

BOWTHORPE

MAGAZINE

1981



DLXIA



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Editor: J. REES
Assisted By: D. LAWRANCE
Advertising: N. HARDIMAN
Cover Design: D. LAURIE

EDITORIAL

Name the members of Bowthorpe School who represented us in the Norwich and then Norfolk Athletics Meeting.

Who played football for the Norwich Boys' Teams?

Who was selected to represent Norfolk at Netball?

Name the School Play.

How many school journeys were there and to which countries?

Who was Head Girl and Head Boy?

Name our Deputy Head who retired.

Who were the strange Costeys who joined our 6th Form?

What! You don't know the answers — Marks 0/10

All this information and much more is to be found in this year's school magazine.

Results — Examinations and Sporting.

Accounts of Events — Visits, Journeys, School Plays.

Articles — Amusing and serious.

Reports — Action Aid and PTA

News — Students of years gone by.

You don't really want to waste more time reading this Editorial for there is so much more of interest that follows page 1. However before concluding I must say on behalf of the school, a sincere thank you to all who have contributed to its success, the journalists, the artists, the sub-editors Dawn Lawrance and Deborah Carman and also the 6th Form typing group. Last but not least our thanks to the editor Miss Rees who has spent so many hours in producing the final copy

We should like to thank all the advertisers without whose help this magazine would not have been possible. Also members of the VI form who have helped so much in writing & typing, in particular D Carmen who slaved over a hot typewriter in the final stages.

BOWTHORPE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION 1980-81

The first event of the year was the A.G.M. in March, at which our secretary, Mrs Doris Bentley, stood down (as she put it) in favour of some "new blood". We are very grateful to her for her years of service to the Association.

The Inter-Schools Quiz was hosted this year by Bowthorpe School. Teams of children, parents and teachers from Blyth Jex, Earlham and Heartsease schools also competed in a hard fought contest. Earlham were declared the winners, with Bowthorpe once again runners-up. Congratulations to the team — next time we shall win!

The Summer Fete was our most successful venture this year. There was great enthusiasm throughout the school, and many people worked hard to make it a memorable event, incidentally raising almost £350. There were many stalls and sideshows, the orchestra provided musical interludes, and the gym club gave a display. The highlight of the afternoon was "It's a Knock-Out", with the 6th challenging the staff. Both teams wore exquisite lingerie, much water was in evidence and although the rules were not too clear, those of us on the side-lines found it a lot of fun! We especially thank the 6th form for their part in devising some hilarious games and working so hard to get the event together.

The Social Event in September 1979 (when I was a new parent) was a really good evening out. There was a most welcoming atmosphere, and some excellent entertainment by Peter James and Troubadour. Committee members were hoping that the 1980 Social Event would be another success. Sadly, we had to cancel this owing to lack of support. We do hope, however, to interest larger numbers next time we run such a function.

The Autumn Fair, our latest fund-raising effort, was not as successful as the fete, but still managed to raise £101. Thanks are due to everyone who helped in any way.

Parent Teacher Associations in primary schools usually attract much parental support. Secondary schools parents naturally tend to have less contact with school, as the children become more independent. Nevertheless, our children still like to know that we take an interest in the place where they spend most of their waking hours, and any support we can give to the school must be of benefit to the pupils. If you have any ideas you would like to give to your association to try, please contact any member of the committee — we'd be delighted to hear from you!

Vivienne Young
Secretary



PANSIES

A bed of pansies turn their faces to the sun.
Petals of red, white, yellow and purple shade
Changing to a soft navy.
From a yellow centre the delicate petals
Peeping out from under the shade, the shiny green leaves
Catch the sunlight.
Prettier than all the others they call the bees to come to them.

By Amanda Chettleburgh

ROSE

The soft gentle flower
Sealed with the morning dew.
The smooth pink
Lies evenly along the petals
Veiled with tiny cobwebs.

By Emma Bales



DIFFERENT VIEWS OF SCHOOL

Geography

This boy doesn't even know where to sit.
He makes me nearly have a fit
In Geography he has no hope.

Wrote Mrs. Cope

Maths

I'm afraid his maths is just as bad
Enough of him I have had
In maths he will not go far.

Wrote Mr. Quar

Topic — Animals

Him know about animals, that's a laugh.
He doesn't even know a cat from a calf
I hate to say it, but he is quite useless.

Wrote Mrs. Ruthless

By Emma Bales

THE PUPILS' . . .

No work
school jerk
bad mark
no lark
all work
hard work
awful work
lawful work
happy marking
happy larking
House work
School work
HOME WORK

By Helen Coles

THE WINTER BEACH

As I walked the desolate beach I thought of all the good times we'd had in the summer. Ice-creams and candy floss, the little children watching eagerly at the red and white striped hut of the Punch and Judy show, and the warm golden sand on our feet as we ran down to the sea.

It was all over and winter had finally set in. The waves hit the groynes and broke into thousands of tiny white crests. A sudden wind blew the sand about, stinging my eyes and face. I was on my own. Then a dog ran across my path dragging his lead behind, making a pattern. A heavy fog slowly settled on the sea and I could just make out the blurred, murky shape of the pier.

It became colder. A solitary fisherman gathered up his gear. The seagulls flew with the wind, now and again swooping down for food. I turned up my collar and trudged towards home.

By Angela Lincoln

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GRAFFITI

So there I was, one Sunday morning reading the Sunday Times, well the colour magazine anyway, (yes Bowthorpe pupils do read other papers as well as the Sun or the Mirror-some-Times anyway — excuse the pun). I came across an article on graffiti, and I thought here we go again; the press are having a go at the younger generation for their mindless scrawl on walls. I was wrong however, and for those of you who can't afford the Sunday Times or haven't got a letter box big enough for the paper-boy to crush and mangle it through, I'll take up a few of its points.

I may point out here that graffiti isn't a new problem, Thomas Hardy in his book "The Return of the Native" says,

"Ah there's too much of that sending to school these days. It only does harm, every gatepost and barn's door you come to is sure to have some bad word or other chalked upon it by young rascals, a woman can hardly pass for shame sometimes . . ."

Is graffiti however a problem? It is the preoccupation of morons writing the "So and So rules O.K." ugly type of graffiti resulting in the disfigurement of buildings, it is. However graffiti has been taken over by a more clever set of people who have furthered it into an amusing way of venting their feelings. In fact there are now even books on the subject by Nigel Rees which are marvellously entertaining.

Graffiti is here to stay and I think you are pretty naive if you think you can ever eliminate it. So why not isolate it? Let it be written where it can easily be removed and not ruin the landscape and let's make the graffiti clever, reasonably clean and witty. And I quote from the Times when it says,

"Ah its peak Graffiti represents the finest flowering of the human spirit in its Ceaseless Battle Against the System".

So why not have graffiti boards or walls, and we'll start the ball rolling with a graffiti page in the School Magazine.

By David Perry

GRAFFITI BOARD – OFFICIALLY APPROVED

Suicide is the most sincere
form of self-criticism

Yesterday I couldn't spell graduate now I are one

Beat inflation - STEAL

Vote Liberal — or we'll shoot your dog

AVOID THE END OF
THE YEAR RUSH -
FAIL YOUR EXAMS NOW

Bad Spellers of the
World-UNTIE

Where is Lee Harvey Oswald now his country needs him?

DEATH IS HEREDITARY

George Davis
is — Innos
— Innoss
guilty

Stamp out Quicksand

EXAMINATIONS -
NATURES LAXATIVE

Woodwork lessons are
about as interesting as
watching a plank warp

A fate worse than death is better than dying

What you should do if the Thames floods —
Breast Stroke

Not enough is being done for the apathetic

Make Love not War, — I'm
married I do both

LIFE AT THE TOP!

A STUDY OF VI FORM

HABITS AND PASTIMES

INTER SIXTH ESCAPADES

The whole escapade started with me gate-crashing a party at the Barn, at the U.E.A. I had heard about it from some friends. Once inside I thought I had better find out whose party it was so I asked an unsuspecting bystander and he replied "the Inter Sixth of course".

I was somewhat confused because the head boy of a City Comprehensive school had not even heard about the Inter Sixth Committee let alone the Disco.

Confused and a little annoyed I decided to find out more about this committee. I found that it was basically a social for the old grammar schools including Notre Dame, King Edward, Thorpe Grammar, Wymondham, C.N.S. and Norwich High. On finding this out I decided to send a letter asking for us to be allowed on the committee, but I received no reply. I then decided a different approach was necessary. Though the influence of Mr Davison's daughter, who is on the committee for Thorpe, they decided to listen to our case, because by now I had joined forces with Earlham School.

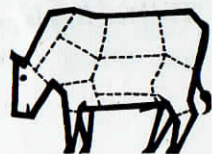
We turned up for the meeting and they told us their objections to our joining. They were simply those of size, as it might be difficult to find venues large enough for increased numbers.

We accepted this and put our case forward that excluding us was hypocritical (name *Inter Sixth*). They were effectively defeating the object of the comprehensive system and the organisation would appear to be class biased. I also added that I was sure big enough places could be found and gave examples — St Andrew's Hall, Lower Common Room at the U.E.A. and the Executive Suite, Carrow Road.

After being put to the vote we were accepted, with approximately three-quarters for and a quarter against.

So we are now members, and are able to attend the Inter Sixth parties, coffee afternoons and other social events, without having to gate-crash.

By Neil Hardiman



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FAMILY BUTCHER

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SIXTH-FORM SPONSORED WALK

There could seldom have been a greater decision made by a newly-appointed 'Head-boy' than when Neil Hardiman decided that one way to raise funds was by holding a Sixth-Form, three-legged, fancy-dress sponsored walk.

