

The **Frestonian**



The Magazine of the Normanton Grammar School

VOL. XLIV., PART I.

AUTUMN TERM, 1947.

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THE FRESTONIAN.

THE MAGAZINE OF THE . . .
NORMANTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

VOL. XLIV., PART I.

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"ADVERTISER" OFFICE, WEST STREET, NORMANTON.

EDITORIAL

Editor : R. D. MASON.

Sub-Editors : P. L. Nokes (News).
K. Swift (Old Boys).
G. G. Tordoff (Sport).
C. B. Booth (Art).

Wordsworth's sonnet comes to my mind as I sit down to write this, my first Editorial.—"Milton thou should'st be living at this hour," I "have need of thee." Tradition lies heavy on my shoulders and thus, with Milton, I invoke the "Heavenly Muse" to guide my pen.

The revival of the School plays was the most outstanding feature of this term. They entailed much hard work for actors, producers and stage-hands. There were breathless and humorous moments back-stage, but all were rewarded by the enthusiastic applause of the audiences. Let us hope that our 'talent scouts' have benefited by this year's performance and that next year something more ambitious may be attempted.

This term's contributions have a distinctive foreign flavour about them. The School party, in charge of Mr. Dunn, visited Ireland, returning full of praise for Ireland, the Irish and especially the food! Several boys "took their holidays on the Continent." They too have many interesting tales to tell both humorous and otherwise, but all agree that our Continental neighbours are very hospitable in spite of hardships much greater than ours. One wonders how many boys will dare to travel abroad this summer. Those who cannot go will probably find solace in the much quoted "See England First"—without desiring to appear cynical I might add that most seniors have the alternative of "Join the Navy and See the World."

My predecessor in his last editorial drew notice to the fact that literary talent seems strangely lacking in the junior part of the school. Form IIc earns the credit of trying but although their con-

tributions are not up to the required standard they have caused some amusement in editorial circles. I pray also that some boy may be struck by poetic inspiration before the publication of the next "Frestonian."

* * *

As we go to press, it is with sincere regret that we learn of the serious illness of Canon H. W. Orgill, Chairman of the Governors. We send our sincere sympathy and good wishes to him and his family. We trust that, with due rest and some relaxation from his many duties and interests, our Chairman will soon be restored to a good measure of health and strength.

SALVETE.

IIC.—Bell R.	Parrish B. M.
Brennan P.	Roberts J.
Bridges C.	Scranage R.
Cawthra D.	Shaw E.
Clarke J.	Siddall T.
Dransfield K. J.	Simpson B.
Emery B.	Smith F.
Griggs T.	Townend K.
Knowles E.	Townshend A. A.
Lapish G. T.	Trickett R.
Miles D.	Walker D.
Miles R.	Watson E. C.
Naylor E. V.	Wensley E.

IIIA.—Salisbury C. P.

VALETE.

AUTUMN TERM, 1947.

U.VI.Sc.—Buxton F. A.	L.VI.Sc.—Davies B.
L.VI.A.—Dooler B. G.	VA.2.—Amos H.
Guest T. K.	Drury K.
Vs.—Adams J. R.	VB.—Richardson H.
Keyworth T. G.	Smith S. C.
	Townsend J.
IVA.—Brown D. A.	

NEWS.

DE OMNIBUS.

PREFECTS.

The Head Boy this year is C. S. Bruce, with G. G. Tordoff as Senior Prefect. They are supported by G. L. Booth, K. Swift, R. D. Mason, J. C. Atkinson, D. Ward, P. A. Lord, M. D. Smith, R. Schofield, P. V. Webster and P. H. Nichols.

SCHOOL CAPTAINS.

The House Captains this year are : Tordoff G. G. (Bennett) ; Bruce C. S. (Hanson) ; Swift K. (Freeston) ; Booth G. L. (Frobisher).

Sports Captainships are shared between Bruce C. S. and Tordoff G. G., Bruce being Captain of Football and Vice-Captain of Cricket and Tordoff Captain of Cricket and Vice-Captain of Football.

LECTURE.

An interesting lecture was given on Esperanto in which the speaker outlined the general basic forms of the language whose importance he stressed. A large number of booklets on the subject were later bought by boys.

REMEMBRANCE DAY.

On Tuesday, 11th November, a short service was held in the School Hall. Two minutes silence was kept in honour and memory of those who fell in both World Wars.

THEATRE VISITS.

On the 19th November a party of Sixth Formers saw "Much Ado About Nothing" at Leeds Grand. A similar party were fortunate in seeing "King Lear" two evenings later.

OLD BOYS' SOCIAL.

At the kind invitation of the Old Boys a number of the Sixth Form spent a pleasant social evening in the School Gymnasium. The prizes for a table tennis tournament and a whist-drive were won by P. A. Lord and P. H. Nichols respectively.

SCHOOL DANCE.

The annual Christmas dance was this year held in the High School Gymnasium. It was attended by a large number of both girls and boys. Refreshments were provided and the evening proved very enjoyable.

PREFECTS' SOCIAL.

As usual the annual Prefects' Social was held on 16th December. The Headmaster and staff were invited to attend. The main attraction was the food, and the Prefects would like to thank Mrs. Walker for the delicious tea she prepared.

WE WONDER ?

Many members of the School have of late been highly amused to see through the window of the Staff-room a well-worn copy of a book which has a wide circulation among the junior population of the school.

The book ? ——— “William the Detective.”

APOLOGIES.

Mr. Boswell will be grieved to learn that he did not write Boswell's “Life of Johnson”—Oliver Goldsmith did—at least one of our geniuses in Form L.VI.Sc. says so.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines : The Cupola ; The Legiolian ; The Magazine of the King's School, Pontefract.

THE STAFF.



At Christmas we said goodbye to Mr. R. R. Garforth who is leaving the teaching profession to enter the Civil Service. From the point of view of the teaching profession we much regret his departure, as the profession can ill afford to lose such recruits, but we congratulate Mr. Garforth on having qualified for the post which he is soon to take up.

