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THE
DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL
MAGAZINE

No.149

September 1988

Editorial Staff: Mrs.C.Canavan, Simon Johns, Michael Kearns,
Nick Allen and Charles Green.

EDITORIAL

Welcome to the 1988 edition of the School Magazine. Sadly, owing to the pressure of the new examinations, Mrs.Shaw has given up her role as editor. I hope that I can fill her shoes. My thanks go to her for all her advice and to Simon Johns, Michael Kearns, Nick Allen and Charles Green whose help in the processing of all the articles has been invaluable. Mrs.Reeve must also be thanked for her technical advice and for allowing us so much time on the computers.

We are delighted to be able to include a greater proportion of creative work that has arisen from the new G.C.S.E. courses, which have taken up so much of our time this year. It has been an invigorating experience for both staff and pupils in meeting the requirements of the new courses which involve a more practical application of subjects and include exciting opportunities for fieldwork in geography and biology courses.

We returned to work in the summer term with the news of the continuation of grammar schools, enabling us to look forward to a bright future. Altogether it has been a busy and interesting year.

The new resources centre was opened. Parents came in regularly to help with its administration giving up their valuable time and energy to support both pupils and staff, which has been greatly appreciated by us all. The boys have had greater opportunities to broaden their horizons through the satellite facility and the use of computers and word processors. It is always filled to capacity during break and lunchtimes with hives of pupils and staff active around each unit. Pupils involved in supported self study can pursue their interests and extend their G.C.S.E. and A level courses. It was also the nerve centre of two nationwide school newspaper days the school participated in with excellent results.

Pupils continue to participate in a wide range of activities outside the school curriculum, thanks to members of staff who organise and run the ventures including the Young Enterprise Scheme, Ski Trips to Italy and France, a music week and a wide range of sports. Not only do these activities widen pupils' experience but provide enjoyment and a real sense of achievement for all involved. Such is the hectic life at D.H.S. and long may it continue. The P.T.A. continue in their unfailing support of the school and provide us with some memorable occasions, most notably this year the Fashion Show in which members of staff and two pupils made their unforgettable debut, as models!

By C.F.C.

SCHOOL NOTES

In addressing in the summer the first conference of the National Grammar Schools Association the Secretary of State's decision in April that this school would continue, while it was most welcome, really came as no surprise. Generations of staff have built an ethos and an expectation to which generations of pupils have positively responded and which has earned the support of generations of parents.

Now there is every incentive to be very positive about the future, to ensure that the school offers a thoroughly relevant education and yet at the same time does not allow whims of fashion to erode elements which are of enduring value. It is very apparent that over the next few years we will rely increasingly on the support of parents whose markedly more significant role has been clearly signposted by the Secretary of State. In return we will promise to create an educational experience for their sons of still greater worth.

MR. R.G. BORBON

Joining the school seventeen years ago Mr. Borbon brought with him a wealth of experience in the practical application of mathematics acquired as a lecturer in the technical college of all three of the country's principle naval dockyards. Particularly at sixth form level this special mathematical expertise has been invaluable. It has been a major element in laying the firm foundation for so many boys who have gone on to engineering courses in high education.

For the last thirteen years Mr Borbon has led the middle school with firmness, fairness and immense understanding, counselling and guiding innumerable boys through their most difficult years of growing up. Few will have fully realised just how much he has done for them and how much his wisdom has influenced their lives. Yet he will be sorely missed by pupils and colleagues. We were delighted that after his recent illness he was able to return to complete the last half term of a very distinguished, professional career.

J.G.W.P.

SPEECH DAY - DECEMBER 1987

This, once again, was the largest public event of the school year, with the opportunity to report on the achievements and developments of the past twelve months. The proceedings were chaired by the Lord Mayor, and we welcomed the Lady Mayoress, Mr. Stanbury, the chairman of the West Devon Area Education Advisory Committee, Mr. Pinney, the guest speaker, governors and parents. Mr. Pascoe, chairman of the board of governors, proposed the vote of thanks, seconded by James Ellison, deputy head boy.

The Headmaster gave a comprehensive report of the school's activities, staff changes and developments, also paying tribute to all the support of the non-teaching members of the school, without whom the school could not function so efficiently. The Head also wished to thank parents, governors and all those who had aided in the "Save The Grammar Schools" Campaign.

An outline of the successes and developments of the school year included references to the use of the money from The Development Fund to provide better facilities in the resources area, updating computers and improving the library stocks. This was well utilised by the pupils and staff and the head particularly mentioned the excellent self-supported studies already undertaken by pupils using these facilities. Again, thanks had to go to Mr. Ward and the P.T.A. for all the help provided both monetarily and physically throughout the year.

Also included in the Headmaster's report were references to the many and varied out-of-school activities provided as well as listing the academic successes of the school.

Mr. Pinney responded to the report in a most positive manner, after distributing the many certificates, cups and prizes. In a lively and entertaining speech he added his praise of the standards the school had achieved, and made it clear that he wished to see such standards maintained.

On proposing the vote of thanks, Mr. Pascoe once more stressed the need for the retention of Grammar Schools, and was seconded by James Ellison.

A most successful evening, particularly with the calls for our continuation subsequently carrying the day, and we can look forward to many more speech days to come.

By P.J.S.

P.T.A REPORT

It was with great pleasure that we started the new P.T.A. year with a short A.G.M. followed by the inauguration of the resources room.

The first major event was the ever popular Firework Display, despite the rival fireworks on the Hoe we still managed to make a respectable profit.

Response to the cookery demonstration, given by Sue Thompson of the Milk Marketing Board, in November was disappointing but those who did attend were captivated by her culinary skills.

Christmas with the P.T.A. would be incomplete without the Bumper Jumble Sale at the beginning of December which gives us all a chance to clear the cupboards.

The Italian Cheese and Wine evening planned for April was changed to a Celebration Evening on learning the good news from the Secretary of State, that the school is to remain open. Thank you to all who helped in the campaign.

A great deal of fun and hard work went into our next event which was the Fashion Spectacular. The teachers and mums who took part had a wonderful evening and the audience were surprised by their professionalism.

At the time of writing we are looking forward to an evening on the River Yealm and as always to finish, the Summer Fete.

By Mrs. J. Hammacott

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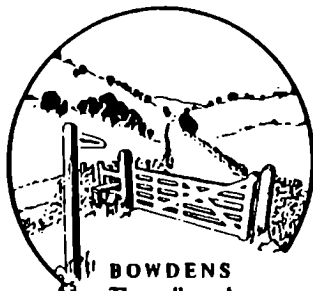


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THE ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF THE G.C.S.E. EXAMINATION SYSTEM

One of the most interesting developments this year has seen in education the completion of the first two year G.C.S.E. Courses. I invited a couple of pupils to give their views :

The G.C.S.E. exam and all its trappings has become another four letter unmentionable in the already wide repertoire on Middle School students everywhere.

Hailed by the Government, the Right Honourable Kenneth Baker in particular, as the ultimate examination system, G.C.S.E. was designed to replace the "outmoded" "O" level and to cater for the "full range of academic ability present in the country's children".

The idea was commendable, as it is well known fact that a high powered "O" level course benefitted only the top ten to fifteen per cent of students, whilst others were reduced to C.S.E. examinations and many often ended up with no qualifications whatsoever.

Unfortunately, the envisaged slick, well-oiled machine failed to materialise and, whatever the reason was, it is the pupils who must suffer added pressures, the waffle and the mistakes that all of us sitting the JUNE '88 exams have experienced.

The worst of all G.C.S.E.'s shortcomings has to be the exam questions themselves. Throughout the last eighteen months we have been subjected to a whole range of different modes of testing, from data questions to structured essays. After all this, we sit down in the exam room and, lo and behold, are asked to count how many flies are drawn on the sheet opposite (MEG Biology 2, Q.11). There were a hundred. Granted, it was only worth two marks, but is it any wonder that pupils have such a low opinion of the examinations?

A word that has become inextricably linked with G.C.S.E. is "coursework". Is it a good thing? Or just an hindrance? Geography is a subject in which course work has provided an amusing diversion throughout the two years. The various expeditions to Dartmoor provided pupils of the fourth form with an excellent opportunity to enjoy the fresh air and scenery; whilst one Wednesday morning, in the Spring term of the fourth year, Plymouth was invaded by thousands of uniformed Geography students from a multitude of schools, most of them taking pedestrian surveys from outside the Wimpy.

Happy memories of juvenile delinquency faded when it was announced a few days AFTER all the coursework was completed that instead of the suspected twenty percent, the actual figure for coursework contribution to the final mark was in fact, wait for it, FIFTY percent.

The idea of including coursework in the syllabus was promoted by the Department of Education as a method of "continuous assessment", suggesting images of Orwellian society - Big Brother is watching YOU !

This time it did not even work in theory. The administrative difficulties experienced by teachers must have been huge and we ended up with concentrated blocks of assessments "to get it out of the way".

It must be said, however, that practical assessment has its benefits but under the present system these are small. The courses are still very much exam-orientated, with eighty per cent of the major science courses exam-based. The fact that there is no practical contribution to the higher level papers tells us something about the

nature of the assessments and the level that THEY are aimed at.

All considered, G.C.S.E. has very few good points at all. It ensures that every pupil sitting an exam is awarded a grade and that nobody "fails", but this is farcical as even the lower 'O' level passes are not accepted by most employers and universities. One possible advantage of G.C.S.E. is that it should motivate less able pupils to try, whilst under the old system they would have been justified in saying "Blow this for a game of soldiers" and abandoning all hope.

G.C.S.E. has been praised for the greater emphasis placed upon the practical and environmental aspects of the subject. It is the areas with this emphasis that have been the most entertaining of all. In many cases they are so amazingly simple that a large proportion of the marks can be attained from general knowledge alone. One classic example of this could be found in the MEG Physics (paper 1), the multiple choice. The first question portrayed five thermometers with differing levels of mercury in each. The question required the examinee to decide which of the thermometers' readings was variant.

