

SHOULD SCHOOL LEAVERS GET FREE BANKING?

At TSB, school leavers don't have to pay a penny for cheque accounts, standing orders, or direct debits as long as accounts remain in credit.

This offer lasts for three years after leaving school. And even after that, they'll discover our bank charges are among the lowest.

What's more, if they save regularly with us, they'll get special consideration when applying for a TSB Mortgage, and our brochure "School leavers choose the TSB," will explain all about this service.

Pop in and have a chat with your local TSB manager. Or if you require a written quotation of the terms and conditions of TSB credit facilities, please write to the address below.

It won't cost you anything.



WE LIKE TO SAY YES



TRUSTEE SAVINGS BANK
of Eastern England

The Advances Department, Apex House, Oundle Road,
Peterborough, Cambridgeshire PE2 9NW.

YOUR LOCAL BRANCH — EARLHAM HOUSE, NORWICH

BOWTHORPE SCHOOL



MAGAZINE 1983

Make Your Target A Real Career

Leaving school at the end of the summer? Then you are probably already thinking seriously about your future. Why not consider a career with Norwich Union?

Each summer we have a small number of vacancies at our Head Office in Norwich for sensible mature people with at least four academic 'O' levels (Grade C or above) or C.S.E. Grade 1 passes including English Language and Mathematics. A few of these vacancies will be for candidates with two or more academic 'A' levels.

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

Then if you feel you would like to come and work here, write to us in the January or early February of your final year at school, telling us about yourself and the examinations you have passed or expect to pass.

Write to:

P. L. Lindsey,
Head Office Recruiting Officer,
Norwich Union Insurance Group,
Surrey Street,
Norwich, NR1 3NG.



Editor: J. REES

Advertising: M. GOMEZ

Cover Design: W. HARTWELL

EDITORIAL

It was in September 1975 that we decided to produce a school magazine and the first was available in February 1976, so some of those reading this, the latest copy, were aged five years at the time the original edition was printed.

In 1975 we wondered whether the magazine would be a success. Should we just try out this new venture for a year or perhaps two and then cease publication if no-one was interested. Now seven years on the magazine is still flourishing and going from strength to strength.

The number and variety of articles in this edition and the standard produced by our budding journalists is testament to the continuing interest. Congratulations to all that have made this a worthy successor to our previous magazines. I hope that in another seven years it will still be with us looking at the lighter side of life at Bowthorpe.

Miss Rees has placed a few lines of thanks beneath my editorial. I would also like to thank the advertisers whose financial contributions make the printing of this magazine possible and, last but by no means least, Miss Rees herself on whose shoulders falls the responsibility of gathering the articles, editing them and presenting them for printing.

Finally, a 'thank you' from all of us to Miss Joan Clark for 32 years of service to the students of our school. We hope she is enjoying her well earned retirement.

E. H. EVANS

Many thanks to Mrs. Marshall and her team of typists for decoding all the bad handwriting, and to Heather Collins for her invaluable help.

BOWTHORPE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION 1982

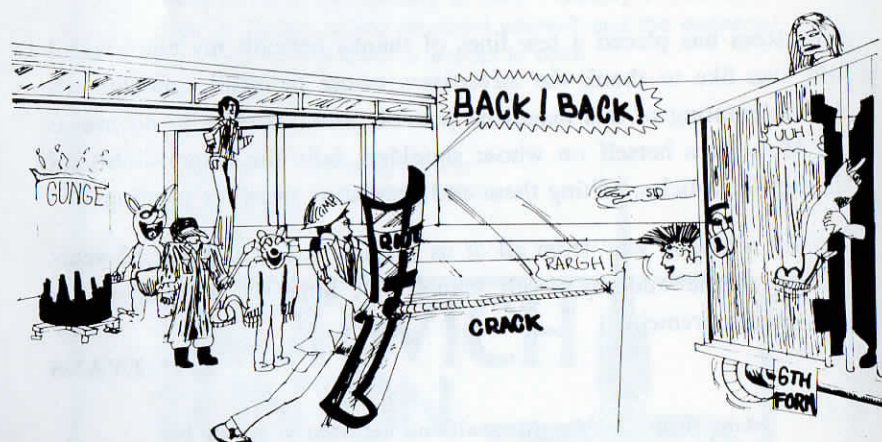
During my year as secretary, several enjoyable events have occurred, the most enjoyable and successful being the social evening. Everybody was fed well, plenty of drink was available for those who were thirsty(!!) and we were entertained by Mr. Moreton and Mr. Haggarty, local Folk Singers.

In July a group of dedicated maniacs took part in the annual "It's a Knock-out". The teams involved were the "6th Form", "Parents" and "Staff". The multi-talented parents were much too superior for the other contestants, and won handsomely, I think. After being drenched with water, gunge, and running at speeds entirely unsuitable for the human frame, nothing was very clear; but the event proved great fun for all spectators; next year we would like lots more to come.

Our most recent event was the Autumn Fayre, our biggest fund raising function. With the money raised this year we have supported the school clubs, providing records for the music group and nets for the fishing club. We hope next year to be able to offer support to more of the clubs.

For me it was an enjoyable year, and I hope to see many of you at the Annual General Meeting. It's not as boring as it sounds and we do give a free coffee and some form of entertainment; see you all then.

M. Collins, Secretary



D. Carpenter

SCHOOL DIARY 1981-82

AUGUST 19th—28th: Mr. Smith and 8 pupils in Pembrokeshire.

SEPTEMBER 10th: Mr. James, Miss Whitehead to the Shaw Theatre, London, with a party of 4th year drama students, to see Zigger Zaggar.

SEPTEMBER 24th: P.T.A. Social.

OCTOBER 14th—28th: 25 French students from C.E.S. Albert Camus, Rouen, on an exchange visit.

OCTOBER 16th: Visit to Bowthorpe School by 30 Russian teachers on a cultural exchange.

NOVEMBER 2nd: 6th, 5th year French students on an intensive language course at Holt Hall.

NOVEMBER 14th: P.T.A. Autumn Fayre.

NOVEMBER 20th: 4 Russian women from the Soviet International Women's Peace Committee spend the afternoon at Bowthorpe.

NOVEMBER 25th—26th: 5th years to Careers Convention at Norwich Cathedral.

DECEMBER 9th: Cathedral Choir Service, attended by a group of 3rd years.

DECEMBER 14th: 5th and 6th Form Reunion—cancelled because of heavy snow.

DECEMBER 17th—18th: Christmas Film—Smokey and the Bandits.

DECEMBER 17th: Carol Concert.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS: Mr. Smith and a party to the National History and Science Museum, London.

JANUARY 28th: Start of Inter-Schools Crime Prevention Quiz. We reached the semi-finals.

FEBRUARY 2nd: Open Evening.

FEBRUARY 10th: Inter-Schools Cross Country at Earlham Park.

FEBRUARY 20th: Miss Tomlinson and six 6th Formers to Sonnenberg in Germany with eight Hewett 6th Formers for 10 days.

FEBRUARY HALF-TERM: Mr. Smith and a party to London—The Imperial War Museum, and H.M.S. Belfast.

MARCH 3rd: County Cross Country.

APRIL 1st: Mrs. Tompson and Mr. Humphreys with 25 3rd year pupils to Rouen for two weeks on an exchange visit.

EASTER HOLIDAYS: Mr. Smith and Miss Tomlinson with 10 pupils to the Peak District for a week.

APRIL 26th: Mr. Redmayne and Miss Rees to Barry Island with 26 3rd years on a Venture Week.

APRIL 28th: R.A.M.C. Band visit the school.

MAY 20th: P.T.A. Annual General Meeting.

MAY 29th: Mr. Smith and Mr. Cottrell with 12 pupils to Scotland until 11th June.

JUNE 18th: Day trip to France with 85 2nd years.

JUNE 29th: P.T.A. versus 6th Form and Staff cricket and netball—postponed due to bad weather.

JULY 8th: Inter-Schools Athletics.

JULY 13th: Sports Day.

JULY 14th: 6th Form versus Staff Netball.

JULY 15th: P.T.A. 'It's a Knockout'.

JULY 16th: 6th form Biology students on Field Study trip for a week at Juniper Hall.

JULY 20th: Rock Concert.

JULY 21st: Special outing to Broads and Yarmouth for 48 pupils and 4 staff.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS: Mr. Smith and party to Dunwich Bird Sanctuary and later to Titchwell Bird Sanctuary.

NEWS FROM THE DEPARTMENTS

As last year, we asked the different departments to submit articles reflecting the year's achievements, progress or even, embarrassments—It's amazing what goes on at Bowthorpe!

DRAMA

The National Theatre

On Tuesday, 28th September, we had a visit from the National Theatre. This theatre employs about eight hundred people, but only five visited us. This was a privilege for Bowthorpe School even though only the drama group had the opportunity to see and talk to these actors and actresses.

The names of the visitors were Alan Haywood, Sally Parr, Howard Kingsdon, Kevin Carhill and Pamela Buchener. Four of them were actors and Howard Kingsdon was the stage manager.

After listening to a talk about the actual theatre in London, which opened in 1976, we watched a scene from 'The Importance of Being Earnest', written by Oscar Wilde. We have been over this play in class and it seems good, even though we haven't seen it. We carefully discussed the scene between Cecily and Miss Prism in the garden, and several interesting comments were made. For thirty years the part of Lady Bracknell was played by Dame Edith Evans, but sadly she has now died and this part has been taken over by Judi Dench.

The actors told us that each character must have the ability to keep the attention on themselves if it is necessary, and not to distract the audience if a more important scene is being shown. As well as this, we were advised on many important aspects of producing a play or even a small sketch. One important fact to emerge is that a play must be varied for the different tastes of different people, so that the whole audience enjoy themselves.

After the scene by the actors, three students from our school were chosen to play the parts of Cecily, Dr. Chasuble and Miss Prism. They were good, and, with a lot of practice, could make good actors and actresses. They were told, by the theatre company group, of ways in which to improve their speech and how to make it look better when each person is acting. Altogether it was a success.

The theatre group had some costumes with them, but we didn't have enough time to see these. This would have been interesting if we had had the theatre group for the whole day, instead of just the morning. However, the morning was very interesting and enjoyable. It would probably have been better if more practical work had been done, and less talking because we didn't understand some of the things that were said.

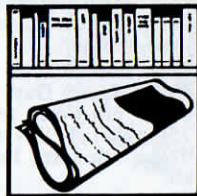
We were very lucky to have the National Theatre group at our school and I enjoyed it.

Denise Jones

S. LANE

Newsagent – Stationery – Toys
Electrical & Cycle Accessories

Birthday & Greeting Cards
Childrens Books – Annuals



141 COLMAN ROAD, NORWICH
Telephone. Norwich 54158

MATHS

ALWAYS DO YOUR MATHS HOMEWORK

When your friend is off the phone,
And conversation's through,
There now is something you don't like,
Maths homework left to do!

"Forgot to write the questions down",
And so you're feeling sad
You can't remember what it was—
Take away or add?

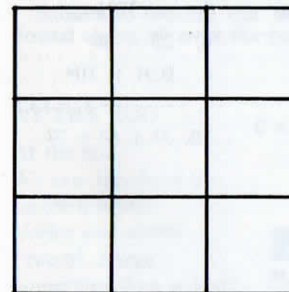
You quickly phone your friend anew
And ask her what to do
She answers in a muffled voice
"I haven't got a clue!"

You climb into your cosy bed
Thoughts spinning in your mind
Next day, it's Maths, you feel like lead
Detention's what you'll find!

The moral of this tale is clear,
The fears are all too true,
"It's not my fault, I didn't hear..."
Too bad, detention's due!

Lisa Wood

MAGIC SQUARE



Instructions.

Arrange the numbers 1—9 inclusive in the square, in such a way that the total of each line, horizontal, vertical or diagonal, shall be the same.

QUESTION

Four people A, B, C, D, start from the same point to walk round and round a circular piece of ground. The circumference of the piece of ground is one mile.

- A walks at 5 miles an hour.
- B walks at 4 miles an hour.
- C walks at 3 miles an hour.
- D walks at 2 miles an hour.

How long will it be before all four meet again at the starting point?

Solution page 11.

Compiled by Eleanor Young

THE VIZIER'S REWARD

Once upon a time, the vizier at the court of Shah Jehan invented the game of chess, the Shah was delighted.

'You may choose anything you like for a reward', he said.

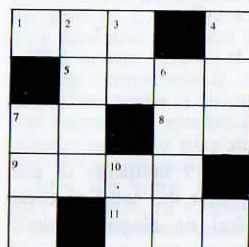
'Ah, your Majesty,' said the vizier, 'I am not a greedy man, I shall ask for something quite simple. May I have just one grain of wheat on the first square of the chessboard, two on the second, four on the third, and so on, doubling each time?'.

