

The
Prestonian



Volume. LVII, Part II. Spring Term, 1961

JOHN SMITH

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The Frestonian



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EDITORIAL

Editor: J. B. Popplewell

Sub-Editor: J. F. Fairclough

Sport: D. K. Watts

The Spring Term, although the shortest, is perhaps the most important of the three School terms. For in this term there is a distinct change of atmosphere—particularly in the Upper School, from the freer working mood to the frowning, concentrated study of the prospective G.C.E. candidates, whose "Trials" are at hand. The members of the first form, however, continue to live in blissful ignorance, unaware of the annual examinations to be held next term.

It is our sad duty, alas, to say goodbye to those stout-hearted workmen who have been at the School for the last two years. No more will the banging of hammers disturb the eloquent master and the "eager" students from their lessons, no more will apparently dismembered limbs appear from holes which were never known to exist, no more will the voice of Andy re-echo down the corridors of Normanton Grammar School with its now celebrated phrase: "Tea's up!"—We have surely lost a part of Old England.

But to return to a more serious vein, the editorial staff would like to record their pleasure at the considerable increase in the number of contributions this term. Last term we bewailed the fact that boys had been reticent in producing articles for inclusion in the magazine. However, this term there has been more co-operation from the School and a marked increase in the literary scope of our contributors. The Magazine Committee wish to offer their thanks to those masters of the school as well as the boys who have helped to make the production of this edition.

Finally, we would like to say a special farewell to Mr. Young, who is leaving at the end of this term and whose departure makes the small band of veteran masters become still smaller. He has well earned his retirement and we hope it will be a long and happy one.

STAFF NOTES

This term we say goodbye to four members of the staff. Mr. I. E. Hallas is moving after three years' service with us to Roundhay School, Leeds, where he will be in charge of a much larger department than he has here. The music of the school has made great strides in his time; the brass band has reached a very high standard indeed, the

orchestra is already capable of a modest public performance and could hardly have made more progress in the time, and the choirs have put up some excellent performances, notably that of Faure's "Requiem." All this has called for unflagging enthusiasm and careful organisation. We shall also remember his performances on the cricket field and the very successful season which the 1st XI had last year under his guidance. He is marrying Miss Angela Law at Easter, and we offer them both our best wishes in the future.

Mr. J. Beddows is leaving us after ten years on his promotion to the Deputy Headship of the new Technical High School in Castleford. He has given most loyal and valuable service in the middle school, where men of his experience and capability nowadays are of almost incalculable value. But we shall remember him even more for his ageless virtuosity on the games field, at soccer, at cricket, and even (tell it not in Gath) at rugby, and the skill and enthusiasm which he has brought to coaching games. He is one of those, too, ever ready to take on the less popular chores—lost property, stationery; and the chief inspirer of Autumn Fairs and, before that institution arose, of Jumble Sales, and he was housemaster of Frobisher. Most of us, too, have at some time or another admired the produce of his greenhouses. Sometimes there is a prejudice against employing old boys of a school on its staff; in this, and in other cases, this school has been fortunate in the old boys who have returned to serve in it. We shall be most sorry to lose him, but we wish him every success, and console ourselves with the thought that he will still be able to keep an eye on us.

Mr. J. H. Young is going into retirement after more than 37 years' service as Modern Languages master. A fuller appreciation appears elsewhere in this issue. Few of us can remember his palmy days as a sportsman; but he has kept up his interest in the choir and in the stamp club, and is housemaster of Hanson. He has well earned his retirement; let us hope that he will long enjoy it.

Finally, by virtue of seniority and a record of service that is not likely to be challenged, we say good-bye and wish a long and happy retirement to Mr. B. Wiltshire, caretaker since 1920, all but 41 years. His duties have grown steadily with the growth of the buildings; he had survived one building programme, and was perhaps unfortunate that the latest one so exactly coincided with his last two years. He has been struggling with ill health for some time, though he has always been eager to come in as long as possible.

Mr. D. B. Moy is to be congratulated on his appointment as Head of the English Department at Acomb Secondary Modern School, York. Besides his teaching he has given valued help with the 1st XI soccer, as well as helping the Old Frestonians' XI to keep going, and with the tennis. Mr. Moy might have taken up his new appointment at Easter: we should be grateful to him for his willingness to stay with us until the end of the summer term.

We were joined in January by two new members of staff, Mr. B. Caswell, who will be helping with both mathematics and G.E.D., and temporarily, in the absence of a replacement for Mr. Lowndes, is taking Physics as well, and Mr. M. H. Blake, formerly of Hertford College, Oxford, who comes to teach English, and should help the staff team to manage better after the loss of Mr. Hallas.

Mr. Moreton will be taking over Hanson House from Mr. Young, and Mr. Robinson Frobisher from Mr. Beddows. Mr. D. H. M. Gotch will be in charge of the school cricket next term.

THE GRANT OF ARMS

The Grant of Arms has now been made; I collected the Patent from Windsor Herald at the College of Arms in London at half-term. A case is being made for the document, and I hope that by the time you read this it will be on display at the school, and will have been seen by those Old Frestonians who attend the annual O.F.A. dinner at the school. I hope also that before long it will be possible to present to all those who subscribed towards the Grant a folder with a reproduction of the arms in colour together with a description of them. In the end the amounts subscribed by past and by present members of the school turned out to be almost exactly equal.

I would like now to try to answer some of the questions which are almost sure to be asked about this Grant.

Why did we ask for a Grant?

At the annual dinner of the O.F.A. in 1956 the Guest of Honour was Mr. R. L. Freston, a collateral descendant of our Founder. He brought to the dinner a pedigree of his branch of the family drawn up by a nineteenth century antiquary, which showed, to the great astonishment of his audience, that the arms used by his branch of the Frestons and the arms used by our Founder were different from each other and also different from those used by the school since its fresh start in the 1890s (there is no evidence for the school having used any arms at all before that date). Thus the school's arms turned out to have no historical warrant.

In any case, it was heraldically improper for the school to use its Founder's arms as its own, quite apart from the fact that they were not in any case his real arms—only his descendants have the right to do that. We might have displayed the Founder's arms "commemoratively," as long as we made it clear that they were his arms and not the school's (many schools in fact do this). The only way for us to obtain a genuine Grant of our own was to ask the College of Arms for one. It was felt that a school whose history goes back as far as ours does (it goes back beyond 1592, since a school was certainly kept in Normanton by a chantry priest attached to the parish church in pre-Reformation days) ought to have a properly warranted Grant of Arms of its own; and so the appeal was launched.

How did the school come to be using the wrong arms?

It seems that someone must have decided in the 1890s that it would be a good idea to use the arms of John Freston. If his executors had done as he told them to in his will, we would have been able to see from his tomb in the parish church what his arms were, since he told them to complete the tomb (which he had apparently, and very reasonably, begun in his lifetime—he was 82 when he died) and to set thereon his arms and pedigree; the shields which you see on the tomb to this day were of course designed to have carved and painted on them the necessary coats of arms. It is not likely, by the way, that the arms could be found on the back and side of the tomb which are now inaccessible, since the tomb stood originally where the pulpit stands now, and therefore they were always against a wall, nor is it likely that some of the shields would have been carved and not others. The description of the Founder's arms was therefore taken, almost certainly, from the writings of Thoresby, a noted Yorkshire antiquary who flourished about 1700, where they are described as "paly of six or and azure, a chief gules." This time at least, though, Thoresby was almost certainly wrong, and the College of Arms think that these arms were really the arms of another Yorkshire family called Foston (there are two other possibilities, however); in the old black letter script used on brasses and other monuments, or in a poorly written manuscript, it would have been easy for Thoresby to misread Foston as Freston, which would explain his mistake, one which has been repeated times without number since.

Why has the new grant taken the form it has?

There were broadly three possibilities open to us. One was to design an entirely new coat of arms from scratch.

ignoring anything that had gone before. Another was to start from the arms that the Founder actually used, if we could still discover them, and modify them slightly (we would not have been allowed to use them exactly in their original form). The third was to start from the arms which we had been using for over 60 years, which had become familiar to generations of Frestonians, and were displayed in many places in and on the buildings.

The first plan would, I fear, have involved an endless discussion, and would probably also have produced a not very pleasant design. It takes a very skilled person to design a satisfying coat of arms with no starting point given, and at the same time to avoid repeating a coat already in use. Also, we would have ended up looking rather foolish, with two different coats on view. This objection would have applied also to the second course. Although we cannot be absolutely certain about this, it seems that our Founder's coat of arms was in fact "argent a fess dancetty between three mullets vert"; in ordinary language, this means a silver shield with a green zigzag bar crossing it horizontally with three green five-pointed stars, two above and one below the bar (note that the frieze of the Founder's tomb includes five pointed stars). This coat, or modifications of it, was so very different from anything we had known, and so little liked by those to whom it was shown, that this idea was soon dropped.

There remained the third plan. This at least enabled us to save our faces, since it was possible to keep the old coat with such a small modification that it is hardly noticeable, especially in a small scale version. It happens also to use the same "tinctures" (i.e. colours) as that of the Mendham Frestons, and very nearly the same colours which we use in our ties and junior caps. It is also, whatever its ultimate origin, an early coat of arms, as is shown by the simplicity of the design (it is a common mistake to assume that the more elaborate a coat of arms is, the better it is, whereas all modern authorities on heraldry agree in preferring the simpler and more classic designs which prevailed in the early days; they had to be simple then, because their use was to identify the wearer quickly and surely in the dust of battle). The Heralds, however, since the coat had been used before, insisted on a "difference," in this case a thin gold line round the red bar at the top of the arms.

So much for the shield itself. A grant of arms, however, may also include a crest, though this is not obligatory. As the shield had nothing at all to do with our Founder, it seemed a good idea to try this time for some link with

him. We found that the Mendham Frestons had in 1558 been using as their crest "a demi grey friar proper" ("proper" here means in natural colouring), but had changed by 1615 to "a demi grey hound." Why they changed we do not know; but there is some evidence that our Founder's crest was the grey friar, perhaps recalling some association with the monastic foundation at Monk Fryston. A monk as the crest, then, meant that we would be using what was probably part of the Founder's arms, and certainly had once been part of the arms of the Mendham branch. It would also serve to recall that the lands with which John Freston endowed the school consisted mainly of an estate known as "the Trinities in Pontefract," as well as the fact that the school had its first origin, even before his gift, as a school kept by a priest in the parish church. The heralds, however, as with the shield, insisted on a "difference," or rather two: the monk now holds in his right hand a book, and on his breast, in gold, is a trefoil, a three-leaved flower which is a traditional symbol of the Holy Trinity. He is bareheaded and tonsured, as in the drawing of him in the original record preserved in the College of Arms.

A motto is not part of the actual grant—that is, it will not be found set down in the wording of the grant. If one is chosen, it will be seen in the drawing of the arms on the patent. The school has never had a motto; we do not know whether our Founder used one. So Windsor Herald and I between us invented one, and it remains to be seen whether it will find approval—"Learn to be free." Like many mottoes, this can be, and is meant to be, taken in more than one way. It can be read as advice to the scholars of John Freston's foundation to learn because knowledge gives a freedom that can never be taken away, or, if this is not in fact the same idea stated in a different way, as a statement of the purpose of the education given by a grammar school—a liberal education, the education suited to, and which aims to produce, free men—free from the curse of ignorance, free from prejudice, capable of resisting tyranny whether over the body or over the mind. It is also, and this is quite in the tradition of heraldry, in some sort a pun on, and reminder of, the name of the Founder. Whether it has been used before I do not know; the last of the three reasons given for its adoption explains why I preferred an English to a Latin motto.

What are the other objects which can be seen in the Grant?

Above the shield is seen a plain helmet, an esquire's helmet, that worn by the lowest rank of those entitled to

bear arms; it is the type that, by heraldic convention, is used by a corporate body. On the helmet rests what looks like a wreath, which has the two main colours of the shield, or and azure (gold and blue). Floating round it is the "mantling," in the same colours—this was originally a sort of cloth lining to the helmet, part of which was allowed to hang free. On the wreath is set the crest, which originally was worn on the helmet in battle. The motto is shown on the scroll beneath the shield.

What does the wording of the grant mean?

The shield itself is described first. "Paly of six or and azure" tells us that the main, i.e. in this case the bottom part of the shield (the "field"), roughly two-thirds, consists of six upright bars of equal width (compare "a paling fence"), alternately gold and blue, starting with gold at the right of the shield as it is carried by the man using it (i.e. the left as you look at it in the picture). "A chief gules" means that the top part of the shield (chief is from Lat. "caput," i.e. head) is red. (So far we have the original shield.) "Fimbriated gold" means that the red chief has a thin gold line all round it (fimbria is Latin for a thin line or hem)—this is the difference that the heralds insisted on.