It proved a popular decision and during early September about fifty weirdly-dressed sixth-formers assembled in the common room all eager to make fools of themselves. Many seconds were spent dressing and preparing for the spectacle: one artiste was rehearsing a criminal offence with a dirty raincoat; another was doing an incredible Max Wall impersonation complete with a bald head, boots and stockings; Adolph Hitler was loading his revolver with gun-caps; Gene Simmons was being created with theatrical make-up; several schoolgirls were wielding hockeysticks and pigtails and a considerable number of boys were sporting the latest Paris fashions. There was also a "Compo" (of "Last of the Summer Wine" fame), two Arabs (one being Miss Max out to prove that teachers can be fools as well) and many other imaginative efforts.

At last the time came to set off and as each mini-bus load arrived at Earlham Park the moment drew nearer. Obviously the walk was hot on "Fleet Street" and the "press" were already present. The group assembled for the photograph and then hurriedly tied themselves to a partner.

Finally it started, and as the old ties, scarves and belts begun to draw blood from swollen ankles that weren't quite in time with the adjoined partner's limb, pairs began to fall by the wayside completing everything from three yards to three laps.

The spectacular event was over, Brian Dongray had ridden his motorbike to the park in a kilt, and with Charlie Chaplin and a figure, coated in woolly robe, woolly hat and scarves having previously collected their "best-dressed" prize (a shaving-cream pie each) the day was complete.

By Christopher Starling



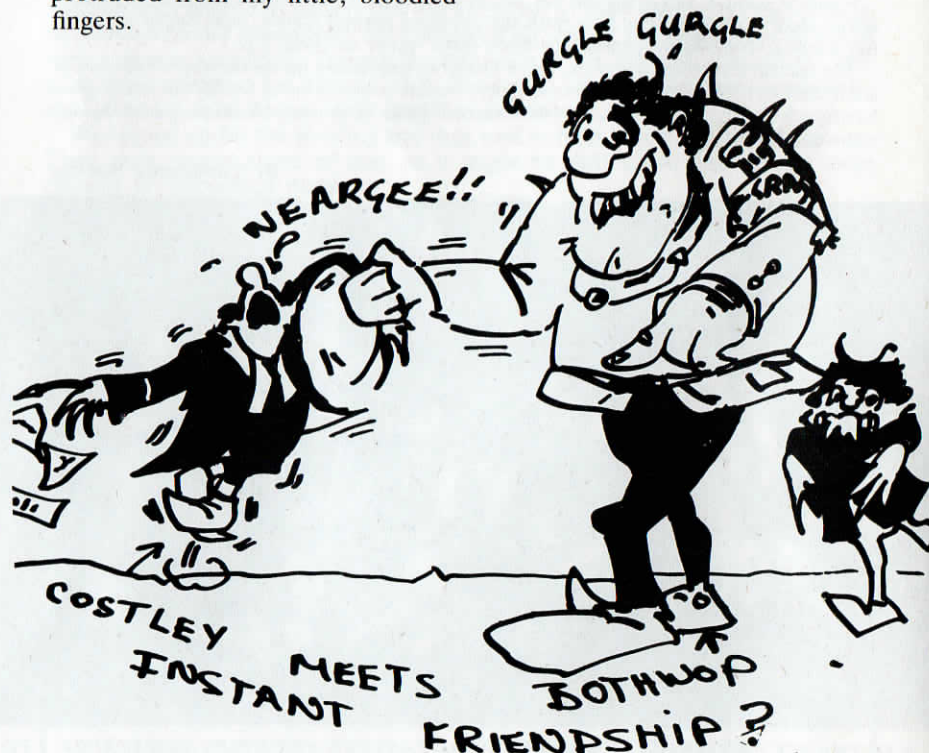
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BOWTHORPE — COSTESSEY VI FORM LINK

In September 1980, Bowthorpe VIth form were joined by a group of new VI formers from Costessey School. The results of this are shown in our picture story . . .

Entering this massive mountain of concrete was a bit of an ordeal for a little Costley like me, armed only with six 'O' Levels and a peanut butter sandwich (which was a bit soggy around the edges) I crept nearer to the Legendary home of the Bothwops.

However, I need not have worried, the Bothwop handshake was little more than a numbing sensation, till I looked down upon the bony crushed bits that protruded from my little, bloodied fingers.



OUR HERO CONTINUES INTREPIDLY WITH HIS MISSION — DESPITE HIS LACK OF A Ph.D IN ANTHROPOLOGY, HIS RECORDS OF CUSTOMS AND CULTURE MAKE FASCINATING READING . . .



The Bothwop culture was a little different to the Costley way of life but I soon learnt to sit in the Common Room (God what a dive) in the correct manner; this I soon discovered was a method which combined the maximum of agony with the minimum of elegance.

AND THERE'S MORE TO COME DEAR READER →

IT SEEMED THAT THIS STRANGE TRIBE INDULGED IN PECULIAR RITES, SOME CALLED SPORT . . .



School games was the next great shock; being myself a Scholar and an Artist, the sight of our well muscled, bursting with life, let's-all-jolly-in-together PE instructor, gave me an instant bout of nausea. PE itself was most instructive; I never realised that the correct way to perform tennis was with the foot as the principle deflection and a club for the purpose of beating your opponent about the head until he flipped, thus ensuring victory.

ACCEPTANCE OF A KIND FINALLY CAME. THE TESTING TIME WAS OVER.



Now the ways of the Bothwops are crystal clear and I can mingle as one with them — now we are one happy family.

IT'S A KNOCKOUT

AN UNBIASED REPORT!

"Well hello and welcome to Bowthorpe. We're all ready for plenty of 'oopanundah' and a few 'early baths'. Our two teams are 'The Lords Taverners' (Teachers) and 'The Celebrities' (6th Form of course!)" So begins the great 'Its a Knockout' starring:

Mr 'Universe' Davison
Mr '2 + 2 = 5' Finbow
Mr 'Vladimir' Humphries
Mr 'Matterhorn' Collins
Mr 'Mighty Mouse' Redmayne

Miss 'Bionic Midget' Rees
Mrs '1000 W.P.M.' Self
Mrs 'Ooh la la' Bulwer
Miss 'Jolly Hockeysticks' Goodrum
Miss 'Camper 1980' Tomlinson

Neil Hardiman
Gary Connors
Victor Mucklestone
Kevin Adcock
David Clements

Jackie Vrinton
Maria Thompson
Ann Roberts
Deborah Gidney
Helen Jessup

Judged democratically (snigger snigger) by Mr Evans the first game began. Bravely we leapt, crawled and slid along an upturned bench, then under another finishing with an elegant bound from the top of a horse. "Easy!" you all cry, but could you do it carrying a leaking bucket full of water? Of course, the 6th Form won the first game, needless to say by the longest, biggest widest margin possible.

Onto the second game (here the staff cheated by changing the rules to suit themselves) but never mind that now. Poised — in an elegant outfit of coarse woven potato and a spiked cowboy hat — the first two contestants bounded up the course. Half way to the finish using much effort, strength and sabotage we each burst a balloon amazingly filled with water! This time by the smallest, minutest, infinitesimal millimetre the staff won. (Little do they know we, the 6th Form, let them. Kind of us wasn't it?)

The last game, a special task for each person. They ranged from eating a banana, to tipping a bucket of water over their head. Again the staff cheated all the way — they are such bad losers (sigh). Again the 6th form strolled home in this game — entirely fresh and ready to start again, while the staff crawled and wheezed their way back to the staff room.

It was great fun for all of us regardless of who won or lost and we can say is "Roll on next July!"

By Ann Roberts

Some of the elegantly attired staff team, awaiting final instructions



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SCHOOL TRIPS

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH BOWTHORPE THIS YEAR?

A great many of these have taken place over the past year. We have included reports on new ones, but unfortunately haven't the space to include everything. However, many pupils enjoyed themselves and others will be interested to know just where pupils from Bowthorpe School have been:-

October

5th year day visit to Boulogne.
Visit to Sutton Mill

Christmas

Day in London visiting various museums.
Walk in Thetford Forest and visit to Grimes Graves.

Easter holidays

2 week exchange visit with C.E.S. Albert Camus in Rouen.
Day trip to Chatterley Whitfield Colliery.
Day trip to Blickling Hall (cycling).
Day trip to Peak District.

Whitsun

1 week visit to Paris, 3rd and 4th years.
Camping trip to Devon and Cornwall.

June

Day visit to Boulogne for 2nd years.

June/July

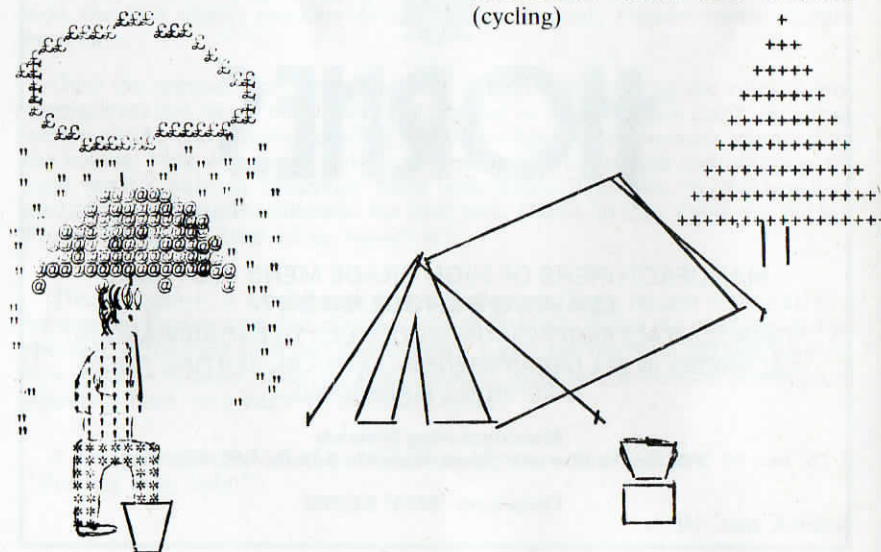
French children on exchange arrived at Bowthorpe for 2 weeks.

