

THE FRE STONIAN



THE MAGAZINE OF THE
NORMANTON GRAMMAR
SCHOOL

VOL. XXX., Part II.

SPRING TERM 1934.

C. J. KINGSTON & SON,
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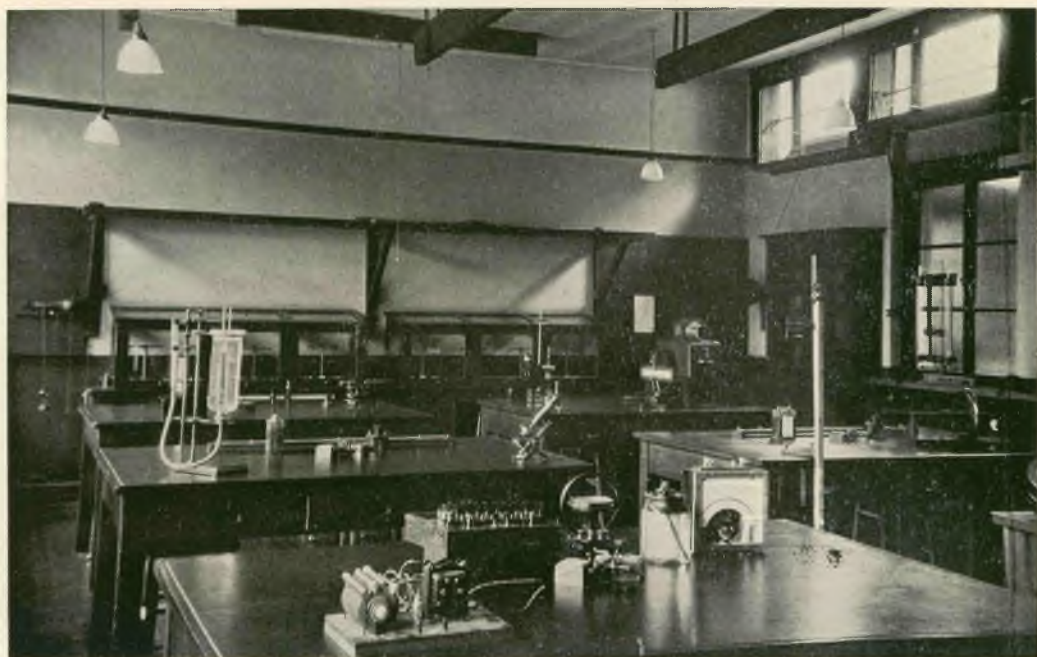
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THE PHYSICS LABORATORY.

THE FRESTONIAN.

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CONTENTS :

Editorial	-	-	-	-	34
Valete	-	-	-	-	35
De Omnibus	-	-	-	-	35
The Plays	-	-	-	-	36
Micklemy Head	-	-	-	-	38
An Evening with a Poet	-	-	-	-	39
The Wonderland of Photography	-	-	-	-	41
News from Oxford	-	-	-	-	42
The Fraud	-	-	-	-	44
Milk	-	-	-	-	45
Soap	-	-	-	-	46
Evening Scene	-	-	-	-	47
Signs of Spring	-	-	-	-	47
Linocut	-	-	-	-	48
Thro' China and Japan	-	-	-	-	49
Crossword	-	-	-	-	52
Photographic Competition	-	-	-	-	54
Alsace	-	-	-	-	54
Local Architecture	-	-	-	-	55
I, also, commit to the flames	-	-	-	-	55
The Loch-ness Monster	-	-	-	-	57
The Rise of the Drama	-	-	-	-	58
Paris	-	-	-	-	58
Junior Contributions	-	-	-	-	59
Library Notes	-	-	-	-	60
Football	-	-	-	-	60
Old Boys' News	-	-	-	-	64

NORMANTON .

C. J. KINGSTON & SON, PRINTERS AND STATIONERS

EDITORIAL

Editor : E. B. HASLAM.

Sub-Editors : E. L. EDMONDS, A. E. LINDOP.
E. BLOCKLEY, F. DAVIS.

Though the New Year has by now lost its newness and with many is fallen into the contempt which comes with familiarity, yet we cannot resist the temptation to point a moral and propose a resolution. Mr. T. S. Eliot in his latest publication laments that our age has no fixed purpose, that it has forgotten or cast off tradition and so is aimlessly drifting along. We, with complete modesty, would inform our readers that the highest ideal we propose to ourselves is to make our magazine worthy of our predecessors. Quid plura ?

But as it is now Spring, we must leave these philosophical observations (the fruits of reflective evenings round Winter hearths) and turn to the topic of the weather. Thanks to the sweet and temperate English climate we have enjoyed a most pleasant Spring Term. There have been fewer cases of absence due to epidemic diseases than is usual in this term (last year influenza was all the rage) and so everybody has been able to turn up smiling and cheerful, hurrying to school for the end-of-term examinations.

The plays which were produced at the end of last term were very successful and the Society has gained a considerable reputation. Continuing the series of Winter Lectures, this term, the Secretary of the Kodak Fellowship, Mr. Hewson and Mr. Young have given lectures on interesting subjects to large audiences. Visits too of great educational value have been paid to various factories in the vicinity of Leeds, and thanks are due to Mr. Bellamy for making these excursions possible. What might be called the social life of the school (including such things as the aforementioned lectures, concerts, etc.) has been specially flourishing and interesting this term but with the advent of blue skies and the warm, long days, the call of the open air and the fields is becoming more and more insistent and has already made itself felt.

Before we terminate this editorial we would like to offer our congratulations to R. Banks on being picked to play for England in the international Amateur Association football match against Wales. N.G.S. we might say comes in for a good deal of reflected glory.

The editor wishes too to thank Mr. Hewson for carrying out the final arrangements for this particular magazine.

We publish a photograph of the First Eleven. From left to right, those on the back row are :—Mr. Law, Allen, Cook, Coward, Mayes, Laycock, Oliver, Barker, Mr. Young.

Front row :—Holmes, Edmonds, Jenkins, Lindop, Harrison.

We regret that owing to injury, Allen who is a regular member of the team has been unable to play in the last few matches.

VALETE.

AUTUMN TERM 1933.

U.VI.Sc.—Hoyle R. E.

L.VI.Sc.—Lawson R.

L.VI.Arts—Brooke K. S.

VA.1—Edmonds R. J.

VB.—Alcock W.

Idle A. E.

Shaw F.

Walker J. R.

IVB—Morris J. A.

SPRING TERM 1934.

L.VI.A—Ratcliffe T. W.

VA.2—Randle A. W.

DE OMNIBUS.

PREFECTS.

At the end of last term the prefects held a social evening with the Headmaster, Mr. Swallow, Mr. Gott and Mr. Hewson as the guests. It was merely an informal gathering and the select company thoroughly enjoyed an excellent tea and the entertainment afterwards which ended in a happy sing-song.

HONOURS BOARD.

The Old Frestonians' Honours Board has been fixed in position on the wall facing the Headmaster's study, and several names have already been inscribed. To have one's name thereon is indeed a signal honour, much to be coveted.

ART.

We would like to offer our congratulations to Mr. Rainbow on having two lino-cuts hung in Leeds Art Gallery in the Yorkshire Artists' Exhibition. The titles of the two lino-cuts are "Six Chimneys, Wakefield" and "Wellington Pit, 1932" (the latter being coloured). W. H. Taylor, an Old Frestonian has three of his works hung in the same exhibition. They are "Baptism of Christ" (wood engraving), "Death and the Drumsticks" (wood engraving) and "New Sharlston Collieries" (etching).

In this connection we would like to tender our thanks to Mr. Rainbow for all the valuable help he gives us in arranging the art section of the magazine. A. D.

Jenkins too has made a valuable contribution to the present issue in cutting the block for the Crossword.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES.

Mr. Whittlestone continues to supply the School with an excellent range of records in the short recital before Morning Prayers. This term we have heard excerpts from the B Minor Mass of Bach, vocal items from operas and many instrumental records ranging from the famous adagio movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony to Delius' On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring.

In addition a small but select party attended the last of the series of concerts organised for schools in the Wakefield District. The programme of fairly light music was thoroughly enjoyed.

We acknowledge with thanks the gift of two gramophone records by Mr. Rainbow.

COLLEGE.

We would like to congratulate the following members of the Sixth who have been accepted in the various training colleges. Davis (Leeds City T.C.), Holmes (Carmarthen T.C.), Jenkins (Dudley T.C.), Laycock (York T.C.). Edmonds E. L. in addition has secured admission to the University of Leeds.

This term also three of the members of the Sixth have entered for the Open Scholarship Examinations held at Cambridge. We wish them success.

PLAYS ETC.

A party of about fifty boys went to see a performance of Hamlet given in the Albert Hall, Leeds, on Thursday, March 8th. The visit was of additional interest since Hamlet is one of the plays specified for this year's H.S.C.

