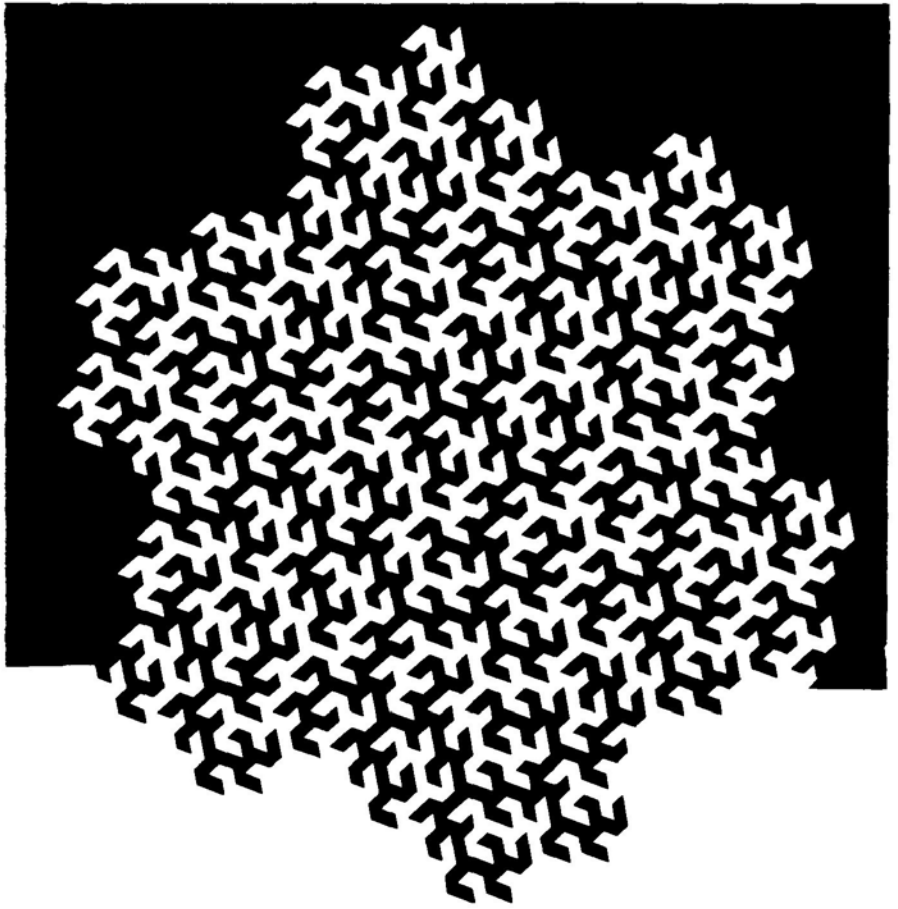




THE BRIGGENSIAN



The 1977 Magazine of the
Sir John Nelthorpe School,
Brigg, South Humberside

Introduction

I have in front of me, on my desk, magazines from schools other than our own. They all appear to follow the same pattern – choked with outings and sports reports, weird poetry and ‘witty’ articles that have no appeal for anybody other than the people who wrote them. Only occasionally is there an interesting article to brighten up this otherwise stereotype format.

To me school magazines of this kind cannot be called magazines. Having looked in the Oxford Dictionary I find that a school magazine should, in reality, be interesting, informative, entertaining and varied in its content. The many school magazines I have seen are not. This edition of ‘The Briggensian’ is.

For both boys and girls the magazine will be familiar in certain sections. There is still the Headmaster’s report, Sport reports, Outings and advertisements. Many new features, however, can be found. It is unnecessary to name all of them, although attention ought to be drawn to five articles as I would like them to be come permanent ‘fixtures.’ They are ‘What it means to me’, ‘Walkabout’, ‘Heads Together’, ‘Three of the Best’ and the Reverend Cochrane’s Easter Message.

The Reverend Cochrane is Vicar of St. John’s and a part-time member of the staff. His Easter Message will be read with interest by many of you who know him. ‘Walkabout’ features the Chairman of our Governors, Colonel Nelthorpe of Scawby. He takes Vicki Lofas on a fascinating trip around Scawby. Equally familiar local faces will be taking us on similar walks in future issues. ‘What it means to me’ is an article in which well known British people write themselves about what their favourite pastimes mean to them. We are delighted that Lady Mary Wilson should start this series by writing for us on Poetry. ‘Three of the Best’ presents the very best fiction to come from pupils of this school in recent months. Finally ‘Heads Together’ gives the Head Girl and Head Boy an opportunity to write a report on their year in office which ends in April.

Although there is a rich variety of special articles in this magazine, they do not overwhelm it. ‘The Briggensian’ must not only entertain and report but also be seen as a record of our existence. The Sir John Nelthorpe School may only be two terms old but they have been two interesting terms. In ‘The House System’, ‘Miss Moore’s Sixth Form Report’, ‘Activities Afternoon’, ‘The New Computer Terminal’ and ‘What do you think of the new school?’ I hope our material proves informative.

Our school magazine has been labelled an ‘English Department magazine’ or a ‘Sports magazine’ in recent years. I believe that neither of these tags can be firmly attached to this edition. The ideas and presentation in this ‘Briggensian’ are mine but the contributions came from you. I hope you, your family, and your friends, obtain both interest and enjoyment from this publication.

M. Levitt

PHOTOGRAPHS – THE EDITOR

The drawing on the cover illustrates a scene from Caroline Marris’s story ‘Messing about in Boats’ which appears in our ‘Three of the Best’ section.

The Headmaster

The ordinary style of 'School Notes' is inadequate for this occasion but it is not easy to decide what to do in their place. One thing, above all, I am pleased to have the opportunity of doing, is thanking everyone in the school for the goodwill and effort which has set us on our way far more easily and constructively than we might have expected.

After this I may be excused for three disjointed fragments which may as well be collected here as scattered elsewhere?.

REORGANISATION

It is remarkable how many generally accepted things go on in a community which has existed for some time for which no immediately rational explanation, or indeed justification, can be found. Why do we do this? When did it start? Whose idea was it? Who authorised it? These are questions we seldom ask and, if we do, to which we can only find partial answers (if any).

Reorganisation prompts the questions and, when two communities have joined together, requires a lot of answers. However much the original communities have in common they have developed different styles and traditions. Which (if indeed either) is now the better?

These are matters which are everyone's concern and on which very many have a right to be heard. They can seldom be resolved by 'instant' decision. Hence the length of time we are all conscious of in settling so many things of daily importance to us.

But "The Briggensian" has grasped the nettle. Its new editor has favoured action and here very expeditiously is the result. Criticisms there may be but may the courage and enthusiasm shown be justified and this venture go from strength to strength.

THE STAFF

It is as safe a generalisation as most that a school is as good as its teaching staff. Certainly the Girls' High School and the Grammar School would have had quiet confidence in so being judged. Teachers are disturbed and distressed by reorganisation; relationships can be destroyed and valued colleagues lost.

I want to express my appreciation, on behalf of all connected with the schools, on the way our staff has come through this past year. I can perhaps most fittingly describe their qualities as fidelity and fortitude. Our losses (and I am sure parents will be most grateful for this) have been no more than perhaps might have occurred in a normal year. Those concerned, Mrs. Harding, Mr. Cunningham, Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Stephenson were all very valued members of our team but they have new posts which suit them better or have given advancement and we wish them all happiness and success and thank them warmly for their contributions to our past.

THE PARENT TEACHER AND OLD BRIGGENSIAN ASSOCIATIONS

May I express what have been two of my disappointments? Despite a great deal of hard thinking, preparation and work by the Committees of the Parents' Association and the Briggensians' Association the members of these bodies do not

seem as ready as they have been in the past to be active or to associate themselves with the new school as they did with the past schools.

This is of course natural and no doubt will be overcome in time but the new school needs these bodies behind it now: The Briggensians to maintain the links with the past, which are a source of strength and pride: The Parents' Association to help us into the future.

Please join, please pay your subscription, please attend events, please be ready on occasions to work.

H. B. Williams

The New Staff: A Dossier

Last September eleven new teachers joined our staff. For eight of them it means their first job in teaching, for two it is promotion, and for the eleventh of this 'football team' it probably means only a one year stay with us. She is Mrs. Condron and her teaching is with the first years. She comes to us from Keadby Primary School. From the Vale of Ancholme School we welcome Mrs. Meiris who will be responsible for children who find their work a little more difficult than the rest of their class. Mr. Wilson also joins us from the same school as Head of Music.

The qualifications and academic background of our young newcomers maintains the high standard we have always sought when appointing staff to this school. Mr. Ryecroft studied Geography and Economics at the University of Keele and obtained his teaching certificate from Shenston College, Birmingham. He comes from Shipley, near Bradford. Mr. Rivron is a Londoner from Hillingdon. He obtained his B.Ed. from St. John's College, York. Another Londoner (this time from the South-East area) is Mr. May. He went to Surrey University where he obtained his B.Sc. in Maths. At the moment he is studying for his Ph.D. which he hopes to obtain at the end of the year from Reading University. Miss Aldcroft studied Geography, Geology and Education at the University of Hull. She comes from Abingdon, near Oxford. Yet another Southerner is Mr. Cheyne. Most of his life has been spent in either London or Oxford. He went to Oxford Polytechnic. Mrs. Law comes to us from West Yorkshire. She did Drama and English at High Melton College of Education, Doncaster. Like Mrs. Law, Miss Wilkinson also comes to us from a teacher training college. It is at Derby. Lincoln is Miss Wilkinson's home town. For Mr. Willoughby, our eleventh new appointment, home, for many years, meant Alford in Lincolnshire. He went to Matlock College of Education where he obtained his B.Ed.

We welcome all these new teachers to our school and hope that they learn as much from us as we will learn from them.

Miss Goodman to marry

The first member of staff to leave the new school is Miss Goodman. She has been with us since September 1974 as an English teacher in the old high school. On April 16th she will marry Paul Smith, a computer programmer with ICL. They will probably live in Hertfordshire.

Valete

A list of all boys and girls who have left our school since the end of the 1976 Summer term with an indication of where they have gone and what they are doing.

BOYS

<i>Name</i>	<i>Reason for Leaving</i>
ALBORN, Marcus John Taylor	To go to Australia
BARKER, Paul W.	Trent Poly. H.N.C. British Steel
BICKLEY, Richard Mathew	John Leggott
BONNER, Jonathan M.	Nottingham University
BORRELL, Richard	Rose Forgrove, Gainsborough
BOWERS, Peter Stuart	George Mawer, Estate Agents, Brigg.
BOWKER, Jeremy	Psychology
BULMER, Michael John	Durham University, French
CHEETHAM, Peter D.	Not Known
COBB, John	John Leggott. A level resits
COLIN, Andrew Jeremy	Move to Louth
COOK, Ian P.	Mechanical Engineering, Leeds
CREW, Adrian E.	University. Languages
DAVISON, Iain Peter	Polytechnic
DIXON, Graeme Keith	Banking
DIXON, Graeme Laurence	John Leggott
DOBSON, Julian Nicholas	Unemployed
DONE, Andrew Donald	Sheffield Polytechnic
DOWSE, William	Teasdales, Brigg, Apprentice
ETTY, Simon Digby	Unemployed
EVERETT, Graham John	Working with Father
GREEN, Charles David	Physiotherapist
GREEN, Jonathan Richard	Mechanical Engineering – University
HACKNEY, Grahame David	Town & Country Planning. Dundee Univ.
HEALY, William George	Family returned to U.S.A.
HEATH, John Trafford	British Steel. Production Trainee
HILTON, Andrew J.	Agriculture. Year's Practical
HORWICH, Andrew Samuel	John Leggott
HULLEY, Philip Mark	John Leggott
IBBOTSON, Patrick	University. Mathematics
INNES, William John	Unemployed
JACKSON, Philip Andrew	Moved to Caistor Grammar School
JAMES, Philip	Bradford University.
JEWITT, George Henry	Not known
JOHNSON, Howard Eric	Not known
KEELEY, David	Not known
KIRBY, Graham David	Family moving to Knutsford
KIRBY, Duncan	Hatfield Polytechnic
LACEY, Peter James	North Lindsey Tech. College. Business Studies
LALGEE, Mark Edward	Police Cadet
LAYCOCK, Andrew	Rose Forgrove, Gainsborough
MACKINTOSH, Raymond	Not known
MCCARTHY, Timothy	Family moved to Brussels
NAYLOR, Mark David	British Steel
NEEDHAM, Alan Marshall	Family moved to Hull
OLIVER, Graham D.	Not known
PARKINSON, Christopher	Surrey University

PARKINSON, Richard T.	Southampton University (Politics)
PARROTT, Anthony James	John Leggott
ROBERTS, Peter Russell	Polytechnic. Chem. Engineering
ROBINSON, David Charles E.	Not known
ROBINSON, James Roger	British Steel
ROBINSON, Peter	Aston University. Chem. Engineering
ROBINSON, Richard Martin	Agriculture. 1 year practical
ROBINSON, Simon John	British Steel
SIMS, Philip	Accountancy. Hull Tech.
SKIPWORTH, Stephen	Not known
SMALLER, Frank Douglas	Weightman Ltd., Broughton
SMITH, John Raymond	Not known
SMITH, Stephen B.	O'Toole's Haulage
STANLEY, Christopher P.	Medicine, Durham University.
STOTHARD, Glen Andrew	Unemployed.
THURSTON, John	British Steel
TRUE, Hayden Stuart	British Steel
VAN HOFFELEN, Andrew John	Fish Farming
WADDINGHAM, Dale Brett	Returned to New Zealand
WATSON, Andrew P.	Trent Polytechnic
WATTAM, Martin D.	Newcastle Polytechnic
WELLS, Nicholas	Agricultural College, Harpur Adams
WHEATLEY, Alan Glen	Mechanic. Cross Coaches
WHITE, Peter John	Hoping to join R.N.
WILLEY, Andrew Robert	British Steel
WILLIAMS, Martin Lloyd	British Steel
WINSTANLEY, Alan R.	Taylor Patchett, Accountants

GIRLS

Sixth Form

Jackie Beecroft	Physiotherapy
Vanessa Broadbent	Teacher Training Trent Poly.
Janet Bucknall	Teacher Training Trent Poly.
Maxina Butler	Polytechnic – Languages
Christine Clark	Teacher Training
Hannah Cottingham	Berkshire Coll. of Further Edu. Ecology
Jane Easton	Degree Mathematics
Carole Edlington	Nursing
Linda Evans	Secretarial Course: Doncaster Coll. of Tech.
Rachel Gregory	University – European Studies
Jill Hardaker	Nursing – Sheffield
Susan Hutchinson	Teacher Training
Julia Kenny	University of Leicester – Psychology
Julie Lawley	Oxford Polytechnic
Maria Llewellyn	Sheffield Polytechnic
Linda Marshall	Bilingual Secretarial Course
Bernadette McCourt	Bath Academy of Art
Jane Parkinson	Lincoln College of Art
Beth Roper	Hoping for a place at a Polytechnic
Jackie Smeeth	Teacher Training
Annabel Spring	Addenbrook's – Nursing
Janet Squire	Civil Service?
Bridget Squires	Lloyds Bank Scunthorpe

Ann Marie Welburn
Susan Woodhead
Catherine Young
Valerie Wright
Angela Nicholls
Beverley Starkey

First Year Sixth

Lorraine Bone
Janet Brown
Jean Girdham
Hazel Johnson
Jane Lancaster
Jennifer Lewis
Kathryn Myhill
Alison Robinson
Helen Ward
Karen Whitehand

Fifth Year

Stephanie Allen
Karen Ahrens
Maria Brocklesby
Jane Burdass
Penny Dowse
Carol Forster
Jane Gillies
Diane Green
Jeanne Gray
Vivien Harker
Shirley Harris
Debbie Healey
Teresa Herrick
Gillian Hewis
Janet Horstwood
Maria Mikkonen
Ruth Murphy
Sally McCulloch
Jennifer Pickering
Lesley Radcliffe
Theresa Squire
Karen Wells
Julie Willerton
Catherine Wolynskyj

Industrial Chemistry
Lloyds Bank
Teacher Training
Local employment
Teacher Training
Lincoln Coll. of Art

Married
Norland Nursery Training
Agriculture Course Bishop Burton
Agriculture Course Bishop Burton
N.L. Tech. Coll.
John Leggott
Nursing
Coll. of Tech.
Nursing
N.L. Tech. Coll.