July

Day trip to Bressingham (cycling).

Summer holidays

Day trip to Minsmere Bird Sanctuary, Easton Farm Museum
2 week camping trip to Germany.
Gressenhall Rural Life Museum (cycling)



GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP AT HOLT HALL

During the last week of the summer term a mixture of sixth-formers and fourth year Geographers, went on a field trip exercise at Holt Hall (North Norfolk).

After we had been introduced to our surroundings we proceeded to do our first piece of field work. This involved plotting the land used from either side of the river Glaven onto cross-section maps, and discussing why certain crops had been planted in the area.

Over the next four days we were involved in some more interesting field trips:- a study of the river Glaven following its course from youth to maturity; a look at the features of glaciation and the effects of erosion and deposition on our own coastline, concluding with a study concerned with the effect of tourism in Wells and Blakeney.

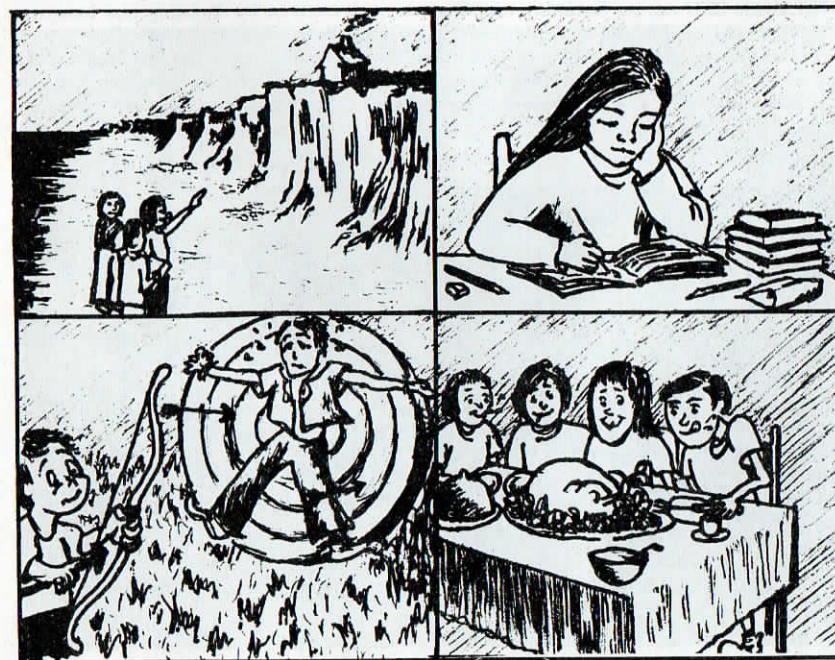
However, one must not give the impression of all work and no play! There was an assault course for those who felt more at home with their ape-like ancestors, and for those of a more refined breed — bowling, archery or canoeing.

On the last day prizes were given for the best folders, tidiest dormitories, concluding the week with an initiative test — needless to say the sixth formers won!

For those weight watchers among us — the dinner bell was a toll!

Congratulations and thanks are due to both Miss Tomlinson and Mr Collins for arranging a successful field trip.

Report and Cartoons by Elaine Candler



BARRY ISLAND, APRIL 1980

Getting up at 7.00 am on a Saturday morning is not every one's idea of starting a holiday, but everyone who was to go to Barry Island arrived dutifully at the station at 9.15 am. The train journey did not last long and we finally arrived in Wales. The Butlin's camp was massive. After being allocated our chalets and having unpacked our cases we went to dinner which consisted of beef-burger, chips and beans, and was repeated with only slight variations all week!

Every evening there was a disco, our days were filled with lots of interesting things such as abseiling. This involves 'walking' horizontally down a vertical wall supported by a rope. After you had one go then you wanted more — it was fantastic. Miss Rees managed to gain a certificate by coming down without a safety rope.

On Monday 28th April we visited St. Fagan's folk museum. It was very interesting with rebuilt farmhouses, cottages and agricultural buildings. After lunch we went to Cardiff Castle before returning to camp.

Other activities included archery, disco-dancing, circuit training (which was hard work), rollerskating, swimming and judo — after which there were a lot of pains.

A 5-a-side football team was arranged — named Rees's Raiders with David Lake, Glen Lunn, Andrew Waring, Dawn Bullock and Jane Roberts in the team. We got through to the semi-finals where we lost 8-0!

On Wednesday we went to visit Dan yr Ogof Caves and then on Thursday we went pony trekking (everyone was stiff and sore the next day).

Friday, our last day, was spent packing and doing last minute souvenir buying. Everyone went to bed early so they could get some sleep for the journey home the next day although this was not to be!

At about 2.30 am on Saturday morning we were awoken by shouting and banging. Everyone got up and went out quickly when they heard the shouts of "Fire".

We rushed out and down the steps. By then a fire engine had arrived and had put out the fire which was in the cleaner's chalet along the row of chalets beneath us. Luckily no-one was hurt, although the accident made us rather tired the next day. It was an experience we shan't forget in a hurry!

Jane Roberts and Rhoda Mathews



THE INVASION OF FIELD DALLING

This pretty North Norfolk village seemed unperturbed by the arrival of young citizens of the City of Norwich (Bowthorpe Division) on Monday April 28th. The gleaming white minibus with only 200 miles on the clock and enough food in the back of it to feed an army, arrived at the charming old village school at Field Dalling.

The army consisted of seventeen pupils from 4P and 4E intent upon a good week of work and play. Under the expert eye of Mrs Rhodes, mouth watering meals had been prepared resulting in two young ladies, who shall remain nameless, gaining half a stone each in five days!

Every day a variety of activities was enjoyed; brass rubbing at Cley Church in the morning to riding on the historic gondolas at Thursford Steam Engine Museum in the afternoon, but perhaps the most memorable experience was our visit to Blakeney Point. Before we boarded the boat three boys had managed to submerge themselves completely in mud presumably to welcome the headmaster and his wife who had joined us for the evening. Even the sight, however, of our by now dubious looking pupils did not later deter two charming seals from popping up to view us with quizzical expressions upon their faces.

The evenings were spent in relaxed mood. On Tuesday Miss Brighty was our guest for a three course meal, on Wednesday some indoor games and on Thursday a disco which our guests, particularly Mr Ostler appeared to enjoy.

Time went so quickly and on Friday May 2nd a tired and happy group returned to school to be greeted by the staff and headmaster who all seemed pleased to see us, or was it to see the new minibus return unscathed from its adventures in North Norfolk?

By J Gilbody



"DALE FORT"

The trip started well, with Miss Whitehead being 15 minutes late, and the car being temperamental. We made good time to London, spent 2 hours on the North Circular, and then started to "go West". We were beginning to feel that we were getting somewhere, when the smell of burning reached us. The car was overheating, so Basil and I left the motorway, and borrowed a watering can. Due to this, we arrived late, and missed the soup, but we could tell from the rest of the meal, that this was no great loss!

After dinner, we had a meeting with the Warden, who explained a few simple rules, and went out with Gordon, our course organiser. Then we were shown to a damp, cold dormitory in the depths of the Fort, with bare stone floors and water seeping in through the windows. The ladies had been housed in the new block, which was nicknamed 'The Hilton'. A trip down to the village a mile away followed and then we jumped into bed — and straight out again. It was freezing!

We were woken at 7.30 am by the ringing of a bell, and just this once rushed eagerly to breakfast. Cereal was followed by something cooked — probably at 6 o'clock that morning — and coffee.

The days of our stay tended to follow a pattern; an hour lecture from Gordon; coffee, a chat about the field work, lunch, and afternoons fieldwork, tea, another lecture, dinner, another lecture and finally time to write up the practicals. We worked most days till between 11 — 12.

The weather was marvellous for the whole week, and this made the practical work more enjoyable, as it was mainly on the seashore, looking at the habitats of many animals, and plants. We became quite expert at identifying the many types of seaweed.

On Sunday, we were taken to a very muddy estuary, to study the distribution of Avenicola (lugworms). As a reward we were taken to a disco that evening. The excitement went to everybody's heads and Miss Whitehead returned to find all the girls acting very strangely on the steps of 'The Hilton'. One of them had not returned from a moonlit stroll with 'a boy'! and the others were panicking because the gates were going to be locked.

Our final day was spent out in an inflatable, collecting plankton and while we were drawing our findings that evening, Gordon called us in one by one to explain our assessments, but for some reason, he omitted mentioning our failures and none received a longer sentence.

The next morning, we were taken at 6.30 to have breakfast and then pack, with many tears and promises to meet later, we departed from Dale. 16 hours later after 3 breakfasts the AA van drew up outside Miss Whitehead's house and left us and the car there. My parents finally picked us up half an hour later, and we went home to our nice, warm comfortable beds.

By Kevin Adcock 6th

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RAF WATTON

A group of Bowthorpe boys went on an adventure camp based at RAF Watton, organised by Norfolk Constabulary funded by the Prince's Trust.

We arrived at Pickenham for the Go-Cart Racing and we all had a turn. It was great because there was a very curvy track and you had to have great skill to get round to beat each other's time.

