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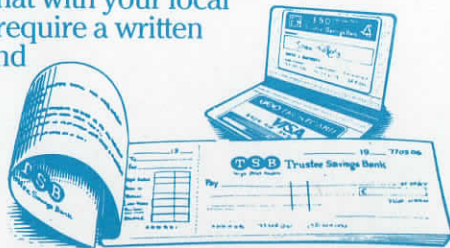
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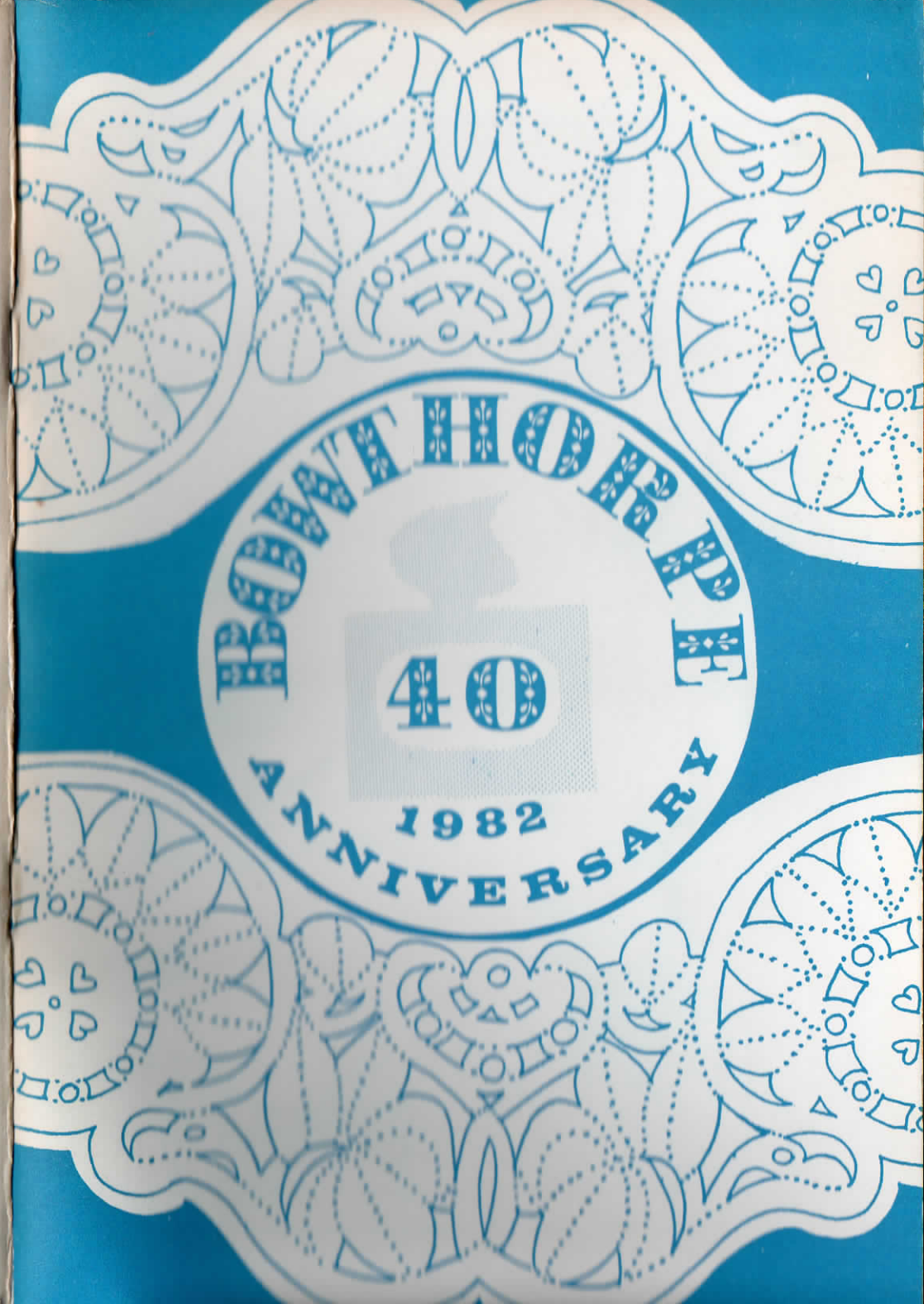
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If you think you measure up to our requirements, we suggest you get a copy of our careers booklet from your school or from the address below. After you have read it, talk over the prospects with your parents, your careers adviser and your friends.

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Editors: J. REES
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EDITORIAL

This is rather a special magazine, for 1982 sees our school reaching the age of 40—not quite as old as the Headmaster but still fairly ancient. It was opened in 1942 before any of the students and half the teaching staff were born.

Because this is a special year for our school the magazine contains a variety of articles on its construction, opening and history with a number of people who have been connected with it over the years contributing on our behalf. I feel sure that you the pupils of 1982 and many of your parents who were our students of years ago, will find these contributions fascinating.

However it is not all a series of reminiscences, for as usual there are many accounts, serious and amusing, of school life during the last year and I would like to congratulate all those whose articles have been included.

Let me add a line or two about our school today because facts and figures are not always available to you. We now have just under 1000 students with over a 100 in the Sixth Form. I mention the Sixth in particular for they—aged 17-19 years—have remained with us for one to three years beyond the statutory school leaving age in order to further their education. There are 57 teachers and if to this number we add all those who administer to our needs, i.e. office staff, technicians, dining helpers, caretakers, cleaners, ground staff, visiting teachers, etc., the number would be a little under 90.

To produce this magazine takes time and costs money. The time has been very generously given by Miss Rees and Dawn Lawrence—I want to thank them on your behalf. The money comes partly from your contributions to the school fund and also from our advertisers without whom this magazine would not be possible.

E. H. EVANS

BOWTHORPE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION 1981

In January 1981, we held a Social Evening, in place of the September 1980 event which had to be cancelled for lack of support. I am glad to report that our second attempt was more than justified, as it was a very well-attended and successful function.

At our AGM in March, Mr. Davison of "Break" children's charity spoke about his work. We decided to adopt "Break" as our charity, and to donate the proceeds of the 1981 sponsored cricket match, together with other contributions throughout the year.

The Inter-Schools Quiz was held at Earlham School in April. We put up a good fight but were narrowly pushed into 3rd place in the last minute. Thanks and congratulations go to our splendid team.

The cricket match in June saw the return of Mr. Davison, who accepted our invitation to play in the "dads" side against the 6th form. The older generation showed skill and determination, but were unfortunate in losing the toss and therefore having to play the second innings in bad light—however they proved to be gracious losers!

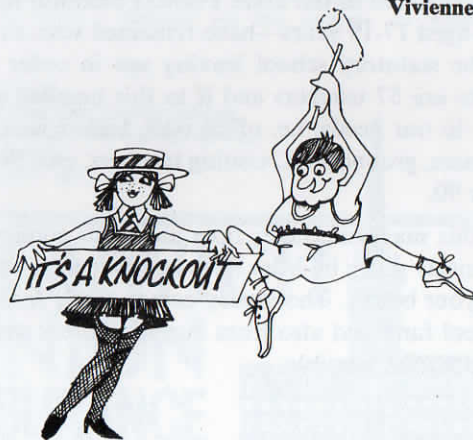
Instead of a summer fair, we held a Grand Draw. All the pupils were cajoled into selling as many tickets as they could; with the result that we finally raised enough money to buy the new trampoline. The effort has been very well worth while, and we hope that all the pupils will enjoy using this super piece of equipment.

The Draw was held in July, as the climax of an evening which some of us will long remember. "It's a Knockout, '81" was fast, furious, and sometimes ferocious! Parents were asked to provide a team to challenge the more experienced 6th form and staff; and some of us still bear the scars!

Our Social Evening, in September 1981, has been described as "the best ever"—certainly the committee members were all delighted to see so many people enjoying a pleasant and relaxed evening.

The Jumble Sale in November was very successful, raising almost £140. We are very grateful to all those who contributed jumble, to all who came and bought something, and of course to the willing hands of helpers who gave their time so cheerfully. It has been particularly pleasing to see so many new faces at our events: thank you all for supporting the Association; with your help we can make our next year even more successful!

Vivienne Young, Secretary



NEWS FROM THE DEPARTMENTS

A rough and ready guide to what's been going on at Bowthorpe this year. Everyone knows about school trips and journeys (we've left them out this year), but what goes on 'behind closed doors?'

DRAMA

It's strange isn't it? Everything seems to go in cycles! We've had several years of luxury in the field of drama—or at least we have had in one sense. We have had the hordes of Ghengis Khan in the senior part of the school ready to die for the school play. But the wheel has turned and suddenly we have a great gap. Where, oh where, I asked myself (a fellow can get put away for doing that sort of thing) are the leaders of yesteryear? So far this year we have tried to cast both 'Sweeney Todd' and 'The Miser' without success, and seriously it is a great shame that the many very talented and keen young ladies have to almost become karate black belts if they wish to overcome the opposition and win a place in any Bowthorpe School cast, while anything in trousers and speaking in a gruff voice is violently hauled in off the playground and given a leading part. Come on lads! We urgently need some new and enthusiastic people to build for the future.

In the meantime I am still looking for the perfect play to cast a large number of girls and some younger boys. I've always been a great believer in human nature—there's plenty of talent out there, so just point it in my direction please!

* * *

Lots of nice things have happened since my last report: we have our new drama room at last, and can lounge about on a nice soft carpet, shut off from prying eyes by our new curtains. We can make things at last and leave them in safety, as the many boys and girls who have worked on some super masks this term will testify.

Almost thirty fourth year students began a C.S.E. course this year, and many of them may also take G.C.E. drama in 1983, the first pupils in this school to do so. Good luck to them.

Those of you who enjoyed 'Esau and Jacob' last year, may like to know that I have been asked to revive it next year with an adult cast, although I do hope to include several of the cast who did so well for us in the original production. The play will be entered for Norwich Triennial Festival in October, and will probably be staged at the All Saints Centre. Exciting, isn't it?

Come on, you boys, let's rebuild the drama club. In the meantime, I'll leave you to work out the answer to a little general drama quiz concocted by David Simmons and myself. The first ten fully correct solutions will win a fortnight's holiday for two in the Bahamas. Good luck!

P. S. James

NATIONAL YOUTH THEATRE SUMMER No. 25

This year, Roberick Baraona became the School's second member of the National Youth Theatre. However, not only did he participate in a normal first year intermediate course, but landed a small role in a full production—"Romeo and Juliet" at the Jeanetta Cochrane Theatre in London. By coincidence (it was nothing to do with me!), I played Friar Laurence in the same play; so the Bowthorpe contingent was confined to a small area of the N.Y.T. season.

It was in Rod's favour that he joined this year—the N.Y.T.'s 25th Anniversary season—when there were plenty of opportunities for new members. The Youth Theatre's most ambitious season ever (despite the tragic loss of financial support from the Arts Council) culminated in an anniversary performance of Peter Terson's "Zigger Zagger"—probably the most well-known play ever written for the N.Y.T.—attended by assorted celebrities (Elton John included, by the way).

As for me, I had six weeks of fun in London.

David Simmons

DRAMA QUIZ

1. Which was the only school play in the last five years to have featured an 'acting' head-boy of the school, and who was he?
2. Who wrote "The Servant of Two Masters"? (school play December 1979).
3. How many songs were there in the school performance of "Esau and Jacob" (school play 1980).
4. Who played 'Trudi' in "Trudi and the Minstrel" (school play 1978) and what else does she play?
5. In "Esau and Jacob", which character was a sort of biblical J. R. Ewing? Name the person who play the part.
6. Number 9, Carmine, Lit K are all examples of . . . what?
7. Who is the manager of Norwich Theatre Royal?
8. Norwich has one of the most famous *amateur* theatres in England. (NOT the Theatre Royal). Can you name it?
9. Name two playwrights who lived at the same time as Shakespeare.
10. Here are some anagrams of famous characters from plays by Shakespeare. Can you unravel them?
 - a) Thelma
 - b) Ring Lake
 - c) Met Back
 - d) Lot Hole
 - e) Join me true load (two people)

Answers to P. S. James.

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THE DIG (History)

With gritted teeth and willing hearts 3B trudged up to the dining hut. The steel of the spade hit the hard and rocky ground. We had started.

I'd better explain. Miss Max, our history teacher, had an idea (wonders will never cease) that we should conduct an archaeological dig. Great we thought, anything rather than work.

So, next lesson, we found ourselves up at the dinner hut. The idea was that we would dig two holes and find things of historical importance and record it. There was one slight hitch though. We couldn't find anything. We found stones and the occasional worm (which usually ended up down the girls' back) but nothing of importance.

