

N. G. H. S.

MAGAZINE



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NORMANTON GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE

Vol. 40

1962

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Editorial Committee:

Miss Harrison Mrs. Hjort Mrs. Armitage
Kathleen Taffinder, Janet Bowers, Ruth Hewlett, Carol
Dancer, Christine Worth, Vivien Marsh, Christine Davies,
Verity Jackson

Finance: Mrs. Dolan.

Can a school magazine be too respectable? Judging by the answers given to a member of the editorial committee who (as she reports on a later page) went about the school asking for opinions, it can be too serious for the taste of some of its readers. Perhaps some of the contributions sent in this year will give some satisfaction to the seekers after humour. We could almost have announced this issue as a special hockey number, with three lighthearted articles on the game from the lower sixth, where the forceful methods of our amateur researcher have produced results.

Perhaps the readers with ideas will contribute spontaneously next year, and not wait to have their suggestions prised out of them. We still need more original work from the upper school. Lack of space has prevented us from including several good articles from the middle and junior forms, but we hope that disappointed contributors will not be discouraged from trying again.

The school has suffered a great loss by the death of Miss Dorothy Eaton, a most devoted and active Past President of the Old Girls' Association and a former Governor of the school. We are grateful to Mrs. Pugh (Lilian Tomlin) for sending us the tribute to her friend which appears in this number of the magazine.

PREFECTS, 1961-62

Head Girl: Susan Mace, succeeded by Kathleen Taffinder. Deputy Head Girl: Barbara Chance, succeeded by Janet Bowers.

Susan Bednall	Catherine Taylor
Patricia Bolton	Pamela Wainwright
Christine Chalkley	Jean Harrison
Joan Hutchinson	Ruth Hewlett
Heather Knowles	Sandra Morgan
Rosemary Metcalfe	Elaine Sheard
Marilyn Mitchell	Mary Cook

Shirley Green

Speech Day was held in the Baths Hall, on February 20th. The address was given by the Bishop of Pontefract, the Right Rev. E. Treacy, who dwelt on the need for the courage to stand up for our own convictions. Mrs. Treacy accompanied the Bishop, and presented the prizes.

HOLIDAY IN LUGANO

On a cold but sunny morning in April a party of excited girls assembled at Kirkgate Station, Wakefield, to begin the first stage of their journey to Lugano. After a rough crossing and an eventful train journey, we arrived at Lugano Centro at ten on Sunday morning, to find that snow was falling. A coach was waiting to take us to our hotel at Tesserate, a picturesque village about twenty minutes' drive from Lugano.

On Monday morning, we awoke to find that the snow had ceased, and we were all excited at the prospect of a day's shopping in Lugano. We returned by train in the evening, well pleased with our purchases. Rain persisted on Tuesday and Wednesday, but nevertheless we enjoyed our trip into Italy, to Lago Maggiore and Isola Bella, and our boat journeys to the quaint villages of Gandria and Morcote.

We had all looked forward to our visit to St. Moritz on Friday. During the journey there we had snow and rain, but when we arrived the sun began to shine, and this enabled us to take some beautiful photographs. St. Moritz was even more beautiful than we had expected, and we were sorry that our stay there was such a short one. After one hour we had to leave and undertake the rather perilous journey along the narrow, winding mountain roads.

Saturday morning was spent in the village buying provisions for the journey home, and in the afternoon we crossed Lago di Lugano again, this time in brilliant sunshine, to ascend Monte Generoso. The view from the top was magnificent, and the more energetic of the party climbed to the highest point.

On Sunday morning we reluctantly packed our cases, and caught the five o'clock train to Basle. After a two-hour wait there we set off again for the French coast and a more peaceful crossing, arriving at a hotel in London at about 4 p.m. That evening we spent at Drury Lane Theatre watching "My Fair Lady." It was a tired but happy party that returned to the hotel after enjoying this wonderful production.

On Tuesday morning we took a short walk through Trafalgar Square, down the Mall to Buckingham Palace and back to the Strand for lunch. Then it was time to catch the train for a comparatively short journey home, meeting the reception party of relatives and friends on Kirkgate Station at about five o'clock, two days after leaving Lugano, where we had spent such a memorable holiday.

U.VI.



House Mistress: Miss Penrose

Captain: Kathleen Taffinder

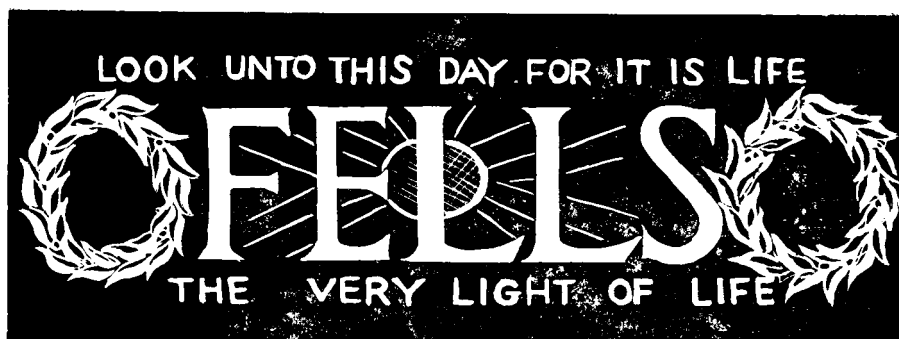
We were sorry to lose Miss Parker last year, when she left to take up a post at her old school, and hope that Miss McEwen, whom we welcomed in September, will enjoy her stay with us.

We were placed second in the House competition last year, but, of course, hope to regain the shield this year. In the athletics match held in the summer term we gained first place, as we did in the senior hockey and netball, and in the junior rounders competitions last term. This record was broken, unfortunately, when we only achieved fourth place in the junior netball and music competitions.

Both the Junior and Senior House Parties, held this time with the Moors, and organised by senior members of both Houses, were enjoyed by all at the end of the Autumn term.

The G.C.E. examination results are now to be included in the House competition, and so by working hard in the coming examinations and in the various games competitions, we hope that the Dales may once again win the shield.

Susan E. Bednall (U.VI), Secretary.



House Mistress: Miss Wood

Captain: Joan Hutchinson

In July, 1961, we were very sorry to say goodbye to Miss Bree and Mr. Bray. We were pleased to welcome Miss Turnbull and Miss Kirkham, who joined us at the beginning of the Autumn term.

At the end of the last school year we were placed first in the competition for the shield, after gaining first positions in tennis, swimming and work. Our position for conduct had, however, dropped to third.

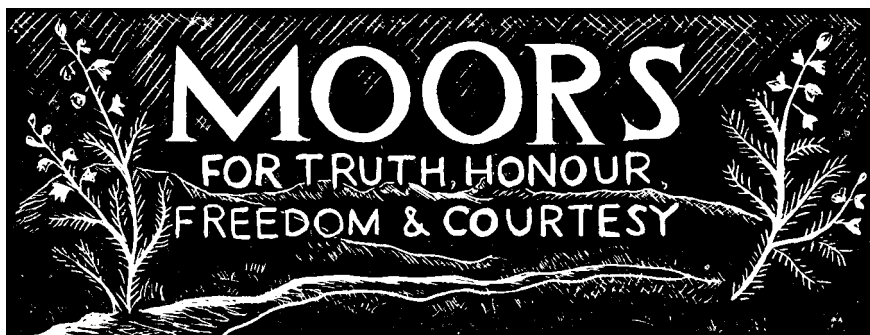
The House made quite a good start this year when, in the music competition, we were placed joint third. This was due to the hard work of our music representative and the co-operation of the House members.