'You shall have your reward', said the Shah. 'As you say, it is but a simple thing'.

Who was the wiser man, the vizier or the Shah? Can you find out how many grains of wheat the vizier had asked for?

Paul Rudd

CROSS NUMBER



Across

1. Write 86_{10} as base 8
5. $(9 \times 9) \times (9 \times 9) - 1366$
7. $(23 \times 5 + 26) \div 3$
8. $6x \div 4 = 525 \div 35$
Find x
9. $(\sqrt{90000} - 34) \times 5 \times 3$
11. $5335 - 3699 \div 4$

Down

2. 515.8×5
3. $\sqrt{3721}$
4. 25×30
6. 0.91×10^4
7. $\text{---} \div 32 = 13.5$
10. $32 + 62 + 72$

Solution page 11.

Compiled by Julie Chettleburgh

Solution Magic Square

4	9	2	=15
3	5	7	=15
8	1	6	=15
=15	=15	=15	=15

Solution Vizier's Reward

The vizier was the wiser man. He had asked for $18,446,744,073,709,551,615$ grains of wheat or $(2^{64}-1)$. This amount is enough to cover the earth.

SCIENCE

WE'VE GOT COMPANY—Biology Field Trip to Whipsnade Zoo

After stealthily prowling around the lion's den we flopped down to eat our dinner on the wide escarpment behind the moose cage. We had a breath-taking view spread before us of the surrounding hilly countryside. We sat, eating our lunch, on a very old looking bench (in which we thought must have been their prize specimen of woodworm!). We had placed ourselves carefully on this bench because, healthy thistles were sprouting upwards through the gaps! We were, it seemed, the only humans about.

As we sweated away under the glaring heat of the mid-day sun, we peeled off our sandals and carefully placed our swollen, blistered feet on the grass so as to avoid the thistles.

We were chatting gaily when a brown, furry THING caught Imogen's gaze. "We've got company, Deborah". Deborah took a fearful glimpse behind her—expecting to see an escaped bear creeping up on her.

"No!—over there" and Imogen pointing a finger to what looked like a small furry object on the horizon. Filled with curiosity, Deborah gulped down the last of her Twix, shoved on her sandals, and crept up on the creature to get a closer look.

"Hey—! it's a wallaby!" she whispered back to Imogen, who, in a loud voice cried, "Oh yes—so it is!"

"Shhh—!" said Deborah, "you'll frighten them off" Not bothering to put on her sandals, Imogen trotted down towards the creature, with many "ouch's" and "ooh's"—as she stepped on all the thistles in sight.

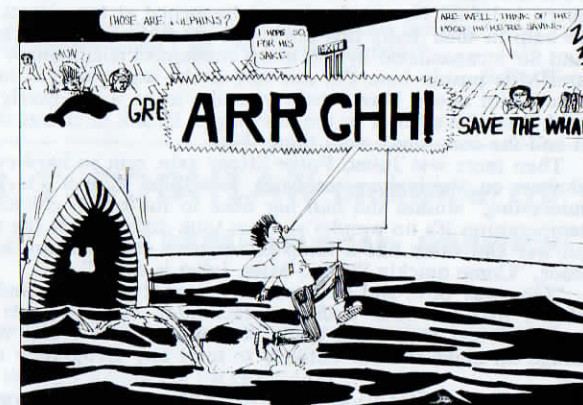
Suddenly, looking out down the slope, we realized that there were Wallabies dotted about all over the place—it seemed that we certainly did have company!

Imogen Bentley
Deborah Jaggard

AT THE ZOO

At the zoo,
We saw the dolphins
Inside and out,
Under and above,
Free of charge
Something free at last!
Watching the show,
Splashing around,
Balls flying about,
"Throw them back!"
Water everywhere.
"Alison, too close!
Come back!
You'll get wet!"
Too late!
She's soaked—
Spotty legs!
We saw the dolphins
At the zoo.

Tracey Carter



Darren Carpenter

GEOGRAPHY

BUTLINS NEXT TIME

"Those involved in courses can spend many hours each day engrossed in topics which they find intrinsically interesting, and the fact that work in the field is enjoyable as well as instructive leads to a pleasant atmosphere... the social aspects of residential courses are among the most important benefits".

Fields Studies Council Brochure 1982.

Well that sounds good don't it. So when our geriatric geography 'teacher' (teacher ha! ha!) said it was an essential part of the course, we parted with our £25 like lambs to the slaughter. All that stuff about feather beds, masses of food, endless fun and just a little work—cor!

Time permits me to outline but a few of the crimes against humanity which were committed that awful week in September. I'll draw a veil over the mile walk through waist high man-eating nettles and the monsoon which hit Wells (and us) on Thursday. Let's examine that "engrossed" business. Up at five, three times round the assault course, gulp your breakfast, make your bed, "you're late again boy". Two hours in the laboratory (preparing), tear along fifteen miles of coast, complete an eighty-four page questionnaire. That gets you to tea time nicely don't it? Then the tines can settle for some well earned rest. Some hope! A bolted meal, back to the lab., three hours writing up. To make it just a bit 'easier', three different teachers, each one tells you to use a different scale, a different arrangement "blue pen for that lad", "green is much the best colour", "pencil of course". How can you sleep after four days of that?

Talkin' of food—yes they were right in theory about "masses". Just that the staff dished it out didn't they? "Forty two fish fingers for me, oh yes, and Linda one for you—slimming aren't you?" The day we had cheese cake, I've never seen anything like it. One cheese cake, eight equal portions. Not likely. He picks up the serving spoon and quicker than Kevin truanting, it's gone. Just like the whale swallowing Jonah it was, no compassion for poor little emaciated Blyth sat there dribbling in anticipation. Yes—on reflection the food was good, too good for the likes of us.

Now, what about those social aspects? Is life really enriched by Ian's snores or Andrew's feet doing I'm sure you've guessed what? I tell you we were neglected. Well that is OK for us boys, tough and resilient, but what about those poor girls? When you're made of sugar and spice you expect a bit of consideration. Take Lisa. Poor kid falls off the loo and breaks her arm in fourteen places. Were the staff sorry, helpful? Not likely since it happened at ten o'clock. Her friends all rushed to help in their frilly nighties (oops grammar slipped a bit there din'it) only to find Sir incapacitated by too many cocoa cocktails, hangin' on the banister giggling and Miss pushin him. I'm not sure if she was trying to help him up the stairs or throw him down. How would you like to be a kid nearly at death's door and be told, "see if it's better in the morning"? Drunk in charge of kids, that's what I call it and the cops won't do a thing. Fix!

Then there was Juliet. Force fifteen gale, rain so hard even the gulls were in the shelters on Sheringham sea front. Not Juliet though. Devoted to her "intrinsically interesting" studies she had her nose to the beach collecting specimens. In those temperatures it's no wonder she was took dizzy. There she was draped on the beach all wet and shiny like a lump of seaweed—we rush up the cliff—beat on minibus door, "Come quickly Sir and Miss, Juliet is dying"

"Go away boys and girls, can't you see it is raining and we are having lunch?" How's that for your dedicated facilitator of "enjoyable and instructive experiences?" Next year I am going to Butlins where I can stay in bed all day, play Bingo all night and am unlikely to meet any Geography teachers keen to 'benefit' me.

P.S. Dear editor to save me from pains too awful even to image I must write this under an assumed name. He's not just cruel, he's inhuman.

Nigel Molesworth (Form 4)

MODERN LANGUAGES

EXCURSION EXTRAORDINAIRE—Holt Hall

As we sat in a circle in the spacious room, questions (demonstrating the usual Bowthorpe intellect!) were asked—

Did the house have a resident ghost?—No.

Were the beds lumpy?—No.

Was there a tuck shop?—Yes.

What time did we have to get up in the morning?—7.30a.m. at the toll of the bell. (Moans and groans echoed around the room).

Food was next on our minds, and the first meal was, as the French would say "Magnifique" and this was the standard for the rest of the week. Three girls suffered at the hands of Holt Hall cuisine as, at the time they were trying to lose a few pounds, but after the first few meals the diets were forgotten and the pounds remained.

The one thing all 16 of us (13 girls and 3 boys) were not looking forward to was what we had gone for—lessons in French and Russian. A pleasant surprise awaited us, dreaded tenses became manageable, and the most introvert people managed to crawl from their shells for the rôle plays. Games were played (French and Russian ones of course) and I soon discovered that the French played Monopoly too.

Free time was spent playing either bar billiards, darts, table tennis or listening to records in the games room, but the usual loonies managed to drag themselves over the assault course. Pastimes were also timetabled for us and the delights of canoeing revealed to some (those of us who could swim more than 25 metres felt the warden was trying to tell us something!) an extremely damp and chilly experience. Archery was also timetabled so the pigeons and trees suffered at the hands of the budding bowmen (actually I wondered whether that meat we had for tea really was chicken).

The week we spent at Holt Hall was informative, enjoyable, a holiday for our families, a nightmare for the two teachers, and altogether a memorable experience.

Miss Kemp and Mr. Humphreys both deserved gold medals for their work, and I hope they enjoyed their present (Didn't get too drunk did you?).

Sally Wenn



R. T. COGHLAN (NORWICH) LTD.

562A DEREHAM ROAD NORWICH

FOR A WIDE RANGE OF PATENT MEDICINES,
TOILETRIES, BABY SUNDRIES PLUS PHOTOGRAPHIC
GOODS AND PROCESSING.

MUSIC

LIVE MUSIC

It is not everyday that the pupils of our school get the opportunity to meet the people they are studying. I mean to say, it is not likely that anyone is going to come across a Shakespeare, or a Drake or even a Winston Churchill! That's obvious—so, when recently a couple of our 'A' level Music students were studying the Music of the 20th Century, it was just possible that if I wrote some polite letters to say: Lennox Berkeley, Ursular Vaughan Williams (V.W.'s wife) or even Gordon Crosse, they might just reply favourably—they did—all three of them. We all jumped for joy, and waited eagerly for the day to drive to London to meet them, or at least two of them.

Gordon Crosse met us for tea in a restaurant in Norwich. He is one of our younger composers, who writes rather advanced sounding music. He was very kind to us, and talked at great length about his music and many of his famous composer friends, who included Peter Maxwell Davies. He also gave help in the type of answers that should be given in the 'A' level examination.

Then, we went to London to meet the late Vaughan Williams' wife, Mrs. Ursular Vaughan Williams. She was a very sweet lady, who made us all feel very much at home and gave the real feeling that her husband had just popped out to do some shopping and was very much in the land of the living. She told us several stories about him, and also gave us a great deal of help with his music. Presiding over us all was a bronze bust of Vaughan Williams, which I am sure winked at us as we talked about him!

A few weeks later we visited Lennox Berkeley in his large house in Little Venice not far from the West End of London. He is a magnificent composer of all kinds of music. He was also a close friend of Benjamin Britten.

As we settled down to talk to him, one of our pupils handed him a copy of Berkeley's own flute Sonata, with the request: would he accompany her on the piano, while she played the solo flute part?

He kindly agreed, so there we were in the presence of this great man while he played piano for one of us. This was a great thrill—we could hardly believe what was happening.

In fact as we look back at these three remarkable occasions, they seem like three fantastic dreams.

I wish I had had music lessons like that when I was a lad!

K. Crandell

AS SEEN ON T.V.—THE CRUNGOPHONE



THE ROCK CONCERT

I don't know. It took me four years to find a way out of Bowthorpe, but Miss Rees still dragged me back for the afternoon. I was accompanied by at least two school guards through the gates and into the quadrangle, where I saw a stage set up.

"Great!" I thought. "Now where's the bar?" (Old habits die hard you know).

After two or three minutes searching for the bar, I gave up in despair and sat down on the (damp) grass to watch my old friends 'THE TALL BOYS' perform my personal favourite from their set, the original 'Japanese Soldiers', along with a couple of other songs. They were dogged by sound problems, but they still did well. I've since seen them play a better gig supporting 'Local Legends Popular Voice' at the Jacquard Club.

Anyway, back to Bowthorpe (ARGH! Not again please!). Next on were 'CHAMPAGNE', yet another of Mr. James' musical projects, but nothing like Troubadour. They were followed by the awful 'DEAGES EAGE'. Alright, I grant you that the guitarist and drummer could play competently, but if so why didn't they? But the less said about them the better; all I am prepared to say is that the memory is painful, so I'll hurry on to the next band, who just happened to be 'SALLY AND SUSAN', or 'SAL AND SIOUXSIE' if you prefer (I do). They delivered a rather turgid version of 'Fame' and then disappeared backstage giggling. They were replaced by 'BEATLEMANIA' who were a massed choir in fact (no, I don't know all their names) who covered songs by some obscure old band called the Beatles or something.