The crest I have already described very fully. "Demi" means, of course, that we see only the top half of him; "affrontée," that he faces us; "proper" of the friar and his book, means shown in their natural or normal colours, not arbitrary heraldic ones; "dexter" hand is right hand.

The motto, helm, wreath and mantling are not strictly part of the grant and are not, therefore, described in words.

What are the round things at the bottom?

They are cases (the lids are removable) enclosing the seals of three of the Kings of Arms—three because the grant is to a corporate body.

To whom has the grant been made?

To the Foundation known as Normanton Grammar School. This means that the arms may be used by the members of the Foundation acting together, that is, the Governors for the time being of the Foundation and their Clerk, Normanton Grammar School, and Normanton High School.

What difference does the grant make?

We are not now using arms to which we were not entitled, and to which our claim was also historically false. We might, of course, have designed a badge for ourselves; but the grant acts as a sort of copyright, and no one now may reproduce these arms in any form without our consent. They may also be felt to add something of dignity to the school; but it should be borne in mind that such a grant is open to almost any person or corporation that is willing to apply and to pay the fees involved, and is not by any means limited to old foundations (it is not long since a school got a grant to mark its fiftieth anniversary).

As in the days when heraldry took its origin, it is not the arms that confer distinction on the bearer of them; it is for those who wear the arms to confer distinction on them. It is for the past and present and future scholars of Freston's foundation to make these arms famous and admired—the arms will not do it for them. Hannibal was once asked to review the army of a rich king in Asia Minor; their arms were glittering with gold and silver. But he was not impressed, since he considered, and rightly, that the men who bore them were incapable of using them.

J.A.L.H.

HOLDEN MEMORIAL COMMITTEE

There remains a balance in the Holden Memorial Fund of £145 17s. 1d. At one time a plan for a Memorial Garden had been favoured, but the extensions to the buildings caused this plan to be first postponed and finally abandoned. It was then proposed that a stained glass window should be provided, but this did not commend itself to Mrs. Holden, and the Committee has now decided to commission a bronze plaque, similar in size and format to that which commemorates the late Mr. C. E. Brittain, which will include the new school arms.

It is hoped that the tablet may be ready for unveiling by the end of the summer term, but no firm date can be given now. It will be fixed in the annexe on the same wall as the War Memorial tablets.

SALVETE

SPRING TERM, 1961

Form IIW—G. Lisle, A. Ward.

Form IA—J. Dodd, G. Woodhead.

Form IB—J. Bryce, B. Dennis.

Form IC—R. Reaney, G. M. Schofield, S. N. Spires, R. Steane.

VALETE

Form L.VIA—J. Harper.

Form VIM—T. D. Hunt.

Form VA—A. M. Gant.

Form VB—M. Dobbs, G. Kinsey.

Form IVA—M. N. Hayes.

Form IVB—D. Kellett, D. Steele.

Form IVC—D. Hunter, G. A. Pawson.

Form IIIA—J. Schofield.

Form IIW—H. Morgan, B. J. Tennant.

Form IC—J. A. Thatcher.

DE OMNIBUS

New school prefects are E. Holland, J. Mitchell, N. G. Pickett and R. Thickett.

On Saturday, 21st January, the Parents' Association held their New Year Party.

A film and lecture on "Careers in the Army" was given on 26th January, and on the following Thursday (2nd February) a similar lecture was given on "Careers in the Royal Navy."

On the 22nd February a Parents' Evening was held for the First, Fifth and Sixth forms.

The County Youth Employment Officer visited the school on the 22nd and 23rd February. Vth and Lower Vth formers received individual interviews.



John H. Young

MR. YOUNG

Mr. J. H. Young, B.A. (Senior French Master) is to retire at the end of the Spring Term after 37 years of service to the School.

During the 1914-18 War he served with the London-Scottish Regiment (1915-17) and was wounded in July, 1916. From 1917-19 he was a 2nd-Lieut. in the Royal Flying Corps (later Flying Officer, R.A.F.).

After the war, he took a degree in Modern Languages at Bristol University and began his career as a teacher at Normanton Grammar School in January, 1924, and since that time, though not a man of great stature he has certainly made his presence felt in the School. As a young master he was a bundle of energy and his cheerful face brightened classroom and staffroom alike. He "stood no nonsense," and his vigour and enthusiasm carried the members of the Lower School joyfully along their academic way. Several old boys have studied Modern Languages at the University and their academic attainments are sufficient testimony to the teaching ability of their Senior French Master.

He was interested in all out-of-school activities. For many years he was Sports Secretary and along with Mr. Hewson he organised junior football and cricket—and still found time to release excess energy by playing rugby with the O.F.A. One must not forget that under his inspiration the Stamp Club and the French Club have flourished. Since 1950 he has organised School journeys to France, Belgium and Switzerland and scores of boys owe their first happy experiences on the Continent to his kindness and devotion to duty.

He has always loved music; for two periods per week he taught music to three forms together, in half of what is now the Art Room—no mean feat; and what is more, they sang, though I must admit that it was sometimes disturbing to a master teaching on the other side of the curtain that partitioned the room. He has always been a keen member of the School Choir and even today during Assembly when one sees that white head among the assembled Choir one can be sure that the tenors will "pull their weight." For many years he was a member of Normanton Operatic Society and with Tom Lawson, Arthur Butler and the late Frank Cressey helped to delight Normanton with musical comedy.

Indeed, he was a man of many parts, loved by all for his charm and cheerfulness. Perhaps he would like to remember the days when his energy was inexhaustible, when during the lunch hour we vied with each other at weight lifting in the Physics Lab. (I have often wondered what the legitimate purpose of those weights was.)

One by one the "Old Guard" has departed and we are sorry that "Joe" must leave us; he carries with him our best wishes. We hope that he will enjoy a long and happy retirement.

MR. BEDDOWS

Mr. J. Beddows, B.Sc., is leaving us at the end of this term to take up the appointment of Deputy Head at Castleford Technical High School which will be officially opened in April of this year.

Mr. Beddows is an Old Boy of the School and during his career (1923-29) proved to be outstanding on the sports field; he was Captain of both Cricket and Football. It is good to remember that he sent his son to his old school where he won like honours, and afterwards gained a Soccer Blue at Cambridge and eventually captained the University XI.

Mr. Beddows returned to School as Physics and Chemistry master in May, 1950, and for some 10 years in his typically forceful manner has laid the foundation of sound scientific knowledge in the School; his keenness and hard work are much to be admired.

The members of the Association Football Club will sadly miss his inspiration. He has always been fanatically keen on his beloved game and the high standard of Association Football in the School is largely due to his indefatigable energy and skilful coaching.

We wish him success and happiness in his new appointment.

MR. WILTSHIRE

Mr. B. Wiltshire is also retiring at the end of this term; he has been caretaker at the School for 40 years and has seen the School grow from some 150 boys to its present roll of 550. Since those early days he has seen the School buildings gradually enlarged and extended and every new development has meant extra work for him. One can

imagine his exasperation at finding that no sooner had he "put things in order" than he had to start all over again. He must have felt that he was doomed to live in a world of dust. Nevertheless, he has bravely carried on, one can forgive him his curses; he has had an unenviable task.

We are sorry that illness has prevented him from carrying out his duties during the past few months, particularly since "things have eased up" and our "invaders" have departed. We hope that he will have a speedy recovery.

As he takes note of the splendid new kitchen and watches the boys troop to School dinner, it must seem a long time since he helped to prepare meals for the few boys who stayed to lunch 40 years ago.

Few boys can realise how much work is done in the School two or three hours before they arrive, but if they could see the lights go on at 6 o'clock on a cold, dark winter's morning and see what is being done for their comfort perhaps they could be persuaded to adopt tidier habits.

Many Old Boys now appreciate the work that Bert has done and I am sure that they all wish him a healthy and happy retirement.

SOCIETY JOTTINGS

CHESS CLUB

Capablanca, who was Chess Champion of the World, wanted the rules changed as he considered that the possible games of chess that could be played would be exhausted in the near future and too many games would be repeated. However, a brief look at some of the mathematics involved will soon show otherwise.

A normal number of alternative moves available in a position is around 30 and games at a high level average about 40 moves. The number of possible games is thus approximately ten to the power of 100, that is "one" followed by one hundred noughts.

Now if a computing machine could play a million million games per second the number of years to play all these games would be "One" followed by seventy-eight noughts.

There are several chess playing machines in existence but a simple one, not looking far ahead, takes eight minutes per move whilst a more complicated one takes as much as ten hours over each move. This is due to the fact that it has to analyse every possible continuation and chooses one that leads to the capture of a piece without consideration of whether or not it is really safe to take it. Thus the machine can beat a very weak player and would do well against our first year boys but would have little chance against our 4th formers. It seems that judgement without exact calculation will always be a major factor in chess and one that cannot be built into a machine.

Problems such as WHITE to mate in two moves can be solved very efficiently by machines as all possibilities can be tested within a reasonable time. Apart from such problems the human mind will remain supreme at chess and it will be a long time (if ever) before two machines play each other for the world championship. One mathematician calculated that there are more possible games of chess to be played than there are atoms in the whole universe.

Another chess season comes to an end now and we can look back on a very successful year with even greater hopes for the future.

The first year boys have come in greater numbers than ever before so we hope next year we will have a solid block of players in all years except the sixth and above, and the

standard of play is continuing to rise throughout the school. The House matches have, after two of the three rounds, produced the following results:—

1st, Bennett 20 points; 2nd, Freeston 14½ points; 3rd, Frobisher 10½ points; 4th, Hanson 3 points.

I would like to congratulate Lee 3A, the Hanson Captain, on making the best of a weak team and always trying to improve and encourage them.

Overconfidence in their own ability has led to the downfall of several of our players who have ability but lack the power of 100 per cent. concentration. I, therefore, give pride of place for this year's chess to Clark (5A) and P. Lees (2A). The latter shows an ability and concentration unusual at such an age and is a "cert" for the school championship in a few years time.

The School Champions are:—

Form 5, Barraclough; Form 4, Jones; Form 3, Crossland;
Form 2, Brookes; Form 1, Dixon.

Senior Championship: Jones (IVA).

Officials for the next year are:—

Captain: Jones (IVA); Vice-Captain: Barraclough (VA); Junior Captain: P. Lees (IIA); Junior Vice-Captain: Ward (IC).

LE CLUB FRANCAIS

Les deux réunions de ce trimestre eurent lieu vendredi le trois février et le dix-sept février.

On commença la première réunion par boire du café dans la salle d'assemblée au milieu d'une foule d'autres élèves. Ensuite on passa à la salle de géographie pour regarder et écouter deux films dont le premier traitait de la prononciation. Quoique ce film fût simple on ne pouvait guère distinguer ce qu'on disait. Au début un jeune garçon essayait d'apprendre à une jeune fille à prononcer le français; au milieu on vit une famille et enfin la jeune fille elle-même essaya de nous faire prononcer correctement le français. Le second film nous fit voir les Pyrénées.

Pour la deuxième réunion, après avoir bu le café traditionnel dans la salle d'assemblée on s'achemina vers la salle de musique pour écouter des poèmes français. On en écouta trois. Le premier traitait d'un âne; le second était

à propos de la neige et le dernier s'appelait "La Souris." Ensuite on écouta deux chansons, chantées par Yves Montand. La première chanson s'appelait "J'avions reçu commandement" et nous était agréable mais nous trouvâmes la seconde, "Le Roi Renaud," assez triste. Quand on eut écouté ces disques tout le monde se dirigea vers la salle de géographie où on vit des films qui nous firent voir des vues de la France.

J. Mitchell.

SCRIPTURE UNION

The monthly meetings for junior boys have been baited with a free cup of tea and biscuits, and in fact some 40 boys attended the first, which took the form of a quiz, Bible reading and talk by older members. Fewer boys attended the second, but "man shall not live by bread and free tea alone," and several younger boys now come to the regular Monday Bible Study.

K.M.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

The most important, if least interesting activity during the term has been the cleaning of the Dark Room—occupied intermittently for nearly three years by workmen of one sort or another. Since the cleaning we have had only one meeting there but hope to have others before the end of the term.

The prime aim in the darkroom meeting was, of course, to introduce the beginners to the art of contact printing. A poor start was made, because the developer, from a newly-bought bottle turned out to be useless. Fortunately there was a little developer still left in an old bottle and this was good enough to produce quite satisfactory prints.

Another of our meetings was concerned largely with the meaning of "Colour Temperature" and °K—which are so important in colour photography. There was some surprise that temperature here had no very obvious connection with temperature in its everyday meaning.

