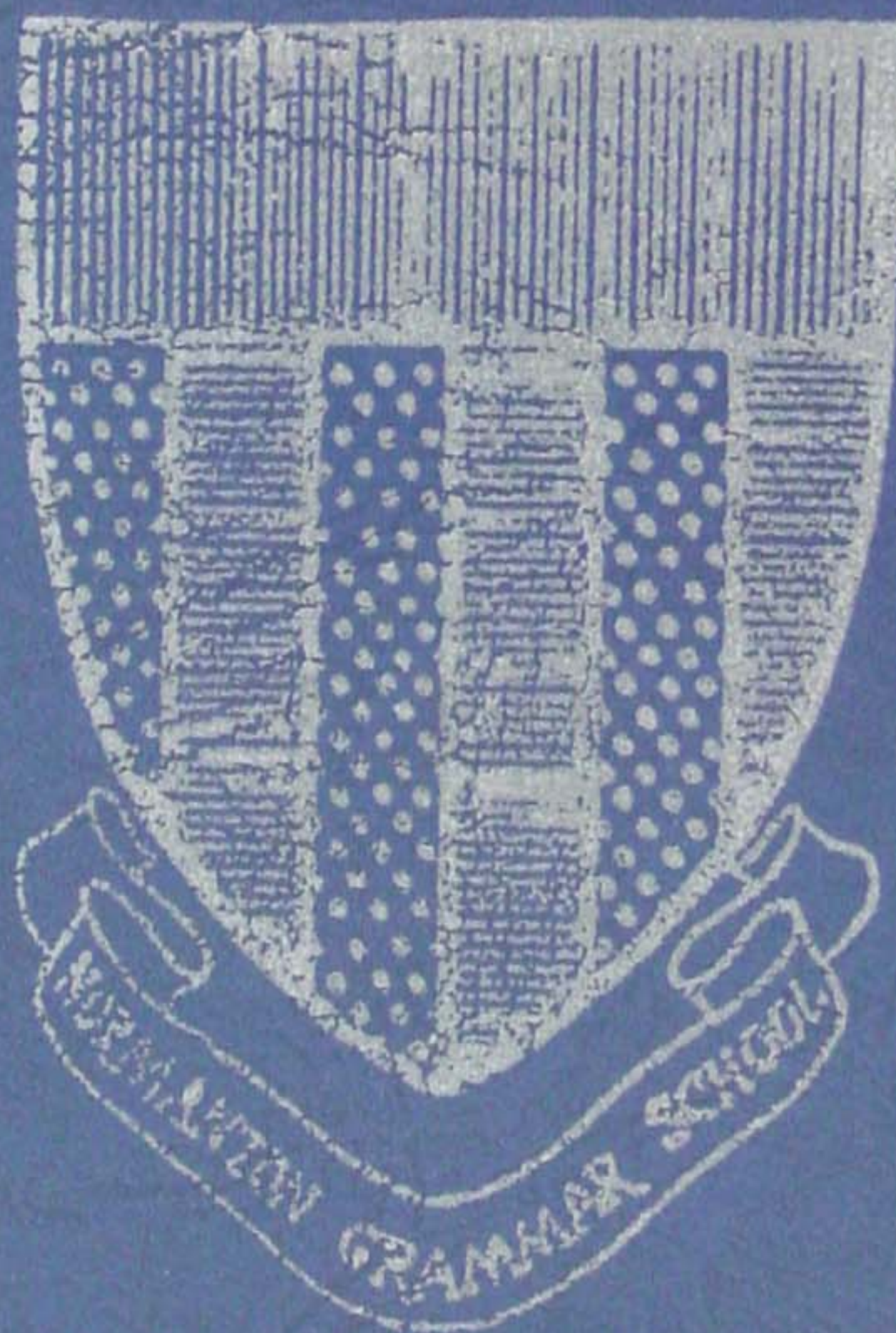


The Prestonian



Volume. LVII, Part I. Autumn Term, 1960

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The Frestonian



Autumn Term
1960

The Frestonian

VOL. LVII, PART I

AUTUMN TERM, 1960

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EDITORIAL

Editor: J. B. Popplewell

Sub-Editor: J. F. Fairclough

Sport: D. K. Watts

It is a pleasant experience to sit back and see one's labours completed. It is only now, when the main body of yet another School Magazine is completed, that we may relax and reflect upon the hectic term which lies behind us. The Autumn Term, without the threat of examinations (except for a privileged minority), is usually regarded as a period of restful and studious quiet. It is, also, being the first term of a new School year, inevitably a term of transition. At the beginning of the term there was the annual invasion of first-formers with their brand-new satchels and brand-new school uniforms. Their well-scrubbed cherubic faces have those bewildered yet, curiously, eager looks characteristic of first-formers who are blissfully unaware of what lies ahead. While further up the School, a new fifth form and Upper Sixth, more experienced—and more pessimistic—face the inevitable G.C.E. with sorrowful resignation.

Meanwhile the workmen around the School have been pressing on at the usual British workman's steady pace. The two new laboratories over the senior Chemistry and Physics Laboratories are now in use and the new School Hall while not yet fully completed is being used for assemblies and school dinners. At the time of writing the novelty of having school dinner cafeteria-style is clearly beginning to wear off but users of the School library are still clearly enjoying its more spacious and more efficient surroundings.

Yet, despite all the changes of the School one thing remains firm and steadfast—the School magazine, "The Frestonian" is, or should be, a rallying point for the opinions and the criticisms of the School. This magazine is the history of the School. WE are the School and this is OUR magazine. Yet it is our sad duty to relate that although the number of the boys in the School has risen over the five-hundred mark, barely thirty contributions have reached the Magazine Committee and only two of these contributions have come from the first and sixth forms. The Magazine Committee is only the means for assembling the magazine. The component parts must be provided by the rest of the School. So if anyone has any contribution to make to the magazine either witty or original, the Magazine Committee will give him a fair

hearing. In the past contributions have been rejected because they were unsuitable for the magazine and not necessarily because they were lacking in quality and effort. Therefore although we may not agree with what you say we can offer a forum to speak in, a soap box to speak from, and, we hope, the good name of "The Frestonian" behind which to hide.

STAFF NOTES

As is usual at this time of the year we welcome a considerable number of new recruits to the teaching staff. Mr. S. J. Levine comes from Magdalen College, Oxford, to teach English and Mr. S. Charity, of Leeds University, for mathematics; they are both leaving us at the end of term, Mr. Levine to concentrate full-time on study for a further degree and Mr. Charity to become Head of the Maths, and Science Department at Dewsbury Technical School. Mr. D. G. Wood from Hull University takes Mr. Hamley's place as Second Geography Master and is already a leading member of the Old Frestonians' A.F.C. Mr. Butcher of Durham University and Westminster College, Oxford, teaches Classics and Divinity. Mr. D. H. M. Gotch, formerly of St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, has come from Solihull School to take Mr. Foster's place as Second English Master and adviser to the editorial staff of this magazine; he served in tanks with the Eighth Army during the war, played Chess for Cambridge and should prove a powerful reinforcement to the Staff Cricket XI. We welcome also once again a French assistant, M. J. J. Guin and hope that he will find his stay with us enlightening and enjoyable.

Mr. Lowndes leaves at the end of term for a post at the Northern Grammar School for Boys, Portsmouth. We offer him our good wishes and thanks for his work here, more particularly the willing service he has given to reviving the School Savings Bank.

SALVETE

AUTUMN TERM, 1960

Form IA—J. T. N. Aird, H. Bickley, W. Booth, J. A. Briscoe, G. Carter, J. Clarkson, J. W. Craddock, R. J. Demaine, J. R. Entwisle, R. Gibson, C. Goldie, C. John Greenfield, V. Hudson, A. Martin, C. P. Musgrave, J. R. Myers, A. D. Needle, A. Oldroyd, A. Pickering, S. Price, D. A. Prince, D. G. Robinson, D. Sargeant, B. Smith, M. Stephenson, W. D. Taylor, B. Thompson, D. Westmoreland, C. D. Westwood, J. H. Wright.

Form IB—D. Adams, A. Agar, P. Allanach, J. R. Ball, J. N. Bell, D. Bickerton, J. R. Champion, J. Claire, A. M.

Dixon, R. Freeman, C. James Greenfield, K. Hunter, R. Hurley, K. P. Jones, P. W. Kendrew, G. Murdock, J. Oldfield, C. M. Pashley, D. A. Price, S. Richards, B. Rycroft, A. G. Simpson, M. Straw, M. E. Taylor, J. A. Varley, C. Walker, M. S. Walters, K. Webster, J. Woods, P. Wright.

Form IC—K. Akester, S. Allen, P. Asquith, P. J. Astbury, N. J. Barber, H. N. Barratt, J. N. W. Boyes, R. G. Conway, P. Hale, D. Harrison, J. L. Hodgkiss, D. J. Jardine, R. Jones, M. W. Lappage, E. Lorrigan, D. W. Madeley, M. Morgan, J. A. Mullins, F. T. Naylor, D. T. Palin, E. J. Pruchniewicz, J. M. Pygott, J. E. Riley, S. Sawyer, A. Smith, M. Taylor, J. A. Thatcher, D. Tonks, G. Ward, A. Willson.

Form IIR—A. J. Bennett.

Form IVB—D. V. Hoyland.

VALETE

Form U.VI.Sc. (3rd Year)—F. H. Pugh.

Form U.VI.Sc. (2nd Year)—J. C. Allen, D. S. Atkinson, D. Brown, D. K. Mounty, A. Scholes, D. N. Shepherd, D. G. Staples, D. A. Worth.

Form U.VI.A. (3rd Year)—C. M. O'Rourke.

Form U.VI.A. (2nd Year)—A. D. Burton, S.L.J. Jackson, K. W. Parker, P. Rhodes, M. G. Sargent.

Form L.VI.Sc.—K. Barnes, D. Harper.

Form L.VI.A.—E. M. Ellis, J. R. Hanson.

Form VI.M.—G. Ball, R. Dawson, N. Ellis, B. Greatorex, L. Hoyland, D. R. Thackray, R. H. Thompson, D. A. B. Wikeley.

Form VA.—J. A. Amery, J. Baxter, M. A. Garbett, R. M. Harrison, G. Hughes, M. Marsh, A. S. Oldroyd, J. E. Ritson, J. Sharpe, J. H. Shaw, J. S. Warner, A. Wilkinson.

Form VB.—M. Abbott, R. S. Beckitt, D. Brogden, P. A. Close, T. A. Craddock, R. Dainton, M. Dean, J. Evans, D. A. Gibson, J. W. Gilmartin, D. N. Jowett, A. C. McDonald, D. Powers, J. P. Scott, S. H. Shaw, R. W. Stevens, A. Whale, E. Whalley.

Form IVC.—J. Dews, R. V. McInnes, P. Walkington.

Form IIIB.—J. A. Howson.

Form IIIC.—P. Flutter.

DE OMNIBUS

The School Prefects this year are D. K. Watts (Head Boy and Captain of Bennett), J. B. Popplewell (Senior Prefect and Captain of Frobisher), R. Griffiths (Captain of Hanson), D. Senior (Captain of Freeston), L. R. Brannon, J. F. Fairclough, M. Fox, A. P. Gates, R. C. Gayton, D. Hoyle, K. I. Johnson, G. T. Lealman, J. R. Marchant, N. P. Roche, D. M. Trigg.

D. K. Watts is Captain of Football, with J. Strutt Vice-Captain. D. Lumb is Hon. Secretary. R. Griffiths is Captain of Rugby with J. Senior the Vice-Captain. Watts, by virtue of being Head Boy, is Joint President of the Frestonian Society and K. I. Johnson has been elected Treasurer of this society. D. Senior continues as the School Librarian. J. Senior is his deputy. We congratulate them.

Rumour has it that the new hall is nearing completion. During recent weeks an impressive array of footlights and spotlights has been added to the stage. The wood panelling surrounding the walls is almost finished. Curtain rails are another addition.

Due to the knocking down of numerous walls and the building up of new ones, the prefects have been banished from their old lair to the room erroneously termed "the studio." Here they huddle round the tiny electric heater and sip coffee from cups stolen from the kitchen: the Headmaster has generously provided an electric kettle. Unfortunately the room boasts only one socket, so that the heater has to be turned off to boil the kettle. We have two alternatives: to die of thirst, or freeze to death.

The old junior laboratory has now become the new history room. The art room has been enlarged, and so has the geography room. The old room has now become toilet cum cloakroom. Enlarged showers are the main addition to the gym changing room.

Societies old and new continue to flourish in the School. The Chess Club (some of the masters are beginning to pick up the threads of the game), the Debating Societies, Geographical Society, Science Club, French Club and the undaunted Frestonian Society march steadily forward.