It is seldom that a school has on its staff a master who gained a Blue at Cambridge for both Swimming and for Water Polo. Since completing his military Service with honours, he has been Captain of his County Water Polo team and Captain of England's Water Polo in the international contests held recently at Monte Carlo. He bears his honours modestly, and has endeared himself not only to his immediate associates but to many sportsmen in the town who will greatly regret his going.

Mr. P. L. Flowerday is also leaving us to be Senior Physics Master at West Bridgford Grammar School, Nottingham, which is nearly twice the size of our own.

We wish them both good fortune and high success in their future careers.

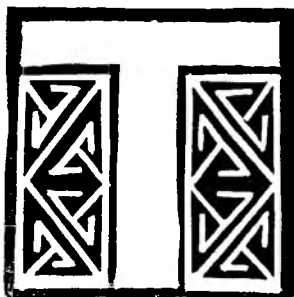
This term we have also had, temporarily, on our staff Mr. L. A. Waterman, an American student who is awaiting entry into Chester Training College. His help was very much appreciated, for not only could he give serious talks to Sixth Form students, but he fascinated many boys by his accent and stories of his experiences as an American soldier.

During the second half of the term we have also had with us Mr. E. C. Wigglesworth and Mr. A. C. Wilson, two graduate students in training at the University of Leeds. We expect they will have acquired some knowledge of the art of teaching—especially growing boys in the mass.

The School has already given a hearty welcome to Mr. H. White who succeeds Mr. Flowerday, to Mr. R. Clarke who succeeds Mr. Garforth and to Mr. D. W. Addy who becomes our first full-time Music Master. Both Mr. White and Mr. Clarke, who are Old Boys of the School, are Honours Graduates of London University. All three new masters have excellent war records, and we wish them happiness and success as members of the Staff of this School.



THE LIBRARY.



THE Librarian gratefully acknowledges gifts of books from Messrs. K. G. Tyson, P. N. A. Holden, T. Madely, and from Hanby J. Schofield R., Kappes J. C. and Atkinson N.

The family of S. Guy, who lost his life in tragic circumstances in the summer, sent us his books—a thoughtful gift for which we are grateful.

We have noticed that boys are becoming more careless in replacing books on the library shelves. This means more work for the Librarians. We trust this hint will be sufficient.

THE SCOUTS.

SCOUTMASTER :

Troop Leaders : C. E. A. Holden.
M. Till.

Patrol Leaders : W. Crossley (Eagles).
R. Brown (Peewits).
C. Turnbull (Bulldogs).
S. P. Larter (Owls).

• The troop continues to function although it is still without a Scoutmaster. The Assistant Scoutmaster left last Summer and is now in charge of a troop in Surrey. Last term the troop admitted over a dozen new members and two patrols now have the full number of eight scouts. At the end of the Autumn Term a Christmas party was held which was enjoyed by all.

During the Easter Term it is hoped to hold several meetings in the Snyderdale Road Headquarters. These are easily accessible and it is hoped members will take a keen interest in and make full use of them.

C.E.A.H.

SPEECH DAY.

Professor R. Whiddington, C.B.E., F.R.S., the Cavendish Professor of Physics at the University of Leeds, presented the prizes at this year's annual Speech Day. As usual this event took place in the Baths Hall and was attended by a crowded gathering of parents and friends.

Because of the late arrival of Royston train the musical part of the programme was presented first. The choir, conducted by Miss Penrose, sang three part songs, "Fain Would I Change That Note," "The Nightingale" and "Alexander."

In his report the Head Master commented on the difficulties the school had encountered in recent years. He said, "There has not been one completely normal term since the war began." He next turned to the new Education Act and spoke with regret over the proposed abolition of the School Certificate and Higher School Certificate examinations. "The present certificate," he said, "is accepted as a criterion for most professions."

Professor Whiddington, to whom the chairman in his address had referred as an old Governor of the School (1923-40), impressed upon the School the value of a broad education, "for the youth today and tomorrow must shoulder heavy burdens and battle in a changed and changing world." The professor then gave some interesting details of the part science played in the war and the part he hoped it would play in securing world peace.

The professor was thanked by Dr. N. S. Twist and Councillor W. E. Metcalfe.

A loud cheer greeted the professor when he asked that the School might be given a holiday and the proceedings were concluded by the singing of the School Song, followed by the National Anthem.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

W.R.C.C. COUNTY MAJOR SCHOLARSHIPS,

Pearson R. F., Hunt G.

FIRST MEDICAL EXAMINATION, UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

Holden P. N. A.

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

Atkinson J. C., Booth G. L., Bruce C. S., Coule H. J., Easingwood H., Garner E., Griggs G., Hatherton D., Holden P. N. A., Hunt G., Pearson R. F., Tordoff G. G., Swift K.

Letters of Success : Appleby K., Astley D. E., Green D., Harrison P., Lord P. A., Leech D., Mason R. D., Riley A., Schofield R., Ward D., Ward H.

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

- FORM VA.1.—Atack J. P., Brown E. ('A' in Maths), Burnill P. J. ('A' in French, Physics, Chemistry), Cheetham J. K., Crowther A. ('A' in Physics), Davies B., Everard A., Fowler E., Garlick A., Guest T. K., Hedgecock J. K., Hickling R., Hood A. ('A' in Maths, Chemistry), Kay G. M., Larter S. P. ('A' in French, Maths), Lowe J., Nokes P. L. ('A' in English Lit., French, Maths, Chemistry), Ramsden R., Rushton R. T., Valente J., Ward P. ('A' in Maths), White B. W., White G.
- FORM VA.2.—Buckle F. M., Davis F., Dooler B. G., Goodall B. G., Goodall J. G., Heaton R. H. ('A' in English Lit.), Holland S., Key P., Mortimer F., Moverlay D. C., Oldroyd W. B., Paul B., Payne D., Rowley I. P., Schofield B. B. ('A' in Physics), Stephenson J.

