

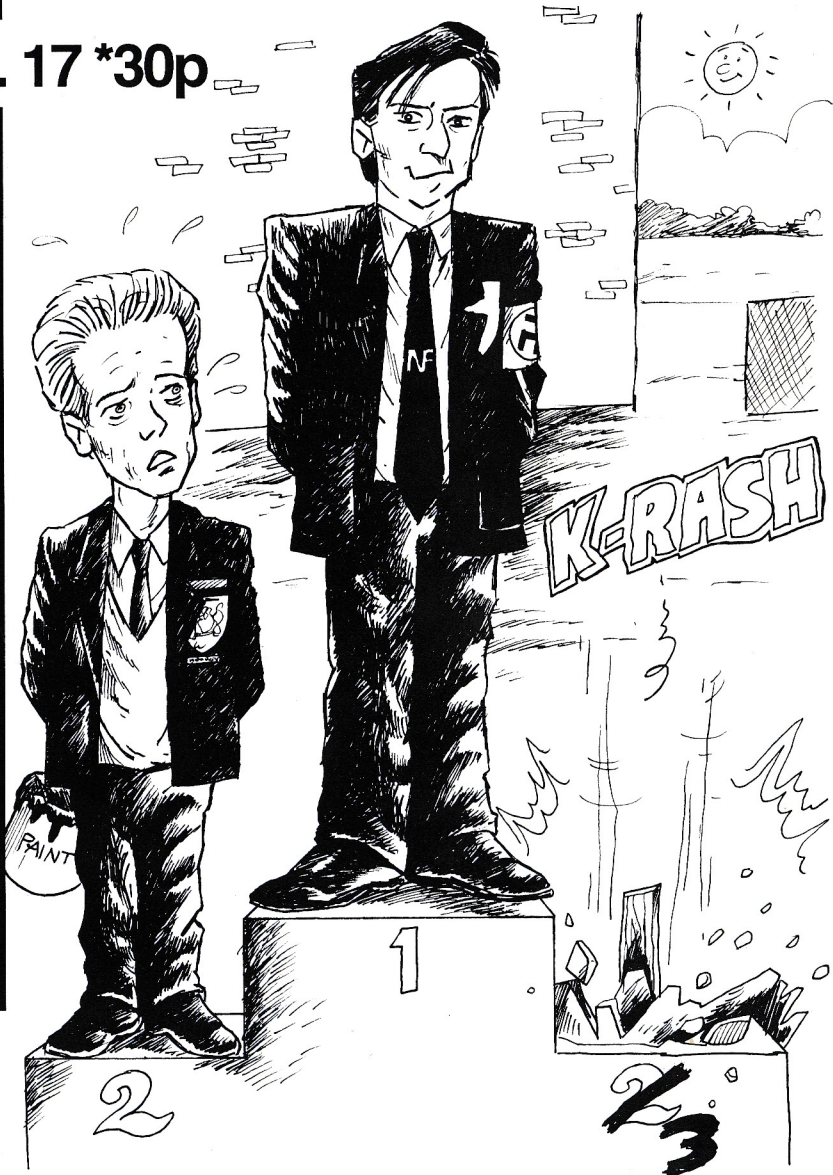
Sixth Sense

Issue No. 17 *30p

Alan Roots
asks,
Universally
University?

Tim Box,
on 6th
formers
that break
the SPEED
limit.

Jim Biles
comments
on a poor
season for
the Gills.



Sixth Sense

Issue No. 17 *30p

4

Dangerous Liaisons

Ross Parry investigates the £25 revision programme.

6

A Fond Farewell

Sixth Sense interviews Mr Mold before he leaves the Math.

7

Letter from Queen's

Tim Leunig offers more thoughts from Oxford.

8

Z-Cars

Justin Zaman gives advice on first cars for sixth formers.

11

Classified Advertisements

Colin Wheeler and Simon Nicholls with a collection of more unusual small ads.

12

Fun Page

More cheek from Chaz in another spiffing whizzo tuck box of fun.

14

Teenage Mutant Ninja Sixth Formers

A short cartoon by Darryl Hartley.

16

Universally University

Alan Roots questions the usefulness of the school's careers service.

College Qualms

Tom Bland investigates some of the myths about University life.

17

Diary of a pustulating Sixth former

Mathew Puxty's first and last work for Sixth Sense.

19

Tim's Interesting and Nearly True Scandal

Tim Paliser offers the only libellous article in Sixth Sense.

20

Breaking The Speed Limit

Tim Box reports on the recent Speed championships in the Sixth form.

21

New Kids and The Block

Jon Kendrew and Simon Nicholls on their "glorious reign" (?)

23

Love Is The Slug

Michael Monkhouse discusses homosexuality.

24

Charity Sense

Details of charity events in the Sixth form.

25

Gills Page

Jim Biles reports on a difficult season for the Gills.

26

Si's Scandal

Simon Nicholls dredges up some more really interesting 'scandal'.

27

Contributors:

Justin Zaman, Ross Parry, Simon Nicholls, Alan Roots, Tim Leunig, Tim Box, Rob Hooker. Michael Monkhouse, Tim Box, Simon Leigh, Tom Bland.

Finest Officer in North Surrey's:
(Damned) Harry Faversham.

Design & Production:(That's no regiment I know...)

Ralph Windsor, Ross Parry, Justin Zaman,

Art Director: (Sounds damnably Chinese to me.)

Darryl Hartley,

Thanks to...

Mrs Lenton, Mr Futter, Mr Mortimer, Tom's Dad.

4 Dangerous Liaisons

Ross Parry

SHOULD DOCTOR R.M.SMITH HAVE CHARGED HIS EX-PUPILS £15 EACH FOR PRIVATE TUITION?

Is the Doctor aiding academic ascendancy or just exploiting A level despondency?

Ross Parry investigates the dangerous liaisons between the desperate Middle Sixth geographers and the man who left for the world of finance.

Six months ago Dr. Roger Smith, with his recently acquired Ph.D., left the school for a years secondment at The North Kent Education office in Chatham, working as an financial advisor. This move may have been a challenging career move for the outstanding geographer (and former head of the sixth form), but unfortunately its execution also had less

desirable effects. Ex-students claimed he left trail of confusion and syllabus disorganisation, along which his old middle sixth set were left to "wander aimlessly". Can it really be true that this innocent band of students have had their whole academic careers jeopardised by this single, seemingly harmless action?

As A Levels loomed and conditional offers had to be met, members of this set encountered numerous difficulties. If desired grades were to be reached, something drastic had to take place. David Parry, one of these desperate geographers who decided that the time had come to do something, takes up the story: "I need a B and two Cs to get into university, but my geography was not very good, so I was getting pretty worried."

David went on to explain how he and two others (Neil Fletcher and Ian Smith), approached Doctor Smith, remembering how just before he left he had told them that a revision programme "would be available." "My parents were quite happy for me to go ahead with this private tuition, if I thought it would help me." The hour and twenty minute session saw the Doctor providing specially written out essays, "about how to write an essay, in a way we hadn't been taught before. He looked organised and well prepared. He had a very warm and gentle manner, and certainly seemed concerned about my present predicament." In conclusion David explained how Doctor Smith "had what I wanted, and because I was in such a desperate situation, I was willing to pay for it."

Dangerous Liaisons

5

The fact that Doctor Smith actually charged Smith and Parry for the tuition, has been one of the most controversial aspects of this sequence of events. Mr. Lazzeri, the N.U.T. representative, quoted to me the official union guidelines on charging pupils as being £14.50 per hour, for one A Level student and £20 per hour for two students. David Parry described to me how Dr. Smith decided not to have a session with both Ian and him together because "he thought we had different needs."