Roedean School
Local Employ
Married
British Steel
Course in residential care
Family moved to Northallerton
John Leggott
N.L. Coll. of Tech. – Nursery Training
Grimsby Coll. of Tech.
Local Employment
Accountants Office
returned to U.S.A.
Local employment
Business Studies Grimsby Coll. of Tech.
Secretarial Course N.L. Tech.
Finishing School – Continent
At home
Rockhampton School of Equitation
Employment when available or N.L. Tech.
Lincoln Coll. of Tech. – Business Studies
Secretarial course – Grimsby Tech.
Nat. Cert. of Agric.
Secretarial course N.L. Tech. Coll.
John Leggott



Walkabout

Vicki Lofas in Scawby with Lt. Col. R. S. Nelthorpe as her guide

I must admit that I felt more than a little apprehensive at the prospect of meeting Colonel Nelthorpe. I needn't have worried however. A few minutes after the introduction I felt quite at ease. I'm only a novice at this sort of thing and there were one or two embarrassing moments when I couldn't think of anything to say, but the Colonel soon came to my rescue. The first subject we talked about was the Hall and the history of the Nelthorpes in Scawby.



The Colonel shakes hands with a slightly awestruck Vicki as he welcomes her to Scawby

In 1600 Richard Nelthorpe of Glanford Brigg started building the Hall but no one is quite sure when it was completed. It was built altogether except for an alteration made at the turn of the century. The Hall has been open to the public in the past but the Colonel feels the disadvantages outweigh the advantages. Not only is there the inconvenience caused by visitors, but the grant provided by the government is not sufficient to cover the costs of opening to the public.

The two man-made lakes are an interesting feature of the park. These were built in 1790. In fact the bridge which stops the water at one end is portrayed in one of the Stubbs paintings in the hall. The Hall has quite a few of these paintings as the Colonel's great grandmother was one of Stubbs' first patrons. I'm sure many people realise the existence of a dog's graveyard at the side of the lake, but I wonder how many know about the donkey's graveyard on the opposite side!

Scawby church is built on Nelthorpe land and the Colonel is the patron of the Living, that is he appoints the new vicar. The Sir John Nelthorpe School is not the only school the Nelthorpes have connections with. In 1705 the Nelthorpe School Charity Trustee was established. This operated on money raised from allotments in Scawby. Before I leave the historical aspect I should mention that there are no ghosts at the Hall (a fact which disappointed me).

For the Colonel, Scawby has changed dramatically over the years. Some of the Estate has been given up to new housing developments. Standing outside the Hall I could see the new road which cuts the Estate in half, but despite these changes the Estate is still a full time occupation.

In his leisure time the Colonel enjoys shooting and listening to opera. He does not think a lot of football, he is in fact a member of the M.C.C. Television? Well, he believes too much is a bad thing, a sentiment many of us share. Among the programmes he does watch are Panorama, the News, and documentaries (especially ones on wildlife).



Part of the tour included looking at the outside of the house. Here the Colonel and Vicki are in deep discussion whilst a dozy 'Fan' looks on

Naturally, the subject of school came up. The Colonel became a member of the Board of Governors in 1947. In 1963 he became the Chairman. Although the amalgamation is a progressive step forward, it is at the same time bringing the school closer to its original purpose. It was established for the education of boys and girls from certain areas. This was changed by the introduction of the eleven plus. Now we find the school of 1977 has moved back to the aims of the original school.

There have, of course, been problems,; the question of uniform was one of them (and we girls are proving more difficult than the boys in that respect). Now that the school site has expanded, communication is difficult. The Colonel told me it's almost impossible to find Mr. Williams. We have maintained, however, a degree of independence from the state.

I think we should all adopt the Colonel's point of view, that the change is irreversible and we should all support the new school wholeheartedly. This was one of the many interesting points to come from the Colonel when he took me on his walkabout around Scawby.

December Double Bill

Opera and verse in the former high school at the end of the Winter term.

We were in our seats half an hour before the curtain went up: it is essential to be early if you want a front seat, and it is often essential to have a front seat. But this time we need not have worried. Friends at the back of the hall could hear every word said or sung . . . quite an achievement for the younger group, who sustained a high standard of performance throughout their opera, "All the King's Men", by R. R. Bennett.

The solo roles were well acted and sung by Nicholas Ledingham, Graham Hunter, Kenneth Scruby, Laura Wilkinson and Alyson Barr; and the supporting cast performed with gusto, which is natural, and excellent timing, which is not. The story was treated lightly, but gave the opportunity for changes of mood which were effectively expressed in the singing and movement.

The crush in the corridors and in room 9 bore witness to the continued excellence of ex-High School coffee, and we returned to watch a seasonal play performed by 5th year girls, aided by a talented sixth-former, Julie Hopper, who stepped in at short notice to play the part of the Fortune Teller, a cameo part which she played with almost professional polish.

"The Coming of the Kings" is a verse play by Ted Hughes, very actable, and the girls made the most of it. The stylised form was a help in overcoming the difficulty of girls playing men: within the illusion of this symbolic story they were very convincing. The vigorous earthiness of humanity was embodied by Karen Mumby as the grasping, lazy landlord, while Louise Harpham, Christine Butler, Jaclyn Codd and Julie Clayton held a mirror up to other unpleasant aspects of our race, forming a contrast with the humility and otherworldliness of the Birth in the stable. Elaine Scott as the minstrel conveyed both the awe and the tenderness of the first worshipper, privileged through his mystical nature to understand the miracle.

It was a moving end to a delightful evening, and a wonderful start to Christmas.

Jane A. Russell

What Do You Think of the New School?

We asked some second year boys (the last grammar school pupils) and an equal number of first year girls (the first comprehensive children) what they felt about the new school. Their comments are exactly as they said them. First the girls.

I think the school is better comprehensive because it gives the girls an opportunity to go to the tuck shop. Jennifer Allbones.

I think this is a good school because you have more opportunities to do the lessons you like and to get on with them. We have very nice teachers and they do not treat you like babies. Donna Coulson.

Good dinners, strict teachers, work alright. Warm classrooms. Julie Fox.

The school is very nice. I enjoy myself immensely. What I would like though is to have cookery in the first year. I would also like to know why we do not have separate sciences. Susan Callister.

I think the teachers are very nice but they are strict. Far more strict than I ever dreamed they could be. Tina Wright.

I think the school is very exciting. There are more opportunities, packed lunches are nice to take and Activities is super. Lessons can be boring but are mostly good. Louise Brian.

I like the school because I like staying in the classroom for most of the lessons.

Sally Nelson.

I think this school is better than the high school because the girls can mix with the boys. There is far more to do and I think it is really good fun. There is also no jealousy between the Vale of Ancholme and us. Why are we split into sets in French and Maths and not for other subjects? Nicola Munday.



It is pleasing to note that these first year girls are finding the Sir John Nelthorpe School a worthwhile and enjoyable institution to attend. The second year boys, however, seem less happy.

As far as I can see it is alright because the change so far has not affected us much. Jamin Wilson.

Too much vandalism. Less respect for the new teachers and more windows seem to be broken. Michael Jenkinson.

As bad as it used to be. I thought going comprehensive meant more finance for the school to be improved. Where are the improvements? Andrew Clifford.

Over the past two terms I do not think a great deal has changed in the school. At the beginning there was a larger than usual number of new teachers and first years. This, as far as I can see, is the only change. Simon Smith.

More vandalism, less tidyness, more eating of sweets in lessons, more fighting and more cheekiness to older children. Philip Goodacre.

Since our school went comprehensive, things have new names. Instead of 'cross-country', we do long-distance running. Needless to say, it is around the same course as we used to do cross-country. This seems to me to show that the school has gone slightly downhill in its ways. James Johnson.

In many ways it seems better organised. More teachers seem to be involved in its running but I am not sure whether that is good or bad. Derry Everitt.

I thought that when you went comprehensive it meant that you were given less prep. The opposite has happened. We are burdened with it. Apart from this, and seeing more girls around the place, and being given our reports at the beginning of a term instead of the end, the changes have been small. David Watson.

Miss Moore's Sixth Form Report

Since last September the Sixth Form has seen little basic change in academic organisation, the option groups remain much as they were, the life of a Sixth Former has not changed greatly. In the background, however, a good deal has been going on; a reassessment of the academic options, the general studies, games, careers and general involvement of the Sixth Form in the main school has been carried out. The important thing is to evaluate all we are doing in relation to the needs of the Sixth Formers of differing aspirations and to the demands of the society. In addition to this we must take account of the individual and his personal development of judgement, integrity and emotional maturity. These are difficult ideals to attain and we have constantly to reappraise our methods.

The well-being of Sixth Formers is the direct concern of the Tutors and Director of Sixth Form Studies, and the weekly meetings held, are of vital importance in this; the contact with the students is also of vital importance and is still to be made easier for Tutors in order that they may perform their responsibilities.

One of the main tasks this year and for the next three or four, will be the laying down of common policies with the Vale of Ancholme school. If we are to run a joint Sixth Form we must establish reliable foundations of policy and communication. These are well under way, but there is still much to be done.

Information to parents, students, staff, governors and the public is vital if we are to have the confidence of all those concerned; this is not always easy, it takes time and has to be carefully and accurately done. The first most important session for this was a parents evening in March for 5th year students. It always seems that more could be done and as we are an evolving process, it is important, vital, that we put communication high on our priorities.

We have had an encouraging start for our Joint Sixth Form. It is unique in the way we are organising it and it has an excellent group of students to make it one of the best Sixth Forms in the country, as long as we keep quality in our teaching and hold care of the individual as our main concerns, then we will succeed in achieving our goal.

The House System

When our school eventually becomes fully comprehensive the house system will play an even more significant role than it does now. Boys and girls in the first two years will be in the lower school (girls' high) with their form teachers. When they enter their third year they will move to the upper school (boys' grammar) where they will fully enter the house system. The new third years will find themselves with fourth, fifth and sixth years, for house registrations and house services. It will be a strange experience at first but a situation to which they will soon accustom themselves.

This feature is intended to explain and clarify many aspects of the System. We begin by looking at the four new houses which replace the old Plantagent, Windsor, Stuart, Nelthorpe, School, Ancholme, Yarborough and Sheffield. Our pupils' knowledge of the person whose name their houses takes, borders on the ignorant at the moment. We will rectify this. Mr. Moore amusingly tells us all about the origins, organisation and success of the house system and we end by looking at a typical (!) house service. We picked on Taylor House and Mr. May provided the writing.

Individual house reports are not included in this issue because of the newness of the system. Comprehensive reports will, however, appear in our next edition.

Lardelli House

"Miss Lardelli — a greater personality I have never met — lived for us, and to us gave the best years of her life!" This is the impression of the first Headmistress at Brigg Girls' High School by a past Head Girl. A great tribute to a great lady. Miss Lardelli is remembered by so many, she was a Headmistress of real quality, setting the tone of the School from the start. Her concerns were for people, she had tremendous pride in the school and never gave up trying to improve the buildings and the provision.

Miss Lardelli was Head from 1919 to 1935, these were years of laying of foundations, of building up of traditions. The school became a place of happiness and buoyancy and all those who have followed have reaped the benefits.

Miss Lardelli left, as a token of her care for the pupils, a foundation fund that is administered by a group of Trustees; this fund is there in order to assist pupils financially if in need. Many girls have benefitted from this as the money also supplies an annual prize for Sixth Formers.

It is a fitting tribute to one of our Founders that we should have a House named Lardelli House. I hope the members of the House will try to live up to the standard set by her and will receive inspiration from the past, the vivacious, charming, dedicated first Headmistress of Brigg Girls' High School.

Taylor House

Mrs. Gwen Taylor (as Gwen Dent) was among the first 66 pupils at the start of Brigg Girls' High School in 1919. She was in the Upper Fifth Form all the time — there was no Sixth Form in those days. In 1923 she entered Birmingham University to read History and after graduation worked for the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research until her marriage to Mr. Edgar Taylor brought her back to Brigg. She renewed her association with her old school by being elected to the Board of Governors.

Mrs. Taylor has always been a very dear friend of the school and when she died in 1972 she left a sum of money to be invested to provide annual prizes for Art and History.

Eccles House

This house obtains its name from Colonel J. G. T. Eccles who died on Boxing Day, 1975. One of the oldest Briggensians, he was still actively involved in a host of activities, some of them heavily demanding. He is buried at Wrawby Church.

It is not necessary, and is barely possible, to list all of his career, offices and responsibilities. A regular Army officer, he returned to the civilian world to build up a large and successful business enterprise with which we are familiar. This would have absorbed most men's energies and priorities. He found time to be a magistrate, a County Councillor (later an Alderman) a Deputy Lieutenant and for one year High Sheriff of the County he loved; he was also Provincial Grand Master of the Freemasons of Lincolnshire. Wherever there was a need, wherever there was a duty, in all manner of good causes Gerry Eccles found time. This included time for his own school: in committee and office for the Old Briggensians and for many years on the Governing Body. Nor were his interests and generous contributions confined to the larger world and the more notable or popular organisations: he had for example a continued interest in, and support for, our own Scout Troop.

The Colonel was a remarkably sincere, friendly, generous man, sensitive to the needs of others and ever ready to deal courteously, helpfully and if necessary, firmly with them. This was so despite, or perhaps because of, the high standards which he always expected and which, above all, he set for himself.

It is also for these reasons that it was decided to name one of our four houses after him.