Then, after about half an hour fate lent a hand. Our first discovery. A small piece of pottery. Hurrah! We handed it to Miss Max, our proud little faces beaming.

"Well done," bellowed Miss Max in her hearty tones.

We resumed work and after this we were finding things left, right and centre.

Suddenly we heard a loud clunk. We had found a brick wall (fantastic).

"Perhaps it's the remains of a Roman Village" piped up Oliver.

We groaned and pushed him down the hole.

"I should imagine", said Miss Max,

("Here we go", whispered Kirstin to us),

"That this is a part of the drainage systems" continued Miss Max.

"Right we'll avoid the wall and carry on in the surrounding area".

Oliver crawled up from the hole and shouted, "Hey, I've found 2p!"

Immediately the whole class dived into the hole looking for more. After a while normal service was resumed and we trudged back to the class.

Next came the writing. Surprisingly we weren't too keen on this, but we wrote reports and labelled our finds. Actually it looks quite good on the wall so we asked Miss Max if we could conduct another dig. Funnily enough she didn't seem too keen. I wonder why?

Emma Bales

OPEN SESAME! (Music)

It is always an exciting moment when the new boys and girls come to see us for the first time one afternoon during the summer term. They come round to each class room to see what each subject has to offer, and when they arrive at the Music Room, I take them to a certain cupboard in my corridor, take out a certain key and open up to reveal an Aladdin's Cave of . . . guitars.

"My! We have never seen so many guitars", they say. "Can we have a go now, Sir?"

"No", I tell them. "You will have to wait until you arrive in the autumn".

September arrives, and they all come to their music lesson expecting to start plucking immediately, but there is lots to be learnt before guitar lessons begin. However, both Miss Browning and I sometimes feel a little sorry for the poor impatient souls, so, that certain key is produced and all the guitars are tuned and handed out to each new pupil. As the lesson progresses they begin to realise that it is not as easy as they thought it would be, but the lesson goes by very rapidly, and it seems to be quite interesting as each young musician learns about E, A, D, G, B, E, and 6-33 6-33, etc., and begins to pluck a simple accompaniment to 'Greensleeves' and 'What shall we do with the Drunken Sailor'.

As the lessons progress, hands and fingers stop being obstinate and begin to obey the commands to stay where they are on the frets and strings. It is certainly a new kind of experience to pluck and stop strings to produce musical sounds. No hand at first wants to do this kind of movement, why should it? It is quite happy to hold a pen and pencil or a knife and fork, but these awkward movements are very different.

The weeks progress, and we begin to learn more chords and have a great deal of fun plucking the strings in different ways.

We even try to play tunes! How about that then!

K. Crandell

NO FLIPPIN' INTEREST (Geography)

Some eighteen months ago I happened to pick up one of those newspapers that contain photos of semi-clad homo sapiens, but do publish scholastic achievements. Bowthorpe School received no mention in the lists and I searched my memory in vain for the last time that a pupil had earned a Nobel Prize or an Olympic Gold. What, I mused, could we do better than any other institution?

For two weeks the answer eluded me and then—happy day—my sixth form actually turned up for a lesson. In a flash I knew the answer to my question. They could do nothing better than anyone else I had met; apathy was their metier. All that was needed was an organization to harness this remarkable talent, and so the NFI club was conceived. It is now in its second year and this issue of the magazine is privileged to be able to chronicle its success.

The fact that you, dear reader, have never heard of its existence is testimony to the skill with which the members of the NFI have been relentless in their pursuit of absolutely nothing. The first member to qualify for the coveted senior sloth badge was Andrew, who earned it for total disregard for life—his own. One autumn Sunday between Brandon and Santon Downham, he managed to fall into nine assorted streams and drainage ditches. Unfortunately in each case he was pulled out before the bubbles had stopped rising. As you will by now have guessed, the perpetrators of the rescue had abandoned the club's first rule, "Do nothing", and for this woe promptly expelled from membership. A pity really—we have a simple and moving ceremony planned for the first member who gains the senior sloth badge post-humously.

One of the remarkable features of NFI has been its contagious apathy. Unsuspecting bystanders have found themselves enslaved by its subtle charm. The supreme example is that of Neil's parents who, evidence suggests, had devoted years to creating a delightful family home. Then, poor dears, they caught the bug and volunteered the use of that home for the NFI "Super flops" evening. This ensured that they would no longer have anything resembling a home at all. By the way Kevin won the Super flops title for his incredible inability to tiddle the wink. A new time bomb could not have beaten him.

Pupils, parents, all have triumphed: how about staff? Sadly they have not been as successful, yet they too in their own tiny way have contributed to the overall success. It was very nearly necessary to cashier Jane for her resolute failure to fall off her horse when all others lay prostrate in the mud of Cringleford being trampled by assorted nags. However, the staff saved face on the great trip to Wembley. As you will appreciate, vehicles without fuel are very classically NFI, but it takes real skill to drive past filling station after filling station ignoring their blandishments to "fill it up". What ingenuity was shown in finding excuses. Initially "we've got plenty at present" sufficed, and this then gave way to "but it's raining so hard" as we belted round the North Circular Road at 11 p.m. The rain stopped but "in heavy traffic it's silly to stop" kept us moving until the M11 provided an interlude with no temptations. On leaving the motorway success was close; the petrol gauge dropping steadily. It was at this point that staff nerves began to fail. The gauge read empty; Jane went very quiet; Ben drove and chewed his finger nails simultaneously; hopes were expressed that garages would be open at Red Lodge. Luckily the ordinary members kept the club principles alive (or should that be dead?)—they all fell asleep. Just when it seemed certain that staff would have to resign, or be expelled, an heroic gesture saved the day. Then miles from Norwich, the petrol gauge now having read empty for over thirty miles, a certain gentleman decided he was home. Alighting from the mini bus he summed up the club motto with the inspiring words "Well I'm home, so I don't really care if you make it or not". What commendment to a principle lies in that farewell. Can you wait to get into the 6th form and join?

B. Sullivan



John Dewing

MODERN LANGUAGES



The modern languages department staff dressed for Jeux Sans Frontières

Une Lettre française d'une Vielle Élève de Bowthorpe

Bien share Madame Rees,

Je profite de quelques minutes de free time pour vous écrire une courte lettre. Comme vous savez j'ai bien passé mes examens de level de 'O' et après quatorze jours de caravanning à Nice qui était très nice, je suis venue à Paris.

Là j'ai managé de trouver un bon petit job comme bar personne dans un petit café sur les Champs Elysées. C'est reellement bon.

Usuellement quand je commence le temps est bon et le soleil est brillé. J'arrive a la café à 4 h. de le matin on je préparé le petit déjeuner pour les businessmen qui call in à 7 h. C'est easy mais le probleme est qu'il est difficile de mettre les legs de frog et les petits snails au garlic sur les sandwiches.

J'ai trouvé un petit boyfriend. Il s'appelle Jean Jacques Pierre Henri Lebrun— il est ever so formidable. Il a les cheveux bruns, les yeux verts et un pantalon gris. Le samedi j'ai allé avec him up la Tour Eiffel. Quel magnifique vu, juste comme à Blackpool.

Enfin maintenant il faut me stopper parce que un client à arrivé et il desire un Citroen pressé. Dites à tous les teachers français que je fais beaucoup de progress. Au revoir pour maintenant.

Julie

MATHS

COMPUTER STUDIES

Norfolk (and Bowthorpe) were ahead of their time! Having worked in Hertfordshire and a London borough in the early 1970's. I was unaware of any major developments in Computer Education in schools.

On coming to Norfolk in 1974 I discovered an expanding group of schools each with a Computer link to the City College. Bowthorpe became the sixth school to join and today over twenty are members of the group.

Over the past five years pupils in the Upper school have embarked on Computer Study Courses and today over 100 study the subject in the fourth, fifth and sixth forms! While all pupils in the Lower school follow a six week Computer Appreciation Course as part of their Science Education.

Two micro computers are possessed by the school and we await the delivery of a further two.

As prices fall it is hoped to extend our numbers and develop their use in a wide range of subjects.

G. Meston

IT'S THAT CUBE AGAIN!

All over the world millions of people have been trying to solve what must be the most maddening puzzle ever—Rubik's Cube!

The cube was invented by Erno Rubik, a Hungarian, in 1975. Originally only 5,000 cubes were made, but demand for the cube soared, became world-wide and today over 4 million have been sold with factories working 24 hours a day, 7 days a week!

A new cube has 6 faces each divided into 9 squares in solid colours red, yellow, orange, white, green and blue.

A few twists, of the complicated inner mechanism divides each face into a random mix of colours. The object—well you all know what the object is and how complex.

The number of combinations is 43,252,003,274,489,856,000!!

Just how fast has the cube been solved? Fastest in Britain is a 16 year old who did it in 28 seconds.

Happy twisting!

G. Meston

QUICK QUIZ

1. The day before yesterday I was 21, but next year I will be 24. Can you work out my age and the date when I made these remarks?
2. What temperature is the same regardless of whether in °C or °F?
3. What number gives the same result whether you add 5 to it or multiply it by 5?
4. Write down 5 odd numbers which you can add up to make a total of twenty (a trick this!!).
5. What number gives the same result whether you divide it by 6 or take 6 away?
6. When tomorrow is yesterday, today will be as near to Monday as today was when yesterday was tomorrow. What day is it?

CRAFTS

A competition was organized by Mrs. Rhodes to design and make a Christmas present. There were many excellent entries, unfortunately we have room to include only 3 patterns—articles are displayed near the School Office—see Mrs. Rhodes for patterns. Congratulations to all girls who took part.

Girls from the third and fourth years who entered the competition:

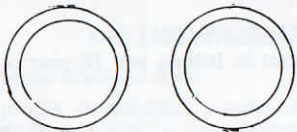
S. Dove	Y. Knotley	E. Capes	S. Horne	S. Burton
L. Parish	A. Jones	L. Bush	B. Tills	L. Freeman
K. Thompson	P. Clevevt	H. Cavell	S. Barr	J. Stevens
C. Pepper	L. Broom	A. Jervis	S. Dunham	N. Fisher
D. Jaggard	P. Pantry	A. Chettleburgh	S. Robinson	C. Mallet
I. Bentley	A. Starland	N. Stannage	N. Parish	T. Thraxton
C. Southall	L. Wood	J. Spence	J. Howell	



POMPOM MOBILE

To make Pompoms

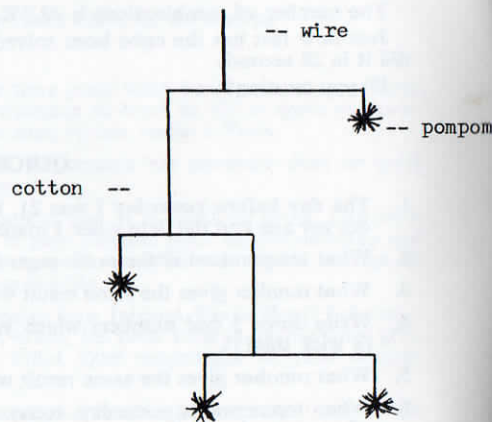
Cut 2 circles of cardboard approximate size of a saucer, with 2 smaller holes inside.



Wrap yarn all the way around cardboard 2 or 3 times. Cut yarn round edge of circle between the two pieces of cardboard. Carefully remove cardboard and tie yarn tightly round centre. Fluff up and trim to shape. Make four such pompoms. Add beads for eyes.

To hang

Sew strong cotton onto pompom and tape to end of wire as in diagram.



Hayley Cavell

HOOT THE CUTE OWL

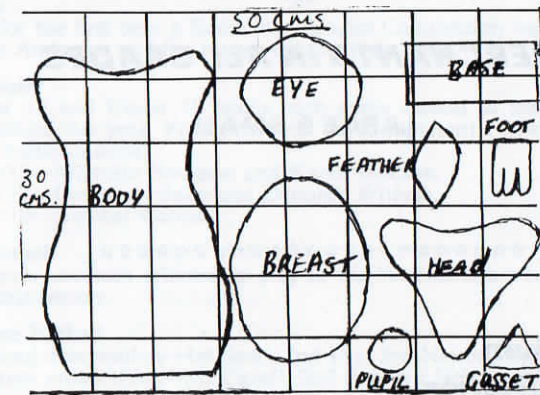
Instructions

Out of brown felt 50cm by 30cm (20in. by 12in.) cut 2 bodies, 1 head, 1 base, 2 gussets and 20 feathers. Dark brown 20cm by 20cm (8in. by 8in.) cut 20 feathers. White felt 15cm by 10cm (6in. by 4in.) cut 1 breast. Yellow felt 16cm by 8cm (6½in. by 3¼in.) cut 2 eyes. Orange felt 15cm by 5cm (6in. by 2in.) cut 4 feet. Use oddment of black felt for pupils also some brown bugle beads and white pearl beads. Matching threads.