Being the first year to take the new G.C.S.E.s in England, we were bound to suffer all the mistakes that are inevitable in any major new system, but the catalogue of errors we have endured has been inexcusable and the author of this article, for one, will remember G.C.S.E.s with nothing but contempt.

By A.Laurillard & P.Tysoe 5th

The following articles are from the second and third years in the lower school English Literature and History courses, devised to meet the new G.C.S.E requirements.

WHILE LONDON BURNED

Once again, I was unable to catch a wink of sleep, because of the never-ending stream of ex-townspeople leaving London's burning streets. The whole sky inside the main town was blazing like Hell's inferno. I could hear towers, houses, churches, people, all becoming no more at the hands of the fire. It's fingers were opening up and grasping as much of London as it could. May God never let my eyes and ears hear those terrible sounds and sights again as I did those few horrific days.

I was therefore risen and washed before dawn (if you could really distinguish between night and dawn due to the light given off by the flames) had cracked. I was about to go downstairs when suddenly I heard a loud shout from downstairs.

"Ch-Charleston !" It was quite obviously Dr.Thorne, sounding more than a little shaken. "Get out of h-here quickly !"

I ran downstairs, slipped on my shoes and coat, and opened the door. Dr.Thorne looked terrible. he looked as scared as he would have done if he had seen the boatman on the River of Styx. His hands were shaking uncontrollably, his legs almost as bad.

"What is wrong, my dear doctor ?"

"My w-wife, murdered !"

"What ?"

"C-come and look." We pushed through the crowds of people, and soon reached Thorne's house. I began to go up the stone steps to his front door, but there he stopped me.

"No, down th-there." He pointed to the steps leading down to the wine cellar.

I changed direction and began to descend the stone steps. I reached the bottom and pushed open the small wooden door.

There was a candle burning, set upon a large barrel. In the light of the flame I could see a woman. She was tall, about six feet tall, and was quite attractive, even through her disfigurement. Her throat had been slit.

By R.Fentem 2nd

ESTELLA'S DIARY

Diary,

This day I was unfortunate enough to have an encounter with a common labouring boy and for the first time used the teaching bespoken to me by Miss Havisham.

The day commenced ordinarily enough and, then, the aforementioned boy appeared at the gate with that clot Pumblechook, who I promptly dismissed because he was of no use to anyone and probably, never will be.

I lead the boy like a dog to the door. I dragged him rather than let him because he persisted on dawdling and asking many thousands of questions. A more inquisitive boy I have never known and hopefully will never know again.

When I finally completed my task and stood facing the darkness behind the open door, he actually asked me to go before him into the darkened corridor. I coldly but politely replied to this gesture by saying that I had no intentions at the present moment to go anywhere with him and I bade him farewell and closed the door behind him.

A few minutes later I heard a shouting emerging from Miss Havisham's room. I walked to the room in question and saw that boy, shouting my name at the top of his voice.

I entered the dark and morbid room and saw Miss Havisham sat on her chair, so thin, it seemed if she moved she would disintegrate into dust.

Miss Havisham commanded me to play cards with the boy, whose name was Pip, though I could not possibly call him by that name because it would show that I acknowledge his grubby little existence.

For the first time while playing cards I looked at him closely. He had incredibly coarse hands and extremely thick boots, the like had never seen and I knew he could not possibly do anything right, and as I new they would be, my sentiments were entirely correct and he misdealt the cards. He also called the knaves. Jacks, this indeed was the mark of the lowest and commonest boy in all of England.

I then had to condescend to his level and feed him. A more disgusting sight I have never seen, it was like feeding time at some common farm and the boy was one of the pigs.

I could not possibly look at him while he ate but he looked as if he would begin to cry and I looked on feeling an air of elation sweep over me because I was the cause of this sorrow.

I haunted him like a spectre the rest of the afternoon, following in the distance wherever he went and basking in triumph when he cried again. I showed the boy out, finally, when his wanderings came to an end.

I think maybe that I should have felt some compassion for that poor boy, Pip, because of the ordeal I put him through and the insults I had hurled at him, but I did not feel anything, it was though I had no feelings at all, as if I had no heart.

That is enough time, though, writing about that boy when I have far more important things to do. Farewell, Diary.

By G.Stockdale 3rd

THE HITCH-HIKER
(Play adapted from Julius Ceaser)

Characters:

Tom
Policeman
Archie
Bert
Mabel
Ken

Act I

Scene I

Archie is in a cafe, sipping tea and reading "The Sun". Radio 1 plays faintly in the background.

As the scene opens, Bert enters via a door in the back of the scenery.

Bert: Hullo, Archie.
Archie: (Nods head.) Bert.
Bert: (Calls off stage.) Chips, beans, eggs and bacon, please, Mabel.
Mabel: (Off stage.) Comin' right up.
Bert: (Sees Archie is reading the paper.) What are you reading, Arch?
(leans over the top of the paper.) Ah! Maria Whittaker's chest.
Archie: Rubbish! I was reading about about "Eddie the Eagle".
Bert: Who on earth is he?
Archie: Haven't you heard of him?
Bert: I've been away a lot recently and my wagon hasn't got a telly. Or, for that matter ...

(Archie and Bert both say in unison: a night heater...)

Archie: You're always on about that. Anyhow, "Eddie the Eagle" is a ski jumper who's really naff, but overnight, he ...
Bert: TNT? (Shoves him) ...you know - TNT overnight.
Archie: Shut up! Do you want to know this or not?
bert: (Nods)

Archie: Well, overnight, he has become a megastar - he's been on all the chat shows - Wogan, Johnnie Carson.
 Bert: I know! He's such a prat. He's famous?
 Archie: Yeah! In his two Olympic jumps, he came last!
 Bert: I read an interesting thing in the paper the other day.
 Archie: Oh yeah? (puts down paper and folds it.)
 Bert: It was about this bloke who was cursed by a gyppo and he was cursed not to drink any booze but, about twenty years later he had a heart attack, and he was revived by a neighbour using brandy...

(Mabel comes on and gives Bert his meal.)

Archie: Yeah, go on.
 Bert: Anyway, in the hospital the night after, he died; just like that, even though the doctors thought he was going to be alright.
 Archie: Inexplicable like.
 Bert: Oh, well yeah - but it was the gyppo's curse.
 Archie: Rubbish - superstitious claptrap.
 Bert: I'm not so sure. You know that day I had my blowout....
 Archie: Mmmm
 Bert: ...well, that day, on my way to the truck park, I almost ran over this cat, and it was black - an' you know what that means...
 Archie: Here coincidence - now shut up 'cause I want to read....

Scene II

Mabel is clearing the table, when Burt enters.

Bert: Hullo, Mabel. Seen Archie, 'ave you?
 Mabel: No. Did you two CB to meet here, or something?
 Bert: Yeah...
 Mabel: Your usual?
 Bert: Yep....you know, from what I could tell talking to Archie on the road, he had this hitch-hiker with him.
 Mabel: That's strange.
 Bert: Yes, 'specially considering the hitch-hiker seemed drunk.
 Mabel: Did he now?
 Bert: This hitch-hiker was saying Arch ought to turn off the M62 'cause it was dangerous, but Arch wasn't having any of it.
 (Stares into space)
 (Enter Tom)
 Tom: Damned weather!
 Mabel: Hullo, Tom.
 Tom: Hullo, Mabel, Bert.
 Mabel: Thinking about it, I'd be surprised if Arch was having any of it...
 Bert: (Turns to Tom.) Have you seen Arch - on the road, I mean?
 Tom: Nope, Grumpy old so-and-so. I had a bet with him a while ago, on what new trucks we (he gestures the company logo on his overalls.) would buy next. He reckoned E14's (or 401's, he couldn't make up his mind.), an' I reckoned FL7's.

Bert: Go on.
Tom: So we buy FL7's. Will he pay ? No! He says, 'cause I still got "Ole Bess", you know, my F10, an' there were no witness', it doesn't count!

(E14,401,FL7 and F10 are all makes of truck.)

Mabel: Well, I see his point...
Tom: (Sighs sceptically.) Why d'you want him, Bert ?
Bert: Oh - I'd arranged to meet him here.
Tom: So ? You're always doing that - Egg, sausages and chips, Mabel. (She goes off.)
Bert: Yeah, but he had a hitch-hiker.
Tom: ****! Sure he wasn't tipsy - or was it some beautiful, seductive, nineteen-year-old wench, who...
Bert: No, no! If anyone was drunk, it was the hitch-hiker...
Tom: Now that is a turn up
Tom: I picked up this hitch-hiker, jes' now, and he was ranting on about me turning off the M62 to avoid Cragg's Bridge, you know, that bridge that's really exposed - well, in this weather, I didn't need a second bidding - mind you, the hitch-hiker was damn insistant.
Bert: He sounds just like Archie's. What did he look like ?
Tom: An oldish sort of bloke; nothing special.
Mabel: Did you turn off then ?
Tom: He was being such a headache, I mean, I did turn off, more to satisfy him than meself. Funny thing is, I can't, for the life of me, remember stopping to let him get off - or him telling me where he was going - proves how alert I am.

Scene III

An oddish policeman, Ken enters.

Ken: Evenin'.
Mabel: Hullo, Ken.
Ken: You look as white as a sheet, Mabel (turns to Bert and Tom.)
Either of you going West ?
Bert: Yeah - why ?
Mabel: Want a cuppa, Ken ?

Ken nods, and Mabel goes off.

Ken: 'Cause Cragg's Bridge has just had a truck blown off it, so it's been closed to high-siders.
Bert: Oh, no!
Ken: Actually, Bert, as you're stuck here, I could tell you a story about that bridge.
Tom: No disrespect, but I'm gonna hit the road now, 'cause if me an "Ole Bess" can get to base-camp soon, I can cop some overtime, doing a run which one of the boys stranded t'other side of Cragg's would've had. See you, Bert.
Bert: Bye. (Tom leaves.)

