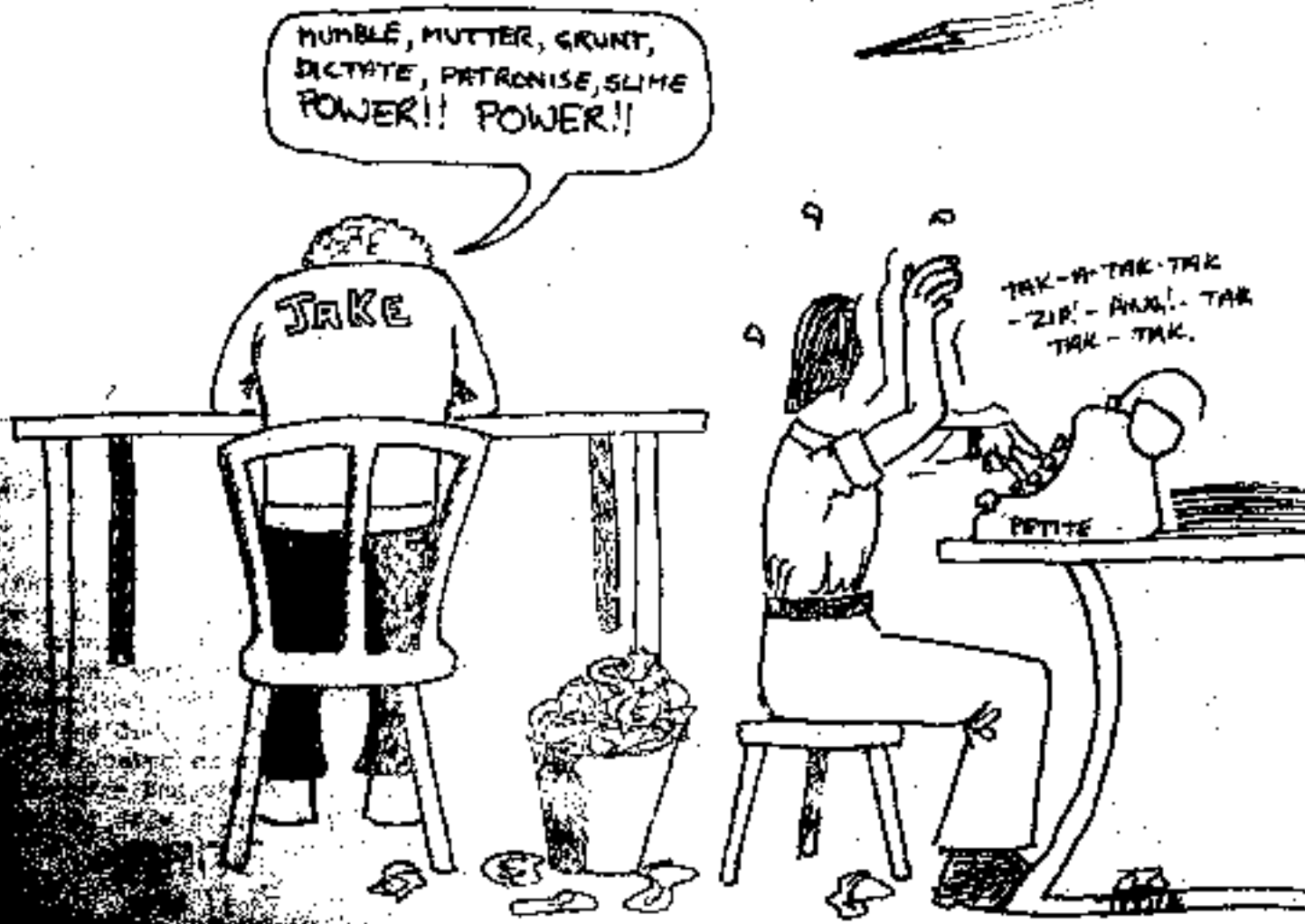


COMMENT

A year ago, escalating costs forced the old school magazine, 'The Darrovien', out of existence, and it was generally felt that a replacement publication was necessary. With the help of the School Council and the new 'form discussion' periods, an editorial and production team, mainly composed of Sixth and First formers, was established in order that some form of magazine might be produced before the Summer break.

What you see before you is the result of our toil and is intended to be an informally presented selection of letters, reports, puzzles, poetry, prose, cartoons, etc., which are of interest to the majority of the school. Naturally our first attempt will not please everyone, and any constructive criticism or offers of help (especially from the lower school) will be welcome and may be passed to us via any member of the English staff.

Thanks go to the office staff whose help has been invaluable in the magazine's production.



Letters

Dear Sir,

I would like to raise the point of options at the end of the third year. Personally I would have liked to take Woodwork to 'O' level but felt that I daren't drop Geography. I think that pupils should be allowed to take on an extra subject such as Art or Woodwork if they wish. The only argument I have heard against taking this extra subject is that the pupil has already got a great deal of revision to do, so an extra subject would 'sink the boat'. Surely such a subject requires very little revision and is an excellent subject for relaxation between normal school work.

Secondly, I feel that the teaching of Russian isn't very advantageous for pupils. In my opinion, German should be the extra language, as Germany is the most powerful country in the MEC. I am sure that if people were tempted to go abroad they would feel much happier taking a job in Germany rather than in Russia. I have contemplated working in Germany several times because of the excellent wages compared with the rest of Europe. I was somewhat disappointed when I found that the Russian language was taught instead of German; consequently I decided against taking Russian in the Third form but would definitely have taken German if it had been offered.

anon.

Dear Sir,

I would like to express my discontent at the compulsory attendance of R. J. lessons. Whilst I am fully aware that these lessons are compulsory by law, I do not think that they serve any useful purpose and I think that they should be replaced by a "Life" lesson in which pupils would be taught how to deal with such things as the opening of a bank account or the buying of a house. It seems to me that a lesson of this nature would be much more useful.

anon.

Dear Sir,

Apathy is a subject which constantly rears its ugly head within our school. During the period I wrote this article, the teacher asked if anyone had written or drawn something for this publication, not one hand showed.

Apathy, or perhaps the distinct feeling against the establishment is becoming increasingly apparent; 'prof. points' have now been converted into a farcical activity, no longer do we see the house with most talent winning. Certain lessons are now synonymous for riotous activities, this disease is rapidly spreading into other areas of the curriculum. One cannot see the situation changing, indeed facts seem to show more of a decline. In all fairness, one cannot any longer say that the Grammar School for Boys is the pick of the town. Moreover, a lot of the brain power is directed towards hooliganism etc. With rapidly declining standards and extreme apathy gradually taking their stranglehold what do you say the pupils wish to be rectified? For ultimately the verdict will be in your hands.

anon

letters

CONTINUED

Dear Sir,

1977, Silver Jubilee Year. A year to congratulate our Queen? Why? For faultless service over 25 years? Hardly a reason, when the country is run either badly or well, by central government. Her power stands for next to nothing.