On Friday, March 16th, Mr. Roy Newlands gave a dramatic costume recital of extracts from Molière and Shakespeare.

"The Immortal Lady" by Clifford Bax was performed in the School Hall on March 7th and 10th, by members of the Girls' High School.

CONTEMPORARIES.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following magazines :— The Alumnus, The Magazine of Batley Grammar School, The Eagle (magazine of Dudley Training College), The Magazine of Heckmondwike Grammar School, The Legiolian, The Savilian.

THE PLAYS.

On December 13th, 14th and 15th, the School Dramatic Society gave performances of Four Plays to good audiences in the Hall. The Workmen's Play from Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" was given by junior boys and some promising talent was found. Evans D. E. was most successful as Bully Bottom and Hinchliffe N. ably assisted him as Quince, Burton J. was a fearsome lion; Edmonds O. P. a 'sweet and lovely' wall; Terry A. L. looked his part as Starveling and raised a laugh with his little dog on wheels when he took the role of Moonshine; while Booth F. looked well as Thisbe.

The Greeks were Fisher A. (Theseus); Royce D. (Hippolyta) and Holmes R. (Philostrate). Fisher spoke clearly and convincingly. Royce made a lovely Hippolyta. In fact some of the audience murmured "That's not a boy!"

The play went well, with Evans' performance outstanding.

Next came "Rory Aforesaid" and with it surprise. The producer had had doubts of its success for it is not an easy play to perform. His fears were soon dispelled.

Edmonds E. L. was very convincing as Duncan MacCullum and his success was the mainstay of the performances. Green G. S., our Head Boy, showed hitherto unrevealed talent as Macintosh, the lawyer, and Lindop A. E. took the title role of Rory. His success last year in "The Old Bull" had prepared us for a success this year and we were not disappointed.

Shillito N., as the Sheriff, was another surprise. His voice was quiet and his manner dignified, and he acted as a foil to the blustering MacCullum. He owed much to the splendid "make-up."

Holmes J. as the Court Officer called forth many laughs with his pawky humour and his performance shows how a small part may be vital to the play.

Royce A. was an effective Mrs. Maclean.

"Michael," the third play was in the opinion of most people the best performance of all. Its keynote was simplicity and the natural acting of those in the play was most impressive.

Poyner G. E. as Matryona, gave a fine performance, and is the most improved of those who acted in last year's plays.

Whalley K. as Aniuska, the little girl, earned golden opinions from all and is a decided acquisition to the Society. His walk across the stage at the end of Scene I. was very effective.

Blockley E. as Simon, the husband, made the most of his part and proved an admirable foil to Poyner's shrewishness.

Haslam E. B. as Michael did his part as he does most things—very well. The play depended on the impressiveness of the last long speech and the effectiveness of the lighting. Neither was lacking. Richardson I. (a Russian Noble), Lindop R. (his servant), Batty (a Russian Woman) and Spencer J. and Skidmore K. (Two Children) all played their small parts convincingly. Of these, Richardson was probably the best.

The play was a great change from comedy and thriller and the result was very pleasing.

"Eldorado," a Lincolnshire farm comedy was the last play and here were brought together two of last year's great successes, Laycock A. and Davis F.

Laycock was in brilliant form as James Watson, an old miserly farmer, and he deserved all the many words of praise he has since received. Davis had an even more difficult part as Widow Burrows and his performance was quite equal to if not better than Laycock's. Coward was the farmer's son to the life, and Cook as the sulky servant-daughter was praiseworthy.

As a last word may we comment on the stage and the lighting. The

new exit from the stage was most useful, and we are thankful for the new scenery, etc., made by the stage-hands. The lighting was a great help and the make-up splendid.

The plays were a great success. Many appreciative comments have been heard and the Society has now a reputation which will not be easy to uphold.

T.H.H.

MICKLEMY HEAD.

The North wind howled along the bay,
The storm had raged since break of day.
The driven clouds loomed heavy as lead,
O'er the big breakers of
Micklemy Head.

A vessel, stormbound, came that way
Close inshore by the rocks she lay ;
But lo ! a way 'tween the grim rocks led
Thro' the big breakers of
Micklemy Head.

They took her through the passage then,
Yet all too late to save the men :
"There's a rock in front !" the bosun said,
"Neath the big breakers of
Micklemy Head.

The North wind howled along the bay,
The storm still raged at close of day—
The driven waves were heavy with dead,
On the big breakers of
Micklemy Head.

Evans D. E. (IVa)

AN EVENING WITH A POET.

A MORAL IN THREE HOURS.

7 p.m. "The Poet, the Lunatic, the Liar are of imagination
all distract." (Unknown Origin).

The shadows were lengthening across the lawn and night was stealing nearer to crown with its sparkling stars the dying freshness of a Spring evening. The Poet walked in his garden. The air was brisk enough to send a flush to his care-worn cheeks, but not too chilly. Away at the bottom of the lawn, in the hawthorn bushes, the birds were singing their vesper song and the notes fell liquid clear in the Poet's ear as he paced restlessly to and fro on the narrow path. He stopped of a sudden as if one note among the rest had struck a divine responsive chord within his heart. He sank trembling upon a moss-grown log and listened 'breathless with adoration.' The birds' notes wound an airy spell around him and like an elfin chain the 'linked harmonies' were leading him away. Keat's Nightingale singing a Spring Song! An Ode to a Nightingale, how true the poem was. "Already with thee . . ." he began saying it aloud—"Fade away into the forest dim." His mind roved forth, past the two hawthorn bushes, over the main road, past the hedge on the other side of the road, over the cricket pitch—was that the bird's voice incarnate, calling him in accents strange? No!

"George! how many times have I to ask you not to sit out there! You'll get your death of cold. And look at your new flannels after you've been sitting on that filthy tree trunk!"

8 p.m. "Dinner at Eight" (A Popular Ballad).

Dinner never failed to still his 'beating brain.' How he loved the warmth of the cosy dining-room. The light played and danced around the cut glass vessels and the wine shot strange lustrous gleams that enchanted and allured, bidding you drink deep and long. The breeze outside sang through the trees in a low passionate undertone, restful and gentle that lulled the mind to sleep. His head sank upon his frail breast and he drooped in his chair. Forms and phantasies strayed through his mind—maiden shapes floating by in gauzy veils, Grecian gods and goddesses with heavenly eyes, and Naiads showing reedy heads among the rushes by a river's bank. How their pipings enchanted! He would steal upon them silently and see the god Pan himself making strange music to the shy river fishes. He moved on tiptoe forward, stepping carefully over the moist ground; he parted the rushes carefully, and there—
Splash!

"Oh George! I have told you before about dropping asleep at dinner. Now you've spilt the soup all down your front: You'll have to be content with the fish now!"

9 p m. "When the discourse and the ale are aye growing
better and better" (Hazlitt).

"Time, gentlemen, Please." (Any decent barmaid).

With a sigh of content the Poet sank back in his chair ; a blue slow-climbing spiral of smoke drifted upwards from his cigar and by his side on the table the ale in his glass sparkled with a rich brown light. The group of club-mates reclining around him in various easy postures made such a picture as might have been painted by the homely brush of a Rembrandt who by chance had strayed back through the years and wandered into the Mermaid Tavern where Shakespeare and his fellows sat quaffing the "spiced nut-brown ale" in those halcyon days of the past. Folding his hands across his bosom, he took a long deep breath and with the light of triumph in his eye addressed his mute coterie. "Friends ! I was telling you of this marvellous find. By chance I wandered into a little second-hand bookshop and found—O gem of Persia ! O jewel of any crown ! a first edition of"—Crash ! Open flew the door and in dashed Williams the club's leading informant on the latest tit-bits, who never failed to command instant attention and interest. "I say, you fellows, have you heard how old Jones got into the wrong bedroom the other night. They say . . ."

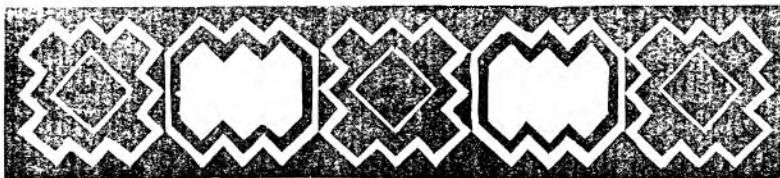
Gone ! Ay, gone never to return, that happy moment ! Never again will the Poet get an opportunity of cornering his clubmates to tell them his precious news.

As he lay soaking in his mustard bath that night, the Poet bitterly reflected upon his unhappy lot, despised and scorned, the least among men. And his spirit groaned within him. "All thy waters are gone over me" he moaned as he splashed about—and then his spirit groaned exceeding grievously because he, a Poet, had made so foul a pun !

Herein lieth the moral of the tale :

If you are a poet—
Do not show it.
For if you pursue it ;
Mark my words, you'll rue it.