We then went on to RAF WATTON CAMP, where activities during the week included orienteering early in the morning, circuit training in the gym and other things like cross country.

The orienteering was good because you had to think to work out the clues so you could finish before anyone else.

The circuit training was very tiring indeed but it was good fun. We first started with climbing up a wall frame and going down the other side, then we went on to wall bars where you had to lift your legs up so your knee touched your shoulders. Finally we went on to 20 press-ups at a time followed by a cold shower.

The cross country walk was exciting because we started off at 9 o'clock and came back at 2 o'clock in the morning. One of the groups got lost right in the middle of Thetford Forest but we all ended up safely at camp.

The police were very nice and the food was excellent. If they hold it again I would recommend that anyone who gets a chance to go, should, because it was great fun.

By Nicholas Crane

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FLORENCE

Departure time 0300 hours from Bowthorpe School

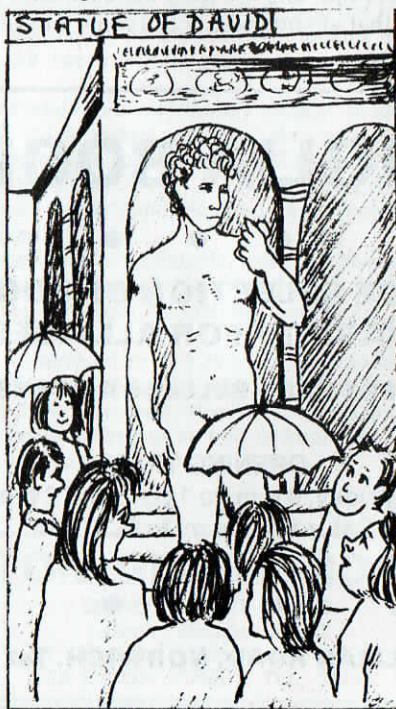
Destination: Florence, Italy.

Several palefaced, kneeknocking students who at Gatwick airport were dreading the flight, soon came back to life as we landed at Pisa airport. The party consisted of three boys and nine girls all under the watchful eyes of Mrs Meston and her aunt Mrs Bing.

After an hour's coach journey we arrived in Florence at the Hotel Columbus where we were to spend the next three days. Mrs Meston had planned a tight schedule so that we could visit churches, art galleries, local markets and view points such as Santa Croce, Piazza Duomo, Uffizi Gallery, Ponto Vecchio as well as many other places of interest. It was fascinating to see leather work richly embossed by students of the local leather school. The local pottery made us reflect on our own "masterpieces"!

By walking everywhere we could make a close study of the magnificent architecture of Renaissance Florence. The few days "taste" of Italy showed us that a longer return journey must be made (Mrs M. **take note**). Florence certainly made a marked impression on us and maybe some people would say that we made an impression on the Italians.

Jenny Gomez



By Elaine Candler

The English 'A' Level Group, while studying Sonnet Form, produced their own, presented below and on page 26.

GARDENING

I imagine a shady willow; below,
A shimmering pond. Plants of very hue
Twinkle in the sun through the shining dew.
Thinking of it now can't you see it glow?
But dreams do not come true. I do not know
If I can sort the weeds from plants: too
Many nettles hide the stones and the few
Plants I have seen I have not learnt to sow.
Can gardening really be worth it, I ask;
Digging and delving in all weather!
The ground is so muddy, the insects so small
And worst of all, it seems such a futile task
To have to choose: Herbaceous or heather?
Why not leave it to Nature after all?

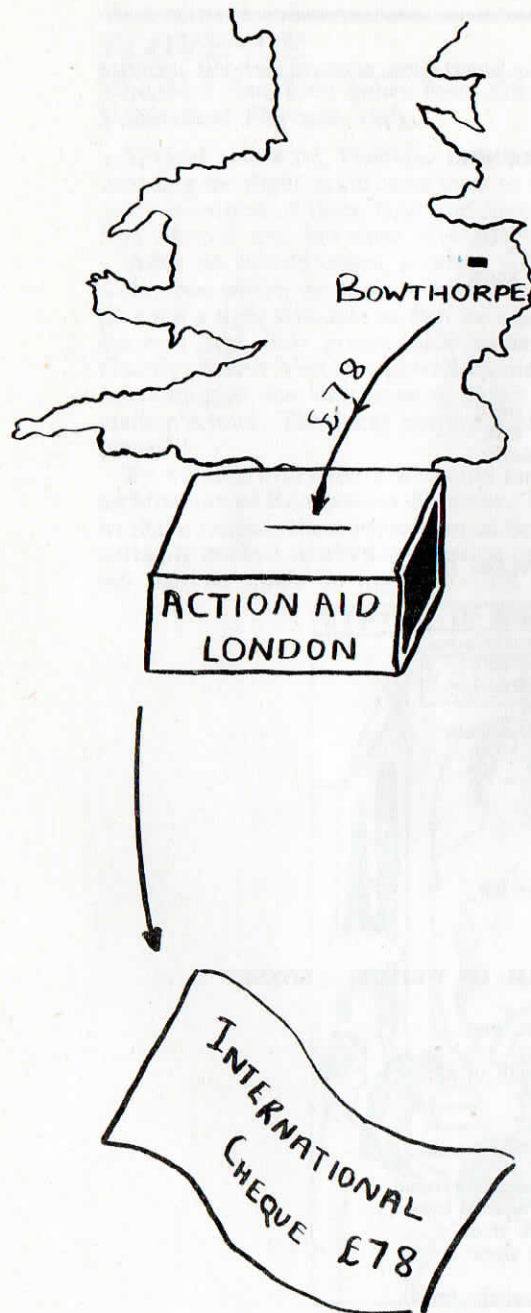
THE SUNLESS ONES

In funereal gloom, in the dreadest
Sunless world, whispering the earthly shells
Lie rotting in their dark and stony cells.
All the hope, all joys lie buried and the rest
Of life in death: once in the silence, there
Is motion; from several shadowed tombs
Vapoured forms rise from ancient earthy wombs
Up; listless, into darkest midnight air.
Alike to whispers in a vision, fast
Enveloped in the blast of heaven light
Most unreal ethereals of the night
Into the height are welcoming the last.
But in the pit of dark despair, of all
Their dreaming, the deathless await their fall.

A SONNET FOR 6th FORM: ON WRITING A SONNET

Outside against an ashwhite sky I see
The trees scored out in black; enormous, bare.
I know there is a brilliant sun somewhere
For shafts of fire sometimes break through to me.
The trees will try to screen the cemetery
But nearer still I see the thoroughfare —
Wandering buses, people loitering there
Remind me also of Mortality
And Time. We struggle with words, sense and sound.
But suddenly sometimes, your troubled several eyes
Suddenly gleam. At once some light will shine
Like firelight breaking through the ashen skies:
The image felt; the rhythm of the line
Pulsed; the sense ablaze! And thus a sonnet's found.

ACTION AID SCHEME



January 1980

The Action Aid Scheme chosen by Mrs Meston's Tutor Group Nelson 3 as a Tutor Group Project. Fund raising methods discussed — small monthly donations chosen as the best method, with raffles to give funds a boost. Details of the scheme sent for.

February 1980

Action Aid Board set up in the Main Entrance Hall. Idea spreads and enough sponsors are found to support one child at a cost of £6.50 a month. This provides school fees, uniform, books and a meal. We ask for a child in India.

March 13th 1980

Details of "our child" arrive from Action Aid! His name is Changala Ramakrishna, aged seven years. He lives with his parents in the Bethany Leprosy Colony, near Bapatla in India. A great search for a detailed map of India to find out where Changala lives! A map is put on the Action Aid Board and Changala's photograph. The general opinion is that he has a cheeky face!

April 1980

Money comes in regularly from many Tutor Groups. Nelson 3 designs a monthly "receipt" and 'thermometer chart' to show how much each Tutor Group has raised. These are displayed in Tutor Group Rooms.

May 1980

Our Raffle makes a profit of £6.50 — one month's payment for Changala. Postcard Competition held "Send a Message to Changala" — the winning entry is sent to India.

June 1980

We receive the first letter from India. Dr. Paul writes to give us details of the new school at the Colony, and of Changala and his family. Changala is an only child and his father suffers from leprosy. There are some drawings from Changala. Everyone's favourite is the "spikey bird".

July 1980

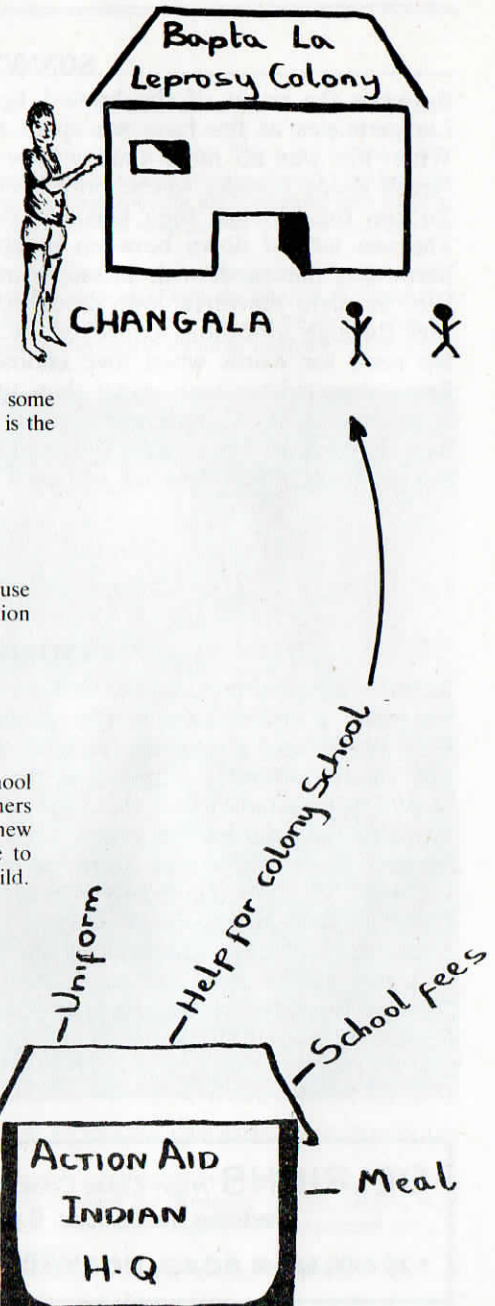
An appeal from 'Lepra' is received and because of the links with Changala's family a small donation is sent from our Action Aid fund.