At the end of the Autumn term everyone enjoyed the House Party, which we shared with the Wolds.

We were not very successful in the winter games, being placed fourth for senior hockey, third for senior netball, and second for junior netball, but we hope to be more successful in the summer.

We wish the teams every success, and also ask every member of the House to do her best in both work and play to help us to retain the shield for a second year.

Christine Chalkley (U.VI), Secretary.



House Mistress: Miss Tate

Captain: Marilyn Mitchell

At the end of the Summer term we were sorry to lose two members of the House staff, namely Miss Greaves and Mrs. Kappes, but we welcomed two new members, Miss Hankins and Mrs. Smith.

This year we shared our House Party with the Dales, and it proved enjoyable to both Houses. The teams tried extremely hard in the winter games, and though we came bottom in the senior netball competition, we gained joint second place in the senior hockey and first place in the junior netball. The hard work of the House choir was rewarded when we gained second place in the music competition.

We must work even harder in the Summer term to try to gain the shield, and we can achieve this aim if we try our best in the Summer Games competitions and in the final examinations. We hope that every girl will strive to achieve this aim, and we wish the teams every success in the coming games competitions.

Ruth Hewlett (L.VI), Secretary.



House Mistress: Miss Barron

Captain: Catherine Taylor

We were sorry to say goodbye to Miss Wilkinson last year, but would like to extend to her our best wishes for a happy married life.

We welcomed Miss Pearson and Mr. Hjort at the beginning of the year, and hope that their stay with us will be a happy one.

Last year the Wolds were third in the fight for the shield. This was largely owing to the fact that we were placed fourth in conduct and third in work. Apart from gaining joint first place in the Senior rounders competition, we were generally less successful last year.

At Christmas we had an extremely enjoyable party with the Fells. Our thanks go to those members of both Houses who contributed to its success.

This year a good start was made when we most unexpectedly won the cup for the singing competition; everyone concerned, however, had worked very hard. We have not been as successful in sport, having gained second place in the hockey and netball competitions.

Many House members lack enthusiasm and are content to leave all to the willing few. If we are to be successful, we must all work together. Each must pull her weight.

So, remember, Wolds, we must win all the Summer games and come first in swimming if we are to rise from third place. Why not let us win the shield?

P. Bolton, Secretary.

NIGHT

The velvet blackness of the night
Slips slowly down the sky,
Till we are shadows in the dark,
The hill, the trees, and I.
In silence now the stars are lit,
The moon sails up on high,
And we are bathed in silver light,
The hill, the trees, and I.

Glynnis Jones, III.B.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL MATCH

The eleven stalwart men chosen to represent their kind strode on to the field. Their mode of dress was somewhat unusual for the business in hand, but nevertheless they looked very striking in their grass skirts, brightly coloured jerseys, lipstick and white (or grey) pumps. The challenge had been accepted, and yet another annual hockey match was taking place between the Eton of Yorkshire—Normanton Grammar School — and the Roedean of Yorkshire — Normanton Girls' High School. The 1st XI hockey team representing N.H.S. (not the National Health Service) were more appropriately dressed in hockey boots, grey socks, grey shorts and blue shirts and, of course, they carried the curved instruments of torture used for whacking the opponents' heads, legs, etc. All agreed to keep the fight, sorry, match, clean, and this pact was carried through, but then the High School began to get rather irate. After bringing down the Head Boy, who had to be revived with water—a bucketful thrown over his prostrate body writhing in agony on the damp earth, we resumed normal service as soon as possible. After several incidents in which the girls were warned about dirty play, which evidently distressed certain members of the Grammar School team, the boys managed to score, but not before one of their number threatened to take his bat and ball home if the High School did not stop attacking him. At last the final whistle blew, and the girls, although the losers, trooped off the field triumphant, and the Grammar School supporters were left to pick up the remnants of what, we are told, was a tough rugby team.

Mary E. Cook, L.VI.

THE STAFF HOCKEY MATCH

Is it possible? Am I dreaming? Are three hundred girls actually cheering and urging the staff to be victors?

Of course—It is the staff hockey match, and on this day almost every girl supports the staff.

Eleven members of staff braved the “Ooo, look at Miss . . .” and emerged in shorts and shirts on the hockey field, ready and willing to play hockey, but not the usual sort — hockey, without many rules.

It was decided that ten minutes each way would be sufficient time for this match to last, and the whistle blew for the bully. The staff surprised many spectators by their agility and ability, and half time came too quickly (for the spectators, at least!). The second half proved to be as enjoyable as the first, “but a long ten minutes,” complained the staff. The girls had enjoyed the first half and had requested extra time—an extra ten minutes at the end. The final whistle blew, to the disappointment of some (and relief of others!) and both teams left the field for well-earned refreshments.

The game was enjoyed by all, and as neither team scored it suited everyone. Some members of staff proved to be so talented that they were offered places in the school 1st and 2nd XI hockey teams. It was noticed, however, that some attended school the following day supported by bandages, and others walked with obvious agony.

A. Rummings, L.VI.

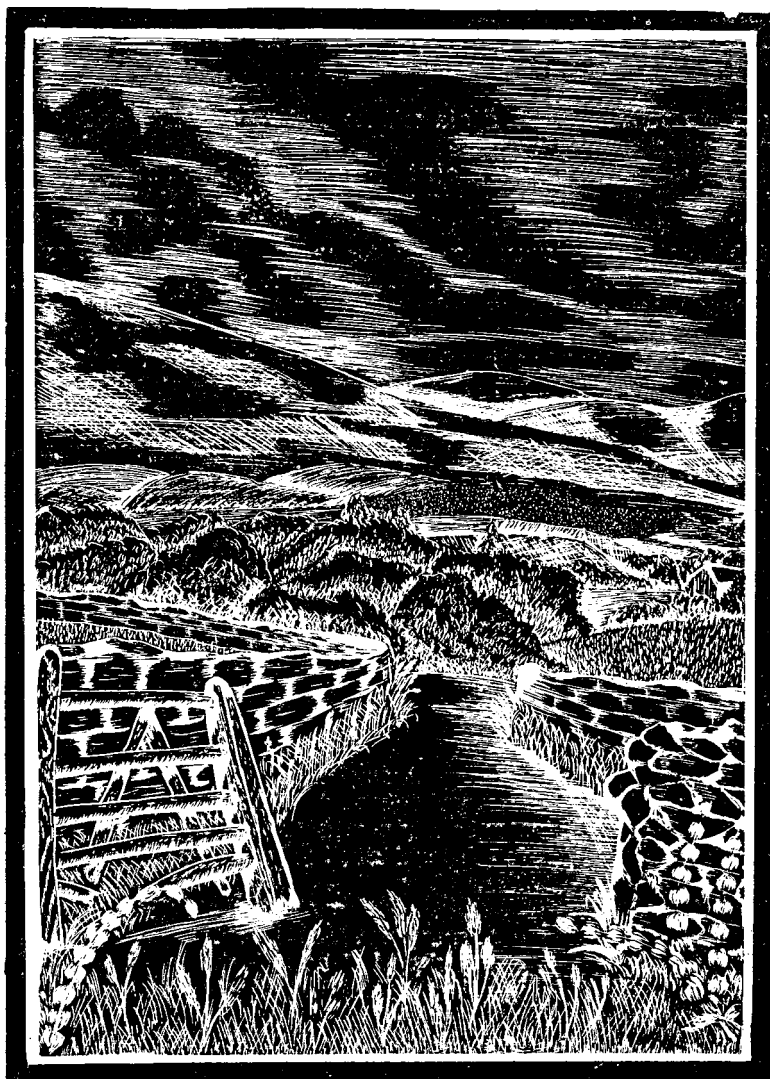
THE PROMENADE AT DUSK

I walked along the promenade, glancing out to sea and pulling my mackintosh collar as I did so. There was a chilly wind, and the surging breakers were scudding up the beach; making a harsh sound against the old stone sea-wall, like the roaring of a savage predatory animal bent solely on my destruction.