Pelham House

So, which explanation do you want? Which Pelham shall we choose or blame? Sir Edmund Pelham (died 1606), the first English judge to go on circuit in Ireland? Sir William, who raised the Dutch rebels in 1571, and eight years later we find helping to wage 'a pitiless war of fire, famine, and sword' against the Irish? The low-church enthusiast Henry Pelham, who was very briefly Speaker of the House of Commons in 1647 before some lower-church fanatic threw him out? George Pelham, Bishop of Exeter and Lincoln, 'notorious for his greed of lucrative office'? Herbert Pelham (1600-1673) who helped found the Puritan colony of Massachusetts? Edward Pelham of Battle Park, Sussex, 'a man very backward in religion, and his wife a professed recusant'? Peter Pelham (died 1751), who introduced mezzo-tint into America, where he 'executed a series of portraits of clergymen about 1727'? The Rev. Arthur Harvey Thursby-Pelham, who was in the Fifth Form at Eton in 1892?

The funniest by far was Sir Thomas Pelham-Holles, fifth baronet, first duke of Newcastle upon Tyne, and of Newcastle under Lyme, earl of Clare, second baron Pelham of Laughton, and first baron Pelham of Stanmer (1693-1768), politician, sort of head cook and bottle-washer to George I and George II. George III got rid of him. He never let a servant throw away old clothes, and at his death a lifetime's collection of used liveries was auctioned off, so that for years no coachman or common porter in London wore any but the very second-hand Newcastle colours. At George II's funeral he carefully stood on the Duke of Cumberland's train to avoid getting cold feet. Of his wife, a scholarly and learned lady, he remarked that 'a very wise woman is a very foolish thing'.

To be strictly accurate however you are asked to remember your allegiance is to the Brocklesby Pelhams, descended from Sir William whom we last met thumping the Irish in 1579 – for which Elizabeth I. saw fit to knight him. As is the habit with the English landed class, the line of descent is indirect, and the first Baron Yarborough of Brocklesby, created 1794, was Charles Anderson. The name Pelham was re-attached later on. This branch tended to produce soldiers and minor statesmen, and also claim one of the oldest family hunting packs in England, the Brocklesby hounds.

And if all that doesn't impress you, there is the pelham, a double-action bit for difficult horses. But I can't find out which one of them invented it.

Contributions from Miss Moore, Mr. Lyons and Mr. Williams

THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE IS A TRANSLATION OF A RECENTLY DISCOVERED PORTION OF AN ANCIENT HOLY BOOK. IT APPEARS TO BE FROM THE PASTORAL THEME FROM 'THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. AWAYNONPLUSSED, CHAPTER PIECES, VERSE AND VERSE'.

1. Now it was at this time that Harold Caesar spake saying, The children and those that do beget them are sorely troubled by the branding that they suffereth at their eleventh year.
2. And thus he did decree that in all the temples of learning throughout the land this practice shall henceforth cease.
3. And of those that did hear the word there was some rejoicing and some there was that did gnash their teeth.
4. So it came to pass that Martin, the chief overseer of temples in the new northern territory of Humbria, did by force of might wrought those changes that Caesar did decree.
5. Thus the word was given unto Haebeeugh* who was at that time the Chief Scribe for Grammat Briggensis. And it came to Haebeeugh in a dream that which he had to do.
6. So Haebeeugh calleth his trusted Arch-scribe unto him and he saith, Of those that do dwell herein their numbers will become great and we will not know them as we ought and neither will our people know which is their leader and to whom they shall turn in time of turmoil and distress
7. Thus shall you divide these my people into Houses, and set others over them to govern and rule, and my people shall dwell in these Houses all the days of their lives and their hearts shall be much comforted.
8. With this the Houses did come into being and those that in them were, took names after great peoples from times gone by. Thence did the Arch-scribe signify the duties of those that were set in positions of power and responsibility.
9. For he did not say to them, thou shalt register those that are in thy House and shall regularly collect such taxes that Caesar shall demand.
10. Thou shall see to it that thy people do conduct themselves in a proper manner and that they do not dress in raiments unbecoming to the temple.
11. Thou shalt record the progress of thy people and admonish, praise, coax, cajole, punish, reward them so that they shall become more useful to the temple and our great nation and be worthy of their fathers and mothers that gave them their infant nurture.

12. Further thou shalt at all times make thy shoulder empty for those of thy people who wish to cry and open their hearts unto thee. Thus shall you help them at the hour of trial.
13. Then the Arch-scribe did develop a system whereby all that dwelt in the temple could be instantly recognised and all manner of facts could be found about them and he did call this system 'Kalamazoo' and the very word did strike fear into the hearts of them that heard it and their knees did tremble.
14. And each House began to function in its own way and those of the smaller divisions therein did come closer together and the people and their leaders did begin to learn each other's ways.
15. And those that held sway in the House did do divers things that would unite their peoples and the people did play games and some there were that sang.
16. Some there were that visited the Arch-scribe with their problems and lay before him those grievous wrongs that did befall them.
17. And the Arch-scribe did counsel them and by debate they did agree on that course of action that would see them through this troubled time.
18. But oftimes their troubles did arrive from the very building thereof for the great Caesar Harold nor his successor Sunnijim did provide the wherewithall that might bring both men and women together and those that were weary did carry this burden for there was no help within them.
19. And Chief Scribe Habeuegh did see that the work was done and was sometime pleased and he did smile upon his favoured Arch-scribe.
20. And those that did labour on did so with hope in their hearts that those above did know what they were about.

* Translator's note.

Habeuegh (Har bee uhh) is the phonetic spelling of the name of the Chief Scribe taken from authentic documents written in the hand of the Chief Scribe, viz H B W. The translator feels that perhaps the Chief Scribe was from foreign parts and thus the name would be pronounced Habeuegh or even Herbeeoo. Ample evidence of other more familiar names by which the Chief Scribe was known to the people has been found but the translator feels that little would be gained by their usage in this text.

J. E. Moore

IT'S WEDNESDAY. IT'S 9 O'CLOCK AND IT'S BING BONG SING SONG TIME

The readers of this magazine should by now know of the unique choral assemblies that are taking place in Taylor House on Wednesday mornings. If they do not know and are members of Taylor House I suggest they keep well clear of Mr. Stinson.

The idea of these Bing Bong Sing Songs became a reality on the first Wednesday of this term when strains of, "Guide me O Thou Great Redeemer" to the tune Cwm Rhondda were heard coming from Room 7 at about 9.05 a.m. At first it was quite difficult to catch the words of the song as every five seconds one would hear comments like, "Beadsmore, how can you sing with your mouth shut" and "Don't worry if you cannot sing in tune, just make sure you open your mouth wide". By 9.12 one could detect a vast improvement in the singing. I think by this time everyone present had become hypnotised by the movement of the leader's ruler — well did you really expect a Mathematician to conduct with a

baton? The only music available for this first assembly was provided by Mr. May doing the four minute mile on his portable pedal organ and by Mr. Stinsons' Bass voice.

When week two arrived most of the boys realised that the first assembly had not been a dream or even a nightmare. To their amazement printed Hymn sheets were now available at the door. We commenced with "Guide me O Thou Great Redeemer" and were surprised to find that the tune had been remembered for the first week. This assembly went quite smoothly with Mr. May pedalling as if his life depended on it. By the end of the time available we had begun to learn another Hymn, "Sound the Battle Cry". It would not surprise me if some listeners thought we had already acted out the title before the song had been introduced!!

Week three contained a gem of action which I shall relate in a moment. We started this week with an anti-climax. Three other Musicians were booked for the performance; a flautist, a trumpeter and a clarinetist. Luckily they were all amateurs and so could not command a fee. The flautist was able to play the same music as the organ but the Trumpet and Clarinet were in need of some transposition, as were quite a few of the singers! The music had been arranged for these two instruments but did not make it to the assembly. Just as the 'Ruler' was about to commence the proceedings news came that the clarinetist was ill. Alas, as he had the only copy of the transposed music the trumpeter had to join the singers once more. If only you had seen the look on his face.

Throughout this practice we were bashing away at the two Hymns already introduced. Bashing seems to be an appropriate word because during the singing of the second Hymn Mr. Stinson spotted a young lad in the second row with his mouth closed. Knowing the boy was not a ventriloquist he walked from his stand and continued to conduct with the boy's head unfortunately getting in the way of his ruler. This certainly livened up the proceedings and had a number of boys laughing in tune. Mr. May saw the funny side of this incident and was laughing in time but had to be careful that his glasses did not bounce onto the ivory below. By the end of this assembly our first two Hymns were going well and Mr. Stinson was overheard to say, "About another eighteen should keep them at it."

Week four commenced with a full complement of musicians and singers except for one skiver to be mentioned later. This week a new Hymn was introduced but unfortunately Mr. Stinson was not his usual voice due to a heavy streamer (not thrown at him I hope). So it was left to the musicians at the front to give of their best. During the singing of the new Hymn entitled "When the Roll is Called up Yonder" I feel Mr. Stinson must have been taking a mental roll call. He moved over to the door and saw a potential singer hiding outside. At the end of the verse the door opened and the skiving fourth year was marched in. I know this boy is not a keen musician but fancy missing such chances when one is so young.

One last thing I want to mention is that we have now commenced extra singing practices on Friday afternoons for approximately three-quarters-of-an-hour after school. These extra practices, involving both boys and girls have enabled us to learn the songs more quickly. Consequently Taylor House now has quite a repertoire of Hymns. A Bass part for all of the Hymns has now been mastered by the voices in the lower octaves and Mr. Stinson hopes it will not be long before the Alto and Tenor parts can be introduced.

The members of the Bing Bong sing along bid you farewell.

T. May

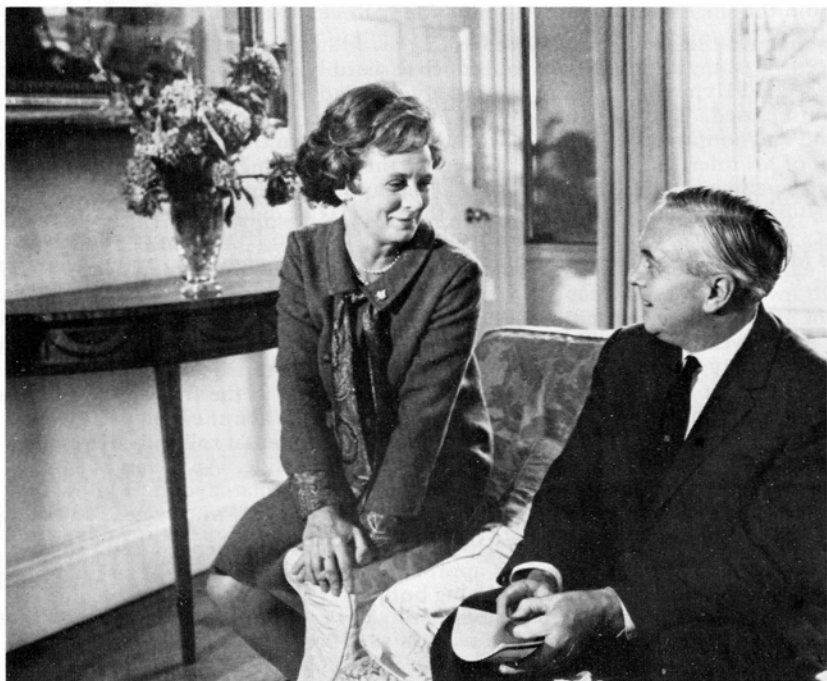
What it Means to Me

Lady Mary Wilson on Poetry

Lady Mary Wilson is the wife of Sir Harold Wilson, Prime Minister of Great Britain from 1964 to 1970 and 1974 to 1976.

Born in Cambridgeshire, Mary Baldwin (the daughter of a minister) married Sir Harold in 1940. She has two sons Giles and Robin. In 1970 her 'Selected Poems' were published. In an age in which poetesses are limited in number Lady Mary's work ranks high.

Since her husband's resignation as Prime Minister, a year ago last month, Lady Wilson has been interviewed in most women magazines and the better daily newspapers. She has never, however, written herself on the great love she has for her favourite pastime, the reading and writing of poetry. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we publish Lady Mary's thoughts on what poetry means to her.



Lady Wilson with Sir Harold, when he was Prime Minister, in one of the Staterooms of 10 Downing Street

If I can write, before I die
One line of purest poetry;
Or crystallize, for all to share
A thought unique, a moment rare
Within one sentence, clear and plain --
Then I shall not have lived in vain.

People often ask me why I write poetry. I suppose one reason may be that when I was a small child I was taken to church every Sunday and consequently came to know the splendid imagery of the Bible, and also, of course, became familiar with the hymns which we sang; many of these are by well-known poets and full of lovely pictures. For instance, these lines by Bishop Heber --

'Holy, Holy, Holy, all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea.'

or from John Greenleaf Whittier --

'I know not where thine islands lift
Their fronded palm in air.'

And so it seemed quite natural to me to try to express my thoughts in verse; and, so far as I remember, I wrote my first poem when I was about six years old.

When I went away to school, there was a rule that we were only allowed to read novels at the weekend, and so of course, I read my set books over and over again. One of these was Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" and I think I still know most of it by heart. If I have a preference it is for writers of country poetry, with descriptions of country scenes -- Keats, Tennyson, Emily Bronte, Thomas Hardy.

And my favourite poem of all? How can one say? It depends on the mood. Sometimes I think it is this extract from "Hassan" by James Elroy Flecker --

"Thy dawn, O Master of the world, they dawn;
The hour the lilies open on the lawn,
The hour the grey wings pass beyond the mountains,
The hour of silence, when we hear the fountains,
The hour that dreams grow brighter, and winds colder
The hour that young love wakes on a white shoulder,
O Master of the world, the Persian Dawn."

or perhaps the poem called "Peace" by Henry Vaughan, which begins --

'My soul, there is a country
Far beyond the stars'

I'm not terribly fond of poetry readings -- I like to read to MYSELF. To sit down in the evening in a quiet room and pick up a poetry book at random and just READ -- to me it is tranquilizing and euphoric at the same time.

I must confess that I am not at home with most modern poetry, which like modern painting, has an entirely new approach. I looked up the definition of poetry in the Oxford Dictionary. It reads --

'Art, work of the poet; elevated expression of elevated thought of feeling in metrical form. Prose poetry -- prose having all the qualities of poetry except metre.'

It's the metre bit that I can't do without.

I am often asked to judge poetry competitions and I always ask for someone else to judge the prose poetry because I haven't the ear for it. I must be quite truthful about this.

Poetry is always with me – when I'm walking or working at home I'm constantly repeating poems to myself or writing my own poetry in my head.

When I write, I don't sit down solemnly with a ream of clean white paper on the desk in front of me and say, "Now I'm going to WRITE". But when I'm walking around or in a train (very good for rhythm) or even going shopping, a couple of lines will swim into my head from nowhere, or as Sir John Betjeman says –

'By kind permission of the Management'

and I have to write them down before I forget them. Then I find I have no paper, no pencil, so many scraps of verse have been written on the back of my cheque book, with an eyebrow pencil. And the maddening thing is that the best lines in the whole poem are those which come from nowhere, with no effort. The rest of the poem has to be worked at, and I put it away, and take it out to add a little, and put it away again. This goes on for weeks until I am satisfied (well no, never completely satisfied) with it but convinced that I can do no more.