September 1980

The Action Aid Film is shown in the School Assemblies to introduce the scheme to newcomers and to remind the rest of the School. Several new Tutor Groups join the scheme so we are able to apply for the Sponsorship of another needy child.

October 1980

We receive the second letter from Dr. Paul, who runs the Colony at Bapatla. He gives us news of the colony and of Changala's progress.



SONNET

Between the pages of the book I keep
Lie mem'ries of the hour we spent that day
When life was no more than a time of sleep
Neath shady boughs where only bees now stray
To kiss the blooms, then leave to float on high.
The sun looked down between patches of green,
Show'ring the earth with kisses from the sky.
We, in silent converse, our thoughts unseen,
Met through vibrations conveyed by touch.
No need for words when love chooses to shine
From deep within your eyes; they told so much.
It seemed as if the universe was mine.
Now emptiness dwells in my tired heart
For now you have decided we must part.

TRANQUILITY

Replete with warmth, a wonderful feeling.
Sunshine: a golden rain in abundance.
How bright and strong the piercing rays do lance
The silent tranquility, sending senses reeling.
How many sounds assail the vaulted ceiling:
Wind rustling across the grassy expanse,
Somewhere a bird whose song has no meaning.
I wander through this lonely paradise,
Breathing and living in this calm serene.
The trees and blossoms beckon and entice.
A secret path I tread, 'neath leafy green:
Natures treasures seem to me beyond price,
Contained within the walls of my demesne.

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DRAMA

"If you will bear with me, patient reader . . .". No, don't sneer: it's a well worn phrase, used in moments of despair by many famous writers who can't work out the next stage of a plot, or who has just dipped his pen into a pot of marmalade! The point is that you're going to have to plough through two drama reports in one. It seems logical to include the last two productions in this issue, since we have now brought the production date into the winter term, and members of the latest cast would not wish to wait until the next issue to read of their noble deeds. Anyway, patient . . .

In November 1979 we produced Carlo Goldoni's comic masterpiece, 'The Servant of Two Masters'. In August 1980 I was on holiday in Venice (Aah, the smell of the canals!). I ate octopus and squid in the Carlo Goldoni Restaurant, and had my handsome features recorded for posterity by the family Kodak Instamatic standing in front of the Carlo Goldoni!



None of this has anything whatsoever to do with our production. I just thought you might like to know!

Seriously though, it was a most enjoyable production, with some fine individual performances. It will probably be best remembered for its superb setting, created with masterly skill of Mr Dyson and Mr Hartwell, and for the magnificent seventeenth century costumes created by Miss Sprott of Blakeney.

Mrs Bulwer's husband enjoyed the production so much that he wrote a detailed criticism of it. So — over to John Bulwer.

THE SERVANT OF TWO MASTERS

Carlo Goldoni is little enough known in England. I have wanted to see a production of "The Servant of Two Masters" for many years after reading an enthusiastic review of a production I was unable to get to. It has taken Bowthorpe School to fill this gap for me. His French contemporary Molière wrote similarly about the follies of the aristocracy and the integrity and intelligence of their servants in "The Barber of Seville" and "The Marriage of Figaro". Goldoni lacks the French revolutionary fervour found in these plays, although it is quite clear that his sympathies lie with Truffaldino in his eventual outwitting of all his bourgeois "betters", and in his getting his chance to marry his servant-girl social equal Smeraldina. This smart slave/servant motive in drama goes back to Greek Comedy and is still around for us in characters like Jeeves or even Basil Fawlty. I suppose we like to see the downtrodden underling taking revenge on his superiors, as we would like to take revenge on those in authority over us — and we all have someone like that.

Karl Dawson's Truffaldino, in a costume that betrayed his Italian Commedia Dell'Arte origins, provided this focus for our sympathy. Never arrogantly knowing that he was in fact better than either of his two masters, he always came up with a scheme to outwit them or to get out of another scrape just at the last second. We felt that surely this time he couldn't get away with it, although he always did. However, when his two masters did at last come together (each of course thinking that Truffaldino was his servant and not the other one's) his scheme for getting out of trouble by inventing the other master's servant — poor Pasqual who didn't exist but got blamed for everything — bordered on sheer genius. Karl Dawson's india-rubber face indicating at times panic, hunger, ingenuity, and determination, and his clear diction made the most of all the jokes the situation threw up.

To explain why Truffaldino was the Servant of Two Masters is a long task. Clarice, the daughter at Pantalone who is in love with Silvio has been promised to Fedrigo who is dead, killed by Florindo. Beatrice, Federigo's sister is in love with Florindo and she turns up to look for him, with Truffaldino, disguised as her dead brother, and she claims the hand of Clarice. After this things get complicated, because Florindo appears and Truffaldino attaches himself to him as well in the hope of a second dinner. All this takes a long time to set up but when the situation is established Goldoni has a masterly joke which he keeps up brilliantly until the final few lines of the play. All he has to do is have someone say to Truffaldino "Give this to your master", and of course he will give it to the wrong one and we are set for another scene of crossed purposes.

The lovers (Katrina Gook and Bryan Dongray) could be splendidly soppy at one moment and then erupt with Italian violence the next, Clarice especially having a nice line in catty bitchiness and petulant crockery-throwing. The older generation, Pantalone and Lombardo (David Simmons and Roderick Baraona) were suitably pompous and difficult, David Simmons deserving special praise for his quavering voice and bent knees — an old man full of comic dignity still fit enough to make a quick dart at one of the tarty waitresses (Julie Pitts/Ann Roberts). Kevin Rose and Anna Bentley as the thwarted lovers and Truffaldino's unfortunate masters put the complex plot over clearly and Anna Bentley played her trousers role with confidence, never letting the audience forget (quite rightly) that she really was a girl, although the rest of the cast were suitably fooled. There was good support too from Nigel Hazelden and Bridget Butler as the surly innkeeper and Clarice's easily tempted maid.

Clothed in sumptuous costumes and in front of a set of truly Venetian elegance — I can vouch for its authenticity having recently returned from Venice — the cast was trained to a high degree of excellence in diction, movement, and most of all evident enjoyment of their task. What more could director, Peter James, ask?

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ESAU AND JACOB

Even as we were planning 'The Servant of Two Masters', fate was conspiring to land me in what was to become probably the most exciting period of drama activity in my life. My old friend Chris Doherty and I have wanted to write a rock musical for years: during 1979 he wrote 13 songs to be performed by his school choir in Luton under the title 'Esau and Jacob'. In October 1979, they acted the story as an improvisation. I saw the performance and thought it would be marvellous to develop it as a proper full length play. After lots of research, I asked Chris to write six more songs (although two were later cut) and settled down to hard writing. I must record the huge debt of gratitude I owe to Kevin Rose and David Simmons, who spent hours going over the script, criticising and suggesting amendments.

The working script was ready by Easter 1980, and we begun in earnest. I think I can say in all fairness, that I have never worked a cast as hard as I worked this one. The music, dancing and singing made enormous demands on our resources. Certainly, I would never have completed the task alone, and a large amount of the show's success must be attributed to Mr Crandell and his group of musicians, and an equally large share to Miss Goodrum, whose hard work on choreography gave the show a dimension we have never had in any previous venture.

'Esau and Jacob' opened on 14th November to a house packed with middle school children, and was warmly received. We performed it again on 16th November at Jessop Road United Reformed Church, where it received a standing ovation. Incidentally, in the middle of rehearsals at the church, I had to rush down to the studios of Radio Norfolk for a live broadcast interview about the play, and can now confess that I have never been so nervous in my entire life. On 17th November, we did another schools' matinee and then enjoyed four very successful evening performances, culminating in a gala evening on 21st November, with Chris Doherty present among the audience of over 300. The show ended at Lakenham Church Hall on 23rd November. It was seen by upwards of 2000 people, and I received many letters of congratulations, from parents and friends, as well as from dignitaries and V.I.P.s.

As souvenirs of the many happy months spent working on the play. I have not only the badge, 'T' Shirt and Sweat Shirt, but also a glass framed poster signed by all the participants, and a magnificent wine decanter which I will always treasure!

Of course, the 'Esau and Jacob' adventure is not over yet — we are in the process of making an L.P. cassette of all the songs. By the time this article is in print, it will be available at a cost of around £2.75, so let me know if you want one.

And finally, my sincere thanks to all who have helped us in the past year — not just the crew, technicians, front of house staff, coffee bar assistants, but the vast army of people whose names never appear in any programme. There is a huge job being done on behalf of the school. To all of you who have helped in any way whatsoever, a very warm and sincere thanks from me.

And even more finally (no honestly, this really is it!) congratulations yet again to David Simmons, who spent the summer of 1980 at The National Youth Theatre in London.