PRIZE LIST.

- FORM IIB.—Form Prize, Kaye C. R., Languages, Moore B., General Proficiency, Shaw K., Hon. Mention, Womersley G., Drake W. D., Payne G.
- FORM IIA.—Form Prize, Scofield K. B., Languages, Smith J. M., Mathematics, Schofield A. V., History and Geography, Buxton J. H., General Proficiency, York D., Morgan B., Hon. Mention, Lucas R. W. G., Burley J.
- FORM IIIB.—Form Prize, Bower P. M., General Proficiency, Hemingway D., Hon. Mention, Matthews B.
- FORM IIIA.—Form Prize, Harris V. H., Mathematics, Ainsworth P., General Proficiency, Atkinson C. H., Atkinson N., Hon. Mention, Henderson A. E., Suart J. B.
- FORM IVM.—Form Prize, Midgley D., Mathematics, Gittins N., Hon. Mention, Partridge B., Stott J., Baines P. E.
- FORM IVT.—Form Prize, Richardson D., General Proficiency, Bourne R., Hon. Mention, Blakeway D., Crossley B., Parkinson A.
- FORM IVA.—Form Prize, Jowett M. H., Mathematics, Golding R., General Proficiency, Lawrence J. S., Holden C. E. A., Nichols M., Senior J., Hon. Mention, Lumb D., Pearson T. F.
- FORM VT.—Form Prize, Brabbs G., Mathematics, Land J., General Proficiency, Smith R., Hon. Mention, Turner C. W.
- FORM VB.—Form Prize, Jones H. S., Mathematics, Thickbroom G., Hon. Mention, Rodaway W. H., Townsend F.

- FORM VA.2.—S. C. with 'particular' credits, Oldroyd W. B., Schofield B. B., Third Prize, Heaton R. H.
- FORM VA.1.—S.C. with 'particular' credits, Burnill P. J., Crowther A., Garlick A., Kaye G. M., Larter S. P., Nokes P. L., Ramsden R., Rushton R. T.
- FORM L.VI.A.—Form Prize, Booth C. B., Second Prize, Nichols P. H., Third Prize, Schofield R.
- FORM L.VI.Sc.—Form Prize, Tonks C. M., Second Prize, Smith M. D., Third Prize, Taylor E.
- FORM U.VI.A.—Form Prize, Hunt G., Second Prize, Swift K., Third Prize, Coule H. J.
- FORM U.VI.Sc.—Form Prize, Pearson R. F., Second Prize, Holden P. N. A., Third Prize, Booth G. L., Fourth Prize, Tordoff G. G.

SPFCIAL PRIZES.

- GIMBLETT PRIZE FOR MAGAZINE—Hunt G.
- A. M. SMITH PRIZE FOR ENGLISH—Nokes P. L.
- HOSKINS PRIZE FOR HISTORY—Burnill P. J.
- MACKINNON PRIZE FOR HISTORY IN FORM VA.2.—Moverlay D. C.
- HEADMASTER'S PRIZE FOR MATHS.—Hood A.
- FORSTER PRIZE FOR PHYSICS—Burnill P. J.
- ROYCE PRIZE FOR CHEMISTRY—Nokes P. L.
- GEORGE PEARSON MEMORIAL PRIZE FOR ESPRIT DE CORPS—
Holden P. N. A.
- GEORGE PEARSON MEMORIAL PRIZE FOR SPORTSMANSHIP—Griggs G.
- MATHEMATICS MEDAL—Pearson R. F.
- E. H. DIXON MEMORIAL PRIZE—Holden P. N. A.
- C. E. BRITAIN MEMORIAL PRIZE—Pearson R. F.
- T. W. FREESTON MEMORIAL PRIZE—Hunt G.
- SCHOOL MEDAL—Pearson R. F.

HOUSE TROPHY—FROBISHER HOUSE.

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.



HIS term saw the revival of the Dramatic Society, and in order to discover talent it was decided to present one-act plays. These were originally four in number but one was abandoned in face of insurmountable difficulties ; so three plays were played in the School Hall on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, December 10th, 11th and 12th.

A most notable experiment, the inclusion of High School Girls, was amply justified, and the co-operation of the High School was most valuable in all departments.

“ALI-BABA”

Characters :

Ali-Baba	Key P.
Madame Ali (his wife)	M. Hope Leake.
Cassim	Larter S. P.
Madame Cassim	Audrey Haslam.
The Chief Thief	Poundall P.
Morgiana	Norma Reece.
Abdulla	Partridge B.
Thieves }	Hedgecock J. K.
	Turnbull C.
	Crossley W.
	Conway D. G.
	Midgley D.

The histrionic honours of this French play were decidedly taken by Hope Leake and Audrey Haslam. Ingenious, colourful costumes and comic effects were enjoyable features of this play.

“RIDERS TO THE SEA”

J. M. Synge

Characters :

Maurya, an old woman	Barbara Lockwood.
Bartley, her son	Lawrence J. S.
Cathleen, her daughter	Joan Thompson.
Nora, a younger daughter	Joan Shaw.
Two Women, keeners	Olive Bushby.
	Kathleen Walker.
Two Men	Kappes J. C.
	Schofield R.

The selection of this difficult Irish tragedy was perhaps rather daring with untried talent but in the end the choice was justified. One lady in the audience confessed to tears in her eyes and a small girl was much relieved when the "dead man" re-appeared to take a final curtain. This is valuable criticism for which we are grateful. The performance of Joan Thompson was noteworthy for natural, unstrained acting and a pleasing attempt at an Irish brogue. Barbara Lockwood did well in a very difficult role, and we shall look forward to seeing more of J. S. Lawrence.