L.L.A.J. or LLAJ or ELL ELL AY JAY or DOUBLE L A J or something, appeared on stage next, armed with just guitars and tonsils. They sang yet more Beatles songs (who are these people?) and disappeared to make way for an interval, during which it rained. I met some old accomplices, and I tried (unsuccessfully) to scrounge some wine from the Tallboys.

OH No! Just when we thought it was quiet, back came DEAGES EAGE (awful name for an awful band). Quickly! Quickly! Onto CHAMPAGNE, and BEATLEMANIA, and L.L.A.J., one of whom had trouble keeping her skirt on, or so it appeared.

Then back came SAL AND SIOUXSIE to deliver a purely vocal version of chart megabores 'Bucks Fizz's tedious chart topper "Now those days are gone". They made the song much more listenable to.

Finally, back came THE TALLBOYS whose final set included the nostalgic "Time Passes", the Depeche Mode song "New Life", the sinister "Images" and the awful "Da Da Da". Laugh of the evening was when DEAGES EAGE tried to return to the stage, but somebody pulled the plugs out on them, and left them leaping around silently.

Finally (this time I mean it) I'd like to thank Miss Rees, Mr. Crandell, the bands, the audience, you if you read this far (unlikely) and anyone else who bothered. Oh, and DEAGES EAGE for finishing.

Yours, The Voice of the People.

ANSWERS TO CROSS NUMBER and WALKING PROBLEM

Across	Down	
1. 126	2. 2579	1 hour
5. 5195	3. 61	
7. 47	4. 750	
8. 10	6. 9100	
9. 3990	7. 432	
11. 409	10. 94	

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

SPORTS RESULTS

Lower School Cross Country: Boys

2 BWTH	3 BWTH	2 ORPE	3 ORPE
1. Scott 5 pts.	Nelson 5 pts.	Nelson 5 pts.	Cavell 5 pts.
2. Fry 3 pts.	Scott 3 pts.	Scott 3 pts.	Fry 3 pts.
3. Cavell 2 pts.	Cavell 2 pts.	Cavell 2 pts.	Scott 2 pts.
4. Nelson 1 pt.	Fry 1 pt.	Fry 1 pt.	Nelson 1 pt.
Overall Champions—1. Scott, 13 points 2. Nelson, 12 points		3. Cavell, 11 points 4. Fry, 8 points	

Upper School Cross Country: Boys

4P1	5P1	4P2	5P2
1. Cavell 4 pts.	Nelson 4 pts.	Cavell 4 pts.	Fry 4 pts.
2. Nelson 3 pts.	Cavell 3 pts.	Nelson 3 pts.	Cavell 3 pts.
3. Fry 2 pts.	Fry 2 pts.	Fry 2 pts.	Nelson 2 pts.
4. Scott 1 pt.	Scott 1 pt.	Scott 1 pt.	Scott 1½ pts.
Overall Champions—1. Cavell, 14 points 2. Nelson, 11 points		3. Fry, 10 points 4. Scott, 4½ points	

Lower School Football

2 BWTH	3 BWTH	2 ORPE	3 ORPE
1. Cavell 4 pts.	Scott 4 pts.	Nelson 4 pts.	Scott 4 pts.
2. Fry 3 pts.	Fry 3 pts.	Fry 3 pts.	Fry 3 pts.
3. Scott 2 pts.	Cavell 2 pts.	Scott 2 pts.	Nelson 2 pts.
4. Nelson 1 pt.	Nelson 1 pt.	Cavell 1 pt.	Cavell 1 pt.
Overall Champions—Fry/Scott, 12 points		Cavell/Nelson, 8 points	

Upper School Football

4th Year Results only decided Championships

4P1	4P2		
1. Scott 4 pts.	Cavell 4 pts.		
2. Cavell 3 pts.	Nelson 3 pts.		
3. Fry 2 pts.	Scott 2 pts.		
4. Nelson 1 pt.	Fry 1 pt.		
Overall Champions: 1. Cavell, 7 points 2. Scott, 6 points		3. Nelson, 4 points 4. Fry, 3 points	

Lower School Hockey: Boys

2 BWTH	3 BWTH	2 ORPE	3 ORPE
1. Scott 4 pts.	Fry 4 pts.	Nelson 4 pts.	Nelson 4 pts.
2. Fry 3 pts.	Scott 3 pts.	Cavell 3 pts.	Scott 3 pts.
3. Cavell 2 pts.	Cavell 2 pts.	Scott 2 pts.	Cavell 2 pts.
4. Nelson 1 pt.	Nelson 1 pt.	Fry 1 pt.	Fry 1 pt.
Overall Champions—1. Scott, 12 points 2. Nelson, 10 points		Equal 3rd. Cavell/Fry, 9 points	

Upper School Hockey: Boys

4th Year Results only decided Championships

4 P1	4 P2		
1. Nelson 4 pts.	Fry 4 pts.		
2. Fry 3 pts.	Cavell 3 pts.		
3. Scott 2 pts.	Nelson 2 pts.		
4. Cavell 1 pt.	Scott 1 pt.		
Overall Champions—1. Fry, 7 points 2. Nelson, 6 points		3. Cavell, 4 points 4. Scott, 3 points	

BROADSIDE

Always a winner for Sports and Schoolwear

SCHOOLWEAR

**Blazers
Shirts
Blouses
Trousers
Skirts
Jumpers
Cardigans
Coats &
Anoraks
Socks &
Underwear**

**GENEROUS
DISCOUNTS
LARGE CAR PARK**

SPORTS / GYM

**Tracksuits
Shorts / Games, P.E.
Shirts / Football, Rugby
Games Skirts
Sweat Tops
Sports Tops
Swimwear
Socks &
Footwear
Rackets, Bats
Balls**

Official stockists of all
BOWTHORPE SCHOOL
schoolwear, sportswear
and equipment

Everything for your sport

BROADSIDE

- SPORTS AND LEISURE -

Edward St. Norwich - rear Anglia Sq. Tel: 27145 Free Parking

SPORTS RESULTS continued

Lower School Basketball: Boys

2 BWTH	3 BWTH	2 ORPE	3 ORPE
1. Cavell 4 pts.	Cavell 4 pts.	Cavell 4 pts.	Cavell 4 pts.
2. Scott 3 pts.	Scott 3 pts.	Nelson 3 pts.	Nelson 3 pts.
3. Nelson 2 pts.	Fry 2 pts.	Fry 2 pts.	Fry 2 pts.
4. Fry 1 pt.	Nelson 1 pt.	Scott 1 pt.	Scott 1 pt.
Overall Champions—1. Cavell, 16 points		3. Scott, 8 points	
2. Nelson, 9 points		4. Fry, 7 points	

SPORTS DAY

Lower School

Champions: Cavell	167½ points
Nelson	164½ points
Fry	163 points
Scott	129 points

Upper School

Champions: Scott	85 points
Cavell	78 points
Nelson	47 points
Fry	35 points

Charles Bowden Trophy: Andrew Platten, Scott, 1.28m.
(Junior Boys High Jump)

New Best Performances:

- 1500m. Junior Boys: Adrian Burrows, Nelson, 4.48.
- Long Jump Senior Boys: Colin Goodswen, Scott, 4.72m.
- Relay 2nd Year Girls: Cavell, 60.04.

GIRLS SPORTS NEWS 1982

Gymnastics

- Champion Gymnast Competition held in December 1981:
1st Nicola Parish 92 pts., 2nd Hayley Kerrison 86½ pts., 3rd Tracey Thraxton 83 pts.
- Inter-House Gymnastics Competition 1982:
Fry 375 pts., Scott 364½ pts., Nelson 361½ pts., Cavell 343½ pts.
Individual Results:
1st Tracey Thraxton of Fry 106½ pts., 2nd Helen Culyer of Scott 106 pts.
3rd Nicola Parish of Cavell 102 pts.
- Winners of BAGA Award 1 during 1982:
Carole Howell, Sharon Carver, Hazel Stewart.

Cross Country

This year our under-17 Team easily won the Norwich Schools' Championships, whilst our under-15 Team again came 2nd. Six girls were selected to represent Norwich at the Norfolk Schools' Championships: Under-17 Julie Johnson, Carole Howell, Lorraine Nixon, Hazel Stewart. Under-15 Tanya Slapp, Michelle Hodgson (Reserve).

Tanya Slapp was the most successful of our runners, being well-placed in her team which came first.

Inter-House Netball 1982 Lower School—Fry, Nelson, Cavell, Scott.
Upper School—Scott, Fry, Cavell, Nelson.

Inter-House Hockey 1982 Lower School—Nelson, Fry, Cavell, Scott.
Upper School—Fry, Cavell, Nelson, Scott.

Inter-House Rounders 1982 Lower School—Cavell, Fry, Nelson, Scott.
Upper School—Scott, Fry, Nelson/Cavell.

Goal-shooting Competitions

For the first time, competitions have been held to find the champion shooters in Netball and Basketball.

Netball

1st Tanya Morley, 2nd Sandra Gall, 3rd Carole Howell and Sonia Rust.

Basketball

1st Cheryl Anderson, 2nd Angela Jervis, 3rd Nicola Jervis.

SOCIAL STUDIES

COMMUNITY SERVICE

I have just finished my weekly bus driving job. Each Wednesday morning Mr. Falconer delivers members of the fourth year Social Studies Course to their Community Service jobs, and I pick them up in time for lunch. On the return trip they talk about their experiences.

"I found out his name today". Usually of a child at a playgroup who particularly interests the speaker because of his behaviour or personality. Today it was Juliet about the boy from CNS who also helps at the Eaton playgroup.

"I've got to be a Christmas Tree". John is going to be in the Christmas Play at the Albemarle Road School. Several of the others have invitations to go and help all day at Christmas Parties and Plays.

"I don't think that I can go again". This speaker is finding it hard to come to terms with the handicaps of the workers at the Spastics Work Centre. If I can help her to overcome this feeling, that the whole group shares, she will go there for six weeks to work alongside the spastics.

"My shins are sore". Nick and three other boys take the 5-7 year olds for football at Heigham Park School, and these, like others in the first school, help with reading, number work and art. Fabiola has been talking to a boy at Blackdale who, like herself, comes from South America.

"One of the mothers asked my advice about her boy today". They never believe me, until it happens, that they will be accepted as a member of staff. But others realise that their own families and neighbours are the community and so do their work with them. John is helping his sick grandad with his immaculate vegetable garden. Sharon helps a relative with two very young children.

I would like to thank the relatives who give me coffee, and the playgroups, schools and the Spastics Work Centre for giving the 4th years this opportunity. It is to the credit of this year's 4th years, and those of past years, that I am always thanked for their contribution. The people in charge often say that they don't know how they'd manage without them.

Richard Redmayne

CHILD CARE

Students following the Child Care course in the 4th and 5th years assist at infant schools and playgroups. They find the experience rewarding, demanding and amusing. Here are some extracts from the reports of Christine Herbert, Karen Thompson and Caroline Warnes.

"I walked into the school and went straight to the Head's office. I knew where this was, as eight years before I was walking into the school to begin my lessons".

"I walked into Mrs. Wilson's class of seven to eight year olds. Everything seemed so little I felt like a giant".

"The teacher told the children that I wouldn't be there anymore. One little girl started crying and said she wanted me to be her mother!".

"At breaktime they got me playing The Farmer's in his Den—it brought back memories of when I used to play it. The children also sang 'I am a mole and I live in a hole' but one little boy kept singing 'I am a hole and I live in mole'."

"I heard some children read, mainly short stories about animals, though the boys particularly liked pirate stories! The children are all at different stages in reading, some can read very well, but others aren't so good. After reading to me, the child would ask me about my school then tell me about his or her school".

"Emily didn't have any wellingtons and she was pushed in a puddle so her socks got wet. Luckily Mrs. Scott had a spare pair of socks and Emily had her plimsols. Mrs. Scott asked me to wash out Emily's socks with some soap flakes. Emily said she would do one and I did the other. We then put them on the radiator to dry".

"The behaviour of the children with strangers was very good. When I arrived they started telling me things about their work and their games. I was surprised considering how young they were, and they treated me just like all the other adults".

"When they played with the equipment they wanted me to play with them, so I did. There was me as Mummy, a little boy as Daddy, a little girl with a doll as her baby and another boy as the nurse!"

"On the playground I looked after a little girl whose father had died that day, and two boys who had fallen over. I also told two boys off for hitting and up-setting two girls".

"One of the girls got covered in glue and just put it on the cardboard anywhere, instead of in little dots".

"When I started I had three children listening, but later during break I had six or seven. When I read certain books I had to ask special questions from a particular page".