She is supposed to rule our country, then. What else? She stands as a symbol of national solidarity? No! The country's solidarity is from its building blocks, the workers and scholars - people like ourselves. She serves as an ultimately high-ranking ambassador to all other countries, but this job could be better done by a representative of the people, working for, and within the full knowledge of all the people, for foreigners to put trust in.

She is a big tourist attraction. So what? A petty argument when the country can get this money from overseas for different reasons.

Queen is just a hereditary alternative to the largely titular presidents of most republics, and a country works better when equality reigns - no outstanding social classes. The government could be changed by having a certain number of people from each county, depending on its size, who are elected by the people to work for the people, with terms of office being centred alternately in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

The Queen has no need for congratulation but a need for abdication.

We have had a number of letters referring to the Silver Jubilee but many of them were out of date at the time of publication. Any further letters will however be welcome on this subject.

G. Page LVI Ba

Dear Sir,

I should like to draw to the attention of the school, the abominably dangerous condition of the cricket square. The batting area is surrounded by an assortment of humps of various sizes. These humps have become prominent not because of the hardness of the ground. In the batting creases, divots have been dug out through taking guards and there has been no care to fill in these holes. To improve the square and restore the wickets to their former perfection, a part time groundsman should be employed, his job would be to repair, roll and cut the wicket and also to keep the out field in trim, for in recent years it has been especially slow. **P Dawson**

POETRY

Darkness

In the darkness of the night,
When the moon's behind a cloud,
There's a strange and eerie feeling,
Makes the clock tick seem so loud,
Makes a creaking floorboard startling,
Makes the wind sound like a howl,
Makes the darkness deep and evil,
Makes the thunder seem a growl.

In the darkness of the night,
When no stars are in the sky,
When all evil things are moving,
Ghostly shadows passing by,
When the sound of rain is frightening,
There's a creak from on the stair,
Is that somebody breathing?
Is there anybody there?

K. Morgan. 2Ra

Victim !!

The young woman entered the plain room. In the far corner stood a bed, in the bed lay a man. He lay there, hearing and seeing only that which he wanted to.

"Hello Mr. Fredrick's" said the woman. Silence. She turned and left. The man screamed inwardly, but he was alone. Then they were there, the strange voices that he hated. They filled his mind and he screamed.....

They were crossing the bridge now, staggering under the weight of their burden. One of them fell and he rushed forward. His compassion was met by a harsh word and cold steel. Back in the huts, they ate, this band of half-dead savages who called themselves men. One leapt at another. A brief flurry of activity. One less mouth to feed. He too had killed for food, and when the houses had been picked clean, he had eaten of the soup.

The room was silent but not to him. "Off the danger list", "No longer dangerous to himself", "No risk", that's what they said, the woman and the others. He walked towards the window.

He was a name in a column now, but he had escaped.

S. Mcgrady 4M

FLATS

The block of flats towers above
 As though they never end
 A scrap of paper slowly descends
 To fall amongst its brothers.

From the top, trails of smoke are seen,
 Out of the chimneys, from the factories roundabout.
 A pigeon flutters down to the pavement
 And looks for food amongst the paper.
 A sparrow flies into an empty flatlet
 Through a broken window.

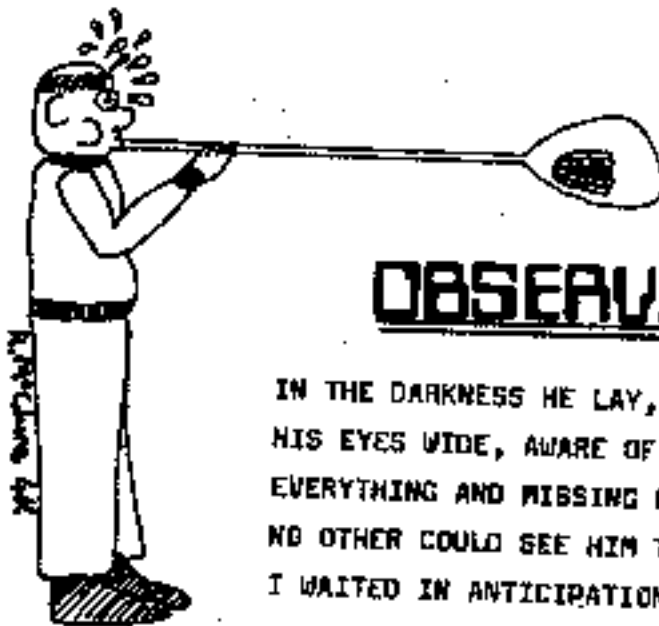
The smoke-black sky dwells about us.

P. Cotterill 1 Bu.

HIGHWAYMAN

The rain beat down, the wind howled hard and long,
 The skudding clouds held back the silver moon.
 Snorting contempt, defiant of the rain,
 Ahead, as from a flash of lightning horn,
 A flowing cloak, a rearing stallion,
 "Stop or I'll fire" the hooded robber cried,
 The braking wheels echoed a woman's scream,
 He took their gold, their silver and their jewels,
 Then turned, and laughed to see men made such fools.

W. Pears 4M



OBSERVER

IN THE DARKNESS HE LAY,
HIS EYES WIDE, AWARE OF
EVERYTHING AND MISSING NOTHING.
NO OTHER COULD SEE HIM THERE.....
I WAITED IN ANTICIPATION.

I WATCHED CONSTANTLY,
SURROUNDED BY THE WHIRR
OF THE CHAMBERS BESIDE ME, HIGH
ABOVE HIM, BUT SEEMINGLY CLOSE
ENOUGH, EVEN TO TOUCH HIM

SUDDENLY HIS STEALTHY MOVEMENT STOPPED,
HIS EYES FIXED ON A SMALL MEADOW VOLE,
UNKNOWINGLY ENTERING HIS LAST FEW MOMENTS.
HE WATCHED, I HEARD NOTHING, UNTIL A SMALL
SQUEAK REACHED MY EARS.

A.D. NICHOLSON.

THE TREES POKED UPWARDS, ROCKED,
DEFENSIVE, DRAWING BACK
INTO THE DAMP EARTH;
CRANES LIFTED THEIR SPINES FEEBLY
FROM SODDEN CONCRETE,
HOUSES CROUCHED IN THE SHADOWS,
BLIND, BLACK EYES GLARING,
OR ON THE HILL SWAYED GENTLY IN THE WIND.
YOU COULD SEE THROUGH THE RAIN,
THE SPRAYED WINDOW EVEN,
BUT NOT THE SKY;
THE SKY WAS FALLING,
DROPPING ON THE TOWN LIKE A CORPSE.

BILL
JOHNSTON.