E.B.H.



THE WONDERLAND OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

On Thursday, January 25th, the second of the series of Winter Lectures took place in the School Hall. Mr. C. L. Clarke, A.R.P.S. gave an interesting and enjoyable lecture on the "Wonderland of Photography." After a few preliminary remarks the lights were switched off and with the aid of the lantern and an excellent range of slides, Mr. Clarke gave the audience a clear and illuminating insight into his land of wonder.

He began by giving a brief account of the rise of photography. Scientists found that certain chemicals, when exposed to the light, turned black, and also that a piece of paper when treated with a solution of these chemicals would similarly turn black. This was the beginning of photography. Ferns were placed upon this paper, and a silhouette was formed because the paper under the fern was shielded from the light rays. Next the photographs were taken in a box. The earliest record we have of photography is a photograph with the date Feb. 6th, 1836 on the bottom.

It was at this stage that the photographer who wished to take a photograph had to carry a tent (his "dark room") chemicals, glass plates and his camera with a stand, slung on his back, so that he looked rather like an explorer departing on an expedition—or else a modern hiker. The science of photography however gradually developed and improved until it was possible to take a photograph with an exposure of half-an-hour (to-day the exposure is only for a fraction of a second). Later it became possible to take photographs of human beings but it was rather an unpleasant ordeal (which demanded either an excessive amount of patience or vanity) since the "object" had to sit still for varying times, sometimes fifteen minutes or so! After many years of experimenting Mr. Kodak made a camera the size of a small box with which it was possible to take photographs with a small exposure. These films were wound on a reel inside the camera and had many advantages over the old-fashioned plates. Except for a few minor adjustments the box camera now exists just as it did twenty-five years ago when Mr. Kodak first produced it.

After this stage in the lecture mere words are inadequate to describe the wealth of information imparted to the audience through the medium of the lantern slides. Suffice it to say that all present felt a sensation which one can best describe as the satisfaction proceeding from the sight of a thing of beauty. For as the lecturer remarked, photography brings home to us the fact of the beauty amid which we live, and move, and have our being. Photographs too, beside being invaluable in our modern world, in many departments of life, can be to each one a storehouse of cherished and intimate memories, for even if we grow old the photograph remains perpetually young and fresh. Mr. Clarke too gave many useful hints to the more expert members of the audience, such as, for

example, that frequently the best results are obtained if a photograph is taken with the sun, not behind you but at the side.

Thus many of the audience were shown the road that leads into a veritable Wonderland, a land where one may roam at will, where one may find beauty, and novelty, and discover new truths and retain at the last an infallible record of his pleasant journeying.

J. Spencer, Val.

CONCERNING OXFORD.

Dear Sirs,

It is now a year since we wrote you a letter about our activities. Our numbers have been augmented, so that there are at the moment four of us in residence and it is perhaps the right occasion for a little judicious propaganda to increase our members still further. If, however, we were to attempt that through the medium of our letter it would become tiresome and fail to record our personal doings, which, we hope, are matters of more vital interest to readers of the *Frestonian*. Let the fact that four Old Boys have gone up to Oxford in preference to any other University—and are well contented with their choice—speak for itself. Any other encouragement must be personal; the only official thing we can do is to say that we would very much like to see hosts more *Frestonians* with us, and that a strong body of Old Boys at Oxford, or even Cambridge, would add to the fame of N.G.S. Perhaps somebody might even be induced to go to Cambridge in the hopes of starting rival propaganda and contradicting our assuredness, though we would deplore such a perversion of our creed.

The letter was delayed for two terms owing, mainly, to lack of material—though the secretary's inefficiency must not be overlooked. But such scarcity of exciting news is really all for the good, as the undergraduate often seeks notoriety rather than fame when doing anything exciting. The genius of the future leads a quiet and uneventful life among his books and is rarely on public view, except in conventional etchings sold to foreign tourists. Such is the impression of Old *Frestonians* that we would like to convey at any rate for the edification of readers of the *School Magazine* who might thereby be led into believing that *Normanton* was producing a race of heroes. Unfortunately we cannot leave it at that; our virtues, like those of the *British* constitution, are due to apathy rather than anything else. Nevertheless our lives have been outwardly blameless. One of our members, who in his early days was 'run in' by the proctors, has developed a certain animal cunning; he now sees, but is not seen by the proctors under suspicious circumstances. J. A. Brittain (B.N.C.) has achieved some athletic distinction. He played in the Freshmen's Cricket Trial and Final Trial, and subsequently appeared on one occasion for the 'Varsity. He has not, however, very

pleasant memories of the end of the Oxford wicket season, since he finished by bowling and batting against Keeton and Voce ! D. Hammond (Ch.Ch.) is now in his third year and—like most men in his position—has begun the dreary task of working in earnest for “Schools” in June. He certainly possesses a vast number of books ; let us hope he reads, marks, learns and inwardly digests them. P. Taylor (Univ.) though a second year man, cannot exercise to the full the second year man’s blissful prerogative of slacking, since he did not take Maths. Mods. last June. The happy event has been postponed for a year ; we say “happy” because Mr. Taylor is bound to come through with colours flying. He still takes his daily constitutional—a mere ten miles or so—and is quite an authority on the surrounding countryside. A. J. L. Durham (Univ.) is our recruit—and a very good one too. Unfortunately he has been rather over-burdened with work. as he intends bearding the examiners in their den after one instead of two terms. Therefore, gentle reader, he has led the most exemplary of lives in this his first session.

Since our last letter Oxford has figured prominently in the national news, not always to her advantage. It is an interesting commentary on the “King and Country” debate that as soon as news of it reached Japan the war office telegraphed to the generals on active service in Manchukuo and told them all about the Oxford Union and its views. Surely this proves our Alma Mater more important than we imagined in our wildest dreams ! (And, might we add, our Union is better known than that at Cambridge). But no Old Frestonians have been concerned in the various political disturbances of the University ; none of us will go down to history as the outstanding figures of 1933. A word of explanation might set your minds at rest. The Union, and political clubs of an extreme nature, are not representative of serious opinion : the former is largely resorted to for cheap billiards, the latter when people are on the lookout for a rough-house. So we have in avoiding the hot-heads, tried to follow out that ‘mens sana in corpore sano’ precept with which we were regaled at school. Let no one think that we take no interest in such important issues or lack moral courage.

Apart from these political high-lights Oxford continues her own delightful self. There has been much building throughout the last year, all of which is in excellent taste and will be a considerable improvement and beautification.

In conclusion may we wish the School continued success and prosperity.

We remain, Sirs,
Yours affectionately,
The Oxford Old Frestonians.

(The Editor regrets that this letter arrived too late to be included in last term’s magazine).

THE FRAUD.

In the small square kitchen-cum-living room, the form of a workman loomed through the rays of two candles which were spluttering upon a table covered with a once white tablecloth. The relics of a supper lay on the table and amidst these stood a bird cage. The scarlet handful of fire, the remnant of a nobler blaze reflected its own genial warmth abroad in the room, and made the drab, working class home cosy and comfortable with its flickering dancing beams that every now and again outshone the candles.

The man held a fluttering, feathered creature in one hand and in the other a paint brush, with which he was painting a brown bird, yellow! A woman came down the stairs to clear the remnants of the supper. "You an' your birds will be the death of me," was her retort when a tug at the tablecloth brought a curse from the man. "I tell 'ee Bill, I'm having nought to do wi' it, and if tha' gets copped it'll sarve 'ee right." "Why Martha," the man sneered "there's nought wrong wi' it. Many a man has sold sparrers for canaries so why should'n't I, besides its only once in a while."

Bill was a dockyard labourer and earned little enough, so to make a few extra shillings he caught singing birds on the common and sold them. This week he had sold nothing so in despair he caught a hen sparrow and with the aid of a paint brush proceeded to change the meagre, brown bird of the slums into the golden aristocrat of caged birds.

Saturday night came and the market swarming with people :— musty books, yapping puppies, patent medicines, squawking ducks and hens, corn plasters, old clothes and all the hullabaloo that makes up a market ! Apart from the main sellers stood individuals selling private property, here a man with a litter of puppies in his cap, there a man with a dog which was obviously not his own, and here a man trying to sell one canary. It was Bill who seeing that the price of prize rollers was 10/6, charged 7/6 for his bird. The public wanted to know though why the bird did not sing, why it was cheap, and passed on. So Bill decreased the price by sixpences in the hope that someone would buy it, who wanted a cheap pet.

The crowd grew denser as the market reached its height and Bill grew more confident. The canary grew from a hen into a cock, and into a roller !—its capabilities were without limit ! Still nobody would buy. At last a foreign seaman bought the bird. He said he was buying the canary for his poor old mother who was lying ill at home. He was leaving on board a tramp steamer that night and he wanted to take back something that would bring a ray of cheer into her sorrowful life. He liked birds but knew nothing about them. Bill's heart was touched, but steeling it he demanded tentatively "Five bob "? and to his

joy the foreigner closed with him, and the money and bird changed hands.