I also wondered whether the present head of the geography department, Mrs. King, felt at all offended, so I approached her to see what her reaction was to the whole situation. To my surprise Mrs. King seemed uncertain of what had exactly been taking place: "I don't really know anything about it. All I was aware of was that there had been some 'contacts'." However, once I had enlightened her of this tale of academic intrigue she sat calmly leafing through well-thumbed notes, carefully pondering this professional predicament. Then, responding with understandably tight-lipped diplomacy, she finally announced that, "It's a dodgy one isn't it?" When

asked if she was offended by the Doctor Smith's actions, Mrs. King replied that "professionally no, I'm not offended, nor really surprised, because he has a skill, he has the expertise, he is on the open market and he can sell his services." The head of geography, though, was reluctant to comment on whether she was at all 'personally' offended by the whole affair. She did add, however, that she had "asked him to work out a revision programme some time ago, and it now seems he is explaining it straight to the boys, while we are left having to work out our own programme." As my investigations progressed it became obvious that these boys were 'lucky' to have their A Level course continued by such qualified and experienced teachers as Mrs. King and Mrs. Isaacs.

In a partially successful attempt to give him an opportunity to comment, I finally got in contact with Doctor Smith himself. After the pleasantries of the opening salutations, he told me: "No, I'm sorry, I have no real comment to make." Amidst some good-humoured small-talk the Doctor amplified his point by

explaining, "My conscience is clear. I just find it all very interesting. You know me, I feel my private life is totally up to me." Before I was able to ask him if he thought that the exploitation of student despondency for personal gain was more than just another element of his 'private life', the Doctor decided it was time to terminate this conversation.

It isn't really in my interests to pronounce any judgements or to declare any conclusions on the whole affair. It is a topic that raises as many questions of the role of "Sixth Sense" as upon the relationship between staff and students. All I can do is just present a story of a man who leaves a group of A Level students in the middle of their course, and then charges them to receive a pre-prepared revision programme which he was apparently to give to them anyway. But does it really matter what anybody's opinion is - if there is any damage it has already been done.

At the end of this term Mr. Mold will be leaving the school to take up a position at a school in Cardiff. As his seven and a half year long stay at the Math draws to a close, **Tim Box** asks him about his memories of his time here, his future in Wales and his reasons for going.

Tim: What will be your role at your new school?

SPM: The school I am going to in Cardiff is a choir school. You may know I sing here at the Cathedral on a professional basis and I teach here at the school. There are some schools that combine the two ideas, so I am being employed as a singer and teacher in this choir school. I will be looking after the English department, and doing some administration and financial - kind of a promotion if you like!

Tim: Was it a difficult decision to leave?

SPM: I've been looking for another job for two years.

Don't get me wrong, I've been quite happy here, but as you know you can get stuck in a rut, and also most teachers tend to have to move in order to get a promotion. So it was not a difficult decision. It's not the school I don't like, although there are some aspects that are far from ideal, but I don't care for Medway. Seven years is quite long enough to be living here and I would rather go somewhere prettier and nicer. It was perhaps a difficult decision to move to this particular place, but you won't stick around in the same area forever, or

you will stagnate. There's also a bit more money in this job.

Tim: What contribution do you feel you have made to the English department?

SPM: I feel I've lent a stability to the English department. Compared to English, some other departments seem to have gone through teachers like a knife through butter. I think I have a certain interest and ability on older literature, like Shakespeare and before that, that maybe other people don't have. I've contributed a lot to drama one way or another. There's also the Williamsonian of course.

I've edited 13 issues of that, which is perhaps a prophetic number. I think the school Magazine is something you tend to appreciate after you have left, and the adults have appreciated it on the whole more than the pupils, although the 'kids' have enjoyed contributing to it. "The Williamsonian" is more of a record of school life and not just the sixth form, such as this magazine is.

Tim: What are your views on "Sixth Sense"?

SPM: I think on the whole it's a good thing. The one thing I objected to last issue was not, I think, due to malice on the part of the people who did it, but due to ignorance. Ignorance is no bad thing. When you're flexing your wings as budding journalists your bound to get your fingers burnt, (*mixed metaphors are*

no bad things either...ed). You have got to accept that on the odd occasion you're going to offend someone, although I hope I made my position clear - I don't bear grudges. I think it's a good magazine and we need "Sixth Sense", not as an antidote to "The Williamsonian", but as a kind of foil.

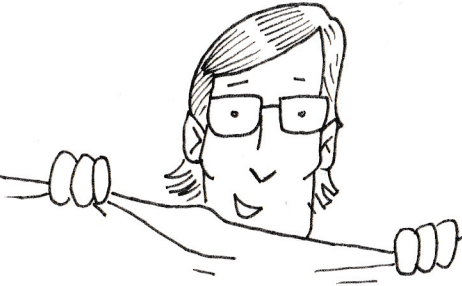
Tim: What memories will you have of the staff and pupils when you leave the school?

SPM: Very happy ones on the whole, though you get some rogues, of course. I don't think that people are as literary minded in Medway as they are in other towns, and I think sometimes it's been a bit of a struggle to put through some of the things I like to the students. On the whole it's a very acquiescent school - pupils tend to accept what the staff say without too much of a grumble. There is a very friendly atmosphere in the staff room, and very little 'bitching' occurs.

Tim: Do you feel your time here has been a success?

SPM: On the whole I would hope it has. There are one or two things perhaps I wish I'd done better, but it depends what you mean by 'success' really. I feel overall that I've done quite a good job under, sometimes, quite trying circumstances.

With Mr. Mold's final contribution to the school being the anthem for this year's Founder's Day, all of us at Sixth Sense" wish him well in his new job and the best of luck for the future.



The Queen's College,
Oxford,

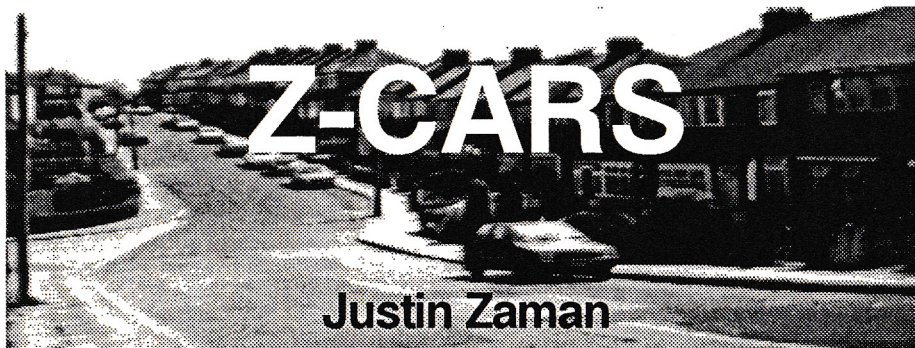
Dear Sixth Sense,

Statisticians tell us that by the age of nineteen the majority of people have lost their virginity, and so I conclude that most of my friends have lost theirs. It seems to me that whilst many of them are highly qualified, few seem well educated about sex. Most lament the style of the "reproduction" lessons that we were all given at the age of eleven, although it has to be said that this is more than some from public schools receive. I therefore decided to write to you as head of the library to suggest that you did something about this. The aim of a library must be to educate and inform those who use it in matters that are both of interest to them and likely to be of use in the future. Williamsonians should not be forced to go out into the world ill-equipped for life and it's continuation, they should not have to find out about sex in the manner of one of their teachers, who in a memorable lesson declared that he and his wife had found out by experimentation, adding the phrase "How the bloody hell do you think we found out?" It seems to me self evident therefore that the library should purchase a good book on the subject, which could be added to the Graham Greenes in the sixth form section to stop the third year attempting to read it in library lessons. There are many books on the subject, of varying quality and price. Whilst full colour glossies have their advantages it seems to me that buying a copy of "The Loving Touch" in these time of government cutbacks would be a little extravagant. Instead I have no hesitation in recommending that perennial favourite, "The Joy of Sex", which deals with all the topics, under convenient classifications. Now I realise that my suggestion might be a little controversial, with some arguing that it may lead to people having sex before they are emotionally ready for it. I do not believe that in this case, people lose their virginity irrespective of the views of their elders; it seems that all their elders can do is ensure that when their former (or current) pupils do lose their virginity that they enjoy it. I feel sure that the sixth form would welcome such an addition to the library; it seems to me a sorry state of affairs when Liam Brunt is forced to ring me up to find out whether I can provide him with any arguments as to whether or not the English enjoy sex. If he had seen the amount of times that "The Joy of Sex" had been reprinted, he would have absolutely no doubt that a large number know at least twenty one ways to enjoy sex. I therefore urge you most strongly to buy a copy of this book, funded by public subscription from the sixth form if necessary, for the benefit of all.