I gasped as the spray hit my face, stinging my eyes and mouth. A group of seagulls were skimming over the tormented, surging water, peering into its depths and crying mournfully as the setting sun slipped behind some grey clouds.

I shivered as the sea once more flung salty spray on to the promenade, making large pools of water everywhere. A half-rim of pale light rose from behind a cloud, waxing into a silvery glimmer. Once more the seagulls called as if wanting to go home, and I, realising that I, too, should go home, pulled my collar higher and hurried over the road, out of the reach of the damp spray.

Julia M. Dixon, III.B.



Howgill Fells, Sedbergh

D. Olga Burton, U.VI.

A BIRTHDAY TO REMEMBER

I usually remember my birthday, but the one that stands out in my mind the most was my tenth birthday, when we were on holiday in Dorset, and my mother and father told me that for a birthday treat we would go to Southampton.

The journey was very pleasant, along wide roads bordered with rhododendron bushes, then leading through the New Forest, where shaggy forest ponies and their foals were grazing on the grass verges. Gradually the surroundings changed to houses and shops, and we knew we were nearing the port.

We made straight for the docks, and parked the car. We decided we would take a small boat, which was taking visitors on conducted tours of the docks. We were pleased we had done this as the guide was very learned on the subject of the ships in dock.

It certainly was our lucky day, for the first ship we saw was the "United States," the fastest ship in the world. Her tall, slender bows rose high above us. Later we were to see her sail, and the tugs pulling her out of the docks looked like toy boats. We were rather sorry when we saw the next ship, as it was one of the Castle Line ships that was being painted for her last voyage to South Africa, after which she was to be broken up. Perhaps the most exciting of all was the "Queen Elizabeth," which had docked the previous day. Her size was almost unbelievable; we were told that if one of her two funnels was laid on the ground, three double-deck buses could drive through abreast. She also had over twenty-two miles of corridor, a street of shops and a swimming pool. Our guide told us that the best time to see this ship was when she was lit up at night at sea, and she looked like a floating city.

On our return journey we realised how lucky we had been, seeing both the largest and the fastest ships in the world on the same day.

E. Carrington, IA

THE GALE

The evening sky had been splashed
With red paint, from Picasso's palette,
And lent the air a strange purple glow,
While a restless wind moaned low in the west.
Darkness came, the wind arose,
And gathered power as it hastened on,
Entering gardens, wrecking roofs, huts and railings,
While people peered from windows
And drank tea.

Sheila D. Beaumont, IVA.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

One night after tea, young Wilfred
(Having nothing better to do),
Decided to do some homework,
Since his friends were doing some too.
So armed with a book and a pencil,
And chocolate and gum to chew,
He embarked on an English essay,
It shouldn't take long to do.
After so long of idly sitting,
The prospect of change made him keen,
For if it was good, then his essay
Would be put in the school magazine.
He sat there and chewed for an hour,
Yet no inspiration would come,
But remembering "nil desperandum,"
He tried once again with his Mum.
His Mum was no better than Wilfred,
And soon gave in with a sigh,
Telling Wilfred not to worry,
Something would come by and by.
The gum and the chocolate being finished,
His pencil was next on the list,
And then, with the splinters inside him,
He started dismembering his fist.
After eating his tongue and his nose,
He went on in exasperation,
To gobble his ankles and toes,
In one great operation.
All that was left by poor Wilfred,
Was a paper, white and clean,
Where he had tried to write an essay
To put in the school magazine.
Here ends the story of Wilfred,
Who, alas, was ne'er very bright,
And if writing a magazine essay,
Take care not to end in his plight!

R. M. Wilson, IVA.

BRIGHTON PAVILION

During a recent holiday I visited the Royal Pavilion in Brighton; a building which was originally a small house in the Steine, and which was to become one of the world's most famous architectural fantasies. The property was bought for the Prince Regent, and the house, which was described as a "respectable farm house," was reconstructed under the title of "Marine Pavilion." At this time it was of very simple classical design, but it was not destined to remain so. The grounds were originally laid out in the manner of the day by two pupils of "Capability Brown," the landscape artist.

For a number of years after the building of the new house, the Prince Regent spent the summers, and part of the winters, at Brighton. He employed himself in hunting, racing and entertaining his friends. One of these was "Beau Brummell," who was responsible for making fashionable personal cleanliness, besides smartness of style and cut in clothing. Sheridan also visited the Pavilion, and he remarked upon the tropical temperatures of the rooms, heated by an immense stove, saying that "Prinny" seemed to be preparing them for the fires that awaited them in the next world.

In the early nineteenth century the extremely rich and ornamental Chinese decoration of the interior was carried out, but the Chinese style seemed too trivial for the exterior, and later an Indian plan was drawn up by John Nash, and it was adopted. In 1820, when the Prince Regent became George IV, the Pavilion was almost completed, and the estimated total cost of the buildings and estates was £502,797 6s. 10d.

Today, possibly the most remarkable rooms are the banqueting room and the great kitchen. The former contains five immense chandeliers. The central one hangs from a silvered dragon, suspended from a domed ceiling, which was described as an "Eastern sky partially obscured by the broad and branching foliage of the luxuriant and fruited plantain tree." This chandelier alone weighs almost a ton. The theme of palm trees is even carried into the great kitchen, where the roof is supported by four iron columns with bronze leaves to represent palm trees. There is an enormous collection of pans, jars, wine kegs and pastry cutters, one collection consisting of five hundred and fifty pieces of copperware, another of thirty-nine pieces.

The Pavilion is an amazing building; probably not one that you would care to live in; but an extremely interesting



one to visit. Its collection of "chinoiserie" has been recently enhanced by the permanent loan, by H.M. The Queen, of furniture, which had been previously removed to Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle.

Christine Limb, Lower VI.

THE RIVER AT NIGHT

Down the water swims
A beautiful white swan.
Along the river skims a
Kingfisher, diving upon
Gleaming fish, gliding
By the water's edge.

Along the bank, the grass
That grows tall and fair,
And the beautiful flowers
Whose sweetness fills the air,
Are sleeping through the night,
Their petals closed so tight,
As they wait for morning light.

Joan Banks, II Beta.

FRIGHT

When the cold wind shrills
O'er the moors and hills,
When there's ice on the pond and ditch,
Then I fancy I see
By a stricken old tree,
The form of a ragged old witch.

Bent and old and wrinkled she,
And toughened, too, like the bark of the tree,
And I fancy I hear
A cry of fear,
So I turn and fly
(No heroine, I),
From the form of the ragged old witch.

Freda Cotton, IIA.

MY PERFECT MUM

Were you perfect when you were young?
My mother was, I know!
Whenever I do anything wrong
She is sure to tell me so.
She never spilt tea or broke a cup,
She never lost belts off coats,
And when she was sent to the village shop,
She never lost change from pound notes.
Whenever she came from a walk in the rain,
She hung her clothes to dry,
And whenever she sat for a school exam,
Her marks were invariably high.
But if, when I grow up, a family I have,
I'll copy my mother so sage,
And tell them at least sixty times every day,
How perfect I was at their age.