The Postman's Knock

The postman is coming into the street,
 With letters and parcels to give someone a treat.
 Of course, not all letters are a surprise,
 Some are last demands from North West Gas,
 Which bring tears to your eyes.
 Ah, there he goes into number ten,
 Watches out for the dog, then quick out again.
 Now on to number eleven, she'll be wanting behind the door,
 She always catches the post before it hits the floor.
 For number thirteen, a letter and a little square box,
 The door is open before the postman knocks.
 It's Tommy's birthday today, so he can't wait,
 He opens the door, rushes down the garden and receives a big parcel
 at the gate,
 Then for number fifteen, a big electricity bill,
 I think they ought to run their own power mill.
 For number seventeen, a letter from abroad where Mr. Walters is working,
 Where a fatal disease has been lurking.
 When Mrs Walters reads the letter, she bursts into tears,
 What had happened was the worst of her fears.
 So with a sigh, the postman went into the next street,
 And so to carry on delivering letters, most of the day, walking
 on aching feet.

S. Rigg 2Ra

This poem had the editors in tears. Brings W. McConegall to mind.

Ed says: Florence Ather Smith would turn in her grave.

HAIKUS

I

The wind is freezing ;
 it blows down leaves from the trees
 then the rain soaks them

II

Children play their games -
 happy, smiling, rejoicing :
 soon they have to stop

III

The bees go on buzzing -
 looking for yellow pollen :
 we will have honey.

J. Archer 1Bu

Flux lines deep in Dunnerdale

Man's end was near. He could feel it in the earth around him. He could see it in iced over ponds and in children's tears. He could even see it in the sun which shone dull red. Yet, even as mankind carried on, ignorant of its inevitable destiny, a deep secret was aroused from within mother Earth. An unsurfaced disturbance within the area of England known as the Lake District, had begun, centred in the valley known as Dunnerdale.

The disturbance was transmitted along a ley-line running the length of the valley, but with only an approximately parallel course due to the meandering of the river Uddon. The ley-line began at a small stone circle in the south, passed seventeen marker stones and ended up at a five metre high menhir in the north, near Gaskell Beck. On a Spring day one year, a strange, quiet humming noise was detected, filling the valley. During its presence, which continued for a few months, no other sound was heard.

That year, the last children to be born in the area would all be nine years old.....

The book started it off. It had been found when the children were playing in the worked-out copper mines. It looked new but was obviously ages old. There was some poetry which ran :-

Destiny's dream awakens now Man's soul to the reality
Of the cause and suffering of his frail fatality.
Endless streams of tears for mankind's own mortality
Wash away the hopes and fears cleansing deep morality

Deep under foot lie secrets,
A strange path, non-trod;
The flux lines deep in Dunnerdale
Unlocked, unlocked, cast iron-shod

Smirise, fast love embarrassed blush red,
What none says is what all others said
Positioned as still, with stone as head,
Loss of song, all other sounds dead. "

There were also a lot of empty pages.

The children understood the meaning of the words and waited, but they began to act strangely, so much so that the Head Priest of Senthwasta thought that they were possessed. He tried to burn his own son unsuccessfully - the flames burnt black and unconsuming. The priest ran away screaming at this and was found dead next day with the sign of infinity branded upon his forehead. Still the children waited.....

On midsummer morning at four o'clock, the children took their designated places on the ley-line and as the first son touched the menhir, a beam of luminous green sprang up from the ground all the way along the ley-line, linking the children, the menhir and the stone circle.

The background hum of the past few months increased in intensity to a deafening level and suddenly the earth split. Only the flux lines of Dunnerdale and the seventeen chanting children held the world together on a knife edge. They all knew what would happen if one of them faltered.

The sun began to fade and the chanting in the unknown language rose in sympathy. It brightened again - yellow-white. The giant crack healed and the children ceased. Followed by their parents, they walked to the menhir along the straight path.

Thus gathered they sang praise to their new strength whilst watching the dawn of a new morning and a new world.

* A tall upright monument

Barrie Leaf LVI

OF EARTHQUAKES AND ALL THINGS

COSMIC.....

".....AND THE PROPHET SAID 'AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE THERE SHALL COME A SHIMMERING PURPLE HAZE.' "

READ YE CAREFULLY this literary masterpiece written to celebrate the greatest rock concert since the Bay City Rollers hit Wigan. I'm talking of course of the Summer of Love Anniversary Gig, held in the Grassmere Suite of the Civic Hall on the 23rd of June.

The evening started well when I was dropped off outside the Civic hall only to discover that I was still wearing my slippers, so I went home again.

I arrived back at the hall, just as the world famous (?) Harry Roberts and the Copper Killers took the stage (where to? - ugh!). They played five numbers, of which 'Lord of Light' was the most notable, or the least boring, depending on which way you look at it.

The next group to 'perform' was your favourites and mine, The Prime Movers, (super badges of this famous group are now available from your nearest Earthquake record shop FREE!). They played the usual rubbish, the high points of the performance being 'China Lady', written by the exceptionally talented rhythm guitarist of the group and old boy of the school known to all as Gas 'Haircut' Weatherburn, 'Parmoid', by Black (Doradom) Sabbath, and their anthem, 'I Want to be your Dog'. This act was a great improvement upon their last one at the now legendary Gig of the Century.

During the interval, the head-banger, (exhibitionist) prizes were (fixed) presented, one, quite by chance I'm assured, going to Dawn, the girlfriend of Ernest (2^d) Clarke, Purple Haze's lead guitarist. OPEN....

The lights dimmed a hush of expectancy descended upon the gathered throng a faint iridescent glow issued from the stage, placating, soothing, big Ern took off his shirt, and the almighty Purple Haze took the stage to a wave of hysterical applause.