Yours sincerely,

Tim Leunig

8 Motoring Sense



Z-CARS

Justin Zaman

Being seventeen years old sometimes means only one thing - having a car. Those sixth-formers elderly enough to do this are already striking fear into the other motorists' hearts out on the open road - with nothing much more than an old pile of junk, they have the world at their tyres - all three-and-a-half of them. But at such dangerous times, why are they forced to drive such dangerous cars? One reason comes in the choice of their cars - one glance at the school car-park shows up cars the price of a capped Poll Tax bill. Be fair, I hear you say, what kind of cars can most seventeen year-olds, with only a shelf-stacking job as financial resources? Not a Ferrari Testarossa, but neither do you have to be stuck with a rusty, P-reg, brown Austin. Look at the table - though none of these are in the 'Willy-on-Wheels' category (apart from the Skoda), these

represent a more respectable kind of first car (apart from the Lada).

Firstly though, can you afford to run a car? It is fine if your dad rolls about in a stretched G-reg Mercedes whilst your mum has the Lotus, but owning a car means more than a purchase price - there is fuel and oil costs, a lot of servicing, insurance, M.O.T. tests, rescue services and depreciation - though if some of the first cars I know depreciate even more, this magazine will be worth more than the car.

Let us start with an example; the VW1200. The expected costs for the 60,000 mile bug are:

Purchase Price	510
One year road tax	100
Insurance(third party)	200 - 250
MOT and RAC/AA etc.	100 - 200
Initial service	50 - 80
Fuel - 8,000miles (30 mpg)	500
It will cost between	1,460 and

1,640 to buy this VW and run it for the first year - thereafter the cost will be 800 to 1,000 per annum.

When you are sure that you can afford this, it is time to find your phallic machine. If you do not want to be stuck on a motorway with smoke billowing out of the engine bay, and your passengers wailing, "can you fix it?!", then buy a Japanese car. They are tops for reliability. As for rust, old Austin/Rover cars are the real rotters. Other cars which were not on the table but could be potential first cars include the Fiat 126, Morris Minor, the "well 'ard" Ford Capri, the Saab 99, the Lancia Delta 1300 and the Ford Cortina (the Sierra of the decade that taste forgot, ie. the 70's).

Whatever you choose, be it 'Willy in Motion' or fast turn off, everyone will have to scan those back section classifieds. Cars here will be cheaper than

Motoring Sense

9

a dealer, but since you get no warranty, if it breaks down after ten metres, hard luck! Make sure then that you check behind the "ad sweet talk" and look at things like rust (a magnet should stick on), paintwork, tyres (10p), shock absorbers - bounce the car, electrics (take a mate to check the lights), handbrake (park on Chatham Hill!), interior (fluid on the back seat?!), under the bonnet and the door. Do not forget to drive your hot-rod, checking for noise, brake or exhaust trouble. A good idea is to go with an AA/RAC engineer, try going halves for the fee with the cars present owner, promising to pay the other half back if the car passes.

Once once you have done all that, it is up to you whether or not you want it to be more of a 'posemobile' for the King's Road on a Saturday night. New paint, new seats, and steering wheel, new alloy wheels and even a body kit (but do not be tempted by go faster stripes, they look ridiculous on a Marina as does a 'Turbo' sticker) can help 'the look'. By having a car which you can be proud will probably make you look after it with more loving care than if it was a pile of excrement. This will help to avoid arguments between your car and juggernauts or anything else a touch lethal. Whatever you choose, enjoy freedom sensibly.

Justin Zaman

Austin Mini

The Classic first car driven by students and old ladies alike. A fine town runabout but uncomfy and noisy on motorways 1275 GT and Clubman are best, but the 1100 is for all round M.P.G. and insurance. A good bet. *Economy: a real miser. Reliability: fair. Sex Appeal: enough but can be increased (an ERA body kit rather than fluffy dice!). Top Speed: 70-ish (isn't that enough). 0-60: don't hold your breath. Weekly Cost: £22.*

Citroen 2CV

A car with real character be it good or bad, eccentric, sluggish, noisy cold and unsafe, perfect for the enthusiast. Old tatty ones are cheap to buy and keep going - 007 did pretty well with one! *Economy: put the Mini to shame! Reliability: n/a. Sex Appeal: If the frog can turn into a prince... Top Speed: not enough. 0-60 eventually. Weekly Cost: £20*

Ford Fiesta

Yawn, a Ford. Loads of models around as are local dealers. Can be rusty. Not much room inside, nor performance in 950. Well kept 'Ghia' versions are best. Let your head rule your heart, forget the XR2. *Economy: matches the Mini's 41 mpg. Reliability: OK. Sex Appeal: A Ford's a Ford. Top Speed: 87. 0-60: 16 secs. Weekly Cost: £22*

Lada Riva

Unpleasant, uncomfortable cheap cars from the U.S.S.R. - not exactly the 'Mirov Two'. Only if you are desperate for a bargain and have no image to maintain. *Economy: fair. Reliability: not good. Sex Appeal: don't insult my intelligence. Top Speed: 89. 0-60: 17 secs. Weekly Cost: £26.*

Nissan Sunny (Old version - 'Datsun')

Another very reliable Japanese car, roomy four seater, easy to drive, comfortable, and cheap second hand, 1300 best. A good alternative to a ford, do not be surprised at how good it is ('What Car?' rated it best used car in it's class). *Economy: 39 mpg. Reliability: excellent. Sex Appeal: Frankly, sod all. Top Speed: 90. 0-60: 15 secs. Weekly Cost: £23*

Renault 5 (old version)

These Mark One models are less pretty and more rusty than Mark 2 models but of course much cheaper. Cramped and uncomfortable. 1100 is the best. *Economy: Ignore any Suez Crisis. Reliability: Not good. Sex Appeal: Cute little old banger. Top Speed: 88. 0-60: 17 secs. Weekly Cost: £22*

Skoda Estelle

Unjustly maligned, Skodas are a class above Ladas et al. Very cheap to buy and run (you could get a reasonable B-reg). 120 and 130 are best. The coupé is now a cult classic, the convertibles are now an investment. By the way, the engines in the 'boot! *Economy: Good. Reliability: Acceptable. Sex Appeal: Saloons are cute, coupés are pure sex. Top Speed: 88. 0-60: 16 secs. Weekly Cost: £25*

VW Golf

Cute 'rabbit' hatchback but if you want a GTI, use the 'gofaster stripes', Bodies last well and 1300 is best compromise between performance and insurance, unlike 1600 injected GTI. *Economy: fair. Reliability: good. Sex Appeal: 'Kinda Cute'. Top Speed: 91. 0-60: 15 secs. Weekly Cost: £27*



Standard Asia Restaurant

Whether you have hot blood or are just a cool dude, there is a dish to suit you at the **Standard Asia Restaurant**.