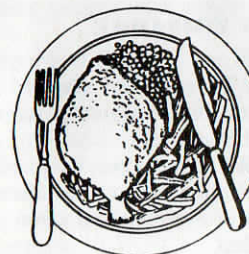
And absolutely, irrevocably, totally and utterly finally — O.K., so you don't believe me. Who cares? — look out for the next production in November 1981. Hopefully it's going to be 'The Sweeney Todd Shock and Rock Show'. Start queueing now!

By P. S. James



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EDUCATION ABROAD

Over the past couple of years Bowthorpe School has received a number of pupils from abroad, who now tell us a little about what other schools are like.

EDUCATION IN VIETNAM

In Saigon which is the capital of Vietnam, the Ministry of Education has a lot of problems.

Most schools, including colleges and universities, belong to the government so almost 90% of school aged children attend; this may explain why the classrooms are always crowded. All teachers have to teach a class with 60 pupils, which is not an easy task.

In Saigon all schools start at 8 o'clock in the morning until 12 o'clock, and in the afternoon start at 1.30 to 4.30 pm. Pupils must wear school uniforms. During the week we have two days off, Thursday and Saturday.

On the whole Saigon is one of the areas of Vietnam which has the highest percentage of schools, colleges and universities. The official languages taught in schools are English and French which are really difficult for us to learn and it takes about 4 or 5 years to speak. Well that's why we have to spend 8 years at college and university and then after that we can take up a career.

This account is based on my experiences before 1975, when the Americans were in Vietnam. Since then there has been a change of government which may mean that the educational system has changed too.

By Tho-Thanh-Nguyeiv

A SCHOOL IN ZIMBABWE

At school, lessons started at 8.00 am. There were 7 classes including infants. Every class had a teacher who taught them all the subjects except Art which was taught by the headmaster.

I got to school and waited for the bell to ring. Then we lined up outside our classroom. The teacher would then come and we would be allowed to enter. At school all our books were kept in a desk of our own and when the lesson began we took out whatever book was needed.

A whistle would go and that meant break. After break we had swimming and P.T. Our swimming pools were outside because of the warm weather. For P.T. we had the same games as here.

At about 1.00 pm everyone went home for lunch. If the keen sports people wanted a little extra training they could go to games that were held each day after 2.00 pm and finished at 5.00 pm at the latest.

It was quite different having school only in the mornings.

By Linda Noël

MY SCHOOL IN DAMASCUS

I go to school six days a week. On three days I get up at 6 o'clock and go to school where I work from 7 am until 12 noon. On the other three days I work at school from 12 noon to 5 pm. The day we do not go to school is Friday.

There are 1,500 students at the school and we all wear a uniform. The uniform is an olive green suit and shirt which I do not like wearing very much.

We can't choose which subjects to take, not like I could at Bowthorpe. We have to study politics, economics, history, geography, physics, chemistry, biology, maths, English and Arabic. I have to work very hard and most days I work until 11 pm when I go straight to bed.

I enjoy swimming and I am captain of the school basketball team. We spend 15 hours a week practicing so that we usually win when we play against other schools.

When I return to Damascus I shall have to take examinations in science, maths, English and Arabic. When I leave school in one year I will be going to University which is also in Damascus, because I want to become a doctor.

By Majd Zayzafoon

EDUCATION IN IRAN

When I first came to England I had myself ready, as I then thought, for the biggest shock of my life. Not so much for the people and their way of life, but for the school that I was going to attend. I could clearly imagine myself, utterly confused and speechless at my imaginary school where all the rules, I believed, would be different from the ones I had known.

I was considerably relieved to discover that the schools were generally similar with only small changes to distinguish them. But perhaps these so called "small differences", weren't so small after all, since I have come across many arguments between people who either prefer one and despise another, or vice versa.

The first noticeable difference was the school time; in Iran we start at 7.30 - 8.00 am. and finish early, at 2.00 pm in the afternoon. As for the exams, we were almost always revising for them, so that our brains hardly had time to take a rest from the attacking numbers and words. This was because we didn't have an important "end of the year" exam, we had three just as important ones split through the school year, at the end of which, all the results were added up to find the average and final mark. So, the end of one set of exams meant the beginning of another.

But most horrifying of all was that if your average mark was lower than a certain level, you would have to spend all your summer revising and taking the exam again. If you failed for the second time, this was very unfortunate, because it meant not going up to the next form, but staying on in your previous form for a whole year, until you did get your marks right.

I never, I am glad to say, did face such difficulties with my final marks, but still, I find education in England much more enjoyable.

By Kumarse Moghtader

A SPANISH EDUCATION

At the age of six Spanish children start to follow the E.G.B. course (E.G.B. meaning General Basic Education). All Spanish children follow exactly the same education. Every year a set yearly course is followed. In this course there is Maths, Spanish Language, Spanish Literature, Social and Natural science. In maths the same subjects are done every year, but every year a pupil learns something new.

A pupil has to supply his own text books, buying them from big department stores, and stationery shops. All the text books he has to buy may cost him anything up to £21. A pupil may even have to supply his own exercise books.

For the small 4-5 year olds in the kindergarten the school day starts at the normal time of nine o'clock, and they finish at half past four. In the infants' school they start at nine but don't finish until five o'clock. Primary school pupils end their day at half past five, and finally the Secondary school pupils don't end the day until six o'clock.

So it's just as well that the shops don't close until half past eight!

By Phillip Rowe



EDUCATION IN CHILE

My name is Rolando and I used to go to a school in Chile, which was very different from Bowthorpe School.

One of the main differences was that we had to wear school uniforms. They consisted of navy blue trousers and jacket, white shirt and a blue and yellow striped tie.

Parents had to pay for their children and the equipment they needed, so pupils worked very hard.

The education itself was different too. At the end of the year we had to pass a test before we were moved to another class. In Britain children move from one class to another according to their age. Sometimes I feel that an English pupil leaves school before he is ready for the world he will be facing. In my country this doesn't happen as often because the pupil is not moved from the class he is in until he is ready.

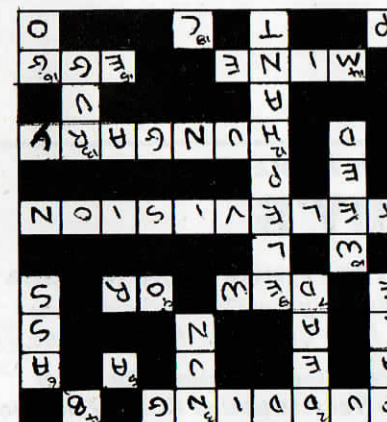
A typical Chilean school day begins at 8 am with Maths for half an hour, followed by library and then play for twenty minutes. Then we might have games (the most popular game played is football) followed by Geography.

After lunch we might have Science followed by Art up till play time, finishing the afternoon at 4 pm with Music.

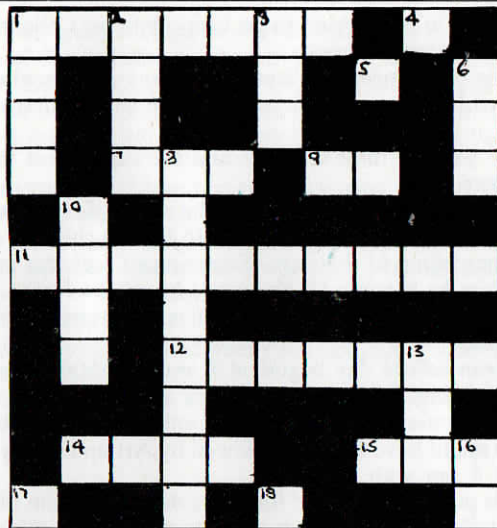
In some schools pupils only attend for half a day, from 8 am till 12 noon. This is because the pupils have to work in order to pay for the things they need in school. Their day would consist only of Maths and Science with no play time.

Rolando Otton

CROSSWORD SOLUTION



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Across

1. Desert
4. An insect
5. Animal fodder
7. Opposite to don't — in the morning
9. Implement for rowing a boat
11. Black and white and got four legs
12. A famished country
14. A bomb on the floor
15. A young chicken
17. Small green vegetables
18. The deep blue

Down

1. "You look like a bucket"
2. Person over 200 years old
3. How many women in a monastery
6. What does a donkey sit on? Its . . .
8. What do you call a search for leaves
10. A cowardly plant
13. Dead bear 'peeled'
16. Green

CROSSWORD SOLUTION ON PAGE 35

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An abyss full of stars and galaxies.
The silence is eerie,
Time does not exist.

By Joanna Bickerton

POEMS — By David R. Simmons

1. IQ

"Surd" is a word,
But surds are absurd,
Therefore, surd is an absurd word.

2.

If I make you laugh,
And laughing makes you happy,
Then I make you happy,
And I'm glad.

3. Cheer Up!

Don't look so gloomy,
Don't look so sad,
There's a million other people who would
Like the life you've had.

4.

So much to do,
So much to say,
So much to write,
So much to play,
So much to see,
So much to hear,
So much to like,
So much to fear,
So much to love,
So much to hate,
Too much the rent,
Too much the rate,
Too much to live,
So many die . . .

Busy place, London, isn't it.