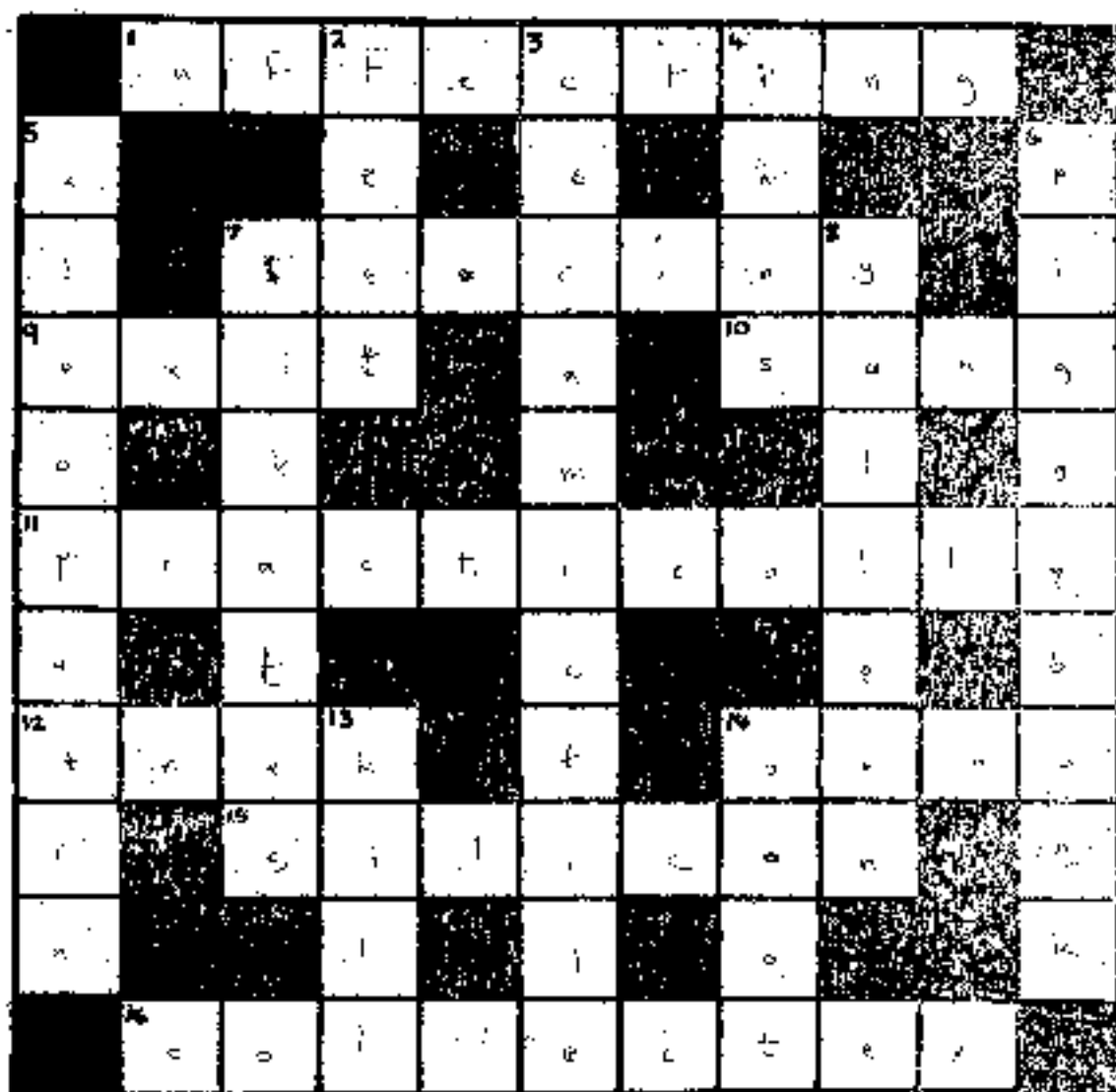
The band, consisting of Tom Curwen, Ken Robson, Tony Cook, and our own Ernest Clarke, started off with their usual first number, a cacophony of tuning up and feedback. This seemed to be their own favourite as they kept returning to it throughout the night. The band played a couple of songs, both brilliant, one by 'The Pyrris' and the other I'd never heard of. The best song in the performance, I thought, was Hendrix's Red House and the worst tracks were undoubtedly the two by 'The Beatles' which they attempted miserably.

At eleven o'clock promptly, after skin Ern had played his out version of the national anthem to a chorus of feedback, Derek 'the Gut' Brooks, threw everyone out.

Note: Many of you may not know what I have been talking about, (I didn't). Well, that's your fault. To rectify this gross deficiency in your knowledge, attend the next gig. You will see a poster advertising it somewhere, I'm sure.



CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Assuming— and influencing
7. Being afraid of
9. Way out
10. Nags becomes a pleasant verbal action of the past
11. Virtually, (with a useful application)
12. The Boers made a great one in the 19th. Century, as did Cpt. Kirk through Space in the future
14. "___ fide"
15. Component of soap
16. Calmly gathered?

DOWN

2. Part of anatomy used for measurement
3. Ideal rice climate changes to bathroom decoration, (7,4)
4. Pubs of the court?
5. Her needle was somewhat larger than others
6. Trust in the sow for your savings? (5,4)
7. Nends mixed-up seat, & roots attent
8. Lone gal forms old ship
13. Deaden— literally
14. At the foot of the cat?

We haven't included the answers to stop you cheating.

I.S. Hamilton

CODON AND THE DEMON

by Joe E. L. Ba.
SO WILLIAMS
MEMPHIS, TENN. U.S.A.

CODON, THE NOT-SO-BRIGHT BARBARIAN
WALKS THE STREETS OF RALAH KESH,
THE HAUNTED....
ALONE !!



2

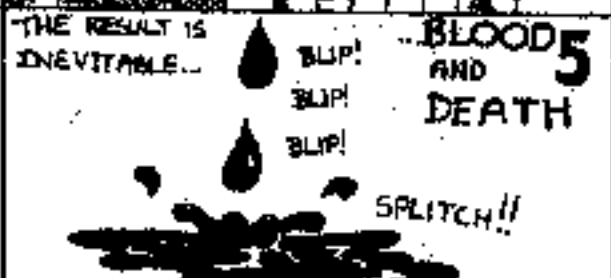


BUT, UNKNOWN TO HIM, HE IS BEING
WATCHED BY A SMALL, BLOOD-LUSTING
DEMON, WHO BEING UNABLE TO FIND A
FAT MERCHANT OR A TENDER WENCH, HAS
DECIDED TO FEAST ON THE UNKNOWNING
BARBARIAN.

HE FOUNCES...



3



THE RESULT IS
INEVITABLE...
BLIP!
BLIP!
BLIP!

...BLOOD
AND
DEATH

THE CITIZENS OF RALAH KESH, PAY NO
HEED TO THE SCREAMS, THE SMELL OF
FRESHLY SALT BLOOD AND THE MURDER
OF FEAR AND DEATH. BECAUSE THEY KNOW
THAT FROM THE TWO BEINGS WHO
LURKED IN THE DARK-BLACK STREETS, ONLY
ONE NOW REMAINS ALIVE.