An effort will be made to produce an exhibition of members' photographs next term.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

We set out at 8.30 a.m. from the Wells at Royston on a foggy, cold day, and made our way to Featherstone, a large mining village about ten miles north-east of Royston. At

last we arrived there and picked up some boys that were coming on the trip. After this we went on to Normanton where we met the second bus and set off for Flamborough. On the way there we came to a town called Market Weighton.

Market Weighton has a most interesting history. Market Weighton sprung up as a market between the vale and wolds of Yorkshire. The Vale of Yorkshire is rich, dark brown soil suitable for growing wheat and rearing cattle, whereas the Wolds of Yorkshire consist of chalk, suitable for sheep and some wheat and barley.

Moving away from the Wolds a strange, steep decline could be seen in the earth's surface. This decline is an old cliff line. Before the ice age the sea came up to here. A great ice sheet then covered the whole area and when it melted rubble and soil from out of the ice was dropped building up a broad plain in front of the old cliff. This plain is the peninsula of Holderness.

Moving away from this, back on the Wolds, fences could be seen 20ft. set back from the road in fields. These fences are put here so that when it is snowy weather the snow will pile up behind these and not on the road.

At last after a two hour journey we arrived at Bridlington and went down onto the beach. The cliffs here consist of compressed clay and the beach of large stretches of smooth sand, but as we walked on to Flamborough the cliffs became chalky and the beach very stony.

At last we reached Flamborough where we met our buses and went on to Hull.

At Hull we first had our tea and then went round the docks. In olden times there wasn't much use for docks and the main street was High Street. Today docks have been built and the town's main street has moved leaving High Street as a back street. Hull is Britain's third most important port, Liverpool the second and London the first. Docks are used all over the world to keep the water level constant so that ships may be unloaded. The ships are unloaded by huge cranes that stand forty or fifty feet high. Ships aren't always unloaded by this type of crane, sometimes they are unloaded by cranes which deal with small vessels.

At last we went back to our buses and made our way back to Royston, arriving there at half-past-eight, very tired.
P. Green (IIA).

THE FRESTONIAN SOCIETY

This term two meetings have been held so far, the attendance at each being approximately 35. The first gathering on 23rd January took the form of a Juke Box Jury, with the records ranging from Buddy Holly ("not as good as Barbirolli"—quote from one of the more intelligent of our members) to Spanish religious music. The meeting proved to be rather boring, the music not reaching a very high standard.

The second meeting was held on 13th February and opened with Mazas's "Concerto for two unaccompanied violins," the soloists being Miss H. Knowles and D. K. Watts, who gave a brilliant account of the work. They were given such an ovation that an encore had to be given and as a special request played "Drink to me only." This was followed by a most interesting talk by Miss T. Roebuck, the Head Girl, on her visits to Disneyland and a Hollywood Film Studio. Never again will members of the Society be fooled by scenery and tricks seen on the many cowboy films. Finally, Mr. Arkell spoke on "Modern Classical Music," and illustrated his discussion with the use of gramophone records.

Finally to those who read Frestonian Society notices the Committee would like to say that the Secretary's name is Christine A. Hollies, despite what other people would wish it to be.

THE LIBRARY

Over two-hundred new books have been added to the Library this term, and A. N. Hoyle, F. Rawdon and J. Wilby have also donated a number of fiction books.

Among the new books are a number on various sports and recreation and also on art. Examples of these are:—

"The Art of Chess" by J. Mason (class number 794.1).

"Olympic Gymnastics" by G. C. Kunzle and B. W. Thomas (796.4).

"Modelling" by M. Petrie (738).

"Cubism" by Alfred Schmeller (759.06).

"How to draw horses" by John Skeaping (743).

There has also been added a complete set of the "Oxford Junior Encyclopaedia" (R032).

LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS

STRANGERS IN THE GALLERY

Before we set off on our memorable trip to London, Watts, our leading representative, was taken critically ill with the dreaded complaint "stittis." However, a remedy was soon found at Boots' Chemist.

Apart from jumping one or two traffic lights, and receiving four warnings for speeding, the journey was uneventful as far as Cricklewood, on the outskirts of London. Here the minibus "packed in," and refused to start.

"Right, lairds, get out and push," called the driver, Mr. Price. Amidst groans of protest, the passengers climbed out and began to push. Laughed at by motorists (including Mr. Price), scorned at by other grammar school-boys, we pressed on regardless.

When we eventually arrived at our destination we were determined to take the "mickey" out of the Londoners and get our own back. We hurriedly changed and set off on our tour of the London highlights. After taking the "tube" to Marble Arch, we sauntered down Regent Street, admiring the "illuminations" and the "birds," artificial, of course.

One of our happy crowd complained of severe hunger pains, whereupon we hastened to our pre-arranged night club, the famous Nam Ting Chinese Restaurant. With the dimmed, coloured Chinese lanterns casting an oriental atmosphere over the twelve-course meal, we fumbled ignorantly with our chopsticks. To complete the meal, wine was ordered. Alas, old Ricky had too much, and jumping on to the table sang the Chinese National Anthem, the famous "Ying Tong Song" (B flat). After we had finished we were forced into the kitchen and washed up with the latest Chinese washing-up product "Sope."

For the rest of the evening we wandered around the "Normanton of the South," Soho, visiting such famous coffee bars as Boojies, Wimpeys, the Rose and Crown, the Black Swan, etc.

In one of these well-known boozers, a spaghetti-eating contest was held between the Staff (Mr. Price) and the School (Mr. Watts). The School won by half a table-spoonful of spaghetti and ketchup.

At last, we crawled to bed at some unearthly hour.

The following morning we really enjoyed our luxury breakfast, scrambled egg on burnt toast, with cold tea, which was too weak to crawl out of the pot.

After breakfast we managed to salvage a few economic books from that renowned bookshop, Woolworths. We then pushed our minibus to the Houses of Parliament, where we parked it in a space allotted to Peers only.

Just as we entered the Main Hall, a squad of police, armed to the teeth, rushed in and escorted Mr. Price to the Old Bailey. Feeling pleased with having got rid of our master, and not wishing to bail him out, we proceeded on our tour of Parliament.

We were shown into the House of Lords' private library, and the original Magna Carta document is now on show in the Prefects' Room, admission 2/-. However, we only succeeded in getting the Speaker's Mace as far as the Main Lobby, where we were stopped by the Sergeant-at-Arms.

At one o'clock, our guide, Lord Lawson, looked at his watch, gave a sigh of relief, and fled to safety. We were left stranded in the Cafeteria, where, after eating as much as we could, we put the bill on the Prime Minister's account.

After bailing Mr. Price out, we met Mr. Roberts, M.P., who gave us some tickets for the public gallery in the House of Commons. We grabbed the whole of the front row and entered into the spirit of the House, whereupon we were kicked on to the back row. Protesting loudly, we pushed an "usher" over the balcony. Mr. Price, the apparent instigator of the disturbance, was ejected from the Chamber, and again rushed to the Old Bailey. We then settled down to a quiet afternoon in Parliament. However, Holland of the Lower Sixth, a firm Communist, protested about the new Anti-Fascist Bill. Having to back up our comrade, we promptly stood up and shouted, "What about the workers!" Not content with this we pelted the Government front bench with rotten eggs (left over from our breakfast) and tomatoes.

Chased by half-a-dozen "Beefeaters" we made a hurried exit from the gallery. However we managed to dodge them in the cellars, from whence we made our entrance into the House of Lords' public gallery. We arrived just in time to hear a debate on Lady C, whereupon we entered the discussion, and showed our disapproval of the Lords' decision to ban Lady C. Once again we were fugitives, and rescuing Mr. Price from the Old Bailey, we pushed the "bus" to his mother-in-law's in East Cheam.

Here, Mr. Price made the drastic mistake of introducing the Head Boy to his sister-in-law (wow!). Half-an-hour later, we set off for Gretna Green in pursuit. However we overtook them at the fish and chip shop round the corner.

Saying farewell to Mr. Price's relations (who, if they had checked their display-cabinet would certainly have not), we departed on our return journey.

Crashing our way through several police road-blocks, prepared especially for us, we left London with "Prices" on our heads.

Several hours later, we staggered into Royston, having left Mr. Price washing dishes at a transport cafe in Grantham.

After this uneventful outing, we have decided to lead an exciting and "fab" life at N.G.S. T. Jones (LVIA).

AGE

It flows on, and on, and on,
This ceaseless torrent which drowns—
Drowns our hopes, our dreams and us,
There is no consummation to be reached,
For all, aye, all falls 'neath its waves.

C. Lawrence (IIIa).

BATTLE

It was ten minutes to four one Wednesday afternoon. Grim, studious faces were to be seen, waiting for the epic battle to begin. Anxious glances were cast from one person to another and all was very silent.

Suddenly the king appeared, taking his place on the field of battle. He was followed one at a time by his followers. Meanwhile, the enemy ranks were filled and all was prepared for battle.

The king commanded the man in front of him to advance, which he did at once, to the centre of the field. The enemy, taking up the challenge, replied suitably, sending a man to kill the impudent dolt who dared to advance

alone. However, a knight leaped out to protect his comrade, urging his white horse forward. Immediately in reply an enemy horseman on his black charger swept proudly into the fray and locked himself in combat with his adversary.

The battle carried on its bitter course; men trapped by enemy soldiers were overpowered and hurled from the field of battle. The king himself, trapped up against the castle on his right flank, was forced to move away, whereupon the shiny white walls of the castle were torn down. The battle was now going badly for the king, now sweating under the weight of his white crown and gown. The enemy forced on relentlessly, pouring man after man into the already hard-pressed front rank.

The king retreated madly after each of his followers were slaughtered at his side. He battled on, but now all hope was gone as he was now left with only one castle and his two wounded knights. The end came suddenly and very unexpectedly when the enemy queen, brushing aside a knight, threw herself upon the weary king
"Check mate!"

Spectators smiled and patted the victor on the back as he walked up to the scorekeeper and said, "Win for School, board four."

J. R. Law (IVa).

AN ENGLISHMAN'S UTOPIA

What can be more typical of how the average Englishman spends his leisure time than with "the lads" at the local football match? They all, within themselves, hold a varied and equally interesting spectacle, presenting the momentarily diverted glance with a heritage of North country character and humour.

Why do they all present themselves so gregariously around the sacred arena in all weathers, rain or shine? They have a definite interest and objective — supporting the home team throughout the ensuing ninety minutes. To win, or not to win, that is their goal; for here they are presented with drama, suspense and excitement, splayed to their left, and to their right, in a huge panoramic "live-show."

Having paid their humble fees at the gate, they arrange themselves in a bunch, comprising **only** of their kind—"United" supporters (beware, any stray foreigner!) The game begins, and our crowd of many a thousand, instantaneously focus their eyes upon twenty-two belittled strap-

lings, pursuing one minute ball, shifting from one end of the field to the other in a clockwork frequency. Very soon, our heroes are justifiably disguised, and beyond all possible recognition, underneath a thick lathering of mud churned up from a now "semi-bog-like" football pitch.

Turning aside, "the lads" are offering sufficient proof to verify a certain psychological axiom, which states that civilization is merely a thin film, overlaying man's bestial, barbaric nature. Our "Homo Sapiens" now apparently shed this thin film, and offer wild judgements and prophecies (if such they can be called). No longer are the crowd mere supporters—they are now judges and critics, within their own rights, hectically denouncing every decision and order of our poor referee (who simply **must** be playing for the other side), and frantically encouraging the onslaught of "good old United."

The game is now in full swing, and the "supporters" are accompanying their now hoarse cheers (and boos) with a rousing discharge from a number of rowdy football rattles.

There are some people in this world who claim to be able to tell a man's exact character from his facial expressions. Surely, they would never run out of material for a very long time if they cared to venture round here, for we are presented in all weathers with an odd and very varied mixture of character "in the raw." Here we are presented with the bashful henpecked husband who has sought refuge from his spouse in the sanctuary of the crowd. Here we find the true country colloquialism that we Northerners have such a nation-wide reputation for. Existing here is a race alone, with all worldly scruples forgotten. No more are they the people who paid their frugal admission fees at the turnstiles; no more are they just "ordinary men" with earth-bound spirits; for here we find them as "Lords of the Earth," with but one intention—to support "United" to the bitter end.

All too readily time runs out, and our hardy supporters are left to contemplate—whether they like it or not—the final result. A long snake of beings wind themselves out of the gate, presenting their drastically conflicting views and expressions to their partisans. No one yet has any right to think that the game is by any means at an end. It will not end until the result is thoroughly debated over by heated "orators" at the street corner, and its memory will still linger on, long after the last party of hoarse spectators climb into their omnibuses to be driven speedily into the heart of the grimy suburbs.