"CAMPBELL OF KILMOHR" J. A. Ferguson

Characters :

Mary Stewart	Margaret Moore.
Morag Cameron	Josephine Jarvis.
Dugald Stewart	Maclean C. R.
Captain Sandeman	Nokes P. L.
Archibald Campbell	Buckle F. M.
James Mackenzie	Davis F.
Two Soldiers	Green P.
	Laking E.

This romantic Scotch play of the days of the 1745 rebellion of the Young Pretender was the high-light of the show.

In the title role, Buckle F. M. proved to be a gifted actor. By his personality and power of voice he gave an outstanding performance. Margaret Moore as Mary Stewart was another great success. She has the ability to live her part and we look forward to her future performances. In smaller parts Josephine Jarvis and C. R. Maclean showed talent and promise.

Musical introductions to the plays were given by :

Mason R. D. (piano) ; Nokes P. L. (piano) and Sylvester P. (violin).

THANK YOU.

The public performances of plays entail much hard work by many members of the Staff and many pupils other than those actually taking part in the plays. We are grateful to them all for their help, especially to Miss Lane for her active co-operation in so many ways, to Smith M. D., the electrician, to Key P. and Rushton R. T. for so much work on the stage and in making scenery ; to Mrs. Hewson, Mrs. Law and the High School Girls for the make-up of the players.

SHAKESPEARE AT LEEDS "GRAND."

Small parties from the Six Arts seized the opportunity to improve their appreciation of Shakespeare through the admirable representations by Donald Wolfit at Leeds Grand.

The general verdict over "Much Ado About Nothing" was one of thorough enjoyment. Most of us realised, probably for the first time that Shakespeare can be really amusing. A play set for an examination is usually looked upon as one of those undesirable things which must of necessity be studied. Even the most serious amongst us was forced to laugh at Benedick (Donald Wolfit) in love with the hasty-tempered but vivacious Beatrice (Rosalind Iden)—especially when he placed his arm round the sun-dial in mistake for Beatrice's slender waist. The plump Dogberry and his associates almost "took the roof off" in the farcical court scene.

It thus came as a shock when two nights later we saw this same light-hearted cast in "King Lear." Mr. Wolfit threw off, as if by magic, his youthful features and looked "every inch a king." It would be impossible to mention the acting abilities of all the *dramatis personae*—everyone was excellent. Although the many critics of this tragedy have declared that it is impossible to portray it on the stage, Mr. Wolfit showed us that even on the stage the predominant influence of evil could be made felt among the audience.



CONTRIBUTIONS.

HOLIDAYS ABROAD.

We welcome the following contributions as examples of enterprise, which can be followed now that the ban on foreign travel has been lifted.

KILLARNEY, 1947.



HAT made this holiday so memorable was the remarkable weather. Youth Hostellers will look back in 1947 as the year in which all week-ends and holidays were hot and sunny. O si sic omnes !

We cycled to Liverpool in two days but did not enjoy the experience of cobbled roads, head-winds and a certain lack of connection between leading and rear rank. The crossing was pleasant and next morning the unmistakable outlines of the Dublin gasometer were looming over the

Liffey. The green funnelled boats come right up into the middle of the city and it was a short stroll up the quay and over the bridge into O'Connell Street.

Next morning we set out behind the south suburban tramcars and were soon in Co. Wicklow. Few large cities can be so close to the country—and wild country too—as Dublin. Our fears about the roads were unfounded and in the main the 800 miles of Irish roads over which we rode were very good and we had little trouble with the cycles. For a week we cycled steadily south ; the only names that will mean anything to an English audience are Kilkenny and Tipperary. Kilkenny is one of the most pleasant little country towns in Ireland and the county has a certain reputation for the large number of crows it harbours. Many of these celebrities were to be seen on the round tower abutting on the ancient cathedral of St. Cainnech.

If our anabasis was uneventful it was the prelude to a delightful few days in Co. Kerry, the most southerly part of Ireland—a district of blue hills, lakes and long sea inlets. Many of its towns and villages have obtained a world-wide notoriety on the wings of song—Killarney itself and Tralee have suffered most. It is one of those places like Tintern, Melrose or Stratford which is “the thing” to visit. The town itself is rather disappointing but the views from Windy Gap and indeed from every piece of rising ground on the Tunnel road from Glengarriff, are of great beauty and the lakes—especially the Upper Lake— are very lovely.

When we left the south behind us and started our homeward jour-

ney we had a 'forced march' of 93 miles to reach the next hostel, superbly, and most inconveniently, placed at the top of the entrance to Cork Harbour. Our advance party were rather unsuccessful in finding the way, missed the rendezvous near Castle Blarney and caught up with the rear party at sundown, a manoeuvre almost military in its precision.

This was also the occasion on which we vainly endeavoured to force an entrance into a lighthouse, but our fears of rushing like the Gerasene swine into the waters were unfounded.

On our return journey we stayed at an old and ruined castle. Few buildings could be more suitable in appearance for a Youth Hostel. Here we had great difficulty with the primuses and cooked alfresco on a home built range. At the crucial moment our three precious pans collapsed but were somehow retrieved from the flames, brought to the boil again and the contents quickly engulfed.

Some boys have Youth-Hostelling in them, nothing is too hard for them, no distance too long, no conditions too irksome. Our school is lucky in having some boys of this type. I suppose to boys and even more to grown-ups, of a different temperament few ways of spending one's time could appeal less than to cycle huge distances carrying heavy loads -- to be rained on, to be blown at by head-winds, to be cursed by natives (as we were at Mitchelstown), to lose one's way, to go hungry and thirsty, to sleep on the floor at the end of a long day. These things, often more than one at a time, have happened to us, and we have seldom been happier.

Peregrinus.