On Monday, 26th September, Mrs. M. Sylvester, J.P., Chairman of Normanton Urban District Council, paid a civic visit to the School.

On Wednesday, 12th October, Mr. V. J. Gorner, Youth Employment Officer, gave a careers talk for Vth form parents.

The Annual Autumn Fair took place on Friday, 4th November. (An account appears elsewhere.)

Speech Day this year was held on November 7th in the Baths Hall. The Guest of Honour was Professor J. E. Roberts (O.F.).

On Friday, 25th November, the West Riding String Quartet paid a visit to the School.

The Carol Service was held on Friday, 16th December, in Normanton Parish Church.

SOCIETY JOTTINGS

CHESS CLUB

Several people have asked Mr. Hollands about the origin of chess, so perhaps a brief survey will be in order since it should also be of interest to non-chess players.

China had a game with similarities several centuries before Christ was born, but the game is generally recognised as originating in North West India in the fifth century A.D. from where it spread to Persia and became extremely popular.

It was essentially a game of war with the mounted warriors, now knights, and war chariots that gave rise to our Rook (Persian for chariot is RUKH), and SHAH MAT meaning "the King is dead" developed into our present checkmate. The Visier has now become the Queen, and the Elephant is now called the Bishop (no comments)!

As the Mohammedans extended their empire and spread across North Africa and into Spain they brought chess with them. From Spain the game spread to the rest of Europe with a remarkable rapidity, that, considering the difficulties of travel in those days, completely outstripped the recent crazes of yo-yos and hula-hoops. Gradual changes designed to speed up the game took place and it existed in much the same form as it is today by the 15th century. Further spreading then took place — to America via the colonists, to Asia via Russia, and back to India, in its modified form via the British!

King Canute was the first player in Britain that we can definitely trace and it is recorded that when playing a Danish Earl in 1027 he made a bad move and wanted to retract it. The Earl objected and Canute had him murdered. (Mr. Price please note!)

All the rulers in England between the 12th and 18th centuries played chess and practically all of those on the Continent. It is reckoned that the European kings and queens, between the times stated, could have put out a team to beat the commoners of Europe.

Richard the Lion-Heart and Queen Elizabeth were probably the strongest of our royal players but Charles I was the keenest and is reported to have spent most of his spare time playing with the Marquis of Winchester. James I openly despised the game and yet he had considerable ability as was shown when visiting royalty persuaded him to play.

The wandering minstrels deserve a great deal of credit for taking the game from castle to castle and from there it spread to the taverns. You may have noticed the large number of chess boards that feature in the signs of inns. Originally it was to attract customers by letting them know that they could get a game of chess inside. Despite our so-called advances the "pubs" can now only offer draughts, dominoes and darts.

To return to the present and N.G.S. in particular the progress of the game has increased unchecked. (Sorry!) In the Staff Room the standard of play has steadily improved and desperate for opposition, but without any real hope of success we decided to tackle Castleford Chess Club. Our players, without exception, rose to the occasion and, playing remarkably steady chess, won $5\frac{1}{2}$ - $3\frac{1}{2}$. The Staff then beat the West Riding Auto. Chess Club $3\frac{1}{2}$ - $2\frac{1}{2}$ but did not play with the steadiness seen against Castleford.

In the five matches played by our boys so far this term we remain undefeated, but before this is in print it is expected that we will have been "trounced" several times. As we have still to play several of the best chess schools in the country. Whatever the future holds in the way of defeats to come it is certain that few, if any, schools have the enthusiasm of our lads—it makes it a real pleasure for Mr. Oldroyd and Mr. Hollands to run the Club.

The total of boys and staff who can play chess is 293, but the real disappointment is that so few of IIA attend our meetings and yet this form has the largest number of chess players in the School. Our policy has been to give all players a chance to represent the School and not just play our strongest players each time. This encourages more players to join and also makes matches against weak chess schools more even as schools heavily defeated would soon lose interest.

This is written before the matches against the strong schools and the Staff and also before the first chess House matches (for which a novel pairing system has been worked out) so the most interesting features of this term's chess cannot be commented on.

We lost 4-2 to Huddersfield New College who were finalists in the British Schools' Championship this year. Beat Huddersfield High School $4\frac{1}{2}$ - $1\frac{1}{2}$. 3A team beat Q.E.G.S. 3rd team $3\frac{1}{2}$ - $2\frac{1}{2}$. Staff beat Boys $6\frac{1}{2}$ - $5\frac{1}{2}$ but I consider that a draw would have been a fairer result (this event was covered by the "Wakefield Express" and by our Photographic Club and some very good chess was played by both sides).

This term's results:—

				Forms
N.G.S.	9½	Silcoates	4½	All ages
N.G.S.	3½	Q.E.G.S	2½	IV & V
N.G.S.	4	Barnsley	4	IV & V
N.G.S.	6	Pontefract (King's School)	4	IV & II
N.G.S.	2	Huddersfield N.C.	4	All ages
N.G.S.	4½	Huddersfield High School	1½	III & IV
N.G.S.	3½	Q.E.G.S	2½	III
Staff	6½	Boys	5½	



Chess: Boys v. Staff

CLUB FRANCAIS

There have been three big meetings since our last report. At the last meeting of the Summer Term after the usual coffee, several French songs, well-known, of course, were sung. Then some records of nineteenth-century French music were played, followed by some folk songs by Yves Montand, and the meeting was concluded by several word games. At the first meeting of the present term the members were entertained by colour films taken by Wilde during his holidays in Switzerland. At the last meeting more folk songs by Yves Montand were heard and

more word games were played. At all the meetings Mr. Machin read us poems and extracts about France in French to give the members a clearer idea of the French way of life. To carry this still further, next term it is hoped to be able to present some films on France and the language of the French people.

A bus load of 5th and 6th Form boys went on November the 11th to Pontefract High School and saw the filmed performance by the Comédie Française of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." Even the few who came to avoid Friday morning's timetable were heard to remark that they found the play enjoyable. The costumes and scenery were excellent, of course, and the plot, the humour, the dialogue were brilliantly executed. Some boys actually said they followed every word (perhaps they meant the English subtitles), but what encouragement to a hardened pedagogue to see that a 300-year-old farce in a foreign tongue can be as immediate and more enjoyable to anyone as a week's telly!

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

There have not been very many members this year and we would like more of the Sixth Form to join us. We have lost our dark room again, to the workmen, and this stops most practical work, but we managed to develop one film, even though the contents of the developer bottles were very uncertain. We have mainly had talks at the meetings but Mr. Machin once allowed us to experiment with his plate camera. We hope to put an exhibition on for next Easter if we can persuade boys to bring photographs, which they are not very willing to do.

STAMP SOCIETY

The Stamp Society meets regularly after School with a small but somewhat increasing company, but it represents not much more than one-tenth of the boys who do collect.

Displays of British stamps have already been given this term and, in the expectation that many more boys may see something to inspire their collecting, displays are now to be held weekly. These will consist of stamps of individual countries, or groups of countries and then of what are called thematic groups, these presenting an appeal to all tastes, and boys are invited to suggest the names of countries of which they would like to see a display.

SCRIPTURE UNION

The Scripture Union is now attempting to interest other boys in the School. A couple of senior boys have joined the

regulars, but there is a sad lack of newcomers from the Lower School: no one at all in fact from the first three years. And yet there have been a number of special meetings for them, with speakers visiting us from as far as Bury and Manchester. As well as these and the customary Bible studies, there was also the "Fact and Faith" film: a series of remarkable demonstrations which showed that what we think of as "time" is not very different from what the Bible calls "eternity." The acoustics in the Geography room were not exactly ideal, but few of the forty-strong audience can have missed the challenge of the film to eternal life or death. Next term there will be junior meetings to attract younger boys.

THE MUSIC SOCIETY

The new hall, as a potential concert room, holds much promise, and there is considerable eagerness to see it used as such. The acoustic properties of the room have already been tested and proved by the choir, the band, and the orchestra at their weekly practices.

Three leading members of the Brass Band left School last June. Undaunted, the Band pressed on, in what we may now call typical fashion, and maintained or even bettered its earlier high standard. Speech Day performances bear witness to this claim. J. M. Haywood (euphonium) is to be auditioned for the National Youth Brass Band, and we hope to have several representatives in the soon-to-be-formed West Riding Schools' Brass Band.

The exuberance of the Junior Choir once more triumphed over the ungrateful dinginess of the Baths Hall on Speech Day. This same exuberance, in rehearsal, triumphed over the clatter of carpenters, the patter of painters, and the language of labourers.

The Senior Choir pursues its dignified course as usual. In addition to leading the singing in Assembly this group is building up a useful repertoire of choral items. Singing in conjunction with the Brass Band has been undertaken many times and shortly it is hoped to join forces with the orchestra in a performance of music by Wagner. The choir alone will tackle the more difficult parts, and forces will be joined for the easier ones!

Little glory has so far come the way of the School Orchestra. Our wind players, ever more prominent than their fellows, now include two who have become members of the West Riding Schools' Orchestra. These players, M. Mitchell (trumpet) and K. Norton (flute), continue to demonstrate the progress which can be made under the stimulus of private lessons. The string players have stuck

more or less manfully to their task and twenty players can now be mustered who are able to give accurate and tuneful performances of simple pieces. Credit is due to boys who have to some extent tamed, if not mastered, these, the most difficult of instruments.

There are many, both instrumentalists and choristers, who must necessarily be mentioned anonymously. Without the reliability and enthusiasm of these boys who seek no limelight, and who persevere in difficult as well as in easy times, the School's music would be unable to claim any of the credit which many well-wishers have been kind enough to bestow on it in recent months.

THE DEBATING SOCIETIES

1. Senior

The first meeting of the Society took place on Thursday, 20th October; Mr. Croft acted as Chairman. There were fifteen members present, including one other member of the staff, Mr. Arkell. There was some confusion over the motion, and eventually the debate evolved into a rather "informal" discussion on Christianity. Hoyle and Johnson spoke against Christianity, and they were opposed by Moore and Popplewell, who defeated them by five votes to one; there were four abstentions.

This meeting broke the ice quite well, and much more interest was shown over our second meeting, which was a debate on Capital Punishment. The motion of the second debate, which took place on 24th November, was that: "This house thinks that capital punishment is outdated." D. Senior proposed the motion and was seconded by Barr. Opposing the motion were Thickett and Fairclough. It was pleasing to see that five members of the staff were present. Of those who remained to the end of the debate, six voted for the motion and five voted against.

The Society holds its meetings at approximately monthly intervals in the Library. We hope that many more boys will overcome their shyness "of speaking in public" and will become members. So far, the debates have been very enjoyable.

2. Intermediate

This Society have only met once this term under Mr. Gotch. The motion was "that this house thinks that professional footballers are underpaid, and this should be corrected at once." Mr. Moy, who spoke several times, opened by giving the exact pay footballers receive. Law, Stephens and Beckitt (all in IVa) proposed this motion with Jones

(IVa), Cadman (IVa) and Wright (IIIc) opposing. The final votes left the proposition without support (Mr Moy is blamed for this). It is planned to meet again this term.

3. Junior

One of the reasons one finds pleasure in looking after this Society is the uninhibited enthusiasm of the age groups from which its membership is drawn.

This spirit was again very much in evidence for the opening of the debating season. The number attending the first session was slightly less than the corresponding meeting last year. However, the contribution of those present was no less spirited.

The motion "That this house considers that the eleven-plus should be abolished" presented the proposers with the more difficult problems. Although they dealt with the task manfully, the forces of conservatism triumphed and the motion was overwhelmingly defeated.

By the time this article appears the Society will have met for the second time this term. At this meeting we hope to see an increased number of participants.

Thanks are due to all of those who contributed to the successful running of the Society: the members who spoke, those who came to encourage them and above all the class representatives, without whose co-operation it would be difficult, if not impossible, to maintain effective contact with all the first and second forms.

THE DISCUSSION SOCIETY

President: The Headmaster

Secretary: J. F. Fairclough

This new society is unique amongst the numerous school societies in that it meets outside the school. Once a fortnight approximately eight sixth-formers assemble at either the Headmaster's house, or Mr. Arkell's lodgings to discuss topics of interest. The Society is not a debating society, but one of free speech, and a wide range of subjects may be dealt with at a single meeting.

An advantage of being a member of the Society is that a spread is provided before the commencement of each meeting (as distinct from the French Club whose members receive a solitary cup of coffee).

THE FRESTONIAN SOCIETY

There have been four meetings so far this term, each one being attended with great enthusiasm. The numbers attending the meetings have fluctuated between the forty and sixty mark, and everyone has joined in to make them

very successful. The four meetings have taken the form of a record evening, a Criss Cross Quiz, a Mock Trial and an Any Questions. We hope to arrange a Christmas Party before the end of term, and are already planning an excursion to the theatre early in the New Year. The committee hope that attendances will be maintained and that as much enjoyment will be derived from future meetings as we have had in the past.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

Since the Society was founded at the beginning of this term, meetings at regular intervals have been attended by an ever-increasing number of boys. Lectures, film shows and quizzes have helped to stimulate interest, and at the time of going to press, Dr. Sarkar, an Industrial Chemist, from India, was expected to be next of our guest-speakers.