Scene IV

Bert: C'mon, then, tell your story.
Ken: Well, up to about the mid-sixties, as you can imagine, this route, and especially the Cragg's Bridge area, were hardly ever used, and very bleak.
Bert: What about that little village - Glandon ?
Ken: Oh, it was pretty much cut off. Any way, before the M62 was built, the old cross-penine trunk road used to pass through Glandon, and another hamlet, Little Fordham, which is over the other side of Cragg's gorge. However, the bridge was in the same place as it is today. Little Fordham has never had a pub, and probably never will, so anyone wanting a pint or two had to walk East, across Cragg's Bridge to Glandon. Got it ?
Bert: Yes.
Mabel: Here's your tea. I presumed you wanted some Bert.
Bert: Yes thanks.
Ken: Thanks. Anyhow, one night, this old bloke sets out to walk to the pub in Glandon from Little Fordham. Several hours later, after downing a beer in the pub, he sets out to return, but a storm has blown up. He hasn't got any choice. He sets off homeward, probably a little drunkardly. He never got there, because, so the story goes, as he walked cross the bridge, a freak gust destroyed the bridge. His corpse was never found, but it's said to haunt this area....
Mabel: What does this ghost look like ?
Ken: Dunno. Probably like a slightly drunken old man. Who knows.

Scene V

Bert: What was the make of truck blown off today officer ?
Ken: Dunno, but it had "Archibald Blanding Independant Haulage" on it. (Sees their horror struck faces.) Why ? Do you know him or something ?

By J.Summers 3rd

TWELFTH NIGHT PLAY

SCENARIO

1. JONATHON - A fairly intelligent boy (aged about twelve) with brown to blonde hair - the practical joker.
2. ROLAND KENTSON - A big, fat, greedy, bully who has a habit of taking pack lunch boxes and eating them - not a nice person. (Known as 'the rat' to all because he creeps about like one).
3. JEREMY STEVENS - An average boy with black hair, helps with the practical jokes.
4. MARK TIMSON - Also fairly average and with light brown hair.

The Rat's Last Dinner

Scene1. Act1

In the classroom. Everyone has left except Roland, Mark, Jonathan, Jeremy and the teacher who is just packing up his folders.

Mark: Sir. Was the title for that essay "The rise and demise of the British Silk Industry?"

Mr. Blodgers: Yes, it was. At least eight hundred words long, remember! (Exit Mr. Blodgers)

(They take out their pack lunch boxes. Back stage, Roland is already stuffing his.)

Jeremy: Hey, Jonathan, come here for a minute. What are you going to write about in that essay?

Jonathan: What else? The British Silk Industry. No. Seriously, I haven't really thought - It'll take an age to write.

(Roland finishes pack lunch and creeps up behind them and seizes Jonathan's arm)

Jonathan: Ah! (Turns round) Oh! It's you.

Roland: (Looking more like rat than ever) How about giving me your packed lunch box - or would you prefer me to twist your arm off first - eh? (Turns round) Stay back, you two, or your friend gets it.

Jonathan: Oh! Yes. OK. You can have it. Just let me go first.

Roland: No way. I don't trust you. (Snatches lunch box and exit Roland.)

Johnathon: Damn! That's the second time he's nicked my packed lunch box this week - see yer - I'm going to borrow some money from the secretary. (Turns to leave)

Mark: Wait a minute. We've got to do something about him. You're not the only one he picks on.

Jonathan: But what can we do, he's so big and strong?

Jeremy: Let's play a trick on him.

Mark: Like what?

Jonathan: We could tell Miss Littlewood about...

Jeremy: No. That wouldn't work. She's as feeble as her name sounds. She's as scared of him as we are.

Mark: We could tell Mr. Blanson. He's strict.

Jonathan: He wouldn't believe us. Say what. I'll think up a joke we can play on him. Can you come around my house after school? We could do it then.

Mark: Sorry. I can't come. (In a fed up voice) I'm going swimming and then we have got some visitors coming and my mum wants me to meet them - it's going to be dead boring! - Talking to snobs all evening.

Jeremy: Me neither. I've got a detention with Miss Clyth. All I did was throw a rubber at Taylor.

Jonathan: Oh well, it doesn't matter. Tomorrow morning before

school I'll meet you here. I'm going for my lunch now, I'm starving.

Act2

Jonathan enters with a lunch box and meets Jeremy and Mark. They gather round and talk quietly.

Jonathan: Ok then. Where shall I put this box? Somewhere obvious.
Mark: On the window sill.
Jonathan: Ok. (Place box on sill) At the end of the morning school come back here. That fat slob, Kentson, will probably have found it by then. (Exit all)

(Enter Jonathan, Jeremy, and Mark)

Jeremy: Good. The box has gone. Right! Mark you stand on guard.
Jonathan: You, Jeremy. Look like you're looking for it. I'll join you in a minute.
Mark: Get ready. He's coming.

(Enter Roland. Mark stands by the door. Jeremy and Jonathan crawl about on the floor)

Jeremy: Can you see it anywhere?
Jonathan: No, I can't (loudly). Someone must have nicked it.
Roland: What are you jerks looking for?
Mark: Oh - nothing.
Roland: (Advances towards him) Tell me!
Jeremy: Oh it's just a lunch box.
Roland: And what colour is this lunch box?
Jonathan: (Carries on looking) Green. Why?
Roland: None of your business. Oh yes. And what's in this lunch box?
Jonathan: Well that's the problem. There were two sandwiches.
Roland: So - what about it?
Jonathan: Well, they were filled with green paste and I'd just bought it, but, it was rat poison. See, we've got rats in our house and we're trying to evict them.
Jeremy: Oh no. I've just realised. If someone's eaten them.
Roland: What? (Getting worried)
Jeremy: Can't you see? They'll be poisoned.
Mark: Maybe a rat's eaten them. You haven't seen them have you, Roland? (Peers at him) Roland?
Roland: (Looks mesmerized at the wall) Oh no. Help me! I feel ill. Come on. I'm dying.
Mark: What's the matter? Are you ill?
Roland: Yes. (Amongst garglings and gaspings)
Jonathan: Have you eaten something bad?
Roland: (Getting very worried) Yes, I have. Now help me up.
Mark: Well, what have you eaten?
Roland: I'm not telling you.
Jonathan: Well, if you won't tell us we won't help you. Now what have you eaten?

Roland: (Very upset) Oh those stupid sandwiches.
Mark: The (surprised voice) sandwiches.
Jeremy: He'll be poisoned.
Roland: Yes. So help...
Jonathan: But he stole them. What shall we do, guys? Should we report him?
Mark: Or should we leave him to die?
Roland: Oh no, please. (Lies before them pleading) Don't leave me.
Jeremy: Remember all the times he's bullied us? I think we should leave him.
Jonathan: So do I.
Mark: And me.
Jonathan: Bye rat features. Sorry we have to do this but it's just how things are.
Roland: Oh. No. Please.
(Exit Mark, Jeremy, Jonathan with Roland pleading to them)
(In despair) Oh No. (Shouts) Help! Help!

(Enter Mr Blodgers, very annoyed)

Mr. Blodgers: (Shouts) What are you doing boy? Get off the floor now!
Roland: (In a pathetic voice) But, Sir. (Gasp) I've been poisoned. (Gasp) They tricked me.
Mr. Blodgers: Who tricked you? Get up and stop acting like a gibbering fool.
Roland: But, sir.
Mr. Blodgers: (Very angry and red) That does it. You're in detention for acting and being a lunatic. All this week.

(Exit Mr. Blodgers, slamming the door)
(Roland stands very upset)(Enter Mark, Jeremy, and Jonathan)

Jonathan: How did you like my lettuce paste, Ratso? It is pretty disgusting but it's nothing to die about.
Mark: I think you should stop stealing other people's food, It can do you a lot of harm.

(Roland gets up and runs out of the door in tears)

Jeremy: I think he's learnt his lesson.
Jonathan: Tell everybody about it. The Rat's Last Dinner - Rat Poison.

By J.Simpson 2nd



AT THE HEART OF THE BANKING SERVICES INDUSTRY – AND PLEASED TO BE BASED IN PLYMOUTH

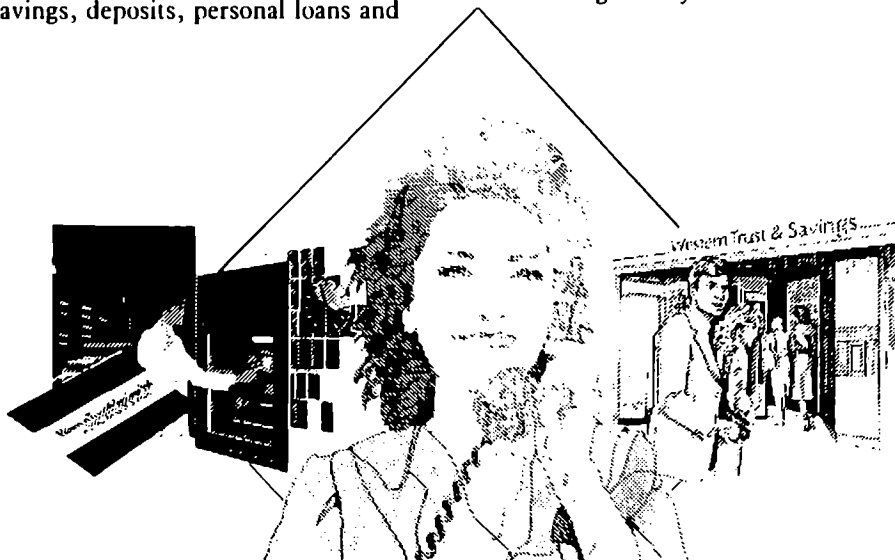
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RESOURCES ROOM

After a very successful school appeal to raise £20,000, work was started to refurbish the main school library totally with new furniture as well as the adjoining room, which was soon to become the resources room. As well as new furniture being purchased, the library's books came under review with duplicate copies being sold off and new books, more relevant to courses, being bought.

With the new G.C.S.E work needing a great deal of practical or private work including the need for copying items from various books and magazines, a photocopier was hired. This had to cope with the everyday needs for the school as well as two newspapers which were reproduced many times. Other equipment which has been purchased for the new resources room includes a BBC Master series computer with a comprehensive word processor, twin disc drive and also a high quality printer so that pupils can produce printed reports as well as projects which are an essential part of the new exams. Two other BBC computers were also put in the room with one linked to the T.T.N.S system which allows pupils to contact other schools or universities about special information or university places.