V. Hopkins, IIB.

THE YELLOW ROSE

The door opened slowly, squeaking on its rusty hinges which, I imagined, had not been opened for years. It opened into a large, over-grown garden around which was a wall, not less than six feet in height and covered with ivy and mosses of all descriptions. I began to force my way through the garden, squirming between hawthorn bushes and round trunks of old trees, and jumping every time a branch swung back and slapped me across the face. After about five minutes I came to what looked as though it might once have been a lawn. In the centre of the grass there was a small, wiry rose bush, which looked as though the sun had not touched it for years. Blooming on it was one small, pale yellow rose bud. The outside petals were already turning brown at the edges and the sepals were dry and withered. It was very pitiful to see it alone in the midst of that jungle and I was just going to pluck it when I stopped. It was brutal to take what bit of life there was in it away. In a vase it would not last more than two days. Here, on that lonely tree surrounded by grass, it would not live much longer. But I had the satisfaction of knowing that it would give what bit of brightness it had to this gloomy garden and would die on its own tree in that garden, and not in the strange and bustling world outside, where there were many beautiful things and nobody would take any notice of one small, yellow rose.

Carole Newton, IIIA.

THE CONQUERING HEROINES (or, THE MUDLARKS)

Oh for a Saturday morning in bed! Surely another ten sleepy girls must sigh as they are rudely aroused from their slumbers by the voice of their almost frantic mother who, in their opinion, ought to be condemned to play hockey herself, since she seems so enthusiastic. It is strange that parents are always more enthusiastic about school activities than are their daughters; but I suppose that in another twenty or more years we will firmly pack off our own daughter to play hockey, with a few sentimental reflections on our energy and enthusiasm when we played for the school team.

The trouble is that it is always too cold to get up on a Saturday morning. I usually decide, after testing the warmth of the air with a toe, that I must spend another ten minutes in bed in preparation for the trials of getting up. But again repose is broken by an impatient voice from below, which informs me that it is now eight o'clock and that this is the last time I shall be called.

After steeling myself for a final effort, I manage to spring out of bed and, despite a longing to spring back again, I battle against the conditions and in ten minutes' time dash downstairs only to find that for the fourth Saturday in succession I haven't any time for breakfast. I grab my bag and, after breaking the world sprint record, manage to catch the bus. Some gymnasts would argue that such exertion first thing in a morning keeps one fit. Well, I suppose it might work out that way with some people, but I know that I never have any energy for hockey—I never have much, anyway—because mine is all used up in getting there.

But—bear with me a little longer—these difficulties are only minor in comparison with that major problem, the hockey pitch. At the beginning of each new season the hockey pitch, covered with smooth green grass, inspires us with great hopes, but after the weather has played its air and variations with us, that is rain—more rain—a little less rain—a little more rain—and too much rain—the pitch looks more like a lake than anything else.

But with an air of martyrdom we renowned sports-women ignore the conditions and in spite of all difficulties, play our own particular brand of hockey! . . . unfortunately. One of the minor annoyances which continually dog our efforts during the matches, is the strange way in which the mud sucks us down each time we bully-off—and we do that often enough. And it is always disconcerting when, after bullying-off, we are compelled to spend the rest of the game looking for the ball, which we know to be somewhere in the

mud. By the way, if anyone is intrigued by the little sticks with names written on them, which are stuck in the pitch at uneven intervals, these mark the places where the coins of certain umpires dropped when the toss was taken, and sank in the bog whilst the owner watched helplessly. If, at any future date, excavations uncover a coin, we shall immediately know to whom it belongs.

One bright member of the sixth form, whilst we were wondering what could be done with such a pitch, had the brilliant idea of converting it into a paddy field. But when we put this suggestion to the vote it was overwhelmingly rejected, because the rest of the form feel that we have enough rice pudding as it is, and such a step would be tempting providence too far. However, we know what will happen to the hockey field if the present potato shortage continues.

If conditions are so bad, the reader may ask, why do we bother to play hockey each Saturday morning? The answer is elementary. We must have something to complain about, and besides, we enjoy it.

R. Hewlett, L.VI.

NIGHT

Dusk is falling

—The night grows dark.

The stars come peeping,

Lustrously glistening, making their mark
In the stark, cold sky.

Dusk has fallen

—The night is cool.

The moon is glowing,

Brilliantly gleaming, an ice-cold jewel
Sparkling aloft, in the inky sky.

Dusk is fading

—The night is no more.

The dawn is breaking,

Tinging the forests, lighting the shore
With her pale half light, that fills the sky.

Dusk is fled

—The day is nigh.

Brightly beaming, mocking the lie,
Told by the dark, mysterious sky.

J. K. White, IVB.

THE BATTLE OF MAYONNAISE

War had broken out between England and France, and the Fort of St. Philip, held by the English, on the island of Minorca, was being besieged by the Duke of Richelieu. The Duke had taken his chef with him, which was expected in that, the 18th, century. The unfortunate chef found that during the siege there was neither butter nor cream to be had on the island. The chef was accustomed to use these to make his master's favourite sauces. So with great skill and daring during the bombardment he quickly invented a new sauce made from eggs, oil and vinegar from the Port of Mahon.

The sauce was a great success and was called the "Mahonnaise," after the town. The Duke was so delighted by the new sauce that he was spurred on to win the siege. He and his men climbed the cliffs and captured the fort, causing the whole island to fall into the hands of the French. When the Court at Versailles heard the news, they did not know whether to congratulate the Duke on his victory or the chef on his marvellous new sauce.

Carole Banks, IIIA.

THE SMUGGLERS

The smugglers are at work tonight,
Can you hear their voices?
I can see their lantern light,
Up on the cliff it shines so bright,
Shining through the dark, dark night,
Can you see it shining?

The smugglers are rowing their boat ashore,
Can you hear their voices?
Two of the smugglers are manning each oar;
They're armed as though they are going to war,
They know they are going against the law.
Can you see them coming?

The smugglers are smuggling wine from France,
Can you hear their voices?
Wine that will make them sing and dance,
Until the men of the law advance,
Then they will escape, if they get the chance.
Can you hear them running?

Judith A. Bedford, IIB.

OUR MAGAZINE

For as long as I can remember (at least five years) our school magazine has remained exactly the same; it has neither improved nor deteriorated in any way whatsoever. Thinking that perhaps it was just I who found it dull, I decided to have a type of survey to discover if anyone else agreed with my opinions.

I found that most people read some of the magazine, if not all of it, and all agreed that even the parts they read first were boring (the things they never read, were, I presume, too boring even to contemplate). The House Reports were unanimously voted the most uninteresting articles in the magazine, and the back page (staff news and marriages) the most interesting. Asked what they thought would improve the magazine, my "victims" replied:—(a) I don't know; (b) Have more humour; (c) Have drawings and funny poems; (d) Scrap it; (e) Follow the example of the G.S.; (f) Scrap it and start again.

As I think two shillings is too much to pay for the type of magazine we are getting, I asked my collaborators their opinions and they wholeheartedly agreed with me. However, they said, they would be willing to pay two shillings for a lively magazine, in which contributors had more freedom to say what they thought. Finally, I asked how many had, in fact, entered articles for the magazine. Half of them had, but under pressure.

On the whole I would say that most people condemn the magazine but few are ready to do anything about it, and I would suggest that the only thing to do in future is to assure its improvement by everyone (not under pressure, either!) entering at least one contribution.

Carol M. Dancer, Lower Sixth.

STREET SCENE

Grouped nightly round the cold and splattered wall,
Slashed with a gaslight chisel, they laugh at their foe.
These are the flashy Teds, the problem of this modern age;
Winter and summer, a thousand gangs
Light their fags at the wall, or in the dark corner of the
street.