R. B. Sylvester (VA2).

A STRIPLING IS SHOCKED

I took my grandpa from his bed,
And laid him 'neath a tree,
My span of years was 17,
And his was 93.
A thing occurred which made me wish
I'd left him in his bed,
Down from the tree-tops fell a branch,
Which landed on his head.
He lay exhausted on the grass,
I thought that he was dead,
Until he bade me pick him up,
And bear him to his bed.
At last with sweat upon my brow,
Him into bed I packed,
I'll ne'er forget the afternoon
When grandpa's nut was cracked.

A. Knowles (IVc).

THE CORAL SEA

The first thing you notice when you come to rest on the ocean floor is that the heavy diver's outfit you are wearing has lost its weight, and movement is as free and easy as on land.

Then you realise you are in a new world, where the sense of values must be reconstructed. You strain your ears, but hear nothing. You glance upwards, but see no sky. You gaze outwards, but some fifty feet marks the limit of your horizon. There are no sharp contrasts of light and shade, for the diffused illumination softens every outline and shrouds every object in a peculiar, mysterious air.

The water, transparent and constantly moving, as seen from above, seems no longer to be water, but a queer, encompassing medium without motion. You are not even conscious that it is wet. You stretch out a hand towards a great coral-cliff towering beside you, only to discover that it is much farther off than it looks.

It is not easy to judge distances in the new surroundings. The corals which appeared to be only ankle high from above are actually waist high, and declivities which seem at first to be slight often run off into huge depressions—even into gorges.

Limited as is the range of one's vision when under water, the colouring of the corals, sea flowers and varied marine life is almost beyond description. The coral polyps themselves are of every conceivable colour — red, pink, violet, white, yellow, purple, bright blue and vivid scarlet.

The anemones, sea urchins and other innumerable fishes and sea creatures are also of many various tints.

Darting hither and thither are troops of fishes having colour patterns which are exquisitely beautiful, and star fishes and crabs, many of them also highly coloured. Truly a reef of living coral with its gorgeously-coloured inhabitants is a sea garden more interesting than any garden of flowering plants.

The life in this unique submarine world is simply amazing. You detect large spiny lobsters, their antennæ frantically waving to and fro seeking some minute passing prey, while close by a couple of crabs are seen feeding upon the submarine plants.

The colouration of fish life is even more impressive than that of the corals and sea flowers. One detects, too, that particular colours are correlated with special habits. The darker colours are wholly restricted to fish living near the sea bed, the lighter colours, on the other hand, characterise such species as live near the surface in open water. The fishes displaying the most vivid colour combination move in the most varied environments. The colour of all, in fact, appears to conform to a simple system of distribution.

Thus, we have seen one of the most amazing natural wonders of the world. Its fantastic beauty embracing all the colours in the rainbow, and it is almost impossible to describe the castles, grottos, and other coral formations which can be seen in this fairyland of wonder and loveliness.

R. Moore (VA2).

OLD BROWNIE'S ESCAPE

Motionless as the rock behind which she was hidden, Old Brownie, the otter, watched the two humans on the river-bank nearby. Charlie Foster, the gamekeeper, and Bob, his son, were setting an otter trap—for the very animal which was watching them!

The pool held a good number of fine, fat trout. Charlie Foster was watching them, when suddenly, out from the dark shadow of a bed of reeds, a long sinister shape slid towards an unsuspecting trout. "A pike!" shouted Charlie, and he flung his gun to his shoulder and fired. The water deflected the shot, and the pike, the trout in his jaws, sped to safety. "Ugly brute!" raged Charlie. "Big as a shark, and twice as hungry." The keeper and his son walked angrily away.

Later that day, at dusk, Old Brownie and her cubs emerged from their lair in the river-bank. The other cubs

were having great fun, scampering here and there through the long grass. Old Brownie shot forward, as one of the cubs ran ahead of the rest, and bowled over the startled creature head over heels. Then, while the cubs looked on inquisitively, their mother picked up a stick and began prodding amongst the grass. The reaching stick set off the otter trap, concealed in the grass, and the closing jaws bit deep into the wood. But for the alertness of Old Brownie, one of her cubs might have fallen victim to the trap.

Hardly had the trap been sprung when out of the river a trout leaped high in panic. It was in deadly peril, pursued by the giant pike. Instantly, Old Brownie left her cubs and slid into the water. In a few seconds the hunt was on. The pike, surging forward in close pursuit of the trout, was unaware of the menacing brown shape at her tail. A few moments later, the watching cubs saw their mother appear above the surface, the giant pike held fast in her jaws. Old Brownie and her cubs feasted before returning to their hidden lair.

Early next morning the gamekeeper and his son came across the skeleton of the big pike. "The killer," exclaimed the gamekeeper happily. "Old Brownie's got him." The gamekeeper was still examining the remains of the pike when his son, who was looking across the river, suddenly raised his shotgun. His target was Old Brownie, the otter, but before he was able to pull the trigger, his father jumped up and pushed the gun aside. "We've been after Old Brownie for a long time, son," said the gamekeeper, "but, by killing that pike, she's saved us more trout than she's ever likely to eat. From now on she has nothing to fear from you and me." B. Baker.

THE START OF A RACE

Two o'clock, Saturday, the first of July, the athletic meeting has been opened and everybody has settled down. It is the start of the first race of the afternoon, the hundred yards sprint; a deadly hush falls over the crowd. This makes me more nervous, and I have got butterflies in the stomach on top of my legs feeling like jelly. All of a sudden a man outside the ground shouting, "Pottery for rags," at the top of his voice, caused laughter amongst the crowd. After a few minutes, the crowd settled down again to a deadly quiet. After this commotion, the tension had become more and more. "On your marks; get set." Bang!! I had done it—after all, what's in pulling the trigger of a harmless gun!

J. A. Foster (IIIa).

THE CRESTA RUN

Brrr! The morning was cold. The bleak little village of St. Moritz lurked out of the thin fog. The onlookers watched the dull little town, stirred up by the excitement of this great sporting event. Out of the quaint little cottages appeared the local people, all happily prepared for the day's sport.

The booming voice of the loudspeaker rang out over the mountain. The large, prickly pines seemed to shiver in the cold as the gentle breeze knocked the pure white snow from the pointed branches.

The first competitor was about to start.

After a few tense seconds the signal was given, and the tiny, metal "bob" started on its hectic trip. At first the driver tended to go slow, but after gaining his confidence, finally increased his speed to a cautious 30, sliding and bouncing over the crisp, white snow, leaving the undercoat of shiny, glimmering glass to determine the heavy weight of the sledge, and the thin span of the gaily-coloured steel runners.

After ten exciting seconds, the driver steers inwards to the steep, slanting ice bank, as he carefully approaches the 45 degrees bend known as Junction. With gripped teeth and tense limbs the driver of the sledge jaunts dangerously around the terror-stricken corner, holding helplessly to his machine. A thin string of words come from the excited spectators as the man continues his maddening trip. "Well done! Bravo!"

Cautiously he prepares for Church Leap—a steep gruelling gradient, and "rise"—a thin, uphill stretch of thick, grey ice.

Like a bombshell it careers down Church Leap and speedily up to the top of "rise."

The driver's face is red. His crash-helmet is being constantly thundered with churned-up snow from the runners.

But the driver has not finished yet, and hurriedly positions himself for "Zigzag," a short series of winding corners. As the "bob" approaches, the experienced driver ploughs his metal-capped boots into the thick ice. The sledge begins to slow down and then foolishly slides around the treacherous corners. Then the Telegraph Pole. The driver's mind works like a flash and he steers clear.

The icy wall lurks towards him, but a sharp dig into the frozen ground lurches the "bob" to the left, to miss the wall of snow by a few menacing feet.

Hastily the driver regains a comfortable position and urges his perilous machine round "The Shuttlecock" bend. A gasp of relief comes from the driver as he approaches the Stop gradient. Crash! The metal machine hits a bale of snow-covered straw and comes to rest.

Quite pleased with himself he gets up and shakes hands with his team-mates and friends.

He has done well. He has finished the course!

The rest of the day is full of exciting spills, as many competitors finish up in the snow!

The following day the announcements are made, and our friend has gained a confident second.

It is evident he will try to gain the trophy next year.

After the prizes have been presented, the competitors go home to their countries, and the little town of St. Moritz is relieved till the following year, when the excitement and realism is again produced to show what an exciting sport "bob-sleighing" really is.

A. Miles (IVa).

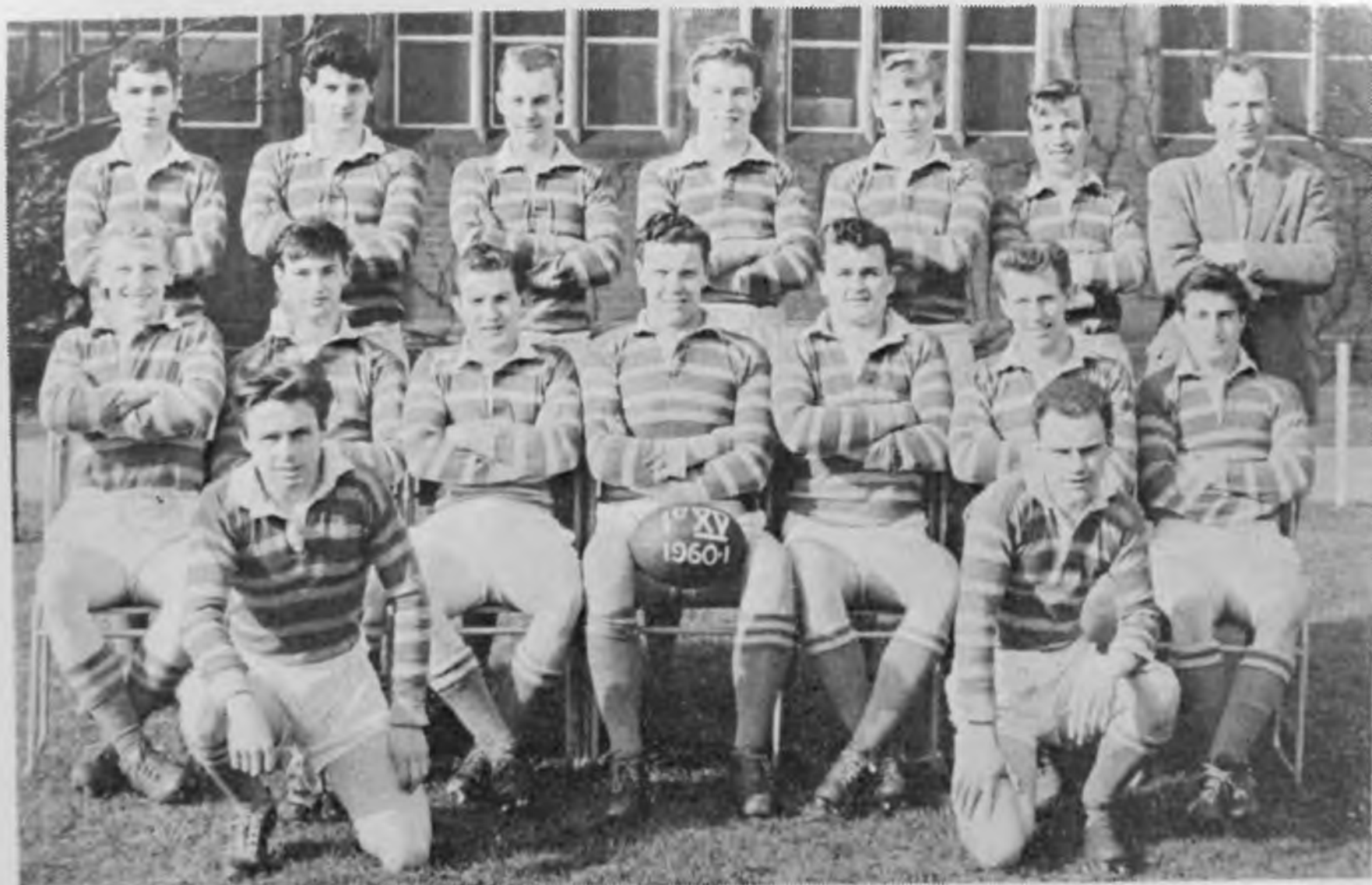
RIDERS IN THE SKY

In the dock stood Stanif Crumplova, of no fixed abode and with a petty crime record as long as his arm. The Ostanian police had caught him in the act of poisoning the Sultana's poodle, and had brought him straight to court. After being sentenced to five years' penal servitude, the judge asked him the same question that he had asked the previous prisoners. This was, "Instead of serving your sentence would you like to go to the moon in a rocket?"

Stanif, not being a very bright subject, asked the Judge for permission to think it over. His request was granted and he finally decided to take a chance on the moon. Being afraid of the dark, special lighting was placed in the rocket, and Stanif was provided with a convict companion. This man was Alkatraz Snipe, Ostanian playboy, jailed for three years for playing boy once too often. After a few days of prayers and good-byes, the two heroes set off on their journey to the moon.