Other hardware includes a television with teletext and a video which will allow pupils to catch up on videos that they have missed. There is also a satellite receiver (P.A.L & S.E.C.A.M) which is capable of receiving various channels from around the world. Soon this facility will allow pupils to watch foreign language programmes throughout the day. The room is staffed all day by parent volunteers, who use the photocopier for pupils and use the electronic typewriter for letters and reports needed by various teachers. As well as a photocopier, there are Banda and Gestetner machines for multiple copying (i.e. for letters to be distributed throughout the school; this method is economically advantageous for a busy school). To capture the interesting events around the school and also as a project aid, a video camera with all the accessories was purchased. An added feature is that it can be linked to the Master by means of the video digitiser.

With tutoring methods changing every year, the need for improved resources for pupils and tutors is forever increasing as existing technology becomes outdated.

By Simon Johns L6th



YOUNG ENTERPRISE

This year saw a large number of participants in the scheme. There were five companies associated with D.H.S.:

THE BIZZ: We began life manufacturing A4 box folders. However, after a few spectacular, public durability failures demand dropped and a new product was sought. This was the Tangram - an ancient Chinese puzzle - brainchild of N.Allen and S.Hurst. It proved to be very successful in the Christmas market. The company liquidated in April paying 8% dividend per share, the remainder donated to the Cavitron Fund. The Bizz won the Devon Area Young Enterprise competition - a good years work. By R.Badge L6th.

SYNCHRO: We started to produce photo-holders but soon after production had commenced, we encountered difficulties with the use of machinery necessary to complete production. New products immediately started included beanbag frogs and mice, pet beanbags, and plate racks. These sold well within the two schools, D.H.S. boys and D.H.S. girls and at the Trade Fayre in the Co-op. It was a very beneficial scheme providing us with Management, accounting and marketing experience. By Lisa Grant (D.H.S. Girls).

ALCHEMY: Launched into the Christmas market with seasonal cards, wargaming figures and Fimo ornaments. After the festive season an evaluation of the market was made and production swapped to notepads and earrings continuing the Fimo ornaments. The new products proved popular and for Alchemy, the whole Y.E. Scheme was a resounding success. We learnt not only how a company works but how to work as a team to achieve success. By M.Schofield L6th.

CONNECT: An auspicious name for a company formed by pupils from Notre Dame, Plymstock and D.H.S. During the first few months bitter in-fighting broke out between Notre Dame and Plymstock. Morale dropped and so did attendance. We relied on Mark Ashwood from Tamar and a hard core from D.H.S. to do all the work. things began to improve. We switched from heat proof tiles to leather purses but ended up with a loss of £20. We all managed to learn quite a bit, about ourselves if nothing else. By J.Perry L6th.

DOMINO: We produced mug-trees initially but were soon replaced by earrings and fridge magnets which were easier to produce and sell, proving very successful before Christmas. Following the Trade Fayre morale and attendance were low. However, when we liquidated in April enough profit was made to pay a 20% dividend and a donation of £50 was made to the Trengweath Fund.

Y.E. demands a lot of time and work to meet problems of production, storage, marketing and morale, unless you are prepared to meet these requirements, think twice about participating in the scheme. By S.Nickson L6th.



DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL FOR BOYS SAVINGS SCHEME

The Halifax Building Society's school branch is the only one in existence in the country but its continued success depends on **YOU** using it. Next term all pupils, although under 18, will be able to open Halifax Cardcash accounts enabling you to use the cardcash machines at Derry's Cross and Mutley Plain. So why not open a new account at the school as soon as possible and remember, it only costs a **£1** to join.



USE YOUR SCHOOL BRANCH
OPEN EVERY WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY LUNCHTIME
OPEN A PAID UP SHARES OR CARD CASH ACCOUNT
FOR AS LITTLE AS £1

SCHOOL BANK / BUILDING SOCIETY

BANK:

Renamed Midbank we have seen the introduction of two new accounts aimed at pupils. One offering saving facility the other card cash. Quite a few new accounts have been opened and we have been given good experience in running a bank, thanks to Mr Clarke and Mrs McCabe from Midland Bank. By S.Hurst L6th.

HALIFAX:

The Halifax Building Society's branch in school continued to run efficiently (with the afternoon's training in the Devonport Branch) under the supervision of Mr Allen. Our efforts were rewarded when we were presented with certificates and we have had a rewarding and interesting year. By R.Aala L6th.

TUCK SHOP

The school tuck shop continues to feed hungry hordes at break and lunchtimes taking £200-250 per week, under the supervision of Mr Evans and Mr Barnett. New lines of stock helped to maintain sales levels. With stocktaking, accounting and serving it has been a valuable experience. By A.Taylor L6th.

BOX OFFICE

Mr Griffith began the year teaching us the basic skills in book keeping, ticket sales and ordering tickets by telephone. After a brief take over by Mrs Canavan, Mr Farrow is now in charge. Sales were high : £841 by December. We hope to do even better next year.

By C.Parker L6th.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION

The Christian Union has seen many new developments taking place over the past year. Owing to co-operation between Tamar High and our school, permission was granted by both Headmasters for the amalgamation of both Christian Unions on separate days in each school. This has led to more productive discussions with greater Christian fellowship.

The other major development to report is that our school has joined Scripture Union. This is a national body which opens up many new possibilities for us. Information concerning forthcoming events from other Scripture Union members in Plymouth is now passed on to us. We now have access to many new videos and items of literature.

Our membership has increased substantially upon last year's figures, but they have dropped slightly since the start of the Summer term. Most members are from the upper school, so we would like to attract more lower school members if possible. The future of the Christian Union obviously depends upon younger members joining as they will have to lead it in future years.

I would just like to finish by thanking all members of staff involved in any aspect of the Christian union. The Christian Union meets on Wednesday lunchtimes at 12.45pm in the Darwin laboratory. All are welcome.

By Colin Trend L6th

NEWSDAY

"Journalism, what a hectic task, but highly enjoyable !" was my verdict, after participating what turned out to be almost twelve hour working day. There is the composition of articles and their tuning to perfection prior to the event; and there is the writing of articles, reviews, current affairs notices at a hectic pace during the day. They are two quite different things. Let me assure you that the latter is most definitely the most demanding and fatiguing. As soon as relevant information comes through on the Times Network, the relevant details are noted from the screen with pad and pencil; you stop just long enough to deposit your previous composition into the tray for recording onto disc, editing the word-processing, and finally printed. That, however, may yet be six or seven hours distant. Then a quick conversation to assess the current situation and, you rush back to a nearby desk, sweep away the clutter of yours, or someone else's previous - or even current - article, and get to work. Keeping up with current news stories is hard work.

Then, an interruption, live news - worthy action on our own premises! One of our team of journalists fills me in on the situation and had to rush off to play the role of an on the scene reporter and policeman. He, himself has seen a suspicious-looking man in the bikesheds, alerts the Deputy Head. He sees him leaving school with a bicycle, so he and Mr. Faulkner leave in the school minibus to pursue the criminal. A chase takes place. The criminal is apprehended, held, and brought back to school. Meanwhile, there is a mad scramble for camera and film. A team of journalists rush from the building to the scene of the incident, to reinforce their man there. The police arrive and take away the guilty captive. We get a picture of him, with his head down, in the back of the police car. Later, after I wrote the dramatic story, this picture is added, and beneath is appended "The wheels of justice !"

After this front-page incident and its composition, came other items of news. Television, films, other school news, theatre reviews, scientific articles. The range is as diverse as can be.

The deadline for articles was 3.00pm. I just made it, but the action was by no means stopping there. We then had a backlog of articles to process. The poor old editor, who had been working all day was going hoarse. I snatched an opportunity for some refreshment. Then we started to compile the structure and layout of the newspaper.

The uncommitted journalists left at the end of the normal school day, for the rest of us, the production staff, work was just beginning. Minor disputes of layout, position, and size of the paper had been resolved. While the articles were still being processed, others were being printed, photocopied, cut out and stuck into position on the page. Planning went hand in hand with action and production. A hasty master plan of the paper was formed, with corresponding pages, resolving the front and rear sides of the paper. It was then getting dark outside. More people had to leave and there was a core of staff. I concentrated on my own page and then helped with the others. There were hasty consultations on the position of the pictures with the articles. Eventually, we were able to use the prototype as a master copy and duplicate it using the photocopier.

finished by 7.00pm and were able to sell the paper at the Firework display which had just started. In one day, having the combined work of journalist, production and editing staff, printing and consulting staff, and also the vendors of our product, we feel as if we have achieved something!

By Paul McCoy L6th

MUSIC REPORT

It was very good to see that two of the music events of the year were able to continue despite my hospital visit and it was also very pleasing to note that the standard of performance expected of D.H.S. musicians was maintained - The speech day performance of the Big Band under the direction of Simon Carter, and the performance of the choir at the Carol Service at Stoke Damerel church, under the direction of Richard Pointer. I am very grateful to both these senior boys for taking on the responsibility and for carrying out the task so well.

As has already been reported, much of this years activity has been limited, but the arrangement of the music week with the prospect of D.H.S. music being given a higher public profile, seems very exciting.

Much is planned for 1988/89 in the Music Department, both in terms of developing the G.C.S.E. course, and of encouraging more to take an active part in music events. I have the optimism that this years report will be reflected in the music making of next year.

By T.K.Farrow

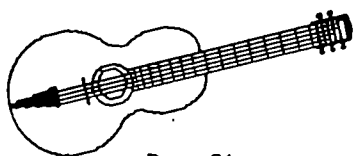
MUSIC REPORT 2

With the departure of many longstanding musicians, September 1987 saw the beginning of a year of rebuilding the ensembles which had attained such a high standard in previous years. However, the absence of Mr Farrow from school before Christmas, and for the first half of the Easter term, due to time spent in hospital, caused any activity in the department to be severely restricted. It was also partly due to this, that no musical was staged during the Easter term.