Bill hurried from the market as if a hidden danger lurked there, and swaggeringly threw down on the table before the anxious Martha two bright half-crowns. Unfortunately the coins rolled off the table on to the flagged floor where they landed with a dull thud. Man and wife noticed it. Bill slowly bent down, picked up one of the coins, put it between his teeth and bit it—then snarled “Well I’ll be they’re duds !”

R. Hunt (Vb).

MILK.



PARTY of boys made their way to the dairy of the Leeds Industrial Co-operative Society one cold Saturday morning in February ; perhaps with the idea that they might be transported to green pasturelands where they could sport with some dairymaid in the shade ! The trip had been arranged by Mr. Bellamy. Such ideas were mostly dispelled when we found our destination to be amid the grime of Leeds factoryland and the ‘dark satanic mills,’ and a few female workers, wearing clogs, the only visible substitute for the dainty milkmaid of our fancy.

And the vision of green meadows faded utterly away when we were conducted to the manager’s office of a very modern factory.

But we must not let our Sylvan thoughts lead us to make rash judgements. At any rate our host has mentioned the word ‘milk’ in outlining the work of the plant to us. But we shall see for ourselves, he says.

Thus we are taken to a stuffy engine room where the noise is nerve-racking. What has all this to do with cows or milk, we fondly ask ; apparently as much as the boiler-house which is our next halt. But stay, we turn a corner and behold ! a row of milk cans meets our eye. Intelligence dawns as our guide informs us that all the milk is conveyed from neighbouring farms to the factory, there to be purified. We pass into a room where this milk is being poured into bins to be conveyed to the process room. Presumably giving it time to get there we next inspect the bottle washing machine, a wonderful piece of machinery which turns out scrupulously clean bottles. Now we do a little climbing and arrive at the huge containers from which the milk passes to the heating machine where it is subjected to a temperature of 145°F for half-an-hour to destroy any harmful bacteria as the biologically-minded are informed. At this

stage some of the more enterprising members of the party came near to receiving a roman bath, so eager are they to delve their noses inside the containers. However, this experience denied, we follow the milk down the conveying pipes where another machine by contact with brine cools the milk to 34°F. Now we follow the pasteurised liquid on its last journey—to bins from which it is automatically bottled and sealed. Our curiosity takes us as far as the store-room where icy blasts from a huge fan make the soundest of teeth chatter ; this we are quick to leave.

By now thoroughly interested, we next visit the cheese making department where heated milk is treated with rennet and allowed to filter in a warm temperature. The mysteries of gorgonzola and other poisons solved, after peering in the laboratory where the farmers' milk is tested, we find ourselves back again at the manager's office. Here Mr. Holden voices our thanks for what has proved an absorbing tour and which has clearly revealed the care that is taken to produce pure milk in the interests of public health. In the open air again a squall of wind reminds us that after all, winter is no time for green pastures.

A. Laycock (U.VI.Arts).

SOAP.

Continuing a series of visits to factories in the neighbourhood of Leeds, about 30 members of the school paid a visit to Messrs. Watson's Soap Works, on Friday, February 16th. It was evident from the start of the 'tour' that we were to be shown most of the factory and that our guides were trying to impress upon us the fact that soap making is a very essential and important trade.

Our guide began by showing us the place where the oil is received from South America, and then melted and forced into vats by means of compressed steam. After being cleaned with Fuller's earth and sulphuric acid the oil is carried through pipes to the soap-vats. Here the oil is heated, together with caustic soda solution (for soft soaps caustic potash is used) by means of two open steam pipes. It is allowed to cool and impurities are drained away. Common salt is then added and the soap begins to separate out while a liquid forms at the bottom ; this is removed. The soap is then washed with boiling water, and salt and caustic soda are added. After being left for a few days the soap is finally obtained, the vats containing 85% of soap. The remainder is drawn off and used again in soaps of poorer quality.

The soap is now run into vats where colouring or perfume (or both if necessary) are added, and then cooled. After cooling it is cut and stamped and carried to the packing rooms where numerous girls perform wondrous sleight of hand tricks in packing it.

We then passed on to see the preparation of the soap wrappers. In

one end of a small machine passed a long sheet of white cardboard and wonderful to behold ! at the other end emerged a soap-wrapper ready for folding. Next came the preparation of the wooden packing boxes. These were made in a manner and at a speed which made one stare and wonder. But more was to come and on viewing the 300 h.p. motors which supply the power for these great works, and the by-product plant for glycerine our surprise was complete. One can say no more than that 30 boys left the factory fully convinced that soap-making is a very important trade after all !

C. V. Banks (L.VI. Sc.)

EVENING SCENE.

A lustre from the west awakes a gleam
Within the placid bosom of the stream,
Calm mirror of the evening sky
Broken by the owl's wings, and the cry
Of a mouse, then the silent hush steals back.
Only a rat, leaving a muddy track
Slithers soundless under the crumbling bank.
The yellowing willow shudders where he sank,
And the breeze bears the smell of dead leaves
From the stream. Swallows seek their eaves ;
The chatter of birds in the trees dies away
In the solemn quiet of evening's decay.
Across the field the cottage windows shine
With golden light, and softly sounds the chime
Of church bells in the distance, far away.

E.B.H.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

In winter the trees, plants and fields seemed bare and lifeless, but during the last few weeks a change has taken place. Signs of new life are observed all around. The trees are beginning to burst into bud and in the woods out in the country, snowdrops and crocuses are showing. Little green shoots can be seen in the gardens and near the old flower stalks which were cut down in the autumn, new ones are springing up. Squirrels wakened by a bit of sunshine will be scratching up their hidden treasures of nuts and looking for a suitable tree trunk in which to make their home. Moles will be coming up to have a look at the sunshine and hedgehogs are starting to uncurl. Blackbirds and thrushes are singing in the trees and during one of my walks I heard a skylark singing its song while soaring into the sky. Already the sparrows have started to build their nests under the eaves and can be seen flying backwards and forwards with straw.

J. H. MASON, IIA.



LINO CUT—JENKINS A. D.

THRO' CHINA AND JAPAN.

On February 20th, something happened which caused "jazz" fans to be dragged far from the screeching "sax" and tea-time dance music. As a result, we entered a building where one generally gets a cold thrill, whether in summer or on Speech Day, namely the Baths Hall. We were to see a picture produced by the joint efforts of the Eastern Missionary Societies, entitled: "Thro' China and Japan." It was divided into two parts, the first dealing with China and the second with Japan.

Bear with me whilst I try to recall some of the most striking sights. I will make a gallant effort not to bring in tantalising Oriental names (partly because after Pe-kin I soon find myself in Sin-kin state). The most magnificent edifice that I can remember was the Temple of Heaven in Pekin. It was built in eastern style and topped by a magnificent dome. The Emperors of China used to worship there. There were hundreds of steps leading to the main entrance. I wouldn't like to be an Emperor. What gods the Chinese worship, I am not very well informed, but judging by the number of temples, pagodas, joss-houses, etc., they must easily equal the number of Roman deities. One woman was shown worshipping at a temple of the Fox.

Chinese writing enthralled me, although I could not understand it. There was a Chinese professor teaching the different characters without using a word of English. He would hold up a penny or a book and then write on the black-board its Chinese equivalent. The finished word looked as if someone had been playing noughts and crosses, and finding themselves in a hopeless plight had scribbled over it. This man may be unaware of the fact, but he influenced several Grammar School boys, for I distinctly heard one of the masters tell some they had written with a Chinese accent ever since.

China must be a very inconvenient country for boys who are generally late for school. It would be terrible if we had to gulp down a rice and mealie breakfast together with a few errant chopsticks and then cycle to school along a ragged remnant of a bullock track behind a caravan of real 'dyed-in-the-wool' Rudyard Kipling "Oonts."

It was conclusively proved that it does snow in China. Pupils of one school arrived on skis and helped to clear away blocks of frozen snow—afterwards bowing low and reverently to the teacher as they passed into school. But of school enough—for China at any rate.

Chinese barbers ply their trade out of doors in winter or summer, and what is more they do their best (or worst) to make you feel the cold—their is no question of "Machine side sir?" it is indeed "plenty

off the top, please!" All the head is shaved except the back, whence grows a charming pigtail. So if by chance anyone who reads this feels inclined to "have a go" with a chinese barber, please, please don't talk about Manchukuo or something may occur, which will prove (not to you of course), that the last of the Mohicans has not gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Many times it has been said that China was a civilised and sensible nation when Ancient Britons were giving Caesar no chance to say "Veni, vidi, vici." Some refute this statement; we saw a chinese wedding procession complete with decorated carriages threading its way through the crooked streets of one of the large towns. For all their civilisation, their methods of ploughing and threshing are very old. The ploughing is done by a primitive contraption pulled by a primitive water-buffalo, and the grain is winnowed by means of a hand-driven fan. Yet a country must have been indeed civilised to have built a wall such as the Great Wall of China which was first described to the Western World by Marco Polo.