Sew pupils to eyes. Stitch breast to one body section. Attach bugle and pearl beads to eyes. Stitch eyes to body and stitch head onto body so that it overlaps edges of eyes making sure the edge of the body and head are even. Oversew the two body sections leaving enough room for gussets at bottom. Insert and oversew gussets. Oversew feet and stuff firmly. Stuff body firmly, oversew the base to body enclosing feet in front edge. Attach feathers to the body, alternating colours.

Owl stands approximately 25cm (9¾in.) high.

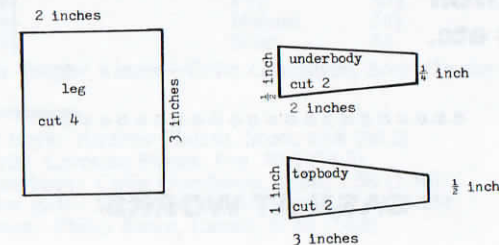
Each square of pattern should be 5cm by 5cm.



POODLE PATTERN

Nichola Fisher

With coloured fur cut four pieces for the legs. Then cut two pieces of felt for the under-body and two pieces of felt for the top-body. Sew the four body pieces together. At the widest end of the top-body sew this together leaving a small hole for stuffing. After stuffing it, sew up this hole. Insert a small piece of thin wire into the legs then sew the legs onto the body. Cut out a small piece of fur and stick it on the head of the poodle. Cut out 2 pieces of pear-shaped fur, sew felt on the back and sew these onto the head. A small piece of felt with a piece of fur sewn on the end is attached to the tail. The collar is made from a different coloured felt with beads sewn on it. This is then attached round the neck of the dog. The eyes are two black beads with white ones sewn in the middle and the nose is a black piece of felt.



Carol Mallet

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CASH AT WORKS

SPORTS

GIRLS SPORTS NEWS

Gymnastics

1. Champion Gymnast Competition, 1980
1st equal—Deborah Mundford and Sara Andrews.
3rd equal—Julie Johnson and Nicola Parish.
2. Inter-House Gymnastics Competition, 1981
Fry—431 points, Cavell—380 points, Nelson—348 points, Scott—302 points.
Individual results: 1st equal—Sara Andrews and Tracy Thraxton of Fry.
3rd—Deborah Mundford of Cavell.
3. Winners of B.A.G.A. Award 1 during 1981
Hayley Kerrison, Sharon Metcalf, Helen Culyer.

Badminton

This year for the first time a Badminton Singles Competition was held. The winner was Cheryl Anderson and the runner-up was Julie Dent.

Cross Country

Our Under 15 and Under 17 teams each came second at the Norwich Schools' Championships this year. Five girls went on to represent Norwich at the Norfolk Schools' Championships:

- Under 15—Michelle Hodgson and Karen Hudson.
- Under 17—Lorraine Nixon and Deborah Withers.
- Under 19—Heather Collins.

County Netball

Angela Jervis has been selected to play in the Norfolk Schools' Under 16 Netball team for this season.

Inter-House Netball

Lower school competition—1st Scott, 2nd Fry, 3rd Nelson, 4th Cavell.
Upper school competition—1st Cavell, 2nd Fry, 3rd Nelson, 4th Scott.

Inter-House Hockey

Lower school competition—equal 1st Nelson and Fry, 3rd Scott, 4th Cavell.
Upper school competition—1st Cavell, 2nd Fry, 3rd Nelson, 4th Scott.

Inter-House Rounders

1st Cavell, 2nd Fry, 3rd Nelson, 4th Scott.

V. Hodson

SPORTS DAY RESULTS

Junior		Senior	
Scott	174½	Cavell	74
Cavell	168½	Fry	63½
Fry	144½	Nelson	56½
Nelson	133½	Scott	54

Charles Bowden Trophy winner—Colin Goodswen, Scott (Junior boys high jump)

New best performances

400 m 2nd year boys: Andrew Platten, Scott, 63.8 (66.2)
400 m senior girls: Lorraine Nixon, Fry, 70.2 (71.3)
High jump junior boys: Colin Goodswen, Scott, 1.56 (1.50)
High jump junior girls: Samantha Syder, Cavell, 1.30 (1.25)
Discus junior boys: Philip Rowe, Cavell, 27.63 (24.9)

BOYS HOUSE GAMES TOURNAMENTS

Organised this year so that virtually every boy has competed. Four separate competitions have been held, the championships being decided on aggregate points totals.

Lower School Cross-Country

2nd year upper

1. Nelson	219	4	points
2. Cavell	235	3	"
3. Scott	245	2	"
4. Fry	303	1	"

2nd year lower

1. Cavell	95	4	points
2. Scott	106	3	"
3. Nelson	172	2	"
4. Fry	185	1	"

3rd year upper

1. Nelson	31	4	points
2. Cavell	62	3	"
3. Scott	73	2	"
4. Fry	86	1	"

3rd year lower

1. Fry	236	4	points
2. Nelson	242	3	"
3. Cavell	363	2	"
4. Scott	382	1	"

Overall:	1. Nelson	13	points
	2. Cavell	12	"
	3. Scott	8	"
	4. Fry	7	"

Lower School Football

2nd year upper

1. Scott	4	points
2. Fry	3	"
3. Cavell	2	"
4. Nelson	1	"

2nd year lower

1. Scott	4	points
2. Fry	3	"
3. Cavell	2	"
4. Nelson	1	"

3rd year upper

1. Scott	4	points
2. Fry	3	"
3. Nelson	2	"
4. Cavell	1	"

3rd year lower

1. Cavell	4	points
2. Nelson	3	"
3. Fry	2	"
4. Scott	1	"

Overall:	1. Scott	13	points
	2. Fry	11	"
	3. Cavell	9	"
	4. Nelson	7	"

Lower School Hockey

2nd year upper

1. Nelson	4	points
2. Scott	3	"
3. Cavell	2	"
4. Fry	1	"

2nd year lower

1. Scott	4	points
2. Cavell	3	"
3. Nelson	2	"
4. Fry	1	"

3rd year upper

1. Cavell	4	points
2. Nelson	3	"
3. Scott	2	"
4. Fry	1	"

3rd year lower

1. Fry	4	points
2. Nelson	3	"
3. Cavell	2	"
4. Scott	1	"

Overall:	1. Nelson	12	points
	2. Cavell	11	"
	3. Scott	10	"
	4. Fry	7	"

Upper School Cross-Country

4th year upper

1. Cavell	114	4	points
2. Nelson	127	3	"
3. Scott	129	2	"
4. Fry	171	1	"

4th year lower

1. Fry	18	4	points
2. Cavell	36	3	"
3. Scott	57	2	"
4. Nelson	58	1	"

Overall:	1. Cavell	7	points
	2. Fry	5	"
	3. Nelson	4	"
	4. Scott	4	"

Upper School Hockey

4th year upper

1. Nelson	4	points
2. Fry	3	"
3. Scott	2	"
4. Cavell	1	"

4th year lower

No competition

Overall:	1. Nelson	4	points
	2. Fry	3	"
	3. Scott	2	"
	4. Cavell	1	"

Norfolk Cross-Country Championships

Under 15: Barry Brock, Cavell, 6th.

Under 17: Timothy Read, Nelson, 36th.

Barry Brock went on to represent Norfolk in the All England Schools Championships. He was placed 272 from 736 runners, helping his team to 11th place. He was the 4th placed Norfolk runner.

On the football scene several players have represented Norwich schools: Stephen Metcalf (Under 13), Wayne Moore (Under 14), David Smith and Murray Buckenham (Under 15); David and Murray have recently had county trials.

Several boys performed creditably at the Districts Sports Finals in July, notably:

Under 17: Raymond Saddleton 3rd in high jump.

Raymond Saddleton 1st in javelin.

Under 15: Barry Brock 4th in 1500 m

Colin Goodswen 3rd in high jump.

Sean Haynes 6th in high jump.

Sean Haynes 3rd in javelin.

Still on athletics, 5 Star Awards were won by Andrew Platten, Sean Haynes, Carol Howell and Jackie Stevens.

Thanks must go to the few Dads who regularly support our football sides: Mr. Betts, Mr. Smith, Mr. Buckenham, Mr. Adams and Mr. Kietty.

R. Peate

TRAMPOLINING

As you may well know the school has just acquired a new trampoline, which is being widely used by the pupils and staff of the school.

As many people have never been on a trampoline, or if they have it was on Yarmouth sea front, it is vital that they learn the basic moves.

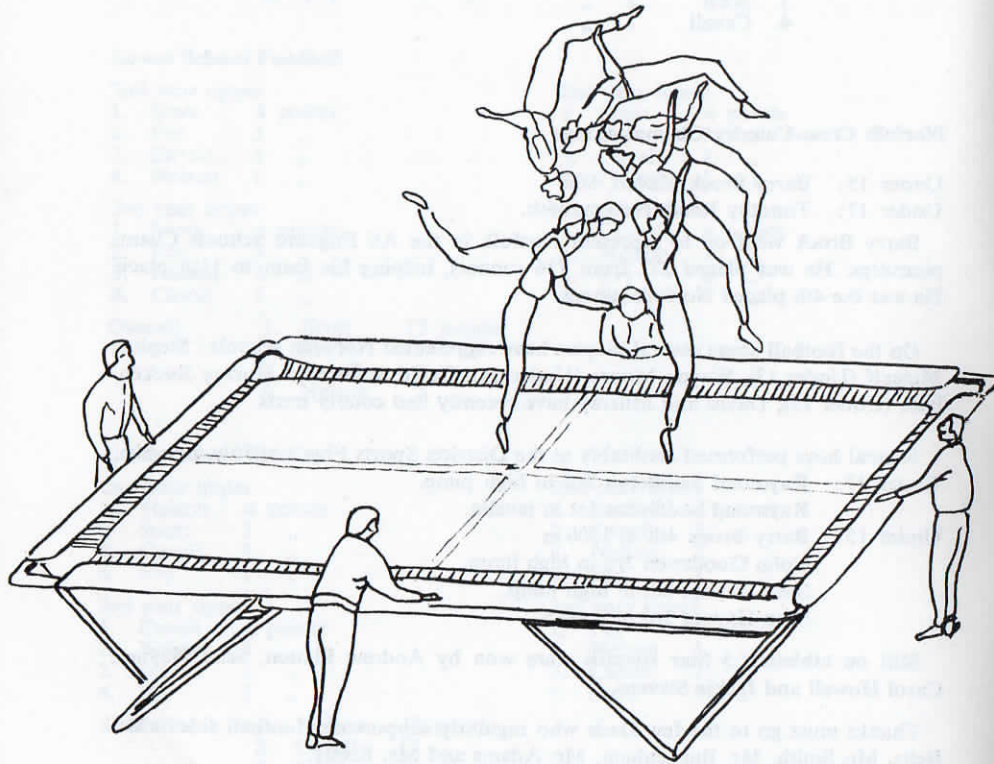
The first step in trampolining is to learn how to bounce correctly. The correct way is to have your feet shoulder width apart when on the trampoline, and when in the air the feet should be together with the toes pointed.

Once this is learnt you then proceed to seat-drops. This is when you bounce then sit on the trampoline with your hands by your side. Once this and a few other simple moves have been mastered you may try a pitched back somersault as shown below.

Trampolining must never be attempted alone because it is very easy to bounce off and injure yourself. There must therefore be a minimum of at least 4 other people present, standing on each of the four sides acting as spotters. Should the trampolinist appear to be in danger of coming off, the spotter guides him or her back onto the centre of the trampoline.

If these simple safety rules are observed, trampolining is a challenging and satisfying sport.

John Dewing



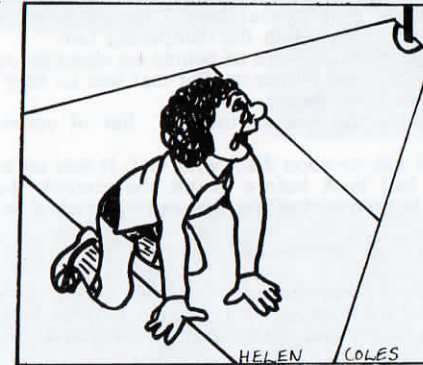
John Dewing

COUNTY NETBALL

To get into the county squad you first have to get through the area trials. There they select fourteen girls to go to the county trials. At the county trials all the girls from the different areas come together and another fourteen girls are selected to be the county squad.