'The Treasure', a poem of ten six-line verses, took me nearly a year to finish. I have a folder full of scraps, waiting to be finished. This is the nucleus of a second book which may, or may not, see the light of day. But the greatest satisfaction is in writing it, even if no one ever reads it.

The Reverend Cochrane's Easter Message

Easter is the festival of Christ's resurrection. Prove that Jesus did not rise from the dead on that first Easter day, and you destroy the whole basis of Christianity.

If the Roman civil or military authorities – or the Jewish militants – could have produced the corpse, we should not be celebrating Easter, and Christianity would have fizzled out by 50 AD. Incidentally, it has never been easy to dispose of a body; neither the Romans nor the Jews would have done so, because they needed it to prove that Jesus had not risen. The Christians would not have thought of such deception.

The evidence for the resurrection bears close scrutiny. He was able to enter a locked room without opening door or window, yet he ate and drank. He carried in his hands and feet and side, the marks of the wounds, as the hallmarks of His identity. He was able to appear and disappear, as when He met the men on the road to Emmaeus. Mary Magdalene recognised His voice. Doubting Thomas, instead of making the clinical examination he had demanded, responded to the risen Christ with the greatest words of praise in the whole Bible, "My Lord and my God". Peter, who had three times denied his Lord, was three times restored to his ministry, in a moving encounter which shows Christ's profound understanding of Peter's need.

The small band of disciples, disillusioned and afraid after Good Friday, became transformed after their encounter with the risen Christ. They were caught up in the power of the resurrection, and the quality of their lives – and in many cases, their deaths – was an inspiration to those who would follow them and bear the sufferings of the persecutions of the next two and a half centuries.

The resurrection of Jesus Christ showed that love was stronger than death, suffering, doubt. It placed a new value on human life and gave a new significance to the individual.

We hear much these days about the need to reclaim true values, to regain our integrity, "to stand up and be counted". There is a ready sneer for those who

speak of ideals or faith – but selfishness and greed are ugly brutes which can never be satisfied nor tamed. We have seen a lot of devaluation in recent years, of the individual and society (if you doubt this, consider the evidence for cruelty, violence, crime, alcoholism, drug addition, break down of marriage, psychological and emotional illness, dislocation of relationships etc).

Revaluation is possible because of Easter. The power has not diminished because it is eternal – for it is nothing less than the love of God. We cannot fully understand human love, so we should not expect to understand fully the love of God. We cannot understand the nature and working of the human mind – yet we use it and live with it fairly happily -- so we should expect the mind of God to be a little beyond our comprehension!

Perhaps we need to be quiet and patiently contemplate the joyful mystery of Easter – to let the glory and wonder of it “wash over us and soak into our being.”

A very happy Easter to you all.

Why Defects are splendid people

Defects are really splendid people because they seem to me to be paragons of virtue. Always helpful and courteous, they are ever ready to guide erring members of the lower school. We all know the helpful defects who stand at the school door and gently remind us when we absent mindedly forget to wipe our shoes. They put us at ease when we are found making minor infringements in the school rules, and help us, attempting to increase our knowledge by graciously permitting us to write an interesting essay for them. They are always meticulous and thorough, and set us a perfect example, which we should follow, to the best of our ability. Through their diligence and loyalty to the school, they have a reward, their Common Room, where they can work hard and discuss plans for the improvement of the School, in the comfort they so richly deserve. They are, of course, instrumental in bridging the gap between master and pupil, willingly helping the Headmaster and his colleagues in the establishment of a closer link between them and us.

They also act as a shining example on the playing fields, continually exhorting us, lesser mortals to play hard and well, as they do. Many hearts were thrilled to see the defects march on the football or hockey field to do battle. And how honoured we are when we are chosen to represent the school alongside our heroes. And when, again on the field, they deign to pass the ball to those fortunate enough to be picked, we go into raptures of delight, and endeavour to do our best for our defects.

And on the social side, the defects again set us a shining example, as in activities outside the school walls, they appear in smart school uniform or a well-tailored outfit, never scruffy.

The school is certainly a better place, thanks to defects. Where would we be without their advice and help? – Without doubt, a bunch of scruffy hoodlums and morons. It is the defects who further our knowledge by giving lines and essays to us, thus improving our writing – and we can be happily doing our essay instead of watching T.V. or going out, which is a waste of time.

Three cheers for the Defects!

By “One who has seen the Light”

Unipol

We asked two of last year's upper sixth to write about life at university and polytechnic for us. Here are their contributions.

HOW TO PLAY AT STUDENTS

Once upon a time some boys and girls sat down in school halls to write about things which they had learned for a long time at school. They quickly forgot all these things but people at universities were pleased with some of them because they had written down good, clever things that summer. These boys and girls were told,

"Well done. Because you have remembered clever things, you can come and learn to be even cleverer at a Higher Education Establishment. Here you will be known as students and if you write down more clever things, in a few years we will give you a degree".

The boys and girls were very excited and soon they were whisked away to all parts of the country to become students. They came to places where there were many buildings in which there were students already learning to be clever at different things. They found that they had to listen to older clever beings called 'lecturers' who often talked of things which they didn't understand. They had to learn to be proper students because there were right and wrong ways of going about it.

As students, life was different from what it had been at schools from which the boys and girls had come. Now they could stay in bed all day if they wanted to and have fun spending money given to them by kind people back home. Others worked very hard and listened to the lecturers but some worked too hard and became fed up and gave up. The best students worked hard but also found time to do other things which they enjoyed and these students always did the best in summer when they had to write down the clever things they had learned.

The students were very lucky because they were at a place where old, wise people taught them how to be clever at different things and there were chances to do other things which made them happy. Amongst the buildings was one called the 'Union' where the students went to drink and have fun. Beer was sold there, cheaper than in the pubs, but this didn't affect those like me who don't drink beer?!? The students who had been there for a long time arranged lots of nice things for everyone to do and new students were told not to be apathetic but were asked to join in with activities as well as to do some work so that they would keep happy.

Many students lived a long way from home so they had to live in new places. Some lived near the place where they worked in buildings called 'Halls of Residence'. Here they each had a room to work and sleep in, and they went to the Union and other places with friendly students who lived in the halls. Others went to live with a family in houses called 'Digs' which were sometimes a long way from their place of work. Some students like these places best and didn't mind travelling in to work each day.

Most of the students found their new life good fun and even their work interested them. They learned things they wanted to know and read about things which the lecturers had talked about, which they didn't understand. It was easy enough to find time to work and to have fun, and the students who could do this did

very well and were given a degree. A few found that they couldn't work enough or wanted to do something else so they went home again and did something completely different.

As time sped by the boys and girls became better students and later would become older, wiser people who knew a bit about life and a lot about their work. They were the ones who had worked hard and enjoyed themselves and they were always happy to tell boys and girls who wanted to follow them in their tracks the best way to get on so that they too may be good students and become clever and one day even get one of those things called a 'Degree' which everyone seemed to talk about.

P.S.

What is one of those things anyway?

Grahame Hackney, University of Dundee

"LIFE AT A POLYTECHNIC" OR "HOW TO LOSE WEIGHT WITHOUT TRYING"

For the last four months since I left the ex- B.G.H.S. I have been attending Sheffield City Polytechnic, affectionately known as 'the Poly'. One's first impression of this 'institution' was of something functional rather than artistic, in design more suited to a block of offices than a seat of learning – but, nevertheless, imposing. Situated in the centre of the city, opposite the railway station, there are three multi-stories together with smaller peripheral blocks, one of which is Dyson House where I do all my studying (well, I have to say that because it sounds good).

I remember that very first day when we had to enrol and there were approximately 2000 people milling about the sixth floor of the 12-storey block. It all seemed so strange, and it was so easy to feel that you would never belong among all these strangers who seemed to know each other. However, I soon found out that nearly everybody that day was in the same boat as myself (sinking fast?), so several of us decided to get lost together as we set out to look for the room in which we were to receive our first lecture. *Mirabile dictu*, we found it.

On my particular course there are about ninety students, seventy of whom are *boys* (that's Business Studies, Sheffield Poly, girls!). We all have lectures together in enormous lecture theatres but we also have seminars when we are divided into much smaller groups to work on lecture notes or have discussions. As a consequence of this it is the people in your own seminar group that you come to know best – which is maybe just as well as I'll have to put up with them for the next four years!

One of the great things about the Poly is the relaxed atmosphere with the lecturers and tutors who really do go out of their way to be friendly and helpful. The atmosphere is obviously – perhaps, of necessity, – very different to that of school. We are treated as adults and it is left to us whether we do the work or not. However, a word of warning! Those students who do not pass the first year Exams, are not permitted to continue with the course. Another thing that surprised me was the fact that the other students were all perfectly normal. I think we have been conditioned into stereotyping students as long-haired layabouts with drug and drinking problems, dressed in filthy jeans, and having no respect for rules either legal or moral. They are not like that at all.

You know, meeting new people can be fun, especially if you are living in a Hall of Residence with a lot of people, both boys and girls, with whom you can make fun of the terrible food (cf. sub-title), the uncomfortable beds or the way your room pounds at one o'clock in the morning as the bloke in the room below plays the WHO with full bass. You have to learn to accept a certain loss of privacy (I was rather disconcerted at first to find that we had uni-sex toilets), to make the effort always to be friendly, even when you feel like telling them all where to go!

Obviously there is plenty of night life in Sheffield. There are discos into which students are admitted, on certain nights of the week, free! There is also a Beirkeller where you can have a highly amusing evening if a crowd goes, the city hall for first-rate orchestra concerts, and many other fantastic facilities. Now, all I have to get used to is being called 'duck' — it has been raining a lot!

Taken all in all, though homesickness can be a little overpowering at first, I like my Poly life and can certainly recommend it to all of you.

Maria Llewellyn

Mark Lancaster: His Verse

No school magazine would be complete without some verse. The difficult problem is selecting something comprehensible for the average reader. Mark Lancaster's work is to be respected here. It is sensitive but not over emotional, succinct and topical. Here are three of his poems dealing with love, death and war. They may be 'hard going' for the Lower School but for the vast majority of us understanding should come easily.

Chris Chubbuk

July 1974 — The thirty year old American TV announcer Chris Chubbuk gave the routine announcements for her station in Sarasota, Florida. At the end of the few sentences she said, "What you are now going to see you have certainly never seen before." and fired a bullet into her head. She died from her injuries 24 hours later.

Where was i
the night you turned out your life
like a light?
your heart may have snapped
like the string of a harp
but i will always admire you
for your unfailing nerve
i suppose the nerve
is really what i lack
i only wish
i could have known you
i could have shared
in the mighty burden
upon your back
instead of sitting here

writing posthumous tributes
but what more can i do?
i could have said
"She was a crazy
mixed up kid"
or maybe
"She had so many problems
you know"
but i don't know
and i wish i did
the worst part is
that when you died
i didn't even know
you had ever been alive.

You, Me and World War Three

Desert plants won't grow
in the frozen wastes —
and the snow lies thick
around here
lizards don't live
where the sun never shines —
and things
are pretty dark now.

Don't joke
about world war three
it could happen to you
or me
when the bombs
start to fall
you won't feel
like having a ball
you won't feel
like dancing
and singing
and ringing
the bells
not at all
Not at all
so don't joke
about world war three
if you value
your liberty
remember you're young
and healthy
and british
and white
and most of all —
most of all
free . . .



If I Said I loved You

If I said I loved you
Would you laugh in my face?
Would it turn you off completely
Or would your pulse begin to race?

If I said I loved you
Would it cut you dead?
Would you slap my face hard
Or leap into my bed?

If I said I loved you
Would you smile and blush
Would you snarl "So what?"
Or leave the house in a rush?

If I said I loved you
And gave you all that I could give
Would you stay and make me happy
For as long as I live?

The Autograph Kid

and only Her Majesty can escape his clutches

'The Briggensian' looks at Simon Church, the lively lad of 2L, who has Prime Minister Callaghan, Margaret Thatcher, James Hunt and television's 'George and Mildred', just where he wants them.

Simon Church started to collect autographs only a few months ago and it has turned into his favourite hobby. After seeing one of the BBC's Swap Shop programmes, in which a collector of autographs was featured, Simon felt he would have a go. He feels that he will never tire of it because "the autographs could become valuable one day."



Simon with Mrs. Thatcher, very appropriately, in his right hand and footballer Kevin Keegan in his left

To obtain an autograph he usually writes to comics, television companies, theatres and the House of Commons. From 'Shoot' he received Kevin Keegan's signature. Angela Rippon, and the presenters of 'Maggie' and 'Blue Peter', have all provided their autographs for Simon from their place of work. Cilla Black and Jimmy Tarbuck are next on Simon's list and it is to London theatres, where these artists are now working, that Simon turns. As for the House of Commons, our second year found Mrs. Thatcher a problem and a half. "I was determined to add her signature to my collection but it needed the 'Sunday People' newspaper to help me out in the end."

In answer to Simon's first letter, Mrs. Susanna Burr of Mrs. Thatcher's Private Office, was pleased to pass onto him an autographed card. The autographed card was not included in with her reply. Simon sent another letter. Mrs. Burr apologised. This time she enclosed the card but no autograph was on it. Although upset by this chapter of incidents, Simon's determination to secure the assistance of a journalist, Mr. Mervyn Pamment of the 'Sunday People'. He contacted Mr. Derek Howe, another member of Mrs. Thatcher's Private Office. Success. Not only did he receive the autograph but also a rather flattering photograph of the Opposition Leader. Says Simon, "I hope Mrs. Thatcher's Shadow Cabinet is better organised than her Private Office."

There is no doubt at all that Simon enjoys this hobby. His latest desire is to obtain the Goodies' autographs but in the strangest of ways. He has written to Jim'll Fix It to ask if he can have a ride on their tandem. If this materialises he intends to obtain their autographs at the same time. What a lad!

The New Computer Terminal

1. From the Lower Sixth

The arrival of the computer terminal in May last year has brought a new venture to the school.

The terminal is linked via the G.P.O. telephones network to the County computer at Hull and runs on a timesharing system i.e. we share it with some other schools in Humberside.

It is used by pupils of all years along with some from the Vale of Ancholme School, and has formed the basis of a Friday afternoon's Activities Group in the lower school. There are also a sixth form study group for all sixth formers studying Mathematics and a Sixth form General Studies group for those interested in computing, but studying other subjects.

For the first time in the history of the school, four students in the lower sixth are attempting an O level examination in Computer Studies, in June this year.

The department has had built for it a small room in which the terminal is housed along with a fair stock of textbooks.

We hope that more pupils will become interested in what has already become part of our everyday lives and take advantage of the tremendous opportunities our new school is offering.