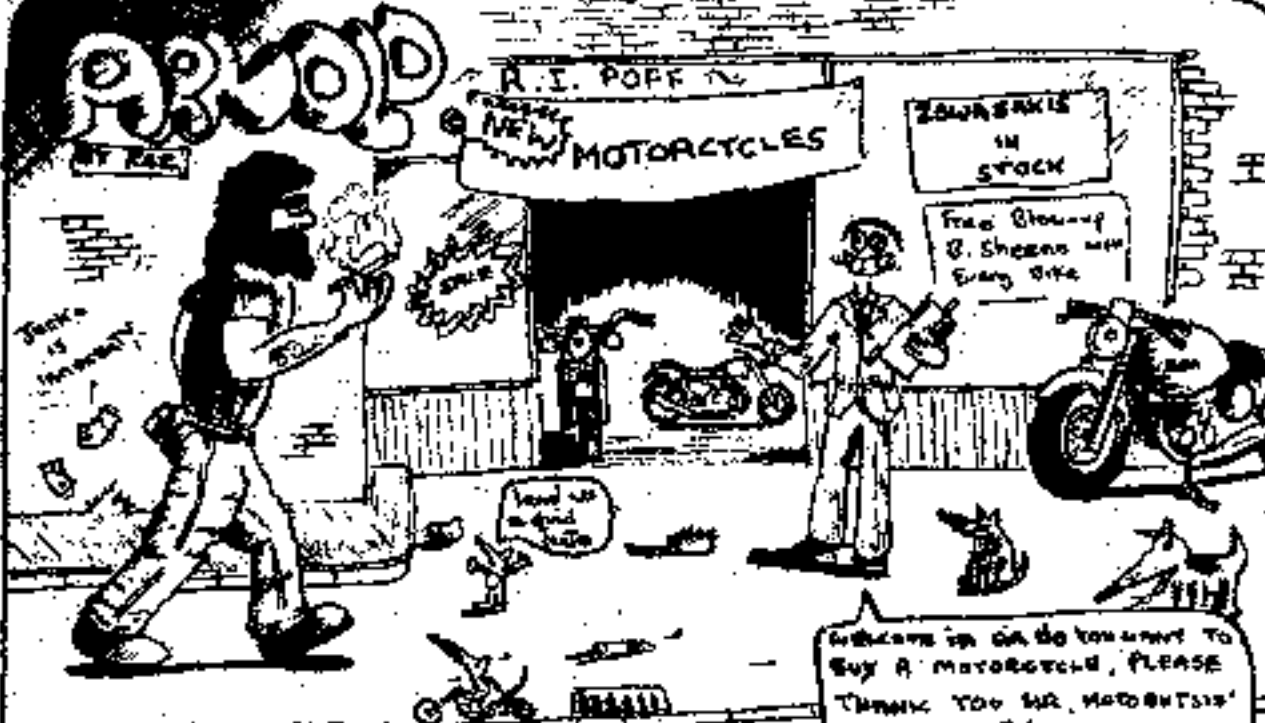


4

AAAAARRGH!!

6





Arnold aquired large sums of money. The other day due to the fact that his old bike accidentally threw itself into a wall.



Arnold left school the day before he started so his understanding of the English language is limited.



ART NEWS

The lower sixth joined forces with a party from the Girls' Grammar School for a long weekend in London, the main purpose of which was to see the Pompeii AD79 exhibition at the Royal Academy. After travelling in first class luxury by kind permission of British Rail, we emerged from Tottenham Court tube station to be greeted by police with loud-hailers, warning people about unexploded bombs in the Oxford St. area: a very warm start to the January weekend.

I think that we must have been the last customers to use the Endell Street Y.M.C.A. hostel before the rats and dubious inmates moved to the new luxury block in St. Russell St.. Most bedrooms had a genuine vermine trap with a very decorative trail of poisonous green crumbs. The dining room where we breakfasted was more like a dropouts' soup kitchen. Who says the Bohemian way of life is dull?

In contrast, next morning, the Pompeii exhibition looked refreshingly clean and modern.

Sunday morning found us walking along from Piccadilly to Hyde Park Corner looking at the roadside art exhibition. Among the most fascinating exhibits were some compositions made from some old match innards. The walk and the cold air sharpened our appetites, so we headed for the nearest Pizza House and later found that 'Jake' had a penchant for cheesecake.

After a quiet, studious afternoon and evening in the Tate Gallery, the party became involved with a strange woman in the bus shelter outside. She thought that most government personnel were spies and none of us were safe from their activities. Her loud, Monty Python style monologue kept the bus queue intrigued for some time, the only pity being that we didn't have a tape recorder.

The final morning was spent in the National Gallery with the usual Trafalgar Square antics with the pigeons beforehand.

The highlight of the sixth form Art Conference at St. Martin's, Lancaster, was when the last speaker appeared in ceramic cap, tie and pocket handkerchief.

The four-day visit to Coniston for field work got off to a very bright start: the vicarage cock saw to that with an authentic reveille at 8.30 the first morning. It did vary according to when the vicar's wife let him out. We found that a Thompson Mark I is excellent for wiping out any would-be smokers in school parties.

One of the best days was spent in Tilberthwaite Ghyll doing studies of rock forms. Human forms were studied too as we surprised several mobile natives making the most of the sun in the sylvan glades.

The self-catering efforts of some of the inmates of the schoolrooms gave the cuisine a touch of the 'Blazing Saddles'. A final dish was made by Seal in the form of instant fruit salad: the record time being one minute flat out.

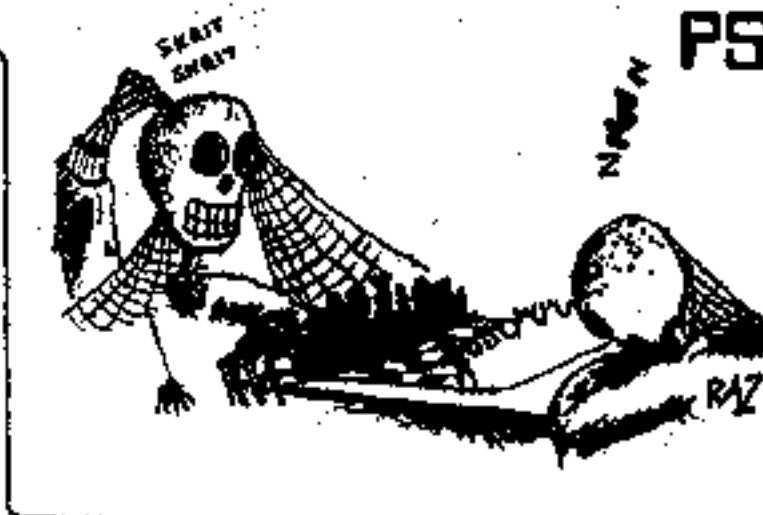
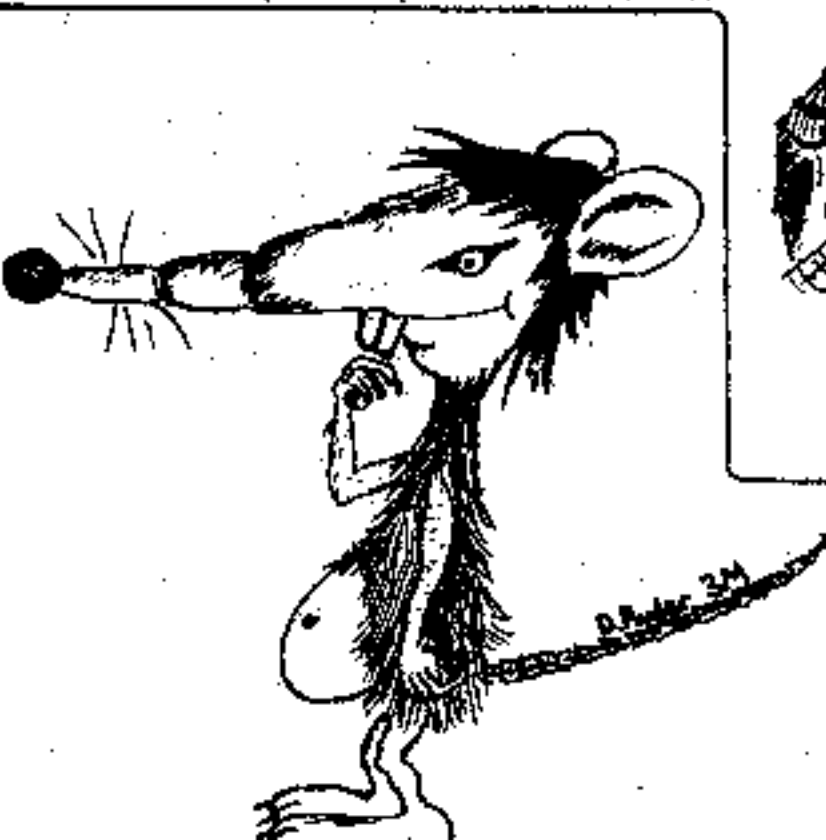
Typical Lake District weather somewhat spoiled the last two days and after two days of non-stop rain we finally left Coniston.