Opposite the Ship Inn (don't let that put you off) in Rochester, you will find a wide selection of tasty dishes with no beef, eggs or North sea shell fish.

FULLY LICENSED AND AIR CONDITIONED

Open: Midday to 3pm, 6pm to Midnight, 364 days a year.

364 High Street, Rochester, Kent

Tel: Medway (0634) 843641 or 829363

Book early to avoid disappointment

Classified Sense

11

FOR SALE:

Rear offside indicator lens from RD125. Unwanted gift. One not-very-careful owner. see J.Dodge if interested.

NOTICE:

Recently unqualified hairdresser requires models. Pay £5. High Quality cuts (and grazes). For reference see I.Felton.

FOR SALE:

"Shocking" eyebrow. Current owner no longer has any need for it. Hence giveaway price.

CONSERVATION:

Do you enjoy a ramble and roll in the hay? If so come and conserve nature with Tammy and Julia - and it's sponsored by "Barclays Bank".

WANTED:

Willing participant to educate young man in the ways of the world. Females preferred. Lots of

practice required.

See Colin if interested.

FOR SALE:

'R'eg Austin Allagro, sandy yellow, sportswheel trims. Last owner excellent driver. Bodywork needs slight attention, genuine reason for sale, hence cash-down price #5. o.n.o.

"MASON'S GLAZIERS" - Old windows at knockout price, only £2.25 a bash.

"BEN HODSON'S SCHOOL OF SKINCARE" - Professional tips on all aspects of skin care from the oldest 'popper' in town. WE won't squeeze you dry - our prices are very fluid.

'DAVE'S CRECHE" -

Day and night care for all children up to 14. Loving, fatherly attention provided for all.

"DALE'S DIETS" -

Feel Fat? There's no need! Come and see Dale and never worry again.

THIS SPACE FOR SALE

Sixth Sense currently has a massive circulation of 94. To bid for a lucrative advertising contract contact,

The logo consists of the letters 'YB' in a bold, stylized font, with a registered trademark symbol (®) to the right.

The Young and Bland Advertising Agency ©1990

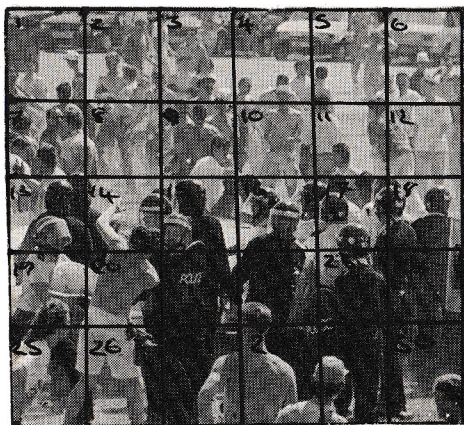
They're Young,
They're Bland

12

Cheeky Chaz's Spiffing Whizzo Tuck Box of Fun

Snave's Ciggy Saga

In a vain attempt to boost his image young Michael has decided he wants to start smoking, but nobody knows he does it because he is so discreet. See if you can work out which trail of pollution leads to this charismatic non-prefect.



Spot the Jimbo

That suave and sophisticated maths teacher, Mr Fry has decided to go for a jolly little jaunt down to the coast with some of his 'socially conscious' and morally aware young Christian friends, to watch a splendid game of soccer between those awfully decent chaps from Leeds and those wonderful seaside boys from Bournemouth.

See if you can spot this marvellous mathematician in this picture of coastal harmony. (HINT: he isn't one of those holding a truncheon).

Answers to 5

1. Stretch 2. The 1979 Nissan Cherry Brake-lining under 13's 'Llama Gymkhana' was won by Rosemary Brown on "Unnatural Urge" - after a stewards' enquiry 3. Simon's 'column' 4. Mr. Browning claims he can do it backwards 5. The Rangoon formation dance troop for the incurably ugly 6. Sometimes 7. False, Mark Young excels in every sport 8. It spins round vigorously for 3 minutes, and then falls off. 9. The boy in the picture is called 'Knobby' and he likes to collect tropical skin diseases. 10. Eurgh!

Great 'chat up lines' of our time for Young men.

1. 'You don't sweat much, for a fat lass do you?'
2. 'I excel at every... sport, I do'
3. 'I do go for the older woman, myself'
4. 'I play man's football, me.'
5. 'I've seen "They Might Be Giants" quite a few times myself, I especially like the bit with the double headed guitar'
6. 'If you've got it, flaunt it'
7. 'I've got a lot of Table Tennis medals AND...trophies'
8. 'I'm definitely the best looking guy in the Class' Civ' set'

The Triumvirate Teaser

How many school officials does it take to change a light bulb?
One, he just sits in the prefects' room holding the bulb and waits for the world to revolve around him.

Strange but actually true research degrees

In promoting academic excellence, Sixth Sense presents a list of strange, but actually true PhD's.

Cyclic Creep of T316 Stainless Steel.
Investigation of Flow Characteristics in The Spark Initiation of Spark Ignition Engines.
Sodium Formaldehyde Sulphoxylate as a Reducing Agent in Organic Synthesis.
Ferrous Metals from Molten Salt Baths.
Artificial Cardiac Pacing Stimulation Thresholds in The Vitro Rabbit Heart.
Acquisition of Range Data Using Blurred Images.
Depositional Characteristics of Ice-Marginal Landforms Jotunheim, Southern Norway.
The Relationship of the Reproductive Cycles of Various Fish Species to the Hydrological Changes of the River Taia, Sierra Leone



Sitting in the common-room, the topic of conversation is usually, "I got my offer through the other day". Walking down the corridor, there will doubtlessly be an "encouraging" teacher with a pat-on-the-back and plenty of "when I was at Oxford.." anecdotes. After a few weeks of this, I must admit, I felt a bit left out.

I was pleased with my mock grades and, arguably, I reckon I could have got onto a good course at a good university or poly. However, and this is a BIG however - I couldn't find a course that appealed to me and I didn't believe it was absolutely essential for journalism, because I've found a one-year course run by The National Council For The Training Of Journalists.

As far as this school and the governors are concerned, perhaps I should become a brickie instead. Obviously I have absolutely no intellect because I have chosen to follow the erroneous path to college rather than to the character-building, salary-inflating UNIVERSITY. If I fail my interview for the Journalism course, I may have to make a late UCCA application. That's not the point though: the point is that this establishment is very narrow-minded and often stifles decisions directly related to the individual.

Of course the majority have made the right decision in choosing to go

to University and will get the support that they justly deserve. Would they have got that same encouragement had they taken a different choice however? The automatic choice for someone who does quite well at school has been moulded into UNIVERSITY by the inflexible attitudes of some teachers and a few pupils. These few pupils only react strangely when they are told someone at school better-than-mediocre is not going to university, because that has been presented by most teachers as the only sane possible choice for someone just about clever enough to go to one.

I spoke to Mr.Fry about this issue, and when I asked him if he thought the school was unduly biased towards those who are attending university, at first he replied with a categorical "no". He said that the school stuck by the individual's decision, but then he conceded that there were "elements in the school" who were (I take it that he was diplomatically implying that some teachers are very biased). I also asked if he thought that some people attending college or looking for jobs were shunned. He also disagreed with this but thought that a few people "don't get off their backsides and use the opportunities available to them". He said that although there were some teachers unfairly biased, the careers department

stuck with your decision.