Nicholas Willerton and Keith Birkitt L.6

2. From the Upper Sixth

The advent of the Spring term saw the arrival of the Computer Link and Teletype and its installation in the Old Physics Laboratory Preparation Room. Under guidance, a few intrepid members of the Sixth Form Mathematics and Science groups battled to overcome the teething troubles of this latest piece of school equipment.

However early problems were quickly overcome and very soon we were regularly going "on — line", and putting programs through the computer, primarily using the computer language Basic, and more recently Fortran.

Since our change to a Comprehensive school, pupils from the Vale of Ancholme School have also come to use the link, as have more female members of the Sir John Nelthorpe School.

David R. Kent, U.6.

3. . . . and from the Staff point of view

The great adventure began last May. For about four years previously three or four dedicated staff had been preparing themselves with courses and background work and had taught computer appreciation and programming in Activities, General Studies and Sixth Form Science Minority Studies. In 1975 we convinced the new county that they had been wrong in not allocating us one of the original terminals, and we owe the County Mathematics Advisor, Mr. Noddings, our gratitude for accepting our case, as a result of which we were one of the first schools to go onto the new Honeywell County Computer installed at Hull in April 1975.

The terminal arrived in May and after a false start when it failed to match the Post Office equipment and had to be exchanged, our first successful program ran on 12th May, followed by our first successful storage of a program in the computer's memory banks the week after. The problems anticipated with a sophisticated piece of electronic equipment linked to an equally new computer at Hull were overcome surprisingly rapidly. After five weeks of nail-biting during which neither we nor the County had managed to get Honey to accept a tape made off-line (i.e. outside the six hours a week when we are linked to the computer by telephone) we managed this on 18th June, thus making our tape preparation much more efficient.

My clearest memory of this period was the occasion when I was intercepted in the evening in the school corridor whilst picking up some marking by the Head, who wanted an impromptu demonstration for the Chairman of the Governors and half that august body. The new terminal had arrived after school the same day and had yet to have current fed through it; worse still, I was wearing my gardening clothes (I cannot remember whether this included the trousers with the seat out). Incredibly, somehow, we made the new machine go.

By the start of the 1976—7 academic year the terminal was performing well, and we were performing. By now the County had constructed its cubicle round it, and we had storage space as well. I had been in touch with the Cambridge Examinations Syndicate for some time, and when they finally introduced a Computer Studies 'O' level I challenged the keenest of my Lower Sixth group to do a two year 'O' level course in one year.

It will be in the finest traditions of Nelthorpe that four boys, Nicholas Willerton, Brian Cook, Keith Birkitt, and Stephen Pape, accepted the challenge. This may still be thwarted, as it includes heavy coursework and a project which depend on

on-line terminal facilities which any moderately lengthy terminal or computer breakdown, or even lack of access, would sabotage. However by February the noble band had ploughed through a year and a half's coursework in just over a term, doing most of the terminal work in out-of-school hours.

In November, observing some similarity between coursework, I stipulated that less than four boys should be on the terminal together . . .

In December still not satisfied, I stipulated that only two should be on the terminal together . . .

In January, I stipulated only one should be on the terminal together . . .

In February, they said they could not do coursework no. 8!

Joking apart, if 'O' level awards were within my power, the Magnificent Four would all receive one, and I understand that I am not noted down the school for my philanthropy.

On January 24th, this year, we ran and stored our first program in the scientific language FORTRAN. We have also accessed the libraries of stored standard programs at Grimsby and Hull. These programs include disciplines other than Mathematics – Geography, Physics, the sciences generally, etc. Our Physics Department have already used the terminal and I hope that other departments will take advantage of the link as soon as possible. We have plotted graphs on the terminal and developed more complex techniques. In January we ran a program which automatically called up a second stored program used it, then did further work on its results. Our newest milestone was reached in February, when County Management Services confirmed that we had become one of the few Humberside schools to use up all our storage space in the computer. We are now having to erase our older programs in order to store new ones.

There can be few schools, even among those boasting a terminal, blessed with four members of staff teaching computing in three different computer languages to forms varying between the First and the Upper Sixth. The future bodes well for computing and the Sir John Nelthorpe School.

P. Page

Unforgettable Howlers

Assembled below are a collection of favourite howlers made by past pupils of the grammar and high schools. All are genuine gems told to 'The Briggensian' by both staff and the erring pupils themselves.

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I" means, as far as I can see, that Shakespeare was fond of honey too.

A fanfare is a roundabout with trumpets.

To be a good nurse you must be absolutely sterile.

There seems reason to hope that in the near future there will be enough unemployment for everyone.

Bridge is a modern game which must be played with intensity or abandon. It started as a card game.

The Great Plague was a serious illness which began as a swelling under the left arm and eventually spread all over Europe.

Some girls grow up into lovely women and others become school teachers.

Euphemism is a thing which is not done by people, e.g, bow-wow, cock-a-doodle, or mew.

With what do you connect Lord Baden-Powell? A hyphen.
 The Thames has been called liquid history because of the deposits from Parliament.
Coup de grâce. A lawn-mower.
 The pilot saved his life by jumping out with a parasite.
 About this time King Henry went mad and bore a son.

How to Discover a Person's Age

Let the person put down the number of the month in which he was born, i.e. January is 1, February 2, March 3, April 4, etc. Double this number, and add 5. Multiply by 50. Add the age the person was last birthday. Subtract 365. Add 115. He must then tell you the numbers that are left as a result of the whole sum. If there are 2 numbers, the last will be the age of the person and the first the month in which he was born. If there are three numbers, the last 2 will be his age and the first will be the month. If there are 4 numbers, the last 2 will be his age, and the first 2 will be the month.

Born in July	7	
Multiply by 2	14	
Add 5	19	
Multiply by 50	950	
Add age, e.g. 16	966	
Subtract 365	601	
Add 115	716	Result: July (7) Aged 16

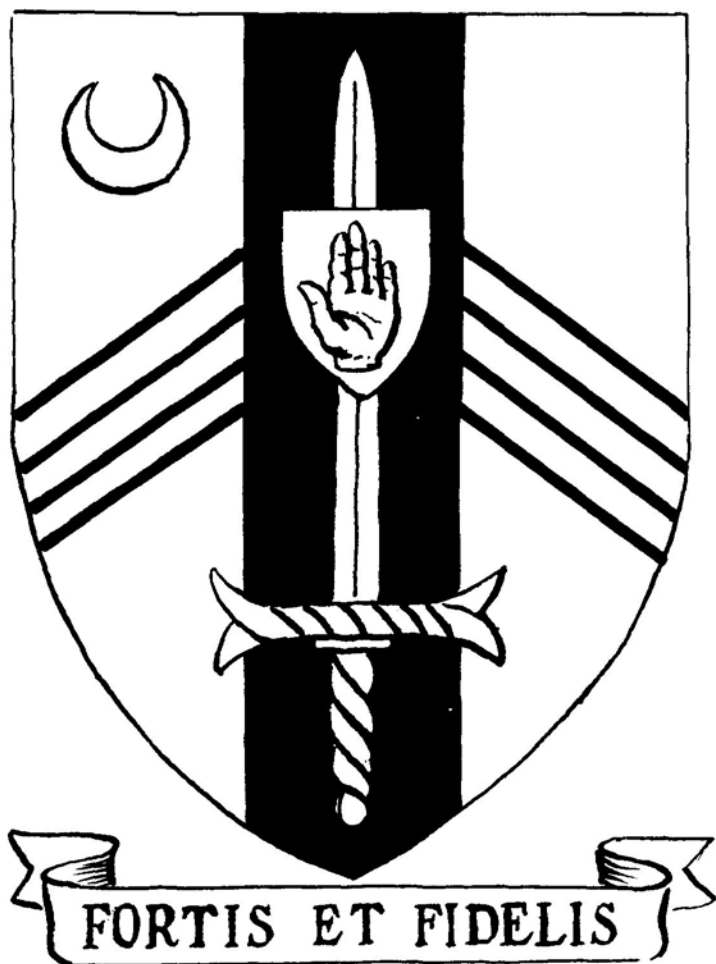
Jonathan Cheeseman. 3rd Year

Daft Definitions

<i>Astronomer</i>	A night watchman.
<i>Depth</i>	Height turned upside down.
<i>Archaeologist</i>	A man whose career lies in ruins.
<i>Bacteria</i>	The rear entrance to a cafeteria.
<i>Skeleton</i>	Someone inside out with his outside off.
<i>Psychiatrist</i>	A man who doesn't have to worry as long as other people do.
<i>A caterpillar</i>	An upholstered worm.
<i>Undercover agent</i>	A spy in bed.
<i>Etiquette</i>	Saying 'No, thank you' when you want to say yes.
<i>Sick reptile</i>	Illigator.
<i>Icicle</i>	Eavesdropper.
<i>Mosquito</i>	A flying hypodermic needle.
<i>Conference</i>	A meeting of the bored.
<i>Suit of armour</i>	Knightgown.
<i>Rubber gloves</i>	Things you can put on and then wash your hands without getting them wet.
<i>Cannibal</i>	A person who is fed up with people.

Contributions from first year girls

Sir John Nelthorpe School



Our new school coat of arms expertly drawn by Mr. Ramsay.

Heads Together

September 1976 saw the coming together of our two schools and the beginning of the Sir John Nelthorpe School.

As the first head boy and girl of the school, we have spent much of our time discussing what role the 6th. form should play in the school and what changes should take place. We have amalgamated our 6th. form council/senate and the boys and girls of this council have organised two main events, firstly the 1st. year party and secondly, the 6th. form and staff dance.

The 1st. year party proved to be very enjoyable and enlightening for all concerned. After numerous meetings (and arguments) with the 1st. year council, we managed to come to some agreements and we had the best party we have ever had. The girls stayed at one end of the room for the first thirty minutes, screaming at the thought of sitting on a boy's knee (the 6th. form girls had already sat down, squashing the poor boys underneath).

The most favourite game for the 1st. years was 'Whacko' – with the poor 6th. formers being attacked by the 1st. years brandishing rolls of paper and gritting their teeth; it didn't look much fun to us.

The 6th. form and staff dance was another 'extremely well' organised event with the staff eating too much and the 6th. formers drinking too much.

Perhaps the worst experience for Richard, as the Head Boy, was when he seconded the vote of thanks at the last Grammar School Speech day. It must have been the most practised, most nervous and shortest two sentences ever spoken. Fortunately for both of us the 1st. year party fell on the same night as the Christmas Carol Service and so we both escaped readings from the Bible.

The thing Julie hates most about being the Head Girl is shouting at the girls in morning assembly, telling them to be quiet. With everyone around you saying 'You're the head girl, tell them to shut up', you have no choice but to shout. The first years don't hear. The second years think 'Oh God! Not her again' and the rest of the school just laugh.

We expect that 1977 will bring many more changes but, with comments like, 'Julie, get that Grammar School scarf round Richard Cook's neck' – Mr. Page; and, 'Even if your scarf is the correct colours, HORIZONTAL STRIPES are strictly forbidden' – Mrs. Craig; it looks as if some things will never change!

Richard Cook and Julie Dent

The Sir John Nelthorpe School

Scout Troop

The Scouts started 1977 with the ranks very much depleted due to the loss of five fifth year boys who have moved on to the Venture Unit. One of these boys, John Ibbotson, gained his Chief Scout's Award shortly before leaving and this is the first time a member of the Troop has achieved such an award for at least six years.

The past year has been a very eventful one for the Troop. There were two weekend camps at Scawby Woods and the summer camp was held at Hathersage in Derbyshire. One of the weekend camps was to mark the Official Opening of

the Scawby Woods Camp Site and we are very grateful to Colonel Nelthorpe for his interest in Scouting and his generosity in allowing his land to be used.

The summer camp will be remembered by all, especially by one member of the fifth year who shall remain anonymous. He walked round the wrong side of a tractor and inadvertently stepped into six inches of manure. Unfortunately we were unable to canoe at camp due to the drought. Our plans for this year's summer camp have not been finalized but we hope to camp in North Wales, where unless there is another drought, we should be able to canoe.

After another successful year, I would like to thank on behalf of the Troop, Mr. Walker for the thought and time he has given to planning and supervising the Troop's activities. We are also indebted to those who supply the background support, without which the Troop could not function successfully.

R. J. Price 4th year

Activities Afternoon

'Though this may be play to you, 'tis death to us.'

Sir Roger L'Estrange. 1690

At the end of the Christmas term many staff of the Sir John Nelthorpe School would have agreed with Sir Roger's comment. Dissatisfaction with the way Activities Afternoon was being organised and the dreary offers being presented to the children were the greatest grievances. Fortunately, when the moment of decision as to whether Activities Afternoon should continue or not arrived, many staff remained undecided. They gave the impression that improvements were highly necessary if this once a fortnight occurrence was to be of any use. The improvements have been only too obvious this term. Never before has there been such a wide choice of interests for the pupil to occupy himself with for the last 75 minutes of a Friday afternoon. For the time being, therefore, it would seem that Activities Afternoon will continue. A question mark will, however, always hang over it. The aim of this article is to look at the Lower School Activities Afternoon from a neutral standpoint. We will take you on a tour around the school telling you the activities available, we will listen to pupil's comments and hear of Mr. Jackson's hopes for a continually expanding and developing activities afternoon. Finally we publish the first Sir John Nelthorpe Opinion Poll.

In Room 18 Field Marshall David Rawlins is having a hard time looking after his privates. His general, David Scott, is on sick leave and the war game being played is tense. Field Marshall Rawlins sighs. "The trouble is they still want to play rather than resort to strategy." War is a game to these boys and girls. Mrs. Meiris looks on. "They enjoy themselves much," she says. The battle continues to rage.

Mrs. Condon is not enjoying herself in room 17. Nobody will play a game with her. "I must admit to being a little bored," she states. This is the setting of Indoor Games. Master-mind, Battleship, Snakes and Ladders and Subuteo Football are on offer. Paul Soulby makes it quite clear that he would prefer indoor games to Chemistry any day. For young Richardson Activities means making new friends. "I have never spoken to this boy before but we are getting along fine." From Tony Church we are told quite clearly that if activities ceased, "I would put up a protest, I would."



*After five hilarious attempts to hit the ball into the net success came through Mr. Rivron.
Only the goalkeeper could not find the situation amusing*

In the boys' gym, Badminton and Trampolining are taking place. Stephen Welsh certainly knows how to bring the sweat to Mr. Mailing's forehead. Laura Wilkinson is thoroughly enjoying herself. She giggles on hearing Ruth Pottage's comment about what she would do if activities was to go. "I don't like work so I would sit and gaze out of the window."

Burton the Bouncer entertains both boys and girls on the trampoline. Sharon Bemrose looks quite taken aback. The way Mr. Burton does his Barani amazes her and Jane Fox. Timothy Wright gives a sly grin as if to say, "If you gave me half a chance I would do exactly the same as you and try to do it better."

The brains of the first three years are with Mr. Stinson in room 6 involved in basic computer work. In room 3 Mr. Jackson is keeping a careful eye on this term's smallest activity – the stamp club. The really big occasion for the three boys this term was when Mr. Levitt brought along his prize collection of Elizabethan stamps to show them.

