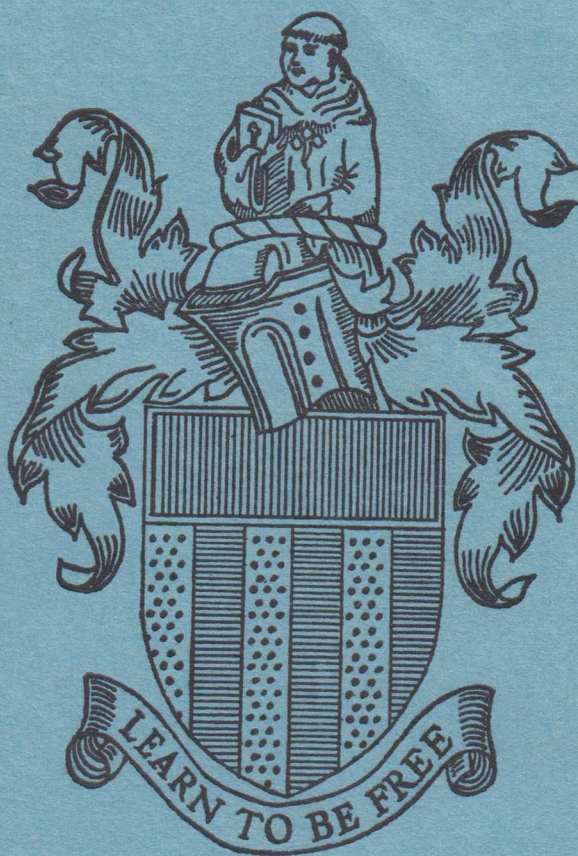


The
Frestonian



Volume LXV, Part II

Spring Term 1969

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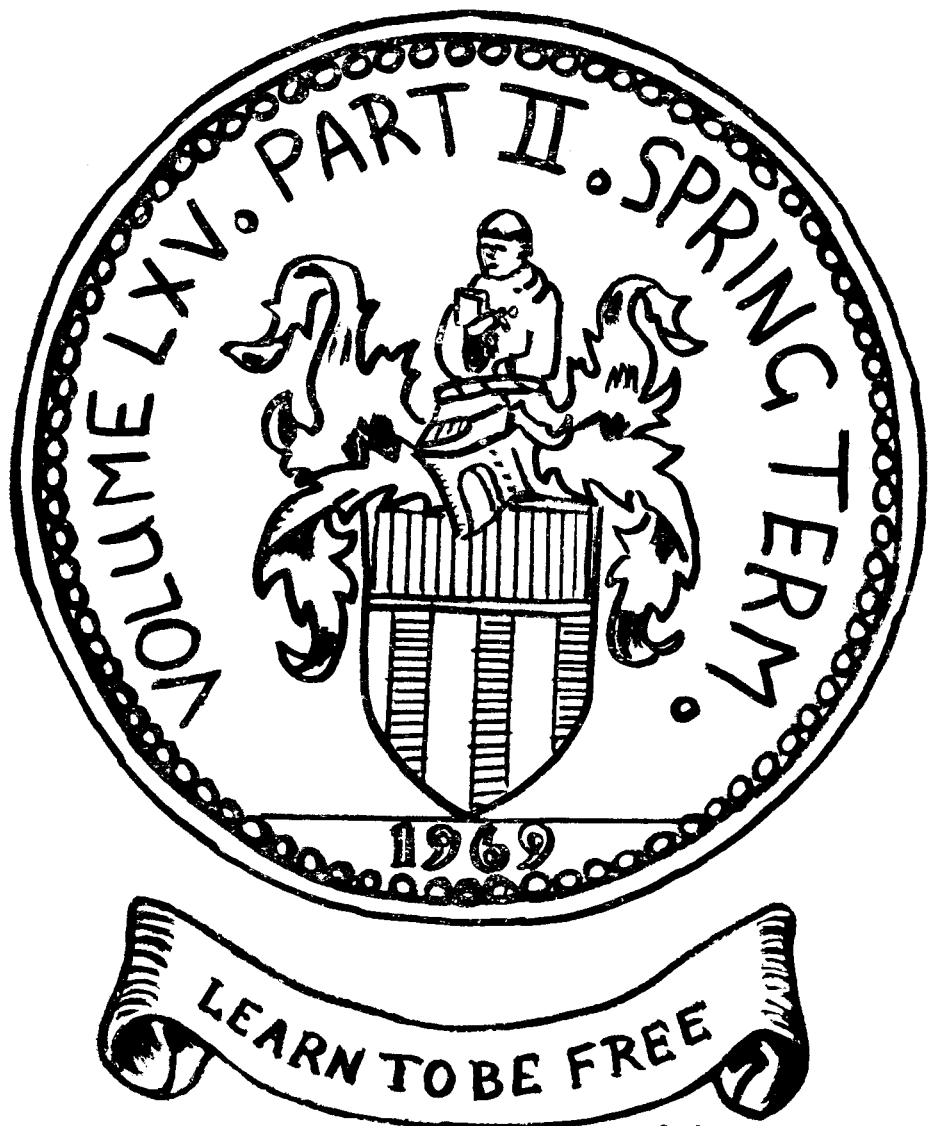
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G. Clare.