If you get into the county squad there is a training session once a month from 10.30 to 4.30. We usually begin with a warm up which consists of jogging, sprinting and exercises. We go on to practising dodging and getting free from your partner. Then we practise the various passes. Next we get into threes and one throws the ball to one person and the other has to try to get it. We do a lot of this kind of practice. After this we are set up in a game and we are coached in different kinds of set passes.

The afternoon is spent putting everything we learned in the morning into a game. This is when they pick the team to play in the next match which is usually one week later. This means the team is always changing depending on how you play at the training session.



Angela Jervis

RUGBY

Rugby is a game you can take seriously or as fun. It's a game which needs a lot of stamina as you can almost guarantee you're going to get a few knocks.

To play you need 15 men. Eight men make up a pack called the scrum, 6 three-quarters and 1 full-back. The object of the game is to score tries which are scored by putting the ball down over the opposition's goal-line. The ball is played by passing it amongst the players. It is not kicked to each other like football, but passed from hand to hand. To tackle is the complete opposite of football as you are aiming to knock your man down by grabbing hold of his legs.

If a foul is made the scrum are brought into the game. They build up the pack and join together. When ready, the scrum-half pushes the ball into the scrum and the two packs push against each other while one man, called the hooker, tries to hook the ball through the scrum towards his scrum-half. As the ball comes out of the scrum the scrum-half picks it up and passes it to the first man of the line which is made up by the three-quarters. As they move forward they pass the ball down the line and by the time it gets to the end of the line hopefully they should be almost to the goal-line.

If put down over the line a try has been scored and a conversion has to be taken. To score a conversion the ball has to be kicked through the rugby posts and over the bar. A try is worth four points and a conversion two points. If during play a penalty is awarded and it is within the distance to kick over the bar, you may try to do that, but if it is too far away you knock the ball slightly forward and then pass it down the line. If a penalty is taken by kicking over the bar and succeeds, it is worth three points. At the end of the game the team with the most points wins. The ball is the shape of an egg and the goal-posts the shape of the letter H.

Kevin Knowles

RUGGER!

We slowly trudged down to the pitch as the rain erased the marking out lines. We got into position for the kick-off. Thud! The ball tore through the rain and over our heads.

"They've got a flippin' good kicker", someone said and we ran after the ball.

Twenty minutes later and we were still playing:

"Fry ball, scrum down, no advantage to Fry!"

"Oh! Not again", I pulled myself up and reluctantly jogged over to the rest of them.

"Come on! Hurry up!"

"I'm comin'! I'm comin'!"

Bringing my head down I pushed forward and locked my head in position. A muffled voice told us of the entry of the ball. Instinctively my two props on either side of me powered forward as I brought my leg up to "hook" the ball out. I think we got the ball back to our scrum-half and by the time we got up, one of our other team members had scored a try, so we slowly trundled up to our centre positions. As I heard the person next to me cheer I turned round to see the ball hurtle between the two posts gleaming in the dampening rain.

They got their "good kicker" and of course we chose the wrong side of the pitch and so they got the ball just before us. But that was all they needed.

"Try given", shouted Mr. Peate.

We lined up on the line behind the "H", but of course they scored. It was depressing.

They got the ball but we soon dealt with that. It was an excellent tackle but the opponent got the ball back before he hit the ground, then it was my turn. I thundered into the bottom part of his hips and we crashed to the ground simultaneously.

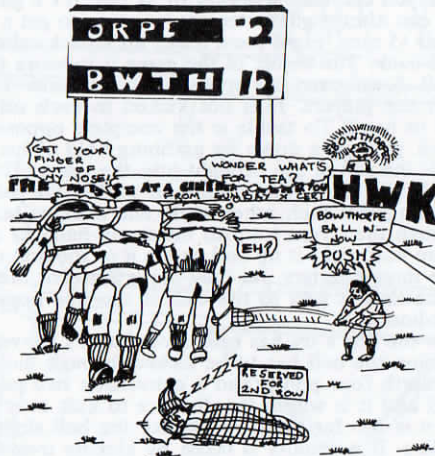
"Let go will yer? I ain't got the ball!"

"Oh! Sorry!" I said.

Then it was another scrum and another, then before we could get up, the ball was off the pitch and we lined up for the re-entry of the ball.

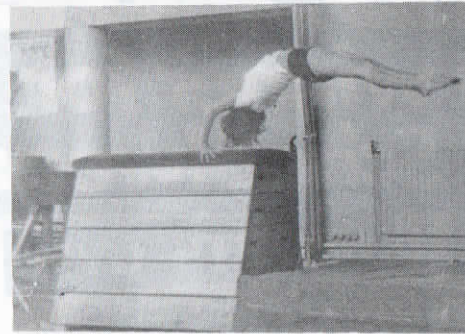
The whistle blew finally and the ground fell away from my feet.

Ben Hayden



Darren Carpenter

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A 'ropey' descent



Maybe not so active after all!



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COMMERCE

GUIDE TO COMMON ERRORS

At bowthorpe school we have a very ~~well~~ ~~well~~ well run Typing Department. During the 4th Year, pupils can take up typewriting as an optional subject. On this course, they learn how to type quickly and accurately.

Pupils are penalised for the following errors;_

- 1) Overtyping. Under no ~~circumstances~~ ~~circumstances~~ should you type over your mistakes and try to cover them up. You will lose ~~two~~ marks each time you do this.
2. Poor spacing. Do not forget to leave space between every word and 2 after a full stop.
- 3) Uneven margins. The ~~left~~ right hand margin should be as even as possible, not too near the edge of the page. keep the other margin ~~s~~ ^t straight.
- 4) Looking at the keys. with practise anybody can type without looking and still manage to hit the right keys.
- 5) Crooked lines. ALWAYS Make sure your paper is in straight ~~lines~~.
- 6) Talking. If pupils don't concentrate they are bound to make lots of mistakes.

Snadra Slef

EXAM RESULTS

In 1981, 156 candidates were entered for 'A', 'O', and 16+ examinations in 33 subjects and 238 candidates were entered for C.S.E. in 23 subjects.

'A' Levels

Neil Hardiman	2	Elaine Candler	1	April Ireson	1
Victor Muckleston	1	Deborah Gidney	2	Helen Jessup	1
Kevin Rose	3	Clare Gilbert	1	Rhonda Leeds	2
David Simmons	2	Jennifer Gomez	1	Paula Matthews	1
Anna Bentley	3 with 2 'S' Levels			Anne Roberts	2
Julie Page	1 with 1 'S' Level				

'O' Levels

'O' Levels above C and C.S.E. Grade 1					
Roderick Baraona	6	Jonathan Southall	5	Helen Filby	6
David Fiddy	6	Kevin Staff	5	Tracey Harper	5
Kevin Jewell	8	Michael Williams	6	Nicola Mann	5
Andrew Johnson	8	Carlena Borrett	6	Tracey Sullivan	7
Vincent Lamb	6	Samantha Bowman	6	Helen Todd	5
Stephen Manning	6	Cheryl Drumme	5	Beverley Tyce	5

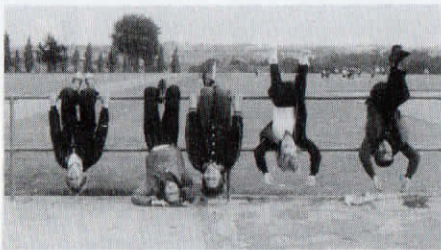
R.S.A. Typing

Stage 1—14 passes; 5 with distinction Stage 2—5 passes; 1 with distinction
Stage 3—1 pass

Pitman 2000 Shorthand

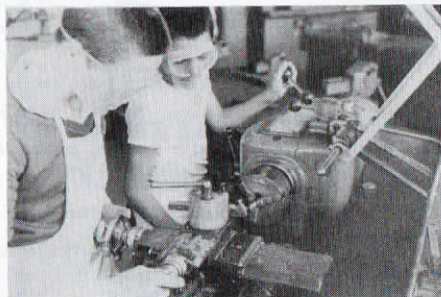
50/60/70 w.p.m.—8 passes

SCENE AROUND SCHOOL



Hanging Around

Who needs micro chips?

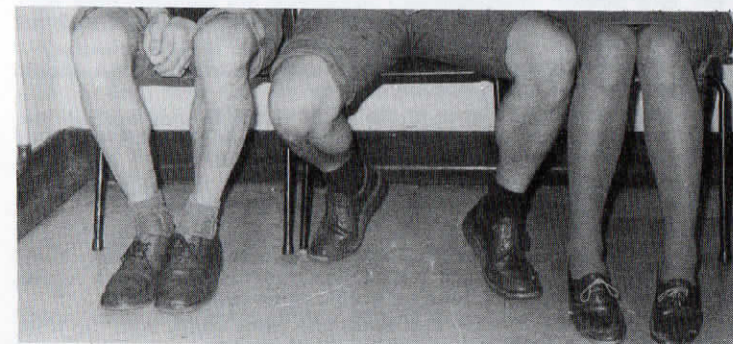


Problem Solving

The great escape



IDENTIFY THE LOVELY LEGS



Mystery prize offered—1st correct answer to Miss Rees.

40th ANNIVERSARY OF THE SCHOOL'S OPENING



Copyright E.D.P.

Tuesday, 27th August, 1940. Q. E. Gurney laying one of the foundation stones for the new Gurney and Henderson Senior Schools. The Lord Mayor, Mr. Fred Henderson, and the Chairman of Norwich Education Committee, Mr. F. C. Jex are looking on.

REPORT ADAPTED FROM E.D.P. 28th AUGUST, 1940

Headline of the day—"More big R.A.F. raids of Germany" and the report told of attacks on 27 aerodromes.

The new Senior School for Earlham will mean that this will be the first district in Norwich with planned education for children of all ages.

The Lord Mayor saw in the building of a school in the midst of war "A symbol of the spirit and purpose of English men and women".

Mr. Gurney laid the foundation stone of the Girls' Senior School and was presented with an inscribed mallet. The stone of the Boys' Senior School was laid by the Lord Mayor who was presented with a silver bladed trowel.

The Schools were designed by the City Architect, Mr. L. G. Hannaford, and the works manager was Mr. Bussey. The initial contract was for £60,000.

Mr. Gurney felt that the naming of the Girls' School was a great compliment to his family which had played an important role in Norwich affairs. Many years before, Elizabeth Fry (a relative—daughter of John Gurney) had started a school, teaching two subjects, reading and writing, so people could read the Bible.

The Lord Mayor was proud to have the Henderson name linked with the work of building up opportunities for a new generation of children.

It was hoped to complete the buildings within nine months to a year.

D. Lawrance

EVOLUTION OF BOWTHORPE SCHOOL

1st September 1942

The Henderson Senior Mixed School opens:

Report from School Journal—

"Only 200 chairs are available. The Hall is not completed, there is no equipment for the science, metalwork or woodwork rooms. The cloakroom is not yet finished".

The Gurney School opened as a Primary Mixed School with 205 pupils. Only 4 classrooms were available and one surface shelter. One shelter was borrowed from the Henderson School and the chair store under the stage was used. By October 5th 1942, all shelters were complete. The importance of these shelters is very clear when we read another extract from the Henderson Journal—

"Intermittent alarms and crashes from 7 a.m. to 1.15 p.m. caused a very bad attendance this morning. The children who came spent almost the entire morning in the school shelters. No registers were marked this morning".

As Miss Brighty's article clearly shows, the life of the two schools was constantly interrupted during the war years. But the war did finally end as shown by this extract from the Journal—

"Owing to the news of the unconditional surrender of the Germans, today and tomorrow have been declared national holidays. The children assembled as usual at 9 a.m. and were dismissed after a short Thanksgiving Service".

On 6th September 1948, the Henderson School became the Henderson Boys' School and the Gurney School became the Gurney Girls' School. The primary school moved to new buildings (now Gurney Middle School) and was named the West Earlham Primary Mixed School, which eventually closed as a Junior School in July 1958, and was reopened as an annex of the Gurney Girls' School in September 1958.

The Henderson and Gurney Schools continued separately until September 1967 when, as the first step towards co-education, a mixed intake began their school career in the annex. (In that same year school meals for staff cost 2/6d and the school acquired its first television).

June 10th, 1968—the two schools were officially amalgamated and in September 1970 were renamed the Bowthorpe Comprehensive School, with 169 children in the first year Comprehensive intake.