They landed safely and wired down to Ostania to send up some bricklayers.

When these arrived they built a streamlined prison and named it Lunar Scrubs. The two prisoners were incarcerated to serve their five years. Stanif and Alkatraz complained to Lunar Warder 3, knowing their rights.



Back Row: M. Powell, J. A. Cudworth, G. S. Dobson, T. M. Conboy, J. T. Hall, R. Carr, Mr. W. F. Moreton.
Seated: V. B. Ellis, A. P. Gates, J. Senior, R. Griffiths (Captain), E. Towler, C. S. Hampson, J. H. Thompson.
Kneeling: P. Davies, R. H. Spires.



Back Row: E. Priest, J. A. Foster, S. Jackson, T. R. Starkie, Mr. F. A. G. Price, R. C. Brennan,
S. D. Webster, C. A. Nichols, P. Jackson.
Seated: J. Tinkler, R. E. Nicholson, A. Parrish, J. R. Mynett, R. P. Freeman (Captain), B.
Lockett, R. Davies, P. S. Waring, L. W. Rowett.
Kneeling: K. Amery, P. Bridges.



Back Row: W. R. Watson, J. Mitchell, M. G. Garbett, Mr. D. Moy, S. Hutchinson, C. Buckle, R. Hodgson,
Seated: D. Lumb, D. Bradley, D. K. Watts (Captain), J. Strutt, G. Sleight.

Nevertheless, they were put in prison and served their sentence, plus one lunar year for bad behaviour. Finally, Stanif and Alkatraz escaped, but died from inflammation of the solar system from eating too many Milky Ways and Mars bars.

However, they had reached stardom!

K. Jarvis (IVa).

CANADIAN OFFERING

A certain lady in the district received her usual parcel from Canada. She hurriedly glanced through the packages of fruit, which surrounded a small white box, but her niece's letter was missing. Curious as to its absence, she nevertheless started on the contents, to make her Christmas cakes. Everything went into its making, including the white powder in the white box, which she presumed was baking powder.

Rich and dark, it emerged from the oven, and was duly eaten. The mysterious illness which befell the lady and her husband was solved only when the belated letter arrived and it read—

“Dear Auntie,

“So sorry for the delay. I forgot to enclose letter in parcel. You will be sorry to hear that father passed away. I thought you would like some of his ashes, which I enclosed in the little white box.”

J. Elsworth (IIa).

HOPE

The great spaceship floated alone, speeding across the endless wastes of space and time, heading nowhere, yet somewhere, for hope told the captain that somewhere in the void they would find a new earth, a place to settle down, a home

Aeons ago, by Earth time, man had taken his first tentative steps into space. Colonies set up by the U.N. had thrived on the Moon and Mars. Using atomic power the colonies had become almost independent of Earth, when a mighty explosion rocked the foundations of the universe. War! A huge cloud of black dust obscured all for several months, and when it cleared the Mars colony found that they were in orbit round Jupiter, the Earth and Moon had broken up forming another asteroid belt; Mercury had plunged into the Sun, and the whole solar system was soaked with radiation.

The Martians had to get out! They built a huge ship with atomic drive and set off for the stars, starting a



Back Row: T. J. Ogley, G. H. Moxon, Mr. D. G. Wood, R. Evans, G. Tomlinson.
Seated: D. Harrison, R. M. Copley, W. L. Horner, D. M. Hall (Captain), D. Coupe, I. Robinson, H. Stuart.

search that lasted for four generations. Travelling almost at the speed of light, they visited old planets, new planets, always charting, exploring and using the resources of the planets to better their ship. The ship became a tiny world, self-sufficient and comfortable, but they still searched. They wanted a new world, another earth, a home.

They came to planets which were just right, but were refused permission to live there by the inhabitants. Some advocated force, but were put in place by those who had lived through the explosion caused by war. They searched every planet in the galaxy, and none would serve as a home. It was hope that turned the ship out into empty space, heading for the nearest galaxy. No one knew when they would arrive—whether they would arrive was a question. But they hoped.

The great spaceship floated alone, speeding across the endless wastes of space and time, heading nowhere, yet somewhere, for hope told the captain that somewhere in the void they would find a new earth, a place to settle down, a home

A. K. Stephens (VA1).

GUILTY BUT ASLEEP

Hazel Chadwick, a young, good-looking daughter of well-to-do parents, was soon to end her enjoyment of life. Her parents were emigrating to Australia, and a business agreement did not permit her to accompany them.

She was taken to Whitwood Boarding College and introduced to the headmistress, Mrs. Jones. Tears welled in her beautiful brown eyes as she learned that she could not return home with her parents that night. Anyway, although not convinced it was for the best, she got the opinion her parents did not want her, so she turned to the college and girls for love and affection.

She was taken to her dormitory and slept heavily all night, which was due to the exhaustion of the previous day. She was awakened at 8.15 with the other girls, who all bathed in the footbaths and showers. They dressed and took breakfast at 8.45, after which lessons started at 9.15.

The first lesson was chemistry. Mrs. Reeves took them for it. They started by studying gases, of which the first was carbon dioxide. It was prepared by Mrs. Reeves by the action of sulphuric acid on sodium carbonate. Then the girls were divided into groups and performed the experiment themselves. Hazel took the acid bottle from the bench, but owing to the stress of yesterday her hand

trembled terribly, and she dropped the acid onto the floor. The acid missed her clothes, but was burning her legs. Mrs. Reeves was round instantly, a slight grin on her heavily-lined face.

Hazel was taken to her study, where Mrs. Reeves treated the burn. It felt better, but the pain was still there. Mrs. Reeves asked if she wanted the pain completely removed. Hazel said "Yes, but how?"

Mrs. Reeves chuckled, went over and closed the blinds; went into a drawer and drew out something wrapped in a cloth. She took out a long pendant and switched on a light on the desk and shone it into Hazel's eyes. Mrs. Reeves swung the pendant slowly, and Hazel gradually went into a trance. Mrs. Reeves snapped her fingers and Hazel woke up, the pain completely removed. Before Hazel returned to her class Mrs. Reeves said, "One good turn deserves another."

A few days later a treasure hunt was organised, and Hazel went with Molly Stone, her room mate. At eight o'clock that night, Mrs. Reeves went to her drawer once more and turned on its powerful rays, which went out to Hazel, alone with Molly. Then it happened! Hazel's hair stood on end; her eyes blacked and bulged out, and her teeth protruded from her mouth, with two fangs at each corner. Molly was scooping dirt from under a tree and then looked round for a moment. When she saw Hazel she just passed out in a faint. Hazel dug her fangs into her and sucked out her blood, leaving her chalk white. She heard the others coming and immediately returned to her normal self.

The police were called, but nothing could be found out.

A fortnight later, a man came to check the mains in Hazel's dormitory. She took him down to the cellar and once again Mrs. Reeves got to work. Her face once again disfigured, and the electrician was killed and two holes were found in his forehead where the blood had been sucked out.

The police came again and tested everyone with a lie detector. Each person was separately interviewed and Mrs. Reeves outside. Hazel was suspecting Mrs. Reeves had some power over her and had something to do with the murders. She then told Hazel everything would be all right, and it was her turn to be interviewed. She passed through with no lies told.

A month passed and Hazel went to see Mrs. Reeves, as she was depressed about the whole thing. Mrs. Reeves told her to sit down and closed the blind, and turned on

the desk light. She got out the pendant, and Hazel turned for the last time; this time she turned on Mrs. Reeves and killed her. The pendant swung off her neck and broke on the floor. Hazel collapsed with a scream. The hall porter rushed in and Hazel was just turning back to her lovely self. She was beautiful but dead.

K. R. Wood (IVa).

THE ISLAND IS LOST

It was a misty morning in the month of March; the American Marines had been driven back four miles in the last two days, but the order now was to resist and give nothing to the enemy.

As the Marines ate their breakfast of bully beef and biscuits, nothing stirred in the jungle around, but the jungle's stillness struck fear in the hearts of every man there. What was the jungle hiding from them was the thought of every man.

They knew they could not hold their position long, for "the sons of Nippon" had caused heavy losses in the past days, and, having barely one-third of the Japanese forces, and not nearly as many bullets and weapons, the odds were packed well against them. Even so, they were determined to give a good account of themselves and inflict heavy losses on the Japanese.

Around mid-day, as the Marines were still building their gun emplacements, they stopped work as the drone of an aeroplane's engine was heard high above. Then out of a cloud bank burst a whole squadron of Zero bombers. Even as the Marines ran for cover, the bombs rained all around them and many fell under the murderous hail of lead which burst from the machine guns. Even so, after what seemed like hours, the Zeros did not return to base, for as they ran out of ammunition, the pilots dived their planes in a suicidal vertical drop with their wings almost touching; then, as they nearly touched the ground, they flattened out and hit the floor with a tearing of fabric and a terrific explosion as the petrol tanks exploded.

When the remaining Zeros had returned to base, the few Marines which were left crawled out of their bunkers to see what damage had been inflicted. The hill was an utter shambles, with the wreckage of many vehicles and gun emplacements. However, the Marines were not given a chance to recover, for a rifle shot rang out, and up the hill came hundreds of little yellow men clad in full battle drill and hardened fighters to jungle warfare.

However, the Marines were determined not to give an inch of their hard-fought ground, and taking the nearest weapon they could find, they ran to the remaining gun emplacements and trenches. Then they waited.

For some minutes nothing happened as the yellow devils toiled to reach the top of the hill and the Marine blockage, but even as the first Japanese came within five yards of the hill emplacement, a line of tracer bore into him from the Marine emplacement.

Even so, the Japanese charged on, but the Marines were determined not to fall under the first attack, and as the Japanese tore on, all the guns and mortars of the Marines blasted out death and destruction into the oncoming horde. Many fell as the American booby-traps blew up underneath, but still they came on—nothing would stop them; even those that were mortally wounded came on, for they also were determined men; determined to die in the name of their glorious country.

For many hours the battle raged, with casualties mounting on both sides, but at last the Japanese line was broken, and they fled to re-group their scattered units. Certainly the Marines had won that encounter, but they could not stand up to another such attack, for they had hardly any men left. The battle field was littered with bodies of both sides; those that had been enemies were now friends in the Life Eternal.

Still, they could now rest for a few hours, for the Japanese would not attack during the night in case they were killed, for then their spirits would wander about and never find the land of the dead.

It was early morning, and the Marines had been waiting at their posts for some hours, when suddenly the bushes which fringed the bottom of the hill seemed to teem with Japanese soldiers. Some began to run up the hill with light machine guns, while snipers covered them from the bushes. Then when the machine-gun was safely installed, the troops formed into groups and charged up the hill, while the machine-guns racked the American trenches.

As the troops went running past their light machine-guns, the few remaining mortars of the Marines opened up, blowing great gaps in the lines of the Japanese troops. Then suddenly the Japanese let fly with everything they had; field guns and Howitzers blew the ground up all round the Marines, and their lines were utterly destroyed. Then the Japanese charged up the slope, and the two sides interlocked in a gripping hand-to-hand fight.

However, the Marines were hopelessly outnumbered, and it took the Japanese no time at all to finish their murderous, but un-heroic deeds.

And so the island was lost to "the Sons of Nippon," but the Marines who had died a heroes' death were among men who had asked no quarter and given no quarter. And it was men such as these that eventually defeated the men whose banner and flag was the Rising Sun.

T. J. Lightfoot (IIa).

DISLIKES

I don't like porridge,
Or puddings made from rice;
If one could live on sweets and cakes
It would be, oh! so nice.
I don't like lessons,
Except just one or two;
It's horrid sitting still in school,
When you've a lot to do.
I don't like bed-time,
I simply hate the dark,
But if I could stay up all night
It would be such a lark.
I don't like homework,
Because it takes so long;
And even when I try so hard,
I normally get it wrong.
Although these things I do not like,
I still must face them all;
For that's the way the world goes,
And it will not change at all.

F. R. Heald (IIIc).

The sturdy shunter stands derelict
'Midst a background of grey and black,
The cage wheels are stationary, in their
 masterful position
Overlooking the pit.
No light shines from the lamp-room window,
No smoke pours from the office chimney,
The slag-heaps stand out dark and foreboding
Against the February moon.
All is still,
No movement stirs the air,
No noise is heard but the scurrying of a rat
And a creaking from over by the screens.
The air is damp and the iron trucks
Are beginning to rust;
This is so different from a few weeks ago
When the mine was alive with dusty miners
Chewing "baccar," spitting casually
And swearing violently.
Now all is quiet and still—
This is the strike.