Despite this, instrumental teaching continued, with emphasis aimed at the lower end of the school, culminating in the first concert to be presented solely by junior musicians in conjunction with Tamar High School. The precedent set by last years original performance of Bach's Double Violin Concerto was maintained by a senior groups arrangement of Andrew Lloyd Webber's variations, and its performance in the Devon Schools Promenade, in March.

The school Big Band, which had enjoyed a very busy year in 1987, has been reformed, with the aid of Devonport High School for Girls, and is now working towards their trip in October to Le Touquet, in France to take part in a music festival. A new event this year is the introduction of a music week containing a choral day, a brass workshop and a visit by professional musicians, and it is hoped that this will become a regular event in the school calendar.

By Simon Carter L6th



PUBLIC SPEAKING COMPETITION 1988

Every year, the English Speaking Union holds a nationwide, public speaking tournament. D.H.S has entered the competition many times, and this year was no exception. John Perry was "volunteered" for the event by the kind Mrs. Shaw to talk at the competition, which was to be held at Plymouth College, a little school just off Mutley Plain. However, two more team members were needed, a chairman - Brent Davison and a proposer of the vote of thanks - who was Paul Drummond. Following the expert guidance of Miss Johnston, we ran through our various speeches during many lunchtimes. Brent had to introduce all three of us, Paul had to thank almost everyone in existence (!), and I had to deliver a six minute speech on the inadequacies of the British teaching of foreign languages.

Other topics talked about at the competition included the superiority of public schools, by Plymouth College team - surprise, surprise! Also talked about was the state of the N.H.S voluntary suicide, and "the Arctophile" - someone who loves...TEDDY BEARS.

Unfortunately, "the Arctophile" talk won, and we were placed third - although we did beat one of the two Plymouth College teams !!

By John Perry L6th

THE ART TRIP

After three hours of our four and a half hour journey, boredom had set in and I contented myself by watching my myserious neighbour trying to solve one of life's great puzzles - How to get up from a window seat without smahing your head on the luggage rack. He was vexed and staggered downstairs to the toilet semi-conscious.

Roughly an hour and a half later we arrived at Victoria coach station and, by way of foot, left for the bus stop. We walked through the town taking a large short cut through a large shopping centre. One of the teachers disappeared into a shop and purchased a pair of gloves. We had been in London for ten minutes.

Guerney House was actually quite pleasant. I managed to aquire a single room with a view. The meals were quite nice and the pack-lunches were edible; mind you, so were the bags they came in.

The two other sixth formers and myself visited the National Gallery and the Portrait Gallery on the Tuesday and the Tate gallery the day after. We were so pre-occupied with the fantastic works of art and wondered at them for so long, we had no time for shopping and did not buy many records, really.

After a night out with Liam's brother we returned to find that the gates are locked at 10.30. Luckily, the perimeter fence was moderately low and easy to scale.

Although we spent a day at each art gallery there was not nearly enough time to study any of the paintings in depth. Apart from this, the trip was thoroughly enjoyed and I hope it is offered again.

By Martin Parry L6th



THE OXBRIDGE CONFERENCE

On Wednesday 23rd March, the school hosted the Oxbridge Conference, accommodating ten local schools. The day was split into four sessions covering, in the morning, applications, admissions, courses and opportunities, with a coffee break half way through.

After Lunch a general discussion was held with the undergraduates followed by a final presentation by an undergraduate panel. The day finished with tea.

Thanks must be given to the speakers, Dr. M.J Tilby and Dr. H.C Bennet-Clark, and the undergraduates for their participation and helpful information, to Mr.Evans for ensuring the smooth running of the conference and also the school for organising such a useful and interesting day.

By Ros Aala L6th

CHARITY WORK

It all began when Mr.Evans assembled twelve Lower Sixth volunteers to form a decision making committee. The major fund raising activities have been 24hr sponsored events.

The first started at noon, 17th December. Balls were everywhere! Pink ones scored six down pockets, large ones fell through baskets and small ones flew over table-tennis nets. In one corner, Ancient Romans savagely defeated Sarmations next to Napoleon being routed by the British. Elsewhere, the Goblinoid hordes advanced over the board to plunder the Elvish settlement. Were they saved by the paranoid Orc-Busters? At a nearby table, players answered trivial questions in the pursuit for plastic wedges, only to be overcome by Pacman and Miner Willy, 'Boldly going, where no other computer character has gone before'. Sleepily, everyone enjoyed themselves and when the clock struck twelve, the next day, they dispersed, looking for the nearest bed or equivalent piece of furniture to recover from their lack of sleep and physical, or mental exhaustion.

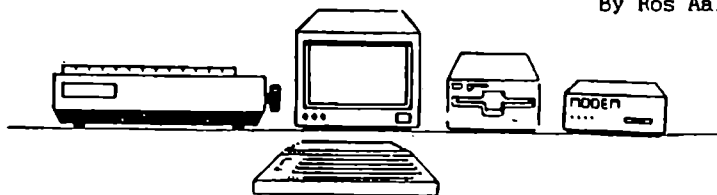
It did not stop here. During Easter, twenty four hours of Badminton raised money, and on the 8th of July, the school had another successful attempt, similar to the one in December.

The committee decided to spend the money raised on vaccination for Save The Children and a water pump in Sudan for Action Water. Other charities were also supported.

The other major sponsored event occurred on the 5th of February; Red Nose Day. The school played our female counterpart in a three-legged hockey match. Captained by Nigel Schofield and Sai Mang Lau, we fought hard, and after a gruelling match, we won, 3 - 0.

Thanks must be directed to the school for allowing these events to take place, the pupils who were involved, and also to everybody who has donated their money.

By Ros Aala L6th



THE TEMPEST

Last year's popular performance of *Guys & Dolls* was followed this March by an entirely different show: Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. Directed by Mr. Burrows and set to music by Mr. Farrow, this show's success lay in the exceptional performances obtained from a predominately young and inexperienced cast revealing a wealth of talent. R. Pacey (5th) learnt almost a third of the script as Prospero and C. Darch (4th) grovelled with suppressed menace across the stage. J. Anning and N. Allen provided high comedy with their camp performances as Antonio and Sebastian and P. Haywood and Suzanne Reeve lent their experience and maturity to the production.

The cast, under the expert guidance of lesson Mr. Burrows and Mr. Farrow, coped with the challenge of Shakespeare very well and put on an entertaining and provocative show. The strength of the performances proves that the school continues to produce talented performers and we look forward to future productions.

By P. Drummond L6th

THEATRE REVIEWS .

As part of the A level course pupils are encouraged to broaden their drama experience and visit Plymouth's excellent theatres.

The Cape Orchard by Michael Picardie

Place: the farm 'Vreugde' its back step and garden in the Western Cape, South Africa, in the early year of 1990's.

Time: The morning and afternoon of a Sunday.

There is war in S. Africa; civil strife between the racial factions. There are killings everyday, all suffer, especially the blacks.

Apartheid's legacy.

The orchard is threatened with rebellious workers and its imminent sell off.

All is not well, and the social conflict in this farm represents the political conflict throughout the whole of South Africa.

The characters represent the racial factions of South Africa, when viewed in a wider scope, but without losing their own personal identity; and further still they transcend race and class to represent this indomitable human spirit and its role in life itself.

This all combines to present a moving, and very emotive play which is a pleasure and experience to view. It portrays the struggle and preservice of people subjected to persecution.

Yet the play culminates in hope. The farm is to become a co-operative: each worker is granted a separate lot of land to run for themselves. This is the first such event to occur in S. Africa, and envisages the beginning of freedom.

Yet, in reality, you must consider the words of Michael Picardie, the author:

"I wanted to write an ideal and utopian account of a future South Africa, transcending but not denying the pain and terror of the present."

The Cape orchard is but a fable set in an unreal future.

The Death of Arthur by John Fletcher was a lucky strike. We went to see what we thought would provide a traditional interpretation of the Grail Legend as background for the Waste Land by T.S.Eliot instead we found a play which paralleled some of the complex issues discussed in the classroom.

THE DEATH OF ARTHUR

The bloody battle over, and Arthur victorious, a new religious era is beginning in the Celtic world. The result - civil strife - is the subject of the play.

The eternal conflict between the male and female incarnation. The worship of the great mother goddess holding man in subjugation to the awesome power of women.

However, Arthur wants to change this. Guided by the Christian ideals of Sir Perceval, a utopian state is envisaged and work is to be begun on Camelot. A city wherein all are equal and free, under the rule of King Arthur who establishes a patriarchal society.

This play by John Fletcher presents the savage realism of Celtic life, one stripped of all romanticism embroidered into the legends by medieval poets. In this respect, this World Premier production by the Orchard Theatre is fast-moving and full of action, which paints a concrete image of Celtic life.

The rowdy comedy scenes incorporated with the serious action of the play are of such a kind that add to the portrait of Celtic life and do not detract from its profound philosophy.

It is now firmly rooted in most people's minds that the Holy Grail is a Christian relic. That is absolutely untrue. The Holy Grail symbolised the Earth's feminine fertility. It is a wholly pagan symbol.

The incest that takes place in the play between Arthur and Morgana, his sister, violates the Earth-goddesses' fertility and the result is a wasteland. The Holy Grail is the only means of salvation. What form shall the Holy Grail take in today's spiritual Waste Land? An idea the play presented by continuing the search into the twentieth century.

All throughout the play fertility is stressed. The concept of life, death and rebirth, the eternal cycle. Without death there can be no life. That is its mystery.

Where is our mystery, our spiritual life?

By Paul McCoy L6th

After the two organised trips members of the lower sixth now visit the theatre quite regularly to see plays on their own account.



EXMOUTH WRITING COURSE JULY 4-8 ROLLE COLLEGE

So it began on Tuesday, 4th July, when I was taken from school and left free in an environment where creativity flowed in abundance. Each year Rolle College, Exmouth, stages this fruitful course culminating in a group publication, wrought over the four days. Each day passed freely as a delightful combination of writing and socialising with the fifty others who had been drawn from around Devon to this Mecca of the written word. Each worked alone yet was secure in the whole which, as one body, prepared the presentation to be performed on the last day, an exclamation mark for the week's creation.