From my experience, I disagree with this, as in my one and only careers interview, I made it clear that I didn't really think university was really relevant for me. Throughout the whole interview I was shown many university courses and was subjected to much persuasion even though I had already made my ideas clear. Mr.Fry's school experience was that he really felt that he had no alternatives when he was our age, and that the school back then was simply a machine to produce graduates. All right, so that looks good on the annual governors' report*, and most people need university anyway, but I think nothing's changed and that people with any intelligence whatsoever are expected to get to uni.

My only point is that if you are going to university - do it for yourself and not because everyone else is going there.

Postscript: I have now got the course conditional. The interview was in front of the editor of the local Portsmouth News, as well as the head of the course. Both maintained that most editors are actually prejudiced AGAINST graduates in comparison to those who don't have to learn all the rudiments of journalism and have no preconceived ideas. So did the school really have my best interests at heart?

Alan Roots M6Br

College Qualms

Unless you're thoroughly clued up on the rudiments of university life from your mates at Heriot-Watt, it may well have occurred to you that life at university means having to become a hippy, watching obscure films, spending 8 hours a day in the library, and living in a small boudoir with six others. Well, surprisingly enough; you don't, really. The fact is, much of what you've heard about university probably isn't true at all. At a time when a majority of Lower 6th minds are no doubt sizing up the uncharted prospects of student life ahead, Tom Bland goes to sort out the fact from the fiction.

With acknowledgment to NatWest magazine for the thoughts of six students at Sussex University-

MYTH: You live in a cupboard with 6 others.

FACT: "We're in halls of residence on campus, which have ten people to a corridor, with a kitchen and bathroom

area for 20 a week. That also includes bills. All you have to do is buy your own food. If you move out of campus, you can collect lists from the accommodation office which show you all the houses that are going to be up for rent the next year. There's also big accommodation offices in Brighton, which is how I found where I live - a big

rented house that six of us share."

MYTH: You won't have a Rabbi's hope of financial comfort unless you get a part-time job.

FACT: "A lot of people complain about how little money they have as a student, but it's not that bad. You end up with about 40 a week to spend, which is enough to buy your food and go out."
"I had a job in a clothes shop, but I only did that to pay for driving lessons which I couldn't afford on my grant."

MYTH: You are obliged to run up a huge over-draft with a similarly large interest rate at any one (permanent) stage.

FACT: "If you're finding it difficult to make ends meet, you can go along to your nearest Student Service Officer and arrange an overdraft of up to 300 with a preferential rate of rate of interest and no bank charges. But if you're careful it won't come to that."

MYTH: You have to be some sort of Hooray Henry to get in - and fit in.

FACT: "It depends which university you go to. There are

lots of Sloaney people here; but then again lots of normal people like us. I'm just a normal working-class Londoner."

MYTH: You have to (pretend?) be heavily into radical politics, go on marches, and things like that.

FACT: "There are a few like that, but I think you'd get them in any group. At the Union General Meetings you've got to have 250 people to pass a motion, but they've never had 250 people there." "We've had umpteen coaches and trains hired to go to London to march, but people take them for a cheap week-end home. I once took one and went round Harrods and Covent Garden!"

MYTH: You have to be an extrovert and extremely confident to establish yourself into such a grand-scale environment.

FACT: "Everybody's catered for. In the first two weeks you have some 2nd and 3rd year s in each corridor, and they're in charge of everybody's welfare and go out of their way to make sure everyone has a good time. I don't know anyone who has had a problem settling in socially."

"I think what hit me most is that I thought I was going into a massive institution where I'd be like a tiny dot, but it's not like that at all. Every body knows each other. You always keep bumping into people you know."

MYTH: You spend 90% of your time studying and reading piles of "recommended" books

FACT: "Sometimes you have to do a lot, and other times there's hardly anything. I've got one hour of lectures per week this term but last term I had a lot more. You don't do a nine-to-five every day, but if you want a good degree you have to work off your own back."

"You have to work hard to get in, but once you're here you can get through the first year with a minimum of work."

"Chemistry students have more exams and time-tabled work than other students, but we don't have to read ten books a week or anything like that."

MYTH: Once you're in, you're stuck with your course on Arabic for God knows how many years after discovering it wasn't such a novel idea after

all, and frankly, the bloke in the prospectus was a liar.

FACT: "It is possible to change courses. Some people are even changing course now in their third term. My mate's just changed from History to Law."

MYTH: You spend any free time watching cultured films on BBC 2.

FACT: "There's always something to do, whether it's shopping, doing your laundry, or going out with friends. There's something on every day and night here, so it's easy to have a wild time."

"You do pretty much what you might have done at home; the only difference is that your parents aren't around. So you can have a party in your house or go out to pubs and clubs all the time whenever you want."

MYTH: You will be grilled at the interview by a terrifyingly intelligent professor.

FACT: "I found the interview really informal. I was just sitting on a couch chatting to the tutor. He asked me what I knew about psychology, and I blabbed on for about an hour."

Tom Bland

SICK SENSE..... THE SECRET DIARY OF A PUSSTULATING SIXTH FORMER

25th December 1989

Today I was expecting a chest expander for Christmas to stretch my chest muscles. Unfortunately, all my family hate me and say that spotty tossers don't deserve anything for Christmas...and I thought everyone loved me, after all I am virile.

2nd January 1990

Went down town today to try to buy some cheap Christmas cards. The b*****s in the shop said that they didn't stock any: it had to be a woman who served me. She obviously fancied me.

3rd January 1990

Tried again to get some reduced cards, but yet again they said they hadn't any, so I had to make do with another check shirt from Millets. Saw my mate Nob, and he told me he hated me. That's really bad since everyone likes me.

10th January 1990

After a few days back at school, I had my first history lesson. The whole class were laughing at me. It's alright though, because tonight I've got A.T.C., and I'm really popular there.

11th January 1990

This morning I woke up, squeezed some zits, counted my Clearasil tube collection, and then amused myself until it was time to go to school. Another history lesson passed, and I get this distinct feeling that everyone is laughing at me. After history somebody beat me up, just because I threw their glasses in the bin, and I made a racist comment

about the colour of his skin. What is this beloved country of ours coming to!

29th January 1990

Only 16 days until Valentine's day. Wonder how many cards I'll receive this year?

14th February 1990

A.M.
I bunked off of art today: decided to wait for the postman to see how many cards my adoring following have sent me. At twelve o' clock, he still hadn't been, so I decided to go to school for English, after all, I have got Mr. Mold for my first lesson, and then Mr. Lee after!

P.M.

I hate English. Old Lee chucked me out of the classroom, and everyone laughed. I hate all of them. Returned home to find that the postman did come after all, but the letter was from Clearasil, asking me to test a new spot cream. I hope they're not implying I have acne!

28th February 1990

Still no Valentine cards. I'm going to report that postman.

7th March 1990

Today's my birthday. Nob, and his girlfriend Mary came over to wish me a happy birthday, but they only bought me some roll on deodorant. Once that girlie Mary had gone, Nob asked me if I was able to "take the hint". I told him: "Look it's all right, I already know what damage CFCs do to the ozone layer!" Then Nob beat me up.
No valentine cards OR birthday cards.

12 March 1990

No A.T.C. tonight, so wrote down all the names of all the girls I know and

gave them ratings out of ten: mother came first, but it's not because she's the only woman I know...honest.

21st March 1990

I am now 17 years and two weeks old and I still haven't lost my virginity. Still, I can always boast about my sexual conquests at school and act really worried when I hear that you can catch A.I.D.S. from oral sex.

1st April 1990

Someone told me I was attractive today. I found this a terrific turn-on until it was pointed out to me that it was April Fools' Day. Never mind, I did get to squeeze some of the spots on the back of my neck in the bogs at break time.