And then on to Japan, the land of the rising sun, flowers and earthquakes. The Japanese seem to be of a much more sunny disposition than the Chinese. Earthquakes and eruptions rank among the three chief features of Japan. The other two are paper-houses and politeness. The former rule has been excepted however in Tokio, where, after the last great earthquake, huge skyscrapers were erected. I should think that bamboo and paper structures are not very helpful to staunch disciples of Bacchus wending their way homewards in the small hours of the morning.

It seems peculiar that chop-sticks should be used in this the most decorous of all countries. Yet it is so. When Japanese ladies invite their friend to tea, the prospective "chop-stick wangler" being arrived, her first act, (how strange that it should have spread from Normanton to Japan!) is to take off her shoes. Each lady has a separate table about one foot high, and at each bite or drink, a series of salaams and obeisances are exchanged. What penalty a son must undergo who asks his father to watch the School first XI without addressing him, at least, as "the most worshipful great and honourable mandarin," I do not know—but it must be pretty dreadful.

Japan is a land abounding in natural scenery, but its most delightful and imposing feature in my estimation was the Kegon Waterfall, a white column of water which seemed to support the skies.

In Japanese schools, the arranging of flowers is taught as a cultural subject. I should like to see some of our budding artists peeping coyly between big chrysanthemums! Great care is taken with boys' physical training; discipline is strictly enforced—a school of seven hundred boys took up their positions in open file and gave

the salute without having any orders given. Ju-jitsu is also taught.

Missionary work among lepers and consumptives was shown; several groups of children and their parents were seen each with a missionary, some of which were natives.

I should need a great deal more space than I have already filled to mention half of the sights that we saw. There were typewriters with two thousand characters, pilgrims on their way to the shrine of Buddha, in short there was a very full programme the end of which I greatly regretted, and not because I had a few hours' homework waiting for me at home.

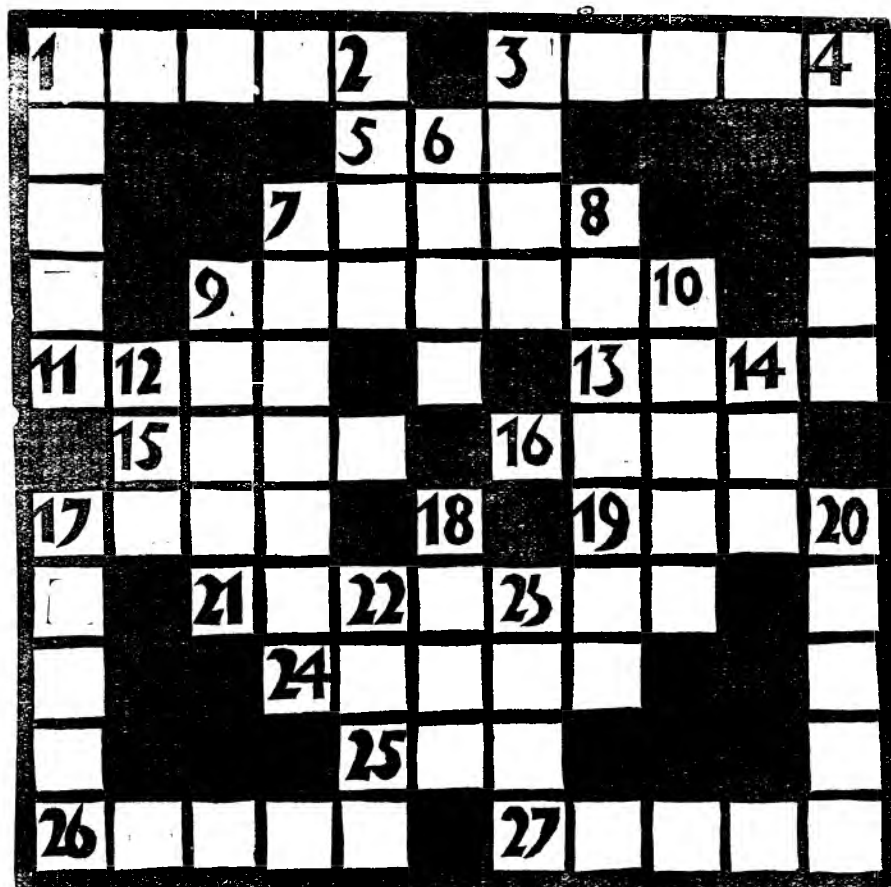
I. Richardson (L.VI.Arts).



CROSSWORD COMPETITION

BY MR. YOUNG.

We must again thank Mr. Young for perpetrating this crossword. We are not offering any prize for this competition believing that the effort to solve it will be of sufficient interest and entertainment. We sincerely hope that our readers will not give vent to any cross words in their efforts to find a solution.



CROSSWORD COMPETITION CLUES.

ACROSS.

- *1. Unquestionably asthmatic, but questionably gymnastic.
- *3. To the better half of a goddess, a being historical.
- 5. Where choirs like to roll but merely the Grande in the Gulf of Mexico.
- *7. All but a few inches of an elusive Dickensian character ; no Tadpole yet connected with frogs.
- 9. A monkey mixed with in a steamer shows the kind of man we are—save the mark !
- *11. Your mother's 4-foot Elizabethan brother under the tinkling cyclist—'now', says Remus.
- 13. Sounds like a 'Yorkshire bit of stuff,' but its really Clarice Mayne's partner resuscitated.
- 15. One of the mome things that outgrabe--ask Lewis, but don't go to 3b.
- 16. Frizzy keeps her sea-legs but loses her sea-head.
- 17. Hal's 2nd when spring brought along the 3rd.
- 19. Physics mixes Geography up and produces a qualified chemist. Shades of Tom Smith !
- 21. Where you go when the red is safe and you pot your opponent.
- *24. A prop, a swagger ; but unsorted and with Mary's friend's father, I am a walker, though maybe not with Mary.
- 25. "There are some confusionings" in me ; HERE'S a celebrated Yorkshire painter, an animal half a wild Turk, Tom Bowling, a Matriculation subject all dependent on the angle of incidence.
- 26. Epithet sought for in commodities, though not in personalities.
- 27. Being last, this will follow.

DOWN.

- 1. Much can be laid to his door since 1492—" oh yeah!" ; —much is brought to its door now.
- 2. The "gooseberry" is of this in Paris for the other "fruits"
- 3. To clothe as in the style of Marc Antony.
- 4. A Cholmondeley boat.
- 6. The impolite lunatic without his afternoon meal.
- 7. Without tripping the light fantastic, poets use these feet with rather sly soles.
- 8. Ten of me in a jumble ran for my tea—'twas a race, especially coming in !
- 9. One of Billy Bunter's innumerable meals.
- 10. A religion of resignation, in its menu form—stewed football or cricket.
- 12. The poet asks you to can this several floored, though I don't think he wishes you to go to Chicago.
- *14. This chemical beginning takes a bird (in many senses) to become a long sixth of the School.
- 17. This individual clown stands on his head to be apart.
- 18. See 17 ac. Spring kept fetching 'em, but I "saw him off."
- *20. A famous ear in artibus tho' not the one wanted by Antony—in extenuation sitha 'ere !
- 22. Twas not the compiler who made this state popular, but a namesake who preferred a Dead Sea to a living persecution.
- 23. No connection with 'Kyries' but with 'Kyles' indicated by Largs not Largo.

* The Crossword contains several, more or less direct allusions to personalities well known in School.

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.

A prize of a book (value 2/6), to be chosen by the winner, will be awarded for the best photograph on ONE of the following subjects :

Work or play at N.G.S.

A Picturesque Gateway or Doorway or Porch in the district.
Spring Time.

RULES.

The closing date for entry is June 30th, 1934.

The Date and Place of photograph must be stated.

Print and Negative must be submitted.

The Judges will be Mr. Whittlestone, Mr. Rainbow and Mr. Trustram.
It is hoped to print one or two of the entries in the 'Frestonian' summer issue.

ALSACE.