The days move by them, and the candle grows shorter,
Still the tight-trouser boys gather at the cold and spattered
wall.

P. Suffield, IIIA.

THE HOLD-UP

There had been three very serious bank hold-ups in the small town of Smithfield in the last few weeks. Every precaution was being taken to prevent the daring gang from making another attack. Outside the banks policemen were patrolling, and inside, plain-clothed detectives were mingling with the crowds. The whole town was tense, and everyone suspected everyone else of committing terrible crimes.

On this beautiful sunny afternoon my brother and I were out shopping. My brother had insisted on buying a big red Mickey Mouse balloon with large blue ears. One of my errands was to withdraw ten shillings from my savings to buy my mother a birthday present.

Outside the bank was parked a navy blue wages van, with a wire grille across the windows. When we went into the bank we saw it was very crowded, and the cashier was just opening the safe and filling a suitcase with money. As I watched I realised that the money was being taken to pay wages. Suddenly I heard an enormous bang! Everyone stood like stone. Then one old lady fainted. The cashier turned round very slowly with his hands in the air. Then a piercing cry echoed through the building and all the people turned their eyes and looked at my brother, who was crying because he had burst his balloon. I felt horribly embarrassed, and I vowed that I should never go into that bank again.

J. Kearsley, IIB.

A SNOW SCENE

The lake looked cold and grey, and the ranks of the snow-peaked mountains, austere and forbidding. I could see faintly two distant triangles of snow, fading beyond the bulk of the nearer mountains, which had steep slopes and precipitous ravines. Far upon the mountains I could see the twinkling of lights scattered here and there from the snow-covered chalets perched upon the hillside.

In the foreground I could see the majestic grandeur of the fir trees swaying gracefully in the gentle breeze.

By now the whole village was covered with a thick blanket of snow, and soft, white, fluffy flakes began to fall more slowly. Suddenly something red flashed across the whitened mountain, and after a while I realised that it was the little red train, which stopped at the tiny wayside station.

The still hidden sun caught the high mountains, and the top-most peaks became flushed with pink.

This glorious scene will for ever live in my memory.

Cynthia Cooke, IIB.

PHILOSOPHY OF A WISE PUSS

I'm a little black pussy perched high in a tree,
And watching you folk, but you cannot see me.
Oh, why do you walk with your shoulders down-bent?
Not a ghost of a smile—is your money all spent?
Are you so full of care, and the shopping to do,
The problems of work, that you have to get through?
Do you worry for this—do you worry for that?
(And why should I ask—just a little black cat?)
But I wish you would try to look happy each day,
'Cos I'm sure in the end, you'll be feeling that way.
If advice you are needing—you are welcome to mine,
You folk have but one life—I'm lucky, I've nine.

H. Lofthouse, II Beta.

STRIKING FACT

Have you ever heard a clock strike thirteen? Well, you can if you go to Worsley, in Lancashire.

It all started about two hundred years ago, when some men employed by the Duke of Bridgewater were working near Worsley Church. They frequently turned up late for work in the afternoon, and the Duke could not understand this, as they were working near a clock which struck every hour.

On asking why they were always late for work, he discovered that, as the clock only struck once at one o'clock, the men often did not hear it. The Duke had the clock altered so that, instead of striking one o'clock, it struck thirteen, and to this very day it still does.

Maureen Sabey, IIIA.

PROGRESS

In days of old, when we were bold,
And caused prefects displeasure;
They gave us "punishments" to do,
Which merely docked our leisure.
In days of yore, we'd go before
A mistress, when in wrong:
Then we'd receive an "order-mark,"
For three weeks—that's not long!
In days to come . . . just watch it, chum!
For any crime you mention,
If you incur a prefect's wrath,
She'll put you in . . .
. . . "DETENTION!"

S. Bearup, IVB.

VISITS—AND VISITORS

During the Autumn and Spring terms, members of both sixth forms attended a series of informative and amusing lectures by P.C. Best, a local Road Safety Officer, on safe motoring.

The talks covered a variety of subjects, beginning with an introduction to the general layout of a car, and the elementary principles underlying the working of the engine. This was followed by the “under the bonnet mysteries” of P.C. Best’s car being pointed out to us, the telecommunications apparatus being of added interest; there was also a demonstration of how to change a wheel. On one occasion we were shown film strips illustrating positioning and correct behaviour on the road. A reaction-tester was brought along, so that we discovered how quickly (or how slowly) we would brake in an emergency. In the final lecture, P.C. Best spoke about the very important, but often conveniently ignored laws applying to motoring, and answered the girls’ questions.

I am sure that the talks proved to be of interest to all, whether able to drive or only just learning, and even to those to whom it seems to be a sheer impossibility.

Joan M. Hutchinson, U.VI.

On the 18th of October, Mr. Evetts visited the school to give the first, second and third forms a lecture on foxes and deer. After recess, we all assembled in the library.

To begin his interesting lecture, Mr. Evetts exhibited some of his deer antlers. These were at different stages of growth, and each had a different number of tines or points. They were antlers of the fallow deer, roe deer and the red deer.

The deer-skins which he had were very beautiful. They were of the fallow deer, and were in summer dress, with white spots on a fawn background. We were told about the haunts, food and habits of the different species. One of the most interesting features of his talk on deer was that Mr. Evetts imitated most realistically, with the help of a tall glass vase, the call of a stag.

The main part of Mr. Evetts’ lecture was about foxes. To begin with, he showed us two pelts, of a fox and a vixen, one of which he had obtained at a hunt. Mr. Evetts described the foxes, pointing out to us the white tips of the tails and the black patches behind the ears.

Mr. Evetts told us about many personal experiences when he had watched foxes, or attended hunt meetings. He recounted one very humorous incident when he took his sons and daughter to watch some fox cubs playing in a wood one night. While they were watching, the little girl became rather afraid, so her brother, to reassure her, shone his electric torch at the foxes. They instantly vanished.

Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the lecture, and we hope it will not be too long before Mr. Evetts returns.

Ann Garfitt, IIA.

The Visit to Wembley

On the 10th March this year, a party of fifty girls from this school went to see the International hockey match, between England and America, at Wembley. The train left Normanton at eight o'clock and arrived at King's Cross Station, London, at one o'clock. From King's Cross a bus took us on a tour of London.

After the tour the bus took us to Wembley Stadium. Our seats were under cover, so we were dry when it started to rain. The match was a very enjoyable one, and it showed me, if not anyone else, how hockey should be played. Although the match ended in a draw, I thought England should have won.

When the match ended the bus took us back to King's Cross Station, where we got on the train and returned to Normanton after a very enjoyable day.

Margaret Butler, IIB.

On the 14th February, the fourth year girls, accompanied by several members of staff, paid a visit to the Ackworth Quaker School to hear a recital by Jan Rosol.

Jan Rosol was formerly heard by the fourth year in his radio broadcasts to schools, and so there was the added pleasure of seeing Monsieur Rosol as well as hearing him. His programme was varied and interesting, with many new songs and several old favourites, including "Le Chèvre" and "Au Claire de la Lune."

The girls returned at the end of school after a most enjoyable afternoon, and I am sure they will not miss the opportunity, if it occurs, of seeing Jan Rosol once more.

Jennifer Weaver, IVA.

One afternoon in March, Mrs. Chalkley very kindly came to the school to demonstrate different methods of hairdressing to the fourth and fifth form club. A qualified hairdresser, she was able to show her interested audience the professional technique of washing, setting and back-combing on willing volunteers from the club. One girl's hair was washed and set, Mrs. Chalkley answering various questions as she deftly pin-curled and put the hair into rollers with professional skill.