6th April 1990

Last day at school today. Two weeks of sheer bliss away from all those no-hopers who constantly ridicule me. Went to a pantomime at the local amateur dramatics society called "Puss In Boots", which for some reason Nob said I would especially like. Afterwards we both got totally "rat arsed" down the pub - we must have had at least two non-alcoholic lager Tops...EACH! Some of the staff saw me in there. It's a shame that they can't comment on it in front of everybody tomorrow. And so to bed.

The late Matthew Puxty
(We all would just like to wish Matt all the best with his new career at British Telecom - it's so reassuring to know that our nation's communications system is in the capable hands of such a literary genius.)

Tim's Interesting and Nearly True Scandal

Well nothing scandalous has happened for the last seven years, so I decided to write about the jolly antics of myself and my immediate peer group, in this college of education, and to occasionally intersperse it with sentences such as "Last Saturday, Jeff and I went for a few 'jars' at 'The Pickwick and Ball' on the way home from The Nigel Midthwistle Memorial Hockey Club annual dinner"

Anyway, I digress. On Monday, Jeff, Rick and myself sallied forth to our educational establishment. On the way, we decided to partake of a picnic. Little did I know that Jeff had said to Rick,

"Ere, Rick, put a little something in Tim's cheese sandwich." So when I began to commence the consumption of the aforesaid cheddar victuals I discovered an object that resembled a slice of tomato. Indeed, upon further examination, the exterior dimensions, texture and colour confired my suspicions. What a SCANDAL !!!!!!!!!!! Tee Hee Tee Hee Tee Hee !!!(?!?!)?!(?!?)

Another example of the appalling and sometimes terrifying depravity of the Math School (A.K.A. Sir Joseph Williamson's Mathematical School for

Boys, Rochester) that has recently come to my knowledge, via Tammy and Julia, is that the Sixth form kettle has suffered a serious functional disability. Could it have been knocked over? Has it incurred an involuntarily induced electrical malfunction? Sam and Rick seem to think the latter, but Tammy, Julia, and Jeff are unsure.

I feel I should make known to the public that certain members of the 6th form have been known to participate in an orgy of debauched smouldering tobacco inhalation outside room one. You heard it first in Tim's Scandal. Since I am no longer allowed to regurgitate the thrilling legend of Dan Harley's supposed ejection from the 4th year disco (SHOCK HORROR !!!! Tee Hee Tee Hee!!!!!!?) I shall titilate you, and fill up the remaining space with a stunning revelation from the phone book.

Smith G, 2 Glass...
Smith G, 4 Beechwood Av, Chatham...
Smith G, 287 Capstone Rd Luton, Chatham
Smith G, 29 Cardens Rd, Cliffe Woods...
Smith G, 3 Church Farm Rd, Upchurch...
Smith G, 30 Clyde St...
Smith G, 48 Cobdown Close, Dilton...
Smith G, 35 Cuxton Rd, Strood...
Smith G, 38 Dunlink Dv, Chatham...
Smith G, 63 F...
Smith G...
Smith G...

**T. Paliser, with assistance
from A. Drury, R. Windson
M. Monkhouse and K. Gill.**

**Readers should note that
that any similarity to 'Si's
Scandal' is purely
intentional.**

As I entered the common room one hazy, yet understandably chilly day in January, I once again found myself in the weekly Wednesday pursuit of a dynamite excuse to skive off golf. However, a surprise and a certain spooky chill of tension was awaiting me in that mysterious place that morning. So many questions popped into my numbed mind. For example, why was a small and singularly unimportant section of the lower sixth form huddled in an expectant hush around a small screwless table desperately fighting for a glimpse of a withered and sticky pack of cards with a distinct "used by Jez Maytum" look about them. Suddenly it struck me, this was of course the infamous and long awaited draw for the "SPEED" championship. Yes, the speed championship, that game for men where the stakes are high, that game where the winner takes all and the loser eats a monster portion of humble pie with a healthy double-helping of shame, humiliation, and loss of all respect and credibility amongst his peers. As the sheer epic scale of this game flooded into my memory such great names as Si "snowy" Leigh, "midnight" Mark Wilson, and Jez "downright annoying and tediously boring" Maytum sprang to mind. This was the big one, though, this was the major championship that would sort the men out from the young pretenders with wooden peg legs who cheat a lot. We were finally going to find

out who was the best. The overwhelming implications of the world's premier Speed championship quickly hit the lesser mortals as the opening matches began in a tentative and nervy fashion. All the major Speed players in the country were gathered into one tiny inadequately furnished Sixth form common room and the strain was beginning to show. Just as all the major tipsters had predicted there were some names that quickly looked unstoppable as they powered their way through the second rate opposition one always has to tolerate in a tournament such as this. Probably the only notable result on this opening day was the titanic struggle between Si Leigh and Mark Wilson. The odds were divided on this match, some of the great minds unable to separate the two. It seemed somehow inevitable then that the result would be a highly controversial and contentious issue. So it was that with an incredible show of reflexes, Wilson (many people's favourite for this coveted title) instituted a classic three card sandwich on Leigh to take the game 3-2. A truly momentous and noteworthy opening to what was to be a classic championship. With Si Leigh eliminated from the competition the remaining few soon realised that the title was there to be taken. Many people saw themselves with a

route to a final that was previously thought of as exclusively for him and Mark. Meanwhile, however, as Mark fought his way through one half of the draw, Jez Maytum was quietly(?) working his way through the second rate opposition in the other, more freely contended half, all the time looking for a place in the final. As the cries of: "Oh bollocks! What are you, blind?" went flying round the tension filled common room the championship quickly came down to the semi-final stage.

Jez Taylor v Jez Maytum
Mark Wilson v Mike Painter
The first semi-final seemed a potentially explosive match, with fiery Jez Taylor the chair throwing ninja, renowned for his erratic responses to losing. What with his namesake, Jez Maytum being the loudest person in the competition, if not the most skillful, it was hardly surprising when after the first game tempers flared. It was a shock lead taken by the diminutive oriental that prompted an angered response from the number three seed: "Jesus Christ! How did I lose that, I'm playing like a complete pratt." However, never let it be said that Jez Maytum is a bad loser because even though he was unable to stop himself throwing the cards across the hushed common room in disgust he still managed to whisper a word of congratulations to his old rival: "Well played Jez!" Perhaps the seasoned campaigner had a reason for his surprising amount of restraint, because after that he

22

quickly finished his enemy 3-1.

Mark Wilson won his semi-final with a considerable amount of difficulty (when taking into account a player of his overwhelming international quality) against the surprise package of these championships, Mike Painter.

The night before the final became an occasion of last minute nerves and late night practicing. However, for the favourite it was to no avail as the flamboyant challenger with the somewhat annoying manner took the title 4-2 (Yes, they made the final even



longer).

So this was how the 1990 Speed Championships went. We now look forward to Jez's defence of his title in America in four years' time and the imminent publication of his two books: "Inside Speed", a book of handy

hints that all budding Speed World Champions should buy; and "Fighting for my life", a dramatic biography of Jez's rise from the slums of Walderslade to the top of the sporting world.

Tim Box

Esquire Unisex Hairdressing

116 The Precinct, High Street, Rochester, Kent

Medway (0634) 404145

Well, here we are faced with the prospect of describing our appointments, our first month in charge and the future of our glorious reign.

It came as no surprise to the majority of the Sixth Form That Jon was made school captain. After all, David Sparke (himself an interested party) and Matt Mason (he of window fame) had formed the Sixth Form equivalent of Ladbrookes which touted Jon at 5-4. But did it all seem so clear-cut to Jon. Jon says "If I'd had any money, it would have been on Simon, although Karl Thompson might have been a good outside bet considering his extraordinary odds."