A VENTURE WEEK AT BARRY ISLAND

In April of 1982, I, together with Miss Rees and Mr. Redmayne, accompanied a group of 39 Bowthorpe 3rd year pupils on a 'venture week' at Barry Island. For those not in the know, it is not an island at all, but a small coastal town in South Wales. I will always remember Barry for its port, the sandy beaches and Butlins Holiday Camp which, before the holiday season, is a centre for school venture weeks.

I started the week with a feeling of some trepidation, my own experience of teenagers being limited to my own daughters. The thought of boys of that age was a little alarming, to say the least. I need not have worried. The first half hour of the journey from Norwich dispelled most of my fears. A friendly, fun atmosphere soon developed, and by lunch time I felt the week would be a success. On arrival at Barry, the 39 children were split into three groups with an adult leader to each. The leader was responsible for his or her group throughout the week during day-time activities, and on some of the off-camp visits. Each day started with an early breakfast; this was taken in the camp dining room. 2,000 children from 100 different schools, eating Corn Flakes and egg and bacon, was a sight never to be forgotten.

Activities, run by the Red Coat instructors, started at 9.30 a.m. and ranged from fencing, abseiling and parascending through to disco-dancing, drama and archery. Each activity lasted about an hour, and during the week each group was given a chance to try these activities. Lunch was always a time when stories of achievement, horror and fear were exchanged... how high it was to climb, how far to swim, how many goals were scored!!! Dinner in the evening was given over to plans for the free time between 7.00 p.m. and lights out at 10.30 p.m. The first half hour was usually taken up with inter-school competitions: football, netball and It's a Knockout. Then it was the disco; 2,000 children dancing, gyrating, mingling and making friends!

To give some relief to the grinding pace of camp life, trips and visits were organised to places of interest in the surrounding countryside. The Welsh Folk Museum, a collection of historic buildings ranging from a blacksmith's forge to a leather tannery, each transported from its original site and rebuilt in beautiful parkland surroundings, caused much interest and comment. The Dan. Yr. Ogorf caves, contained the longest showcave in Britain, which was both beautiful and spectacular. The Welsh hawk centre, as the name suggests, is a collection of birds of prey, e.g. owls, falcons and eagles. The big attraction of this visit was seeing the birds flying in natural surroundings. Some of us were also given the chance to hold and fly an eagle, owl or a falcon.

A 12 mile walk across the Brecon Beacons, which took the whole of one day, and a 2 hour pony trek were for me the most gruelling events of the week.

The farewell concert and disco were very emotional, with long good-byes and promises of letters to new found friends. I found myself wishing that the week I had started with such misgivings would last forever.

Trevor Young



Trevor Young

WHATEVER YOUR FAVOURITE SUBJECT NOBODY CAN HOLD YOUR INTEREST LIKE NATWEST.

While you're at school you probably won't have to worry about paying tax on your savings. Because we don't deduct 'tax' you can get a better rate of interest when you save in a NatWest Deposit account.

You'll also be kept regularly informed on how much interest you're totting up.

The time will come when you will need to open a NatWest current account for your everyday money and you'll get a personalised cheque book so you can draw money out easily and quickly.

We even go further to help you at school by allowing up to £200 in commission — free NatWest travel cheques and foreign currency in any one year.

In fact we make no charge at all to our savings or current account customers who are still at school.

We know that if we can make life easier for you now, we've more chance of holding your interest later on.

Start banking with NatWest.



CAREERS

Several courses of action are open to the 5th year school leaver. You could find permanent employment, join a government training scheme or remain in full time education.

Your search for a job will take effort on your part and it is quite likely that you will not be accepted by the first firm you choose. Many people apply for a dozen or more jobs before they even get an interview.

You could improve your chances by getting part time employment in your 4th year. Saturday work is one way of gaining experience, as is taking a newspaper round. If you could produce a favourable reference from such a job it might influence a prospective employer in your favour.

When looking for work you need to do a bit of detective work. Who is likely to employ youngsters? Firms opening new branches in Norwich will mainly recruit local staff; a large super-store being built now will be looking for school leavers to train. Look around for new businesses in your area. Find out where their head office is, write to them giving details of yourself and ask if they will consider employing you. Ask relations and friends if they know of any vacancies in their firm. Visit the places where you would like to work and ask whether they have an opening for you, or if they will put your name on the waiting list.

The YTS (Youth Training Scheme) which starts in 1983 will replace the YOP (Youth Opportunities Programme). This aims to provide 90% of school leavers with a planned year of work experience and training both on and off the job. Both employed and unemployed youngsters will be eligible to join. On the completion of this course a certificate showing achievement will be issued to each participant. Anyone wishing to join the YTS should contact the local Careers Office. This is situated at 21 Bedford Street, and is open each week-day from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. It is here that you need to register immediately if you leave school without a job. You will be told of any suitable vacancies which arise, so keep in regular contact with this office.

Supplementary Benefit is paid by the Department of Health and Social Security (DHSS) to those not entitled to Unemployment Benefit. This is generally what unemployed school leavers receive. You must be 16, and have left full time education and be seeking employment before you can receive benefit. The Careers Office will help you to claim this.

Everyone in Britain has a National Insurance number. Your employer will need this number as soon as you start work. Normally you receive this through the post as soon as you are sixteen, but if this does not arrive within a month of your birthday, contact the DHSS at Baltic House, Mountergate, tel. 22277.

You may wish to improve your skills and therefore your chances of permanent employment. In this case you should consider staying on at school or going to a College of Further Education. Bowthorpe has much to offer in the 6th Form. There are pre-professional courses lasting one or two years, two year 'A' level courses and the one year 'Open Sixth' programme on which you might re-take certain exams, take up new subjects or follow AO courses, thus giving yourself extra time to look for a job while continuing your education. Details about the 6th Form and application forms are available from Mr. Davison.

There are six Colleges of Further Education in the Norfolk area offering a variety of vocational training. The entry qualifications vary from no exam passes needed to courses requiring four or more good grade passes. All this information, together with an application form is in the booklet 'Decision at 16 plus' and available at school. Anyone applying for one of these courses must hand the completed form to Miss Browning before the last day of January 1983 (please do not sent the form to the college directly, it will only be returned to school).

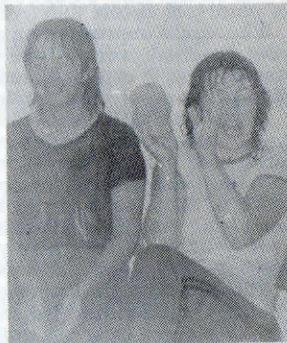
Finance may well govern what action you take when you are sixteen. Information about grants and awards can be obtained from the Further Education Division (Awards), County Hall, Norwich. Tel. 611122, extn. 5368 or 5218.

Finally, if you do have difficulty in finding full time employment, don't give up easily. You are not a failure, because there is not sufficient work for all school leavers. Naturally those who have more to offer an employer will find work first, but this does not mean just exam passes; some jobs do not need academic learning but require someone who has a pleasant manner and who is able to submit a reference saying he/she always did his/her best at school.

CANDID



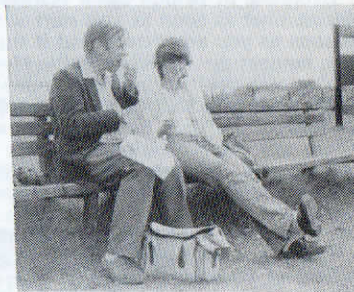
No Soft Soap Here



Save Energy—Share a Bath

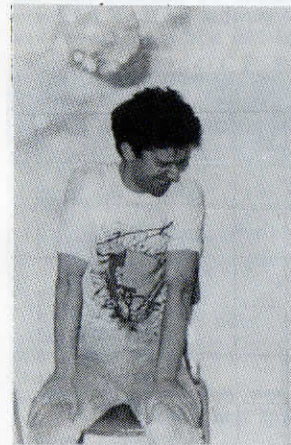


'Taming the Teachers'

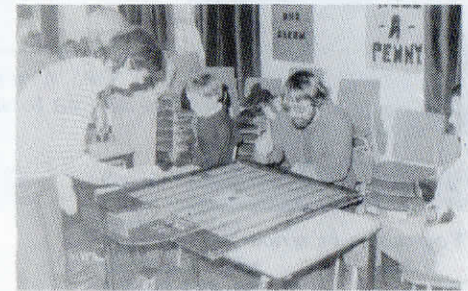


Feeding Time at the Zoo

CAMERA



*'Ve haf vays of making you
learn your French verbs'*



'Get it right'

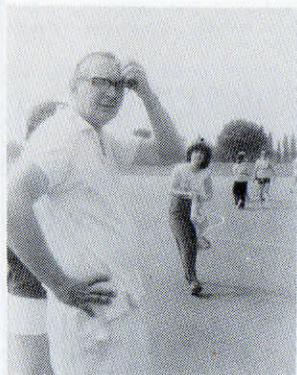


*'No Ref.... W A doesn't
stand for that....'*



*'Take your partners
for the Gay Gordon'*

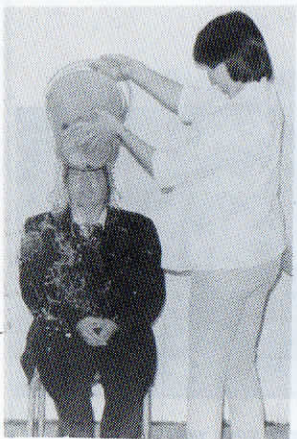
AS OTHERS SEE US!



'You cannot be serious ...'



'And now, introducing, star of sink and soufflés ...'



'But I wasn't even smoking'



'I'm sure I left my time table here somewhere'

EAT YOUR HEART OUT, SHAKESPEARE!

(or "An English teacher's lament")

I, personally, myself, believe that at this moment in time, in this day and age, poised as we are between the escalation of grammar-type errors, and the on-going increase in multi-syllabic waffle, it is our bounden duty, situation-wise, to consider the inter-reaction of contending peer-groups (chiefly our own!) and to boldly strive for a caring attitude towards, hopefully, the return to the simple use of our mother-tongue, while still leaving open all our options.

Estimated Grade G.C.E. E
C.S.E. 5

1982 EXAM RESULTS

In 1982 168 candidates entered for 'A' 'AO' 'O' Level and 16+ examinations in 38 subjects and 229 candidates entered for CSE in 29 subjects.

'A' passes

Andrew Bennett	2	David Simmons	3 (A's)
Paul Boatwright	2	Christopher Starling	1
Stephen Boore	2	Andrew Vines	1
Robert Child	1	Paul Vausden	2 (B's)
John Dewing	1	Heather Collins	2 (B's)
Andrew Doggett	1	Allison Langley	3 (A, 2 B's)
Kevin Hawes	1	Dawn Lawrence	2 (A, B)
Adrian Matthews	2	Ruth Moreton	2
Keith Moy	1	Julie Pitts	1
Andrew Newton	2	Fiona Reed	2
David Perry	3	Trilby Wye	1

'O' Levels above C, and C.S.E. Grade 1

Neil Fountain	5	Karen Hannant	5
Peter Fox	7	Helen Langley	5
Steven Gunnard	6	Donna Lincoln	5
Andrew Monaghan	6	Karling Mathis	6
Christopher Moreton	6	Lorraine Moore	6
Gary Reed	8	Jane Roberts	6
Graham Symons	7	Gillian Tapping	6
Douglas Williams	6	Allison Wicks	5
Susan Clements	7	Sharon Wilkinson	7
Helen Garratt	7	Janette Wright	5

R.S.A. Typing Stage I

4 Passed with Distinction
14 Passes

R.S.A. Typing Stage II

4 Passes

Pitman's Typing Stage II

1 First Class Pass

Pitman's Shorthand 50 wpm

5 Passes

Pitman's Shorthand 60 wpm

1 Pass

Pitman's Shorthand 70 wpm

1 Pass

Pitman's Shorthand 80 wpm

1 Pass

Pitman's Shorthand 90 wpm

1 Pass

Pitman's Shorthand 100 wpm

1 Pass

CAPTAIN BEAKY AND HIS BAND

(AN ALTERNATIVE GUIDE FOR 2nd YEARS!)



LETTERS PAGE

Issues arise from time to time which concern the school, and we have provided space for you to air your views.

Dear Editor,

I am writing to express concern about the lack of a room for 2nd and 3rd years at dinner times. The fourth and fifth years have somewhere to go at lunch times and they are allowed out of school.

The lower school eat their dinner in the dinner hut and then go on to their playground. In winter that playground is not the best of places to be; it is windy and cold, and as they are not allowed on to the Gurney playground where there is some shelter, they get very cold and consequently moan and cause trouble.

I feel sure that the teachers would be prepared to supervise the room one day a week as some already do with the upper school room.

I do hope you will seriously consider my proposal.

Yours sincerely, Juliet Freeman.