Although space here does not allow a full account of our most adventurous step so far, mention must be made of the visit to Malham on Sunday, 9th October.

Accompanied by Mr. Windle and Mr. Wood, a party of about forty boys made an extremely interesting trip to the rugged Malham district of North Yorkshire. After a week of almost continuous rain, there was an air of apprehension as the coach left Normanton, but the weather turned out fine and an enjoyable day was had by all. Further outings of this kind are planned for the future, and the outlook seems definitely bright, for a society so young. One thing is certain. If future events reflect this term's activities, the success of the Society is assured.

THE LIBRARY

The Library has received a large number of books this term covering almost every subject. The majority of these are new books obtained on a grant from the West Riding but several books have been obtained from the money collected as fines. There have been some notable contributions to the fund during the term.

We are also grateful to Mr. R. Law who has donated a good number of books to the fiction section. This section of the library is quite surprisingly small and similar gifts of fiction books would be welcomed.

An innovation has been made concerning the method of registering books borrowed. Instead of entering every book in a borrowers' register every time it is taken out, we now have miniature forms which the borrower fills in and signs, signifying that he has the book. On the return of the book the form is destroyed. This method is much quicker and promises to be an even greater success when

it comes to "rounding-up" all the books for library checks.

Unfortunately, however, a large number of boys seem to have got the wrong impression about the new library. In fact at present they seem to believe that it is either a sort of Common Room where they can congregate and talk freely or a private library existing to serve only their own individual ends. It is an unpleasant duty to have to point out that both these ideas are erroneous and that the sooner they are corrected the better it will be both for the library and for themselves.

THE AUTUMN FAIR

"Secretive" seems to be the word to describe this year's Autumn Fair, for there was very little evidence to show any preparation for this auspicious event. However, after the usual last-minute raid on the art-room for posters and other materials, the inmates were ready, on the morning of November 4th, to present another fabulous show worthy of recording in the annals of Autumn Fairs.

At 3.00 p.m. Mrs. Sylvester, J.P., opened the Fair, and the School erupted into organised chaos. The usual "games of chance" a Bingo which was not quite "on the level," a "fixed" roulette wheel, and other similar games were available for the person who wished to get rid of his money quickly; the words "luck be a lady tonight" were wasted.

While the lower school rushed about frantically to try to extract the odd coin from the passer-by, and the pick-pockets mingled with the unsuspecting crowd, the more culture-loving inmates gave a "fashion show" in "La salle de musique," as the poster read. Dior must have turned in his grave!

Meanwhile the VB beatniks were really getting into the groove, man. Like crazy! Real cool guys were playing the coolest possible records for the cool cats. The sonorous voice of Elvis (Mr. Hallas's favourite) reverberated down the corridors.

It was rumoured that U.VI.Sc. were intending to put on a miniature circus, using mice. However, the R.S.P.C.A. intervened, and the unfortunate rodents were freed. The scientists had to be content with counting (and sampling) the takings.

If we were to offer a prize for originality, the magazine staff agree that it should go to Form U.VI.A. (This is natural, because the magazine staff are all members of Form U.VI.A.). From the dimly lit interior of Room 3 came ghastly noises, reminiscent of someone "crying in the wilderness," and pungent smells reminiscent of school

dinners (with apologies to Miss Exley). But it was only the intrepid W. F. Moreton and his U.VI.A. staff with the highly successful game of "Smells and Noises."

We offer our congratulations to all. Everyone, from "ice-cream floggers " to "fashion experts" helped to make this year's Autumn Fair yet another success.

A LIST OF STALLS AT THE AUTUMN FAIR

	£	s.	d.
VA ¹ , Room 1	1	11	11
VA ² , Room 2		15	7
U.VI.A., Room 3		4	3
IVA., Room 6	6	3	6
III A., Room 7	1	1	8
IVC., Room 8	3	1	11
IVB., Room 9	2	1	1
2W., Room 10	1	19	7½
IIIB., Room 12	2	2	10
Cake Stall	18	19	6
Cake Raffle	2	16	9
Sweets	8	17	10
Fancy Goods	4	3	3
Groceries	14	9	1
Toys	3	7	10½
Bottles	3	11	0
Ice Cream	3	0	0
Aprons	9	11	3
Flowers	3	12	0
Magazines	2	8	9
L.VI.Sc., Room 17		4	7
IIA, Room 18	12	2	5
IIR, Room 19	2	2	11
White Elephant, Room 22 ...	1	4	11
Biology, Room 23	1	10	0
VB, Room 24	5	0	0
IIIC, Room 25		19	6
IB, Room 26	1	18	1
IA, Room 28	2	10	9½
IC, Room 29		11	9
Car Cleaning		16	0
Tape Recording		4	9
Refreshments	16	16	1
Floats	15	0	0
Donations	22	2	0
Raffle	89	13	9½
	£266	2	3

SPEECH DAY

At Speech Day held on Monday, November 7th, at the Baths Hall, Normanton, the Headmaster appealed for greater support from parents of boys in "C" forms both at parents' evenings and in the general interest taken in their boys' work. "Parents of "C" form boys are poorly represented here tonight, and in general at parents' evenings. Are they uninterested because their boys are in "C" forms or should the question not rather be 'are their boys in "C" forms because their parents are uninterested'?" He had noticed too that fathers too often left it to the mothers to write to the School on details of a boy's school life. "The education of a Grammar School boy," he stressed, "is a father's business." The Parents' Association had continued to give valuable support throughout the year, but it was hoped that more would join. Only half the parents subscribed to it and here again it was "the fathers who are to seek."

The staffing gave grave difficulties. Over half the staff had been at the School no longer than himself—only 18 months; and in his first 12 months he had made no fewer than 14 appointments; only two of these were additional and for half there was no choice.

On the credit side there was an improvement in the "O" level results and especially gratifying was the greater number of boys getting at least four passes. Concerning the 6th form it was to be hoped that more boys would stay on for a third year.

Most encouraging was the number of old boys getting first-class honours and upper seconds at the various universities.

The First Football XI had had a very good season; so had the under-fourteens, both sides being undefeated. And this was achieved despite the growing strength and interest in Rugby.

The visiting speaker was Professor J. E. Roberts, an Old Frestonian, who gave away the prizes.

EXAMINATION RESULTS

State Scholarship—F. H. Pugh.

County Major Scholarship—F. H. Pugh.

County University Exhibition—D. M. Trigg.

County University Bursaries—J. C. Allen, D. S. Atkinson, J. B. Popplewell, D. A. Worth.

County Technological Awards—D. K. Mounty, A. Scholes, D. N. Shepherd, D. G. Staples.

General Certificate of Education—Advanced Level:

The following passed in three subjects:—J. C. Allen, D. S. Atkinson, S. L. J. Jackson, D. K. Mounty, F. H. Pugh, M. G. Sargent, A. Scholes, D. G. Staples, D. M. Trigg, D. A. Worth.

The following passed in two subjects:—D. Brown, C. M. O'Rourke, J. B. Popplewell, P. Rhodes, D. N. Shepherd.

Ordinary Level (including the November examination):

The following passed in five or more subjects (the number is shown in brackets):—J. A. Amery (5), R. N. Barr (7), J. M. Bullock (7), J. Cheetham (5), A. R. Child (6), T. M. Conboy (7), M. A. Garbett (5), H. Gray (5), C. S. Hampson (5), J. Harper (7), D. Herrell (7), M. I. Holland (5), D. Lumb (8), M. Marsh (5), B. Nettleton (7), A. S. Oldroyd (5), M. Powell (6), P. A. L. Routledge (8), J. Sharpe (6), J. H. Shaw (8), J. H. Thompson (6), J. S. Warner (5), W. R. Watson (7), R. Wilby (7), A. Wilkinson (5).

The following passed in four subjects:—G. Ball, D. Bradley, L. D. Britton, P. A. Close, R. Dainton, P. Davis, G. R. Dawson, R. M. Harrison, D. Powers, J. Rummings, T. Shaw, G. Sleight, D. A. B. Wikeley.

The following passed in three subjects:—L. R. Brannon, D. H. Brown, P. Brown, C. Buckle, J. A. Cudworth, E. M. Ellis, J. P. Fryer, P. M. Hall, G. Hughes, T. Jones, D. N. Jowett, G. Kyte, A. C. Macdonald, J. E. Ritson, S. F. Shaw, A. Whale, W. White.

PRIZE LIST

1C Form Prize, P. D. Lees; 2nd prize, R. Horman; 3rd prize, M. J. Wilson; mention, B. Jones. IB Form Prize, D. J. Miller; 2nd prize, G. F. McGregor; 3rd prize, J. Matthewman; progress, P. Green; mention, J. N. Rawdon. 1A Form Prize, T. J. Lightfoot; mention, A. W. Williams. 2C Form Prize, E. Williams; mention, P. A. Sparkes, B. L. Agley. 2B Form Prize, L. M. Pierce; 2nd prize, D. W. Woodward; mention, S. C. Hopton. 2A Form Prize, B. Lockett, 2nd prize, D. Harrison; 3rd prize, A. Rothery; 4th prize, J. G. Goodall; 5th prize, S. Ambler; mention, M. J. Crossland. 3C Form Prize, D. J. Toft; mention, I. M. Graham, M. L. Hirst. 3B Form Prize, G. H. Moxon; 2nd prize, F. J. Powers; 3rd prize (shared), M. R. Grainge, P. J. Guillou; mention, B. Greatorex. 3A Form Prize, H. M. Beckitt; 2nd prize, M. K. Johnson; 3rd prize, P. M. Haigh; 4th prize, J. A. Jones; mention, G. Bullock, B. Flynn, J. F. Short. 4C Form Prize, H. Barraclough; mention, J. Dawson, P. Slater. 4B Form Prize, J. Parkinson; 2nd prize, R. Richardson; mention, A. Howell.

4A Form Prize, C. Teasdale; 2nd prize, J. S. Harrison; 3rd prize, J. R. Cullimore; 4th prize, R. H. Busby; 5th prize, J. H. Dickinson; mention, B. Preston, G. S. Dobson, T. Bolton. 5B McKinnon Prizes for effort, J. Harper, A. R. Child; General Proficiency Prizes, M. Powell, J. H. Thompson. 5A English Prize (A. M. Smith), Geography (Parker), History (Swallow), P. A. L. Routledge; French, J. H. Shaw; Chemistry (Royce), D. Herrell; Latin, J. M. Bullock; Biology, R. Wilby; Maths., Physics (Forster), H. Gray; General Proficiency Prizes, D. Lumb, R. M. Barr, T. M. Conboy, W. R. Watson, B. Nettleton; 6M Form Prize (shared), D. H. Brown, G. Sleight. L6A Form Prize, J. Mitchell; 2nd prize, J. F. Fairclough. L6S Form Prize, G. T. Lealman; 2nd prize (shared), A. P. Gates, D. Senior. U6A E. H. Dixon Prize, J. B. Popplewell; C. E. Brittain Prize, D. M. Trigg; Form Prizes, S. L. J. Jackson, M. G. Sargent. U6S T. W. Freston Prize, F. H. Pugh; J. A. Holden Prize, A. Scholes; H. Harris Prize, D. S. Atkinson; Form Prizes, J. C. Allen, D. G. Staples.

SPECIAL PRIZES

Junior Cricket (H. Harris), N. T. Craddock, N. Raybould. Magazine: Junior (Haslam), S. Ambler; Senior (Gimblett), M. E. Brown, C. M. O'Rourke. Music: Junior, M. Mitchell; Senior, A. D. Burton. Reading: Junior, D. Harrison; Intermediate, P. Moore; Senior, D. Hoyle. Art: Junior, S. C. Hopton; Senior, J. Harper. Handwriting: Junior, D. J. Miller; Senior, G. Kyte. Parents' Association Prize (Head Boy): F. H. Pugh.

House Trophy—Bennett House.

A EUROPEAN ESCAPE

On the 6th of August this year the fates of ten sixth-formers were bound inextricably together—they had decided to take a cheap holiday with Mr. and Mrs. Price. A van was hired, and four tents had been either begged, borrowed, or "found." The route was rather vague, but it was generally agreed that we would try to cross the Channel.

It only took us an hour to overload the van, and discover a puncture, and after such a brilliant start, a great future seemed ahead of us.

France was invaded the following day, and the natives seemed friendly, but unfortunately they did not appear to be able to translate their own language (spoken in Yorkshire dialect, of course).