Various contributors to the magazine have described their impressions of the school over these years and we have included a tree showing how long the present staff has been here. Obviously things have changed and are changing still (as can be seen in girls' fashions over the 40 years). We hope change means improvement but the worries faced by today's young people are reflected in Ruth Moreton's account of Education in the Future. Many parents will recall the difficult war and post-war years and the intense efforts made by teachers, parents and children to build the reputation of the school over the last 40 years. Watching the Anglia news last night which showed Bowthorpe pupils leaving the premises—I think it's all been worthwhile.

J. Rees & D. Lawrance

Extract from 'The Hendersorian' July 1950

Did you know . . . that there are:

12,423 Blocks in the Henderson Hall Floor!
200 Concrete Steps.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

(Former Deputy Headmistress Miss Ida Brighty was a teacher at the Henderson Senior Mixed School the day it opened).

The visitor entering Bowthorpe School today is favourably impressed with the well-groomed appearance of the site. Lawns, rose beds, shrubberies and playing fields provide an attractive setting for the school buildings.

Visitors to the newly-opened Henderson School in 1942 had a very different impression. There were no roads or paths, no playing fields or even playgrounds. The unfenced site was pitted with craters and through the tangle of rough grass and bushes protruded the remains of shattered greenhouses, old iron bedsteads and other household rubbish.

The new school was urgently needed to reduce the serious over-crowding in the Larkman School where pupils attended for half days only. Delays in building persisted because the war emergency had claimed all available materials leaving little to spare for the new school. The building was still shrouded in scaffolding and littered with piles of bricks, sand and cement when a straggling procession of the first pupils arrived, pushing prams, bicycles, wheelbarrows and soap-boxes on wheels, containing all their books and equipment. A strong wind scattered papers along the route which teachers tried desperately to retrieve, knowing that extra supplies would not be forthcoming.

The school settled with some discomfort into the Henderson, while building continued on the Gurney wing. Classes were large with 40-50 pupils. There was an acute shortage of books and materials. Needlework classes had to "make do and mend" whilst practical woodwork could be held occasionally. In art, pencils were halved to provide enough for the whole class. Books and furniture salvaged from other parts of the city seemed incongruous in the new building.

Lessons were interrupted by the wailing of the air-raid siren, when the whole school had to be evacuated in a matter of seconds, sometimes as often as 5 or 6 times in one morning. A sudden stiffening of the barrage balloon tethered near the gate was a hint to classes in the gym to get ready. A speedy dash through the changing room into the shelters, now the bicycle sheds, was followed by writhings in the darkened shelters as the pupils struggled into their clothes. The light bulbs were invariably broken or missing, so that not until the "All Clear" released them into the daylight once more, did they discover themselves to be dressed in other people's pullovers and jackets. Howls of pain filled the shelter on the day that an enthusiastic needlework class rushed out with sewing—and needles—still in their hands.

Harvest began on the wheat crop growing in the field of which the athletics arena is now a part. The absence of a small boy after afternoon break puzzled the teacher. "Where's Jimmy?" she enquired of the rest of the class. "'E caught a rabbit in the harvest field at break and 'e's taken it 'ome" came the envious reply, as everyone considered the good fortune of the family about to feast on rabbit stew in the midst of food rationing.

Outside, playing fields and forecourt began to take shape, but not without some setbacks. The sowing of grass seed during the day was followed at night by a strong gale which swept much of the seed over the road into the cemetery. The dream of actually using the fields faded once again but work was eventually resumed.

Inside, unsuitable fuel upset the delicate digestion of the school boiler. It's 'worm' turned and temperatures hovered around 5° C (41° F) making life in the classroom a feat of endurance.

A cheerful spirit pervaded Henderson as staff and pupils coped with shortages of fuel, food and clothing. Shared experiences and optimism welded it into one unit. This was a good omen in the years that followed to attain the more gracious standard of living in the present day.

I. Brighty

EARLY DAYS AT THE HENDERSON

It was around 1951 that I moved with Herbert Nursey, who had just been appointed Headmaster, to the Henderson School from Wensum View.

At that time it was something of a show place, being the one school to be completed during the war years. Building materials were scattered around the various fringe areas of the city at the sites where new schools were to be built. As there was not enough at any one site to complete a building, it was decided to use all available material where it was most needed and the Larkman Estate having reached such large proportions (or maybe because Henderson had reached the furthest degree of completion) was chosen.

Yet I can hardly say we were the lucky ones! With so much glass around we were either baked in the summer or frozen in the winter, and with the heating being in the ceiling, the snow never settled on the roof whilst pupils and staff shivered. No one had thought about heat rising! I expect someone gained by our misfortune!

These were the days of small staffs—perhaps a dozen of us—and a part-time secretary, Mrs. Audrey Cooper, who not only attended to the office work, but was nurse, mother and general comforter to many a small boy. These, too, were the days when teachers other than at Grammar Schools were "Jack of all trades", and the pupils were persons and not faces in a crowd.

Travel had not developed much since the war, only the very fortunate few had a car or the means to travel far, so a weekend at Trimmingham Camp was the highlight of their lives for some of these youngsters, and also quite an undertaking for the masters concerned. I remember getting my wife to write out recipes for puddings simple enough for me to cook for about 20 hearty lads—no such things as Instant Whips or Creamed Rice in those days. The object was to get the youngsters out into the fresh air and study the countryside, and although the beach was still out of bounds because of land mines, and apart from a few minor mishaps, we all enjoyed ourselves.

Day trips to London with a boat trip to Greenwich, a visit to the Ford works at Dagenham, or St. Paul's, the Tower, etc., were carefully planned to edify young minds, yet the main purpose of those same young minds seemed to be to eat their picnic lunches as soon as the journey got under way and thereafter to seek out every available sweet shop!

Visits which perhaps the present day children will never take, were those to Lowestoft or Yarmouth to see the herring boats arrive with their catches, and picking up a large bag full of the vitamin packed fish to bring home for free! The smell of fish and wet clothing—it always seemed to rain—on the way home, was nobody's business!

Of course as time went on the minibus was acquired by various events and hard work, and with Dennis Smith in charge, pupils were able to make far more exciting trips not only in this country, but to Norway, etc., but they are someone else's story . . .

B. W. Cooper

(Mr. Cooper was Deputy Headmaster until July 1975).

GOING COMPREHENSIVE

One of the greatest and most far-reaching changes was the transition from being Gurney and Henderson secondary modern schools to a single new comprehensive school, called Bowthorpe.

This did not happen overnight, but was the result of much planning and consultation by the Norwich Education Committee, over a period of six years. Schemes were devised, modified and rejected, until the present scheme was finally agreed. It was to be implemented in 1970, but a preliminary step was taken in 1968, to join together the existing secondary modern schools, as one co-educational unit.

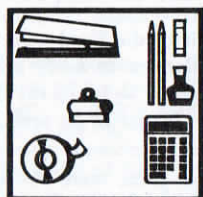
When September 1970 arrived, we had our first comprehensive intake. They were different in as much as they had not been compelled to take an 11+ examination, they were of the complete range of ability, and they had chosen to come to this school from all over the city. There were no longer catchment areas for city schools.

Immediate benefits were felt by the school. More money was spent on books, equipment and building. Staffing ratios improved. New subjects were added to the curriculum. Of course the changes were gradual, and as year succeeded year, the effects were more clearly seen. G.C.E. courses were expanded. 'A' Level was introduced with the beginnings of a sixth form. By 1975 we had our first students in University, Art Colleges and Colleges of Education.

To those of us who took part in the consultations and who finally saw the Bowthorpe School take shape, it was a source of great satisfaction to actually participate in the changes. We could not attempt everything that we should have liked to do, because there were financial restrictions, even in those days. We feel, however, that the status of the school had been improved and that better opportunities existed for our pupils. It was a hopeful time for teachers.

T. Davison

C. J. SCRUTTON & SONS



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THE MILES FAMILY SAGA

Members of the Miles family have been at the school since its opening through to the present day (with a gap only in the 60's). Mrs. Joyce Miles collected some of their reminiscences—to be serialised as a replacement to Grange Hill this Autumn.

DOREEN SAVAGE (MILES) 1942-1948

I was a junior when I first came to the school, which was then the Gurney. A barrage balloon floated over the school, and some of our lessons were held in an R.A.F. hut which was situated at the front of the school, where the playground is now. There were old pig styes and bramble bushes surrounded by cornfields.

RODNEY MILES: Gurney 1942-1946, Henderson 1946-1950

Whilst on a camping trip to Trimmingham for a week with the school, we realised that we had a cricket match on the Saturday—and there was no way of getting home. The police came to the rescue and brought us home—we won, I think.

TERRY MILES: Gurney 1944-1948, Henderson 1948-1952

My friend Johnny and I were running along the corridor. We were late for dinner and we bumped into the headmaster who was Mr. Patterson. We had to go to his room for punishment—the cane. I received mine, one on each hand, then the headmaster realised that Johnny was asthmatic—so I had to have his as well.

MRS. JOYCE MILES (GEDGE) 1953-1957

For an extra special privilege in our last year at school we were allowed to mix with the boys every Friday afternoon for options. I chose Ballroom Dancing classes which Mr. Ong was instructing. You can imagine the excitement—only being able to see the boys from a distance throughout the whole of four years—and there we were every Friday dancing with them! No, not to the sound of Adam Ant, but none other than Victor Sylvester.

MRS. TERESA BLADE (MILES) 1971-1976

During one summer holiday my sister Debbie and I went on a twenty mile sponsored walk in aid of Help the Aged, starting and finishing at the school. We did complete the course feeling very tired and foot sore. However, Debbie has now decided to confess that Eamon Tooke and Kevin Akers gave her a piggy back on the last few miles. Chivalry is not yet dead at Bowthorpe!

GARY MILES 1977-1981

Last year I was able to go on a day trip to Boulogne with the school. Whilst there we were able to wander around. I was so absorbed with everything that it was quite some time before I realised not only had I lost the people I was with but the entire party. I remained exactly where I was and they finally turned up. Who says we don't acquire initiative at Bowthorpe?

Collated by Joyce Miles

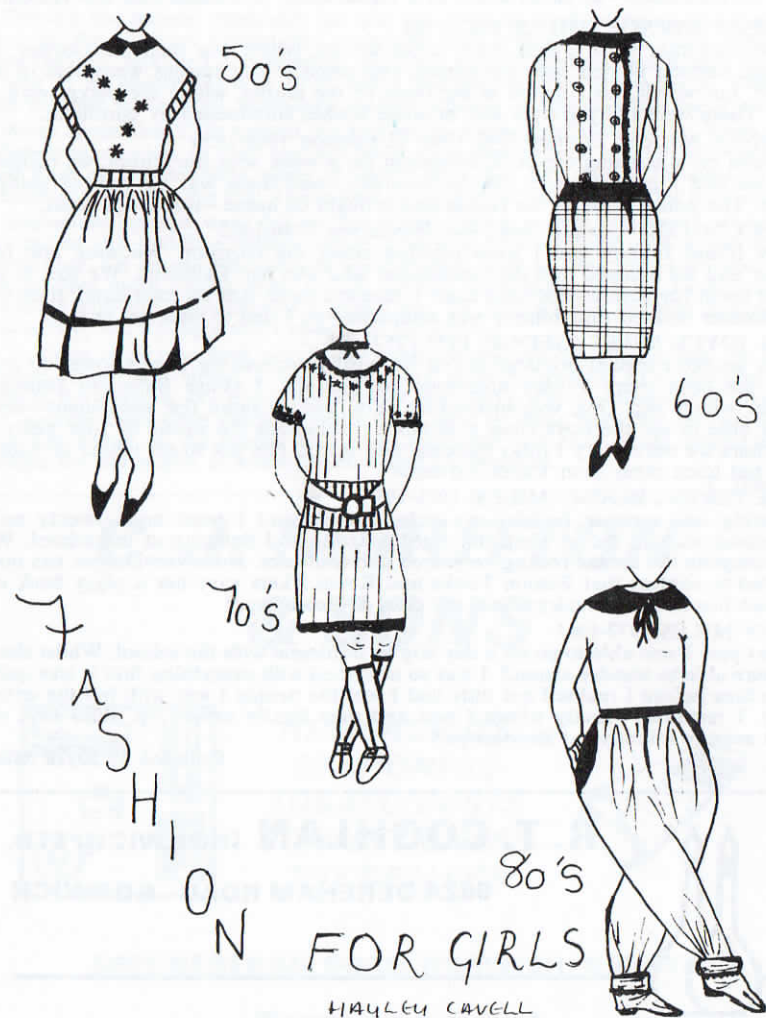


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FASHION FOR GIRLS



Hayley Cavell

Ex pupils (many now parents) often ask whether various members of staff are still at the school—the diagram illustrates the length of service of all teachers currently at Bowthorpe.