An awful noise comes from the music room. "It sounds like a dying lion fighting a wild cat," comments one teacher. In here Mr. Willoughby has a motley crew of recorder and percussion players. Improvement is slow but is coming. The only other activity on the old grammar school site is rambling with Mrs. Jefferson. Although no athlete, our Geography teacher has enough stamina to out ramble many an athletic first year.

Trudging in the direction of the former high school, Mr. Rivron's Hockey team cannot be missed. It is a cold afternoon. Many of the lads wish, for perhaps the first time, that they were as well padded as Anthony Brooks. I wonder whether

they should be handling their sticks like that? Jonathan Gaunt seems to think that he is playing Golf and Andreas King appears to be hitting everything but the ball.

Only the first year girls are involved in activities this year. Those not already accounted for can be found doing either Modelling or Drama. For Mrs. Taylor this fortnightly session means "... hard work. I never have a minute to myself. It is the most demanding lesson for me." But she is enjoying herself. So is Mrs. Russell who assists Mrs. Taylor. "I enjoy patchwork and, as this is what I am doing with these girls, I feel they are learning from me. Surely that is worthwhile?" Modelling, incidentally, is the only activity where there is an equal number of girls and boys taking part.



Louise Oates and Helen Dixon find Activities Afternoon pleasant, enjoyable and relaxing

Next door Miss Aldcroft is doing Drama. In their spare time the girls are reading 'Alice in Wonderland'. Scenes will be chosen to dramatise. By the time the magazine comes out they will have hopefully rewritten the chosen scenes and dramatised them. The girls are enjoying themselves but is Stephen Gorwood? He is the only lad. He certainly has my sympathy, if he wants it.

Finally, I ought to mention Mrs. Law. Strolling through Brigg with a rather dishevelled looking bunch of pupils, she is preparing her group's assault on the Leisure Centre. With Peter Massarella as mascot the Centre quickly surrenders to the fortnightly invasion.

Mr. Jackson was approached and asked to comment on Activities afternoon. Many questions were put to him. What follows is a linking of all his comments into one speech.

"I have never been opposed to the principle of Activities Afternoon although in the past I have felt the organisation could be better. It is good of you to do a feature on this for 'The Briggensian'. Although I am not in favour of school magazines I will be interested to read your report. I would never support an attempt to bring an end to activities. Indeed it can only expand. Eventually I hope both boys and girls in the first three years will take part. It is not a waste of time. Many of the staff involved are very knowledgeable and keen on their activity. The children are learning all the time and enjoying themselves after a hard fortnight's work. In some cases, notably war games, the teacher is learning from the pupils, who are running this activity very well by themselves. It is interesting that the staff who grumble about activities are the ones who never involve themselves in it. If there is one thing you can definitely quote me as saying that is that activities afternoon should not only continue but also develop."

THE SIR JOHN NELTHORPE PUPIL OPINION POLL ON ACTIVITIES AFTER-NOON

1. Do you feel activities afternoon is worthwhile?
YES 90%. NO 8%. NOT SURE 2%
2. Do you feel that you are falling back on some school work when activities afternoon replaces the normal lessons you should have?
YES 12%. NO 88%.
3. Would you like to see activities afternoon once a week instead of once a fortnight?
YES 46%. NO 52%. NOT SURE 2%
4. Are you satisfied with the activities on offer?
YES 78%. NO 20%. NOT SURE 2%.
5. If any attempt was made to end activities afternoon would you approve?
YES 8%. NO 92%.

There is no need to offer any further comment on these results. They speak for themselves.

M. Levitt

Chess Club

The resignation of the Chess Club's inspiration and driving force marks the end of a distinguished era. Mr. Stinson is to be thanked for the work and time he has selflessly contributed to the running of the club and the team. Into the breach was thrust the short arm of the law, and under the new management, the Chess Club continues to flourish in Room 11 of the Upper School. The school tournaments were well supported with the following emerging triumphantly to collect their generous prizes.

Junior – James Johnson. *Intermediate* – Peter Shreeve. *Senior* – H. Bears.

The Chess Team has had a successful campaign on the whole, winning eight friendlies, losing three with one drawn.

OPONENTS	RESULT	SCORE
Louth	W	4½-1½
Boston G. S.	W	4-2
Sleaford G.S.	L	2½-3½
Lincoln C.	W	3½-2½
Branston	W	5-1
Lincoln C.	D	3-3
Sleaford	L	2-4
Branston	W	6-0
Louth	W	5½-1½
Sleaford	L	2-4
Lincoln C.	W	4½-1½

SUNDAY TIMES COMPETITION

Matthew Humberstone	W	6-0
Wintringham A.	L	2½-3½

So despite the tremendous boost in our morale following the 6-0 annihilation of Matthew Humberstone in the first round, our Sunday Times ambitions were checked by a strong Wintringham team although the performance was not our best.

On a wider front, our now annual raid on the Lincolnshire Championship resulted in Dave Seed capturing a runners-up medallion in the Under 19 section. Rumour has it that Batty won the Scunthorpe and District Lightening Chess Tournament.

The Sicilian Dragon and an anonymous Pawn Pusher

Boys Trounced by Girls!

Our new first year boys suffered a tremendous and unexpected defeat at the end of the Christmas term. They took a hammering from an inexperienced girls' side. Their morale shattered, Joanne Barker was determined to make the boys remember this match for many years to come. She put pen to paper and came up with this.

The whistle blows.
 The game is on its way.
 The girls get the ball and kick it away
 Up to the goal where one of the boys stands.
 Julie scores a goal.
GREAT!
 The boys cheer the girls because they know we will win.
 After a while the whistle blows half time.
 We now swap ends.
 The whistle blows again and off we go
 Up to the end where I stand in goal.
 A boy kicks the ball and I hit it with my arm.
 I've saved a goal.
 But straight away the ball comes back
 And into the net.
 Oh what a shame!
 The match soon ends
 Two one to the girls.
HOORAY.



Three of the Best

The best writing to
come out of the new
school in recent months.

The Unexpected Visitor

A long stringy green tendril extended towards the fast setting form of Theon, the third satellite of the planet. Already, night had started to set in, but the red and purple sky still held up.

Soon, the atmosphere of poisonous gas would descend and the planet's seventh sector would once again belong to the vegetation. The paths, which only a few hours previously had been clear, were once again overgrown. In the undergrowth, a late returning creature squealed in the grip of a tendril from a carnivorous Fljak-plant.

In a slight clearing not far away, another creature scrambled towards safety. It was a man, desperately forcing his way through the brush of plants. His clothes were in rags, and several red weal marks showed on his body where the lashing roots of the Fljak had caught him by surprise. Already the anaesthetic from the roots was numbing his limbs, but desperately he pushed on. In the middle of the clearing, he rested for a while. It was a mistake. Soon the creeping tendrils had him caught at the knees, neck and chest. After a perfunctory struggle, he gave up and allowed himself to be flung on his face and dragged backwards over the root-riddled ground.

Something he saw there, though, filled him with a new fury and strength. He squirmed and kicked and fought for a respite, and then, when he was about to give up once again, his scrabbling fingers found a hold on a metallic rim set in the earth.

Instantly, he began beating upon the area of ground within that rim. Already, the digestive juices of the Fljak had dissolved halfway through the soles of his boots. Now his fingers were a bloody mess, half caked in earth, and with the knuckle-bones exposed. His will was not much left, nearly completely broken. He allowed a scream to part from his lips as his flesh dissolved from his toes.

Suddenly, the panel upon which he was beating opened, and he allowed his torso to fall into the newly opened abyss beneath him. With a final superhuman effort, he wrenched the rest of his body from the grip of the plant, and fell into the pit thankfully. The last he remembered was a view of the panel sliding back over him, and then he blanked out.

When he came to he was on his back staring out through a window of six metre thick glass. He was inside the burrow of an outpost sentinel, with a good view of the sky and vegetation of a planet. There was a cough and he turned his head. In the corner of the sparsely furnished observation room stood one of the two sentinels whom he had come to seek. The sentinel came over to him. "Why have you come?" he asked. An official question. "You must be mad to attempt to reach here in the evening!" The unofficial follow up.

"How long have I been here?" groaned the visitor. His host turned away. "About five hours."

Already the sky was darker. Whisps of red smoke drifted in front of the window, as the poisonous gasses of the stratosphere descended to the planet surface. It would be suicide to attempt the journey back now. He slid off the couch. "There will be an eclipse of the static reactor satellite Ardagnor at nightfall," he said thickly. "The transfer reactor in this sector is precisely half of one kilometre into the shadow of the dead satellite Phonor. The planet reactor must be moved before nightfall."

The sentinel turned again. "You know, of course, that oxygen masks in this area are prohibited," he enquired. Silently his visitor nodded his affirmation.

"It is only thirty-two minutes until nightfall," continued the sentinel, "and the atmosphere outside is hostile now."

"Yes," sighed the stranger, "but unless the reactor is moved, the planet has but two day cycles left in existence. Someone has to move it." He walked towards the entrance chamber. "I cannot hope to return alive," he said quietly, and opened the hatch.

The sentinel dropped his eyes for a moment, and then raised them again. He put out his hand. "Give me your name," he said, "that your deeds should not be forgotten." They shook hands. "Amegnomon III," said the visitor, saluted, and carried his burden carefully out through the opened hatch onto the surface of the planet, through the sleeping vegetation into the choking purple air of the still planet, into the wilderness outside.

Hamish Ramsay

Drawing to illustrate Hamish Ramsay's story by Margaret Haines

Messing About in Boats

It is easy to imagine a 1920 riverside scene, isn't it? From photographs and films we can conjure up a pretty picture of water, boats and young couples. The picture I conjure up is this:

It was a warm, sunny afternoon in July 1925. As usual the river was littered with boats of all shapes and sizes, but the most common water vessel of them all was the punt. The punt proved ideal for the courting of college boys and girls. If it was a nice day with a hot sun, what better than a row on the river? This was the attitude of all the college students, and they all decked out in colourful dress; with red and white striped jackets; white trousers and bowler hats; and the girls in frilly dresses, big floppy hats and carrying lace parasols.

Yes, one can picture a happy, pleasant scene, with the sound of laughter and music ringing merrily around you. But within every happy scene looms the face of disaster. In this scene disaster was in the form of Edward Bingley, a nice amiable chap, with black curly hair and blue eyes. Edward had never punted before, but he had foolishly bragged to a girl, who had always been the apple of his eye, that he was an expert in the art of punting. The outcome of this was that he had himself been roped into taking this girl for a punt on the river. The day he had chosen to take her happened to be today, and soon the peaceful river scene changed.

Somehow Edward had managed to launch the punt, and he was happily punting in the middle of the river. Lesley-Anne, his present heartthrob, was sitting pretty at one end of the punt, smiling encouragingly up at him, one hand running through the water, the other holding on to her pink hat.

It just so happened that the college master of English happened to go fishing that day, and he was enjoying a peaceful pipe while he kept a careful eye on the float bobbing up and down in the water. He was blissfully happy and in complete ignorance of what was going on around him. Suddenly a shout rang in the air.

“Sir! Sir!” Edward Bingley was fast approaching his English professor-or rather his punt was.

The English professor stood up in alarm, hands waving, boat wobbling, and pipe and float bobbing about in the water.

Well you can guess what happened next. Amid alarm and confusion, Bingley’s boat came out quite alright, but the prof’s boat was worse off.

“Get out of the way, you fool.” The professor was panicking, very much now. But his cries were unheard. Bingley came crashing into his boat, quite unable to steer the punt. The English prof. fell head first into the water, followed shortly by rod and boat, which was now upside down, and had a cocky sparrow sitting on it.

Well, I can tell you that after that incident Bingley was never again in the English professor’s good books.

After going through that disaster, Bingley was quite unnerved, and he could tell that Lesley-Anne was not impressed. During the next anxious minutes while Bingley was at the helm, Lesley-Anne sat in constant fear. “Never again”, she thought, “never again”.

Suddenly a loud voice came booming over a hailer.

“Come in number seven, your time is up”. After a slight pause came the words, “That’s you Bingley”. Bingley’s face showed his worry. It was full of tension. His eyes were wide, his mouth open, his hands clutching the pole.

“Lesley-Anne, help me. How do I steer this thing back?”

“You mean you don’t know?”

“Well, erm, yes, I suppose so”.

With these astonishing facts put before her, Lesley-Anne had hysterics, and then in sheer alarm, fainted.

Well, what happens next is too miserable for words, but if you use you imagination you will be able to gather the awful facts.

To put it mildly, what followed was a disaster of the first rate. Bingley, you remember, was an inexperienced punter, if you’ll pardon the expression, who just had an unconscious girl in his punt. Well, in his alarm, Bingley, just happened to let go of the pole. It drifted away out of reach. Bingley was even more helpless. In desperation he reached over to try and retrieve it. He failed and very romantically-fell in the river, along with Lesley-Anne and the rest of the articles in the punt.

I think it would be wise to leave this scene at this point. But, poor Bingley obtained nothing from the episode but a cold. He certainly learned never to try messin’ about in boats again.

Caroline Marris



The Deserted Church

The heavy iron gate creaked as I pushed it open. I walked through the gate into the churchyard, my feet making a loud crunching sound on the sandy-coloured pebbles. As I walked towards the church I looked around me. The grass of the churchyard was untidy and had grown very tall. The plants in the flower beds were choked by a mass of weeds which strangled the other plants as they clawed their way towards the sky. The gravestones were in no better state than the grass. The grey stone had crumbled and flaked easily when touched, a sorry reminder of the storms of days gone by. I continued along the path until I came to the church itself. The brickwork had crumbled away and was in general bad repair. Several of the stained-glass windows were broken, sordidly patched up with cardboard.



I turned the brass handle on the heavy oaken door, pushed it open and crept cautiously inside. It was very dark. I groped my way around and eventually managed to locate the handle of the inner door, which I turned, finding myself inside the church proper. I was surprised. Where there had been neglect and decay outside; inside there was care and good order. The rich smell of the freshly-polished wood greeted me as I walked down the aisle. To my left was the pulpit, second to none I have ever seen. Its finely carved panels and well polished wood added to an atmosphere of loving care, which was dominant once inside the church.

I knelt at the altar rail. Even in the dull afternoon light it shone golden, like the rising sun, highly polished and not a finger mark on it. The carpet on the altar steps was as immaculate as everything else in the church. I stood up and walked along the well worn grey stone floor, my footsteps echoing around the church. I came to a small chapel. Several candles were burning in golden candlesticks, and casting shadows in the dark corner behind a collection box. I looked up at the little stained-glass window, where I could see the picture of a saint. He was smiling and stood as if he was guarding the little chapel from the forces of evil.

I returned to the back of the church and opened a little door hidden in the corner of the church porch. The staircase was spiral and narrow, and the steps were steep. It was dark and consequently I stumbled on the first five or six steps. When I thought the darkness would never end, and my knees were bruised all over, the stairs suddenly opened out onto a large gallery.