Thinking we might have better fortune elsewhere, we drove onwards into Belgium and Luxembourg, but alas,

fate proved unkind. We then resorted to sign language which effected some amazing results. We, therefore, left Luxembourg in great haste, and re-entered France.

Switzerland was next to receive our rather doubtful company, but that country also did the most to dampen our enthusiasm. We camped in a lush green meadow at the foot of the Jungfrau near Interlaken one night, and when we arose next morning we met with a sinking feeling—yes, we had camped in a bog. To make matters worse three of the four tents had leaked during the night. Then out came the burning sun and we realised that Switzerland was a fickle land of many moods.

Three days later we left the land of William Tell by the Simplar Pass, after having visited the Matterhorn; the Jungfrau; the Rhone Glacier; the Trimmelbach Falls; to say nothing of taking our first ride in a chair-lift.

Italy was our next port of call, and we pressed on down to the Riviera, where the blazing sun shone endlessly over the clear blue Mediterranean. Consequently most of our days there were passed in lazing on the beach, or in the sea. We gradually followed the coastline: the fairy-tale names of Genoa, San Remo, Monte Carlo and Nice all unfolding themselves before our eyes.

The soirits of the party soared as the days progressed, and practical jokes increased beyond all bounds. Boys were boot-blackened whilst they slept peacefully, and the unsuspecting ate doughnuts filled with mustard. Mr. Price had to clamp down on such frivolities, and that explains why his hat is now passing the rest of its days at the top of a lone pine, in the heart of France.

Eighteen days after leaving Normanton the party despondently commenced their homeward journey. We travelled through the night, snatching a fitful three hour rest on the roadside. Versailles and Paris were reached, but by this time most of the boys were pitifully short of money.

Paris must hold vivid memories for everyone, because it was there that Watts, Marchant and Johnson got lost for four hours, and also where a lorry crashed into the van.

Funds low, spirits sinking, the party returned to England, and home, twenty-two days after they had started. They are now wiser and completely bankrupt, but I am sure there is not one of them who would not do it all over again.

K. I. Johnson (U.VI.A).

BIG HEAD

All summer through, Big Head, the donkey who had run away from his cruel master, stayed on the moor. A few weeks ago, he had been giving rides to small children on the sands at Torquay, but his master had treated him so badly, he had run away to Dartmoor. He clung, for companionship, to a small herd of ponies. Though not welcome, he was allowed to graze on their fringe.

But when the winter came to the moor, everything turned bleak. Snow fell thickly and had to be nosed aside before grass could be found. Most of the birds had gone and most of the animals had hibernated. The ponies seemed to be the only life left on the moor. It was then Big Head thought of his old stable and wondered if he were wise to run away.

About the middle of winter, the herd were quietly grazing and Big Head, though still not accepted as a member of the herd, was nearby. It was bitterly cold. Suddenly, the leader of the herd threw up his head and snorted, the herd grew restless. They saw, moving swiftly over the snow towards them a number of dark specks. The leader gave another snort and galloped off, the rest of the herd following.

Sometimes, when a winter is exceptionally cold, weasels, unable singly or in pairs to find their usual kind of small prey, form up into packs and hunt down larger animals. That's what the dark specks were, a large pack of weasels. Such a pack had been known to attack and kill a lonely shepherd. Unable to eat their victim, they would suck his blood. Big Head followed the herd as fast as he could but floundered in the deep drifts. He came to a deep stream, frozen over now with a thick coat of ice. He glanced back. The pack was less than twenty yards from his heels. Cautiously he stepped onto the ice, slipped, regained his balance, and began to cross. The weasels were already crossing. Hungry mad, they sprang at him, every one of them. They clung to him, tearing, biting. Big Head reared and came down almost full weight on the ice. The ice creaked. He reared again, and this time there was a sharp crack and the ice gave way. Big Head, his ferocious tormentors still clinging to him, fell into the water. The icy water seemed to boil, then it was still. Then the water rippled. Big Head stood up and snorted stale air from his great lungs. By continually breaking the ice, he was able to regain the bank again. Proudly, he threw back his head and brayed. The lifeless weasels, one by one, had risen to the surface, only to sink back again to their watery grave.

Big Head shook himself and snorted. Then he set off at a slow pace to find the panicked herd.

E. Towler (VI Modern).

A VISIT TO THE DENTIST

The old bus on which I was travelling lurched over as we negotiated a tight corner. I sat at the back holding my jaw, which was at that time the most tender part of my anatomy. After a time we arrived at the little market town and I wandered off in the direction of the local dental surgery with my heart beating so hard that it nearly took the place of the sore tooth as the chief centre of discomfort. Eventually I reached the "slaughter-house," wiped my feet on the "welcome" mat and proceeded thence into the waiting-room.

I found the waiting room to be practically full of people, mostly children. Of these the majority were noisy little brats who seemed to have nothing better to do than create a general nuisance much to the disgust of the remainder of the company. In a little while the room became sparsely populated as I saw the sufferers, one by one, walk into the surgery and be wheeled out by the assistant. My fears mounted and fear gave way to terror as the patient in front of me was summoned by the nurse and walked meekly through the door of no return. After an eternity of suspense the fateful call came and I marched steadfastly into the surgery.

As the nurse closed the door behind me I surveyed the awe-inspiring scene where many an upstanding Christian gentleman had met a sticky end. I noticed, with a certain amount of relief, that the dentist's chair was not wired to the electricity mains; after this assessment of the situation I deemed it a fitting moment to get into the chair, and I did so. The dentist picked up the gas-mask and placed it over my face with a grin prompted visions of Dracula to run through my mind.

From then on I was at his mercy and I was surprised when I heard a voice telling me to wake up and felt an arm helping me to my feet. I was half carried across the room to a sink where I had my mouth washed out. I was helped into the waiting room, down the flight of steps, and out into the street.

As I was walking along the road the fresh air seemed to clear the remnants of the anaesthetic from my lungs; and, with my gums feeling much better, I quickened my pace to the bus station and home.

K. Bright (VA.2).

THE TERROR OF THE DISTRICT

The sign over the inn creaked endlessly, striving in vain against the harsh winter wind that seemed to centre itself on this secluded village.

As I walked down its main street, the wind grappled with my clothes, trying to suck them away. I plodded my way slowly towards the vicarage. The pines and poplars surrounding it shuddered violently as each gust of wind took them by surprise as they strained at their roots.

I was glad to run up the vicarage drive, an eerie place on a night like this and was relieved to shut the door on this unseen monster. The warm air rushed up to meet my face and fussed about me rather like an old woman fusses about her pets. The kitchen fire crackled and blazed, the flames licking the sides of the fireplace striving to get higher every second.

Presently my wondering thoughts were brought to an abrupt halt. One of the servants ran into the kitchen, I had only to glance at her ghostly white, pale face to see that she was terrified. The sides of her mouth twitched ceaselessly, and she stuttered abominably when she tried to express her predicament.

"Sit down, Martha, for heaven's sake, take a hold on yourself. What is the matter?" "O, forgive me, sir." She sat down nervously, produced a handkerchief from her pocket and began to finger it fidgetively. "You'll think 'am silly, sir," she continued, "A could swear a saw old Mr. Ferndale at the cottage window just now."

"That's ridiculous," I replied, "You know he's been dead for two years now."

Nevertheless, although I made these comments, in these parts, visions of Mr. Ferndale were becoming increasingly numerous. He had been a prominent man and had been M.P. for a number of parishes including our village of Cudworth. Although not very popular he had risen in the world, and had left a large sum of money at his death. When I bring it to mind, his death had been sudden and unexpected. I suppose one could say he was full of health and vitality, up at seven on the dot, a brisk walk, bath before breakfast. That is the sort of chap he was. Thus his sudden death had been a surprise to us all.

But, ever since, people were incessantly seeing what they professed to be his ghost. I called these visions, hallucinations and twiddle-twaddle, but the old talkative

women kept on stressing constantly, that it was his ghost, and the more weak-willed of the community took this at its surface value. Some of them decided that it was punishment for what they had said about him, others thought it was rubbish, and rightly so.

However, here was Martha, standing in front of me dithering like an old maid. She had got up from the seat I had offered her and paced up and down the room like a caged tiger with a very wild temperament.

"Pull yourself together" I said. "How can I when I've seen a ghost," she retorted.

"Don't be silly," I answered, "You were imagining it."

"I swear it, sir, the the-e-e ghost resembled 'im down to those black socks he used to wear in bed."

I recalled that she had been his maid, thus I knew where she had got her information.

"You may go to bed, Martha, and sleep it off."

"What," she shrieked, "and walk past that window—not on your nelly."

I sighed, what was I to do with this hysterical woman. Suddenly, I heard a groan, "A-----h."

"Stop it, Martha, I —."

My words were interrupted by a deafening crash, my mind turned to think of the trees, one of them must have fallen down.

"It was only a tree falling, Martha," I said in a restrained voice.

"It must have been Mr. Ferndale's doing then," she whispered.

I tried to keep calm, "Go to bed, and stay there until you can think in a civilised manner. I'll walk through the lounge with you," I added.

As we did, I ventured a look out of the window, there was just a black view with swaying trees as a background.

"Are you satisfied now?" I asked.

She nodded her head woefully as if still not certain.

"Bring my usual cup of tea tomorrow morning, please," I said, "Good-night, Martha."

"Good-night, sir," she sniffed out hesitantly.

"What a woman," I thought aloud and settled down to read "The Ghosts of Worthington Manor." Rather a coincidence, don't you think?

J. M. Cook (VA 2).

LAWLESS CITIZENS

My dear fellow murderers, thieves and body-snatchers. As you know, we are gathered here, in honour of our twentieth anniversary of our favourite hobby.

The murderers this year have done exceedingly well; for, as you know, they have committed one-hundred foul murders, all of which have not been traced.

The thieves have also had quite a good season, for they have collected two-hundred-thousand pounds for our tiny kitty. However, our most audacious thief, "Ruthless Reg," was caught only a week ago, while battering an old lady with his poker. I know you will all be very sorry to hear this, and so, I have decided to hold a service in honour of this beloved gentleman.

Last, but not least, I come to the body-snatchers. Since our leader went crackers through seeing too many ghosts, it has been a very poor season. Many of the bodies are now being burned which I think is wholly unfair to our poor chaps who work hard every night to earn a few coppers.

And now I come to the most important part of my speech. As you well know I devote all my spare time to this, my favourite hobby, and I know you would all like to thank me in a small way. Therefore, I have taken half the funds earned this year and am going to spend my holiday in Italy.

T. J. Lightfoot (IIa).

QUEER ASSOCIATES

My ancient relative, Aunt Oninsca Smith-Smithe, visited me quite unannounced yesterday. She arrived, as usual, on her 1914 penny-farthing, at six-thirty in the morning. Realising that the cold winter wind was howling through my bedroom window, and also that large ice cubes were sliding down my body, I screamed, swore, dressed and let the antique into the house.

"How are you, Claude?" said she, doing press-ups on the hall floor.

"Quite well, thank you, aunt."

"Capital, capital!" hooted the weird specimen, doing forty-seven upward circles on the lounge curtain rail. After she had finished her backward-rolls on the Persian carpet, I captured her, and tied her securely in the Nagpur easy-chair. I asked her what she meant by infesting London with her presence at this time of year. The 86-year-old ancestor told me, with glee, that she had been

appointed gym mistress at "Lady Chatterley's School for Ladies." The old thing left at seven, and the last I saw of her was her rear wheel churning up dust down Bayswater Road, heading straight for the number 64 bus!

The second visitor arrived just as I was washing down the Rolls. He was Lord Cecil Aldous Wroe-Binson, a tycoon in the bucket-manufacturing industry. I must here add that by some misinterpretation of a witty comment I once made, I found myself engaged to Agatha Rose, a daughter of Lord Wroe-Binson.

"Mornin', Blob (that, unfortunately, is my surname), ow's car?"

"Behaving admirably, sir, thank you."

"Oh aye, well, aye, the . . . er . . . Bentley's exhaust pipe i'nt right."

"Most annoying, sir."

"Aye; dog—ye know that 'er Baskerville type? Aye, well, it's gun 'n git its 'ea stuck in't exhaust pipe 'n wi can't git darn thing owt."

"Tut, tut, sir."

"Aye, tut, tut, sir."

After a few dozen "ayes" and "ers" the Leeds-born tycoon left me and continued his "subtle cadging" of a new Bentley.

My last visitor of the day was Lady Myrtle Fritz-Pouncenby-Kappes, a dear old blot on the landscape of sixty years. The dear object writes "soppy" love books under the pseudonym of Sahra Sex. Myrtle is the Queen of the "Debs" of the shady circles in which I move. She has been married sixteen times and has towns of children. Myrtle is not exactly B.B. for she is the proud owner of a Chippendale wooden-leg, a Louis XIV pair of false dentures and a four-foot long, genuine Charles II silver ear-horn. She is either smoking cheroots or chewing "Uncle Sam's Rought Cut" tobacco. Myrtle stayed for dinner and we exchanged scandal. She then left me, in her bubble-car, and drove top speed to the "Windmill" in order to be in time for her turn.