"A QUESTION OF DUTY"

Dear School,

As a lower sixth former who has just taken the trouble to do her prefect duty, I have a question to ask the non-sixth form population of Bowthorpe. Why, oh why, do you think prefects enjoy throwing people out of the building when it is freezing cold? Okay, some prefects enjoy the power, but I and many others, do not. Prefects do not have much to do with their election, contrary to popular opinion. In fact most do their duty as part of setting an example and as a way of contributing to the school.

Honestly and truthfully, would you rather be thrown out by a prefect or teacher who will most probably slam you into detention for violation of school rules?

To all those who are thinking of staying on, or to anyone else come to that, please consider what you are saying when you next tell a prefect to go and see a taxidermist. It may be you one day with your little badge and authority.

Yours dutifully, A prefect by the needlework room.

Dear Editor,

I would like to raise the point that there should be lockers for our use in the school. Many other schools have them. I am sure that not so many people would forget their P.E. kits, heavy text books, etc., if they had somewhere in school to keep them safely. Coats could also be kept in them.

The main problem would be buying the lockers but perhaps the P.T.A. could undertake the fund-raising task one year. I would also like to point out that everybody could use lockers; not like the trampoline that the P.T.A. has already bought that I for one, have only used once and some girls have not used at all. Louise Bush.

OELRICHS

Bakers, Pastrycooks and Confectioners

Wedding Receptions catered for

135 COLMAN ROAD, NORWICH

Telephone: Norwich 52892

REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS

AN EXCITING NEW ROLE PLAY GAME!

(The game is continued over several pages, page numbers given in brackets)

The aim of the game is to get through the school day, getting as many merit marks as you can without getting too many (if any) warning marks. You will need to keep track of your score; you will also need a dice.

Read the paragraph and then choose one of the alternatives, there are normally two or three. Having made a choice about your course of action, you then turn to the relevant paragraph (page in brackets).

Start Below

You arrive at school only to discover you've forgotten your lunch. Do you go home and get it 1a (p.27) or go to tutor anyway 4a (p.38).

1a You get your lunch but arrive at school late. You tell your tutor your excuse. Roll a dice. On 1 or 5 he believes you, on a 6 you get a warning mark for lying. Go to 4a (p.38).

1b Break, and you think "Urgh I haven't done my Maths yet". Do you do it in the playground 4b, or shrug your shoulders and not do it, 5a (p.41).

1c Lunch time is freezing, but do the cruel hard teachers in their staff room let you in? Not likely. Do you try to bribe your way past a prefect and in 2a (p.32) or do you stay out and freeze 4c (p.38).

Oliver Redmayne

ANGLIA BOOKS

96 COLMAN ROAD, NORWICH

Telephone 53327

For a wide range of books to suit all tastes

**PARTICULARLY GOOD SELECTION
OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS**

**Open Monday to Saturday
9 a.m. to 5.45 p.m.**

Access/Barclaycard Accepted

THE GOOD LIFE?

We moved into our first Norfolk home on April 1st. Some might have thought April Fool's Day an inauspicious beginning to a new life, but after a year of difficulties and anxieties as we tried to sell our London suburban house and find a suitable house with some land in the Norfolk countryside, we were too thrilled to care about the date. This was the culmination of years of planning, of reading our self-sufficiency books while in the comfort of centrally-heated suburbia—our very own oak-beamed cottage, heated solely by tiny open fires, unsullied by mains drainage or any acquaintance with the Gas Board, set amid fields across which blew winds from the east, from the south-west, indeed from every direction, with full unhindered force. Now to find those lucky creatures who were to share our enterprise!



Poultry sounded the easiest to handle, so we started with half a dozen middle-aged hens who were just coming out of their first moult. After only a few days of our hospitality, one of them went into a rapid decline, lingered for a bit, then died. The others however, kept us in eggs all through last winter, and, as they were then completely free-ranging, kept us company whenever we worked outside. We had only to open the back door for them to come running hopefully, their leg feathers waving from side to side like baggy knee-breeches. When we dug the vegetable plot they hovered helpfully around, beaks ready to tweeck any wriggling creature from the soil, and the day we were digging out the roots of an old apple tree, they were there in the hole with us in their search for extra food.

Pigs came next! We wanted a breed called Gloucester Old Spot, whose floppy ears partially cover their eyes. According to our books their visual handicap means that (a) they only moved straight ahead, and (b) they are too preoccupied with problems of their own to be aggressive.

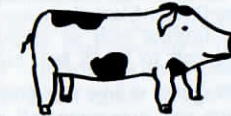


Our luck was in. Some young Gloucester Old Spots were advertised in the E.D.P. and we arranged to go and pick up a male and female, both just weaned. They were waiting for us in a shed, not the tiny pink piglets we had imagined but—to us—quite large, white and energetic. The farmer picked one up by the back legs and handed it to my husband to put in the back of the car while he coped with the second. Andy grabbed the struggling bundle which immediately began a non-stop, ear-splitting screaming, jerked one leg free and dashed round the yard on three legs, accompanied by Andy. It darted back into the shed where its companion was likewise screaming. The farmer shut the door and we three gazed at each other, Andy and I white-faced and shaking. The commotion had attracted the rest of the farm's livestock—on one side a couple of ponies, a donkey and several large pigs gazed at us over a low fence, on the other, several geese, ducks and chickens lined up reproachfully. We slunk into the farm to give everyone time to calm down.

Our second try succeeded and we drove carefully home with our new treasures—Spot and Piggie.

Next arrived some uninvited guests. Rats, driven from the fields by the combine harvesters, made for the warmth of our barns and scraps of our animal feed. Lucky again! Mr. Crandell just happened to have some surplus kittens and we chose a black male, Sooty, and a tabby female—Tabitha. At first they were smaller than the adults rats, but by spring they were paying for their keep by catching all the youngsters—and many other small creatures.

Spot by now had been consigned to the freezer and was proving very tasty, and Piggie was pregnant. We looked forward eagerly to the great event, but a neighbouring farmer had informed us that it would definitely not take place for at least two days. Meanwhile there was a field of hay to be stacked. It was Friday. I arrived home from school and joined Andy in the hayfield, where we worked, through the summer evenings till about 10 p.m. I went to prepare something to eat while Andy put the tools away. The meal was just ready when he arrived breathless. "Piggie's started. She's had one piglet already".



Out in the barn all was not well. Not only was it our first experience of the birth of piglets, it was Piggie's first time too, and puzzled, bewildered and obviously in some pain she was turning and twisting round in her sty. As we watched, a large, glistening bundle, slowly appeared and dropped to the ground. Within seconds the piglet freed itself from the sac and struggled round for its first milky drink, but the source of supply was too restless to lie and feed her babies and we rang the vet. in case she might damage them. The vet. was marvellous! He came immediately although it was now well after 11.00 p.m., and gave Piggie a tranquillizer and her owners the reassurance that all would now be alright. It was. Our household was now increased by ten bonny squealing thirsty piglets, and Piggie, her early doubts and pains forgotten, soon became a model mother.

Well, that was all months ago. The front of our house is guarded by ferocious geese, the back patrolled by neurotic sheep and seventeen cockerels announce the dawn—but that's another story!

M. Dyson



DONE ANYTHING INTERESTING THIS YEAR?

Bowthorpe pupils have a wide range of hobbies, interests and pursuits—here is a selection of them.

HAP-KI-DO (KARATE)

Hap-ki-do means 'power', 'co-ordination' and 'way'. Hap-ki-do is a Korean Martial Art, which was invented in Korea by the Shaolin priests. People think Hap-ki-do and other Martial Arts are about kicking and chopping people, but it is really to do with hard and soft (ying and yang). **HAP-KI-DO IS NOT ONLY FOR THE YOUNG.**

Belvedere Community Centre is only one of the many Hap-ki-do clubs in Norwich. Hap-ki-do and boxing are similar but instead of using your fists you use your feet. My instructor, Gavin Snell, is a black belt second degree. There are nine belts before your black belt. The highest belt in Hap-ki-do is black belt eighth degree. The belts range from white belt to black belt eighth dan.

To get a belt you have to do a range of things like kicks, chopping and a pattern. A pattern is a series of kicks, chops and movement all in one. The whole thing is called a Grading. If you pass you get a belt.

Matthew Jermy

WOMEN'S FOOTBALL

Over the last few years women's football has really taken off, replacing more traditional games such as netball. There are women's leagues which are affiliated to the Football Association. In fact in our area some players have turned out for the England team.

It is true to say that women take a more sporting attitude to the game and are dedicated to it. They know that they will never make a living from it. However, with this in mind, women can give more to the sport by bringing it to women who would otherwise stand on the touchline and watch the men play. The surprising thing is that men have now taken an interest in women's football and are particularly useful in helping with the administration.

There is however, one draw-back; the Victorian attitude of some school administrators who refuse to let girls take part in the game. I know many girls who would benefit from encouragement to play football at school. Apart from education, school prepares us for the future. Now that women's football is the game for women in the future, all schools should give girls the chance to play it.

When we leave school because of the advent of new technology, there will be more leisure time for all. If girls choose to play football, schools will have helped by preparing us for it.

A start can be made at Bowthorpe by letting the girls play one game against the school team. However, if this is not possible, then I hope that perhaps some members of staff could come along to watch one of the local games one Sunday afternoon.

Karen Webster

BOWTHORPE SCHOOL FISHING CLUB

The ones that didn't get away!

The stretch of Riverside Road between Carrow Bridge and Foundry Bridge was the chosen venue for the NYCS coarse fishing match. The conditions were favourable for this stretch, with a chill wind and an overcast sky.

I strolled along the water-edge finding good swims. I had heard that the high and low pegs were good and today these were the swims I fancied would produce a few good bags.

I was allocated peg fifteen; a wide swim, with a depth of approximately 10 feet.

I tackled up with 2 lb. mainline tied direct to an eighteen hook supported by a stick float, alternating between 1 and 2 red maggots.

In the first half-hour it became apparent that I had picked a bad swim. To induce the fish to feed I started to loose feed on a more regular basis with a few more maggots. This paid off, for shortly afterwards bites were coming thick and fast producing a smaller stamp of roach, perch, dace and the occasional baby chub.

Apart from the very occasional rest period my rod was up and down throughout the match, losing a lot of fish and missing a lot of 'lightning bites'. The whistle finally blew, and I put my rod down with a great sense of relief. I knew I was in with a good chance for I had amassed a grand total of about 20-30 fish.

After the weigh-in, a steward stood up and my heart must have missed a beat as he announced that I had won the 14 years and under section. As well as winning my section I had also come second overall.

This was a great personal achievement because this was the first ever 'proper match' I had ever entered, never mind won. Two other pupils entered from Bowthorpe School and one of them, M. Haystead, was placed third in his section.

Nigel Hunt current champion.

Contact Mr. Rix for further information.

Tim Marshall



Linda Loe

MOUNTAINEERING

The upper slab of Toddy's Wall—a very severe climb of Derbyshire's Froggat Edge—stretched up some forty feet above me. The bright rope tightened against my sit harness, and a disembodied cry of "climb when you're ready" floated down out of the semi-darkness.

"Climbing", I replied.

The first moves were easy—traversing diagonally leftwards on adequate hand-holds, with feet smearing against the coarse gritstone. A few delicate friction moves—no holds to speak of—and the foot of the smooth two inch crack was reached—the route went straight up to it. Hand/foot jamming all the way to the top. No problem, or so I thought!

I wipe sweaty hand on grubby jeans and rid my soles of loose grit.

"You okay?" came down from the belay.

"Yeah, sure. Great route". I think about moving up again.

At full stretch a superb jam is reached. Left hand kept low on a small protrusion and toes inside the crack, I move upwards. Several similar moves and the crux is reached; the crack suddenly narrows to about one inch. I rest on a small "foot-hold" and plan out my next moves. The key to the climb is a bombproof jam above a sudden constriction—it's just out of reach, of course. Insecure hand jams and feet sliding away under me. My dour belayer peers down at my precariously balanced position.

"Wot's keeping yer? Grab 'old o' the jug and yer oop".

"Okay, here goes". Lunging suddenly upwards I miss the hold, and fall back to the previous resting spot.

Wiping blood and shredded skin off my hands, I move up again. More meaningless chat, and I'm in the air again. The next three goes are just as successful. Hands now so cold I can't feel them properly. Looking at the blood, it's probably just as well—gritstone tends to have the opposite effect to Fairy Liquid.

"There any 'olds up by you?"

"No it's flat. You'll 'ave to come opp fast an' mantlesheff".

I shake the cramp from my wrist and move up again. Strength's ebbing fast, but it's the same old jams to the crux. With feet kicking wildly and hands scrabbling in the crack, I shoot upwards—the crux jam is now filled with hand. A hefty pull and there's no stopping me; I heave upwards, roll over the top of the slab, and crack my head on the stancer. Not a superb bit of technical climbing but it worked.