The abundance of talent was startling and provided the perfect atmosphere in which to form our inspiration. What was once abstract was captured in ink across an empty page, enriching and enhancing the finished world, as the land was formed from molten thought.

This immeasurable power was harnessed by the various tutors who, in turn, broadened the horizon with new styles of creation: avant garde, surrealism, dream imagery, which was only the tip of a textual mountain. The skill of each individual was channelled into a theme for both presentation and publication and that theme was "Figures in a Landscape".

R. McGuire L6th

Poetry Practical - Baa Baa Black Sheep

Resonate, Resonate,
Monochromatic ovine
Is there carbon fibrous coating
On your body surface?
Respectful Affirmation, Respectful Affirmation.
Three Standard Volumes
A singular quantity for the hierarchical perfection
A singular quantity for the senescent concubine
And an additional singular quantity for
A male infant whose habitation borders a minor foliated route.

Humpty Dumpty

The sentient zygotic form
Of the domesticated ornithological species
possessed purchase of the ceramically
Constructed erection.
The sentient zygotic form of the
Domesticated ornithological species,
Sustained a considerable loss of
Neutral equilibrium.
The regal equine and military forces
In its entirety
Were unable to reassemble
The sentient zygotic form
Of the Domesticated Ornithological Species.



RESONATE!
RESONATE!

By R.McGuire, S.Reeve (DHS Girls) and P.Frazer.

THE MEMORIAL

He sat alone, deep in thought. Around him a marble monument, commemorating the war dead, towered.

An old woman approached one of the tarnished metal plaques. She shuffled towards the structure, smiling as if meeting an old acquaintance.

"No," he thought. It was more like approaching a mirror, without whose pleasing reflection she would be incomplete. For a part of her was within the monument and a part of the monument was within her. She searched through the names with accustomed precision, finally pinpointing that essential part. At this she smiled again before departing, fulfilled.

He continued to muse. Noone knew or remembered him, in fact he was more lifeless than those immortal names around him.

Unknown to him one person was thinking of him, the final barrier between life and death. For even the dead live on, for a short time in the memories of their loved ones.

The Muslims were right, he thought, in that martyrdom achieves immortality, as a spectacular death transcends the barrier of a contemporary generation, passing into the memories of those far in the future. Yet even if he did die tragically, he would probably only achieve one extra day's life, appearing in the small print of a local tabloid. That was a long way from having one's name etched in steel upon a monument which was the focal point of the locality.

The person still thought of him.

He wished he could pass into the majestic monument, yet soon he came to laugh at his theory. How could he not be alive, even if noone remembered him, for he was certainly living? He could feel, smell, hear, see and taste. Even his raucous laughter frightened passers by into a brisk trot, disturbed by the irregularity.

Yet there is another dimension to life, an essential component. Unknown to him, you were thinking of him. Even as you approach the end of this story he is dying, for soon you will lay down the text and release him from your mind. Soon you will forget sending him through the silent barrier into the beyond, never to return.

By Richard McGuire L6th

Two Stories in 50 words

RED RIDING HOOD

When Red Riding Hood was asked to star in her Fairy Tale, she accepted, and was told it would be a smash hit. But on reading it, the idea of the wolf being overpowered by her and her granny sounded ridiculous, so she re-wrote it and made her fortune.

By Craig Blackburn 3rd

MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING

"If you slay the dragon, you will get my hand in marriage, untold riches and power," said the Princess haughtily.

"Dragoness, why are you so sad?" said George.

"Everybody hates me. I am so ugly."

George kissed the dragon and suddenly there stood a beautiful girl.

He never went back.

By Steve Spurr 3rd

THE BLOCK OF STONE

On a marble pedestal the figure stands,
Whose perfect beauty betrays the eye,
With green wings and outstretched hands
To heaven this angel seems to fly.

To a divine embrace this spirit soars,
As her earthly corpse is laid to rest.
In peace will she be forever more
To live a life eternal blessed.

She is but a reflection in my eye,
Being unskilled in the mason's art.
In marble this angel is doomed to lie,
A paragon with fossil's heart.

Your mind is now that block of stone,
Carefully formed by my sculpting pen
Which chisels a statue that is your own,
More perfect than the work of men.

On this paper her form is bound,
Attaining now her promised land.
At last, a heaven she has found,
Clasped in yours, her maker's hand.

By Richard McGuire L6th

DEVIL

Wherever we go they follow like flies,
Bounded to serve by hatred and lies.
The devil has brought them forth to the fight,
We're really no match for all Satan's might.

A child is among us, leading the way.
He's young, handsome, innocent and gay.
Fear is not in him, his will is so strong,
We have to follow, he leads us along.

The giant has risen against our front line.
They evil is terrifying, probing our mind.
Our fear is rising, turning to dread,
In blowing one breath ten thousand are dead.

The youngster comes forward with only a sling,
Puts in a stone and gives it a swing.
The giant is struck between the eyes,
The evil is thwarted, so dead it lies.

The good is the power, lights our way,
It is something from which we mustn't stray.
For the evil is only dormant so long,
Soon the devil will rejoin the throng.

By David Skirvin L6th

WHY ME ?

Why me ?

I asked, as it walked on the sand,
Leaving complex tracks to follow.
It ignored me and smiled,
For it was happy.
It was important.

Why me ?

I asked, as it ploughed through the sand,
Making large paths and ditches.
It brushed me aside and smiled,
For it was happy.
It had power.

Why me ?

I asked, as it left tracks like footprints,
And appeared average in view.
It raised its head and walked on,
For it was conformist,
And therefore happy ?

Why me ?

I begged as she walked towards me,
Leaving no tracks at all.
She came to me and spoke,
Giving me new hope.
For she had nothing,
Yet together we were happy,
Living at the tips of the tree.

Mike Kearns L6th

PONT L'ABBE EXCHANGE 1988

The formula for the Exchange is now well established and is proving increasingly popular. This year twenty one boys welcomed their French partners for a fortnight during the Easter Holidays and the D.H.S. party left for Brittany on the return leg on July 19th.

The worth of the scheme is now more widely appreciated by Boys and parents alike. With half the marks for G.S.C.E. French being awarded for speaking and understanding the language, a period spent with a family in France and communicating with them as part of everyday life is clearly enormously beneficial. The exchange also represents very good value for money with the cost being about £70 plus the commitment to accept a French boy for Easter.

By G.K.S.



The sun is setting and a stranger wanders along the creek. Suddenly, he hears strange voices coming from a large hole in the wall. He peers through the darkness and sees many little men in strange blue uniforms, busily going about their business.

Two of them, called Sgt. Hocking and Cpl. Parker, sit telling their sagas of overseas explorations to Cyprus and Gibraltar and all think back to last summer when they all sallied forth to R.A.F. Lyneham, where they soared through the skies for about six hours in a Hercules and two hours in a VC10, experiencing the pleasure of watching someone emptying their stomach into a warrant officer's hat! They also recollect midnight raids on the 'ORANGE' people on an abandoned airfield, and orienteering near a large white horse on a hillside. Many of them show off their marksmanship badges which they achieved at this camp. They agree that all this, with excellent food and luxurious accommodation for only nine pounds, was a wonderful bargain.

The stranger also discovers that they are all forging into deepest, darkest Devon, visiting R.A.F. Chivenor this summer.

Another of the little men, Cpl. Lawrence, displays his gliding proficiency badge which he had recently earned. However, this is not all that these little men have achieved. They have retained the first place Tug-of-war trophy and many have represented their group, playing soccer, rugby and the two Schofields took part in a swimming competition. All of the cadets from Plymouth and Cornwall assembled and had a go at athletics. These cadets decided not to take it too seriously and just turned up to have a good time and relax in the summer sun with peanut butter and chocolate spread sandwiches. Cdt. McGuin re-won first place in a spot-the-aircraft competition and they gained first and second place in the model making-competition with the help of Cpl. Johns and Sgt. Johnson.

The stranger notices a document on a wall showing that in an index based on how clever they are, this Jolly Band is the best with an index of 176, at least fifty above the next highest.

Wait! What's this? The stranger notices some other cadets who seem to have just joined this merry bunch. Listening to their conversations, he realises that this is because of a recent amalgamation with 2336 (TAMAR) Squadron, thus enabling the original members to use the Hi-Tech 2-Way radio and something called a "snooker table".

The stranger thinks that this is good. Perhaps he could join this happy collection of people. So he turned up at the hut, next to the canteen, the next Friday, just after school. Then he could participate in all of the enjoyable activities available.

Also this year the squadron has been 'chosen out of the whole world to be part of the Royal Guard of honour when H.M the Queen visits Plymouth for the Armada celebrations.

By Sgt Ros Aala 16th





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SOCCKER REPORT

It has proved to be a very successful season for the first XI. During the first half of the season, the team won the Devon Cup beating Torquay Grammar 2-1, however, their aspirations of winning the league went on the last game of the season, where they faced Exeter College who won 2-1 and won the league.

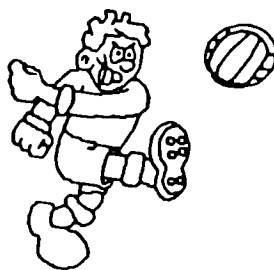
After winning the Devon Cup, the first XI entered the National Competition. In the first round they beat the Cornish champions, St Austell 2-1 and, were faced with an awe inspiring task against the all mighty Millfield. The ambition of the team, however hard they tried was not enough and the were beaten 4-2.

The U-15 and U-14 teams kept up the tradition and both had highly succesful seasons. The U-15 team remained unbeaten, winning the league and beating Plymstock 2-1 in the Cup Final. The U-14 team couldn't maintain this fine record, but did well to come runners-up in the league and lost out to Eggbuckland 4-3 in a competitive Cup Final.

Two boys from the first XI - Darren Garner and Paul Rainer - gained representative honours for Devon Schools and also the South West. Darren Garner and Bob Casey, both hope to further their footballing ambitions when they join Plymouth Argle on the Youth Training Scheme in July.

In the U-15 team Kendall, Cross, and Higgins gained honours in the Plymouth Schools side, whilst Higgins also gained honours at county level.