M. R. Carey (IVa).

RICH AND POOR

Stately, wide and tall,
Thatched, squat and small,
High and shapely rise their walls,
Contained inside are spacious halls,
Half plaster, half wood,
For centuries that way have stood.
Noble men of high degree,
Passed beneath these portals free.
Lowly men, strong in heart,
Loved these rooms so poor in part.
Rich and poor so far away,
Yet these homes will always stay
In the hearts and souls of men.

L. Hill (IVc).

THE DIAMOND THIEF

The last thing Sammy wanted to do was to have a haircut, but when he saw Sergeant Dobson, of the C.I.D., he did the first thing that came into his mind and rushed into the nearest shop, the diamond still in his pocket.

The saloon was one of those large ones with about fifteen assistants. Sammy selected the nearest chair and sat down.

"Short back and sides," he said to the barber, and settled down into the chair with his eye on the mirror. Sure enough, the outline of Sergeant Dobson appeared in the mirror. The sergeant walked across to the assistant and whispered something in his ear, and the assistant walked across to the door and bolted it. Sammy's face broke out into a sweat as he saw the sergeant sit down and pick up a newspaper. Perhaps he had only come in for a haircut, Sammy thought; but he quickly dismissed this from his mind as he saw the empty places and the barbers chatting among themselves.

The haircut was soon finished, and as Sammy saw no way of escape, he said to the barber, "a shampoo and singe, please."

Sammy could not even stuff the diamond down the back of the chair, for now the sergeant had dropped his paper and was glaring at him. As the last traces of the shampoo was wiped from his face, Sammy decided that he needed time to think.

"A shave," he murmured, and decided the game was up. How on earth did Dobson know Sammy had the jewel? After all, a jewel theft was not Sammy's normal line—one of those inspired diversions from routine that the criminal mind sometimes hits upon. Why hadn't he taken the price the "fence" offered him, although it was daylight robbery?

The shave was now finished, and behind him Sergeant Dobson was smiling to himself. By now the sweat was pouring from Sammy's brow, and while the barber was making out the bill Sammy wiped his face with a nearby towel.

"I thought you were going to keep me all night," the sergeant beamed, and to Sammy's surprise sat down in the chair.

"Tony's a good barber and worth waiting for," said Dobson, "but if he keeps me waiting again like this I'll run the lot of you in for obstruction."

Sammy was dumbfounded. Why had the proprietor locked the door? But of course—the sergeant had been the last customer they allowed in.

D. M. Johnson (IVa).

A.F.C.

Captain: D. K. Watts

Vice-Captain: J. Strutt

Secretary: D. Lumb

The two senior Soccer XI's have not had their own way this term, the 1st XI playing seven and only winning five whilst the 2nd XI have won two out of six. However, with a number of games still to be played, and with the 1st XI tour to Dublin, where it is hoped to play two matches, to be completed, we hope to be able to end the season on a winning note.

THE 1st XI

D. K. Watts (goalkeeper), Captain. He has proved a very efficient Captain and has consistently set the side an example of that courtesy which is the essence of sportsmanship. Playing in every match he has maintained a high standard in the most exacting of all positions. Colours re-awarded.

M. Garbett (right back). The youngest player of the side who established himself in the team at the beginning of the season, and has fulfilled the confidence placed in him. His covering up has saved the defence on many occasions. 2nd XI Colours.

J. Mitchell (left back). An efficient player, whose confidence increased as the season progressed. He has combined well with the half-backs, and is always willing to have a shot at goal. 2nd XI Colours re-awarded.

D. Lumb (right-half), Secretary. A hard-tackling wing-half, whose positional play and distribution of the ball have been excellent. He never admits defeat. Colours re-awarded.

C. Buckle (centre-half). This position was strange to him at first, but he has now established himself as a real stalwart in defence. Colours.

W. Watson (left-half). A quiet but thorough wing-half. His ball play with both head and feet has polish, and his fierce drive is always a constant worry to opposing goalkeepers. Colours.

R. Hodgson (right wing). His controlled passes and quick thinking outwit most opponents, although his lack of stature goes much against him. His readiness to face any odds is most praiseworthy. Colours.

J. Strutt (inside-right), Vice-Captain. A tireless worker who is always up with the play, linking the defence

with the attack. His dribbling skill and accurate passing have made numerous goals this season. Colours re-awarded.

S. Hutchinson (centre-forward). Coming into the team early in the season, he has proved to be a tireless worker. When given the opportunity he is able to unleash a terrific shot. 2nd XI Colours.

D. Bradley (inside-left). A strong player, whose turn of speed and controlled long passes into a space have been very noticeable. His combination with the left wing has been the source of many goals. Colours re-awarded.

G. Sleight (left wing). A quick and intelligent player, whose ability to cut in from the wing has made him the team's top scorer. We must congratulate him on being selected to represent Yorkshire Grammar Schools in three matches, in which he has scored six goals. Colours re-awarded.

Results

v. Old Prestonians (h)	3-2 Won
(D. Bradley; S. Hutchinson; W. Watson)	
v. Thornes House G.S. (a)	5-2 Won
(G. Sleight 2; S. Hutchinson; D. Lumb; D. Bradley)	
v. Castleford G.S. (h)	4-2 Won
(G. Sleight 3; D. Lumb)	
v. King's School, Pontefract (h)	2-1 Won
(G. Sleight 2)	
v. Almondbury G.S. (h)	1-5 Lost
(S. Hutchinson)	
v. Percy Jackson G.S. (h)	5-3 Won
(G. Sleight 2; S. Hutchinson 3)	
v. Castleford G.S.	4-5 Lost
(G. Sleight 3; W. Watson)	

THE 2nd XI

The Second XI's performance this year has been very disappointing; the team itself has shown very little enthusiasm and the standard of football has gradually deteriorated.

In the future I feel that if a second eleven is going to exist, great changes will have to be made; the players will have to be more enthusiastic and turn out conscientiously for the School, instead of some other local league club.

I am convinced that if the School is going to retain its well-established reputation for good football, more effort is required by the players in the upper school and more encouragement is required for the lower forms.

The following boys have been awarded colours:—N. G. Pickett; J. Marchant (re-awarded); R. Hadley (re-awarded); P. Brown; A. Morgan; T. Spencer; L. Sykes; A. Symmonds; J. Mitchell (re-awarded); S. Hutchinson.

N. G. Pickett (Captain).

Results

v. Thornes House G.S. (h) (Hadley 3; Symonds 3; Morgan 2; Brannon; Spencer)	10-0 Won
v. Castleford G.S. (a) (Hadley; Symonds; Spencer; Dean)	4-2 Won
v. King's School, Pontefract (a)	0-2 Lost
v. Almondbury G.S. (a)	0-5 Lost
v. Pudsey G.S. 1st XI (a) (Dean; Morgan; Symonds)	3-3 Drawn
v. Castleford G.S. (h) (Morgan)	1-3 Lost

INTERMEDIATE SOCCER

A Review of the 1960-61 Season

On the whole this has been quite a successful season for the U.-15 and U.-14 XI's. Four members of the U.-15 XI gained selection for the district eleven — Hall, Golding, Smart and Kellett.

In a School catering for both Soccer and Rugby one finds that the Soccer teams tend to be on the lighter side, and so the heavy mud which has been a feature of this season's Soccer can scarcely be said to have helped our teams.

When talented Soccer players are playing Rugby we have had to take the field with the knowledge that we were not fielding our strongest team. And here is the crux of the matter. Do we play inter-school fixtures for prestige purposes or in order to give as many boys as possible a chance to play at one sport or another?

Of the two intermediate teams the more successful has been the U.-15 XI. In a team of many talented and hard-working players the outstanding performer has undoubtedly been the centre-forward, Golding. His ability to cut clean through a defence and to turn the half-chance into a goal has turned many a game from defeat to victory. Outstanding performances have also come from I. Robinson at right back and D. Hall, captain and wing-half. Apart from Golding, the promise shown by the forwards in practice has failed to materialise in inter-school games. It is always pleasing to record the entry into a School team for the first time of any boy—and so I must congratulate Tomlinson on doing so.

The U.-14 XI have had a less successful season, although this term they have shown a distinct improvement on the autumn term.

In comparison with many other Schools the team has often appeared somewhat on the small side—a result, no doubt, of the attraction of Rugby.

Lack of punch and power in the forward line is the chief criticism of the team. Praise must be given to the defence — in particular Craddock (goalkeeper), Harrison (full back), and Brook (wing half)—the latter probably the most improved player in either of the intermediate teams. The introduction of Smart into the forward line has certainly added power, but it was a move carried out with some misgivings because Smart's true position appears to be at wing half.

D.G.W.

THE U.-15 XI

The second half of the season has proved very successful, four matches being played and four wins being obtained. Two resounding victories were gained over Almondbury G.S. and Normanton M.S., 6-0 and 9-0 respectively. On the other hand, narrow victories were gained over Pudsey, 3-2 and Rothwell, 3-2.

The team are unbeaten in the Rothwell and Stanley League, with five wins out of five games, and five games to play, the team should be the favourites for the title over the other five schools. The team has scored 27 goals for and 4 against, which is proof enough of the team's chance to be local champions.

With five league games, one Grammar School fixture, Rothwell and Stanley District Cup, and a seven-a-side competition at Huddersfield, this could prove to be one of the most successful seasons the team has had.

Golding is the team's top scorer with 30 goals so far, whilst Horner is second with six. Both have ample opportunity, as have the other players, to increase their tally.

Finally a word of thanks to Mr. Wood, who has coached and trained the team.

D. M. Hall.

Results

v. Almondbury G.S. (h)	6-0 Won
(A. Golding 5; M. Saxton)	
v. Pudsey G.S. (h)	3-2 Won
(A. Golding 3)	
v. Rothwell M.S. (a)	3-2 Won
(A. Golding 3)	
v. Normanton M.S. (h)	9-0 Won
(A. Golding 6; W. L. Horner 2; C. Taylor)	

THE U.-14 XI

The second half of the season opened with a win over Thornes House.

Since the heavy defeat against Castleford G.S. the standard of football has improved. In fact, in the return

game a 5-5 draw was registered with School coming from 5-1 down.

The later success reflects the attention and encouragement of Mr. Wood.

A special mention must be made of Smart who has played well at inside forward and Hutchinson who is a very capable centre-half.

G. Teal.

Results

v. Thornes House G.S. (a)	3-1 Won
(C. Taylor 2; H. Smart)	
v. Castleford G.S. (a)	0-7 Lost
v. Pontefract G.S. (h)	2-2 Draw
(H. Smart 2)	
v. Percy Jackson G.S. (h)	4-3 Won
(H. Smart 2; C. Taylor 2)	
v. Castleford G.S. (h)	5-5 Draw
(H. Smart 3; C. Taylor; D. Woolhouse)	

Under-13 XI

v. Rothwell S.M.	4-1 Won
v. Castleford G.S.	4-5 Lost
v. Lee Brigg S.M.	5-1 Won
v. Almondbury G.S.	2-3 Lost
v. Stanley S.M.	9-0 Won
v. Pudsey G.S.	1-4 Lost
v. Castleford G.S.	3-4 Lost

Of the seven matches played so far this term, four have been lost and three won. These results are a little disappointing, but the season has not been without its bright moments. The matches have all been keenly contested, and the margin of victory in many cases has flattered the winners.

If an excuse was required for our defeats one would have to mention the lack of shooting power in the forward line. The approach work has been good, but the finishing has been poor. Soles and Raybould have combined very well on the left wing, and Wright has shown good form on the right. Lappage, the youngest boy in the side, has improved considerably and performed a double hat-trick against Stanley.

In the defence there has been a definite weakness in rising to head the ball. We are beginning to master this skill, and Parker, in particular, has realised that it is an essential part of defensive play.

Walmsley has been an efficient goalkeeper.

Under-12 XI

Only one game has been played and this, against a Lee Brigg XI, ended in a 1-1 draw.

The XI played hard and showed some good combined movements.

R.U.F.C.

Captain: R. Griffiths
Vice-Captain: J. Senior
Secretary: E. Towler
Fixture Secretary: J. R. Cullimore

A Review of the 1960-61 Season

For the first time since Rugby Football was introduced six teams have been playing regularly. These six teams between them have the following results:—

Played 79, Won 58, Lost 16, Drawn 5, Pts. For 1,485,
Pts. Against 462.

These figures speak for themselves and the season has certainly been the most successful in the club's short history. The youngsters perhaps have shown the most Rugby football sense and most promise; we have great hopes of them. The Under-12 team may be singled out for special mention for they have won all their matches without losing a point.