I was completely exhausted, but none-the-less jubilant. Why do it? I can only use the time-honoured climbing cliché "because it's there". However, I would not consider myself to be mad, although a degree of insanity does help!

Chris Moreton

REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS continued

- 2a Tough luck, the prefect does not accept 4 cans of Skol, only Fosters, of which you have none. Out you go 4c (p.38).
- 2b Break, and after it, single games. What fun it is Cross Country! You slog your guts out, but how well did you run? Roll a dice, on a 1 you get a mm, on a 2-5 you get nothing, and on a 6 you get 1wm. After games it's Art, go to it at 3a (p.34).
- 2c Well Done! Your finished work of art is brilliant! Roll one dice, this is the number of mm's you get. Go to 3c (p.34).

AVIATION ARCHAEOLOGY

Aviation archaeology is a relatively new study in the field of aeronautics; it is a study which any person with drive and enthusiasm can take part in. The only qualifications needed are patience and strong arms (as digging is hard work) and an interest in veteran aircraft.

However, before you enthusiastically set off with your trowel and your wellies in pursuit of Spitfires and Messerschmitts, you must consider one important factor—it's illegal! At least it is without official permission. Crashed aircraft on British soil are Crown property, and the Ministry of Defence must be contacted and permission gained before any probing around can begin.

The only effective way in which you can become involved in aviation archaeology is to join a regional club. There are several clubs throughout the country; ranging in size and activeness. The most active ones are situated in Kent and Lincolnshire, but Norfolk too has a few busy clubs, fervently dragging up aircraft, restoring and preserving them, and maintaining a museum.

The rewards of aviation archaeology for the dedicated are numerous. By digging up the aircraft of the last fifty or so years, you are making sure that these sometimes extinct aircraft are being preserved.

On a dig, the remains of the aircraft are uncovered, cleaned, and the more recognisable parts put on display in the local aviation museum. The most sought after pieces for display being the propellers or airscrews, and the guns. The guns have a high survival rate, as they are heavy and take years to decay. Great personal satisfaction can be gained by restoring these artifacts, as you preserve them as a memorial to the dedicated airmen who flew the aircraft.

Most of my activities have taken place in the highlands around North Wales, where stricken aircraft crashed into the mountains, and are still there to this day, undisturbed, except for the crew who have been taken away. The mountains make the recovery of the fuselage and engines impossible, but the mountain air has helped to preserve the metal, and the camouflage and roundels are still intact. Many personal effects have come to light in these aircraft, including a .45 colt pistol, many buttons, a steel pen, and various pieces of jewellery. These are returned to the next of kin whenever possible.

The ultimate aim in this pastime is to preserve historic aircraft, and to identify wrecks; which unit they flew with, and who the crew were. It is one of the most weird sensations when you look at a crash site, and stand amongst the twisted remains; you cast your mind back to the time when it crashed so many years ago, and you try to imagine who the crew were, and what happened to them as they plummeted earthwards in their machine.

Kevin Clarke

RAY'S

HIGH CLASS FRUIT AND VEGETABLES

South Park Avenue, opposite the school

'High Quality Fruit and Vegetables at Market Prices'

PETS CORNER

MY PET DOG SHAMUS

A couple of years back my brother's dog had six puppies. The mother Penny rejected one pup which we have got now called Shamus. When the other pups' eyes opened, Shamus's eyes were not open so they took him to the vet's and asked what had happened. The vet told them that Shamus was blind and that he had an undershot jaw which means his bottom jaw is longer than the upper. The vet also told them that the kindest thing would be to put him down because if he ever mated his pups wouldn't be any good.

They came round and told my Mum but she told them that we would have him because if you had a blind baby you would not put it down. At first when we had him he bumped into a few things, but now he is used to the house. He runs around as if nothing is wrong with him. Shamus wouldn't let anyone in if he didn't like them. My mum had another offer saying that we could have an Alsation dog for nothing. The man brought it round to see if Shamus would accept it. After ten minutes they were playing together, but after a while Shamus started to snap and growl so we couldn't have another dog. When the paper-boy comes to deliver the paper we have to wait at the door, if not Shamus would tear the paper to pieces.

He is alright with cats and kittens but if they go after him when he is eating he snaps at them to tell them to go away and leave him alone.

Lynne Hammond

THE GOAT

My mum has a funny pet,
She doesn't like the wet.
She has two stumpy horns
And eats green grassy lawns.
We keep her in a shed
She really likes her bed.
She snuggles in the hay
Until the break of day
She bellows for her cake
And gobbles it away.
And then she bleats, she jumps for joy
And snuggles down again.

Karen Cooper

REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS continued

- 3a Art starts well and your picture 'An Abstract Maths Book' is going well 6b (p.44).
- 3b You hack at him, bite him and really give him what for, when who should come in but your art teacher—you tell him what happened. Roll a dice, on a 1-3 you get away with it, but on a 4-6 you get a wm. Go to 6c (p.44).
- 3c Well Done! The end of school. Look below for your rating.

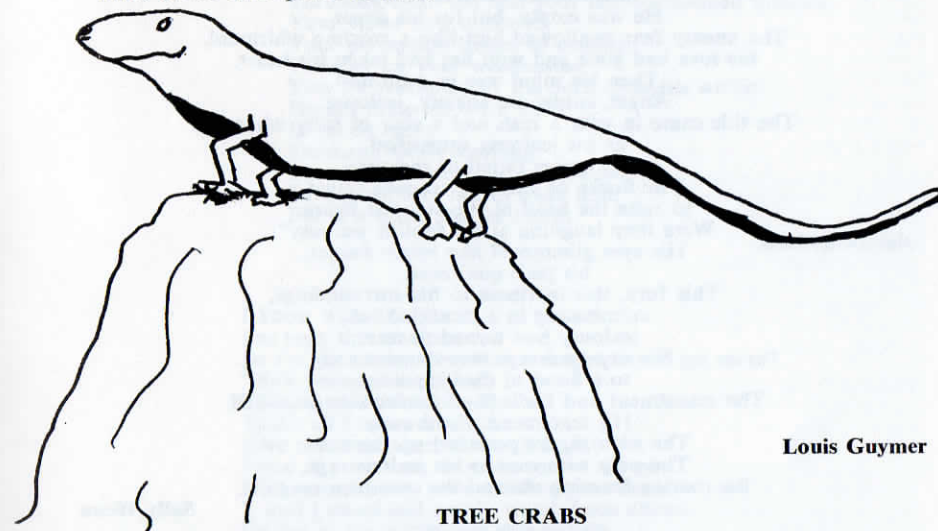
MM	WM	Rating
8+	0	Lick!
0+	0	Good
0+	1	Average
6+	2	Not Bad
2+	2	Hmm!
2+	3	Bad
0+	3	Very Bad
0+	4	Terrible
0+	5	See Head
—	6	Expelled!

NEWTS

I like keeping Newts. I have got two of them. They are called 'Fire Belly Newts', and come from Africa. If you want to catch your own newts, e.g. crested newts or common newts, tie a worm on a piece of string, put it in the river and pull it up and down 'till you get one clinging on the end.

They are very easy to keep. I keep them in a type of fish tank. I fill it half up with water, and have a rock half-way out of the water with shingle on the bottom of the tank. I do not know why I keep them, but I like watching them swimming about and crawling.

They need to be cleaned out every month and they eat Turtle food, which is made out of dried pieces of meat.



Louis Guymer

TREE CRABS

Tree crabs are very shy creatures and usually, as soon as they see you, they shoot back into their shells. If you place one on the flat of your palm and wait, he will eventually come out, but if you move he will go straight back in again. You shouldn't move but just let him settle down. Gradually he becomes tamer and tamer until you can actually touch him.

Tree crabs are very cheap to keep and the food you should feed them on is a very carefully balanced diet to keep them healthy. They are best kept in a dry fish tank with soil about four inches deep so they can bury themselves. You can put some plants in the tank as well. You need a flat tray for the water, then once every other day put a sprinkle of the food in without too much water.

They are extremely good pets because they don't make any noise or mess.

Neil Platten



JEALOUSY

The cascading, foaming waves seemed to echo his feelings,
 as he walked the long sandy shore.
 At first anxiety surpassed all other feelings,
 oh God!
 Why did he feel this way?
 He had tried so hard to emulate his rival,
 to no avail.
 The sun sank, with it his heart.
 Hatred was now stirring within his inner soul,
 malevolence his sole feeling.
 He was empty, but for his anger.
 The uneasy fear swallowed him like a swirling whirlpool,
 his love had gone and with her had taken his heart.
 Then his mind was in a turmoil.
 Anger, suspicion, anxiety, jealousy.
 The tide came in with a rush and a roar of salty whiteness
 as his jealousy intensified.
 His senses failed to register,
 The flocks of cackling seagulls failed
 to raise the head of the stooped figure,
 Were they laughing at his foolish jealousy?
 His eyes glimmered like bright flames,
 his pace quickened.
 This fury, this inertness to his surroundings,
 culminating in a strangled sob,
 jealousy had turned to tears.
 His dry-eyed rage was transformed,
 to a flood of choking sobs.
 The resentment and feelings of inadequacy vanished,
 His tears were wiped away.
 The silent figure pounded up the sand,
 The only witnesses to his jealous rage,
 the roaring foaming sea and the swooping seagulls.

Sally Wenn

I know he's young.
 I know he's young.
 So?
 Is being young a licence for affection?
 For smiles, excuses and ruffled hair?
 Why is it that I can manage where he cannot,
 That he needs condolences, encouragement and praise.
 Don't touch him. It lessens
 my own love. You love him too
 much for me to love him too.
 My competitor.
 He makes me fight. But I lose—
 Then my eyes sting and I want to shout,
 To make him cry, to make you cry—
 but I cry:
 Yet I was here first
 before him—
 The thief of your affections,
 The intruder of my secure cocoon of comfort.
 Don't speak to him—
 Don't look and smile and show your love.
 Look at me. See me. Love me.

Sharon Wilkinson

Within the very blackest corner of your mind
 Lies a curled sleeping stranger.
 More easily disturbed in some than in others,
 He waits.
 Drowns fitfully,
 Until consciously or otherwise he is aroused.
 He is fed upon circumstance.
 Regurgitating it into a vile mess
 Which coats your thought
 Pollutes your opinion.
 Having fed he breeds,
 Filling you with baby doubts
 That grow like common cuckoos,
 Thrusting from the nest your last unpoisoned thought.
 Your views now distorted,
 Your perception biased to extreme,
 Thriving on your weaknesses,
 You are corrupted by the devil thoughts within.
 He has done his work well.
 In all he lurks,
 Dormant, sickly sleeping,
 The slimy creature we call jealousy.
 Take great care not to wake him,
 For it is better that he sleeps.

Karling Mathis

I know what it's like . . .
 I've been there before.
 So I'm the eldest, does that mean he has to get more?
 "He's younger than you"
 "You should understand"
 That's all I hear; now I demand . . .
 Give me some time, that's all I ask
 Some of your time, to make up for the past.
 He has your love, your cuddles, your care,
 I, well I stand and watch; watch from above.
 He lies in his cradle, not able to talk,
 Helpless, too fragile, he can't even walk!
 What's he got that turns them away?
 What is it . . . I cannot say.
 This feeling that's gnawing inside and out,
 This green apparition is bidding me shout!
 Give me some time, that's all I ask,
 Just some of your time to make up for the past.
 "Come, watch him sleep" she beckons with her finger.
 His small, feeble body is still, I don't like to linger.
 She takes my hand leading me to the baby,
 "Come watch him sleep". She's a gentle lady.
 Her face lights up as she watches the child,
 Why doesn't she watch me with looks so tender and mild?
 And I cry, "give me some time, that's all I ask,
 Just some of your time to make up for the past".
 She's startled, and frowns, her expressions are free,
 I feel my face flush, my eyes flames of green.
 She pulls me towards her, and holds me tight,
 She protects and reassures me, wiping tears that I fight.
 "I'll give you some time, you don't have to ask,
 All of my time to make up for the past".

Gillian Tapping

NIGHT

It is dark. It is night.
The white of a badger shows up as he forages,
A hedgehog sniffs around the slate-grey hedges.
The siren of an owl
Breaks the pothole-darkness.
A small bat, defenceless and
Weak as paper flutters around,
As the owls stalk the darkness.

The winged mouse hurries,
Like a worried rat.
He sees the gargoyle of doom
And dares not move, as the
Owl sits staring at him.
Lead weights appear on his
Feet; he tries to cry out for help.
No other owls will take this
One's prey.