We certainly have enough visual material to keep us busy until the end of term.

CHESS CLUB

Thursday afternoons in the school Year 1976-77 again saw the chess club meeting regularly in the junior Biology lab. After an encouraging start, attendances gradually dwindled towards the end of term. Whilst the lower forms continue to support the Club with typical lower-form enthusiasm, there has been little support from forms four and above. New members, particularly from the upper school, will be welcome next year.

The Chess Club's competition was once more fiercely contested, the number of competitors being considerably enlarged by a sizeable crowd of enthusiastic youngsters from 2 Butler, many of whom show promise. The trophy goes to G. Parkes (40) who beat E. Whitton (UVI Ba) in the final, after both players had had fairly comfortable victories in the earlier rounds. Whitton played an unorthodox and rather silly opening game, rapidly losing any initiative and remaining on the defensive for the rest of the game. Any doubts about the outcome quickly vanished when Parkes developed a strong Queen's side attack; Whitton tried in vain to press home his slight advantage on the King's side, but was never allowed back into the game once his opponent was in full cry. Realising the cause was lost, he resigned after 35 moves. Full credit must go to Parkes for playing a sound game and capitalising on his opponent's errors - and also for managing to think clearly while at least one of Whitton's allies produced staccato interruptions in a not-too-subtle attempt to impede concentration.



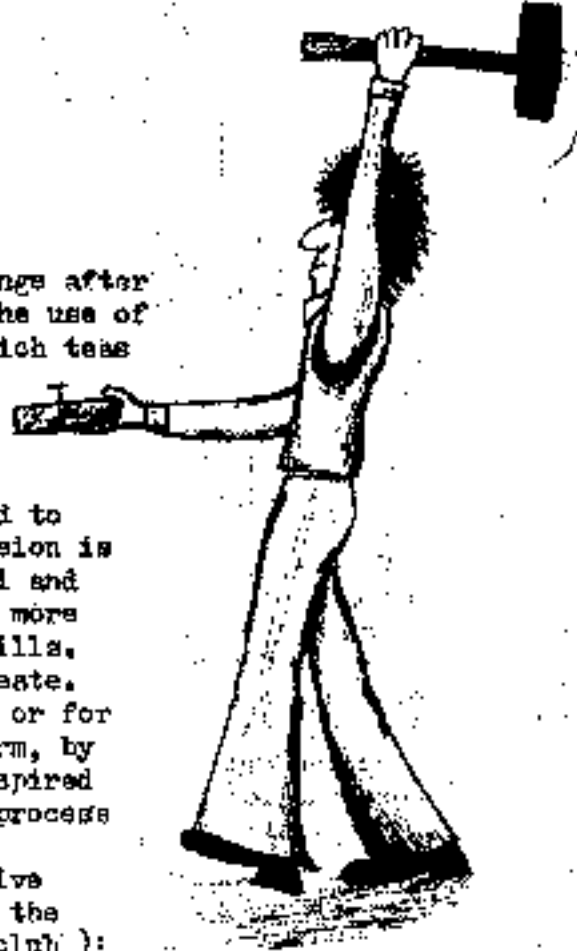
CRAFTSMAN'S CLUB

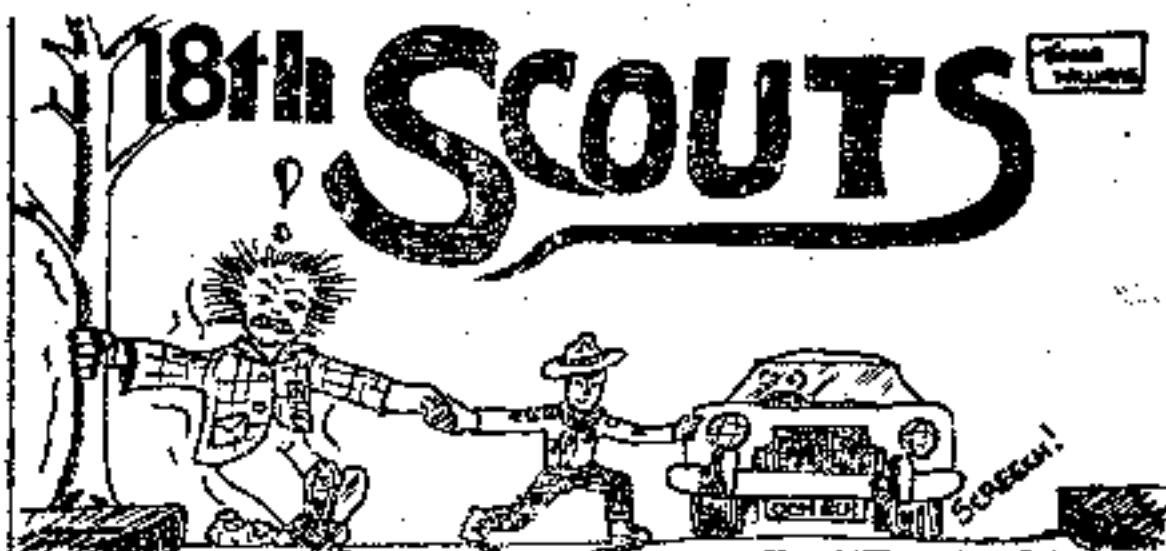
Craftsman's Club is normally held on Thursday evenings after school from 3.45 to 6 p.m. The recent restrictions in the use of school premises have unfortunately put a stop to sandwich teas and long evenings which sometimes did not end until 10.30. These were particularly well attended in the Winter term, Christmas being the deadline for members making gifts. We are least active between May and July.

The club is open to boys of the 3rd year upwards and to staff, but the number of members who can attend the session is limited to fifteen in order to preserve a more congenial and workable arrangement. Qualifications for membership are more connected with personal attributes and interest than skills. Motivation is the first prerequisite - the desire to create. Although the opportunity exists to continue class-work, or for absent or slow-working pupils to catch up with their form, by far the majority of craftwork comprises individually inspired projects. Specialist help in the designing and costing process is readily given. A well-stocked library provides an inexhaustible source of ideas for projects and alternative designs. The second qualification is that of exhibiting the qualities of a good craftsman, (hence the name of the club): that is, caring for the tools and machines, using them correctly and putting them away carefully at the end of the session and being prepared to clean up our mess! Thirdly one needs patience, the ability to settle down for as long as a year and rarely less than a term until the moment of completion. The degree of satisfaction, pleasure or pride felt at this point is directly equitable to the amount of time and effort involved in the job, and the extent to which one's own self was expressed in its ambitiousness and in its designing.