The more ambitious programme completed this season has been made difficult by the lack of available pitches. Until this season all our home games have been at Methley, but the floods of last November have prevented any play there since. We have been fortunate in fulfilling so many home engagements and to do it a pitch has been made at Loscoe, the soccer pitch at Dalefield has been used by junior teams, a pitch at Whitwood has been hired and some fixtures have been played away instead of at home. We have been disappointed because our new pitch at Pingle has been unfit for practically the whole season; only two matches have been played there. It must be remembered that while the Colts and the junior teams play on equal terms with other teams, the 1st and 2nd XV's play roughly a third of their games against 2nd and 3rd teams respectively. Next season this proportion will be halved at least.

1st XV

At the time of writing the team has only one match left to play and it can look back on a successful season. Since the last issue of "The Frestonian" only six games have been played; the last game of the Autumn Term was played against a mixed team of staff and boys of Don Valley High School, where A. V. Brookman, the first captain of Rugby here at Normanton, is teaching. In very wet conditions School had a run-away victory with the backs showing that they could handle a wet ball.

The first game this term, against Huddersfield New College, was played away as no pitch was available for a

home fixture. School were quite lethargic during the first half and turned round losing 3-16. Something happened at half-time for the second half saw a complete change with School on top practically the whole time. A draw was the result, though the ferocity shown in the end was worth a win.

The return game against Doncaster Technical High School was played in very bad conditions and in fact was abandoned some ten minutes early. Q.E.G.S., Wakefield, 3rd XV were beaten but not so convincingly as was expected; several good moves came to nothing through poor finishing. Morley 2nd XV were beaten by a team captained by Towler, when Griffiths and Senior were not available.

And the first game the team has played on its home ground was in some ways the most interesting of the season. Having been beaten by Whitcliffe Mount away by 35-0 School were naturally apprehensive about a second meeting. After ten minutes play, however, the School pack found that they were at least a match for their opponents, and with more confidence could have dominated the play. During the first half School came near to scoring several times and a little more determination might have done the trick. A few lapses and some misunderstanding allowed the visitors to score several times, but the School side kept up the battle until no-side.

Griffiths (Captain and Prop Forward). An improved leader and an improved player. Works hard and uses his weight.

Carr, wing forward. A product of the 2nd XV, he has had several games with the 1st XV in the latter half of the season. More experience is needed, but he shows special ability in stopping the opposing half-backs after the set scrum.

Conboy, stand-off half. A regular member of the team he has played consistently well throughout the season. He must, however, learn to use his weight and speed to full effect when making breaks.

Cudworth, lock forward. A good, hard worker both in tight and loose scrummaging. He often shows the virtue of fast backing-up after a forward break-through.

Davis, scrum half. He has had several good games, but needs practice in distributing the ball from scrums and line-outs when being hard pressed. He has settled down as team goal-kicker and filled the place commendably.

Dobson, second-row forward. A keen member of the pack, he has gained valuable experience this season. His

best point is his low, hard tackling which the rest of the team would do well to copy.

Ellis, centre threequarter. One of the faster members of the team, he makes several breaks during a game, but must learn to use his wing more often and to release the ball before a tackle.

Gates, second-row forward. He has continued his solid work this season, and his play has considerably improved. He is particularly valuable in close forward play.

Hall, full back. He has improved steadily during the season but he still needs experience both in defensive and attacking play.

Hampson, wing forward. He has had a rather steady season, in which he has done some solid work among the forwards, but he could, on occasions, use his speed to more effect.

Powell, wing threequarter. Another product of the second XV, he has ably filled the right flank during the last term. He runs strongly and his ability to take chances offered has served the team well.

Senior, wing threequarter. During his third season with the 1st XV he was again shuffled around at the start of the season. He seems now to have settled down on the left wing and his ability and experience have proved valuable to the team. His cross-kick is a particularly notable aspect of his play.

Spires, hooker. Coming into the team rather young he has steadily improved during the season, and the team has been provided with a large percentage of the ball from the set scrums.

Thompson, centre threequarter. His play has improved tremendously this season and he has become the team's strongest runner. With more consistency in his play he could become the spearhead of the team's attack in the future.

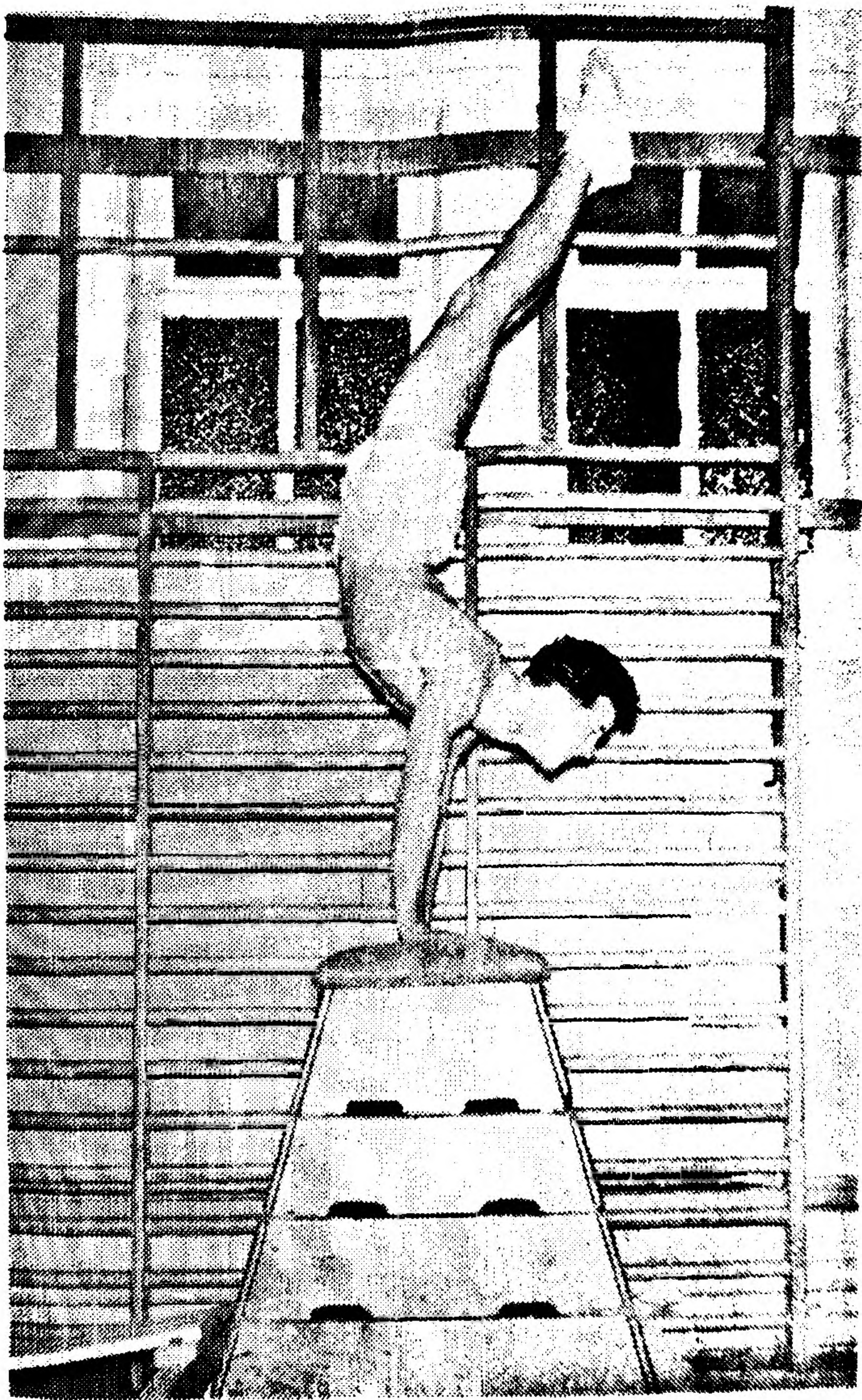
Towler, prop forward. He has had another good season in which he has again shown his value in defensive play as well as in the normal forward's duties. He must, however, learn to pack lower to give a greater force in the tight scrums.

1st XV Colours:

Conboy, Cudworth, Ellis, Gates, Hampson,
Thompson.

2nd XV Colours:

Carr, Dobson, Davis, Hall, Powell, Spires.



Colts XV

With only one game to be played it can safely be said that this season has been the most successful for any Colts team. Each season has brought a pleasing improvement in general playing standards. The enthusiasm of the majority of the team during training has undoubtedly helped. This year the absence of Steele at wing forward has been felt on occasions but both Carey and Pattinson have played well in their new positions.

Perhaps the highlight of the season has been the double defeat of Q.E.G.S., 12-0 and 12-9. The first game at Wakefield, showed the team at its best. The forwards played very well and the backs ran strongly. Most encouraging was the fact that moves practised during training resulted in tries during the game. The return game proved very much harder. In fact, Q.E.G.S. led 9-0 at half-time mainly because the home forwards lacked cohesion and consequently won little of the ball. However, a fighting revival in the second half deprived the visitors almost entirely of the ball and it was only a matter of time before the points started mounting. It was only in the last minute though, that the winning score was made.

In fairness to Don Valley it must be pointed out that when we played them early this term they had already played a game in the morning and so were very tired.

Overall this has been a most encouraging and enjoyable season.

Results

v. Don Valley	74-0 Won
v. Q.E.G.S.	14-0 Won
v. Hemsworth	0-16 Lost
v. Q.E.G.S.	12-9 Won
v. Morley	6-3 Won

Leading Scorers:—Davison 11 tries; 21 conversions, 4 penalties; Westwood 9 tries; Wood 7 tries; Steele (left) 6 tries; Walker 4 tries.

Under-14 XV

The team has had yet another first-class season. True we suffered our first defeat since March, 1960, but on the whole we have produced good results this term.

Though the finer points of the team's play still leave much to be desired, especially in the line-out, the standard of football has improved considerably.

I believe the team would have thrived on firm grounds due to our strength in the back division, but alas this was

not to be and most of our games have been played in very wet conditions. Even so, our forwards have stuck manfully to their task and are now a force to be reckoned with.

Freeman has captained the side well and has been a constant inspiration to our forwards by his energy and forceful play. Brennan, Tinkler and Jackson have supplied weight and keenness in the front row and have been supported by a strong second row in Nichols, Webster and Nunn. However the strength of the forwards is in the back row, and here Freeman at open side wing forward has produced fine rugby, ably supported by Priest and Davis.

Outside the scrum, Bridges has proved of great value to the side, and his tactical kicks under pressure have saved many a tight situation. Rowett has benefited from his accurate service and has supplied the team with much needed bite at outside half.

The centres, Parrish and Mynett, have combined well and indeed Mynett, once in his stride has been very hard to stop. On the wings, Foster and Storkie have played extremely hard in all matches, tackling and running very well. The full back position, hitherto our main weakness, has been occupied by Nicholson who is perhaps the most improved player in the side.

Mention must also be made of Jackson, S. Locket and Amery who have trained consistently with the team and have played well when called upon. Indeed Jackson and Locket are now regular members of the team and though not spectacular, do a great deal of work in the pack.

Record:—Played 14, Won 10, Drawn 3, Lost 1, Points For 201, Against 50.

Results

v. Woodhouse Grove	17-0 Won
v. Percy Jackson	11-5 Won
v. Hemsworth	3-3 Drawn
v. Huddersfield N.C.	12-0 Won
v. Q.E.G.S.	0-15 Lost
v. East Shene G.S.	30-5 Won
v. Brockley G.S.	6-6 Drawn
v. Harrow County G.S.	9-6 Won
v. Fulneck G.S.	20-5 Won

Under-13 XV

Since the last report this side has progressed satisfactorily, and have won seven games and lost one. Most of these games were played in muddy conditions but an average of over 20 points per game has been scored throughout the season. There are still three games to play as we go to press.

After beating Roundhay at home in a closely-fought game we knew a hard game was to follow away. This was so and we were deservedly beaten in a rather scrappy game in which we were not allowed to play our usual open game.

Apart from these two games the remaining fixtures this term resulted in quite easy wins, including our three-match tour of London, which was a great success.

The forwards have often been out-shoved and out-jumped by stronger and taller packs, but in loose play they have generally been quicker onto the ball, dribbled well on muddy days, and are beginning to learn the art of backing-up. The pack-leader and most outstanding forward is A. Eades. He has scored 11 tries and kicked 29 goals.

J. Smallman has captained the side admirably from stand-off. He has a good kick and is a strong tackler. He has combined well with K. Brear and D. Bassinder, both of whom have played at scrum-half, with little to choose between them.

The backs have been a force to be reckoned with. The strongest has been W. Francis, who has 34 tries to his credit. He has been well-supported by R. Crabtree and G. Blackburn, both of whom have improved recently.

The boys not mentioned have played well and the season's results are due to fine teamwork and the grand spirit in which the game has been played.

Results:—Played 15, Won 12, Lost 3, Points For 352,
Against 68.