By Paul Rainer L6th



RUGBY REPORT

It was a disappointing season for the 1st XV with only one match being won out of the eight that were played. Heavy scores were inflicted on us by Truro, Kelly College, Shebbear, and Plymouth Albion Juniors. There were closer encounters with St. Boniface College, Saltash Colts, and Kingsbridge, but victory did not come our way in any of these meetings. However, our one success of the season came against a Blundells XV, in which a determined Devonport team, under the captaincy of Howard Pearson, overcame the opposition to win by 18-10. The team as a whole gave a spirited performance with notable efforts from Pearson and scrum half Scott, who scored the try that secured victory.

Nevertheless, the general standard of play was not high. A lack of fitness, preparation and an unsettled side meant that the players did not play together as a team. Consequently, with all the problems, the forwards were unable to play as a unit and secure enough balls to allow the backs to do anything. However, there were signs that things could have been better. The first half an hour of the Albion game was played well, holding them to 0-0, before the floodgates opened. The St.Boniface match could have gone either way, but for their very strong back, and Kingsbridge would undoubtedly have been beaten had we not been reduced to thirteen men due to injury, but luck was not on our side.

In the Devon Seven's competition the 1st XV squad although the lack of competitive experience and team awareness in the style of the game showed. Initially placed in one of the hardest groups, all the preliminary games ended in defeat (not disasterous ones).

The team completed the day by losing the games to determine the lesser placings in the tournament.

Next year can only see improvements with hopefully many of this years 4th and 5th forms turning out for a game. Their years have already shown a great deal of ability as Perry and Rees have proved, and this should ensure a good team for the future.

Finally, thanks must go to Mr.Southern, who somehow put up with our efforts; Mr.Butcher for helping out with the seconds; and Mr.Evans who gave us his opinions on the game in several training sessions!

By A.Williams 16th

UNDER 15

The U-15 rugby team, ably coached by Mr.Burrows, started the season very well with a few wins but the crunch came when we played Plymouth College. They outclassed us in every department and the school suffered a huge defeat. The school soon bounced back into action with easy victories over St.Boniface and Eggbuckland.

The U-15 rugby team ended the season with a trip to St.Nazaire in France. The school lost the first match against Trignac heavily - although there were some outstanding individual efforts. The next day we played Vannes and beat them easily. This was the last game of the season. The school only lost two games and both were against far superior teams, but overall the team again did well.

UNDER 14

Our season began rather unsteadily with two narrow defeats, but the team improved consistently and went on to win the next four games against Plymouth Albion, Ivybridge, St Josephs R.C. Stoke, and St Boniface's college. The side has played a very open style of rugby scoring 36 times in a total of nearly 200 points from the seven fixtures. The whole squad would like to thank Mr. Evans for all the time and expertise he has put into both coaching and refereeing.

There is now a very good level of team spirit amongst the players who are all looking forward eagerly to the coming season.

By D.Nott

UNDER 13

A second term coached by Mr Butcher had a season in keeping with the 2nd XV record of more losses than wins but they battled on with great spirit none the less. It is hoped that with greater development of skills this attitude will lead to higher levels of achievement.

UNDER 12

Again under the watchful eyes of Mr Moon and Dr Philips the new comers to the sport have produced a record without blemish. They obviously obtained the initiative in quickly coming to grips with the game, overcoming less settle opposition. It remains to be seen if this will progress with the year group through the school.

By I.Gillespy M6th

JUNIOR ATHLETICS

In the Plymouth five star championships the First years were runners up and the Second year team were Champions narrowly beating Eggbuckland.

In the English Schools Milk Cup the Junior Team won their first round competition and qualified for the regional A final.

In the Plymouth Schools Championships the Intermediate Team won and the Junior Team was also well placed and as a result D.H.S. won the overall Plymouth Schools Athletics Championship Boys Cup.

Fifteen boys were selected to represent Plymouth in the Devon Championships and as a result of their performances N.Pearman, A.McGinnes, D.Reeve and S.Rider were selected for the Devon Team at the South West Championships.



.ENGLISH SCHOOLS ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION
"MILK CUP" (INTERMEDIATE TEAM)

First Round:

The first round started at Brickfields at the end of May. The team consisted mainly of fourth years with some third years. The idea of the competition was not to produce winners but for the team to amass as many points as possible, with performances converted to points on a score chart. Prior to the event the team was very confident.

The competition did not start very well with the relay team coming third but with quite a good score of fifteen points. If the confidence of the team was low at this stage then after the field events it must have been very high. The athletes went to their respective field events and after about an hour, the results were known. Out of seven field events, boys from Devonport High had won five. The winners were Mark Higgins with a jump of 1.70m in the High Jump, Simon Rider with a jump of 5.24m in the Long Jump, David Reeve with a massive 13.40m in the Triple Jump, Alex McGinnes with a throw of 25.76m in the Hammer and finally Johnathan Hellyer with a putt of 10.91m in the Shot. Their wins produced with high scores.

In the track events Devonport High had two winners. They were David Reeve in the 200m and Simon Rider in the 400m.

Later in the afternoon the scores were totalled and the results announced. Unfortunately, Devonport High were beaten by Eggbuckland by six points. Although Devonport did not win, there was a chance of the team getting into the group B final depending on the scores of other teams. Later that week it was confirmed that the team had reached the group B final, which was to be held in Exeter. Group B final:

The final consisted mainly of the runners-up of the first round. This time the competition would be much harder. This was seen in the results. This time there were only three wins in the field events and two in the track events.

The field event winners were Alex McGinnes with a throw of 41.32m in the Hammer, David Reeve with a jump of 12.90m in the Triple Jump and Simon Rider with a jump of 5.10m in the Long Jump. Again, in the running events, David Reeve and Simon Rider won their respective events, so pushing the team's score up. With the help of many good runs jumps and throws, the team amassed too many points for the opposition, which was drawn from all over the West Country. When the final result came, it was with great pleasure that we heard that our team had won. Hopefully the score would be high enough for the team to go to Yeovil to compete in the group A final, but unfortunately it was not.

It is pleasing to know that just after this competition, David Reeve of the fourth year and Simon Rider of the third year were chosen to represent Devon in the South West counties competition and then in the national finals in Yeovil. There Rider came eighth with a long jump of 6.04m in a very keen competition in the Junior age group and Reeve came tenth with a triple jump of 13.58m although he was in the first year of the intermediate age group.

By W.Thielmann 4th

CROSS COUNTRY

The cross country season started well with the junior team reaching the national finals of the English Schools Cup. Steve Tamblin and Robert Cowan ran well in the Final although the team was slightly disappointed at finishing twenty-third.

The Plymouth Schools Championships in January saw us achieve one of our best results for several years. The Seniors were again champions, the Intermediate fourth and the Junior; despite all of the scoring six being a year young, a splendid second.

Ian Gillhespy, Darren Longley (Seniors), Nick Pearman (Intermediate) and Steve Tamblin (Junior) were picked to represent Plymouth schools. All four ran well in the Devon Championships and Ian and Nick went on to represent Devon in both the South-West and English Schools Championships.

By comparison the rest of the season was a little disappointing with none of the teams able to regularly field full strength teams. The Juniors finished third in the Plymouth Schools League and the Intermediate sixth, while the seniors had to settle for second and third places in most of their fixtures instead of the first to which we had become accustomed in recent years.

The first year team proved rather weaker than in previous years and did not become close to retaining the first year championships. The other two first year races won only marginally better results. Thus we will certainly be looking for more commitment in training and some new faces from the first year next season.

The end of the season saw an interesting new development with Cowley School from St. Helens coming down on tour for a fixture against ourselves, Coombe Dean and Ivybridge. With races in all four age groups, the venture proved most worthwhile if not particularly successful for us in terms of results. It is certainly an area that we would hope to further develop in the future.

By J.R. Skinner

TABLE TENNIS 1987-88

The table tennis season lasts for 10 months of the year. It involves an awful lot of travelling. The first tournament of the season is during the August Bank Holiday. This is always held in Bude, Cornwall. This is not too bad as it is fairly close, however, in November there is a tournament held in Middlesborough, which is about 470 miles away. It took us eight hours and was very uncomfortable because there were fourteen of us in a fifteen seater minibus. At this tournament are the top players in the whole world. The standard of play was extremely high. I managed to get through to the last 32 out of 198 entries in the boys under-seventeen event.

At the start of this season, I was ranked 49 in England at under-seventeen level. By the end of the season I hoped to be in the top-forty. Apart from the distant tournaments, there are two held in Plymouth. The first one is the Plymouth Closed, held in March. In this tournament, I managed to win the boys under-15, the under-15 open, the boys under-17, the under 21 open and managed to reach the quarter-finals of the mens singles event.

The next tournament held in Plymouth is the Devon Junior. In this I was runner-up in the boys under 17 and won the boys under 15. In the Devon Schools event, (under 16) I represented the school. I managed to win this event, and was therefore entered for the English Schools under 16, held in Mannfield. I managed to get to the quarter-final before going out to the number one seed.

In April, I was chosen to play for Devon in the County Championship at under 17 level. Devon are in the premier league and were close to relegation. It all ended on the last match of the weekend against Derbyshire. We needed a draw to stay up, we eventually won 6-4. There were 8 counties: Yorkshire, Lancashire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, Essex, Nottingham, Warwickshire and Devon.

Up until the last tournament of the season I had not won a tournament outside of Devon and Cornwall. This tournament was held in Bristol. My first game was at 11.00am and seeing as I reached the final, my last game was held at 10.00pm. Fortunately, I was able to win this and pick up a cheque for £20 and a gold medal.

At the end of the season the rankings came out, and I was ranked 32 in England. I had achieved my goal.

By G.Bridgett 4th

TENTORS 55 MILE ROUTE

Arriving at Okehampton camp on Friday May 13th, many of the team, for whom this was their first Tentors, were surprised and glad to see so many other teams all trying to pitch tents. There were a fair number of girls within some of the teams. After being checked in and scrutineered, we began to meet with other teams and discuss routes. This was cut short when we went back to our tent for 'lights-out' at 10-30pm.