Some projects are an end in themselves, having just ornamental or utilitarian use. Wood-carving, wood-turning, traditional cabinet-making, knock-down furniture, boxes or cases to hold all sorts of things, upholstered stools, are examples of our normal activities, but some projects are doubly interesting in that they lead to further pleasure. Chess sets, canoes, hi-fi cabinets, electric guitars, simple musical instruments, model yachts, etc. are examples illustrating this. The experience of working with other people with similar interests and meeting with others, (whilst canoeing, say) is an extra bonus to one's personal development. Any satisfactory and worthwhile achievement tends to boost one's self-respect and confidence.

So bear in mind that you are most likely to need a hobby in the future; you will have long hours of leisure, and will be wondering what to do with them. You may buy a home, and should know how to maintain and possibly improve it. Your eventual wife and family are bound to want something for the home or children. Here in C.C. is an educational, recreative opportunity you really shouldn't miss. Come along if you're interested, but not all at once!





SUMMER CAMP

Having determined to camp away from our traditional mountainous haunts, 44 members of the troop 'signed up' for a fortnight's vacation in Northumberland, pitching our tents a mere five miles from the Geordie stronghold of Newcastle, directly beneath the flight path to Ponteland, sharing a common boundary with Gosforth race course, and only twenty minutes walk from a new town (?) of concrete towers, elevated walkways, marmoth stores and an artificial lake.

Once we had adjusted to the language of the north-east, the troop set about sampling the 'delights' of Northumberland's county camp-site: the climbing frame was the scene of many battles, until it sagged under the combined weight of forty Barrovians; the climbing wall and chimneys were conquered over and over again, under the watchful gaze of our instructors; the swimming pool despite its colour and hidden depths, proved an irresistible attraction most days. Gosforth Park was indeed a new experience for us. The patrol challenges, construction of patrol baths, leaping 'Sweeney's Brook', inter-patrol and inter-troop football, the tennis singles and doubles, and John's trip to the airport - a mere five miles as the planes flew - all helped to fill in the time.

As if to compensate for Whit Camp, the weather remained fine throughout. We travelled by coach to Chesters fort on Hadrian's wall and to Steel Cragg farm where we descended to Eboracaster fort and the ice-cream van. Towards the end of our stay we ventured by coach to Edinburgh castle. We then persuaded our driver to take us to Seahouses, where a vessel was chartered to take us out to the Farne Islands. Passing Inner Farne to starboard, we came within sight of Outer Farne with its colonies of seals. After a pause for photographs, the boat rounded the final island and swung back towards the distant harbour. Back on dry land, we feasted on fish and chips and returned to our coach.

Our final safari took us deep into lion country on the Lambton estates and our only major slip-up of the whole fortnight. We were deposited at a cafeteria and children's zoo, planning to meet up with our transport at the exit. What we did not know was that the only way out led through the rhino enclosure. After lunch, our leader decided to prove his efficiency by halting the safari bus and negotiating with the 'big white hunter' our free passage through the remainder of the reserve.

Our return to camp revealed an invasion of flying ants which had taken a liking to our canvas. Pattiz commenced, the invaders bit the dust and a major victory was proclaimed. But we could not rest: the dismantling of camp followed our evening meal. The following morning we headed for Newcastle and home - for once all personnel and equipment intact.

THE TROOP YEAR

18th Scouting has proved to be extremely popular with 1976/77 being another full, exciting year.

The October half-term saw 45 members entrenched in the Basecamp adventure centre above Windersore for a very demanding week's activities. The programme (by far our most extensive and most successful to date) included a two day expedition, canoeing courses on Windersore, rock climbing, a simulated rescue exercise (which had everyone fooled right up to the moment the victim, having been carried miles through woodland, was told to 'pick up his bed and

18th Scouts

Other activities were orienteering, voluntary work for the National Trust, Conservation Projects, an ascent of the Langdale Pikes, a walk over Cliffe Heights, plenty of badge work and puzzling out the newly-introduced 'Operation Co'.

The week was a particularly demanding one, although evenings did afford some time to play table tennis or darts and to watch films. Needless to say, the 'football pitch and the outdoor gymnasium in the trees both proved popular. Congratulations to all who survived the strenuous week's activities and came through smiling.

At the February half-term, two of our Ventures took a party of twenty to the Conistone Youth Centre for five days and used it as a base from which to participate in many indoor and outdoor activities.

During the Easter break, five not-so-intrepid PLe - Seniors 'skived off' to the Norfolk Broads for a week aboard a pleasure cruiser (this was originally planned to be an expedition along the canals in a narrowboat). The first couple of days presented several problems, with one of the party treating the vessel as if it were a sailing dinghy and consequently tacking from bank to bank; at one stage, we lost one-third of our crew who abandoned ship during one of many unsuccessful mooring operations. A week which began in sunshine, later saw us building a snowman on the bows. Anyway, the less said about the remainder of the week the better.

Whit Camp found a small party returning to one of our favourite camp sites in Watendlath above Borrowdale. Despite the weather, the party admirably tackled various pursuits, many at night-time including the overnight stay in Milligan Dalton's cave on Castle Crag and a rapid 90 minute ascent of Skiddaw in appalling conditions to be present at the lighting of the jubilee beacon. Scrambling, Ghyll walks, Rock-climbing on Shepherd's Crag and camp games completed the programme.

We now look forward to the major expedition this Summer to Perthshire and the Cairngorms.

No report of the troop's activities since last September would be complete without mentioning our competition successes. We set out to achieve the 'Grand Slam' and take every trophy going this year: we entered five teams in the district orienteering competition and took 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 6th places to justly retain the trophy (which to date has never left our HQ); our team won the local ambulance competition and went on to represent Cumbria in the Derby Shield; in the District Swimming Gala, our over 13 team easily swept the field, taking the trophy for their age group and winning the Diving, whilst our under 13 team was narrowly beaten into second place; finally, in the recent Pearson Trophy, our younger scouts didn't let us down and brought the trophy back. With no more competitions left this term, I think we can claim a tremendous victory, with well-deserved congratulations to all involved.

PDH'77



SPORT



We have decided to condense only the most important sporting achievements instead of the normal lists of fixtures and results.