On Tuesday, Jan. 16th, a party of about 30 boys attended at the High School, a lecture given in French on Alsace. Something of the old-world charm of this ancient province of France was captured in the eloquence of the speaker and imparted to us (which incidentally is a very pretty tribute to our perspicacity if not to our linguistic capabilities). The speaker chose for her theme not the splendour and romance of the history of Alsace, but the appearance of the province in its everyday clothes ; its towns—those storehouses of antiquity—Strassburg with its magnificent Cathedral and Museums, Mulhouse ; its still more attractive half-town, half-villages such as Colmar and finally the villages themselves quaint, yet serenely proud of their old-fashioned looks, "paisibles et calmes sous le bleu ciel." One came away with the feeling that in Alsace the sun always shone, that it was perpetual summer, that the breeze stirred unceasingly through the endless forests of 'sapins.' The purity of the landscape seemed to have crept into the lives of the peasants, even into their picturesque costumes—for they are scrupulously clean in Alsace. One must go to Alsace to enjoy life in its simplest, cleanest form : and as a safeguard, a guarantee, a passport one might say, in Alsace one is served up good food and in Alsace one can sleep the deep sound sleep that comes after a long day in the country, after a healthy tramp or "a nine mile march to dinner," along a winding, white road. Alsace is indeed the province for him who loves the country and solitude, and for him who loves the relics of the past, the old-fashioned houses with their 'lucarnes' and the storks perched perilously yet confidently upon the roof, and the old fashioned customs of the peasants. Alsace is the province for the epicure who desires clean sheets, a warm fire and a rambling antique lodging, or for the no less fortunate traveller who puts up at night at some natural caravanseraï mid the trees of the forest, there to pass the hours of sleep "sous la belle étoile."

LOCAL ARCHITECTURE.

A rather informal lecture was given at the Girls' High School, on Friday, February 9th.

The subject was Local Architecture and the lecturer was extremely well qualified to fill this position because, as he explained, he had sketched for the architect who had designed most of the buildings in this locality, including part of the old school buildings and the actual building in which we were at the moment seated.

First, without being unduly technical, he went through the development of church windows through the ages up to, what he called, the debased perpendicular style. Then, using this introduction as a guide, he took us on a pictorial tour, showing us the best of local architecture, with particular regard to those examples, whose soundness of construction had been proved by the test of time. Some of his sketches were more than fifty years old. Of particular interest were the old almshouses at Kirkthorpe and the gates leading up to Heath Hall. Others were the churches at Methley, Ledston, Darrington and Selby. This last church has suffered much from vandalism. One particular outrage committed by the architect Inigo Jones, was fortunately, said the lecturer, obliterated by fire quite recently.

In conclusion the lecturer offered us the opportunity of looking over his sketches, which was quickly accepted and highly appreciated.

F. Davis.

I, ALSO, COMMIT TO THE FLAMES.

(Inspired by reflections upon Mr. Ivor Brown's recent publication).

To the aspiring critic there seem to be two fields thrown open where he may glean to his heart's content. The one is the prophetic revelation of the destiny of our land ; the other is a slashing indictment of modern civilisation (or whatever part of it happens to annoy you or stand in the way of your promotion, or shatters your aestheticism or splendid isolation, or in any way haunts your dreams and disturbs your waking moments). And the latter of these two critical enterprises, seems to offer a rather wider scope to the less pretentious yet none the less sober and simple-minded citizen such as you and I proudly assert ourselves to be, And so I, as an artist, commit to the flames which purge and heal, Pedants and Polluters.

As an artist too I hope the fire is heated to seven times its normal temperature. Of pedants I have not much to say—enough has been said of them in the literature of the past—though I will adduce a substantial

piece of evidence against them which strangely enough has been neglected by those who have at any time castigated these Martin Scribleri. Strange enough too, it is in the Dean's best style. The etymology of 'Pedant' is obvious—'Ped' from the best Latin *pes, pedis* (f) meaning a foot, and 'Ant' meaning of course merely 'ant.' Ergo, Foot + Ant = Crushed! which is a fair assessment of the deserts of those creeping crawling inconveniences.

But rather let me "melt, rage, burn" against Polluters and principally amongst that foul genus I rank the species 'Scientist.' Pray misunderstand not me, gentle reader! Never will I sully the fame of or slander the fair name of Science, that queen of knowledge! Those whom I denounce are well-known and are largely I fear a product of modern research. They are men who have torn the rainbow from the sky and set in its place a vile parcel of spectrum bands, exquisitely labelled, docketed, ticketed nay even pocketed, reader (for do not they make them in their lethal chambers?) But this is pardonable showing an earnestness in their cause, an exuberance that leads to excess—but you ain't heard nothin' yet! What I purge in the healing fires is their fatal habit of abstracting men into symbols. When I eat I think not of the tender meat swimming in its lagoon of gravy with reefs of potatoes raising their shy, quaint heads above the unfathomable deep—but of proteins and starch and sugar.

But even this is pardonable were it not so widespread. I hurl these facts in your face and in the furnace flames because this abstracting power, this unreal symbolism, has seized upon the minds of the majority of men so that they no longer call milk, milk but have to label it Grade A or by some other nomenclature, and tell you how many filthy, little, worming bacteria are dancing their bacillary, bacchanalian revels in a cubic centimetre. Moreover "I have seen hemlock in their yards" and in their private lives too, I might add. Consult any of the accounts of the latest sordid divorce case or libel action or scandal in Mayfair, and what do you find, "Lord Reader, sweet Reader, most anything Reader?" Why you find that the leading figure, surrounded by a blaze of infamy, is called Mrs. X or Mr. X, or else by some equally objectionable mathematical denotation. See how far the poison has shot its rank influence! Imagine Shakespeare calling Juliet, Miss Alpha (α)—and call Romeo therefore Omega (ω)—imagine the scene of those farewells, thus:—"Farewell α , it is the end α (O thou beginning!)" Why the thing is preposterous! It is rapidly becoming common; it will spread into the homes of ordinary men, and the Romeo of the future will set out to his midnight rendez-vous to serenade his love not with guitar and silver speech but with—a book of logarithm tables!

I defy anyone to say me nay! I am safe, I know, because whoever of these creatures dare lift his head above the dirt and speak his defence will never get it printed. There is at least a spark of decency left in men, and a law of libel in the land. For these men when they write cannot

keep their sulphuric temper from overflowing into their acid pen.
'Pro Arte.'

Note I. Who is he that says pes, pedis is of masculine gender? Let him tremble—he is a pedant.

Note Ia. Only pedants and Shakespearian critics have more than one note.

THE LOCH NESS MONSTER (OR NEXT PLEASE).

"With huge jaws agape it waddled towards me, a huge cross between a Noah's Ark and the Pacific Ocean! Its body was long and scaly, with spikes as big as church steeples. A snaky neck, as thick as the Thames is broad, twirled about in an uncertain manner, carrying about with it a head almost as big as Mont Blanc. A scaly tail stretching away far beyond the horizon playfully clipped off the top of St. Paul's, while an expelled breath sent Brighton Pier bobbing among the waves. With great avidity he was drinking the sea, making waves that swept the Majestic from her moorings in Southampton, far across France. The Graf Zeppelin caught by an indrawn breath was lost in the vast spaces of his throat while Edinburgh Castle rocked to its very foundations as the huge creature yawned.

I was rapidly being overhauled by the monster as my M. G. midget could only do 85, so there was nothing for it but to hop into a convenient Puss Moth. The ground was shaking so much that the Gordon Highlanders' drums landed in the middle of the Disarmament Conference! The Puss Moth in its turn becoming unhealthy I chartered a tame comet which carried me through the stratosphere at the rate of a few million miles per hour (to late, Mr. Mark Ridge!)

The buzzing sound apparently annoyed the carnivorous—perhaps bronto—perhaps saurus, so he opened his mouth to gobble me up. His mouth came nearer and nearer, his teeth scintillated in the great dark cavern of his mouth, an indrawn breath drew me nearer and nearer, when—CRASH !..... ??? !!!

"Will I have a double whisky? No thanks I've turned T.T."

D. E. Evans, IVA.

THE RISE OF THE DRAMA.



THE purpose of playing is to hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature. And in his lecture on the rise of the drama in England, Mr. Hewson fully illustrated the truth of the precept of Hamlet. Beginning with the amusing tricks of the 'joculatores' in the early Middle Ages he traced the growth of primitive forms of drama in England showing, at each stage, how the people of England expressed themselves, their desires, their complaints, their needs, in their pleasures and principally in that form of entertainment known as the drama.

From the folk plays on the village green (which too often degenerated into what was lusciously known as an 'ale-swilling,' and in which such quaint characters as the physician who was willing to draw anyone's teeth or let the blood of any obliging onlooker) he traced the beginnings of the secular drama. The drama proper though, developed within the bosom of the church with the elaboration of the mass ritual and the tropes such as the *Quem Quaeritis*. The drama progressed rapidly, left the church and was adopted by the guilds. He described the presentation of the miracle and mystery plays such as were given at Chester, Beverley, York and Wakefield and finally traced the development of dramatic forms up to the "spacious times of Great Elizabeth," and the advent of Shakespeare. Mr. Hewson had a novel way of illustrating his lecture. Scenes from mystery the plays Abraham and Isaac, and the Noah play, were portrayed by members of the school. The latter wherein the shrewish wife slaps her suffering husband's face soundly caused much amusement.

PARIS.