Whilst the girl's hair was drying, we were shown the correct way to cut hair, but we were warned that it was not advisable for people with no experience to attempt it. Next, the set was completed with great success.

This lecture was much appreciated by all the girls, and they went home conscious of having learned something of practical every-day use.

Anne Thomas, IVB.

On May 16th a Czechoslovakian dancer named Ludmilla Mlada, and her pianist, Denis Holloway, came to this school to entertain us. Ludmilla began by stressing the point that all dancers must practise regularly, and we actually saw her limbering up. Before every dance the pianist gave an introduction, telling us what the dance was about. The dances were varied, ranging from tragedy to the modern teenager, and the costumes were very beautiful and colourful. One of these was a genuine Czechoslovakian costume. The dance of the modern teenager was the one which the audience seemed to enjoy the most.

Everyone enjoyed the performance immensely, and Ludmilla's dancing showed to us what great things could be achieved by long and regular practice.

Renee Higgins, IIIA.

STRATFORD UPON AVON

On Saturday, June 2nd, a party of third and fourth year girls were taken on a visit to Stratford upon Avon. We travelled by rail to Birmingham and then by bus to Stratford, stopping for about five minutes at Henley in Arden. The main object of the trip was a visit to the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, to see a performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Before going to the theatre we were allowed an hour in the town, during which we were able to visit Shakespeare's birthplace and other houses having some connection with Shakespeare. It is a very picturesque town

because of the old Tudor houses, and the view from the river of the theatre is very beautiful.

The performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" itself was very enjoyable indeed. The acting was superb, and the costumes were wonderful. The lighting effects were also very good. There was a fifteen-minute interlude, during which we were able to go on the balcony of the theatre and look upon the town. I am sure everyone was very sorry when it was time to return home, for we had all enjoyed our visit to Stratford very much indeed. We all arrived safely at Normanton Station, where many parents were awaiting their daughters' return.

Susan Couch, IIIA.

On April 4th, a party of fifth-formers travelled to Leeds to see the Arts Centre production of "Julius Caesar." The actors were amateurs, but they seemed to have studied their parts very carefully, and the important characters were very well portrayed. The costumes were excellent, and the scenery and lighting, though not elaborate, showed signs of careful planning. Throughout the play we had only one disappointment, when Antony treated so casually his final important speech. We soon forgot this flaw, however, on looking back on the whole play. We found the production helpful and enlightening, and we are very grateful to Miss Harrison, Mrs. Armitage, and Mrs. Hjort, who made this visit possible.

Marilyn Ball, VA.

This has certainly been a Shakespeare year, for in addition to the visits already chronicled, members of the senior school saw the Old Vic productions of "The Merchant of Venice" and "Romeo and Juliet," and the whole school saw the film of "Julius Caesar" in ideal conditions, thanks to the kindness of the Headmaster of the Grammar School who allowed us to use the new hall.

SCHOOL SOCIETIES

THE FRESTONIAN SOCIETY

At the beginning of the year it was decided that the society should meet every three weeks instead of fortnightly, in the hope that attendance would better previous years and that the programme would be more varied. Both of the High School sixth forms have supported the meetings very well, there being present forty to fifty members at each meeting. It is hoped, however, that there will be more support from the Grammar School in future years and that members will learn to mix socially.

In the Autumn term the meetings held consisted of a netball tournament, a film show, a mock General Election, and a visit to the C.I.D., and the final meeting was a successful Christmas social. This took place in the evening, and supper was served in the Domestic Science Room.

The meetings held in the Spring term were a jazz and twist evening, a debate, and a lecture on Pontefract Castle, given by Mr. Gardiner, of the Pontefract Archaeological Society. The members of the society hope to visit the castle at the end of the Summer term, when Mr. Gardiner will show them round. The annual outing will take place on July 6th, on which occasion it is expected that every member will attend.

Susan E. Mace.

THE FOURTH AND FIFTH FORM CLUB

The Fourth and Fifth Form Club this year has been very successful. At the first meeting, held on September 25th, Miss Barron presided. Various suggestions were put forward for the planning of a programme.

This year's activities have been varied and interesting. There have been film shows and quiz games. Mrs. Milner kindly showed slides of Scotland and London. Mr. Hjort also kindly showed slides of continental holidays.

Earlier in the year a drama group was organised and this seemed to be very popular.

We have been privileged to have talks and demonstrations connected with various topics. Mr. Handforth came and talked about life-saving and first aid. Miss Duddy, matron of Pinderfields Hospital, spoke on the nursing profession. Second Officer Simmons talked about the W.R.N.S. Miss Holmes, from Harrap Bros., talked about knitting and wools. Mrs. Chalkley demonstrated how to cut, wash and set hair.

In October, a party of girls visited Wakefield Cathedral and were conducted round by the precentor, who outlined its history.

A Christmas party was held in the Gym and was greatly appreciated by all who attended.

Most of the meetings have been well attended, and this shows how popular the club has become in its second year.

We should like to thank all the members of staff who have worked hard to make the club a success.

1961-62 JUNIOR SCHOOL SOCIETY

The weekly Junior School Society meetings on Monday evenings have been well attended during the first two terms this year. The usual plays and variety shows occupied most of the meetings, but on two occasions certain members of the staff provided a change by kindly showing colour slides.

Form IIIB deserve special mention for organising a very successful social, which proved to be the favourite meeting among the girls. Thanks must be given to Miss Tate who helped them considerably, especially with refreshments.

Two other new ideas, supplied by Mrs. Hjort, were the Stamp Collectors' Meetings and the Hobbies' Afternoon. In the latter, girls displayed their collections of various things, including beer mats, musical boxes and match boxes. As the Stamp Collectors' Meeting seemed to be most enjoyed, a catalogue was bought, which has been frequently borrowed.

B.S.

BARNARDO HELPERS' LEAGUE, 1960-61

Last year, as a result of our box-opening and bazaar, we were able to send to Barnardo Headquarters more than we have ever sent before. The box-collection yielded £158 13s. 7d. and the proceeds of the bazaar were £241 1s. 4d. The school fund received £120 14s. 11d., and the Barnardo Homes £279 0s. 0d., the box collection and half the money from the bazaar.

The largest box total was again that of Mr. Burkinshaw, Sharlston, £10 14s. 0d. Girls in school who had more than £1 in their boxes were: C. Kitchener, M. Silverwood, S. Bednall, C. Chalkley, J. Clark, R. Hewlett, J. Roberts, C.

Gates, C. Bloor, P. Boulton, J. Bilton, J. Bayliss, C. Beswick, J. Davison, J. Dunford, J. Chambers, M. Colclough, J. Haenggi, P. Ward, E. Webster, C. Banks, C. Rawes, M. Sabey, B. Shaw, J. Hailing, J. Hodgson, J. Barraclough, J. Hutchinson, D. Naylor, M. Copley, J. Hunt, D. Taylor, B. Roberts, C. Higginbottom and L. Howarth.

From Old Girls who continue to support us, we again received more than £20. M. Holmes, N. Colclough, C. Abbott, L. Turner, Mrs. Shiel and S. Goodwin, all sent more than £1.

Many gifts were sent to the Harrogate Home at the end of the Christmas term.

The branch membership is now 339, the largest ever.

G. Barron, Secretary.

S.C.M.

Unfortunately, Miss Benson left at the end of the Summer term, but Miss Turnbull took over in the Scripture department and has been very helpful to the S.C.M. The meetings have been well attended this year, and there have been some lively debates. In our first meeting we debated whether Christianity had outgrown its use. Ruth Hewlett and Olga Burton spoke in defence of Christianity, whilst M. Cook and R. Metcalfe opposed them. When put to the vote it was decided that Christianity had not outgrown its use. In our next meetings we read and discussed passages from our handbooks, which are entitled "What difference does it make to be a Christian?"