Here there were several well looked-after pews, and dominating the whole left half of the gallery was the organ. Looking at this magnificent instrument I could almost hear the congregation singing the rousing chorus of some hymn on Sunday. I climbed a shaky ladder into the belfry. The huge iron bell which I saw seemed capable of raising the dead. I would not be surprised if the whole village shook when the great bell was rung.

With some difficulty I made my way to the church door. Stepping outside the church was like stepping into another world.

Nicholas Richardson

School Parents' Association

The School Parents' Association is, with the school, in its first year but built on the firm foundation of the Grammar School Parents' Association formed in 1971.

What is the Parents' Association: what does it do: how can it help me as a Parent and my child at school? These are, no doubt, questions to which many parents would like to know the answers.

The way to find out is to meet your fellow parents and staff. It only costs 50p and is I assure you quite painless.

The aims of the Association are two fold: to strengthen the bond between home and School and to consider together subjects and projects which are of interest to all who have to deal with children.

All parents are eligible.

During the last six years a great deal has been given to School in the way of continuing effort; assistance with the 6th Form Common Room at the Grammar School to the tune of £200; providing equipment; school fetes; cricket teas; social events and school prizes, to name but a selection.

However the Association can only be of benefit to parents, pupils, staff and School if it is strong and energetic and reflects the wide interests of everyone concerned. At the present time the Association is not, I believe, fully representative nor may it be doing the right things. But it has a solid foundation of achievement on which it can grow.

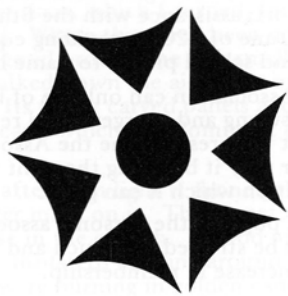
The value to a pupil of the personal association of his or her parents with School cannot be stressed too much and it is hoped that next year will see a considerable increase in membership.

The Annual General Meeting is on 6th July 1977. Please give your support.

K. G. Horton
Chairman.

Nine of the Worst!

Our school magazine must not forget to mention those children who board in School House. During a week day over 60 boys board. There are very few comprehensive schools in the country that can claim to have a boarding establishment as well. These nine fifth years are a fair example of the very pleasant boys we take in. Back row, left to right. Ian Mitchell, Laurence 'Snake' Marlow, Nicholas Turner, Graeme France. Front row, left to right. Andrew Waterhouse, Andrew Makepeace, Timothy Horsburgh, Jonathan Wright and Paul Haworth.



Outings

Would to God that we might spend a single day really well!

Thomas a Kempis, c.1450.

There have been more excursions, outings and visits from the new school in the last two terms than in the previous four terms if we combine high school and grammar school trips. This surprisingly true fact means that instead of using up pages and pages of magazine space presenting detailed reports on the outings we have had to be selective. Four reports are presented. Between them they account for our whole eleven to eighteen age range.

Fun, Sun and Snow in Italy During The New Year

(A Winter holiday for boys in Italy devoted mainly to skiing.)

Malcolm Bartlett is our reporter.

Having to rise at 3.00 on a cold morning is not my idea of fun. When this early start was announced I think most people turned a funny shade of green. When the great day arrived, twenty two pairs of feet invaded the Daisy Bus with the back row taken up by the rowdy elements, of which I was one.

After a long two hour's ride we stopped just outside London for a cup of coffee paid for by Mr. Burton who, not being stupid (?), wanted the money back.

When we eventually arrived at Heathrow Airport and had passed through customs, we had half an hour to wait. Many of us tried our luck in the duty-free shop but to no avail as we were all under age. At about 10 am. the British Tristar was shaken by the arrival of the 'Brigg lot'. Free cokes and a plastic covered meal were provided when we were airbourne.

Arriving at Milan we were diverted to Turin. After a five hour coach journey we arrived at our hotel where we soon made friends with the girls in Room 238. Later we were fitted with our skis and boots and we retired to bed dreaming of a long lie-in, in the morning. Morning came and Mr. Burton coaxed us out of bed. After a stupendous continental breakfast (!) we set off for the cable car to take us up the mountain.

After a long wait, with rude Italians pushing in front, we reached the cable car to take us to the half way stage where an almost identical process took place. When we embarked we were split up into groups. I tried to ski unsuccessfully. When I gained my feet I showed Mr. Burton how to ski and fall down!

On the last day Mr. Burton managed to excel himself by losing two of our group on the hardest slope. In fact he nearly was run over by a snow tractor. Mr. and Mrs. Burton were a gas lighter richer from the holiday, the rest of us were broke. The journey back was very tiring. Having arrived at Milan we were diverted to Venice and had to wait ages there.

One of the pleasures of returning to England was the chance to taste some decent food once more.

Swimming Trip to Cranwell

Kenneth starts the account. "It was an hour's ride to reach Cranwell. On the way everyone was talking to relieve the tension. I ate all my food because I was hungry. I hadn't got any drink and I became thirsty. We went past the swimming pool once (I think we got a bit lost) then we stopped. We had to wait five minutes until we got in the pool. There were seven lanes in the pool and it was $33\frac{1}{3}$ metres long. There were 36 events altogether and we were competing against 13 schools. When we had all changed we went quickly to the balcony."

Adair continues. "I was a reserve swimmer with Roger Hemming. After each race we put down what school the winner came from, his time and where the one swimming for us came, and his time. After watching all the races and seeing where we came, which was eighth, we had a good journey home. But coming into Brigg we had one problem and that was that we were on full revs and if we stopped it would have to be mended so we kept going, hoping that we would not have to stop. When we got back to school the driver said he would have to mend it."

For Kenneth, the bus's engine problems meant nothing. He was asleep all the time. The last words, however, on this memorable occasion are his.

"I woke up just outside the school. I got my bike, put my lights on and rode home to tell Mum and Dad all about the visit to Cranwell."

Kenneth Scruby and Adair Pickering

Smelly Socks and the Powerful Python at the Humberside Show

For Anthony Kernon "this was a fabulous show in many ways. These are some of them:

1. The stalls and side shows.
2. Watching planes land and take off on the Kirmington Airfield which was next to the show.
3. We had a day off school!

"We travelled there in buses fit for a king but the only snag was that we had girls with us. Once inside the show we all split up and went our own ways. There was Doctor Who's car, a massive model of an aircraft carrier, a bicycle race, a few fairground stalls and even candy floss stalls.

"My favourite sideshow was in a large tent called 'Animal Jungle'. I stepped in and immediately a parrot landed on my shoulder. A gentleman said it was quite tame and had starred on a programme with Sid James. As I was looking at a python in a glass cage, a lady came up to me and asked me to hold it! I said, "NOT LIKELY" but she assured me it was tame. So I picked it up and it felt heavy. Then the snake wrapped itself around me. Boy, was I glad when she took it off!

"The Humberside Show was a fabulous day in all respects. Robert Sumpter agrees with me. He has something to tell you about the Moonwalk."

"We queued up outside the semi-sphere, filled with air. You had to take your shoes off so there was a nasty socky aroma floating through the air. I struggled getting through the small gap at the side of the air-filled contraption. Tumbling,

rolling, jumping people filled the bouncing cushion of a floor. As soon as I stood on it the force pushed my feet up. It was simple to do a somersault but when you landed the wind was knocked out of your body. I soon found out why it was called the moonwalk.

"Alas all good things have to come to an end. Resisting the temptation to hide down the side and get a free go, I stepped out. Although my legs felt like jelly I managed to walk through the smell of socks and put my shoes on. It was well worth 15p."

Mrs Law and 3C in Robin Hood Land

(Sherwood Forest Visitor Centre)

What first struck me about the visitor centre was the informality and relaxing atmosphere. The area was perfect for picnicing and general relaxation purposes. Everything was new and respectable. The wardens were very helpful and pleasant. They obviously have a very difficult job. There are six rangers at the park.

The buildings were neatly set into the surrounding area. They blended with the fauna of the forest. The whole place was clean and tidy. There was not a hope of finding yourself lost because of the large signs telling you where to go and where you are.

On account of the large number of visitors to the woodland, the feet cause a great deal of damage but this really cannot be helped, apart from nobody being allowed anywhere. But if this was the case it would be pointless having a visitor centre. So hardcore paths have been put down and fences erected. The effect of thousands of people going to the centre must be like that of a swarm of locusts. Flowers are being picked and trees killed by the hordes of people.

The park and centre are only a small part of the visitor centre. It would be great if they could turn the whole lot into one big park. The forest is not completely natural. Man has been interfering with the wood for years. Of course man saw the advantages of the park straight away and started grazing cattle but this was stopped seventy years ago.

Inside the exhibition, at the centre, a warning picture of pollution and modern pressures was drawn. Pollution cannot be stressed enough as playing a major role in the ecology (one things relationship to another) of the forest. The forest may well end up as a rubbish tip and yet it is good to know that the ruling powers to be, have spent enough money on looking after the place and having it run effectively.

The clean, tidy and unobtrusive bookshop was an excellent idea, for to learn anything of the forest's wildlife and layout you must have a handy book. Although expensive they were very educational. I hope I can go there again and probably will. I wish we could have had more time there and have had a more thorough look around. I thoroughly enjoyed my trip to Sherwood Forest Visitor Centre.

Whatever happens to the forest, man will play a major part. His influence is already there for everybody to see. Let us hope that the mindless minority like vandals, litter louts, thugs and wreckers, keep away from one of England's greatest forests.

David Rawlins



Sport

Boys

Soccer

THE FIRST XI.

The end of last season saw the resignation of our manager. Mr. Burton decided to appoint Mr. Hastings and time has since shown the decision to be the right one. Of the 14 games played so far we have won 9, drawn 1 and lost 4. Scores 44 and conceded 22. In fact we have scored 5 of the 22!

Leading goal scorers: Kitchen 12, Sambrook 11, and Murphy 10.

Two of the season's highlights were in consecutive weeks. One week we defeated Boston 6-1, their biggest defeat in four years. The following week Wintringham were defeated 1-0. At the time of writing this, towards the end of February, this is the only beating Wintringham have suffered so far. The Grammar School's Cup held no luck for us. After a good victory at Barton in the First Round, John Leggott beat us 2-0 in a replay in the mud. Although we had our share of chances in that game, had it not been for Big Dean being on top form, it might have been 4-0 in the end.

The season's biggest win so far has been a splendid 8-2 against Lincoln City. On two other occasions we have scored six. The game against Adwick was the most disappointing. Although we scored four, two of them were past the wrong keeper. We congratulate Keith on winning his county place. He, along with Sammy Maycock and Andrew Brodley, has helped build a strong mid field. Competition for places has been strong with Tim Bain, unlucky with injuries earlier on, forever pressing hard.

Finally, I would like to thank Mr. Hastings, on behalf of the team, for his time, help and encouragement, week after week.

R. Cook (Captain).

THE SECOND XI.

In my opinion the second XI have not played up to their fullest potential. Many players have been outstanding this season but none have played consistently enough. An exception here is Brian Cooke who has scored in the majority of matches that he has played in. At the other end Paul Huxford, in goal, has been playing reasonably but not up to his fullest capabilities, especially after he was injured. Both of the full backs, Paul Haworth and Stephen Taylor have played well making good strong challenges on opponents throughout the season. While Paul Huxford was injured Townell played in goal and a good stand-in he made but he has moved from this position into mid-field where it is obvious to see that it his best position.

Mark Eccles and John Bratton have both played well but recently Graham Wagstaffe has been playing in a mid-field role adding some aggression there.

Centre forward is Gillard who has done some good strong running in this position. Watts on the right wing has made good runs down the wing but he has had an indifferent season.

A fair effort from the lads but nothing to enthuse about.

N. Randall (Captain)

UNDER 15

It was a usual start to the season with us losing the first game. But luck quickly came our way when we beat North Axolme 5-0 and Skegness 7-1. It was in this match that Scott scored his hat trick. We also drew with Lincoln and would have won but for slack defensive work at the end of the match when two goals were conceded in two minutes.

We were slightly under-manned at the start of the season due to Mark Purver's ingrowing toe nail and Neil Hare's injury from the third match we played. Apart from all this the team has played well, mainly because of a little effort from Bell, Turner, Carotti and Purver in mid-field, and Hare, Foster, Lawtey and Scott in the forward line. Some good defensive work has come from Andrew Mollet.

A most satisfying season. Many thanks to Mr. Stone whose comments and efforts have made us into a team.

C. Horton (Captain)

UNDER 14

The Under 14's have not had a very successful season. I think the reason for this is the lacking of home games. When we do have a home match we are full of confidence and it is then that we start playing as a team. When we play away, however, we go thinking we are going to lose and then the team breaks up into one man runs. These naturally break up through lack of support. We need far more bursts of skill and speed.

There has been constant good play from Clough, Havard and Longden, but all our players try and give one hundred per cent. Extremely good play from Havard and Clough enabled them to play for the district.

We have only played one round in the cup. This was at home against St. Bedes which we won 2-0 after drawing 0-0 away. We hope to have a good run in the cup. Whether this proves so or not will have been revealed by the time the magazine comes out.

I. Marlow (Captain)

UNDER 13

So far the under thirteen team has enjoyed a successful season.

It started off as usual with a home match against Caistor, which was won easily 7-1 with Wade and leading scorer, Scott, combining well together.

Next came two matches against older boys, which were both narrow defeats, despite the efforts of Bunyan in the Brigg goal.

Any confidence that had been lost was renewed during the next home game, against Boston. A good all round performance saw the team win 4-1.

The fact that the games against both Barton and Skegness were won by ten goals to nil shows that one of the team's best points is scoring goals. The defence, however, is a bit brittle and this has led to questionable defeats by Winteringham and Whitgift.

If our defence can be tightened up a little I think we stand a good chance in the cup, as we are already in the semi-final.

S. S. Wade (Captain)

UNDER 12

It has not been a very good season for the under 12 soccer team this year. The weather has not been good at all and one match has been cancelled. The first match we played was at home to Caistor. This match we won 3-1 and we thought we had found a good team. I don't know if we were too confident in the next match. It was the cup round. We had a very hard match, we had drawn Barton at home. In this match we sadly lost 4-1. But later on we found Barton had reached the final. We then played Cleethorpes away and lost 4-0. When we played Barton away we did it again, we lost 11-0. We then improved a little and, had two narrow defeats against North Axholme. Overall it has been a very depressing season for us.

M. Willerton

Hockey

Once again, due to half the team leaving the school during the summer, we had to recruit several inexperienced players. Despite this, however, we have been able to secure two wins and several narrow defeats. Our notable win came against Brigg 3rds when, after a very close game, the score was still 2-2 but a fine goal clinched the game with five minutes of the game left.

In all it has been an enjoyable season for all concerned but it is disappointing that five games had to be cancelled due to bad weather. However, in the games we were able to play, Andrew Dejardin, the skipper, has set a fine example, displaying some truly excellent hockey. Other team members deserving mention are Marris and Whytock for some fine work in defence supported by both our goalkeeper Scott and Allison. Boast, despite his inexperience, has shown great promise in attack, scoring several good goals.