P. Moore (Va 1).

HIDDEN TREASURE

"Easy!" "Easy!" a muffled, anxious command echoed through the cell as a bar worked loose. Suddenly a chunk of masonry fell to the cold, concrete floor with a resounding crash, and nerves grew even tauter.

"Right, it's cleared," whispered the man, silhouetted against the pale outline of night. "Come on, buck your ideas up." Joe, the other inmate, stole past the silent group of men and scrambled hastily yet noiselessly out of the bar-free window, then gave a quick signal showing he was unhurt after his ten-foot drop to the ground below.

He regained his breath and set out on his silent mission, past the sentries out into the foreboding jungle beyond. Halting at the corner, he saw in front of him a group of the Japanese guards, who were talking in muffled tones, as if they cared not to wake the other sleeping inmate of the Pudu P.O.W. camp, twenty-five miles north of Singapore.

Joe was a typical prisoner who had been taken after a skirmish with the Japanese, along with twenty other men of his own regiment. He stood at the corner impatiently, as the soldiers smoked. "Come on, you scruffy-looking nips, shift!" he growled to himself. Then as if in answer to his command they moved. When they were clear he went on. Just beyond that scantily-guarded fence was his objective.

"At last, free of them," he muttered, "now to get that fiippin' Red-Cross package." He hurried across to the jungle and was soon engaged in scrabbling away the soil from the base of a huge banana tree, then with a sigh of relief his fingers touched the metal canister. Quickly he hoisted it under his arm and retraced his footsteps to the edge of the camp. Once over the fence he was soon able to sprint across the recreation ground and back to the comparative shelter of his own cell block.

Once inside, the canister was soon opened and its contents eagerly sought after. Yes, they were there, the life-giving quinine pills along with M. and B. tablets, not to mention chocolate and cigarettes along with sugar, tea and bully beef.

Joe sat down to a well-earned rest and he was congratulated by many of the men—"Well done, mate,"—"Good 'un, chum." He sat down very pleased with himself, after all hadn't he saved the lives of many men struck down with malaria, dysentery or beri-beri. Yes, he felt justifiably proud of himself and was glad to think he had rescued their Red-Cross supplies from the pilfering hands of the Japanese.

C. Walker (Va 2),

THE NEW BIKE

"What a wreck," said Constable Picket, speaking over the garden fence to Harry Baily. Harry turned to his bike

and smiled, "Just give me a few more days and it will look like new and go like a bomb." Picket shook his head and said, "Don't let me see you on the road with it or I'll book you." "It's going to be a good bike when it's finished." "All the same, remember what I said."

Picket was always having a go at Harry because he thought he had pinched some apples from an orchard but nothing had been proved. But Picket was right when he said it was a load of scrap, Harry had built it from scrap.

Harry needed a bike to get to work twelve miles away and be there before 8 o'clock, and as there were no buses it was essential for him to have a bike.

Harry had poked round scrap yards and dumps for weeks, trying to find parts for him to fit on his bike. This week he had five bob spare to spend on parts for his bike, so off he went whistling merrily to see Joe, the proprietor of the local garage. Harry walked into the garage and started to look round; in the far corner of the garage his eyes rested on a shiny black motor-bike. "How much?" he asked. "Fifty quid," came the answer. "Too much for you, Harry."

"Got some new scrap in today, want to see it?" "You bet," came the eager reply from Harry. Harry poked about in the scrap 'till his eyes rested on an exhaust pipe. "How much?" he asked. "Will five bob do?" "Done," came the reply.

Next morning Harry was up early fitting the exhaust on his bike. When it was fitted he kicked the starter and the engine roared. Just past twelve o'clock Constable Picket came racing round the corner as fast as he could up to Harry's garden fence. "Will that bike of yours work?" "Sure," said Harry. "Then get it on the road as quick as you can—there has been a bank robbery. Head for Millers Road as fast as you can, I reckon they will go that way."

Harry was soon roaring away on his bike and gradually they gained on the raiders. One of the raiders must have seen the bike chasing them, because the driver put his foot on the accelerator and the car pulled away from Harry and Picket on the motor-bike. Suddenly across the other side of the road there was an open gateway. "Quick, through there, the road bends back this way." Harry gave the bike all it had and they were jolted up and down as they crossed the field, soon they regained the road, but they were only just in time because the raiders' car came speeding round the corner. "Jump off into the ditch," shouted Harry as



European Tour



European Tour



European Tour



European Tour

he pushed the bike in the path of the car. There was a crunch of grinding metal as the car hit the bike. Suddenly the car lurched and toppled over on its side. "Well done," shouted Picket.

It was half an hour later when the ambulance picked up the four unconscious raiders.

Next morning saw Harry pondering over his bike and thinking how he would get to work, when suddenly there came a knock at the door. Harry got up and very slowly walked to the door. There in the doorway stood Constable Picket, with the bike that had stood in Jones's shop. "It's the least we could do, here's your new BIKE."

D. Heptinstall (IIIc).

ASTRONOMY AS A SCIENCE

Too many people nowadays are apt to look down upon Astronomy as a rather useless science, and I am continually being asked the question, "What is the use of Astronomy in a modern world?" Far too many people, nowadays, regard it as an elusive and difficult subject, and some even disregard it, because they find little use for it in this world of "progress."

Admittedly, it offers little materialistic gain for the man in the street, but what one too often takes as a criterion of civilisation is the false idea of pecuniary augmentation.

Anyone who has the merest insight of science will know that the basis of all sciences is to discover the wealth of knowledge they contain. Astronomy has a great number of uses, but before criticising it, one must realise that it is but one step in the ladder of knowledge; but one branch in the great tree of science.

Astronomy's contribution to the vast field of science is anything but meagre, as today astronomical observations are of utmost importance in the art of navigation (by sea or by air), in the exacting branch of chronological astronomy, and in numerous other ways. Furthermore, the heavens are vast natural "laboratories," where the foundations of the universe can be seen in various stages of evolution.

Every planet is a world of its own, and every star is a counterpart of its brother, existing on different levels of perfection.

From such vantage points, one may watch a typical star's progress, from diffuse gas cloud to supra-nova explo-

sion, by close observation of the various stages of progress attained in other stars.

Furthermore, one can also watch the sun, in her cycles of vast natural atomic reactions, many typical stars have, such as the various types of nuclear fusion, observable on a much greater and grander scale than is possibly imaginable (or practicable) on our puny earth.

It seems a pity that such a vast science as Astronomy should have begun its career as an "apology for a pseudo-science," as a science whose parents began as mere Astrology; a so-called method of finding out a person's destiny from observations of the heavenly bodies, which, strangely enough, is followed by a somewhat enormous number of Britons in the newspaper columns every day.

It is partly due to confusion with Astrology, and the impression of the average Astronomer, as being a haggardly, aged, old hermit, perched on some almost inaccessible mountain top with his telescope, which surprisingly forms the vision in some people's minds, leading them to an avoidance of this science, which is just as much a science as any other.

* * *

The Renaissance in Europe, strangely enough, held in its bosom the ancient teachings of Ptolemy, who was firmly convinced that the earth was the centre of the universe, and that the sun, moon, planets and fixed stars, all moved in complete accord and harmony, with and around it.

This was in no way the only ridiculous theory that the ancient worked out.

The ancient Hindus, for example, held that the "flat earth" was supported upon the backs of four massive elephants, who stood upon the back of a huge turtle, forever swimming in the "vast ocean of eternity." The ancient peoples of Asia Minor were firm supporters of another "flat earth" theory. They believed that the earth was bordered by earth's highest mountain ranges, and the whole lot merely formed the base of a huge wooden box. Stars? To these people stars were just crystal balls, attached to the lid of the box by cords. One Greek thinker said that a different and new sun was seen every day.

In the Middle Ages, the church's power was so great that anyone going against its accepted doctrines was a heretic, condemned to death by the Inquisition. Such a

doctrine as Ptolemy's was thus kept alive by the fact that the church thought the earth was the most important place in the whole universe. Such power against opposers greatly hampered Astronomy's progress, and Astronomy "slept" whilst the other sciences flourished.

However, "heretics" increased, and towards the middle of the sixteenth century, men like the Polish astronomer, Nikolaus Copernicus, and the Italian, Galileo de Galeli, rose to prominence, and on seeing the falsity of Ptolemy's theory, set out to renounce it. The Inquisition caught up on Galileo, and when he renounced his theory before them, some say that he muttered in a low voice, "Eppur si muove" ("Yet it [the earth] does move").

The more stubborn, however, were not to be released so kindly. Anyone who swore that his "heretic" doctrine was correct was liable to suffer the same fate as Giordano Bruno—being burnt at the stake.

Celestial phenomena have always been held in awe and superstition, and the Bayeux Tapestry depicts King Harold and his courtiers staring, wonderstruck, at the appearance of an omen of bad luck; a great comet — Halley's, in fact.

Shakespeare, 550 years later, wrote in Julius Caesar:
When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves, blaze forth the death of
princes.

* * *

And the future? What does Astronomy hold then? Astronomy has developed a new branch — Astronautics, literally, "sailing between the stars." It will bring Science fiction into reality, and enable man to reach "beyond his farthest dreams."

If light takes one second to travel 186,000 miles, it takes $1\frac{1}{4}$ seconds to the moon; to the nearest star (apart from the sun) 4 and one-third years, and to our neighbouring galaxy, it takes 1,800,000 years!

One-and-a-quarter seconds and 1,800,000 YEARS! Such distances are hard to comprehend, they make people dislike Astronomy, but to the beginner, Archimedes' words to the king apply just as much as ever, "In learning, there is no royal road."

But space travel is becoming a more popular subject, from which, eventually, geology, biology, and other fields

of science will be able to gain immense reserves of knowledge, from the new worlds its secret it can uncover.

Perhaps minerals can be obtained from other planets, making OUR planet a much better place!

Fantastic? Maybe. But the "man" of prehistoric times would have laughed at anyone who said that his simple and frail coracle was really the forerunner of the giant ocean liners of today; that the humble ancient Chinese firework maker may be holding in his hands only a firework rocket, but that that toy would, one day, become a "V.2," the forerunner of ...!

Nothing is impossible! What may come next is anyone's guess.

To the amateur, nothing can equal the sight of Venus, shimmering in all her pale beauty; or the great Andromeda Nebula, viewed under high power.

Furthermore, what is the use of a Beethoven concerto, or a Raphael painting. No materialistic gain but something more important, a gain of knowledge in Astronomy, and a sense of enlightenment at the beauty of the immortal arts.

R. B. Sylvester (Va 2).

LIFE

Life is just one big mixture of happiness, misery and unrest. A strange mixture indeed, but that is the way of the world. For some, the more fortunate ones, there is the shining and everlasting gift of happiness, and for others, a life of misery and loneliness. To survive in this world, one has to be prepared to step out into the open world willing to make one's own mark. There is no way back. The way of life is also like the old West. There are always the few adventurous ones who wish to probe further than they already have, to see what lies in store for them. Some like to stay in one place, where they can be sure of security. And there are the few who fight on, to the victory which can never be, the victory over all the evil that is in this world at the present time.

B. Everett (IIIc).

THE FUGITIVE

The rain lashed down from the rent sky, the wind drew groans from the leafless trees as it tore its way through the branches. Lightning crackled, as it threaded its way to the tortured earth between the all too frequent peals of thunder. Even the old, rusty church bell, calling the con-

gregation to church was drowned by the screaming wind and crashing thunder. The glass shutters of the street lamps rattled, but kept intact in their attempt to protect the small, yellow flame.

Suddenly, into the light of one of these lamps struggled a man, saturated. His clothes dripping, the man clutched hold of the lamp post to stop himself from being felled by the angry wind. His eyes were wide open and alert, his mind was demented with fear. What was he afraid of? He pushed himself frantically away from the light, leaving behind on the post a blood-stain, and fought against the driving wind; he turned a corner where he was protected from the wind by a row of big, gloomy, derelict houses. He began to run, faster, faster, and faster until his breath was gone. The man, exhausted, crashed down on to the pavement, his face up to the restless sky. At that moment there was a flash of lightning, which revealed the man lying prostrate, blood pouring freely from a vicious wound in his side. This man had been the victim of a murderous attack. He dragged himself on to his feet again, and with a superhuman effort, which could be done only by either a madman or a man fleeing for his life, began to run again.

His hand clutched at his aching wound, but the blood forked its way in a steady trickle between his frozen fingers. His run became slower, until it finished up as a pathetic stagger; he lurched forward many times but managed to check himself before he fell.