Mr. Rowlands	Mr. Falconer	Mr. Clements	Mr. Carpenter
Mr. Rix 1	Mrs. Dyson 1	Miss Kemp 1	Mr. Walters 1
Mr. Martin 2	Mr. Cottrell 2	Mrs. Miller 2	
Mr. Redmayne 3	Mr. Semple 3	Mr. Collins 3	Mr. Parkhurst 3
Mrs. Self 3	Mr. Humphreys 3	Miss Tomlinson 3	Miss Whitehead 3
Miss Goodrum 4	Miss Rees 5	Mrs. Hughes 4	
	Miss Max 6		
	Mrs. Harding 7		
Mr. Bawden 8	Mr. Meston 8	Mrs. Holmstron 8	
Mr. Horrigan 8	Mr. Ostler 9	Mrs. Rhodes 8	
	Mrs. Thompson 9		
	Mr. Crandell 10	Mr. Carter 10	
Mr. Peate 11	Mrs. Tompson 11	Mr. Taylor 11	
Mr. Kilshaw 13	Mr. Dyson 14	Miss Hodson 13	
Mr. Broady 16		Miss Davidson 16	
	Mr. Mann 18	Mr. James 18	
Mr. Hartwell 19		Mr. Evans 19	
	Miss Browning 21		
	Mr. Jacobs 21		
	Mr. Dix 24		
	Mr. Burghart 26		
	Mrs. Gomez 27		
	Miss Clarke 30		
	Mr. Smith 31		
Mr. Davison 33		Mr. Golder 33	

John Dewing

EDUCATION FOR THE FUTURE—A Personal View

When discussing education and possible changes in the future it is worth casting one's mind back to the Fourth Century B.C. in Greece, when gymnastics, sport, music, reading and literature were the basis of schools' curricula. Not perhaps so very different from today!

The current Comprehensive system is only approximately fifteen years old, and is presumably destined for further change. However only about 60% of Comprehensive schools are truly comprehensive, as many schools still uphold the grammar school tradition of streaming according to ability, which may lead to discrepancies. A fairer system would be to have mixed ability classes and to introduce internal examinations at the end of the school year, the results of which would determine whether the student moved up or remained at the same level.

But—there is still the problem of student assessment. Many students feel that it is more or less impossible for an examiner to judge his or her ability on the strength of a two or three hour exam paper. Although examiners do take into account the conditions under which exams are taken, students feel that a system of continuous assessment would present a fairer and more accurate picture of ability. In recent years there has been more movement in this direction.

With the present economic situation it has become apparent that people need to be educated to enjoy their new-found free time. Most societies are geared towards work and production, but increasing unemployment gives much more leisure time. Leisure orientated subjects—for example drama, dance, music, and sport, should be given a proportionately larger allocation in the timetable.

Also arising from the problems of unemployment is the question of the school leaving age and the viability of raising it to 17. This would mean that a whole year would pass without the usual influx of 16 year old school leavers into the jobs market. The problem is how to make this a relevant and attractive option for students. Sixth form courses could also be extended from two to three years and a form of benefit or grant paid to encourage students to stay on.

Work experience gained while at school should play a more important part in more students' lives in the future. Many youngsters are still leaving school without work experience and little chance of gaining any. Employers increasingly seem to require people who have had practical experience.

Another extra curricula subject which would benefit students, would be politics—something of undeniable importance to those who vote at eighteen. A grounding should be given in varied political perspectives as a basis from which we can make up our own minds. Teachers of Religious Studies in multi-racial and multi-cultural schools are now beginning to adopt this approach successfully. Students are therefore presented with wider perspectives.

Another point worth considering is that of actual school hours. It has recently been asked why Great Britain does not adopt the continental system. European school children attend lessons from 8 a.m. to 1 or 2 p.m. and provision is made for them to do any homework at school. This system appears to be very economical, and under it school meals could be virtually phased out.

A side issue, school uniforms—loved and loathed by many—should be given renewed thought. Some consider school uniform to be beneficial to a school, particularly when compulsory. The pupils of the future will only be free to express themselves properly when uniform becomes obsolete.

It is obvious that it will take much to change an institution as ancient as education. The days of sitting at home with a computer programmed to educate and instruct are far off—For the time being we must learn to be content with our classes of approximately 30, homework, chalk dust, detentions, prefects, examinations—and more homework.

Ruth Moreton

THE POEM

A poem he says, out of the blue.

A poem,
No title, no guidelines, no nothing—

A poem he says.
Interrupting my peace, interrupting my life,

A poem he says.
The silent hum of the classroom only

Makes me more desperate,
What can I write?

A poem he says.

The hands of the clock move round
As slowly my time moves near.

I try to think,
A poem he says!

Then it comes to me—a sudden inspiration,
A flash in the pan,

My pen scrawls—and suddenly
It is finished.

A poem he said, just like that—
“A poem”.

Anne Peek

NIGHT

The shadows stretch away from the sun,
As slowly it sinks behind the wall of green.

Night is approaching: night has arrived.
Darkness is upon us: it envelops the sky

In a deep black coat of—nothing.
Slowly the nothingness is painted,

White specks appear—stars!

The moon climbs to its place in the sky,
It bathes the fields in its gentle light.

But the wood has no light,
It remains dark and evil.

The owl hoots to the darkness,
Its lonely voice echoing through the trees.

A badger makes its slow trundle home.
Then, something, vague but familiar, what?

Slowly the yellow sun rises; the wood is light.
The wood is no longer fierce and evil.

Night is gone. Day has arrived.

Caroline Ferris-Jones

IT'S A CAT'S LIFE

Silently stalking, an inch a minute,
Towards his innocent prey.

The pains he takes are infinite,
To succeed in his devilish play.

Leisurely sprawled on the heater,
Dangerously near the side.
One more centimetre,
And himself on the floor he will find.

The kitchen clock ticks steady,
Tea-time is drawing near.

With munchies at the ready,
Mum, as always is here.

In a cosy box of blankets and straw,
Like a kitten, his eyes shut tight.

He curls himself up in a furry ball,
And dreams away the night.

Imogen Bentley

WEATHERS

This is the weather the farmer likes best
And so do I.
And the blackbirds sing and build their nests
And onwards fly.
And in the sky the sun shines bright
And the birds wing the air until it turns night
And the evenings at last are becoming light
And the holiday makers always pick the time right
And so do I.

This is the weather the gardeners hate
And so do I.
When cold icy winds make people irate
And flowers die.
And the sky is white, there is no sun
And the snow starts to fall and the children have fun
And fruit trees have given and now there is none
And families round fires eat coffee and buns
And so do I.

Tracy Thraxton

AUTUMN

The mist hung thick in the air,
Lying dormant, cold and sharp.
The silhouetted trees stood still
Everything sleeping, silently waiting.
An occasional breeze fluttered a leaf
An occasional branch shivered.
From the branches above
The leaves wound their way down,
Leaving the twigs bare and boney.
The mist became colder and sharper
So, I pulled up my collar around my chin
And slowly, silently walked on . . .

Julie Smith

WINTER

Cold is the winter snow,
As it brushes frost-bitten hands;
Hands that are worn and old,
Stay trembling in the open air.
Cold is the winter wind,
As it brushes past a wind-chapped face;
A face that is weathered and worn.
Cold is the winter rain,
As is brushes past soaked feet;
Feet that have walked a million miles,
Now stay still.
Cold is the winter hail,
As it strikes hard at the old man's face;
The face that could tell a million stories,
If only it had the time.
Cold is the man's lost feelings,
As he stumbles to the ground;
His life gone forever,
To the cruel, harsh weather . . . of winter.

Mike Reil

SUNSET

The sun has finished its long climb
Up to the top of the sky
And now like a weary hiker,
It begins its descent,
Down to the edge of the earth.
I stand alone watching the last
Of its downhill slither
The colours and shades are fantastic,
The cloud formations are magnificent.
These words seem rubber and artificial
When you look into the sky.
There can be no words
In any languages or signs
To describe the wispieness of these pure white clouds.
Whiter than a clean fresh wedding dress.
But now as the sun floats gracefully
Down behind them they turn all different colours,
From soft shades to darker shades
Ranging from yellows to reds, pinks and crimsons.
I look down over the hills
I see the clouds' shadows drifting along
Like long fingers pointing to something.
Pointing to the direction in which the sun has gone.
Looking in their direction, I see the last lights of crimson
And then no more.
The world seems strange and empty.

Nicolette Seaman

THE APPLE TREE

The squat figure of the turning tree
Is outlined against a late summer sky.
A cluster of apples hangs like burdens
Over its head.
Its boney hand beckons me towards it
And the spiky twigs that are its fingers
Point towards an apple.
The leaves whisper to me, "Take it, take it!"
My arm reaches out and I clasp the apple in my hand.

I take a bite of the crisp, white flesh
And munch the sharp fruit in my mouth.
I take another bite and then another until
I reach the snow-white pips of the
Unripe jewel.
Its sour taste fills my mouth
And my teeth jump to attention.
I swallow the crispness
And soon the apple has gone.

Janet Spence

THE CLUMSIEST PERSON I HAVE EVER KNOWN

When she walks, it is like a catastrophe on two legs. Everyone is prone to the odd 'accident', but that is different to being one constantly awkward, accident prone person. Yes, the person is myself!

From a very early age, my mother classed me as awkward and clumsy. Every cup I held, had as obvious destination, of ending up smashed in a million pieces on the floor. Every stair, step or raised paving slab was there, especially for me to trip up. My mother, being quite intelligent, would never (as far as was reasonably possible) let me do the washing or drying up, because the inevitable fate of any piece of crockery, even today, is one of instant death!

I have a vivid memory of when one of my distant aunts had quite a number of her best teaset pieces 'killed' by my ever ruthless hands. I had gone to tea, to see my aunt, and, being a rather 'posh' aunt, out came the best teaset. I cringed. She offered around the dainty cups and saucers, with an air of politeness, but with a hidden layer saying 'I'm better than you are'. None of the relations liked this aunt very much, but I thought this was hardly a good enough reason to subject her to the cruelty my brutal hands could perform on her dainty crockery. Alas, my feeble excuses and polite declines were ignored. There it was, that poor unsuspecting cup. I drank the tea, shaking nervously, but to my surprise the cup remained in one piece! I was pleased with my success, and even saw my mother nod to me in recognition of my effort. I sat smugly until my aunt asked me to do the dishes for her. I immediately panicked, and said without thinking that I didn't like doing dishes and that she should let my mother do them. She snapped back, at once saying that I should not be so lazy. I took her precious cups into the kitchen, and, as I and my remorseful mother had expressed, it was the last time they were ever seen whole again!

Apart from fairly big incidents, when teaset are smashed, there are many other incidents, although smaller, just as humiliating. Any pavement slab which dares to protrude at one side, always, without fail sends me flying. Any twig, lying in the path, immediately ladders my tights, tangles round my shoe and leaves me in a heap on the floor. Another point I would like to make, is that I never ever, as far as is humanly possible, voluntarily go out in the snow.

Every year, without fail, I manage to do some kind of injury to myself on the snow or ice. Occasionally I get away with a bruised backside and hurt pride, but sometimes, a visit to casualty is necessary. Once, I was running, as fast as I could in the snow, trying to escape some young boys throwing snowballs at me. I ran into a tree, white and laden with snow. The next thing I remember, I was in hospital, with a blur of doctors, which at the time looked amazingly like white snow-laden trees!

All my life I have been clumsy and sometimes I think there must be some reason that God made me this way. I try very hard to be suave and sophisticated, but the harder I try the more miserably I fail. One day perhaps, I will be able to afford to book a course in how to be a good hostess, or to curb clumsiness. Chances are though, on the way to my lessons, I would fall over and break my leg, or be unable to find the place they were being held. The thought of this repels me, so, I think, I will just put up with being clumsy, until perhaps, one day, I alter naturally.