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Mary Symeonides, M. Faulkner and A. Pickles are Lower Sixth-
formers;

Susan Timmins and Anne Higgins are Fifthformers;

Margaret Wilkinson. Kathryn Brown and R. Levitt are Third-
formers.

The Frestonian

EDITORIAL

Editor : L. R. Barker.

Sub Editors : J. Lancaster, G. J. Austerberry, G. Stokes.

Staff Representative : R. S. Burns, Esq.

Business Manager : R. Smith, Esq.

In the very short time that I have been editor of 'The Frestonian,' I have been made to appreciate the frustrations with which editors in the past must have been beset. Each must have had her own original thoughts and intentions for her production, only to find that revolutionary ideas must remain within the confines of established convention.

Even accepting this, a great problem is the apparent general apathy of students towards our effort. Far too many take 'The Frestonian' for granted and when, as inevitably it must, the magazine falls short of their required standard, it is accepted with mental indolence. They fail to realise, or are loath to accept, that without their co-operation 'The Frestonian' can be little more than a record of events.

Keen competition should be the driving force behind a literary endeavour of this kind and standards have been established in 'The Frestonian' in the past which I am sure were far superior to those we currently attain. I have recently perused copies of 'The Frestonian' published twenty-five to thirty years ago. A period embracing the time when war time economies necessitated reduction in size but amazingly had scant effect on quality and content. A period when every form in the School offered a contribution. A period when sports results formed an appendix to and not the main body of the magazine.

Let me, therefore, urge all members of the School to come forward with their suggestions, their items of interest for publication and their constructive criticisms and make 'The Frestonian' a magazine worth publishing. A magazine to look forward to. A magazine worth preserving for twenty-five years. Surely, with the wealth of talent available to us within the School, our scope should be endless. Where are the cartoonists, the essayists, and the satirists or, more important, where are their contributions?

Linda R. Barker.

SCHOOL NEWS

At the end of the Spring Term the School was both a brighter and a drier place; brighter because the painters have continued to work their redecorative way through the School; and drier because the roof of the Upper School corridor has finally been repaired. Those with long memories vow they have been dodging the corridor drips for as much as ten years, but their dodging skills are now happily redundant. There are hopes that the heating of Upper School hall will soon be improved, and in the longer term its acoustics also. Perhaps when audiences are confident that they will be warmer and able to hear more easily they will come to School functions in greater numbers.

* * *

This summer sees a small number of Lower Sixthformers taking the new 'O' Level subject of ECONOMICS AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS. Introduced by the Joint Matriculation Board two years ago the subject is essentially an attempt to combine the rudiments of economics with the basic facts of British government and the constitution. It is hoped that the subject will provide an interesting and useful course of study for those who are not committed to a full three-A-levels timetable and especially for those who would not otherwise meet the increasingly important science of economics during their formal education.

Another new feature of sixth form life from next Autumn Term will be EXPERIMENTAL WORK IN NEURO PHYSIOLOGY in Sixth Form Biology. Until now schools have lacked facilities for doing animal physiology because of the very high cost of the apparatus required. But the apparatus is now being manufactured at a cost within the reach of most schools, so practical work in neuro-muscular physiology will be possible.

Also changing next year is the 'A' and 'O' Level CLASSICS SYLLABUS. The translation of English into Latin, the bane of many pupils, will largely disappear and be replaced by questions testing understanding of Latin and Greek and by essays calling for criticism and appreciation.