The man struggled on and on through the night; the rain still beat down on him mercilessly, but he did not feel it. He was numb with cold and oblivious of all external feelings. All he felt was fear, great fear; but what of?

He at last reached his home and fumbled with the key in the lock; the door swung open and he stumbled in. He collapsed on to the floor but dragged himself painfully up again, he swung round and looked straight into a pair of strong, cold, fanatical eyes . . . The madman who had been his attacker had caught up with him again.

"No!" he cried. But the knife that the murderer was carrying was deep in his chest before he could utter another sound. The body, in all its gruesome form, was discovered later by a neighbour who immediately rang up the police.

The murderer was never found, but a man seen jumping into a taxi near the house of the murdered man answered the exact description of a patient who had escaped from a nearby mental home two days before.

J. R. Law (IVa).

THE "GOOD OLD DAYS"

The smoke began to wheeze from the rows of chimneys disgracing the early morning skies.

In the street of a small, industrial town, around the gates of a dirty, sinister-looking mill, a group of women waited for the day shift to begin. They, along with all other women who worked at the mill, were known as "mill lasses."

They were draped in long black bedraggled shawls, hiding their calloused hands. The hair of most of the women was done up in small, neat buns and their large white collars were digging into their necks because of excessive starching. They longed to loosen them but they knew that one must be "Presentable like fo' work up t' mill."

They did not talk much, the only sound was of their heavy wooden clogs scraping against the cobbled street.

The large gates then opened and a small, thin man emerged from the darkness of the mill. "All right, lasses, y' can get t' y'r looms now," he bellowed in a voice far too voluminous for his body.

The women filed in slowly, feeling sick in their hearts knowing that another long, arduous day at the mill was beginning.

Suddenly the sound of clogs thumping against the cobbles came into earshot and a gaunt thin woman appeared at the gates of the mill, just a few seconds after they had been closed.

She ran at the door, beating on its rough surface with her clenched fists until they bled.

"Sir, Sir," she cried. "It's me, Maisie." She stood silently, her nerves jangling in time to the uncontrolled phantasies of her fear-stricken mind, until a key grated in the padlock and the door groaned open.

"Ah! so it's thee," the small man grunted as he became discernible, against the gloom.

"Sir, I can't 'elp it, Sir, it's mam, she's 'ad another do."

"This is the third time, Maisie, aye the third time this year, 'y mother must learn to have these does when ye get 'ome," he bellowed.

"Yes, Sir," uttered the tear-drenched woman.

"I'm sorry, Maisie, you'll have to be replaced an' that's that."

After a huge thud the woman was confronted with the thick discoloured door.

Slowly she walked out of the street and turned down a side alley.

Now the street was empty, but life was stirring, in shop windows and grubby back gardens, back in the "Good old days."

A. P. Richardson (Va 2).

THE SACRIFICE

It is midsummer day, the birds are singing, and it seems just like any ordinary morning.

But who are those strange people with long, hairy beards . . . ? They are the druids, the ancient religious leaders of Britain, and are about to offer a human sacrifice to their Sun God.

The great sarsen pillars of Stonehenge rise imposingly into the sky. The sun slowly moves higher until, suddenly, a black shadow creeps on to the slaughter stone.

A struggling girl is brought into the centre of the stone circle, and placed on. There is a pause, the druid raises his knife, and a scream rings out, telling the watching people that the sacrifice has been made.

D. Fairer (IIIa).

THE YUCCA KID

There was nothing the matter with young Willie Harper that a few more years wouldn't fix. Willie was a little blinded by hero worship, that was all. He'd heard the bunkhouse palaver about the lone-ranging ranny they called the Yucca Kid. When the Yucca Kid left the range and came down into town, he outshot every fast gun on the street. To hear them tell it, the Yucca Kid could outshoot Billy the Kid and Wyatt Earp both.

The Yucca Kid was Willie's idol, and Willie did a lot of practising, throwing tin cans in the air, and quick-drawing to perforate them as they came down. Willie was getting really good, too, when the Box K cowpoker took him to town that Saturday afternoon for his first visit. Willie had stowed away half a dried peach pie in the Little Jem Café before he got in any serious trouble. Then he happened to notice the mild-looking stranger wearing a gun and sitting next to him.

Willie jostled the stranger a couple of times and when the man looked up, Willie snapped, "You want to make anything of it?"

"Nope," the stranger told him, and went on eating his steak.

Willie jostled him again, and the stranger picked up his plate and moved two stools down.

"Chicken-livered coward!" Willie taunted him, saying it between his teeth the way he thought the Yucca Kid might have.

That was about the time another man got up from the counter near the cash register, lifted a six-gun from his holster, and poked it in the face of the café owner.

"I'll take what's in the register," he blabbed.

The café owner just stood there like he was stunned.

"You heard him," another man sounded off by the door. "Make it quick, uncle, or eat lead."

Willie heard it all in a kind of daze himself. There were two of them in on the hold-up. Willie's daze grew as the mild little man he had been bullying got up and began shooting. His hand slapped down and up, all in one motion, it seemed, while his bowed-legs squatted into a gunner's crouch. He was shooting two ways at once—or it seemed like that to Willie. One slug slapped into the gun held by the hold-up man near the cash register; the other into the belly of the look-out at the door.

That was all there was to it. One of the extra Saturday deputies heard the shooting, came in and lugged the first owlhoot off to the calaboose and brought a doctor for the other one.

And Willie—Willie had a new idol. He stared and stared at this man he had had the suicidal gall to push around a while ago, and finally found courage to scrape out the question:

"Who----- who are you?"

"The name's Homer Honeygarden," the man told him.

Willie laughed out, "Homer Honeygarden?"

The man nodded as he turned away. "I'm sometimes known as the Yucca Kid."

J. Lyman (IVA)

THE HAPPY ENDING

It was winter time and very cold. Traces of frost and snow could be seen on the ground.

Deep in the heart of a forest all was still and silent, apart from the rustling of the few dead leaves that remained from the autumn. The trees were all bare and

it was so cold that even the birds seemed unable to sing their usual cheerful songs.

Gradually a sound was borne on the breeze—it was a boy's voice. He was singing as he made his way through the wood, gathering twigs and dead branches as he came.

A well-dressed man appeared from the opposite direction and asked the boy what he was doing and where he was from. The boy then answered, "I live in a wooden shack at the far end of the forest, and I am collecting firewood for my mother and father." The man then asked why he was alone in the cold. The boy answered, "My parents were involved in an accident about one year ago. My father escaped with a few cuts and bruises, but my mother was in hospital seriously ill for months. She is much better now, and at home again."

"Because my father could not go back to work straight after the accident, and earn enough money to pay the rent, the landlord turned us out of our house and took away our land. My father had to go in search of work, which is very hard to find in these parts. In the meantime, we had to make do with a wooden shack."

The man then said, "Now go home and tell your parents that the man you knew as your landlord was only collecting rents for me during my absence. I am your true landlord, and I will come to see them." On hearing this news, the boy was so excited that he dropped the sticks, but soon gathered them up again and ran straight home to give his parents the message.

The landlord was really upset to see his tenants in such a position, and made haste to visit them the following morning. He told them that he had decided to come home after several years abroad, and look after his estates and tenants himself, and that the hard-hearted rent collector would be dismissed. The family was reinstated in their house and land given back to them.

Needless to say, the story has a happy ending. Due to better living conditions and less worries, the boy's mother soon made a complete recovery.

F. R. Heald (IIIC).

AMAZON EXPEDITION

Except for their native bearers, the three white men were alone, thousands of miles from civilisation in the

Amazon forests. They were on an expedition to obtain thirty strong natives for slavery. The leader was J. D. Davies, a tall, strong man, who showed his mates or anyone else no pity at all. The second man was much smaller than the leader, and wore thick glasses, because of extreme shortsightedness. He did everything he was told and was now on his way to a miserable death in the foothills of the Andes. The other man, brother to the second, was called Martin Smith. He was like his brother in every way, except a violent temper and he did not always require glasses.

The party plodded on, their five natives carrying more burden than was allotted to them, due to meanness by the whites and the death of five natives.

Already, word of their journey was being sent by native runner to a fierce tribe of cannibals. A trap was prepared at the village for their arrival. Five miles along the road they met two healthy-looking young men, and immediately began their collection of slaves, to end so soon. The men told them of a village not far away where they could get more slaves. It was their own village!

Two hours later they entered the village—never to leave. They approached the chief and bluntly explained their reason for coming. Martin's brother, John, was the first to sense danger.

Five natives were tied together when the arrow whistled through the air, just missing Davies. This made no difference to the result, as the old chief clubbed two of them, while the witch doctor dealt with John Smith.

Late that night, three fires were being lit in the village compound. An arrangement of poles held three terrified and screaming whites over the fires. These were lit and flames roared to engulf the men in the smoking, death-bringing fumes. Two ropes fastened each man to a tree above. Thus, if the poles burnt away, the men would not be dropped in the fire.

Curdling, death-defying shrieks and ghastly moans filled the air as the men fought to save themselves being cannibal suppers.

Feasting continued late into the night, as the whites, however salty they are, were eaten with great relish accompanied by dancing and drum playing. All these were signs of a large feast.

J. A. Jones (IVA)

THE EAGLE

On the towering crag, dark and silent, sat the lonely eagle,
With its feathers thick, and long-sweeping wings tucked
 closely to its body;
A sorrowful cry and a slow flap of its wings rose it off the
 ledge.
Darkness fell, and the eagle flew silhouetted against the
 illuminous clouds;
As the dawn broke, there lay the eagle, cold and silent, at
 the foot of the crag,
With its wing hanging over the beautiful, though broken,
 neck.

M. G. Dolan (2W)

FELICITY

Her laughing face proudly shone above the rest
As the sun at dawn looks through the fleeting clouds,
She leaped and danced among the flowers on the bank.
Her golden hair caressed her sloping forehead;
Her laughing, gleaming eyes of azure tint were
Crowned by brows of golden glory.
Her person shrouded by a golden drape,
Of finest silk from Eastern lands,
Embraced by the soft, lilting motion of the wind.

TELEVISION

It stands there in the corner,
 A demon in disguise,
A mechanised monster,
 Stupendous to the ignorant mind.
It hypnotises with its solitary eye,
 An English magic lantern,
An ostentation of moving picture,
 Of pages past and present.

C. Lawrence (IIIA)

THE STORM

I lay still in the house while listening
To the bellowing storm outside,
Like a frightened sloth I shrivelled up
That night my mother died.
The lightning struck her bedroom three doors away from
mine,
Frightened from my wits was I, but listening all the
time.
Poor father's face was soaked in tears,
He was bitter with hate and sorrow;
My two young sisters wept all night,
Both praying for the morrow.
But now the world knows peace again,
Though dreadful memories still remain.

M. Smith (IIIC)

A TYPICAL TEENAGER

When t'alarm went honk, ah bumped mi conk,
Fifteen at last and expelled from school
In a way that's wurth debatin',
The head said don't cum back next term,
Or lad tha'll get a beitin'.
Ah went to t'pit, but didn't fit,
So th' sent me off t' t'busses,
But ah couldn't stand ta get up for wuk,
Or t'owd women wusin fusses.
Ah rent a flat wit mi fust week's wage,
It on'y 'ed one bedroom,
'Cos ah didn't 'ev much head room.
Now 'ave got a stiddy jub,
And considerin' getting hitched,
But 'ere's a tip to young schoolboys,
Beware of gettin' stucked.

M. Smith (IIIC)

GOING TO SCHOOL

The alarm goes off, " It's seven o'clock,"
My mother shouts to me,
Another day has come around,
It's off to school for me.
I plod the way to catch the train,
I meet my cousin Neil,
To-day we have to tax our brains
On lessons that appeal.
We arrive at the Normanton Station,
And get off the train,
A part of England's nation,
Aiming to stimulate our brain.
We appreciate our masters,
Who are always there to help;
To benefit ourselves.
We give our best while we're in school,

H. Barratt (IC)

THE WATCHERS

I glanced around and shivered,
For below lay green Eden Vale,
While around me lay barren moors.
Away to my right lay my destination,
Nine huddled towers of grey-green stone,
Nine towers to most unknown.
I shivered again,
Thoughts flashed through my mind,
Who built them there and why?
Why here, where the north wind
Whistles its icy song,
And caresses their crumbling stones.
There they stood,
Looking out over the vale,
Out over the sea to new horizons
And beyond.

S. Ambler (IIIA)

A. F. C.

Captain: D. K. Watts

Vice-Captain: J. Strutt

Secretary: D. Lumb

The 1st and 2nd Soccer this term has had, on the whole, varying fortune, with a comfortable credit balance of success. The 1st XI, although continually playing good football, are apt to be a little slow in defence at times, and the forwards shy in front of goal, with the result that they have suffered two crushing defeats, from Carnegie College and Percy Jackson G.S. However, in most other games, School have more than held their own.