Karling Mathis

FISHING

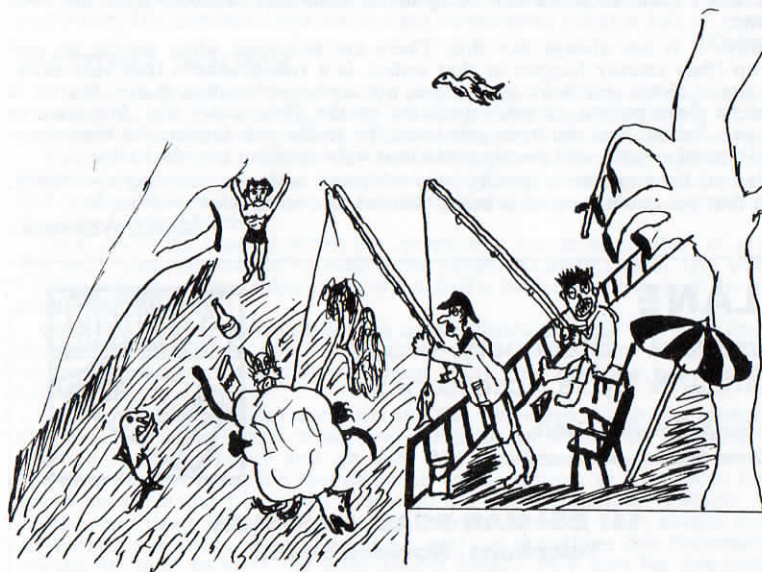
The twelve-foot long hollow fibreglass fishing rod effortlessly flicked the lump of breadflake and a size fourteen hook into the gravelly glide between the streamer weed. The big roach lazily finned across the gravel, looking like the shadow of a gliding aeroplane flitting gracefully across a patchwork of sown fields. The big, red finned beauty slowly, effortlessly, sucked in the bread, and I struck.

The hot summer sun beat down relentlessly from the blue sky, and the temperature must have been well into the eighties. Sweating in my somewhat unorthodox summer fishing clothes—a much 'bebadged' bush hat, a camouflage jacket (no shirt, it was too hot), jeans, football socks and training shoes, I was standing under an oak-tree, trying to retrieve my hook from the said tree without falling into the river. Eventually I succeeded, baited up, and somehow managed to get the bread into the glide I was fishing, without re-snagging the tree. Watching the bait slowly bounce along the river bed, several small roach intercepted it, but it was too big for them, as my chosen quarry was a big dace I had seen.

After much sweating, blasphemy and tree hooking, the dace took the bait. After a short, but nonetheless spirited fight, the dace slid over the rim of my landing net. It was mine, and weighed ten ounces, but I paid the price of success—and heavily—for I had lost several hooks in the tree, in my efforts to cast the nearly weightless lump of breadflake to the required spot without hooking myself, my keep-net, or any of the dogs which kept trying to eat the now stale bread.

I find free-lining an excellent method for fishing the clear waters of the upper Wensum and Yare, where because of the water clarity the fish are ultra-shy, and an extremely careful approach (all right, so getting snagged in trees is not very careful!), and using tackle as light as possible will bring rewards, and, in my opinion, you cannot fish much lighter than free-lining.

Chris Moreton



Raymond Goodall

THE MILKMAN DOES NOT KNOW

My milkman, though he does not know it, must be the most cursed, damned and generally hated man that ever crossed my gate-post.

Every morning, a bleary-eyed me, screws up her face, buries her head under a pillow and tries to ignore the crunching gravel and cheerful whistling that is going on underneath her window. After the routine swearing and moaning, the lazy head again tries to get its beauty sleep, but no matter how much coaxing and determination is put into the effort, the sandman stubbornly avoids sprinkling his magic dust, discouraged by the other waking noises and commotion that is happening all around.

Among them the clanking dishes being washed after breakfast (a reminder of how late I am) and the screaming and shouting of my darling, younger brothers as they dress and prepare themselves for the day. It is only when the first lawn mower or electric drill is put into motion that I decide that I must drag myself from the warm cocoon of soft blankets and puffy pillows into the cold, inhospitable world outside.

After a quick glance in the mirror, a flurry of thoughts cross my mind. Why do some people look perfect in the morning? Is it healthy to have black hollow bags under my eyes? Is that really me or *Worzel Gummidge* looking back?! Never mind, after a splash of cold water and a cup of coffee I am ready to look at everything in a better light.

This is only one method the morning has of tricking me out of bed. By far the most popular (and quickest) is the wicked alarm clock. It waits by my bed in silent anticipation, until at last the moment comes when it jangles at the top of its voice then watches, with a look of smug satisfaction as I jump horizontally almost a foot in the air, eyes open wide, arms flailing to defend myself against the terrible thing that is attacking me. After realising that it is only the usual circular fiend my mother uses to wake me every morning, a look of embarrassed humiliation crosses my face and I hate the clock for being there, calm and collected after my rude awakening.

Of course it is not always like this. There are mornings when getting up and waking up (they usually happen in that order), is a real pleasure. It is very early, nobody else is about and there is no noise; not a whisper to disturb me. The air is still fresh, a clean palette, as yet unpolluted by the dirty, noisy city. But then, as the day gets lighter, and the hour gets later, the traffic gets louder, the birds seem to have stopped singing and people come into sight spoiling my ideal city.

The first of these people is usually—my whistling milkman, grinning and chatty, unaware that yet another curse is being chanted and hung above his head!

Sharon Williamson

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SCHOOL LIFE

This is Basil Cestwhistle reporting for Zed W Y television at Bowthorpe school looking at a few aspects of Bowthorpe's fourth year's school life.

Even now as I walk round the empty corridors I hear the beating of fists on locked doors as the children try eagerly to get in. The bell rings and the doors are unlocked. The children stampede in and within a few seconds the classrooms are filled. The tutors are busily calling out the registers and then groups at a time are herded into (wait for it), yes, it's the Hall. Yes, I heard that gasp of horror and I saw that shocked look.

As I see the barred cages being driven into the Hall I hear the shrieks and groans as they are being chained into the seats. At last the Hall doors are opened and the children pour out to their first lesson. Up in the typing room the sound of old and broken typewriters rings out as Ms Self cracks her whip and shouts instructions. A bell rings and from then on the time seems to pass very quickly.

When the bell for break rings, the walls tremble as the children run wild on the playground, the majority of them clinging to the gates trying to escape. The whistle is blown and everybody ignores it, so what's new?

Games next and Miss Goodrum and Miss Hodson herd the children into the gym with whips and upturned chairs. A large cage encircles the apparatus and one by one they are pushed in there. Miss Hodson cracks her whip and shouts "Vault, vault" and a few brave souls run and jump (that's a joke) over the box and cower in the corner.

The gym lesson continues as I walk up to the History rooms and I think of my school days when children had a greater survival rate. Ah! how I enjoyed the good old days. But now back to the History lesson. The chairs have spikes in the back of them to keep the children awake. Miss Max shines lights into their eyes and keeps repeating, "We have ways of making you talk".

At last the dinner bell rings and drooling, hungry children rush up to the dinner hut. Only a few at a time are let in because the hospital cannot cope with them all at once. During all this confusion the janitor confirms that the heating and lighting have broken down and so when the bell rings at the end of dinner, the tutors announce this and before they can finish the children are streaming out the gate.

But, alas, the guards outside have not been informed and shoot the lot of them. But not to worry, there are rumours that the school authorities are importing another lot next term. Meanwhile the teachers are sipping Southern Comfort in the staff room. It's goodbye from me and my cameramen (what is left of them).

Deborah Gall

WAITING ROOMS

Whether they are stuffy and smoky or silent and spotless, waiting rooms are all the same to me. On entering them, I always experience the feeling of being the centre of all eyes, and the subject of their whispered remarks and stifled sniggers.

Waiting rooms at the doctor's or dentist's surgeries are, in my opinion, the worst. Harassed mothers struggling to control inquisitive babies, poker-faced old ladies and snuff-sniffing old men are the scenes that usually greet me as I try to pull open the door labelled 'push'.

Once inside the waiting room, the receptionist has to be notified of my arrival. The walk from the door to her desk seems endless as every pair of eyes watches and I frantically try to remember if my tights had a ladder in them, or if the zip of my skirt was done up!

Once this formidable task has been accomplished the next step is to find a chair, the only available one usually being between someone who sneezes every other minute and a rather voluminous human being who occupies her own chair and half of mine as well.

Once seated, boredom soon sets in. The dog-eared magazines scattered liberally over the three-legged table (and the floor as well) look tempting, but the question is, dare I go up and get one? My decision made, I hurry to the table, grabbing the first magazine that comes to hand, realising as I return to the sanctuary of my chair that I have just picked up last weeks edition of 'Twinkle'.

When my name is finally announced over the speaker, I am always thankful to my parents for giving me a plain name, and not something like *Esmeralda*! After waiting for over an hour, my appointment usually only lasts for five minutes and before I know it, I am heading out of the dreaded waiting room towards the door which, in my haste, I push instead of pull, 'never again' I think to myself as I make my embarrassed exit, 'even if I catch bubonic plague, or all my teeth start falling out, will I ever enter another waiting room!'

Jane Roberts

THE SEEDS FROM SPACE

One cold and eerie night towards the latter part of winter, a glowing ball of fire was sighted falling from the heavens very rapidly and eventually hitting the earth's surface, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile north of Gorbaldesham, a small rural village fifteen miles from the nearest large town. The sighting was made by the local policeman, a ruddy faced man with a sharp eye for anything unusual, while he rode his bicycle along a dark leafy lane. As he was north of the village which was only visible in the still night by a few twinkling lights in the windows of a handful of houses, the policeman, named P.C. Grigglesome, went over to the site where he thought the as yet unidentified object had landed.

As he opened the farm gate to walk into a very large field in which he felt sure the fire ball had landed, a bright diamond-like sparkle caught his eye, as he penetrated the field with a powerful hand torch, then another he saw this time of a less intense sparkle, then another shining blue. He could count no more as he moved his beam of light towards the centre of the field because an enormous clump of what seemed to him to be very bright stones, lay there in the middle of the field. The crisp rays of light from these objects put him in a kind of trance, as when he arrived back at the station he could remember nothing; not even his own name.

He was sent to the hospital for observation and this incident was recorded in the police files, but was soon forgotten. A month later, in March, hundreds of strange purple shoots started to appear in many of the village gardens, a few on nearby wasteland and thousands in the fields north of the village. The mysterious plants grew and grew so rapidly that they attracted the attention of the Horticultural College ten miles from the village. Students from the college and enthusiastic gardeners collected samples of the plants and placed them in their humid greenhouses.

These very unusual plants thrived on the humid conditions and matured very quickly. They produced exotic multi-coloured leaves resembling the sails of a Dutch windmill. The stems grew up to 100 cm in diameter and to the length of four to five metres, as they did not grow upwards but spread along the ground. Distribution of the seeds was achieved when a seed pod exploded, propelling diamond-like seeds to a height of 300 feet and to a distance of two miles.

Within a few months a state of emergency existed because the plants were smothering crops of every description, from seedlings to apple trees. The Department of Agriculture were called upon to prevent the further spread of the plant. In conjunction with the army they used every weed killer known to man to try and destroy the plants, but as more and more weed killer was poured on, the plants were visibly seen to grow. The army placed artillery in the village and in other places over Britain to try and blow the plant off the face of the earth, but their bombing was in vain.

It took three months until a very well-known scientist developed a way of destroying the plants. In fact it was a very simple method. One night when he was working late, he took a small specimen of the plant and put some soot onto its leaves: the next week he found that the plant had withered and died. After a few tests on the final state of the plant, he found that the high carbon ratio to other elements in the soot reacted with the main constituent of the plant to make an acid, which destroyed it.

Acting on this find, the airforce covered the areas of alien plants with soot, and within two weeks all the plants were dead.

Jonathan Betts

A WALK IN THE PARK

Jill turned her collar up against the wind, and walked through the gates into the park. It was Autumn, everything was dead and lifeless. She kicked her way through the flaking piles of leaves until she came to the familiar children's play area. She had not meant to come here. In fact it was the last place she wanted to go. She almost swore at the laughing children running around. It was so unfair. Why should they be laughing and happy? Why should they be alive when Becky wasn't?

She turned away. The anger was gone, only a dull aching was left. She remembered Becky, bright and early one morning pulling all her clothes out of Jill's drawers. She had almost hit her, not quite though. She could never hit her. She remembered her marmalade kiss goodbye when she had ran out to catch the bus, that morning.

It was during a history lesson, she thought, that the girl came and took her to the headmistress's office. Mrs. Jones had been kind, telling her that her "dear" little sister Rebecca had been knocked down that morning on her way to playschool. Mr. Sims drove her to the hospital, talking all the way, but later Jill could not remember a thing he had said. Mum was not waiting for her. A nurse showed her into the intensive care unit. Then a doctor came. He took her arm. Jill ran down the corridor into her mum's arms. Her mum just stood rigid, her face as white as the first snow.

Jill walked into the little room, leaving mum with a nurse. Becky's dark hair fell in untidy curls, unnaturally black against the starched white. Her eyes were closed. She's asleep, thought Jill, but she knew. "Becky, Becky, wake up. I'm here now. It's alright," she screamed at her furiously, then ran out of the room back to mum.