On March 14th. in the School Hall, Mr. Young gave a most interesting lecture on Paris. After a few prefatory remarks on the history and geographical position of Paris, through the medium of an admirable selection of lantern slides Mr. Young conducted his audience on a tour of the city and its environs, unrolling in succession before their eyes an immense variety of landscape and architecture. First the boulevards—Place de la Concorde to Boul' Mich'—each with its peculiar flavour and associations; then, by way of the great arterial roads and shopping centres, such as the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue de la Paix, to the magnificent Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile,

hub of a network of avenues ; and to the cluster of noble buildings' the Opéra, the Trocadéro, and the Panthéon which are to be found in the neighbourhood. Time was spent profitably in an inspection of some of the more famous Parisian churches foremost among them of course, the Cathedral of Notre-Dame with its unique bird's-eye view of the whole city. Leaving Paris itself we ended our journey most fittingly at the palace of Versailles, which still contrives to retain something of its old-world brilliance. Our 'week's holiday' and with it 'the ten pounds for expenses' both kindly provided for us by the lecturer's munificence, had indeed been well spent.

E. Blockley.

WHAT I SHOULD NOT LIKE TO BE IN LIFE.

A miner has a very dangerous job, also one that is not very 'paying'. The coal-owners must not consider the dangers when they give the miner his wages.

The dangers a miner has to risk are intolerable when you think of them. Explosions or fires, which are sometimes caused by gas, often cause the fall of a roof ! When anything like this happens their fellow miners are the first to try and save their unfortunate comrades.

After nearly eight hours of tiring work under these dangerous conditions, to receive such poor wages, makes one who has a chance in life hate the unfortunate miner's job.

J. SPENCER, IIb.

NORMANTON.

Normanton is a very old and beautiful place. Everybody has some place which he likes above all others. But never have I heard anyone praise Normanton.

For the swimmer there are the Baths. The bookworm, the Public Library. The poet need only walk down Snyderdale and turn into the Hillyfields just before sunset. The musician need only walk on a Thursday afternoon past the Grammar School and hear the melodious voices of IIb.

Finally I should like to think that after life's hustle my weary body will lie in the beautiful old churchyard where the breeze blows amongst the green leaves and the silent sky watches over the ancient Church and the tombs.

H. Wilby (IIb).

SCHOOL LIBRARY.

The last note about the Library appeared in the Summer number of the "Frestonian". Since then there has been no striking development but useful additions and improvements are made as the opportunities arise. Haslam's neat printing on the little shelf guides, for example, should help the inquiring student to find the book he needs or the careless reader to return his book to the right shelf. E. Blockley is carrying out the duties of assistant-librarian pleasantly and efficiently. Gifts have been well up to the average and we express our thanks to the following donors—

The Headmaster, Messrs H. Gott, K. Tryon, S. F. Trustram, J. Hall, C. Allen, C. Albrighton, T. W. Houghton, J. R. Jones, R. Lawson, J. Musgrave, J. H. Poyner, W. White and the following boys still at school, N. Coward, E. B. Haslam. L. Truelove Mrs. Carr of Kippax has presented a number of French books, while Mr. Hewson on behalf of the Dramatic Society, and of the Form IV of 1933, passed on about a dozen volumes.

FOOTBALL.



ARDER fixtures than usual had to be played off by the School this term, and some very keen tussles were engaged in with Barnsley, Batley, Ackworth and Pontefract. Though often hard pressed however, only Barnsley (away) succeeded in carrying away two points. The departure of Brooke last term weakened the forwards and his position has not been successfully filled this term.

N.G.S. v. OLD FRESTONIANS, (homs), Dec. 16th,

The game started at a very fast pace, and a series of dangerous raids by the Old Boys ought to have established for them a commanding lead. A fine drive by Allen which gave the goal-keeper no chance was the only time the School forwards were really impressive in the first half. The half time score of 1—1 distinctly flattered the School. Towards the end of the game however, the Old Boys fell away and Jenkins (3) and Edmonds gave the School a commanding lead. The best comment on the game was 'the Old Boys were boys in the first half, old in the second.'

N.G.S. v. CASTLEFORD, (home), Jan. 13th,

The play in the first half was very even, the half-time score of 1—1 being a fair reflex of the game. The School was slightly superior in the second half; Barker put us ahead with a close-in shot, and Edmonds headed in to increase this lead. A last minute effort by Castleford resulted in their outside right striking the upright with a good shot. Final Result N.G.S. 3, Castleford 1.

N.G.S. v. THORNES (away) Jan. 20th.

On a ground previously much churned up and now frozen hard, play was necessarily of a very haphazard nature. The School went ahead before half-time through Jackson, Edmonds, Poyner and Jenkins. Thornes improved considerably in the second half and went very near to scoring several times, the ball once being kicked off our goal line. Final result N.G.S. 4, Thornes 1.

N.G.S. v. BARNSELEY (away) Jan. 27th.

In a very fast game throughout, Barnsley, our age long rivals, gained a well deserved victory. Their centre forward led our defence a merry dance scoring three goals himself and engineering the fourth. The School replied twice through Allen and Jenkins, but were definitely inferior to their opponents. Half-time N.G.S. 2, Barnsley 4. The School improved somewhat after half-time and ten minutes from time Haines scored in a scramble before the Barnsley goal. Despite rapid attacks in an attempt to equalise, the School forwards failed to pierce the opposing defence, and Barnsley ran off worthy winners.

N.G.S. v. BATLEY (home) Feb. 10th.

The determined character of this game may be ascertained from the fact that three times the School went ahead and thrice the Batley forwards fought back to equalise. Jenkins performed the hat-trick for the School, but the forwards did not impress. Batley owed much of their success to the 'thrustfulness' of their centre forward, and the powerful kicking of their centre half. Final result N.G.S. 3, Batley 3.

N.G.S. v. ACKWORTH (home) Feb. 28th.

After a promising beginning when Barker put the School ahead, our forwards faded away, and Ackworth took a firm command of the play, scoring three times before half-time. In the second half the School pulled together somewhat, and shortly before full time Jenkins and Edmonds scored to put us on level terms. Ackworth never ceased trying and gave the School defence some anxious moments before the final whistle went. Ackworth gave the School one of their best matches of the season, and were rather unfortunate to share the points. Result N.G.S. 3, Ackworth 3.

N.G.S. v. PONTEFRAC T. K. S. (home) Mar. 3rd.

In this game the play was only of a very mediocre standard. Jenkins scored early on for the School, but Pontefract equalised before half-time. In the second half most of the play was in mid-field, though both sides frequently broke away only to fail in front of goal. The School forwards were not impressive in their combination, and gave one of the most disappointing displays of the season. Pontefract had a capable centre forward, who often frequently upset our defence. Only good kicking by Coward and Laycock saved the School from a heavy defeat.

Result : N.G.S. 1 ; Pontefract K.S. 1.

N.G.S. v. OSSETT, March 10th, (home).

This match was abandoned owing to the water-logged condition of the ground and adverse weather conditions.

FOOTBALL CRITIQUE 1933-4.

MAYES

A capable goalkeeper who, though weak in dealing with dropping shots, deals safely with ground shots.

LAYCOCK
COWARD

A pair of good strong kickers ; though rather prone to overdo their dribbling down the field, they are usually reliable, stalwart defenders

HARRISON
LINDOP
HOLMES
COOK

Their chief defects are a tendency to put the ball too far up the field in advance of the forwards, and a lack of mutual understanding. Nevertheless they are sturdy defenders who give little away.

ALLEN
BROOKE
JENKINS
EDMONDS
BARKER

A useful forward line generally working well together. There is rather too much individual work, and a pronounced lack of really good shooting.

2ND. ELEVEN FOOTBALL.

The 2nd XI has continued its run of victories this season, save for one unfortunate lapse against Castleford (away). One of their best matches was with Barnsley, when the School just scraped home with a 2-1 victory. With no outstanding merit the team pulls well together, and contains some promising players for next year.

Results :—N.G.S. 9 Pontefract 2
Castleford 6 N.G.S. 4
N.G.S. 2 Barnsley 1
N.G.S. 4 Thornes 0
Ackworth 2 N.G.S. 8
Pontefract 0 N.G.S. 8
N.G.S. 5 Castleford 2

HOUSE MATCHES.

	BENNETT	FREESTON	FROBISHER	HANSON	Total Points.
BENNETT (Blue)	—	WON 2—1 WON 6—2	WON 3—0 DRAW 4—4	WON 5—1 LOST 1—2	9
FREESTON (Buff)	LOST 1—2 LOST 2—6	—	WON 2—1 LOST 2—6	WON 2—0 WON 1—0	6
FROBISHER (Red)	LOST 0—3 DRAW 4—4	LOST 1—2 WON 6—2	—	WON 2—1 DRAW 1—1	6
HANSON (White)	LOST 1—5 WON 2—1	LOST 0—2 LOST 0—1	LOST 1—2 DRAW 1—1	—	3

JUNIOR HOUSE RESULTS :- BENNETT $5\frac{1}{2}$ points, FREESTON $4\frac{1}{2}$ points,
HANSON 1, FROBISHER 1.