We were awoken at 4-30am by "Chariots of Fire" which did not go down at all well with many of the team and the other teams which led to many a request to stop the music in not so many words.

After a quick breakfast, we proceeded to the start line where we assembled ready for the gun at 7.00am. This led to a good start and we made our way to our first tor. Here, a latecomer to the team decided he could not keep up our pace and so volunteered to drop out.

This left five of us to carry on in the sweltering heat of the day and as it got hotter, so we ended up walking baretopped. By the second tor another member was suffering from de-hydration and thus was forced to drop out. The four remaining members reached Hartor Tor by 7.30pm and thus proceeded to our seventh tor and camped halfway at Black Tor where we hastily put up the tent in a gale and tried to make a quick supper.

We awoke on Sunday at 4.00am and began walking by 5.00am. We took up a hasty pace and only stopped when necessary and on the tors for something to eat and drink.

We kept going and eventually reached the finishing line at 4.40pm where we were given our medals and sent off for a pasty, cup of soup and an apple.

Our thanks go to Mr. Southern and Dr. Phillips for giving up their time to train us and also for their help on the event weekend.

By Miles Schofield L6th



SKI TRIP (SENIOR REPORT)

After a most enjoyable sea crossing and a tiresome journey across France, our coach arrived at our hotel. The looks from the outside did not deceive our thoughts about the inside and the complaints came quickly. Our host introduced himself and instructed us generally not to do anything as it would probably break one of the rules set. Once in our rooms we unpacked and sorted out sleeping arrangements.

After a six floor hike to the dining hall (we were determined to use the elevator next time), we sat down eagerly awaiting our meal. To our surprise, a man in jeans and a scruffy T-shirt threw the bowl of food on to a separate table. Soon we realised that we had to serve ourselves. The meal was not exactly what we had expected for a "three star" hotel and cleaning the tables after the meal was pushing things a bit too far and Mr. Faulkner soon complained. However, we were glad of the nearby supermarket to supplement our diets.

That evening we collected our skis from the two star hotel (with real waiters !) actually in Serre Chevalier. Back at our hotel we started to meet the other guests.

Next morning we actually made it on to the snow and soon found the ground a lot more slippery than the nylon slope we were used to. The rest of the morning was spent meeting the instructors and finding out exactly what we could do. After dinner we met again at the main ski resort which was situated on the side of a hill and could really only be reached by a blue bubble car ride. The rest of the afternoon was spent practising on the basic slope at the resort.

Glad of the sleep we had, we returned in earnest to the basic slope the next day for parallel turn practice. The instructor of the group I was in thought we were good enough to venture yet further up the mountain, so in the afternoon we climbed the drag lift to the next stage. Skiing down again to the resort was a great feeling as long as you did not crash into fallen skiers who had just passed you. The second time we climbed the drag lift we, as a group, decided to climb yet further. After viewing the sights we skied down to the resort for the last time. As an extra bonus that evening, our group decided to ski down from the resort using a green route, which was really the twisty road, instead of using the bubble cars. After many crashes, sometimes involving several skiers, we made it down to the bottom.

This fun continued for the rest of the week with our group reaching new heights every day. Evening entertainment included ice skating, swimming and tobogganing down the side of a hill on a piece of plastic. On the last day we received our certificate cards and purchased badges to show off our merits.

Most of the journey home was spent asleep and we returned to Plymouth late on Sunday. Apart from the hotel's conditions we had a lot of fun and if it did not cost so much I would definitely do it all again. If you are considering going skiing for the first time I would definitely recommend it.



By Simon Johns L6th

JUNIOR SKI TRIP

The venue for this year's junior ski trip was Aprica in Italy, a picturesque ski resort lying between Lake Como and the Brenta Dolomites. The trip was arranged in conjunction with D.H.S for girls so, needless to say, the supervising teachers were given a tough job from start to finish keeping the opposite sexes adequately segregated.

The holiday began on Thursday, 7th January at about five o'clock in the morning when we set off on the six hour journey to Luton airport where, at three fifteen in the afternoon, we boarded flight DA3072 bound for Verona, Italy.

This first day was very long indeed as we did not arrive at Hotel Urri until nine o'clock when we then had to unpack, find our way around and get fitted into our skis. Waking up time the next morning and the mornings to follow was seven o'clock so it was important that everybody got as much sleep as possible (although nobody did). Breakfast was served at eight o'clock and we had to be on the slopes at nine for the first lesson of the day. The lesson lasted for two hours and was followed by lunch. It was then time to get back on the slopes for the afternoon lesson at two o'clock which again lasted two hours. From four o'clock onwards was apres-ski time. During our stay this included shopping for some decent food, Bingo (ahem), ice skating, watching videos, discos, a trip out to a local Pizza place and...

Socially, this holiday was very rewarding. By the end of the first day we had already got to know the girls well, and were conversing with each other as though we had known everyone from birth.

The scenery surrounding the resort was stunning, the skiing was marvellous, the food was awful and everyone on the trip was a good laugh. I was, however, massively disappointed with the Italian cuisine. For me this was the worst element of the trip along with having to keep a diary which kept everyone scribbling until midnight on the last day.

And talking of the last day I don't think that I've mentioned the beauty contest. Following the prize giving and disco, there was held a Miss Aprica 1988 competition - for the boys. The evening was, for the most part spent in the makeup rooms for the several stunning "beautiful" young hopefuls. And after several carefully planned parades by the fame seeking entrants, the competition was whittled down to just two very embarrassed boys. Philip Wright of 3 West in his eye-catching black ball gown which really hugged his body, black fishnets and high heels and about 3 inches of make up, and Andrew Mort in an outfit with a definite "Gypsy" feel about it. Both waited anxiously to see who would take the title of Miss Aprica 1988. Would lucious Lucinda's sexy talkin' and raunchy image win her/him/it the title, or would Andrea's subtle charm steel the prestigious award. After several votes and re-votes, it was decided that Andrea (alias Andrew Mort), just had the edge over the obviously disappointed Lucinda. Runner-up can't be bad though, can it?

So to summarise this was quite simply a great holiday. Just about everything was totally wonderful including the teachers who deserve a mention as they did a great job of keeping us under control but at the same time letting us have a good time.

By Jonathan Freeman 3rd

DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL OLD BOYS ASSOCIATION

Chairman: A.V.Porter.

Secretary: G.R.Simpson C/O The School.

The past year has been another quiet one for the Plymouth Branch with the rugby club being the only active section. Correspondance and links with former pupils have been maintained and it was particularly pleasing to welcome a number of old boys to the school who were coming to give talks of simply dropping in during a visit to Plymouth. Amongst these was Steven Davids who left in 1968 to complete his education in Manchester and now has his own real estate business in Maryland, U.S.A. Shaun Glanville who left in 1983 and is now working was one who came to speak to the sixth form.

DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL OLD BOYS' RUGBY CLUB

The 1987/88 season was a highly successful one for the Old Boys side and culminated in them winning the Devon Division 2B in the inaugural season of the Courage Clubs Championships. Added to this was the runners-up position in the R.N.E.C. cup organised by the Plymouth and District Rugby Combination. In the Devon Junior Cup the club reached the third round where they lost to eventual winners Ivybridge.

A tour to Jersey was undertaken and proved to be highly enjoyable. Two games were played over the weekend with one victory and one draw being the outcome. In 1989 the tour will be to Dublin during the school half term week and coinciding with the Ireland versus England match at Lansdowne Road.

Promotion to Devon Division one will bring increased challenges and call for increase commitment from players. Walker Lapthorne takes over as captain from Andy Cunningham, Brian Sherrell and Geoff Simpson takes over as Chairman from John Southern who has been a loyal supporter of the club for many decades and is elected a Vice-President. it was particularly pleasing to welcome Les Warren to the club's A.G.M. He was the original secretary back in 1929 and has kept in touch with the club ever since.

Training will again be at the school on Thursday evenings and fresh faces are always welcome.

By G.K.S

Top marks!

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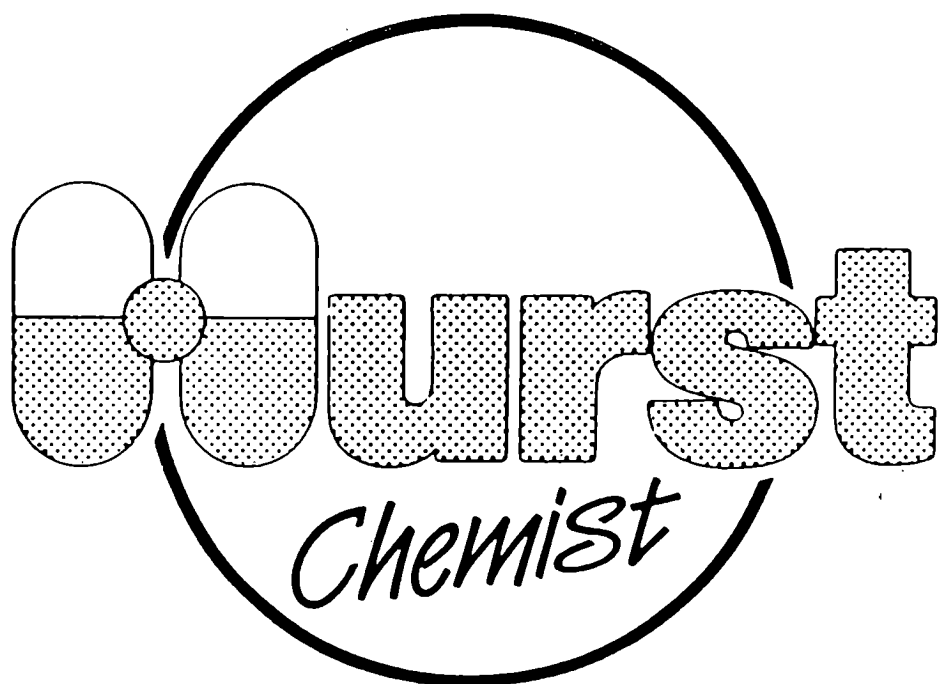
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