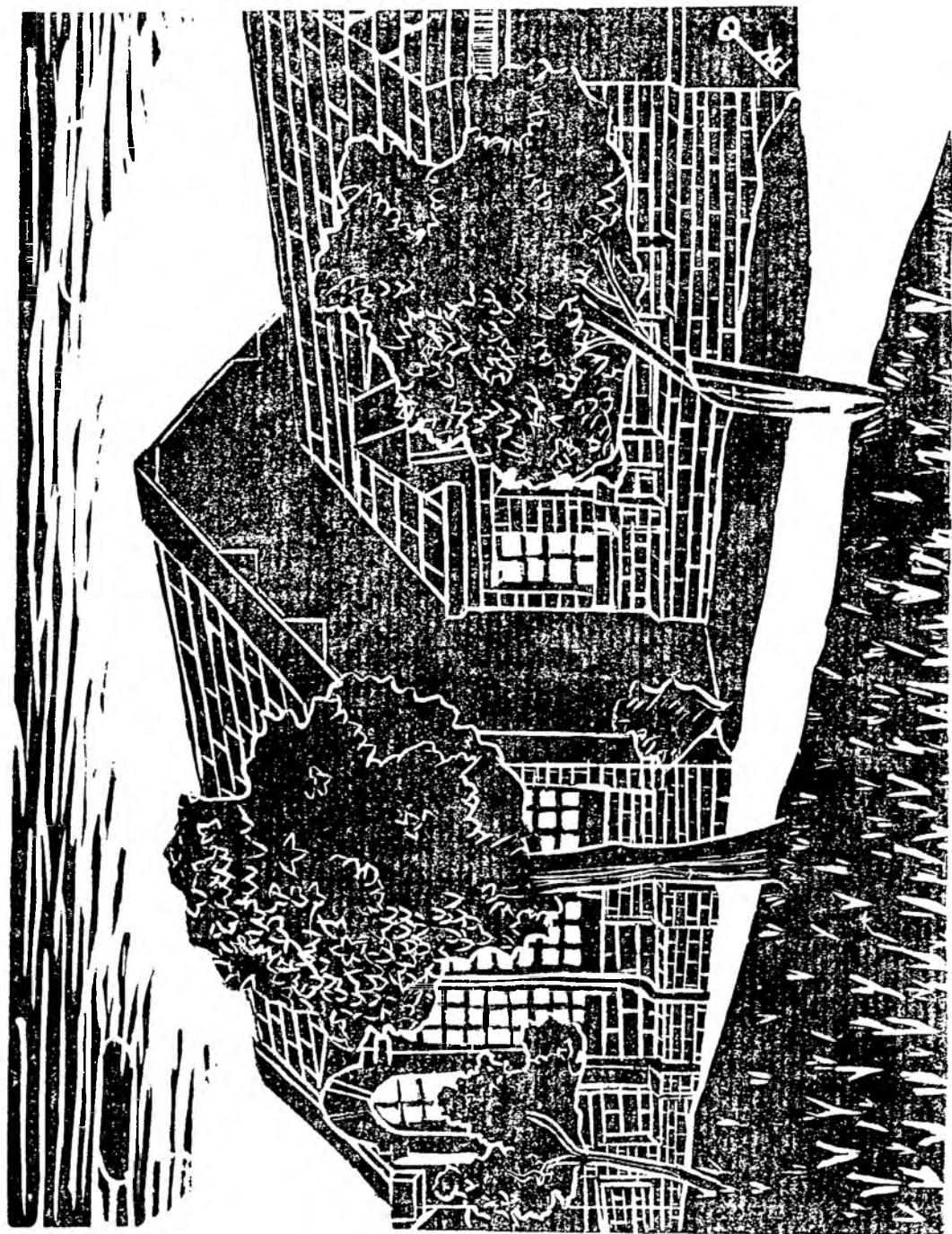
A VISIT TO BRUSSELS.

During the last summer holidays I spent a delightful fortnight in Belgium, with the weather at its best, the thermometer well over 100°F.

I travelled by the Dover - Ostend boat and arrived in Brussels at 7 p.m. on the 12th August. I soon reached the flat in the suburb known as St. Gilles. Most people in big towns live in flats, and my friends were no exception, for they lived on the top floor of a four storey building.

On the Friday we went by tram to Waterloo, about 18 miles south of Brussels. There I saw the "Lion de Waterloo," towering on the top of the "Butte St. Jean," visible for miles: the farms, "Hougemonst," and "La Haye Sainte;" and the house where Wellington is said to have spent the night before the Battle. I also saw four or five monuments to the armies and the leaders along the road.

There are some fine buildings in Brussels, too numerous for me to mention them all. A few striking examples are: the "Palais de Justice" (so tall that it is visible from Waterloo), though unfortunately it was badly burned by the retreating Germans; the "Eglise St. Gudule," a beautiful church, and the "Hotel de Ville," with its tall spire, which is



“THE SCHOOL.”

Lino-cut by Key P.

in the market-place.

A very noticeable difference between England and Belgium is the food. No rations, no restrictions, just as much as one wished. It was only a matter of money. Everything was cheap. Ice creams, twice as big as English ones, cost sixpence. There were cafés in every street, and they extended on to the pavement. These were very busy in the evenings.

During the day, the shop signs look ugly, and appear to be nothing but framework. However, at night, they are lit up, presenting a very imposing spectacle. Many marvellous effects are produced. Therefore, it is quite light until midnight.

Modes of transport are different from ours. There are very few buses, the chief method being trams. They are single deckers, but, to compensate, they pull one or more behind. (Some of the Waterloo trams pull three). The trains are different. Third-class carriages have wooden seats. Second-class carriages are very comfortable, and I saw no first-class. The engines here would be mere dwarfs when compared with some of their expresses.

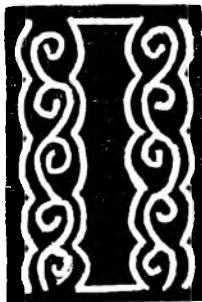
On Sundays, the people being mostly Catholic, the Churches are only attended in the morning. After that, the people enjoy themselves. As a result, the cafés and parks are fuller than ever. Talking of parks, there are about fifteen in and around Brussels. I visited eight. Some are small and picturesque: e.g. "Mont des Arts," whilst others are extensive, and provide plenty of room for games.