SOME USELESS INFORMATION

(Courtesy of the Guinness Book of Records)

1. The world's most prolonged Osculatory Marathon is 130 hours 2 minutes, (several attempts were made on this record at the 6th Form Party).
2. The people of Taiwan go to the cinema more often than those of any other country in the world, with an average of 66 visits per annum per person.
3. The longest distance for catching a thrown grape in the mouth is 256 feet.
4. In 1960 a patient complaining of swollen ankles was found to have swallowed 258 items, including a 3 pound piece of metal, 26 keys, 16 religious medals, a bracelet, a necklace, 3 pairs of tweezers, 4 nail clippers, 39 nail files, 3 metal chains and 88 assorted coins.
5. The world pickled onion eating record is 91 in 1 minute 8 seconds.
6. The world's longest sermon lasted 93 hours, (and you thought assembly was boring).
7. The world record for spitting a melon seed is 59 feet 1½ inches, (warning: attempting this record whilst near a teacher can damage your health).
8. More people die each year in the world by being kicked by donkeys than die in plane crashes.

Collated by Andrew Newton

QUIZ

Instructions

Answer each question writing down the first letter of each answer. All the answers will result in a word. This word and all the answers must be given. The first correct solution will win a single record token.

1. The capital of Cyprus
2. Of which country is New Delhi the capital?
3. What 2,600 mile long river lies on the Sierra Leone-Guinea border and crosses a country of the same name?
4. With what shellfish would Molly Malone have warmed your heart?
5. The middle letter of the nautical code for help.
6. A military decoration.
7. Which canal connects Caribbean and Pacific?
8. What is 'O' in the Greek Alphabet?
9. Which French city besieged by the English in 1428-29 was saved by Joan of Arc?
10. A vegetable of same sound.

Contact Dawn Lawrance VI

THOUGHTS ON SECONDMENT

The news that I was to have a year away from Bowthorpe (and get paid) was received by my colleagues with a mixture of envy, incredulity, and relief. The first glimpse of my replacement convinced them that there really was no need for me to hurry back, yet here I am, the twelve months have passed. Should I really reveal the secrets of the past year? Suggestions that it was all a great holiday cannot pass uncommented upon, so, (having consulted my solicitor and been told that there was no chance suing certain persons since they were up to their ears in debt anyway) to end the baseless lies that resulted from my return with a smile, and a substantial suntan I shall now reveal all (well, nearly all).

How was I trained into writing the sort of convoluted non-sentences which form the opening to this revelation? Much of the credit must go to the staff responsible for the MSc. studies, a group of ruthless tyrants who made Gengis Khan look more like Florence Nightingale. Each day began at dawn with a modest vegetarian breakfast followed by a freezing swim in the oil polluted River Itchen (have you heard of the Fawley refinery by any chance?) to 'open the pores, to stimulate the intellect. Dragging out oil caked, emaciated, goose pimpled frames from the mud banks flanking the river we then did three laps of the circuit training afforded by the university library. How the body rebelled at the prospect of vaulting over shelves upon shelves of Piaget whilst clasping the complete Encyclopaedia Britannica under each arm. Any hesitation on the obstacle course was punished by electric shock treatment through the microfiche catalogue. I still bear the scars!

The rest of the morning would be taken up with a seminar. There may be readers who know not what a seminar is. Oh, fortunate beasts that you have not been forced to sit, to ache, as a succession of horrors assailed ears and eyes. What had the Somme or third Ypres to offer in terrors compared to the volleys of metaphors; the cacophony of exploding similes; and the mind bending shock of the impact of the audio this'es and visual that's'es? Only the strongest could refrain from rushing wild eyed from the battlefields in search of a tame psychiatrist, the haven of the padded cell, the comfort of the jacket-straight.

At about twelve the survivors were permitted to depart in search of sustenance. This could be obtained from the refectory, an institution defined in the O.E.D. as a 'dining hall' but more closely resembling Bethlehem Royal Hospital (Bedlam to you); head cook one Sweeney Todd; equipment dating from the Boer War. Emerging with burst eardrums and salmonella poisoning, it was possible to proceed away from the realm of Gengis Khan. At a steady crawl the M.Sc. survivors proceeded, to spend their afternoon in Stalag Luft G3, a den sunk beneath the Geography department in the realm of Pluto. Rats pattered across the floor. The sulphurous air, the aroma of centuries of unwashed bodies, the perpetual throbbing of the orcs wardrums (laughably attributed by the university admin. to the air conditioning); these were the background to an eternity of brain washing — quantification, hydrology, pollen analysis, pinguos, and more. Oh for a draught of Lethe! How much could minds and bodies take before the spirit quailed, beliefs were renounced, and all geographers cried, "Quantification of hydrological pinguos provides the greatest happiness for the greatest number? By spring there were but three of us left. Several had applied for political asylum in the Gulag archipelago, one had even joined the liberals.

At last — the evening has arrived, pale faced, staring eyed, the M.Sc.'s stagger to the bus — home to the haven of an evening of — well sort of rest. Just three thousand words to be written by morrow, the subject 'The impact of cholesterol imbalances on the educational performance of one eyed pygmies with red hair, warts on their third finger, researching pinguos in the pollen infested wastes of tropical Antartica' Could you manage 3000 words on that subject twixt tea and bed? Some holiday!

By B. Sullivan

NEWS OF BOWTHORPE STAFF & STUDENTS

ARRIVALS & DEPARTURES

MISS IDA BRIGHTY

At the end of the Summer Term Bowthorpe were sad to say goodbye to Miss I Brighty.

Miss Brighty had been teaching in Norwich for 39 years and 38 years were spent here where she was Deputy Head when it was known as the Gurney Girls' School and the First Deputy at Bowthorpe when the schools amalgamated.

Miss Brighty gave outstanding service to the school and her friendship, guidance and help will be sadly missed.

We wish her a very happy retirement.



We welcome on to the Staff, four new members.

MRS DYSON has joined us from London as deputy headmistress, and is teaching English, R.E. and Childcare. She and her husband are keen musicians, hoping to get involved once they have established themselves in Norwich. They are also both enthusiastic fell walkers.

MISS KEMP has joined us from Suffolk. She has previously worked as a translator and taught in France.

MR. RIX has joined us from Earlham School to teach R.E. and History. He has previously worked for Shell Oil Company, Norwich Union, Anglia TV, BBC TV and he claims he taught Howard Platt to be a D.J.! A keen fisherman when there's time.

MR WALTERS has joined us from London to teach French and History. He has previously taught in Australia and France and is a keen oarsman.

DIDN'T HE DO WELL!

Jeremy Greengrass who left in the summer has been very successful recently in competitive cycling.

The Butlin's International Schoolboy six stage road race, was held over three days, each rider having two races each day, (each race is called a stage).

There were eleven teams of four riders; the teams were mainly regional teams from England, Scotland, Northern Ireland, Eire and Wales, as well as teams from Holland and Denmark.

My team was the England East, of which I was captain and we had a good chance of winning the team race.

On the first day, the first stage was a time trial. A time trial is when the riders start at minute intervals and ride as fast as they can for a set distance. This race was mainly uphill and this day it was into the wind. I was one of the last to start and the wind was getting very strong; my final time was 11 minutes 50 seconds which placed me ninth. In the afternoon the race was around the camp at Filey. Everybody started this race together and I eventually came fifth; this placed me sixth overall.

The second day was the day everybody was dreading because of the third stage. This race was held on the Oliver's Mount motorcycle circuit, built on the side of a cliff and 2.3 miles long. But the main reason everybody hated it was the hill — a quarter of a mile long, 1 in 6 at the bottom steepening to 1 in 4 near the top.

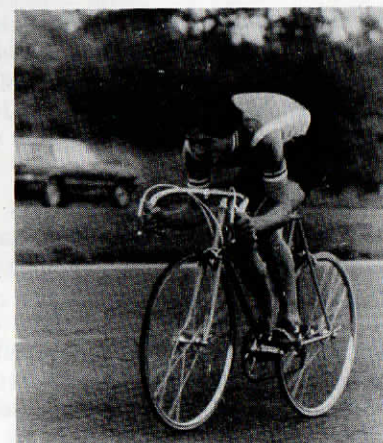
After three laps the bunch had split in two with people looking for smaller gears when they were already in bottom gear. At the finish I came thirteenth but we had slipped from first team overall to second.

Another race was around the camp in the afternoon where I finished ninth and the team remained in second place.

The fifth stage on the last day was a team trial, which covered 23 miles. This is basically the same as a time trial except that the whole team rides together, each cyclist taking turns to go to the front to give the others some shelter behind him. Our time was 53 minutes 50 seconds which placed us fifth and we held our overall position. In the individual race I was in twelfth place.

The last race was again round the camp circuit. On this tight, twisty circuit it is best to stay near the front of the race and everybody knows this so the pace is very high; this makes it very hard for everybody but the fittest. In the final race I came fifth and improved my position to tenth overall and we came second in the team race, which is the best places an East of England team has been placed in this event.

By Jeremy Greengrass



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Nottingham*

AND THEY'RE ALL STILL DOING WELL!

News of Former Students

DAVID ROWETT one of our original sixth form students has finished his course at Sussex University. He obtained a B.A.(Hons.) in American History, and has now applied for teacher training.

MARY-ANNE HARKINS of the same year group is teaching in a first school at Milton Keynes and enjoying her work very much.

GRAHAM PRITCHARD, whom many will remember for his outstanding work in a number of school plays, has obtained his degree in drama at Exeter. He is hoping to become an actor professionally.

SUE WOOLDRIDGE has now been in the Police Force for three years and is stationed at Gorleston at the present time. She is presenting the certificates at our reunion evening.

ANGELA LAUD has completed her teaching training and has her first post at an Infant School in Norwich.

JILL DICKIE and **ROSALIND DOGGETT** are in their final year at Essex University.

ANNE BRAMBLE is currently studying French at Trent Polytechnic.

LAWRENCE WATTS has completed his degree course at one of the London Polytechnics and has obtained a post with Barclays Bank in Kings Lynn.