Thus Bennett House wins the Shield for Football with $14\frac{1}{2}$ points.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL.

The main interest in the Junior House Matches has been the struggle between Bennett and Freeston, and the final match between these houses was a most enjoyable game.

Results of matches played this term :--

FREESTON 10	FROBISHER 0
BENNETT 1	HANSON 0
BENNETT 4	FROBISHER 0
FREESTON 6	HANSON 0
FROBISHER 1	HANSON 0
BENNETT 2	FREESTON 2

This season's competitions thus ended :

BENNETT 11 points ; FREESTON 9 ; HANSON 2 ; FROBISHER 2-

The success of these matches is shown in the strength of the School under 14 XI which has had a very successful season.

The following boys have played in the team :

Hill ; Harrison ; Swaby ; Greenaway ; Royce ; Perkin ; Earnshaw ; Shillito ;
Forkes ; Gordon ; Watson ; Whittingham ; Plant ; Stokes.

Results of matches played this term :

v. Thornes House School	drew 2—2.
v. Ackworth School	won 2—1.
v. Pontefract King's School	won 10 - 0.
v. Parish Church Scouts	won 5 2.

OLD FRESTONIAN NOTES.

"For we were nursed upon the self-same hill."

Optimistic signs for the future progress and strength of the Old Frestonians' Association were apparent at the Annual Meeting and Re-Union Dinner held on February 2nd, in the School, when the annual report was presented by the Secretary, Mr. A. M. Smith. During the past year the Committee considered the names of Old Boys for the Old Boys' Honours Board which has been provided by the C. E. Brittain Memorial Fund and the names selected are now to be seen on the board in the old main entrance. They are :—H. E. S. Dransfield, F. M. Earle, P. Hinckley, J. W. Houseman, T. Newby, J. E. Preston and A. L. Taylor.

There has been no regular football team this year but the School hope that a team will be raised for their fixture on Saturday, March 24th. However, Old Frestonians individually still continue their activities in the field of sport and special mention should be made of R. Banks and D. T. Wright. The former was chosen by the F. A. Amateur International Selection Committee to play for England against Wales at Bangor. He was again chosen to oppose Ireland but was unable to play owing to an injury. We must heartily congratulate R. Banks on this outstanding achievement. D. T. Wright, the Old Frestonian who is at Leeds University gained his third successive "Christie" title by winning easily against a Liverpool University opponent in the "Christie" Boxing Championships.

Other Old Frestonians, who have entered Universities and Training Colleges this year are meeting with reasonable success.

A. J. L. Durham at Oxford can often be seen on the river directing his crew. At Dudley Training College, Dixon R. has gained a regular place in the Rugger and Boxing Teams and has become assistant Editor of the College Magazine.

At York, Lamb W. has become a regular member of the first eleven at Soccer while White W. at Exeter is in the second XV at Rugger. Houghton T. W. at Bede College, Durham, is a member of the Boxing Team and has appeared once or twice on the Rugger field.

Richardson A. at the University of Leeds is Secretary of the Science Club. J. H. Williams at London University obtained the first prize for his essay "Debussy and Impressionism," in an Examination which was open to all candidates and in which there was no specified subject.

All boys leaving school are urged to join the Old Frestonians' Association and so prolong their connections with the School.

A. E. Lindop.

ANNUAL RE-UNION, DINNER AND GENERAL MEETING

This event was held on Friday, Feb. 2nd, and proved a most enjoyable function. About 63 guests sat down to dinner and it was very gratifying to see the faces of many Old Boys whom we very rarely meet but who had taken this opportunity of renewing friendships made at school. If the Annual Re-Union did nothing else but foster this spirit of comradeship it would adequately justify its existence.

The Annual General Meeting was held immediately after the dinner Mr. W. D. Cartwright presiding. The secretary, Mr. A. M. Smith, presented his report in which he briefly outlined the activities of the Association during the year. He said that there had been no great increase in membership, but a much keener interest was apparent amongst the members. He mentioned the efforts which had been made by the Committee, in accordance with the desire expressed at the last General Meeting, to gain representation for the Association on the Board of Governors and he had no doubt that in due course these efforts would have the desired effect. The committee had also considered names for the Old Boys' Honours Board and the following names were now to be seen on the board :—H. E. S. Dransfield, F. M. Earle, P. Hinckley, J. W. Houseman, T. Newby, J. E. Preston and A. L. Taylor. The report was adopted.

The Balance Sheet submitted by Treasurer, Mr. S. Flint, showed a slight loss, but there had been an improvement during the year, in the way subscriptions were paid, and there was a balance in hand in that respect.

Mr. Holden had intimated that he considered the President of the Association should be an Old Boy and Mr. W. D. Cartwright was now elected to fill that position. Other officials elected were :—Vice President, Mr. H. A. D. Stables ; Secretary, Mr. A. M. Smith ; Treasurer, Mr. S. Flint ; General Committee, Messrs. F. Pollard, A. G. Manning, W. B. Manning, N. Hopwood, H. Brooke, A. Hawkins, A. Pollard, G. Wilson and J. W. Davis. A standing committee was appointed for the consideration of names of Old Boys to appear on the Honours Board and those elected were :—Messrs. J. E. Gimblett, H. Brooke, A. Hawkins, H. A. D. Stables, A. Lilley, F. Swallow, G. Wilson and W. Dawes with J. A. Holden as a permanent member ex-officio.

Mr. Holden, M. A. presided over the ensuing festive board. The guest of the evening was again an Old Boy—Mr. E. Dance and Cr. Schofield, J P. represented the Governors. The toast "The Chairman, School and Governors" was proposed by Mr. H. Cranswick who paid a tribute to the excellent Head and Staff of the School and to the choice of Governors as exemplified in the sterling worth of Mr. Schofield.

Mr. Holden in responding on behalf of the School mentioned the outstanding scholastic successes of the past year and he believed that

these achievements were due in a large measure to the work of the staff. He concluded by enjoining the Old Boys on that occasion "to be young with one's friends" for it was a time when the experiences which Old Boys had had together at school could be discussed as happy memories.

On behalf of the Governors Cr. Schofield expressed pleasure that the development of character was stressed so definitely. There was nothing he disliked more than snobbery and he was pleased to see that there was not the slightest indication at that gathering. Mr. J. W. Davis in his customary humorous vein, proposed the health of the Guest of the Evening. He trusted that Mr. Dance would carry back with him to India happy memories of this meeting and that the welcome he had received would be one more bond to bind him to his native town.

In response Mr. Dance returned thanks for the way in which he had been received. The company were particularly interested in a number of anecdotes of Indian life related by Mr. Dance and the warm feeling of the members towards him was emphasised at the close of his speech.

Proposing the toast of "The Old Frestonians' Association" Mr. H. Brooke said he felt that often the spirit of comradeship that grew up at school was lost, but he hoped that the Association would help to remedy that there were many Old Boys looking for friendship, and the present gathering was an opportunity for them to fraternise again with their contemporaries.

Mr. Smith responded as Secretary and expressed his confidence that the Association showed increasing signs of progress and strength.

The re-union was carried on with the assistance of Mr. J. E. Gimblett at the piano.

A very successful Whist Drive and Dance was held in the School on February 23rd. There were over 40 at the Whist Drive and about 100 danced to the playing of Walter Wade's Band.

OLD BOY'S SUCCESS : At the University of Leeds :

H. W. Gothard, M.B., Ch.B.

MARRIAGE : Mr. L. Pitchford to Miss Doris Jubb.

BIRTH : To Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Gover—a son.

DEATHS.

It is with deep regret we record the deaths of two Old Frestonians—Mr. Stewart Wilfred Stones and Mr. Sam Flint.

In Memoriam

STEWART WILFRED STONES,

Born: 15th June, 1890

Died: 8th January, 1934.

Requiescat in Pace.

Stewart Stones was a regular attender at all our functions and his cheery presence will be missed by his many old friends.

In Memoriam.

SAM FLINT,

Born: 25th March, 1911.

Died: 17th March, 1934.

Requiescat in Pace.

All Old Frestonians will be shocked to hear of the sudden illness and untimely death of Sam Flint. When he left the School in 1927 he entered the service of the Yorkshire Penny Bank in the Norman-ton branch. He accepted the position of Treasurer in the Old Frestonians Association in 1930 and held it up to his death. His professional training and habit made him a particularly useful official of our Association. All who shared with him the management of its affairs will pay tribute to his quiet, efficient and loyal service. We tender our respectful sympathy to his parents in their grievous loss.

W. D. Cartwright.



FIRST XI FOOTBALL TEAM.

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