There are two languages in Belgium—French and Flemish. The latter is used more in the North, the former in the South, though most people speak both. I managed with the French, but.... the Flemish.... it was Flemish to me.

I got home on the 20th August, after spending a useful and enjoyable holiday across the Channel.

Larter S. P., L.VI.A.

"ENGLISH SPOKEN HERE."



IN Paris, I was relieved to find that many cafés cater for the tourist and proudly display the sign "English Spoken Here."

On the first day of my stay I decided to dine at one of these cafés for here at least I would be able to make myself understood. I entered quite confidently and sat down at a table in the corner. A typically small and squat waiter approached to whom I hurriedly explained I was English.

"Ah!" he said, with beaming face, "and what monsieur desires he?"

"A plate of chop and chips," said I in blunt

Yorkshire. His smile disappeared.

"Perhaps, monsieur, he can speak a leetle slower?"

I repeated, "A....plate... of ...chop....and....chips."

"It must be something of which I have not heard," said he sadly.
"I go to fetch my dictionary, if monsieur will excuse me."

He was gone at least ten minutes before he panted back in again flourishing a much-battered English-French dictionary.

"Now if monsieur will repeat once more....." Wearily, I said, or rather shouted,

"A plate of chop and chips!"

The little man busily flipped over the pages and finally with a triumphant yell,

"Ah ! oui, oui, j'ai compris - une cotelette !! " Immediately his face fell again and in an apologetic voice whispered,

"Monsieur, I am very sorry we have not cotelette to-day—mais peut-etre vous aimerez.... ?" he trailed off into rapid French and named seemingly the most intricate of dishes.

I blushed, hesitated and then slowly asked,

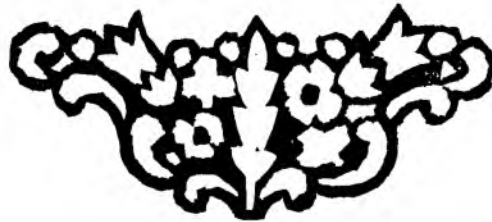
"Perhaps you will lend me your dictionary, monsieur ?" With some difficulty I found the word in question.

"Ah yes ! " said I, "des huitres would be very nice."

The little chap looked relieved and hastened off to prepare my dish of oysters.

After this incident I always avoided those cafés marked so boldly "English Spoken Here"—I found I got on much better in the French-spoken ones.

Mason R. D., U.V.I.A.



AT THE PICTURES.

During the summer holidays I spent a very entertaining evening at a "picture house" in a small French village.

The building, a year before, had been a garage, but its walls were white-washed and rows of chairs were roughly arranged. Taking a seat in the "troisièmes" (seats with extra nails) I waited for some time until the performance at length commenced.

In spite of the many prominent 'Défense de fumer' notices, clouds of smoke from strong French tobacco made a thick fog.

The first film was a countryside pictorial, but this broke down, and the next film was quickly screened. This in turn broke down; so we then came to the main film. This was scheduled as a comedy; but a film of the French Foreign Legion came on. Immediately there was an uproar – clapping, booing, cries of "Alors !" "Changes-le !" The net result was that after the audience had harangued the operator for twenty minutes, the manager explained that there was a technical break-down, and the other film would have to go on.

A few more break-downs ensued before the film finally ran through successfully.

I returned home at a quarter-to-twelve, after a pleasant and not unamusing evening, but remembering the differences from the "Majestic" in Normanton.

Booth C. B.



WORLD JAMBOREE OF PEACE.



E were off to the Jamboree, to France, where in a bend of the River Seine lies a forest, once Rommel's H.Q., and now the site of a World Re-union of the greatest peace-loving organisation—The Boy Scout Movement.

For over two years armies of French Rover Scouts had been felling timber and preparing the site for occupation by their brother scouts. Miles of roads were built, marquees erected, water laid on at every camp, an efficient telephone system set up

and even a small railway established running round the whole Jamboree.

What an enormous feat of work and organisation awaited us as we left on the express to take us to Newhaven. At intervals in this eight hour train journey we stopped and collected more contingents from the Midlands and South of England. Expectantly we passed through the Customs at Newhaven, the two or three thousand of us being a mere fraction of the thirty thousand scouts at the Jamboree.

The light was swiftly fading as we embarked on S.S. "Worthing ; " a slight mist was rising and there was no noise except the steady tramping of feet on the gangway, punctuated by an occasional order on the quayside.

Finally at half-past ten, the ship's siren sounded and we moved gracefully out into the channel, Newhaven became a group of twinkling lights fading out one by one, and we realised what we were leaving behind and wondered what awaited us.

Many tried to sleep ; a few were seasick, but the sea was very calm and the buzz of hushed conversation was heard above the comforting throb of the engine.

* * * * *

Suddenly word was passed round as land was sighted, and we received orders to prepare for disembarkation. The sleeping were roused, kit was collected and the buzz of talking rose gradually to a roar.

At first, Dieppe seemed deserted, but, as the ship sailed in through the harbour gates, we saw a crowd on the quayside by the waiting train, and although it was one o'clock in the morning, a band was playing and the Mayor of Dieppe, surrounded by Gendarmes, and French Scouts and Guides, was waiting to cheer us on our way.

Eventually, after what seemed hours of waiting we found ourselves piled into a French third-class train, with our kit on top of us. Thoroughly exhausted we were suddenly roused by the door opening and two French Guides were handing round bread and jam and tea. They were

greeted by what sounded strongly like cries for Mercy ! !

The train slowly rattled its way through the deserted streets of Dieppe, the very houses echoing every sound. One by one each exhausted but happy traveller dozed off as the train gathered speed and was lost in the night.