On December 1st, a party from our S.C.M. group heard, with other students, an interesting lecture entitled "Is Christianity Unique?" which was given by Mr. Anderson, of London University, at Leeds Grammar School.

Undoubtedly the chief event of the year was the S.C.M. conference, which was held at the Grammar School, and at which Mr. Clifford M. Jones, of Leeds University, gave two interesting talks on "Individuality and Humanity." We were given time to discuss certain questions in groups, and it was very interesting to find out the beliefs of other sects, such as the Quakers, who were there in force.

We hope to have some meetings this term, but it may not be possible to do so, because of examinations.

Ruth Hewlett, L.VI.



It was with great sorrow that we said goodbye to Miss Greaves, who had been our captain for four years, at the end of the Summer term. Fortunately, we have been able to welcome Miss Pearson who, although accustomed to leading Cubs, has devoted a great deal of her spare time to keeping our company going. It is no easy task to do single-handed, for our lieutenant, Miss Parker, left at the same time as Miss Greaves, and we have not been able to find a replacement.

We were confronted with a large number of recruits at the beginning of the Autumn term and, therefore, it was necessary to form the Rose Patrol. The Thistle Patrol was disbanded before Christmas, owing to a decrease in number, but a Senior Patrol was made, consisting of three members of Form VA.

In March we went on a hike, organised by our captain, and we visited Kirkthorpe Church. A few weeks later we enjoyed patrol cooking, which was arranged to prepare some guides for the cooking and firelighting clause of their Second Class test.

Last July we had a camp, which was held at Brodsworth, near Doncaster. Owing to her excellent work at camp, and because she continued to study ardently throughout the next term, Angela Ash, of Form IVA, was presented, at Christmas, with the trophy which Miss Greaves gave to the Company when she left. It is to be given for one term to the guide who works the hardest, and contributes most to the Company. At Easter Deanna Jarvis, also of Form IVA, gained the trophy for extremely good work in the Second Class test.

A number of proficiency badges have been awarded and also several Second Class badges. The Patrol Leaders and two seconds are studying for the Country Dancer badge, and are also trying hard to pass their First Class test.

Janet D. Davison, IVA.

GUIDING HIGHLIGHTS, 1961-62

The school Guide Company was informed, a few months ago, of a Division Competition which was to take place among all the companies of the Castleford and Pontefract Division.

It was to take place in two "rounds," first the companies in each district competed with each other, then the winners from each district (of which there are six) were to compete to find the overall winner.

The school company belongs to the Normanton District, which, unfortunately, includes only one other, the Parish Church Company. We were informed that the first round of the competition was to be in the form of a weekly Guide meeting; and that a commissioner would visit one of our meetings, awarding points for roll-call, inspection, games, patrol corners and organisation in general.

Miss Pearson, our guide captain, promptly arranged various meetings, in which the Patrol Leaders and herself discussed the programme of the meeting. The company was made very busy arranging things for the competition, and everyone was given strict orders to turn up in correct uniform, looking spick and span.

The day dawned, the time flew by, and it was four o'clock before we knew where we were. Everyone felt nervous, and we hardly dared breathe, while the tester scrutinised us and our work very carefully. At last the meeting was over, and we had a long wait for the results, while the Parish Company was tested.

A few weeks later, the results came, and joyfully we heard that we had won the first round, but only by a very small margin.

The programme of the second competition was secret, and we were all left in suspense until shortly after Easter, when all the guides in the company were to go to the Vicarage at Glass Houghton, where it was to take place. There were three parts to the competition, the first being the customary roll-call, horse-shoe formation and inspection. Secondly, we had to act a play, depicting one of the clauses of the second class test (in our case it was stalking). Lastly we had to make a miniature camp, out of natural materials which we could find, or things which we had brought. At the end of the afternoon it was announced that we had gained four points less than the winners, being placed third. We finished an interesting and enjoyable day by singing "taps."

Susan Hartley, IVA.

On Saturday, 17th March, a party of the school guides went on a hike.

We set off from the Market Place in Normanton at 8.45 a.m. on a cold, damp morning. We were not on the main road long, for at the Catholic Church we turned right and went across several fields until we came to the banks of the Calder. Here we stopped, and captain asked us to search for different kinds of twigs and various other specimens, which showed that spring was fast approaching.

When we had crossed several other fields we arrived at Kirkthorpe. Here we went to the Church, and after looking at the graves of several young nuns, we entered the church to look round, and noted especially the new altar window, erected in 1960, showing the resurrection of Christ.

From here we walked on to Heath Common, where we had our lunch and a short rest. Then we walked through Agbrigg, and finally to Thornes Park. Here we finished off our food and played a few games, before leaving the park at 3 o'clock, to walk into Wakefield, where we ended our enjoyable hike, rather exhausted, but having gained a little more knowledge.

We are now looking forward to our next hike, and hoping for a finer day for walking.

Jacqueline A. Leatham, IVA.

The Eileen Fowler Club

With the prospect of summer holidays ahead, the Upper Sixth formed an exclusive keep-fit club, whose members met religiously in the gym each dinner-time—for a week. Here, the would-be slimmers joined enthusiastically in back-breaking exercises, hula-hooping and skipping, activities which were more than occasionally interrupted by bursts of laughter from participants and amused spectators alike. This violent and unaccustomed exercise gave everyone such an appetite, however, that all the good was undone, and it was unanimously decided that nature should be allowed to take its course, whatever the cost to health and beauty.

Susan E. Bednall, U.VI.



GAMES REPORT, 1961-62

Games Prefect: Kathleen Taffinder.

Hockey Secretary: Jean Harrison.

Tennis Secretary: Mary Cook.

Hockey Captain: Susan Mace.

Vice-Captain: Barbara Chance.

Netball Captain: Frances Walmsley.

Vice-Captain: Janet Codner.

Tennis Captain: Susan Mace.

Vice-Captain: Jean Malpass.

Refreshments Organisers

Hockey Season

Refreshments Organisers

Tennis Season

} Mildred Crane.
 } Christine Chalkley
 } Ann Willis.
 } Cynthia Bickley.

We should like to take this opportunity to thank all the girls who gave their Saturday mornings to prepare the refreshments for the teams.

TENNIS

1961

1st VI

M. Caswell

S. Mace

A. Scaife

C. Kitchener

C. Cotton

J. Malpass

2nd VI

B. Chance

D. Lackenby

P. Woolhouse

C. Bolton

P. Boulton

R. Hewlett

Also played:—F. Walmsley, C. Jolliffe.

Both teams were quite strong, but owing to the lack of fixtures it was difficult to judge the standard of play.

Colours re-awarded to M. Caswell, S. Mace; awarded to A. Scaife, C. Kitchener.

RESULTS

Opponents	Where played	1st VI	2nd VI
Hillam	H	Won 59-22	—
Castleford	H	Won 44-37	Lost 34-47
Rothwell	A	Won 49-32	Lost 38-43
Hemsworth	H	Lost 39-42	Won 48-33

1962

1st VI	2nd VI
S. Mace	R. Hewlett
J. Malpass	S. Green
C. Cotton	F. Walmsley
B. Chance	S. Calvert
P. Woolhouse	D. Moore
P. Boulton	M. Shaw
	P. Ward

Both teams started the season with little experience. However, during the first three matches the standard of play has improved. There are still six more matches to be played, including one for the Aberdare Cup, in which the first team are to play at Sheffield. In the matches played so far against Wheelwright, Thornes House and Castleford, the results are:—

Games	1st VI For Against	2nd VI For Against
1st couple	51 30	50 31
2nd couple	25 56	45 36
3rd couple	27 54	33 48

Susan E. Mace (Captain).