He is the ace of owls—the King.
The bat's fears are well-founded.
He flies into claw-like brambles
They scratch him.
The wax-smooth leaves
Won't hide him.
The quagmire of mud is
Frozen in ruts, it is like
A roller coaster.

He falls to the ground
He hears the thunder of wings,
The chocolate-brown
Body is on him,
Up—he is lifted away
To the prison, the owl's perch.
The swords of the claws
Bite into his small, plump body
All is black—at least he
Won't feel a thing.

Kevin Circuit



Linda Loe

REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS continued

- 4a Tutor finishes and you go to your first lesson, it's English where you write an essay 'Should we ban the 6th Form'. Roll the dice. On a 1 you get a wm, on 2-5 you get nothing, and on a 6 you get 2mm, go to 1b (p.27).
- 4b You get to maths and Mr. Meto-gart, your teacher, takes one look at your homework and gives you a wm, tough luck! Go to 1c (p.27) for lunch.
- 4c After losing contact with everything because you're so cold, tutor begins—and ends, so now on to History 5b (p.41).

CONKERS

It was a cold, crisp morning
Sticks were being hurled through the air
Hard, brown conkers were falling like berries off a bush
The shining shells bounced on the ground,

Blending in with the brown and golden leaves
We picked them up and put them in our bags.

James Thorpe

COLLECTING CHESTNUTS

The prickly green cases lay all around
In clusters of two or three,
I broke open the case, and just as I thought.
There was a chestnut all shiny, smooth, brown
Just waiting to be collected by me.
Covering them were piles of leaves,
With colours of russet, orange, brown
Making a carpet of the ground
And crushing beneath my feet.

Louise Perren

CRYING

Who has the right to cry?
Not you
Nor I.

When tears fall softly
On plush white skin
For sympathy to beckon in,
Is it hurt or hate or pain,
Anguish, love, relief or strain?

Why should one cry?

Tears mingle in with the rain,
Trickling slowly, dropping coldly,

Be calm,
Be quiet,
Be still.

The world is crying too.

N. Jervis

GUY FAWKES NIGHT

Gloved and mittened hands
Stretch towards the leaping flames,
And glowing embers.
Cold feet stamp the frozen ground.
The smell of burning branches
And leaves wafts through the night.
Small children cover cold ears with their hands
To muffle the sharp crack of squibs
And the fierce hiss of the sky rockets.
The evening draws on,
The flames are subdued.
The children's eyes are reddened with the acrid smoke
As they are hurried from the festive scene
Into warm, cosy beds.

Suzanne Marley

THE GUY'S LAST BOW

The chill night air is warmed
As children's voices break the silence,
Their woollen mittens keep
The icy air from their fingers.
The Guy sits lonely on his pyre,
Resembling his ghostly ancestor,
As he waits to be burnt at his stake.

The deadly flame is lit: the flames
Dance wildly,
The straw-stuffed man wobbles and
Sways as the heat rises to him.
One flare and the hot plague is upon him,
First burning his clothes off his back
Then the orange flames hit his grassy skin
And burn their way to his stiff frame skeleton.

He crackles and curls
Swaying and glowing on his home-made furnace.

He sways in agony as the burning torture
Touches his remaining flesh.
The children laugh with glee
As the guy leans forward and falls apart.
They watch him as he takes his last bow,
As his namesake did so many years ago.

Andrew Waller

NIGHT FIRE

Stepping into the night air, a sudden coldness hits my face. The velvet sheet with splashes of sparkling glitter hangs above us, the pale, misty moon in one of its corners. The bare boney trees stand like cold skeletons. Beneath their spindly fingers lie the crisp, autumn coloured leaves. A heap of unused, unwanted objects are lying waiting to be devoured by the hungry fire.

A match triggers alight as it is stroked against a matchbox. As the fire flickers, it flares to a mass of burning flames. Oranges, reds and yellows lap at the waste. Warmth fills the air and caresses the bare skin. Light is reflected in the windows and in our eyes. A swirl of grey, choking smoke fills our nostrils, causing our eyes to water and leaving an irritating tickling at the back of our throats and noses.

Coughing and spluttering the fire cackles on, crackling and snapping as it gnaws away at the heap of debris.

Lisa Nobbs

LONDON AND BACK

Today's the day. Everyone is packed into the coach and sealed in. Friends at the other end of the coach are shouted at amid the confusion of strangling coats, twisted at the neck and feet caught in bag straps. The noise continues as flustered teachers call the register, to make sure you're here.

Later as the scenery flicks by, lunch boxes are furtively opened. Innocently watching telephone wires swoop and rise while squashed crisps and soggy sandwiches are consumed. Someone moans when he finds his lunch awash with yoghurt. Then, trying to sleep without being sick. Crisp remnants under nails and between teeth annoy and irritate. The coke causes hiccups which prove sleep impossible. Stiff and shaken, you're dragged from the seat by your friend.

"We're here!" Gluey eyes and numb legs. Freedom! The crushed jackets are hauled from the luggage rack, bringing down an avalanche of bags. The coach empties like a tube of toothpaste.

"All here?" Register again; the names are called.

"Get into pairs and follow me". Everyone shuffles along stopping every two minutes to buy souvenirs. Cars, buses, a dog, people, people's faces and bodies. Up the stairs, echoing halls, bones and mummies, gold jewellery, stuffed tigers with shining glass eyes. Notes taken, sketches, postcards and pencils.

The coach is refilled. The excitement is now threadbare and worn. Sleep comes easily. Just before you drop off someone suggests a song and thirty tuneless voices are raised in raucous song. Darkness comes quickly and the coach speeds along, a meteor of light. Shouts of joy as everyone recognises familiar roads. The driver's tip is collected and odd change is hunted out. The money is presented, backed by the noise of "He's a jolly good driver". Everyone longs for home.

Blyth Storie

REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS continued

- 5a You get to Maths and blurt out some excuse about 'dentists and funerals'. Roll a dice. On a 1-5 you get away with it, but on a 6 you get a wm. You go on to lunch 1c (p.27).
- 5b In History you have to write another essay, 'The Norman Conquest: had Willy lost his marbles'. But was it any good? Roll a dice. On a 1 you get 2mm, on a 2 or 3 you get 1mm, on a 4 or 5 you get nothing, on all of these go to 2b (p.32). If you get a 6 see teacher at 6a (p.44).
- 5c You tell, and the offending squirt gets a detention, but I'd watch out for him! Go to 6c (p.44).

DUNGEONS AND DRAGONS—A Typical Encounter

(This should have been with hobbies, interests and pursuits—Never mind—Ed).

Our torchlight stretched the full twenty feet of the corridor. At the end of this dark, dank passage-way a large oaken door confronted us, from which we heard harsh rasping voices.

"About a dozen goblins", whispered Rathmoor the fighter, after listening intently against the door. Weapons and armour were checked. Then, Maxlog (the second fighter in our party of five) flung open the door and we charged in shouting and screaming, swinging our swords and battle-axes above our heads. We easily recognised the seven goblins and the three hobgoblins by their extremely ugly facial features.

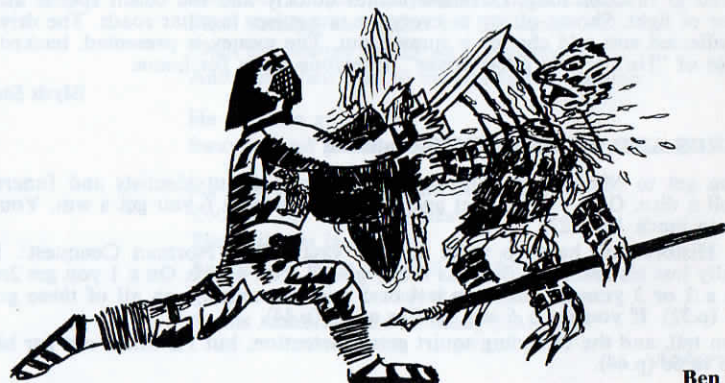
Dressed in leather armour and armed to the fangs with spears and short swords, the goblins jumped up in amazement and their glowing eyes widened. Turning the surprise to our advantage, Rathmoor and Maxlog charged forward to take out a goblin each, while, in her blood-splattered plate-mail, Oricular (the female dwarf) protected the two spell casters (a magic-user and myself). Again two more goblins fell to the fighters' longswords, but the three larger hobgoblins ran past the main combat heading for her. Luckily, Kalimar, the magic-user, had been chanting a spell which was now ready to unleash.

The green glow from his outstretched hand, known to us as the common factor of "hold the person" spell, wrapped itself around one of the pointed-eared humanoids as the other hobgoblins stared in amazement. Caught off their guard the two hobgoblins were quickly dealt with by a backstab each from Rathmoor and Maxlog who had already finished off the other three goblins.

After we had slit the throats of the motionless hobgoblins affected by the spell, we began to search the 30 foot square room and to check the condition of each others wounds. Nobody had really been hurt badly except Maxlog who had a nasty gash in his left thigh. Five minutes later after a thorough search in the remnants of the goblins' sleeping quarters, we found a small leather bag which contained 20 silver pieces and an ornate solid gold two-handed sword. The sword was given to Rathmoor as he was proficient with such a weapon, and the money to Oricular for the time being, as everyone knew that the treasure would be shared out evenly at the end of our adventure. As we gathered our equipment together, our torches were suddenly extinguished by a gust of wind, the floor fell away from our feet as we fell headlong into, what seemed to be, a bottomless pit. I heard the clatter of armour and weaponry and then I blacked out

For more information on fantasy role-playing such as "Dungeons and Dragons" make a visit to the "Games Room" in Elm Hill.

Ben Hayden



Ben Hayden

MOPPS UNISEX HAIR STUDIO

Telephone 52015

Jacqui, the manageress, took over on 4th January, 1982. She has been a professional hairdresser for 8 years now, having trained originally in her home town, Coventry. Since then she has been to the Vidal Sassoon School in London for an intensive course and she also has diplomas in Tinting and Perming from the Wella School.

Two other fully qualified girls, Debbie and Tanya, also work in the salon. Debbie has been with the salon for 4 years, having done her 3 year apprenticeship with the previous owner. Tanya has been with us for 5 months, having first acquired her City & Guilds qualification from College and later being John Oliver trained by her previous employers.

We specialise in everything, including cutting, tinting, perming and highlights.

Mondays and Tuesdays are our Senior Citizen days, when we do a cheaper rate for pensioners.

SENIOR CITIZEN PRICES

Perms	£8.00
Cut & Set	£3.00
Shampoo & Set	£1.60
Tints	£6.75
Dry Cuts	£1.60

REGULAR PRICES

Perms	from £11.00
Tints	£8.00
Cut & Blowdry	from £4.00
Cut & Set	from £4.00
Dry Cuts	£2.00
Wash & Blowdry	£2.50
Highlights	£10.50

All prices inclusive of V.A.T.



CYCLING 100 MILES IN A BLIZZARD

"What?"—you all exclaim, looking at the title. "You cycled 100 miles and in a blizzard too—you must be mad!"

Well, I've a confession to make. I didn't cycle QUITE that far, only about 40 miles altogether, but it seemed like at least 100 miles at the time. As for the blizzard—well it *was* jolly cold freezing rain!

I got up at 7 o'clock and prepared myself for the day. I needed plenty of refreshments of course; the only trouble was that I didn't have a trailer to carry all my food, so I had to make do with a comparatively small lunch-box!

Lisa and I had originally planned to go to East Dereham but we knew that when we got there we'd want to explore. In fact we ended up visiting some of the nearby villages too.

Pulling on my track-suit, jumper, and bright pink legwarmers, I wondered if I'd be warm enough—so I added another couple of jumpers just to be on the safe side, then ditching my emergency rations (a piece of cheese and a packet of jelly!) I cheerfully puffed on my way to meet Lisa—my cycling companion.

"Oh No!" I exclaimed, when I saw her—"you're not wearing that!" Lisa was wearing a bright red bobble-hat and she insisted that it kept her ears warm while cycling. Lisa obviously thought I'd be cold too (despite my extra jumpers!) and so kindly provided me with a bobble-hat as well. Well, if you can't beat 'em, join 'em I always say!

So, off we rode, complete with bobble-hats, singing "Rule Britannia" and "We wish you a Merry Christmas" to take our minds off the nasty steep hills which kept appearing. Gradually the numbers after "EAST DEREHAM" got less, until finally (cue fanfare) we actually arrived!

Crawling to the nearest bench, we hurriedly unwrapped our provisions for the day and enthusiastically ate... and ate... and ate! Boy! was I hungry and cold. My fingers had gone numb and my toes felt non-existent—as for my *derrrè*, well I never wanted to sit on a bicycle saddle again—oh the pain!