"Ce n'est pas la gare du Jamborée. Défense de sortir ! " Suddenly we awoke, we had stopped. Homer's rosy-fingered dawn had taken on a cold grey appearance as we were rudely awakened by this curt order. It was half-past five ; we were cold, tired and very hungry but still very cheerful, and as we heard the English order to prepare to disembark the train crawled slowly forward and at a sign labelled Rosny-sur-Seine it stopped with an almighty jerk, bringing down kitbags on top of sleepy heads.

In a cold but promising dawn we piled out of the train into old French buses, which in spite of their age seemed determined to turn all corners at sixty m.p.h. Hardly able to keep awake we trooped out of the bus to find ourselves in a large clearing among tall stately firs, and a loud-speaker told us, now in French, now in English, German, Dutch, Hungarian, Finnish, Norwegian, Swedish to get our breakfast.

Here we had our first taste of French maize bread. Hastily we took back all we had said about Strachey as out came the axes and mallets in an attempt to cut "le pain."

At breakfast we were joined by our "Z." The "Z's" we found were French Rover Scouts, with an extensive knowledge of the Camp Site and a moderate knowledge of English. They acted as guide-cum-interpreter to each troop.

Monsieur Z marched us to our site in the Sub-camp Languedoc, one of fifteen similar camps of twenty acres, named after French provinces.

On our way there we passed "La Gare du Gibb's Toothpaste," the nearest railway station for the little Jamboree train. On reaching our heather-covered site we were greeted by a group from Yorkshire and spent the whole of Friday, 8th August, pitching camp up to the "High International Standard." How impressive the eight patrol tents of Yorks W.R. Central Contingent looked, surrounded by the rest of the Yorkshire scouts, all the Hungarians and a few Norwegians and Finns.

We turned in early that night remarking over cocoa that a busy life is a happy one, even if one goes without sleep for forty hours.

"Wakey, wakey ! Rise and shine."

We opened a bleary eye to find the warm continental sun beating down on us from a cloudless sky. After a quick shower and a rub down, breakfast in the open air smelt grand. The weariness of the journey had left us and we felt fit for anything, in spite of the "Cheval meat" sausages, and the jam under the general name of "Ugina" which means General Service Marmalade.

We spent the rest of the morning smartening up, making gadgets

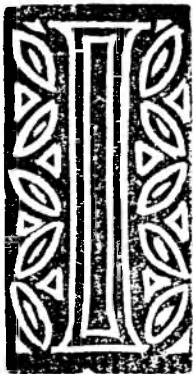
and preparing for the official opening ceremony in the evening. We were rewarded when the Chief Scout, Lord Rowallan visited us, and after shaking hands with everyone, remarked on the smartness of the camp.

The opening ceremony was long and drawn out. All the scouts in the Jamboree, contingent after contingent, marched into the floodlit arena, amidst flicking of News Reel cameras and the playing of bands, and finally when all 30,000 had entered triumphantly, singing their national songs, the Jamboree was officially opened by General Lafont, the Chief Scout of France. After hearing a recording of B.P.'s last message at the 1938 Jamboree in Holland, the Dutch Patrol Leaders lit their torches and passed the light right round the P.L.'s of all the nations until, when all were burning merrily we marched triumphantly back to our Sub.camps for 15 small camp fires of a mere 2000 audience.

P. N. A. Holden.



SPRING CLEANING.



HATE spring cleaning. Not that I have to do any of the actual work, but I loathe those dreadful words my mother uses,— “I shall have to get on with my spring cleaning.”

Whatever time of the year it happens to be, my mother is always late in doing her spring cleaning. She is always behind Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Smith, “they finished theirs long ago” she says. However, although my mother, like most other mothers, pretends to hate the sight of spring cleaning, it is my firm belief that she really enjoys it. She turns out all the old things and simply delights in the long faces pulled by the rest of the family because everything is upset and untidy.

Dark is the day when I arrive home from school at four o'clock and discover that spring cleaning has begun. Tea is eaten in a very dull and disturbed atmosphere. I glance up at the clock, but it is not there, nor are any of the pictures on the wall. After tea I pick up my case and try to go into the front room, I cannot; it is stacked up with furniture and piles of lumber. A terrific struggle ensues before I manage to reach my desk in the far corner.

Having finished my homework I decide to read, and so work my way out of the room and into the kitchen. Alas! my hopes are shattered, I am greeted with a splosh of distemper and the words “you can't come in here.”

I then decide bed will be the best place for me and I go upstairs feeling too down-hearted to eat any supper. However, I find I have jumped out of the frying pan into the fire; my bedroom is in the same condition. The steady sweep of a brush lulls me to sleep.

I wake up next morning to discover it is raining. I dress and go down stairs, — crack!! “Who left those steps there?,” I moan. I go into the kitchen, the same sight meets me; so I hurry up and eat my breakfast and go out to school; for once I am early! The lessons drag slowly by, but four o'clock comes at last. I go home again and am relieved to find that everything is spick and span once more.

Sylvester P. V.A.I.

KEATS

King among poets, apart from the herd,
Elysian wanderer in paths of the mind,
Author of beauty, truth and worth,
Terrestrial giant 'mid small mankind
Skylarks and flowers carry thy word,
Immortal Keats !

Maclean C. R.



SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

AUTUMN TERM, 1947.

The performances of the School Elevens this term have been particularly noteworthy.

The First Eleven is very strong and has won all its matches.

The Second Eleven has lost only one match, and the Juniors have emulated the First Eleven.

The tabulated results are impressive.

	Matches played	Won	Lost	Goals for	Goals against
1st XI	9	9	0	66	10
2nd XI	5	4	1	34	2
Junior XI	4	4	0	20	4

RESULTS.

1st XI.

4th October (home) ; SCHOOL 7, THORNES HOUSE 0. Won.
Schofield 3, Valente 3, Nichols, P.