One of the many problems we face at this point is how to deal with our senior prefects. For instance, Colin Wheeler, widely tipped as a possible vice - captain, has since revealed some inadequacies in a sphere where his credentials have never previously been questioned.

However we face more problems from lower down the school. A quick flick through a third form register will show the problems we face. Indeed, two thirds of all punishments recorded in the punishment book (another idea from the self confessed spooner, (*eh? - Prod. Ed.*) Ross Parry) have been in the third

year. Fortunately we have a solution to this problem, the sentiments of which will be typical of our entire reign. Speaking to Matt Dixon and Rob Hooker one Tuesday lunchtime, we discovered a few home truths. In the liberal tradition of DixHookism, it has long been stated that persistent offenders (and by that we mean those who accumulate more than 200 knowledges per term) should have three choices of punishment.

Firstly, death by shooting. They will enter the prefects' room where they will be greeted by 'round' from Colin's 'gun'.

Secondly, death by crucifixion. Matt Dixon is willing to supervise a weekly crucifixion to be held on the cricket sightcreens, with flogging an additional extra. Finally and perhaps this is the most evil punishment death by being roasted alive. Offenders will be roasted in Alan Brisley's "Breville Maker", in a vain attempt to satisfy Dale's appetite.

As we sit here in the peaceful surroundings of our celebrated (and soon to be refurbished) prefect's room, we are as yet unsure of our "final solution", but we can assure readers that we aim (!) to please.

New Kids and a Block

New Kids and the Block



Love is The Slug

When feminists criticise the "typical male" (i.e., the beer-gutted, discriminating chauvenist), they really mean the "typical heterosexual". After all, the kind of cheap sexuality portrayed in the tabloids and, a few shelves above, soft core pornography is always by and for heterosexuals. The trouble with heterosexuals, though, is they assume they are so much better than everyone else because of the number of times they've done it. Anyway, what was important in classical times was not what your partner had between her/his legs, but whether you were penetrating or being penetrated. This makes a lot more sense to me: otherwise, a heterosexual rape is more justifiable than a nuclear session between two consenting males - unless you're Judge Pickles, who let a man off for raping his daughter because "his wife was pregnant so he wasn't getting his due as a

hot-blooded male." The same "judge" said a girl was "begging for sex" for wearing make-up and a short skirt. What a tosser! A bit lower down the social ladder are people like Benny Hill, who is actually a millionaire because his programmes are seen all over the world: sexist bullshit is



sexist bullsh*t in any language really, isn't it? The slimy sperm-brain's got a good deal: thirty minutes a week to act out his sexual fantasies, and they pay him. There's nothing these people like more than to express their masculinity/sexuality, but they still assume homosexuals are the promiscuous ones - you

know, "Backs against the wall," as if some queer will fancy them (despite having the sex appeal of a bucket of mucus). They probably think homosexuals are blond, camp, eccentric little dears, while feminists are all bald, masculine lesbians: yet another myth created by the innermost inferiority of the male ego (like phallic symbols such as cars, guitars and nuclear war-heads). Heterosexuals are just so boring - who cares how far up a woman they've got? And so I'm back where I started.

M.Monkhouse

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Telephone 849653

SENSE OF CHARITY

FOOTBALL MARATHON

Matt Mason, the brains behind the ball, is the architect of the marathon twenty-four hour football tournament, which it is hoped will take place in the School Sports Hall. The matches will involve 8 teams, which pay a fee per player for the right to play. The teams, who will be playing to fund the Hydrotherapy Pool at Medway Hospital, have, however, hit upon

a major setback. They can not arrange a date for the tournament to take place without securing teacher supervision, and paradoxically, they can not get teacher supervision if the teachers do not know when their services are required. So to try to resolve the situation, Sixth Sense would like to take this opportunity to suggest four dates that are preferable for pupils. We would appreciate a response from any 'enthusiastic' members of staff who are available on the following dates:

.Sunday 8th July - Monday 9th July

.Sunday 15th July - Monday 16th July

.Sunday 22nd July - Monday 23rd July

(Please see Matt Mason for further details)

Here is a list of the various teams, which have already been drawn (based on a totally fair seeding system):

TEAM 1	TEAM 4	TEAM 7
Mason	Charmers	Griffiths
Felton	Bourne	Davies
Mould	Capeling	Madahar
Gill	Coulson	Zaman
StRuth	Svereson	Bentley
Richardson	Evans	Wheeler

TEAM 2	TEAM 5	TEAM 8
Pennicott	Sparke	Martin
Young	Greenwood	Hooker
Bland	Puxty	Harley
Parry	Budd	Drury
Maytum	Kendreww	Shaw
Painter	J.Taylor	Martinstein

TEAM 3	TEAM 6
Harris	Morris
Giles	Coveney
Leigh	Bieles
Nicholls	Scudder
Dhillon	Feege
Windsor	Pierce

radio equipment, essential in keeping up with modern technology. The event will take place on the 10th July in the school Pool (good choice of location Rob!), between the hours of 9 am and 3pm. Pupils and teachers (throughout the school) are invited to guess how many lengths Robert can swim in six hours.

Although Mr. Housden will undoubtedly predict 'none' (as a result of some hare brain probability theory), we can assume Rob will achieve more. The price will be 20p per entry. There is no limit on the amount of entries per person, and the eventual winner will receive a £10 record token - with the rest going to the Meteorology department. In the unlikely event of two people guessing the right answer, a draw will be held to decide the winner. A tip from Rob is that he will be "swimming an exceptionally slow recovery stroke, which essentially is a side stroke with a slight modification." So, do not be too eager to predict an excessively high number of lengths.

ITALIA '90

Ross Parry and his band of helpers have been absolutely snowed under with entries into the infamous "World Cup Prediction Competition", from virtually thousands of anxious participants (well, 45 actually). It has been decided that the money raised (once the £10 prize had been taken) should also go towards the Hydrotherapy Pool at the Medway Hospital. The first prize (along with the unfortunate winner of the "Mr. Spoons Spooners award for the worst overall prediction)

will be announced in sixth form assembly on Thursday 12th July After the First phase of the competition, the scores are as follows:

Richardson 59	Shaw 43	Gardner 23
Young 58	Bland 43	
Mould 54	Maytum 43	(All scores out of a possible 180)
Brisley 54	Morris 42	
St.Ruth 53	Greenwood 42	
Drury 51	Mr.Heather 42	
Wheeler 50	Gill 41	
Crockford 50	Painter 41	
Mr.Mitchell 49	Mr.Chandler 41	
Mr.Thomewell 49	Mrs.Story 40	
Felton 48	Mason 40	
Zaman 48	Bentley 39	
Mr.Fry 48	Martin 38	
Mr.Futter 47	Taylor 38	
Griffiths 45	Scudder 38	
Box 45	Pennicot 38	
Puxty 45	Woolway 37	
Parry 44	Giles 37	
Biles 44	Madahar 35	
Windsor 43	Farrow 34	
Harris 43	Reader 32	
Feege 43	Mr.Housden 29	

THE 'ROBATHON'

Robert Hooker has agreed to swim for the benefit of the struggling Meteorology department, which will hope to gain vital equipment to pick up further satellite channels and

**Charity Page
compiled by
Simon Leigh.**

After Gillingham's relegation to the fourth division in 1989 it was widely thought that players with the quality of David Smith, Gavin Peacock and Gill's prodigal son Pat Gavin, would secure a swift return to Division 3. But it was to be a summer of disaster, all three were to depart leaving Gills only £325,000 richer. Still surely these new-found riches could be spent on new players, but no chance. Due to heavy financial constraints Gills managed to spend a miniscule £5,000 on the experienced and versatile Tony Pulis, from Bournemouth. Also to join the ranks was the highly experienced defender Peter Johnson from Southend on a free transfer. This was hardly the good sign fans had been waiting for and so it proved with friendlies against West Ham and Wimbledon. Pulis and Johnson clearly bolstered the defence, but Gills possessed no wingers, lacked a midfield playmaker and in terms of strikers possessed only the overweight and over-the-hill Francis Joseph, the sixteen year old Peter Beadle and the out of salts Steve Lovell. Thus it promised to be a season where Gills would score and concede few. In fact they failed to score in 20 out of 46 league games but kept 17 clean sheets. This theory was borne out by goalless draws with Aldershot and Doncaster in the first two weeks. Then at last, transfer news, Gills signed two players. In came Mike Trusson to fill the role of playmaker. Also to join was Peter Heritage, a 6 feet 3 inch striker as broad as he is tall, from non-league Hythe Town. The new signings had little effect with Gills losing 3-0 to Scunthorpe the following Saturday.