SOCCER

1st Year - League winners
cup semi-finalists
2nd Year - Cumbria cup semi-finalists
3rd Year - League winners
- Cup winners

The following boys were selected to represent Cumbria
U 19 - S. O'BRIEN, D. WILSON

U 15 - S. KIBBY, G. SKIVINGTON, G. WESTWOOD

RUGBY

U 15 - Moorclose boys winners
Selected for Cumbria
U. 19 - D. ELLIOT
U. 16 - S. O'BRIEN
U. 15 - P. LITTON, S. JOWARD

CRICKET

Selected for Cumbria

U 19 - R. THOMPSON, A. POWELL, D. ELLIOT

U 13 - D. HAYES, G. GIBSON, P. REYNOLDS, I. POWERS, P. THOMPSON

TABLE TENNIS

1st Team promoted to division three
3rd Team won division 7

BASKETBALL

Senior team won division two

SWIMMING

Picked to represent county
- Water Polo - D. BARTON

MIDDLE SCHOOL RAMBLING CLUB

Bad weather started off the season in late September. The proposed route-Fairfield, was changed to Wetherlam, Swirl How and Great Carrs from Tilberthwaite due to the atrocious conditions. These peaks were visited by rather a large party which included a master wearing shorts and no overtrousers. The road walk back was completed in dry conditions, however, and all had recovered to laugh at a tame sheep which had appeared in the car park.

The Fairfield hike was reset for early November and again the weather was bad. The size of the party had shrunk, (due to the rain?), and we all tramped off up Dove Crag, Hart Crag, St. Sunday Crag and Birks, where the rain stopped.

Early in December, the hike to Blencathra and Bannisdale Craggs was sadly under-subscribed. All the other members had been put off by the weather on the two previous hikes, so a couple of masters and ten upper school boys set off into the snow. Ironically, the weather was mostly good, although ice axes were essential. Ah! A Great Day!

After Christmas came the half term Youth Hostelling. Four walking days centred on the luxurious Patterdale Hostel. Our time was spent climbing many of the nearby fells in weather which varied from near 'White-out' conditions to fine spells. The whole trip was thoroughly enjoyable and thanks are due to Mr Garnett for the tasty lunches.

The next hike was called off (due to lack of response from the third and fourth years), but was put on again for these years and the fifth form at a later date. The club was now restricted to the middle school and a hike to Bowfell took place in rather bad weather.

The exclusion of the sixth was said to be because these boys walked at 'break-neck speed', so frightening off any slower young boys. The sixth form hope that the ban will soon be lifted enabling them to take part once more.

Competition

Arrange the following glider safety checks in the correct checking order:

- (1) Straps (or harnesses)
- (2) Flaps (Airbrakes)
- (3) Trim
- (4) Canopy
- (5) Controls
- (6) Instruments
- (7) Ballast

Answer sheets with full name and form should be handed to John Woodhouse or Mr. Mayes by October 1st.

The winner will be announced in the next issue and will receive a 1/72nd scale plastic model of the American Sabre.

SPORT continued

Swimming-A. CLARK, N. VENABLES

The school won both the junior and senior Winter Leagues. In the Inter-School Gala, the school won the Butler Cup, the Harold Kerr Trophy and the overall Championship Trophy.

ATHLETICS

1st places in Cumbria Schools' Championships:-

P. HELM - Senior Javelin

G. MINCHLEY - Senior Triple Jump

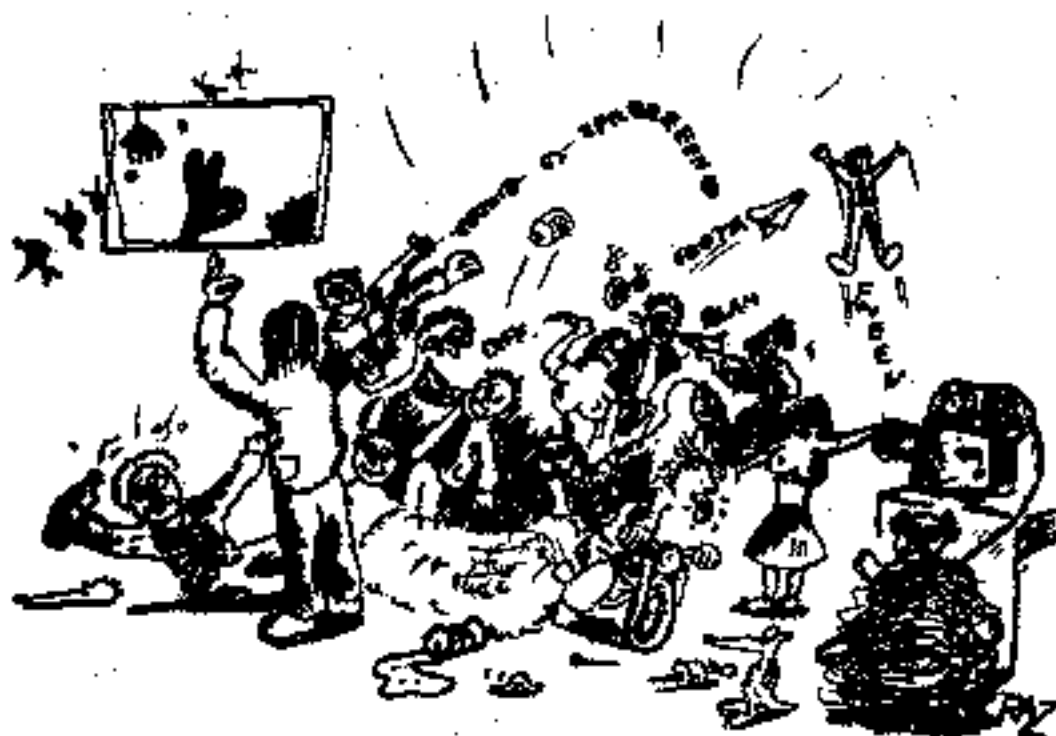
S. BERRIDGE - Senior 800m

S. BECKETT - Senior Hurdles

T. McCANN - Junior Hurdles

G. WESTWOOD - Junior Discus

S. BERRIDGE and P. HUTTON have been selected to represent Cumbria in the National Schools' Championships.



FILM SOCIETY

The film society, open to sixth formers of this and the girls' school, has now been running for some three years and now has a membership of over a hundred and ten, which must surely make it the school's most popular

society. The aim of the society in addition to providing entertainment is to offer the opportunity for a joint social occasion at which members of both schools can meet. The society assembles sporadically, usually showing three films per year.

This year's offerings were well attended, and evoked an enthusiastic response. New members from the sixth forms are always welcome upon payment of a relatively small sum.

Grateful thanks are due to Mr. Jones whose services as projectionist

EDITORIAL STAFF

John Woodhouse

Bill Johnston

Malcolm Taylor

Mark Thompson

Philip Watson (who didn't actually do anything but would just like to see his name in print !)

PRODUCTION STAFF

Malcolm Taylor

John Woodhouse

Mark Thompson

James Tunn

Mark Crosswell

Ian Kirby

CARTOONS

Toots

Raz

Nep



I thought it necessary to inform readers that at one point, this magazine nearly wasn't published. This was entirely due to the work and great innovations of J.K. Woodhouse, who decided to leave all the material for this publication on the railway lines at Roose Station. Why did he do that ? You may well ask.....

.....Enquiries to J.K. Woodhouse, LVI Ra.

However, I am glad to say that after several anxious moments and more than a few threats to the well-being of the afore mentioned person, the magazine was recovered. Two old boys of the school found it and handed it in. We are grateful to them and to them J.K. owes his life.