11th October (home) ; SCHOOL 10, OSSETT G. S. 0. Won.
Valente 5, Schofield 2, Taylor, Golding, Simpson.

18th October (home) ; SCHOOL 5, LEEDS T. C. 2. Won.
Schofield 2, Valente 2, Taylor.

25th October (away) ; SCHOOL 5, PONTEFRACT K. S. 1. Won.
Valente 2, Taylor, Ratcliffe, Golding.

1st November (away) ; SCHOOL 5, ACKWORTH SCHOOL 0. Won.
Schofield 3, Valente 2.

15th November (home) ; SCHOOL 19, LEEDS CENTRAL 2. Won.
Valente 6, Taylor 5, Schofield 4, Golding 2, Ratcliffe 2.

22nd November (away) ; SCHOOL 5, THORNES HOUSE 1. Won.
Valente 3, Schofield 2.

6th December (home) ; SCHOOL 6, BATLEY G.S. 2. Won.
Valente 2, Schofield 2, Golding 2.

13th December (home) ; SCHOOL 4, OLD FRESTONIANS 2. Won.
Taylor 3, Valente. Mr. Garner, Mr. Richardson.

2ND XI.

4th October (away) ; SCHOOL 1, WHITWOOD T. S. 2. Lost.
Golding.

25th October (home) ; SCHOOL 12, PONTEFRACT K. S. 0. Won.
Webster 4, Nichols P 3, Strond 3, Booth, C. B.

1st November (home) SCHOOL 6, ACKWORTH SCHOOL 0. Won.
Nichols 3, Stroud 2, Webster.

15th November (away) ; SCHOOL 14, LEEDS CENTRAL 0. Won.
Booth, C. B. 6, Dixon 5, White 2, Nichols P.

29th November (home) ; SCHOOL 1, WHITWOOD T.S. 0. Won.
Booth, C.B.

JUNIOR XI.

4th October (home) ; SCHOOL 3, WHITWOOD T. S. 2. Won.
Blakemore 2, Thompson.

25th October (away) ; SCHOOL 4, PONTEFRACT K. S. 0. Won.
Healey 2, Finan, Bullough.

1st November (away) ; SCHOOL 9, ACKWORTH SCHOOL 0. Won.
Roberts 2, Blakemore 2, Thompson 2, Slater, Bullough, Healy.

15th November (home) ; SCHOOL 4, LEEDS CENTRAL 2. Won.

HOUSE MATCHES.

SENIOR

Frobisher 2, Hanson 2.
Bennett 4, Freeston 1.
Hanson 8, Freeston 1.
Frobisher 3, Bennett 2.
Hanson 2, Bennett 1.
Freeston 3, Frobisher 2.

JUNIOR.

Bennett 4, Freeston 2.
Frobisher 4, Hanson 0.
Bennett 6, Frobisher 4.
Freeston 5, Hanson 0.
Freeston 1, Frobisher 0.
Bennett 7, Hanson 3.

Points : Bennett 5 ; Freeston 4 ; Frobisher 4 ; Hanson 5.



OLD FRESTONIANS ASSOCIATION.

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

It was without regret that most of us watched the raddled and wheezing figure of 1947 lumber off into the wings. Let us rustle our programmes with anticipatory relish and hope that the next turn will not leave us so fatigued, frustrated and unsatisfied.

Certainly the scenery upon which the curtain of 1948 rises is familiar enough but we can assure you the committee has done and will continue to do all within its power to further the interests of the Association.

The quiet winter months leave us with little to report save the outstanding success of the Annual Dance which was held in the Baths Hall, 5th December, 1947. By it the Association profited both financially and socially.

The result of the football match O F.A. v. School, played just before Christmas will be found elsewhere.

The Dramatic Society, run jointly by the Old Boys and Old Girls, by virtue of its enthusiasm and perseverance through trying times is making cheering progress.

We look forward to the next major event in our programme—the Annual General Meeting and Dinner. Although the catering arrangements have not been finally settled we are assured of an enjoyable evening. Those of you, especially the ex-service members, who have the Association at heart will be glad of an opportunity to discuss a suitable form of memorial to the Old Boys who gave their lives during the war—a memorial is on the agenda for the General Meeting.

ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY.

Meiktila, August, 1947.

"I have been away from the unit from Saturday 1st, to Tuesday, 12th August. Since last I wrote I have driven a truck up to Maymyo—as usual something went wrong ! We got to within thirty miles of Mandalay after travelling about a hundred miles, when we had a flat tyre and no spare. The officer with me said, "Carry on and try to reach the next village—six miles on." We went about four miles when the tyre caught fire and was ruined. I was left with one of the bearers to change the wheel for one we had borrowed from a truck passing. This was the same size tyre but a different type of wheel. First I had to try and get the burnt one off. This job took us from two until seven o'clock. To cap everything after working all that time with my head beating like a drum with the heat (and beer I had to combat the heat), we could not get any truck to stop and pump the tyre up ! In the end a break-down wagon

came to the rescue with a spare wheel which we fixed in record time.”

[The writer describes how they reached Maymyo after many hazards and goes on to tell of the journey back].

“I planned it all out on Sunday and started by stripping the engine only to find that the big-end had gone. On the Monday I took off the cylinder head and tried the engine without the piston and valves—having two plugs of wood in the inlet and outlet. This caused so much vibration that I thought every nut and bolt would drop off.....We had everything ready by Friday and filled up with oil and water, only to find that the Burmese I had helping me had stuck the starting handle through the bottom of the radiator ! This I had to solder myself. When I came back from dinner I started her up but she started knocking away again. the Burmese had put the plug in with the lead on and the power had put the bearing out of action. I could have thrown the truck over a cliff with him in it ! I was so mad I took the truck straight to the workshops and left it there for scrap.....I was so busy I saw neither Mandalay nor Maymyo ! !”

Leake R.



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