The 2nd XI have had less success, only gaining two victories out of five, and before the tables begin to turn there must be a marked difference in the attitude and spirit among a number of the members of the team.

However, the teams are gradually settling down, and it is hoped that next term the standard of the football will be reflected a little more honestly in the results.

1st XI Results

17th September, 1960.

School 0, Barnsley G.S. 1.

The match against Barnsley is always considered one of the hardest of the season, and this year, with four of School's regular players absent from the side, we were not considered to have an earthly chance of winning. However, with every player giving of his best, the Barnsley side were lucky to gain a 1-0 victory, and if it had not been for two simple chances missed in the dying minutes of the game, the result could quite easily have been reversed.

24th September, 1960.

School 4, Thornes House G.S. 2.

Although School were eager to register their first win of the season, the team opened lethargically against a Thornes side which looked by no means tough opposition. Gradually School began to gain the upper hand, but, owing to poor finishing, good goalkeeping, and a little bad luck, they found themselves only on level terms at the break, one goal being taken by Strutt.

School opened the second half more determined, and soon increased their lead through Strutt and Hodgson (2). However, the team eased up, allowing Thornes House to score a second goal before the end of the game.

8th October, 1960.

Leeds Modern School 2, School 4.

During the past few seasons School have had the bad habit of being slow to warm up, and it was not an unusual position for them to be in when they found themselves one goal down after only five minutes' play. This goal seemed to stir School out of their lethargic ways, and they soon notched two good goals through Sleight (2). However, this lead was short-lived, and before half-time Leeds Modern were back on even terms.

In the second-half, School, playing up the slope, were in complete control, and although Leeds Modern fought gamely to the end, two further goals gave School a 4-2 victory. These were scored by Strutt and Sleight.

11th October, 1960.

School 11, K.O.Y.L.I. 3

School started this mid-week encounter determinedly and were two goals to the good in the space of five minutes, through effort» by Hodgson and Watson. It was soon evident that School were up against no great force, and as the half went on the power play of the home team told the tale as further goals were added by Shaw (2) and Trigg. The visitors were not without light, however, and replied with two goal» before half-time.

The second-half saw much the same sort of picture as the first. School continually attacked the visitors' goal and were rewarded with goals by Sleight (4) and Shaw, the visitors getting one in reply. Trigg rounded off the scoring seconds from the end, to complete a praise-worthy performance by the School side.

15th October, 1960.

Almondbury G.S. 2, School 2.

Last year, at Almondbury, School were beaten by four goals to two, and were determined that there would be no such repetition this year. Play was fairly even and swung from end to end throughout the game, and it is a pity that it should have been one of School's defenders who scored a brilliant second goal for Almondbury, when he sent in a twenty-yard drive which left Watts powerless. However, a draw was a fair result, and School are looking forward to meeting this team again next term. Scorers for School were Strutt and Sleight.

29th October, 1960.

Carnegie College 8, School 3.

School were 'forced into changes for their encounter with Carnegie, but set off in determined style against a powerful College side, which included an old boy, C. Whale, at centre-forward. After about fifteen minutes. School suffered a setback, when the home side scored, but soon replied, Hutchinson taking advantage of a slip in the Carnegie defence.

Carnegie then showed their true worth and School's defence began to weaken under the pressure, with the result that, when the half-time whistle blew, School found themselves four goals in arrears.

When play resumed, School were soon another goal behind, but then they settled down to play better 'football, and Bradley reduced School's arrears with a long-distance shot. Shortly afterwards, Hutchinson reduced them further, following a great run and shot by Strutt. Carnegie scored a further two goals before the whistle blew to complete an unhappy game for the School team.

12th November, 1960.

Percy Jackson G.S. 7, School 1.

This is a game best forgotten by the School side.

26th November, 1960.

Holme Valley G.S. 4, School 7.

School faced a hard task in this game, both to beat a Honley side which were, until then, undefeated, and to overcome the shocking state of the ground, due to persistent overnight rain. A great deal of credit must, therefore, go to the team on their victory.

The victory was essentially a team affair, and it was unquestionably their best performance of the season, considering the conditions. Each player gave of his best, always endeavouring to find one of his own colleagues with the ball, and for once there were no weak points in the team. The adaption of the side to the conditions greatly excelled that of their opponents, and School deservedly turned round at the Interval leading by four goals to one, their goals being scored by Strutt, Hutchinson (2) and Hodgson.

In the second-half conditions grew worse, but School's determination was unflinching, even when Strutt was taken off the field midway through the half, after he had scored a great goal. In the later stages, Honley added three more goals (one from a penalty), but further efforts by Hadley and Hodgson, gave School a deserved victory.

2nd XI Results

v. Barnsley Grammar School (a) (J. P. Walton 2)	2-4 Lost
v. Leeds Modern School (a) (S. Hutchinson 5; A. H. Morgan 4; R. A. Hadley 2; K. Symonds 2)	13-0 Won
v. Almondbury Grammar School (h) (K. Symonds 2; R. A. Hadley; S. Hutchinson)	4-2 Won
v. Parkside 1st XI (h) (K. Symonds; R. A. Hadley; A. H. Morgan)	3-6 Lost

Under-15 XI

Results

The team has had an average season so far. Regarding Grammar School fixtures, two defeats out of three games have been sustained, while in the Rothwell and Stanley League, three games have been played, and three wins obtained. Golding, the centre-forward, has been the most prolific goal-scorer with 13, whilst Horner and Kellett each have three.

Four of the team have gained recognition in the Rothwell and Stanley District team, they being Hall (captain of the Under-15 XI and captain of the District XI), Kellett, Golding and Smart.

All the boys in the Under-15's have played very well, and altogether 18 boys have represented the team.

Mr. Wood must take some credit for the team's successes, for he has inspired us from the touchline, and trained us well.

D. M. Hall

Results

v. Barnsley Grammar School (a)	0-1 Lost
v. Almondbury Grammar School (a) (A. R. Golding 2; D. Kellett 2; R. M. Copley; R. Evans; Linley)	7-0 Won
v. Percy Jackson Grammar School (a) (A. R. Golding 2)	2-4 Lost
v. Stanley Modern School (a) (A. R. Golding 4; W.L. Horner)	5-2 Won
v. Rothwell Modern School (h) (A. R. Golding 2; W. L. Horner; O. Taylor)	4-0 Won
v. Allerton Bywater (h) (A. R. Golding 3; W. L. Horner; D. Kellett; R. M. Copley)	6-0 Won

Under-14 XI

The Under-14 XI progress has been halted by a series of postponements due to very bad pitches.

Smart, Linley and Harrison have played for the Under-15 XI, while also playing well for the Under-14 XI. Under awful conditions against Barnsley and Holme Valley, good football was almost impossible. In goal, Craddock has shown quite consistent form.

Results

v. Barnsley Grammar School	0-5 Lost
v. Thornes House	6-3 Won
v. Percy Jackson Grammar School	0-6 Lost
v. Holme Valley	2-0 Won

Under-13 XI

The season opened with two narrow defeats against Rothwell Secondary Modern and Normanton Secondary Modern. Since then, the team has been undefeated, but all the matches have been keenly contested.

The standard of football has improved steadily, and I think we can look forward to a successful Spring term.

Special mention must be made of Soles. He has proved a very efficient captain and a fine Soccer player.

Results

v. Rothwell Secondary Modern	3-4 Lost
v. Normanton Secondary Modern	0-1 Lost
v. Almondbury Grammar School	5-1 Won
v. Stanley Secondary Modern	5-2 Won
v. Lee Brigg Secondary Modern	3-3 Draw
v. Outwood Secondary Modern	2-2 Draw

R.U.F.C.

Captain: R. Griffiths

Vice-Captain: J. Senior

Secretaries: E. Towler and J. R. Cullimore

1st XV

The team began the season in the favourable position of having Griffiths and Senior, last year's captain and vice-captain, available, and eight others with regular first team experience. Three of the vacant places were filled without difficulty, Spires coming in as hooker, Dobson in the second row, and Davis as scrum-half. Hall replaced Thompson at full-back, and, after some experiments, Powell has completed the three-quarter line.

The regular team now is: Hall; Senior, Thompson, Ellis, Powell; Conboy, Davis; Griffiths, Spires, Towler, Dobson, Gates, Brannon, Cudworth, Hampson.

This team has, by the end of November, won ten out of twelve games, and is probably as strong a side as the School has produced. Furthermore, the strength lies in the team, rather than in individuals. For several years we have had a strongish pack, but a set of backs with little cohesion; the backs this year have played well together and are finding that orthodox play frequently

produces good results. They have had more of the ball than their opponents and by getting the ball to the wing three-quarters have scored quite a lot of good tries. Thompson played on the wing for the first few games, but his determination and speed were found to be most useful in the centre. Both he and Ellis, the other centre, are quite difficult to stop, but must learn when to give a pass; they tend to be tackled in possession. Senior has shown his old style on the wing with some lovely runs, while Powell, though less successful at scoring, is a very determined runner. Hall is a fairly safe full-back, but must learn to position himself and must increase the length of his touch-kicking.

The pack is heavy and big, and has been improving considerably in its loose play. It does not always produce the shove of which it is capable in tight scrums, nor do its members jump in the line-out as they might. But, breaking-through from the line-out, close passing, and backing-up in defence are strong points.

Results

v. King's School, Pontefract (a)	20-3	Won
v. Castleford Grammar School (h)	9-3	Won
v. Hemsworth 2nd XV (a)	9-3	Won
v. Whitcliffe Mount, Cleckheaton (a)	0-35	Lost
v. Leeds Modern School (a)	22-9	Won
v. Q.E.G.S. Wakefield 3rd XV (a)	39-0	Won
v. Doncaster Technical High School (a)	19-0	Won
v. Barnsley Grammar School (h)	8-6	Won
v. Huddersfield New College (a)	10-19	Lost
v. Castleford Grammar School 2nd XV (a)	19-0	Won
v. Rishworth Grammar School (h)	17-3	Won
v. Batley Grammar School (h)	29-0	Won

2nd XV

The 2nd XV has had a successful and enjoyable first term.

The general policy of the team has been to get the ball moving and play open Rugby. In fact, open play has been a feature of this XV.

Generally speaking, most of the early faults derived from an earlier Soccer training have been or are in the process of being ironed out, the result being a gradual improvement in the team's performance throughout the season.

Quite apart from the team's success on the field and the valuable services it has rendered the 1st XV—both in training and giving 1st team reserves a regular game—the running of the 2nd XV has uncovered a considerable section of support in the Upper School for Rugby.

Efforts are being made to obtain more fixtures for next term, and it is hoped that the team will continue to improve and obtain even better results in the Spring Term.

F.A.G.P.

Results

v. Hemsworth	31-3	Won
v. Whitcliffe Mount	9-3	Won
v. Roundhay School	6-24	Lost
v. Doncaster Technical School	24-3	Won
v. Barnsley Grammar School	3-16	Lost
v. Huddersfield New College	18-6	Won
v. Rishworth	3-11	Lost
v. Queen Elizabeth Grammar School, Wakefield	23-3	Won
v. Combined 1st and 2nd XI's XV	13-10	Won
	(only just)	

Colts XV

Three games postponed because of bad weather has rather depleted the fixture list. However, it is abundantly clear that this team has talent, as can be seen from the high scores.

The first game proved rather disastrous, two players being seriously injured. Smith has not played for the team since, and Hirst is just starting again now.

In the first game, the forwards did not blend at all well. Being deprived of the ball for long spells, the three-quarters did well to score twice.

The second game was a complete contrast. The forwards, playing well, won a majority of scrums and line-outs, and the backs threw the ball round freely. However, the high score could have been drastically reduced if the opponents had tackled properly.

The game at Castleford was played out in a heavy rain storm. Neglecting the first ten minutes, when poor tackling helped the opponents to score twice, the team played very well. Having adapted themselves to the muddy conditions, the forwards pressed hard for long spells, but the backs were unable to penetrate.

The return game proved disappointing. Four reserves and four positional changes was too much of a handicap. Even so, everyone pulled his weight and tackled hard with such effect that the result was almost identical.

In both the remaining games against Morley and Rishworth, some good forward play resulted in many chances for strong running by the backs. These opportunities were snapped up more often than not.

The general play has been improving with each game, and with more match experience, this side could be very competent.

Results

v. Huddersfield New College (a)	9-15	Lost
v. King's School, Pontefract (h)	42-0	Won
v. Castleford O.S. (a)	0-17	Lost
v. Morley (h)	24-3	Won
v. Rishworth (h)	29-6	Won
v. Castleford Grammar School (a)	3-19	Lost

Under-14 XV

The Under-14 XV has continued to do well this season, and is at the present time the only School team which is undefeated.