Finally, Mr. Atkin should be mentioned. He turns out week after week to umpire and "indicate" our errors.

M. Leaning

Basketball

1st Team

Unfortunately this season has not been one of success. We have, however, never lost heart and the team's grit has often carried us through to the final hooter. Basically we have the cream of the almost unbeatable teams of two years ago. But the jump from school boy level to the men's league has proved to be considerable and, coupled with lack of practice, we have struggled.

The continuation of the team depends largely upon the efforts of many people. I would thus like to thank Mr. Moore for arranging our games; Grant Whytock, Keith Barnes and Joy Hastings for transport to our away matches, and Nick Oxberry for his efficient scoring and timekeeping. Special mention should be made for our band of loyal girl supporters.

The team has consisted of Coultan, Wagstaffe, Whytock, Barnes, Maycock, Macfarlane, Harris, Gyte, Harrison, Mr. Burton and Mr. Rivron.

M. Murphy (Captain)

UNDER 14

We commenced the year with some apprehension, for in the past few years, the then Brigg Grammar School has been remarkably successful. Although small, our School has beaten many times the much larger Scunthorpe Schools.

Our first practise produced about fifteen prospective players which have been now whittled down to ten. The first match was against Brumby where we took ten players. We unluckily lost by the close score of ten points to eight. A few weeks later we heard our cup match was against St. Bede's at home. When the day came we had ten players. Unfortunately we lost again, ten points to six.

Our morale was low at this time and it sunk a few more notches when we heard that we were to play St. Bede's again in the league. We took only six players because of lack of transportation, and gave them a resounding thrashing.

The next match was a friendly against the U15 team, which we lost by the minimal amount of one point, fourteen—thirteen. One last match was against Frederick Gough where we lost twenty-four eighteen.

We have had an unlucky season so far, but have many matches to play before the season is over.

J. S. Phipps (Captain)

UNDER 15

Each year our team is renown for losing all matches both home and away. This season, however, we have not played a home game yet and looking on the bright side you could say that we are unbeaten at home.

Our most memorable game so far this season was played on the fourteenth of January against Frederick Gough. The referee, like Mr. Burton, gave us helpful advice and told us what we were doing wrong.

The shooting has been good though a little hasty now and again. Our scorers have been M. Pigott and P. Terry. A fairly small person by the name of D. Carotti also deserves a mention for his constant effort and good cheer. I would also like to thank A. Sharp for his support and Mr. Burton for putting up with our terrible scores and repeated defeats. The one consolation is that we tried and I am sure that you will join with me in wishing the team some success in the near future.

P. D. Shreeve (Captain)



Tennis

Last year there were very encouraging signs for the future of the Tennis Club with many people playing tennis in games periods, though the practices after school were not very well attended apart from the regular school players.

This year we again have the use of the High School site courts for tennis practices after school. These practices are to help the school tennis team but anybody that is interested in playing tennis should come along, and it will in future of course be a mixed club. Senior players are wanted this year because of the departure of players such as M. Proctor and Michael Weaver who were invaluable to the team, so any player that would like to play for the team should come along to the Friday practices.

Mr. Page will again be running the Green Shield Coaching Scheme at the High School courts for the younger tennis players in Brigg and there will be places for members of the school if they get their applications in first. Coaching is also run at Lincoln during the Easter holidays by the County Coach, Doug Kirk. This course is free but unfortunately only four boys can go because boys are sent from schools all over the County. Last year Gillard, Andrew Dejardin and myself went on this course and found it very enjoyable (though hard on the feet!). With the help of new team members I hope for good results against opposing teams this coming season.

J. J. Noble

Badminton

From the Captain . . .

The fact that we can now use the new Sports Hall on Wednesday afternoons has greatly improved the standard of badminton in the 6th form. The few mixed matches we have had, we have done well in. The match against the staff produced a win for our first team but the staff won the second team match.

Returning to last season the school 1st team managed to win every single match, under the captaincy of Steven Traviss. The school team is in the midst of another successful season with some of the better players willing to step down hoping to bring match experience to some of the others.

As yet county successes this year are not up on last season but we should manage a few wins in the junior county badminton championships, with perhaps some going on to make up the county squad or even, hopefully, the county team. We wait and see!

Peter Agnew (Captain)

From the staff . . .

The Sir John Nelthorpe Badminton Club started the 1976-7 school year with a considerable tradition to live up to - no less than twelve different boys in the Junior County squads in the past five seasons, half of whom have played for the county and two of whom have gone on into the county Senior Men's teams. Last year's team finished with the remarkable record: Played: 11 Won: 11 Rubbers for: 87 against: 13.

The new Comprehensive School organisation has not been without its problems for sport. I find it difficult to maintain the close personal contact of previous years in that I cannot get round even the twelve boy's tutor groups after registration when county trials or championships are in the offing as I used to as a form master. We publicised the club for both sexes but sadly were spurned by the girls as far as the Monday after school meetings go, maybe not surprisingly when they are on the other site.

The comprehensive intake has maintained the traditions. In the County under-12 Championships Billy Mead finished third and he and Philip Bones were defeated only in the semi-final of the doubles. The U14, U16 and U18 have yet to be played.

In the County squads we have Peter Agnew and Traviss (under-18) and Gaunt and Ian Agnew (under-16 and under-14 squads). Club captain Peter Agnew has represented Lincolnshire County in all their Senior Men's Third Team matches and also Humberside Schools.

Results of School matches so far:

Sept	17	Louth	H	Lost	½-3½	
Oct	2	Boston	H	Won	5-4	
	9	Winteringham	A	Lost	0-4	
	16	Boston	A	Won	5-4	
Nov	10	J. Leggott	H.	Won	5-4	Second six: lost 3-6
	13	Skegness	A	Won	6-3	
	27	Lincoln	H	Won	7-2	
		Staff	H	Won	5-4	Second six: lost 3-5
Jan	22	Adwick	A	Won	7-2	
	29	Winteringham	H	Drew	2-2	
Feb	12	Barton	H	Won	9-0	
1st team: Won 8 Lost 2 Drawn 1 2nd team: lost 2						

The first team continues to crush most opposition, and only two defeats so far being when our two top players, Agnew and Traviss, and others were absent from our teams.

The Monday after school sessions have had their longest ever attendances, though the senior contingent is not as large as it should be. I would like to thank Mr. Mailing for his help over the last eighteen months particularly with the Juniors on Monday.

The Sixth Form Wednesday badminton has gained from the acquisition of Miss Moore, the girls, and the Sports Hall.

For the future, we look to the girls to add to our tally of successes. We want to see more seniors attending the Monday club and urge those who do attend not to forgo opportunities of playing in the school teams as has happened several times this season. Finally I would like to thank former Grammar School Deputy Head, Mr. Jarvis, for supplying us free of charge with partly used shuttles over many years. We owe the successes we have had to unsung assistance from such friends as Geoff.

Philip Page

Sports Team Managers 1976-77

BOYS

Soccer.	1st XI Mr. Hastings. 2nd XI Mr. Rivron. U16 Mr. Burton. U15 Mr. Stone. U14 Mr. Burton. U13 Mr. Walker. U12 Mr. Knowles.	Hockey.	Mr. Atkin.
		Cross Country	Mr. Burton and Mr. Rivron.
		Athletics.	Mr. Burton. Mr. Rivron. Mr. Hastings.
Cricket.	1st XI Mr. Brittain. 2nd XI Mr. Hastings. U16 Mr. Hastings. U15 Mr. Jackson. U14 Mr. Burton U13 Mr. Levitt. U12 Mr. Rivron.	Basketball.	U18 Mr. Moore. U16 Mr. Moore. U15 Mr. Burton. U14 Mr. Rivron.
		Badminton.	Mr. Page. Mr. Mailing.

GIRLS.

Mrs. Key or Miss Wilkinson for everything.

MR. BURTON'S REVIEW OF THE WINTER SEASON.

Our out of school games and physical education activities depend very much upon the attitudes of both students and staff. The equal and opposite respect of both parties is necessary if there is to be a full and varied programme.

In the past, as a Grammar school we have had this respect and now as a comprehensive school it is pleasing to know that this unity is continuing. Very rarely do we have to force boys into playing for school teams. If we did, then perhaps it might be a good idea to stop participating in inter-school sports.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all members of staff who give up a great deal of time on behalf of sport in this school. I would also like to congratulate all boys who play for the school on their conduct, ability and dedication to their fellow students and to the school.

Quite often we see parents at the home games, giving support to their sons and to the teams. I would like to see more of this. So come along all you parents and let's see the fields full of supporters.

Over the past two terms nearly one hundred and fifty boys have represented the school at one sport or another. By the end of the school year this number should be up to over two hundred and fifty, nearly two thirds of all boys in the school. However, not all teams are successful in winning every game, but most of them do come out even over the season. We can boast of district players and county players in a large number of sports. We also had one boy last summer term picked to go to the all England athletics championships.

This matters a great deal to some schools but I hope not here at Sir John Nelthorpe. We are pleased for the boy and for the school but what we most strive for is the rewards and enjoyment gained from taking part in school and team sports.

A reference all sportsmen should bear in mind is:—

'All the world loves a winner. Everyone praises the victor. To the victor the spoils, but how easily may the victor be spoilt! Indeed the test of victory is really greater than the bitterness of defeat. If we consider the number of champions who have succumbed to arrogance, conceit and complacency.'

PERROTT.

So to sum up, I say to all boys, be competitive, try to win, but most of all enjoy taking part and accept victory and defeat as a part of the game.

S. R. Burton



Girls

Under 16 Hockey

This season our potentially brilliant team have only managed to play six of our ten fixtures due to waterlogged pitches. Out of our six we have won the grand total of one. I hasten to add we have not lost five as we managed to draw two. If your Maths is up to Mrs. Hamilton's standard you should be able to work out that we have only lost three.

Ignoring our losses (twice at Winterton and once at Wintringham) and our feeble draws, we must point out our brilliant match with Lindsey, when we proved what we are capable of by winning 10-2. Not our best season but we all enjoy our hockey.

Trampolining

The trampolining group meets every Wednesday straight after school. About eleven go each week. It is held in the gym with Miss Wilkinson and on occasions with Mrs. Key.

There are several badges to work for; preliminary, bronze, silver and gold which is very, very difficult. Many of us have passed the preliminary which is orange and white with the letters B.T.F. (British Trampolining Federation) on.

All who do trampolining enjoy it very much. Here is our song:
Trampolining on Wednesday we go.
Bouncing high and bouncing low,
Twisting and turning,
Showing and learning,
As up towards Heaven we grow.

MRS. KEY'S REVIEW OF THE WINTER SEASON.

The Autumn term of 1976 started with a new aspect for girls physical education. With the amalgamation of the two schools, the development of the Glanford Leisure Centre and the Vale of Ancholme Sports Hall, more facilities became available, and exciting activities have been undertaken by many students. Swimming, squash, sailing, badminton and trampolining, have been new ventures in girls' physical education.

The school's winter games programme has been marred by the weather. However, the fixtures which have been possible have been very enjoyable. From the first eleven hockey team, three girls were selected to represent the Scunthorpe area team in the Humber-side Tournament. The first eleven fixture programme is rather sparse, due to lack of schools with sixth forms. The under fifteen and under sixteen hockey teams have worked fairly well together considering that some players are rather inconsistent and have let the side down from time to time. The inter-house hockey programme is due to start after Easter.

The under sixteen netball team has had very few matches, but has shown promise. (In their last match they beat the ladies staff team nine—six!). The under fourteen netball team has had disappointing results, but the under thirteens, having practised against them, have produced encouraging results. The under twelve netball team made an uncertain start but their enthusiasm is encouraging. The inter-house netball was very exciting. Keen activity and support were apparent, and the standard of play was very high despite the cold weather.

The Gym Club has gone from strength to strength. The numbers are sometimes too large, but it is pleasing to see so many students wishing to participate in this sport.

Our Junior Cross Country Running Team improved on their previous year's performance in the Inter Schools' Cross Country Running Championships. Christine Tobitt (intermediate) represented the Scunthorpe area at Hull on Saturday February 5th. For the first time in the history of girls' physical education a junior cross country event was staged.

Now that there is more of a local intake, there is the opportunity to use the facilities and join in after school activities. This is especially important for those playing in teams and representing the school.

During the early part of the Summer Term, we are staging our first joint sports day on Saturday, May 21st.

We are looking forward to our summer programme, and are hoping to enjoy as many hours of outdoor activity as the previous summer allowed.

J. Key

Old Briggensian Notes

Thomas Hay ('68-'75) has moved to Hull University to read Psychology from Loughborough where he was reading Mechanical Engineering.

Peter Britcliffe ('66-'73) has been awarded an HND in Food Technology from Grimsby. His contemporary **Robert Watson** has graduated from Aberystwyth and is a V.S.O. in Sierra Leone. He writes from a forest bungalow, the luxury of which embarrasses him, and is engaged in a forest inventory. He is probably now touring the Southern Province in a Land Rover.

Mr. David Adams now teaching in Wilmslow, Cheshire, sent news of **David Lawrence** ('65-'73) who was having a successful career at Carnegie College and of **Tom Jones** ('62-'69) a Housing Officer with the London Borough of Camden but still in training. **John Scott** ('63-'70) is now a dentist in practice in Birmingham.

Graham Hunter ('57-'64) visited us from Vancouver Island where he has a "fantastic job" teaching in a small private school. In the same area are **David Rose** ('54-'61) running a hotel: **David Gilby** ('55-'60) running an import/export business: and **Nick Lonsdale** ('54-'61) in real estate. They all had an O.B. Reunion in June '76 with **Roger Stokes** ('55-'63) an engineer on his way from Africa to Canada.

Of much the same period **Philip Aelberry** ('55-'62) is to be congratulated on his appointment as Headmaster of Barton C. of E. School. Another Headmaster is **Brett Butler** ('51-'58) recently on holiday from New Zealand. **David Rodgers** ('55-'62) has moved from British Steel in Scunthorpe to become an Industrial Relations Officer with a Tyneside Shipbuilding firm. His younger brother **T.N.** ('57-'61) is now a lecturer at the Lincoln Technical College.

We were pleased and honoured by the appointment of **Pat Cabourne** ('36-'45) as Group Captain commanding R.A.F. Binbrook and also congratulate his near contemporary **Bob Hewson** ('35-'42) who is now Hotel Services Manager for all cruising operations of the P. & O.

We were pleased to put **Tom Athron** ('31-'37) who has lived in Devon for 30 years in touch with '**Rag**' Walker his contemporary now living in Norfolk.

Finally a little news of **Mr. Robin Mattison** who left our staff a few years ago for Alston in Cumbria. Apart from his teaching he plays in a local band, acts for a local dramatic society, plays chess and cricket for the village, darts for the pub and hockey for Hexham (in which respect he met **Mr. John Slack** as an opponent). He still continues actively in folk music.

H. B. Williams