Jill found herself at a bench under some trees. She sat down. Then she remembered the funeral. That little white coffin carried by dad and her uncle. She could hardly bear to watch it lowered into the ground. She wanted to scream and pull it up and tear out Becky and hold her tight.

Now she was here in the park. Nothing seemed to matter any more. What is life anyway? What was the point of it all? What was the reason in killing her little sister? Nobody could tell her. She would never know why. So why should she live?

A puppy bounded up, wagging its tail. This is the point, she thought bitterly, when I'm supposed to feel suddenly happy and live a happy life.

The puppy rolled over, its tongue hanging out. Suddenly she laughed. "How could I do that?" she spoke out loud. How could she laugh when her sister was dead? Well, why not? Becky would have laughed. She knew it was not a good excuse, but it would help ease her guilty feeling until she could laugh and remember Becky happily. The puppy licked her hand.

Janet Spence

WHAT TO DO AND WHERE TO GO

"I'm bored, . . . there's nothing to do round here . . .". Here is a guide to some of the activities available in Norwich, compiled by a group of 4th years who accept no responsibility for the consequences.

Army Cadet Corps. 8 detachments—nearest Cadge Road. 5p weekly.

Bates Green Playscheme. Summer holidays only. Includes organised trips, e.g. Yarmouth, cinema (extra cost for these).

Boys' Brigade. 7.30 Friday nights. 20p.

Belvedere Community Centre. Belvoir Street. Varied activities from Hapkido to Ballet. Junior and senior clubs. Membership—adult £1, children 25p.

Boxing. Lads' Club, King Street. 7 p.m. Tuesday, 30p.

Crome Community Centre. Telegraph Lane. Membership £1.25 or pay by session. Various activities and sports. Information from reception.

Cadge Road Community Centre. Disco—Tuesday Under 12, 6.30-7.45; Over 12, 8-9.45.

CB Radio Club. Oval Community Centre, Monkey Island Way.

Fencing. King Edward's School Gym. Tuesday 7.30-10 p.m.

Ice Skating. Gala Ballroom, St. Stephen's Road, most evenings. Cost approximately £1.80.

Judo Club. Extension Good Companions' Club, Bowthorpe Estate. Wednesday, 7-8.15. Duke Street Centre, Monday, 8-10 p.m., 50p.

Jubilee Park. Playscheme—first month of summer holidays. Monday, Wednesday, Friday. Games, sports, organised trips.

Lakenham Swimming Pool. Monday-Sunday 9-6, 25p per person, unrestricted time.

The Loke. Ranworth Road. Five-a-side girls' football, Monday and Wednesday. Disco dancing Friday.

Meadow View Community Centre. Bignold Road. Entrance 35p. Variety of sports and activities—weightlifting, squash. Information at reception.

School Youth Club. 50p membership, 20p per session. Activities—pool, darts, snooker, etc. 7-9 p.m.

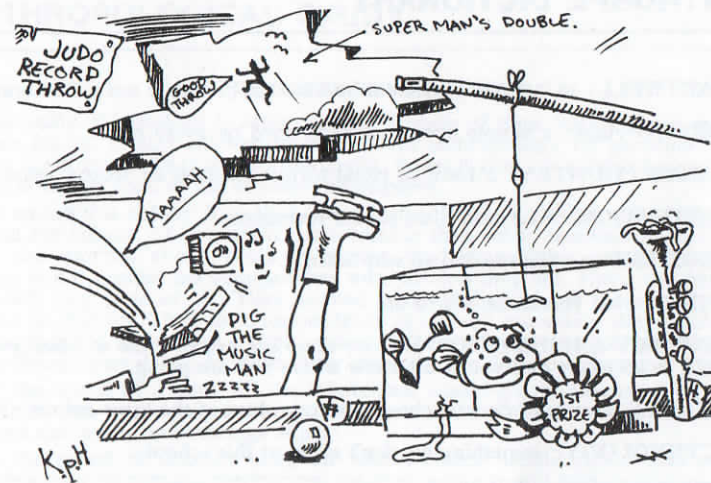
Ten Pin Bowling. Heartsease Bowling Alley. Sunday mornings only. 55p per game.

Tropical Fish Club. Canary Pub, Heartsease Estate.

Waveney Diving Club. St. Augustine's Swimming Pool.

Y.M.C.A. Annual membership £2.00—judo, squash, fencing, etc.

U.E.A. Excellent sports facilities available to public.



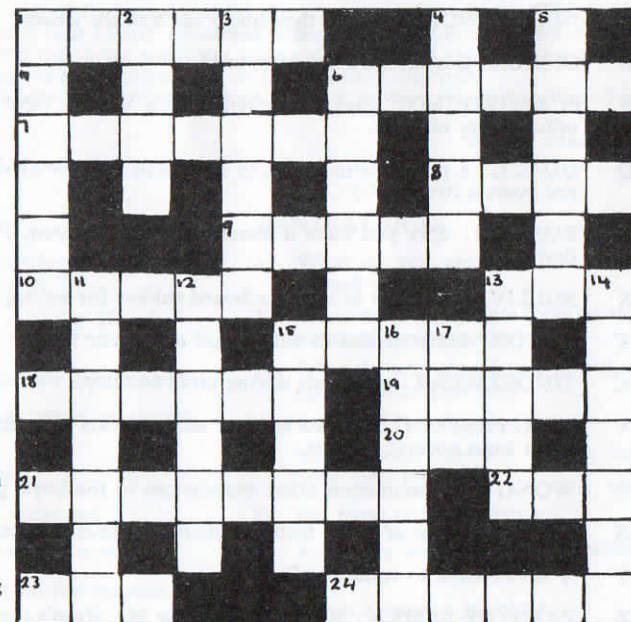
CLUES

ACROSS

- 1 Seen at dusk
- 6 Creature
- 7 Brave
- 8 Mislaid
- 9 Foe
- 10 — Family
- 13 Hostelry
- 15 Venomous calculator
- 18 Cord
- 19 Alert
- 20 Hair —
- 21 Brawling
- 22 Slippery fish
- 23 Female
- 24 Mistakes

DOWN

- 1 Jesus Christ
- 2 Egypt's river
- 3 Tooth's hard coating
- 4 Foolish
- 5 — and Delilah
- 6 Wait upon
- 11 Flightless bird
- 12 Ablaze
- 13 Anger
- 14 Used in sewing
- 15 Repeat
- 16 Beware
- 17 Female sheep



Andrew Doggett, David O'Reilly, Stephen Boore

BOWTHORPE DICTIONARY

- A** 'ARTWELL: to 'artwell is to shout because the picture is not a Rembrant.
- B** BRAINWASH: a simple operation performed on every pupil.
- C** CROSS COUNTRY: a form of ritual torture inflicted on second years.
- D** DETENTION: a form of after school recreation.
- E** ENGLISH: we can speak it so why learn it.
- F** FINK: what you come 'ere to do.
- G** GURNEY & HENDERSON HALL: there are two of these so when you are told to go to the hall you don't know where you are going.
- H** HOUSES, groups of people who live in corridors of the same colour.
- I** ICTHYOLOGY: something we don't study at this school.
- J** JUSTICE: does it exist?
- L** LANGUAGE LAB: a modern day torture chamber.
- M** MAFFS: as is maffs with the mafia.
- N** NEEDLEWORK: where they make the straight jackets.
- O** OFFICE: Bowthorpe's knackers yard.
- P** PLAYGROUND: specially designed with uneven pave stones to give the office plenty of work.
- Q** QUACK: a person who claims to have skill and knowledge that he/she does not possess (teachers?).
- R** RUSSIAN: dare you have a lesson with the Phantom Problesnik of Bowthorpe?
- S** SULLIVAN: (verb) to throw a board rubber for no apparent reason.
- T** TUTOR: someone else to tell you off after your teacher and House Master.
- U** UNDERWEAR: not worn during cross country.
- V** VICE PREFECT: term to confuse second years into thinking they are different from normal prefects.
- W** WONG: a phenomenon often experienced in the boys' gym.
- X** XAMS: a form of ritual torture inflicted on fifth and sixth forms.
- Y** Y do we have to come here?
- Z** ZZZOTHWACHKK: the noise made by Mr. Evan's cane.

Oliver Redmayne

ANTHROPOLOGICAL STUDY

RHO-WOB-TEP SLOCHO

The study of sociology is often thought a waste of time, but, while studying the subject for 'A' level, I enjoyed learning about anthropology. Of particular interest was a study by an English anthropologist, Edward Itor, on a little known colony in the colder regions of the northern hemisphere.

He called this colony Rho-Wob-Tep Slocho. It was a strange sight; very much like an ant colony. They seemed much smaller than other members of the population, and scurried about, often in groups, chattering. Other groups were much bigger, and it seemed the younger they were the less they did. There was one group who did very little at all. They arrived from other parts of the country to the colony in chariots. They took up residence in a small hut where they would drink a strange liquid and smoke a stinking weed. These I found were called 'Reah Cets'. Even though they didn't do much, they seemed to be the most important group.

At the sound of a gong all the inhabitants would go to designated huts. Then the Reah Cets would join the luppis, the rest of the population, and lecture them. I found this was a most strange ritual.

At the sound of another gong the whole colony would erupt and suddenly people would be running everywhere. Another group would take on the role of the Reah Cets, and order the luppis about. Around the middle of the day the gong would sound again and everybody would stop work to eat. A high percentage had food in boxes, others went outside the colony to a ceremonial hut where food was served to them by outsiders.

In the middle of the afternoon the gong sounded yet again and all the members of the colony went out of its boundaries to other parts of the country. This main exodus was an ancient and highly rehearsed affair. The smaller members rushed out of the colony, but the larger members were more dignified and left at a slower pace. The Reah Cets were somewhat lazy and left in their chariots.

This is an extract from Edward Itor's book 'A Day in the Life at Rho-Wob-Tep Slocho'.

Adrian Matthews

ANIMAL QUIZ

- What do you get when you cross a sheep with the letter 'f'?
- What bird can win the World Cup?
- How many birds can play tennis?
- What do you say when you meet Ena Sharples?
- Randy Crawford?
- A chickens last night out
- A kitten on the end of a stick.
- A sick bird bent on fox evasion.
- Where did you find that bunny rabbit?

GENERAL QUIZ

- What do you get when you cross a road with traffic?
- What do dutch people have on the edges of their mouths?
- What do you get when you pull apart a little girls toy?
- Little Bo Peep has lost her . . .
- Where does someone with a lisp keep their money?
- Hit them in the stomach.
- A farmer looking down a rabbit hole.
- Cover a woman in metal.
- Religious pop group.

Andrew Doggett

THE ULTIMATE BUREAUGRAGY-GAME

NO EXIT. NO WINNER. ONLY MORE OF THE SAME.

12 THREE 11 TIMED A-LEVEL HISTORY ESSAYS IN ONE WEEK. - DUE TO

11 LIBRARY JITTERS DUE TO STRANGE FEARS.

10 PRIVILEGES BE BECOMING HEAD BOY! PREFECT DUTY JOLLYING ALONG SCHOOL TIE DEVIL WORSHIP CLASSES

9 IN TIMES OF DESPAIR - R - A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN HELPS

8 OUT OF FOCUS LIBERAL STUDIES SLIDES + POOR SPEAKERS! DUE TO

7 THE STRANGE EFFECT HOME-WORK HAS ON ALL TEACHERS

6 IT ALSO CREATES A MACHO SMELL

5 SCHOOL BUREAUCRACY

4 DEVIL WORSHIP + SADISTIC HUMOUR.

3 ENFORCED PE CREATES UNITY, STRENGTH, JOY ADOLF HITLERS AND SOCIAL CREEPS. + PE TEACHERS

2 WARNING. BOOKS ARE TO BE RETURNED LEST 'NOT TOO NICE' SPELLS ARE CAST - at end of term.

1 DRIBBLE DIBELL

Entrance

A VIOLATION OF EDUCATION

CONTRIBUTION TO MANKIND.

ESCAPE ROUTE



MATHS QUIZ

1. Birthday December 31
Remarks made January 1
2. Minus 40
3. 1.25
4. $9+9+9+1+1$
 $6+6+6+1+1$
5. 7.2
6. Monday

ANIMAL QUIZ

- a) Woolf
- b) Pelecan
- c) Tucan
- d) Hyena
- e) Blackbird
- f) Hen party
- g) Polecat
- h) Ill eagle
- i) Hare

GENERAL QUIZ

- a) Flattened
- b) Tulips
- c) Dolly Parton
- d) Marbles
- e) Their 'perth'
- f) Wymondham
- g) Edinburgh
- h) Cromer
- i) Aberdeen

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