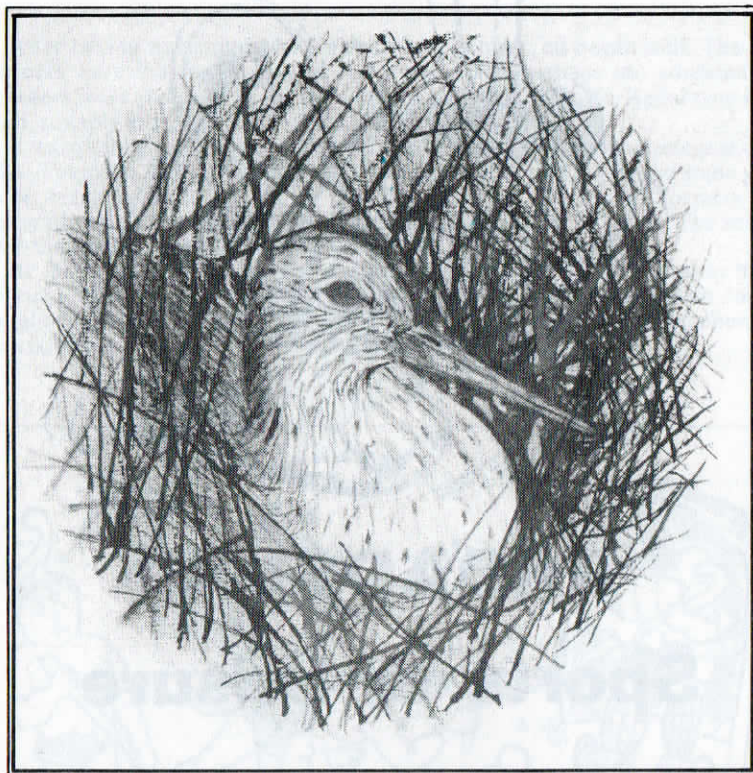
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REDSHANK



Drawn by Michael Leeder

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READER

Do you need a purpose in life?
Are you bored with your work? (all pupils at Bowthorpe may not answer this question)
Are you unfit? (especially those who skive off cross-country)
Do you need a haircut?

H.M. Forces can solve all your problems!

MUMS and DADS

Does your child chew gum/bite his/her nails?
Does he/she wear excruciatingly tight, splitting jeans?
Is he/she a general embarrassment to you?
Does he/she need a haircut?

H.M. Forces would be delighted to give him/her a thorough overhaul, complete with haircut.

This was the general gist of a publicity display given by members of the Royal Marines, Royal Navy and Army in the form of a play.

We were first confronted with a hoard of types with similar 'problems' as the ones mentioned above, and all needing haircuts. At the imaginary Careers Office for the Forces, these latter were shown films depicting the INTEREST, VARIETY and EXCITEMENT of their careers (are you bored with your work?!!) These 'un-nice' characters decided to 'try it', whereupon a stunning, unbelievable and simultaneously most convincing, transformation occurred: after much gasping and blinking everybody realised that the tall, tough, smart, healthy commandos, with haircuts, who had materialised, were these self-same specimens who had joined up. (Here several girls fainted on the spot and many more little boys ran screaming from the Henderson Hall, either from terror or the absence of grime)

So, parents, if you would care to take a more careful look at the questions listed above ?

By Anna Bentley

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DRAMA

Just picture the shattering effect of the newspaper headlines on the people of Norwich, who are so used to breathtaking information about, say, the local Women's Institute Cake Competition – 'Bowthorpe schoolboy fined for driving a teak sideboard without due care and attention'!

For the benefit of anyone who was hibernating at the time, I'm talking about this year's school play 'The Beeple' by Alan Cullen. David Simmons played John-Willy Entwhistle, who accidentally makes a space rocket from a D.I.Y. sideboard kit. His adventures on the planet of the Beeple gave us all a great deal of fun. Here I must pay tribute to the cast, but as space is short, I'm sure those in smaller parts will forgive me for making particular mention of: Kevin Rose as Humble, a newcomer to school drama, who played a leading part with great gusto; April Ireson as Queen of the Beeple, Queenbee; Anna Bentley as Princess Sweebee; Katrina Gook and Bridget Butler as two charbees; Adrian Wenn as Wossup, David Crowe as 'Ornit the 'Orrible and Julie Johnstone as Black Beedle were the baddies, backed up by another newcomer, Bryan Dongray as the wicked Glorybee; also; the hilarious Karl Dawson as Fuzz Buzz.

This year's play is called 'The Servant of Two Masters' by Carlo Goldoni, and it's comedy set in Venice about 1760. This time Karl gets the girl (which is more than David Simmons can claim – maybe next year, David!)

Finally, congratulations to Adrian Wenn on becoming assistant set designer at the Maddermarket; also, to David Simmons for his debut in adult drama (he played a major part in 'The Diary of Anna Frank') and for being selected for a training course by the National Youth Theatre.