However, all is not well with the team. Despite strenuous efforts to improve the fixture list and the team's performance by training and advice, there has been, this season, a certain lack of enthusiasm on the part of the team to turn up regularly for training.

This situation is all the more deplorable when one weighs up the wealth of Rugby talent possessed by the team as a whole. It is, however, of little use merely to possess talent; what is more important is knowing how to use it. Training to play as a team is invaluable, and I hope that next season we shall see a little of the old team spirit creeping back into the side.

With more training we should see a great improvement in the team's play, notably in the line-outs and loose-scrams. In these two departments noticeable weaknesses exist, and will only be cured if and when the forwards move as a team.

Apart from these criticisms, the XV has played well. Its covering and tackling have been of a high standard, and at times we on the touchlines have been shown glimpses of what the team are capable of. It is to be hoped that these glimpses assume bigger proportions next term.

Results

v. Whitcliffe Mount	17-0	Won
v. Queen Elizabeth Grammar School. Wakefield	5-5	Draw
v. St. Gregory Grammar School. Huddersfield	26-0	Won
v. Morley Grammar School	12-0	Won
v. King Edward VII Grammar School. Sheffield	33-0	Won

Under-13 XV

The results of the season so far have been most encouraging; only two out of seven games have been lost.

In the Wakefield game we scored three tries to Wakefield's four penalty goals, and at Barnsley, under very poor conditions, in which handling was practically impossible, each side scored a scrambled try and Barnsley a penalty goal.

Out of the games won, the most exciting came from our visit to St. Gregory's, Huddersfield. We lost the lead twice in the last fifteen minutes, only to regain it, and eventually won by four points.

There have been many changes in the side with the object of giving as many boys as possible a game. The pack has been continually reshuffled. One move which has yet to be proved successful was to bring Eades out of the pack to play on the wing. Unfortunately, this made the pack lighter, and in recent games has been pushed off the ball in the set scrums.

However, possession generally has been fairly regular, and the strong, fast three-quarter line have used this to advantage in scoring 32 out of the 47 tries.

Although only six tries have been scored against the side, there is still room for improvement in defence. Individual tackling can often be faulted, and the team must realise that defence can be turned into attack by quick tackling and charging down kicks.

The team has trained regularly and there is a good spirit in the side, which promises extremely well for the future.

The following have played: J. Smallman (captain), P. A. Harrison, R. Crabtree, W. L. Francis, M. J. Brookes, M. Dolan, D. C. Bassinder, R. Davis, P. Greaves, H. Morgan, A. J. Eades, M. J. Halls, T. J. Lightfoot, C. M. Blackburn, J. Williams, D. Leake, K. M. Brear, P. Hale, M. Morgan, S. Copeland, J. N. Bell. Reserve: G. Goldie.

Results

v. Q.E.G.S., Wakefield (a)	9-12 Lost
v. King's School, Pontefract (a)	17-3 Won
v. Barnsley Grammar School (a)	3-6 Lost
v. Huddersfield New College (a)	15-3 Won
v. St. Gregory's, Huddersfield (a)	18-14 Won
v. Morley (a)	29-0 Won
v. King Edward VII School, Sheffield (a)	76-0 Won

TABLE TENNIS CLUB

At the beginning of the term we obtained a very welcome addition to our equipment, a new table. This has enabled a joint practice session for juniors and seniors to be held.

As the hall was in demand on most of the suitable evenings we have now moved to the gymnasium where meetings take place each Wednesday from 3.45 to 5.15.

An attempt to introduce an element of competition by forming a small league was unsuccessful because of the prior commitments of most of the members who are engaged in Rugby or Soccer practices during the brighter evenings of early term. However, now that football practices are less likely after school it may be possible to accomplish something of a competitive nature. Half-a-dozen more regular members would be sufficient to ensure the success of such a venture and we hope to see them on the Wednesdays of next term.

GYMNASTICS

Congratulations to J. Dawson and D. J. Miller on being awarded their colours for gymnastics.

CONGRATULATIONS TO AN OLD BOY

We offer our congratulations to Jeff Ellis (goalkeeper, 1954, 55) on being awarded his County Cap by the Essex County F.A.

CRICKET: 1st XI v. MASTERS' XI

Atkinson and Rhodes opened for School at 11.20 a.m. on 20th July, 1960. Thanks to Mr. Hallas, the partnership lasted a brief twenty-seven minutes. However, Atkinson remained to score a magnificent total of 65 before being caught by Mr. Price off the bowling of Mr. Hamley. In fact, Mr. Hamley bowled quite well, taking four wickets for nine runs. The only other outstanding batsman for School that day was Lumb. He scored 27 before being caught and bowled by the demon Welshman. Mr. Hallas took four wickets for twenty-six runs in a very professional manner. School ended their innings with a score of 110 for 10 wickets.

Messrs. Beddows and Hamley opened for the Staff, but were soon dismissed by School's opening bowlers, Barnes and Ellis. Mr. Jubb went in third wicket down and went on to score a gallant sixty-two before falling victim to Rhodes' accuracy. Rhodes was School's best bowler; he took seven wickets for twenty-four runs. Besides Mr. Jubb, he dismissed Mr. Price (for a cheap 8), Mr. Hallas (10), Mr. Wandless (7), Mr. Moy (0), Mr. Lowndes (0), Mr. Windle (4). The Mathematics Department proved to be School's stumbling block. Mr. Ruddock and Mr. Oldroyd managed to remain at the wicket until the vital run which was needed for a staff victory was scored. Well done, gentlemen!

Score: School 110 for 10, Staff 111 for 9.

OLD FRESTONIANS' ASSOCIATION

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

President: A. Westerman, Esq.

Vice-President: G. W. Fieldhouse, Esq.

Treasurer: G. W. Fieldhouse, Esq.,
6, Newlands View, Altofts.

Hon. Secretary: J. Bird, Esq.,
Newfield Farm, Normanton.

FOOTBALL CLUB

Although not having a great start to the season, the Old Frestonians Football Club is blending into a side to be reckoned with. Undefeated in November they have won their first round ties in both the Yorkshire Old Boys' League Cup and the Wakefield Challenge Cup.

After our summer request for players we have four new faces in our side, namely R. Dawson and P. Rhodes, to say nothing of Mr. Moy and Mr. Wood, all of whom seem to enjoy their Saturday afternoon braving the weather and the worst that the Old Boys' League has to offer.

All new recruits are welcome on Tuesday evenings in the Normanton Grammar School gym, 6.30 to 8.00.

NEW APPOINTMENTS

A former Head Boy of the School, Mr. D. York, has flown out to Canada during October to take up a post at Toronto University. He is to lecture and carry out research in physics and geophysics. He has been at Oxford University for six years and while at Oxford he had two papers published in scientific journals. He has played soccer with the Old Frestonians.

E. Haslam has been promoted to Wing-Commander and in January, 1961, he is being posted to the Royal Air Force in Germany as Command Education Officer. This is, he says, a very pleasant and unexpectedly rapid advancement for him.

WEDDINGS OF OLD BOYS

Fleet Air Arm officers formed a guard of honour outside Normanton Parish Church at the wedding of Navigator Sub-Lieutenant Edwin Proctor, who joined the service on leaving the School two years ago. The bride had travelled some 4,000 miles for the ceremony. She was Miss Carolyn Dawn Siles, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Siles, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U.S.A. Sub-Lieutenant Proctor was Deputy Head Boy at the Grammar School.

Another Old Boy and a graduate of Leeds University, Mr. Royd Miles, was married at Holy Trinity Church, Murton, Co. Durham, to Miss Maureen Stokoe, only child of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Stokoe, of Ellesmere, 20, Church Lane, Murton, Co. Durham. Mr. Colin Sayles, another Old Boy, was best man. The bride is a former student of Leeds Training College for Teachers and is to teach at Beckett Park Junior Mixed School, Leeds. The bridegroom is now studying for a Doctor of Philosophy degree at Leeds University.

DEATH OF OLD BOY

Many mourners attended the funeral service at Normanton Parish Church of Mr. George Gordon Kirkham, a 31-year-old schoolteacher, of Wakefield Road, Normanton, who died in hospital after collapsing in his classroom at Castleford Boys' Modern School.

An Old Boy of Normanton Grammar School, Mr. Kirkham travelled extensively and a few years ago worked his way half round the world, teaching and doing other jobs.

WELCOME HOME

Dr. J. Richardson (1929-1937), Lecturer in Central African Languages at the School of Oriental and African Studies, London University, has just returned from Africa. His address is now:—33, Waterhall Avenue, Chingford, London, E.14.

DANCE AND DINNER

There will be no Invitation Dinner at Christmas because the New Hall is not available. The Old Boys' Dinner will be held in the Gym on Saturday, the 25th March, 1961. Further details will be sent out by circular at a later date.

A REMINDER

Because of the rise in administrative costs we have found it necessary to increase the annual subscription of the Association to ten shillings. At the last annual general meeting it was decided to raise the Life Membership Subscription to £5 5s. 0d. as from 1st March, 1960. Members who pay this subscription will receive three school magazines each year instead of only one as before.

One must make mention of the hard work being done by Mr. James Akers in the South. From his home, "Tewksbury," Hartspring Lane, Aldenham, Watford, Herts., he has tried to get in touch with Old Boys who are known to be living, working, or studying in the South of England,

particularly in London. His object is to interest Old Boys in our Association and to inform them of our activities. His work has met with a good measure of success and he would be pleased to receive news from any Old Boy whose whereabouts are not known to the Association.

As you may have read in our last issue he organised a very successful Old Boys' Dinner at the United Universities Club, Suffolk Street, London, on Friday, 13th May, 1960. He is now busy making arrangements to hold a similar re-union dinner early in March, 1961. Some 26 former pupils of Normanton Grammar School of all ages attended on the last occasion but he aims at a larger target this time. Circulars will be sent when arrangements are definitely fixed. We ask Old Boys who are interested to write to Mr. Akers.

LEAVERS, 1960

F. H. Pugh, Imperial College, London. Chemical Engineering.
J. C. Allen, Leeds University. Electrical Engineering.
D. S. Atkinson, Manchester University. Electrical Engineering.
D. Brown, Fort Halstead Armament Research. Electronics.
M. Hill, Pudgate Training College.
D. K. Mounty, Bradford Technical College. Electrical Engineering.
A. Scholes, Bradford Technical College. Electrical Engineering.
D. N. Shepherd, Bradford Technical College. Applied Biology.
D. G. Staples, Bradford Technical College. Applied Biology.
D. A. Worth, Manchester University. Engineering.
D. Ashton, Exeter University. Law.
J. Gaughan, Bristol University. Economics.
C. M. O'Rourke, Civil Service.
C. Rummings, London School of Economics. Economics.
A. D. Burton, York Training College.
S. L. J. Jackson, Dudley Training College.
K. W. Parker, York Training College.
P. Rhodes, Banking.
M. G. Sargent, Accountant.
K. Barnes, Student Teaching.
D. Harper, Student Teaching.
J. R. Hanson, Nottingham Training College.

THE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

The School Hall is still "out of bounds" for activities such as ours, and is likely to be so for several more months, we understand. Until we can "move in" with the blessing of the county authority our programme will continue to have severe limitations, but we do hope to be back to normal in another term's time.

Unfortunately, our annual meeting night coincided with foul weather. The attendance was meagre. But even having regard to the elements, it was a great disappointment to find only around 50 parents out of some 1,000 interested enough to leave their homes for the meeting.

The Headmaster, who is president of the association, did not conceal his disappointment.

The need for a parents' association to bring parents closer to the life of the school and to help in the provision of school amenities was as great as ever, he said. The authority made provision for the education of the boys, but there were so many things a parents' association could provide which were beyond accepted needs from the point of view of public monies.

Mr. Hamilton recalled that local subscription had provided the school's gymnasium, practical room and physics laboratory within a short period of the opening of the school. That spirit seemed to have vanished and, in making comparisons with other schools, it seemed Normanton had some lee-way to make up in the provision of the "etceteras" every school desired.

"We must try to get more people into the association," suggested the headmaster. "It means hard work, but we must tackle the problem."

Mr. R. Busby presented the secretary's report, and Mr. J. Dawson the treasurer's statement, in which it was noted that the association made a £20 donation to the School Fund and also paid for table tennis equipment for the school (£25) during the period under review. It was also noted that the association had provided a prize for Speech Day.

Seven parents of new boys were added to the committee.

At the first committee meeting of the new year, Mr. J. Pyrah was re-elected chairman with Mr. J. Pennington vice-chairman.

ERROR

We wish to apologise for a printing error in the last issue. In "Subscribers to the Organ Fund" we should have written Mr. J. Senior (O.F.) . . .

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