But the following week thanks to a late winner from Heritage, Gills managed to beat Hartlepool 2-1. Gills then went goalless against Burnley and Carlisle before facing top of the table Southend at Priestfield on 26th September. Southend had yet to concede a goal, but against all odds Gills despatched them 5-0 thanks to exquisite performances from young midfielders Billy Manuel and Tony Eeles. Gills however failed to build on this result but did manage to build a series of five straight wins in October and November, scoring eleven and conceding only one. Then came disaster, defeat in the FA Cup at the hands of non-league Welling Utd. on 22nd November. It took Gills until New Year's Eve to win another game. In this spell however Gills did manage to sign a new winger, Mark O'Connor from Bournemouth for £70,000. However Mark managed only 12 matches before being sidelined by injury. Also in this barren spell came a humiliating defeat against Maidstone in which Gills played the far superior football, but thanks to two diabolical defensive errors and a missed penalty managed to go down 2-1. After three narrow victories around the New Year Gills fell away thanks to much inconsistency and a severe lack of goals. Injuries too were common at this stage. This however is no excuse, and the only reason that such an

obviously talented team couldn't at least make the play-offs was thanks to a series of lack-lustre performances. So from a disappointing season finishing only 14th, what scraps of hope can be obtained for the future. Well for a start those f***** w***** from the Wailing Street desert couldn't get up and so at least local derbies will continue into the new season. But most importantly the squad is still a strong one with Gills resisting overtures from first division clubs trying to break up the squad. In defence is player of the year and lion-hearted skipper Alan Walker, the fans' favourite Peter Johnson and veteran of 650 Gills appearances Ron Hillyard providing an experienced base, along with youngsters Lee Palmer, Brian Clarke and Ivan Haines. In midfield the subtle skills of Billy Manuel, Tony Eeles and Mark O'Connor are galvanised by the ball-winning abilities of Mike Trusson and Tim O'Shea. Up front is where the problem lies; the youthful Peter Beadle needs careful nurturing as does the raw Peter Heritage. Gills only other striking option is Steve Lovell, who only managed 18 goals this season, nine of which were penalties. Thus summer signings would seem to be essential, but Gills have certainly got off on the right foot signing the experienced and proven goalscorer David Crown. Thus, with Crown's help Gills will establish themselves in their rightful position as the giants of Kentish soccer. Up The Gills!

Jim Biles

SI'S SCANDAL

27

Well, not much has changed since I last sat down to write in these celebrated pages. Some people have passed their driving tests while others continue to fail. In fact, as far as lower sixth driving is concerned, the only remarkable incidents have been written-off wrecks (even if they did belong to self confessed "boy-racers"), and the adventures of Mike Griffiths, Chris Wigglesworth and myself on the M 25.

Unfortunately, the football-crazed elements of our sixth form have also remained vocal. Despite the undoubted excitement caused by ITALIA '90, the footballing event of the year must have been the staff vs prefects football match.

Not only did the match result in an emphatic 4-1 victory for the prefects, but in addition the staff were making fools of themselves, and not always in a playing sense.

Firstly there were Mr Nicholls' attempts to mark

Steve Lash. Steve, a man renowned for his speed on the ball, quite literally ran rings around full-back Nicholls. Whenever Steve turned, Mr Nicholls, the man with the turning-circle of the Queen Mary, was left sadly wanting.

Then there was Mr Lazzeri's "first and only goal of his career", which would be the butt of jokes from headteachers and headpupils alike. Perhaps the dismay inferred by Mr Williams' remarks will mark his own intention to appear in future games.

Finally, but by no means least, we have the "quote of the day" from the redoubtable Mr Heather. During one of the long, quiet periods in which he saw very little of the ball (evidently due to the "close attentions" of Dave Sparke), he was heard to remark, "Who's that pretty blonde girl over there?" It was quickly pointed out to him that the "girl" in question was in fact Julian Andrews.

Also in a sporting vein there was the dishonesty which characterised the lower sixth golf competition. The ignominy personified by Mark Chalmers, Adam Morris and Sam Taylor was quite disgraceful. Mark and Adam created ridiculously low scores, while Sam perpetrated the most visible of crimes whilst trying to obviate the problem of a lost ball. He teed-off with a white ball and putted-out with an orange one, without declaring penalty shots. And to think this was happening less than a well-hit drive's length away from the honest four of Colin Wheeler (?), Mark Young, Pete "130 on my first round" Budd, and myself.

Now, onto non-sporting matters. Over the past few months I have noticed an interesting phenomenon, most notably in the prefects' room: that is, noticeboard graffiti.

Having made a few low-key appearances on the old middle-sixth board, I was optimistic when an unordained

and virgin noticeboard appeared for the use of the new lower-sixth prefects. However the Machiavellian comments still prevail, and if you wish to read the more explicit comments along with a certain amount of unsubstantiated untruth concerning myself, I suggest you take a look yourself.

Another incident involving noticeboards was the emergence of the ridiculous crusade - "Save the World with Tammy and Julia" on the sixth form noticeboard. Indeed, irrigating a ditch or helping a bird to fly whilst wearing damp and muddy wellington boots, would appear to be rather less fun than reading the "amusing" comments which appeared soon after the poster's arrival. Furthermore Julia's crusading would appear to be rather insincere, for on her way back from an ecologically-sound public meeting she was seen to drop some sweet wrappers.

I have saved the instances of the most appalling moral corruption until the end. Such corruption was unashamedly evident at Graham Brady's party. Furthermore I can illustrate this depravity without specific references to the infamous behaviour of Dean Miles or Jamie "This

one's for the boys" Collins.

Dave Sparke and Richard Pierce were the first to make their wickedness known, although not exactly within the limits of my own vision!!! Dave and Richard took pleasure in all sorts of covert activity behind fences, although unfortunately for *SI'S SCANDAL* they were not performing the brand of antics that we might usually expect of them.

It was at this point that Richard shied away from such behaviour (obviously dispirited after his futile game with a pair of socks), and James Pennicott joined Sparkie in Richard's stead. Their "piece de resistance" was an incident so reprehensible and damning that specifics are too heinous to print on the pages of such a quality effusion. In fact it seemed rather appropriate that they should spend the rest of their evening apologising to a rather "green" female.

Simon Nicholls.

An Apology

Sixth Sense would like to apologise most sincerely to Daniel Harley for any embarrassment caused by the previous issue of '*SI'S SCANDAL*', We also hope that



any offense caused by the aforementioned article has been absolved by this most magnanimous apology.

Letter of complaint

Dear Sixth Sense,

The last issue of 'Si's Scandal' contained absolutely no scandal at all, it was also really crap. Please do not print it again.

Yours sincerely

The Sixth form