By P. S. James

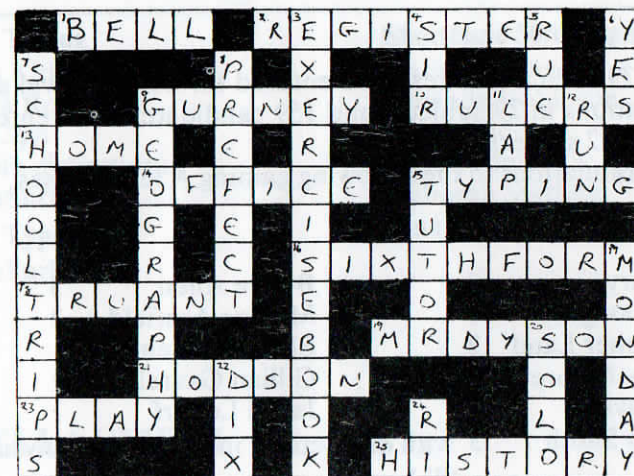


JOHN WILLY

I can say without a doubt that the Beeple was the most difficult play I've ever performed in; the physical effort involved was tremendous, and I was very tired at the end. However, the success of the play proved, I hope, that all the hard work was worth it, and I shall never forget that Lancastrian accent – it grows on you.

By David Simmons

CROSSWORD SOLUTION



DISASTER IN ALLAPOOL

It has been reported that following a visit to a Launderette in Allapool one boy found that his jumper had shrunk, his trousers were dyed a different colour, his light blue pants had acquired dark blue stripes, his white socks turned orange from the ankle down and his blue socks vanished! Rumours that an aquatic haggis was responsible are unfounded.

Drawn by Michael Leeder



EXAMINATIONS 1979

In 1979 132 candidates were entered for 'A', 'O' level and 16+ examinations in 29 subjects and 159 candidates were entered for C.S.E. in 22 subjects.

Congratulations to the following gaining A level passes.

A Level

John Cary	3	Berice Allen	3
Bryan Dongray	1	Maxine Ashfield	2
Christopher Laud	2	Elizabeth Bentley	1
Anthony Moore	3	Gillian Gavrel	2
Brian Savage	2	Jayne LeSuf	1
Fennella Smith	3	with distinctions in Maths and Physics at 'S' Level.	

5 OR MORE 'O' LEVEL GRADES ABOVE C AND C.S.E. GRADE 1

Stephen Cary	Karl Cavell	Andrew Drumme
Neil Hardiman	Kimberley Mann	Victor Muckleston
Jonathan Power	Kevin Rose	Carol Bamber
Anna Bentley	Deborah Gidney	Helen Jessup
Rhonda Leeds	Julie Page	Ann Roberts
Susanna Roe	Maureen Rose	Sharon Staniland
Alison Withers		

8 OR MORE 'O' LEVEL & C.S.E. PASSES

Andrew Brown	Teresa Kiddell
Ross Gray	Paula Mathews
Dean Simmons	Donna Moore
Helen Aylward	Alison Richards
Joanne Bunce	Beverley Taylor
Elaine Candler	Jacqueline Tinkler

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

Stage 2 Typing

Teressa Kiddell
Amanda Robinson
Karen Ulph
(Pass with distinction)
Jane LeSuf

Stage 3 Typing

Jane LeSuf

Shorthand 50/60 wpm.

Christine Ong
Amanda Robinson
Debra Tidd
Karen Ulph
Deborah Starling
Tina Jordan

FENELLA SMITH

Fenella Smith, who contributed many original and interesting items to this magazine in her six years at this school, has recently left us to read mathematics at Girton College, Cambridge.

Her examination results present a challenge to her successors, that will be difficult to equal:-

G.C.E. 'O' Level	Grade
English Language	A
English Literature	A
Mathematics	A
Additional Mathematics	A
French	A
Art	A
Biology	A
Human Biology	A
Physics	A
Chemistry	A
History	A

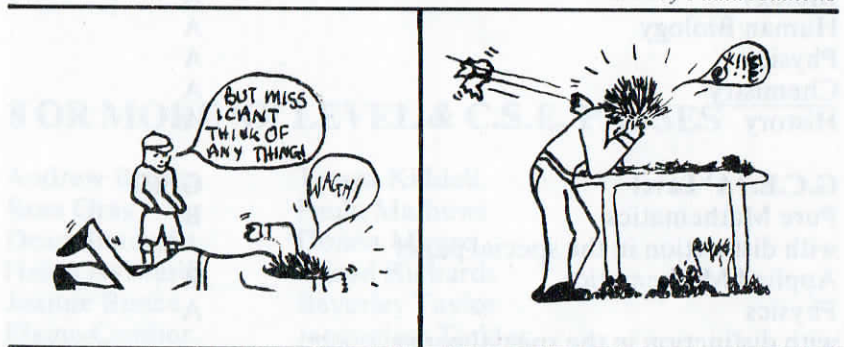
G.C.E. 'A' Level	Grade
Pure Mathematics	B
with distinction in the special paper	
Applied Mathematics	B
Physics	A
with distinction in the special paper.	

TRANSFORMATION

No longer cheerful, worry free
 Chuckling at jokes with merry glee
 Instead, she sits with worried frown
 Hair on end, back bent down.
 Staff see her glance and turn away
 Have they escaped for another day?
 Children who meet her on the stair
 Hastily retreat from that eager glare.
 It's "puzzles, photos, stories please
 Of course you can write the account with ease.
 Of that visit to Wales or was it France?
 What about an account of the last school dance,
 The P.T.A. and sponsored walk,
 Who was that man who came to talk?
 Now come along, don't just sit there,
 Everyone, must do their share.
 She's changed, this once sleepy, happy soul,
 She's frantic, bustling, she's changed her role.
 Now she's editor so I can sit
 And drink my coffee, I've done my bit,
 But wait! she's here! she's at it again.
 "Write something, just something" that's her refrain,
 So I write "Good Luck with the mag. this year",
 And I curl up quietly to snooze in my chair.

M. G.

Drawn by Paula Mathews



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