Sadly though, my food came to an end and as I licked the last crumbs of my honey sandwiches I contemplated catching a bus home, but Lisa wasn't having that—oh no—I was to cycle—and enjoy it! (or else).

I eased myself gently onto the saddle and blew on my hands to "de-frost" them. Then feeling a bit better with some food inside me, I panted off behind Lisa to explore the town.

It wasn't extremely exciting and after going down a couple of "one-way" streets the wrong way we decided that we should be getting back. Anyway, my stomach told me it would be dinner-time soon and the thought of a good hot meal spurred me on.

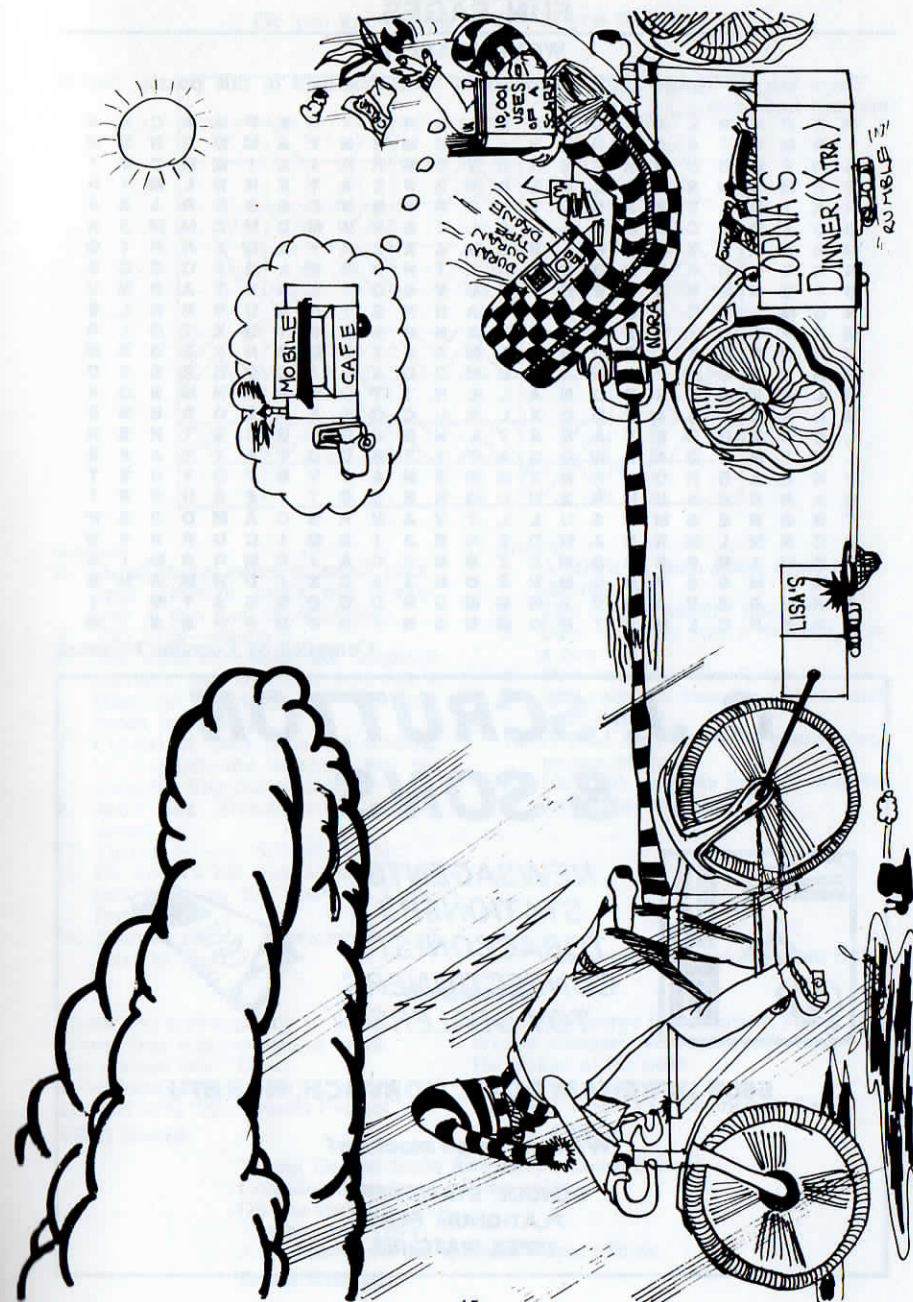
Isn't it funny how when you're returning flat out from a cycle ride, all the hills seem to be going up! After a whole lot of puffing and blowing, we managed to conquer these mountains and soon Norwich was in sight. Then, typically, it began to rain.

I've never been so glad to see "NORWICH—A FINE CITY" and to head for home and a hot bath!

Lorna Adams

REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS continued

- 6a Your teacher is furious, but you can get out of it? Roll a dice. On a 1-3 you persuade him to let you go, on a 4-6 you get a wm! Go to 2b (p.32).
- 6b Your teacher leaves the room for 2 minutes, while he is out, some drip puts paint down your back. Do you lay into the rat 3b (p.34), do you wait and tell 5c (p.41), or do you ignore him totally 2c (p.32).
- 6c The bell rings! End of school 3c (p.34).



FUN PAGES

WORD SEARCH

There are the names of 52 members of staff contained in this puzzle. See if you can find them.

M R R O W L A N D S A E I O R E T N E P R A C R M
I R M R T S R U H K R A P R M E N Y A M D E R C M T
S M F M R H U M P H R E Y S M R R I X I M M D E R C M T
S R M A M R M I L L E R M R P E A T E R R R L C M I R A
H H I M L Y M R O S T L E R G B V C S S E R M A S H
O O S R M C D M R S S M I L L E R W M D M C M M S H
D R S M R T O A M I S S M A X L A Y E O X R R T G R
S R K A A R S N O D I R A T H R S N L G A C S O R R
O I E N M R A S E M N O D I T U V S O T L N E T A R M U B
N G M N Z Q A E M R B S A H N S I G E U C T R H L B
M A P S H I I E U O C L M A S T U C B N R R E D N M D
R N O P B T L E U O C L M A S T U C B N R R E D N M D
M R L M R M E S T O N A L L N T T O M R S N M S O A E
M L A S T S I P Q C X L L E L C O Z X A S S O R E N E H
L E D I M T R E V A N S T L H E S R D G T A Y Y H E E
L L G I M T O A X W G S A T I T R D G T A Y Y H E E
E N E A G H O A H N Z M R S H U G H E S S T I E R H H R I
W A R S H A H M R S U L L I V A N R S T O A M O S S W
T R G R E S M R B A W D E N G A I D M I C D R R R S W
R C R M L M R B A W D E N G A I D M I C D R R R S W
A R M I M R S G O M E Z S B O C A J R M R S M I S
H M K M R S T H O M P S O N J A C X I D R M S M S
R R M R S H A R D I N G M U R D O O G S S I M I
M R S H O L M S T R O M B G N I N W O R B S S I M

Compiled by Lorraine Freeman

C. J. SCRUTTON & SONS



NEWSAGENTS
STATIONERS
TOBACCONISTS
CONFECTIONERS
TOY DEALERS



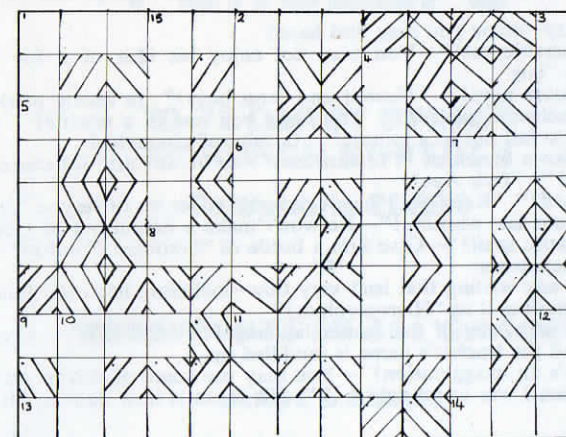
560B DEREHAM ROAD, NORWICH, NR5 8TU

We carry large stocks of

SCHOOL STATIONERY
PLATINUM PENS
TIMEX WATCHES

CROSSWORD

Do you know them as well as you think?



Across

- Good things come in small packages although that's not always true of this man (Paddington).
- TRLEOS—anagram.
- His voice dominates the language corridor and although he's not a language teacher, his certainly needs improving.
- Capital of Italy (this has nothing to do with the teachers but we were running out of ideas).
- She's the blonde-haired school dwarf.
- Tinker, ——— Soldier, Sailor.
- He know's his way about (unless he's been on the Southern Comfort).
- Sounds like a character out of Hart to Hart.

Down

- A stitch in time saves nine, or so she tells us.
- The new chemistry teacher.
- He's certainly not a woman, nor a boy but a ———.
- Our very own Van-Gogh.
- She gives us sweaty armpits and smelly socks.
- A mad bird (we were getting desperate, sorry).
- He's not an Elvis fan but does he have a wooden heart?

Samantha Harper & Emma Bales

LIMERICKS

There was a young lady in Scott,
Whose face was covered in spots,
Her teacher said "Dear,
What have you got here?"
The girl said, "It's measles I've got".

Vikki Hewitt

From Bowthorpe there came a young lad,
Whose manners were extremely bad,
He picked at his nose,
His nails and his toes,
And was voted 'the Bowthorpe Cad'.

Teresa Allison

Young Darren from Bowthorpe Comp School,
Considered he knew all the rules,
On the very first day
The boy ran away
And discovered the teachers weren't fools.

David Buttolph

SPOT THE SAYINGS

Many teachers have a special saying. They may or may not know that they always use it, but the kids they teach do! Here are some favourite and some famous sayings. Can you guess the teachers from the sayings, with the aid of the clues given?

Some are easy—some you may find hard!

1. "You miserable rat!"—You may not enjoy his idea of a fun run, maybe through a "bog".
2. "Brown doors boys!" "Shower and dress boys!" (a sporty pair).
3. "Get yourselves organised!" "I'll bang you one in a minute!" "You and I are going to fall out in a minute!" (a "sharp" character).
4. "You're like a bunch of ****! morons!"—Is he an "art"-ful character?
5. "Likewise!"—"Och Aye!"
6. "Peel 'em off!" "Keep your heads down!" (does he drive you "crackers?")
7. "This is your last warning!"—He won't make a drama out of a crisis.
8. "You geriatric snail!"—Give him a bottle of "Southern Comfort" and he may tell you the answer.
9. On seeing any writing that isn't very tidy—including her own, this humanities teacher describes it as "Hieroglyphics!"
10. "We don't want any of that gutter language!"—MNSTPH... two vowels are missing and the teacher's name is muddled up.
11. "No—that's an exaggeration!"—You may use some of this in gravy.
12. "Now—when I was at school..."—His room is next door to Mr. Hartwell's room.

Kevin Circuit

SCHOOL JOKES

Q. What does a computer studies teacher have for lunch?

A. Silicon Chips.

Peter to P.E. teacher: Which athlete is warmest in winter, Sir?

P.E. teacher: I don't know, which athlete is the warmest in winter, Peter?

Peter: A long jumper, Sir.

Simon: (to his teacher Miss Rees) I 'et seven eggs for breakfast this morning, Miss.

Teacher: You mean 'ate', Simon.

Simon: I only 'et seven.

Teacher: Ate.

Simon: Well, come to think of it, maybe it was eight eggs I 'et.

Mr. Carpenter: Can anyone tell me what is bacteria?

Dopey Diana: It's the rear entrance to a cafeteria.

Examiner: It seems to me that you know very little, if anything, about the

Mr. Rix Bible. Is there any passage you can repeat?

Student: Judas departed and went and hanged himself.

Examiner: Very good, perhaps you will repeat another.

Student: Go thou and do likewise.

Mr. Evans: Hold your hand out, Brown, I'm going to give you the cane.

Brown: Thank you, Sir, what shall I do with it?

Teacher: Kenneth, you're late for school.

Kenneth: I sprained my ankle, Miss.

Teacher: That's a lame excuse.

Miss Tomlinson: Ivan, where is Felixstowe?

Ivan: On the end of Felix's foot.

Peter Terhorst

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD

Across

1. Redmayne

5. Ostler

6. Horrigan

8. Rome

9. Rees

11. Taylor

13. Sullivan

14. Max

Down

1. Rhodes

2. Yarham

3. Mann

4. Hartwell

7. Goodrum

10. Emu

12. Dix

PERUZZI'S

70-72 DERBY STREET
NORWICH NORFOLK

Telephone 22894



MERCHANTS IN ALL GRADES

LARGE & SMALL

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

**Aluminium
Lead Batteries
Copper
Pewter
Feather Beds**



**Brass
Stainless Steel
Rags
Scrap Iron
Wools etc.**

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

CASH AT WORKS