CLIVE SLEATH is back at the University of Loughborough taking the final year of his sandwich course. He spent his year in industry with Lawrence and Scott Electromotors.

MICHAEL UMNEY is also doing a sandwich degree course in engineering shared between Rolls Royce and Brunel University.

MARK KETTERINGHAM is at the University of Sheffield, taking a degree in civil engineering. He spent the summer in Miami, Florida, working with a civil engineering company redesigning the Miami Seaquarium.

JOHN CARY is also at Sheffield taking a course in Journalism.

DAVID CARY, his elder brother is at the University of Warwick, reading law.

FENELLA SMITH is enjoying life at Girton College, Cambridge

BERICE ALLEN is in the second year of her course in accountancy at City College.

CHRISTOPHER LAUD is at Trent Polytechnic taking a course in quantity surveying.

CHRISTOPHER SHORTELL Left school in June 1980, enlisted in the Royal Navy as a Junior Electrical Mechanic Air on July 14th. He started with his basic training at H.M.S. DAEDALUS at Lee-on-Solent, Hants and has now started his specialised training.

BOWTHORPE RULES O.K.

CHEMICAL OLYMPIAD

Last July, Bowthorpe chemistry students participated in a 'Chemical Olympiad' — a new venture comprising a series of competitive events designed to promote an interest in chemistry.

Unfortunately Bowthorpe went out of 'The Top of the Form' competition in the quarter-final, losing to Blyth-Jex.

A special mention must be given to Stephen Manning who did very well in the 'Triathlon' — a series of practical tests, taking place at the U.E.A.

All the contestants enjoyed these events and are hoping that they can improve upon these results in next year's competition.

By Andrew Newton

MUSIC EXAMINATION SUCCESSES

- 1 Anna Bentley A.L.C.M.
- 2 Imogen Bentley grade V Oboe
- 3 Louisa Youngs grade V Theory
- 4 David Simmons grade V Piano
- 5 Deborah Jaggard grade III Flute
- 6 Wayne Guerrero grade III Trombone
- 7 Hayley Kenison grade III Clarinet

CRIME PREVENTION QUIZ

This year the fourth year running Bowthorpe's team won the Norwich and District's Crime Prevention Panel's inter-school championship. The team consisted of David Simmons (captain), Carlena Borrett, Kenneth Bassett and Sean Borrett. Our team has been unbeaten in this championship for four years.

RECORDING AT U.E.A.

It is not everyone that has the opportunity to make a recording. So it was particularly exciting when six of our talented musicians met at the recording studios of the U.E.A. to record three songs written by Mr Chris Doherty and Mr Ken Crandell.

We entered through double sound proof doors, to be confronted with a mass of recording equipment and mass of wire. As soon as the sound balance had been adjusted we nervously began on the first piece. We all looked very professional with earphones on. Soon, we completed our first piece, and trooped up stairs to listen to the result — we found out that it was a very difficult thing to do, because we sometimes broke down, or the balance was not right, so we had to record once more —

I think everyone of us found something of special interest.

David Simmons, especially enjoyed to make the master tape, as his ambition to become a recording engineer. The harpsichord was a particular feature which we used as an accompaniment for one of the songs called 'The Hitch-hiker'.

At last, after three hours of hard work, we came away feeling very tired, but extremely exhilarated.

K. Crandell



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BOWTHORPE'S WORLD OF SPORT

Girls Gymnastics

1. Champion Gymnast Competition, held in December 1979.
1st — Sara Andrews. 2nd — Deborah Mundford. 3rd — Julie Johnson
2. Inter-House Gymnastics Competition, 1980
1st — Fry, 355 pts. 2nd — Cavell, 316 pts. 3rd — Scott, 315 pts. 4th — Nelson, 308 pts.
Individual results: 1st — Sara Andrews, Fry. 2nd — Deborah Mundford, Cavell. Joint 3rd — Tracey Thraxton, Fry. Tanya Powell, Nelson.
3. Winners of BAGA Award 1 during 1980: Beverley Tyce, Tanya Powell, Nicola Parish.

Girls Cross Country

Both our teams won the Norwich Inter-Schools Championships this year, and Angela Jervis was the individual winner of the Under 15 section.

Under 15 team. 57 pts.

Angela Jarvis*, Lorraine Nixon*, Deborah Withers*, Joanne Allen, Jean Sullivan, Carole Howell, Julie Johnson, Melanie Davy.

Under 17 Team. 81 pts.

Susan Utting*, Heather Collins*, Jayne Cozens*, Cheryl Drumme, Tracey Sullivan, Teresa Gall, Joanna Livie, Debra Snelling.

Boys Cross Country

Under 15 Team — 3rd

Barry Brock* Under 15

Under 17 Team — 3rd

Jeremy Greengrass*. Under 17.

*These boys and girls all represented Norwich at the Norfolk Schools Championships.

Athletics

1. Results of the 1980 Inter-House Championships
Lower School : 1st — Fry, 189½. 2nd — Nelson, 146. 3rd — Cavell, 142½. 4th — Scott, 130.
Upper School : 1st — Cavell, 74. 2nd — Fry, 70. 3rd — Scott, 51. 4th — Nelson, 45.
2. The following records were broken at these Championships:

Girls

Cavell Senior Relay Team — 58.2 secs. (58.4)

Junior 800 m. Lorraine Nixon. Fry. 2m 41.8. (2m. 47.0)

Senior Discus. Sara Andrews. Fry. 23.44m. (21.49m.)

Junior Shot. Samantha Palmer. Fry. 7.9m. (7.75m.)

Senior Long Jump. Keri Parish. Cavell. 4.07m. (3.98m.)

Boys

Senior 400m. Karl Cavell. Fry. 61.3 sec. (61.8 sec.)

Junior Javelin. Raymond Saddleton. Nelson. 32.65m. (27.16m.)

Junior Discus. Peter Robinson. Nelson. 24.90m. (24.45m.)

3. Norwich Schools Athletics Championships —
Lorraine Nixon won the Junior 800 m.
Alissa Foyster won the Senior Javelin.
Paul Eastall won the Junior Javelin.
4. Norfolk Schools Athletics Championships
The following pupils represented Norwich:
Lorraine Nixon — Junior 800 m.
Alissa Foyster — Senior Javelin
Paul Eastall — Junior Javelin
Sara Andrews — Senior Discus
5. Winners of 5 Star Athletics Awards:
Lorraine Nixon. Paul Eastall

County Netball

Jayne Cozens, Helen Filby and Anne Allen all reached the finals of the County Netball trials, and Anne was selected for the County Squad.

City Football

Wayne Moore played for Norwich Schools Under 13 XI.

Paul Waterfield, David Smith & Murray Buckenham all played for Norwich Schools Under 14 XI.

Inter-House Games & Cross Country Results for 1979/80

Netball

2nd Year — Fry, Scott, Nelson, Cavell

3rd Year — Scott, Fry, Cavell, Nelson

Upper School — Fry, Cavell, Scott, Nelson

Hockey

Girls — Lower School — Fry, Scott, Cavell, Nelson

Upper School — Cavell, Fry, Scott, Nelson

Boys — Lower School — Cavell & Fry 1st equal, Nelson & Scott 3rd equal.

Football

Lower School — Fry, Nelson, Cavell, Scott

Cross Country — Boys

Lower School — Fry, Cavell, Nelson, Scott

EXAMINATIONS 1980

In 1980 116 candidates were entered for 'A', 'O' level and 16+ examinations in 29 subjects and 202 candidates were entered for CSE in 24 subjects.

Congratulations to the following gaining 'A' level passes :-

| | | | |
|---------------|---|------------------|---|
| Neil Brooker | 2 | Simonetto Ratto | 2 |
| Philip Child | 1 | Susan Roberts | 3 |
| Bryan Dongray | 3 | Deborah Starling | 2 |

Congratulations to the following gaining 'O' level grades above C and CSE grade 1:-

| | | | |
|---------------|---|-------------------|---|
| Stephen Boore | 7 | Jeremy Greengrass | 6 |
| Robert Child | 7 | Graham Lawrence | 5 |
| Terence Crook | 5 | Andrew Newton | 7 |
| Gary Day | 6 | David Simmons | 6 |

(5 grade A and AO Maths
— also grade B in Maths
and grade A in Music last
year)

| | | | |
|----------------------|---|-----------------|---|
| Christopher Starling | 7 | Heather Collins | 5 |
| David Steward | 7 | Dawn Cooper | 5 |
| Melanie Burrows | 6 | Michelle Harvey | 7 |
| Deborah Carman | 5 | Alison Langley | 8 |

5 grade A, A
in history last year)

| | | | |
|----------------|---|-----------------|---|
| Dawn Lawrance | 8 | Heidi Randles | 6 |
| Nina Mew | 8 | Fiona Reed | 7 |
| Ruth Moreton | 7 | Julie Snodgrass | 6 |
| Paula Mundford | 7 | Carol Southgate | 6 |
| Julie Pitts | 6 | | |

RSA

Stage 2 Typing

| | | | |
|-----------------|--------|---------------------|-------------|
| Carol Bamber | | Julie Snodgrass | 40 wpm |
| Julie Hatch | | Jacqueline Lansdell | 40 wpm |
| Paula Mundford | 40 wpm | June Turner | 40 wpm |
| Michelle Harvey | 35 wpm | Lynsey Brennan | distinction |
| Maxine Butler | | Dawn Lawrance | distinction |

Stage 3 Typing

Carol Bamber

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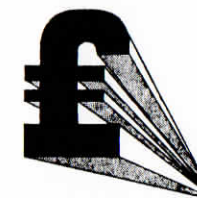


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