HOCKEY, 1961-62

1st XI		2nd XI
G.K.	- R. Hewlett	C. Baker
R.B.	- P. Woolhouse	J. Clark
L.B.	- C. Cotton	P. Boulton
R.H.	- M. Shaw	J. Malpass
C.H.	- S. Mace	J. Hutchinson
L.H.	- A. Willis	J. Hill
R.W.	- V. Todd	E. Brookes
R.I.	- M. Cook	V. Ashworth
C.F.	- K. Taffinder	S. Marney
L.I.	- J. Harrison	A. Rummings
L.W.	- B. Chance	J. Stenton

Reserve Wing: J. Hill. Reserve C.H.: O. Burton.

Reserve Back: J. Hutchinson.

Also played: J. Wheeler, M. Reynolds.

At the beginning of the season the whole team was slow on the ball, the forwards failed to shoot quickly in the circle, and the defence was slow to tackle. Towards the end of the season the whole team was much fitter and had speeded up considerably. Team spirit throughout the whole of the season was very much in evidence. The season was closed with matches against the staff and the Grammar School.

Colours re-awarded to A. Willis, S. Mace; awarded to M. Shaw, K. Taffinder, B. Chance, J. Harrison, R. Hewlett.

Opponents	Where played	1st XI	2nd XI
Hillam	H	Won 4-1	Won 1-0
Wheelwright	H	Drew 1-1	Won 3-0
Pontefract	A	Lost 1-6	Won 3-0
Rothwell	H	Lost 4-6	Lost 1-5
Thornes	A	Lost 2-4	Lost 2-3
Wheelwright	A	Won 2-0	Won 3-0
Castleford	A	Lost 1-8	Lost 0-1
Rothwell	A	Lost 1-3	Lost 2-4
Staff		Drew 0-0	
Grammar School		Lost 0-4	

Both teams would like to thank the girls who gave up their Saturday mornings to come and prepare refreshments.

S. E. Mace (Captain).

JUNIOR ROUNDERS, 1961

Bowler: Janet Burnage.
 Back stop: Janet Codner (Captain).
 1st Post: Sheila Marney.
 2nd Post: Ann Arundel.
 3rd Post: June Pattinson.
 1st Deep: Doreen Harvey.
 2nd Deep: Frances Walmsley (Vice-Captain).
 3rd Deep: Margaret Widdowson.
 4th Deep: Gillian Money.
 Also played: Coral Hesketh, Jennifer Weaver.
 Reserve: Sheila Whitehead.

Matches played:—

Opponents	Result
Hemsworth	9½-½ Won
Castleford	2-2 Drawn
Rothwell	0-2 Lost
Thornes House	7-2 Won

Colours re-awarded to Frances Walmsley; awarded to Janet Codner, Ann Arundel, Sheila Marney, Margaret Widdowson.

Janet Codner (Captain).

JUNIOR NETBALL, 1961-62

G.K.: Susan Corker.
 D.: Frances Walmsley (Captain).
 W.D.: Christine Whitlam.
 C.: Ann Arundel.
 W.A.: June Pattinson.
 A.: Joan Lythgoe.
 G.S.: Janet Codner (Vice-Captain).
 Reserves: Barbara Newton, Jean Boocock.

Matches played:—

Opponent	Result
Pontefract	20-20 Drawn
Hemsworth	15-0 Won (Abandoned)
Castleford	15-5 Won
Airedale Technical	20-4 Won

Colours re-awarded to Frances Walmsley, Janet Codner.
 Awarded to Ann Arundel, June Pattinson, Joan Lythgoe,
 Susan Corker, Christine Whitlam.

Frances Walmsley (Captain).

STAFF NEWS

Although we were rather worried at the thought of having seven new members of staff at the beginning of September, they have settled down so well with us that we feel as if they have been here much longer. Miss McEwen joined the Science department, Miss Kirkham came to teach Latin and French, Miss Turnbull to teach Scripture, Miss Hankins to take Physical Education, and Mrs. Smith and Miss Pearson to take Domestic Science.

Although we lost Mr. Bray from the Science department, Mr. Hjort joined the Mathematics department, and so we still have one man on the staff. He is also teaching Russian and Current Affairs.

This year we are losing only two members of staff, Miss Lavender, who has been with us for five years, and Mrs. Hjort, who came in 1959. They have both been willing to give up their time to various out-of-school activities, and although we shall be very sorry to lose them, we give them our best wishes for the future.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

Nancy Applegate has been appointed headmistress of Bury St. Edmunds County Grammar School for Girls.

Sheila (Richardson) Pollard and Sondra (Smith) Bird have exchanged posts at Normanton C. of E. School and Sandal Endowed School.

Vivienne Foster has had an oil painting entitled "The Seasons" hung in the Royal Society of British Artists' Gallery, Haymarket, London.

Audrey (Spencer) Short has been appointed librarian at Normanton Public Library.

Sheila Galvin is teaching at Sandal County School.

Sheila Hemingway is teaching at Willow Park J. M. School.

Elizabeth Mann is teaching at Gordon Street School, Featherstone.

Joan Hemingway is nursing at Scarborough.

Ruth Willett, Gwyneth Watkins, Joyce Butterfield, Joan Vennart and Doreen (Clarke) Hartley are all nursing at Pinderfields Hospital, Wakefield.

Doris Martin is retiring and going to Kenya for 12 months.

Marriages

- 1961 July —Sondra K. D. Smith to G. Peter Bird.
 Aug. —Maureen Wilby to Frank Pepworth.
 —Mildred Steele to Stephen Warman.
 Sept. —Jean Banfield to Geoffrey Brammer.
 —Pauline Wood to Roy J. Bedford.
 —Margaret Bell to Paul Davisworth.
 Dec. —Maureen Matthews to Thomas E. Williams.
 —Jean Griffiths to Malcolm Marsh.
- 1962 Feb. —Margarat Lowe to Ian H. McFarland.
 Mar. —Margaret Whitlam to Thomas K. Paley.
 —Jean A. Sugden to Michael G. Prince.
 May —Janet Holland to Peter Horsfield.
 —Mary Mullaney to Arnold Nicholson,

In Memoriam

- 1962 Feb. —Dorothy Eaton.

It was in 1913 that I first met Dorrie Eaton. I was seven, she had just taken her first post at the Church School and I was in her class, so she has been my valued friend for almost fifty years. During that time we have always corresponded at Christmas, but there have been long lapses of time when we have not seen each other. The curious part is that she never aged to me; always she was twenty-one. I could not believe that she had lived her life. Each time when I saw her we picked up the threads as though it was only yesterday we had left the Guide Camp at Marske or I had seen her at home. Always she was gay, happy and understanding. I must have been only one of many who were honoured to be Dorrie's friend, and, although I live so far away and saw her so seldom, her death has made a gap in my life which cannot be filled, because there is not another gay loving Dorrie who could fill it.

There are many people who are able to tell of her untiring work for the Church, the Guides, and for Education —her teaching, the Old Girls' Association, and then as a Governor of her old school — and all the other activities which took her time and energy; always she was happy to help, always interested in other people. Never was she too busy to help, listen or advise. We are fortunate, indeed, that she was our friend, and a shining example of unselfishness in these days of torment and doubt.

Lilian H. H. Pugh.

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