Results

v. Don Valley (a)	28-0 Won
v. Pontefract (h)	41-6 Won
v. Roundhay (h)	14-0 Won
v. Roundhay (a)	8-16 Lost
v. Don Valley (a)	25-5 Won
v. Shene (a)	23-3 Won
v. Brockley (a)	19-0 Won
v. Harrow County (a)	27-0 Won

U.-14 AND U.-13 RUGBY TOUR OF LONDON

The teams taking part in the tour, the U.-14 XV and the U.-13 XV, accompanied by two masters, set out from School after first dinner on Thursday, the 23rd of February. After several hours of travelling we arrived at our destination, a Youth Hostel situated on the River Thames. We all made our beds and settled down to a very unrestful night with Mr. Price prowling around with a slipper in his hand ready to pounce on whoever made any noise. The poor unfortunates who were caught were either immediately slipped or caught for washing up in the morning.

The visit to the London Zoo was appreciated by everybody although the numbers had to be checked when we got back onto the coach to make sure that no one had brought any of their relations along with them (as many spent a lot of time trying to imitate the animals in the chimpanzee house).

After lunch at the hostel everyone had to put their manly shoulders to the coach to try to push it out of the mud in which it had got itself firmly embedded. This, however, proved unsuccessful and a dormobile had to be borrowed to get us to Shene County Grammar School's playing fields. The match which was scheduled to start at three o'clock started at four prompt so everybody was ready to win.

Despite our misadventures we started with a quick try which we failed to convert. From here we settled down to a good game and we finished with an easy win of 30 points to 5; the U.-13 XV won 23-3. We changed quickly and were soon saying goodbye to our newly-made friends and making a dash for the railway station. When we arrived at the hostel we found the bus was free of the mud and had gone into London with the boys who were unable to go and watch the match.

The next day, Saturday, we were up early for we had a fixture with Brockley County at 10 o'clock. No doubt we would have lost this match had it not been for the urging cries from Mr. Price and the Headmaster who had come to watch us.

After an unconvincing first half we pulled up to make the finishing score a draw, 6-6. The U.-13 XV played well and finished with a convincing win of 19 to 0. A quick dash for the International match between England and France followed and we just arrived after the kick-off. We watched with interest and picked up some useful tips.

After returning to the coach we drove to the centre of London where we went for a tour on foot to Trafalgar Square, Marble Arch and Speaker's Corner where Mr. Price gave a lecture on schoolmasters amid the cheers and boos of 40 boys. After attracting quite a large crowd he just calmly walked away. Some boys found a touch of the Orient in a Chinese restaurant but others preferred a coffee bar just round the corner. It was late when we arrived back at the hostel that night.

On Sunday morning we went boating. Some of the better swimmers went out in Kayaks whereas others sailed under the Jolly Rodger with Mr. Price and Mr. Jubb.

The guided tour round London airport in the afternoon proved very interesting and afterwards we were set free in the Queen's building for an hour. Sunday was terminated by a visit to the Casino to see the 4th Cinerama presentation, "South Seas Adventure."

We left the Hostel for the last time on Monday morning for a coach tour round London and we were soon on our way to play one of the hardest schools, Harrow County. We stopped on the way to stretch our legs and to buy the various presents for our families. The bus then sped on its way to Harrow where we had two victories, the U.-14 XV won 9 points to 6 and the U.-13 XV won 27 to 0.

One feature of the tour was hospitality of the schools we visited and we made many friends. We thank Mr. Price and Mr. Jubb for taking us on the tour and for giving up their half-term holiday to us.

Under-12 XV

This side made up almost entirely of raw first formers has had a good season which encourages well for the future.

All the six games played have been won quite convincingly, the most notable feature of their record being that not a point has been scored against them.

The forwards have learnt the elementary skills of scrummaging and line-out work, but their handling of the ball has left room for improvement. However, the backs have been given a monopoly of the ball and have used this to advantage with good passing and strong running. The main fault in the threequarter play has been that too often boys have held on too long and allowed themselves to be tackled in mid-field when a pass to a team mate would have kept the game moving.

The half-backs have played a very important part in providing that all-important link between forwards and backs, as well as making useful breaks themselves.

The whole team have shown admirable keenness in training and an encouraging willingness to learn about the game.

Record:—Played 6, Won 6, Points For 178, Against 0.

Results

v. Hemsworth (a)	21-0 Won
v. Wakefield (a)	34-0 Won
v. Huddersfield (a)	12-0 Won
v. Wakefield (h)	25-0 Won
v. Hemsworth (h)	29-0 Won
v. Fulneck (h)	57-0 Won

HOUSE MATCHES

Winners of each section were as follows:—

Association Football.

Seniors—Bennett.

Inters.—Frobisher.

Juniors—Freeston.

Rugby Football.

Seniors—Frobisher.

Inters.—Frobisher.

Junior—Bennett.

Hanson was the only House without a winning final side. Frobisher had three winners but in the overall points total could only manage equal second place with Bennett, Freeston being on top by one point.

Table

1st—Freeston		17
2nd—Bennett		16
Frobisher		16
4th—Hanson		11

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., Newland Farm

LETTER FROM LONDON (incorporating The L.S.E. News)

London University is easily the largest University in Britain containing nearly twenty-thousand registered internal students and providing for an even great number of associated external and extra-mural students. The colleges and institutes vary in size from Imperial College, King's College, the London School of Economics and University College with well over two-thousand students each, to the School of Pharmacy, the Courtauld Institute, New College and the Institute of Cancer Research, with less than 350 internal students between them. The colleges also vary in location from the School of Oriental and African Studies and the Institute of Education near The Senate House and Union to Wye College in Kent some 60 miles from Senate House, Royal Holloway College, near Windsor, and the Northampton College of Advanced Technology, an institution with recognised teachers not in Northampton but in Clerkenwell.

When a student comes to university the greatest danger facing him is that of becoming too absorbed in study and forgetting life around him. For this reason a short excursion into the social life at L.S.E. will throw some light on the other activities at university outside the sober sphere of academic work.

Students joining the School will find wide opportunities for an active social life. On the sporting side anything can be played from football to tiddlywinks. And oh those wonderful get-togethers in a steaming bath after 90 slogging minutes in six inches of mud, followed, of course, by the occasional drink in the club bar.

For the more serious minded the Students' Union includes Music, Art and Drama Societies, while affiliated to it are many other societies for the promotion of religious, political and cultural interests.

Political debates in a place like L.S.E. are a must. Budding politicians from all over the world provide stimulating and often extremely amusing discussions. Perhaps the best known politician to have come out of L.S.E. in recent years is a certain Mr. Jack Kennedy of Presidential election fame. There are many more too numerous to mention in so small a space.

Then there is always time to meet other students of whatever nationality you can think of over a cup of coffee in the lounge. To many students this is as far as they penetrate in the college from one term to the other.

A much cheaper way of coming face-to-face with the modern student is to buy the student weekly newspaper or even the University paper "Sennet." Regarded in turn as a cornucopia of scintillating wit, writing and ideas; a dull rag-bag of uninformed and fumbling comment — and entrenchment of reaction at its most reactionary; a subversive red weekly heavily subsidised by Pravda . . . who can tell? Certainly it keeps one informed of college and university activities. Of course, most of the societies bring out their own literary efforts at least once a year. Peace News is sold come wind come shine from the steps of the college. If, of course, you can't afford to buy any sort of paper it is only a short walk down to Fleet Street where you can take your pick of the latest editions on display in the front of their offices.

But London University is Collegiate and therefore most of the activities of the colleges are to a large extent duplicated by the University Union. Most sports are catered for, the only disadvantage being the distance of the sports grounds from the centre of London. The actual Union building is magnificent and includes a refectory which probably serves the best and cheapest food in town, and is worth seeing if only for the variety of comfort and opportunity it offers. For those students whose place of abode does not include a bathroom the union provides a bath free of charge. Finally U.L.U. has the best students swimming pool in the country.

London also provides unrivalled opportunities for the Jazz, serious music and theatre lover. And for the T.V. addicts there is always a free ticket to the show of your choice—that is if you are lucky.

And I almost forgot, the university gives her students an education equal to, and in most cases better than, the rest of the country.

With such a diversity of activities one may wonder if there is time for even a small amount of work. But this problem of time is a question for each student's own good sense. He comes to the university with a purpose which should always be with him throughout his stay there. But it would be a pity to neglect altogether the lighter side of university life for the university primarily seeks to produce men and women educated in the art of LIVING.

M. Frost, J. Brennan.

OLD BOYS' NOTES

We were pleased to see Mr. L. Haines who visited School this term. He left in 1934, took a degree in Civil Engineering at Birmingham University and is now Deputy Engineer with the Severn River Board. His son is in the VIth Form at the King's School, Worcester. He reminded us that although a proud member of the School Association Football XI, he took part in a Rugger match between the School and Hemsworth G.S.—perhaps the first School Rugby match; he insists that we won, but it is a long time ago.

Mr. James L. Akers has been very busy organising the Old Boys' Dinner of the London Branch to be held on the 11th March. We hope that it will be as successful as last year's venture.

May we remind Old Boys of the Annual Re-union and Dinner to be held in School on Saturday, 25th March. The Guest of Honour will be Mr. J. Moore (1918-1923). We hope there will be a good attendance.

HISTORY

We wish to thank Mr. J. Bird (Secretary of the Old Frestonians' Association) for his kindness in coming to School on Thursday evening, 16th February, to give a lecture on Egypt to members of the Junior School. His coloured slides were very effective indeed and his knowledge of Egypt which he has visited and his enthusiastic approach to history held the interest of his audience. It was unfortunate that the attendance was small. However, he will give another lecture on Greece at a later date and we hope for much more support. Perhaps we can persuade "T.V. addicts" to tear themselves away from their sets for one evening.

OBITUARY

MR. GIMBLETT

We regret to announce the death of Mr. J. E. Gimblett, M.A., M.Lit.; he died suddenly on the 2nd March, 1961.

Mr. Gimblett was appointed assistant-master in January, 1908, and in 1919 he became second master. He was also acting-headmaster in the interval between Mr. Brittain's death in December, 1930, and Mr. Holden's coming in 1931. He left Normanton at the end of the Spring term, 1932, to take charge of Ingledew College in Leeds.

He was remembered in the classroom by his pupils as a stern and very able teacher of English and Latin and in the staffroom, by his younger colleagues, as a rather formidable representative of the "old school" of teachers. He was noted for his "thoroughness, and his abhorrence of looseness and slipshod work." Yet he could be kind and considerate to both masters and boys. He devoted 24 years of his life to Normanton Grammar School at a critical period in its development and he was the "right-hand man" of Mr. C. E. Brittain who is considered by some to have been one of the ablest and most energetic headmasters in Yorkshire in the early decades of this century.

Mr. Gimblett played an active part in the social life of the school. He was interested in games (he was skilful and tireless on the badminton court when well over 50); he helped to arrange school holidays abroad and he edited the school magazine from September, 1908.

Those of us who attended an Old Boys' Re-union and Dinner some years ago when Mr. Gimblett was Guest of Honour were amazed and delighted to see the enthusiasm and fervour with which he was received. In fact, one felt that there was something lacking at an Old Boys' Dinner if "Jimmy" was missing. Fortunately, he was able to attend on most occasions right up to his eightieth birthday.

Mr. Arthur H. Lodge, writing as an Old Boy in the magazine in 1932, said: "His presence was not immediately obvious, but his personality pervaded the school and wherever his old pupils meet and start yarning about old times 'Jimmy's' name inevitably crops up."

He did exercise an enormous influence in Normanton Grammar School and we mourn his death, but the memory of one who has endeared himself to so many will last for a considerable time.

OLD FRESTONIANS' A.F.C.

Our programme of matches was badly disrupted in the early weeks of the term by the persistent bad weather, which made not only our own susceptible Pingle unfit but most other grounds also.

Because of the continuing bad condition of Pingle, we have been able to play only one home match this term and that was only possible through the generosity of St. John's Colliery A.F.C., who lent us their ground. Here we recorded our biggest win of the term: 5-0, a most convincing display all round.

Our long-postponed cup match with the Wakefield League side, E. Green's, turned out tragically for us in a 2-1 defeat, a result partly accounted for by the wretched state of the pitch.

Again we must emphasise that our greatest difficulty has been in recruiting old boys to build up the sort of team which a school like ours should have. Despite the fact that many members of the School's 1st and 2nd XI's are from areas outside Normanton, and that on leaving school many footballers move away to college, there are still left in the area sufficient players to form a good team. But it appears that having left the school they are determined not to resume any sort of connection with it: a sad thing for us, who see so many virile Old Boys' teams representing schools which we, as schoolboys, considered inferior on the soccer field.

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