* * *

Under the initial direction of Mr. Ruddock the third year sixth maths set of Hardcastle and Crowther, have carried out an analysis of the game of 'ODDS.' A brief article of their findings has been submitted to the journal 'Mathematics Teaching,' and may subsequently be published. The game is a battle of wits between two players; starting with any odd number of objects, the players take it in turns to remove one, two or three objects until all are taken, the player having the odd number at the end being the winner. The method of approach to the analysis is simple. Anyone, let alone a sixth form mathematician, can see what will happen when the game is played with a small number, say three or five objects. By writing down what happens as a result of a player choosing either one, two or three objects when there are a small number present, it is possible to work out what happens for higher numbers. A set pattern emerges and a set of rigid rules can be set down. If a player follows these rules and has the choice of going first or second he can never lose. Those sceptical of the mathematician's role in society may look upon this work as being intellectual time-wasting. The researchers would, however, maintain that the game seems to have a great appeal to people's basic gambling instincts, and any time spent slaving over numbers and arithmetic is amply rewarded by the monetary benefits.

* * *

THE ENGLISH ROOM, Room 30, has been equipped with spotlights and a switchboard. The wiring was undertaken by P. Womack. The new equipment can be used with the portable stage to provide facilities both for drama work during lessons and for extra-mural production or rehearsals.

Shortly before the end of term a week-long ROOM 30 SHOW was held both to test the range and potential of the room and to show the variety of dramatic entertainment available in the School. During the week stages, moved with efficiency by stage managers A. Garfitt and D. White, were placed at one end of the room, down the centre and among the audience; lights were pointed upwards, downwards and tinted in many colours.

The week began with a new play, "McDonald," which concerned a seedy advertising executive whose secretary, colleagues and job all seemed to conspire against him; even

his telephone failed before the end whereupon he was reduced to maniacal mutterings which were intended to be moving and not, as the younger audience members found them, amusing. On Tuesday the drill scene from "Oh What A Lovely War" was given a different interpretation in which one soldier refused to bayonet the 'German.' This improvisation was followed by a discussion on military discipline and behaviour and pacificism. Three films on Wednesday were followed on Thursday by an Entertainment of poetry, prose and drama under Mr. Burns's generalship : a moving moment was afforded by the sight of Lower Sixthformers waving rattles and blowing soapbubbles in a play pen. On Friday the Dance Drama girls trained by Miss Lumby gave a demonstration of movement to music : their performance was delightful despite the obvious lack of space. This concluding evening, really, highlighted both the strengths and weaknesses of Room 30. With a sympathetic audience, a small-cast play can profit from the intimacy of the room; large-cast performances or plays needing complicated sets must, however, be kept securely in their present place in the Hall.

* * *

On the last Tuesday of term the School was given a CONCERT by the Whitwood Brass Band. This, is a junior band, seven members of which are pupils or ex-pupils of the School. The band practises every Saturday morning at Whitwood Technical College, and it is hoped that more members of the School will join.

Another end of term entertainment was a LOWER SCHOOL CONCERT. This successful evening offered a varied programme of music, dancing and the Ward and Levett junior House plays. The audience was enthusiastic generous in applause and in a silver collection, and near capacity, despite the last snowstorm of winter which was whirling down outside.

* * *

Using fund's provided by the W.R.C.C. and the Parents' Association, the School has bought a SONY T.V. CAMERA KIT for use with the video-recorder. This purchase considerably extends the possible scope of our T.V. activities. Up

till now we have only been able to record on tape transmissions from B.B.C. and I.T.V. sources and replay them at will on a later date, but now we can make recordings of our own work in the classroom, laboratory, or stage in both sound and vision. Editing facilities on the recorder mean that complete recorded programmes produced at School are possible.

The Kit consists of a miniature camera similar to the ones used in industry or by the police, tripod stand, microphone and necessary power and vision cables for connection to the recorder. Unlike most studio models, the picture from the camera is displayed direct on the T.V. monitor during recording so the cameraman uses a simple frame viewfinder to align the shot and makes fine adjustments or focussing by looking at the monitor. This somewhat novel system means that he does not in fact need to look directly at the subject he is recording. He has full control of the lens which stops down from f1.9 to f22 and focuses from infinity down to about one metre. The lens mount will accept wide angle or zoom lenses and it is hoped that at some future date these might be obtained.

Initial tests indicate that daylight or artificial lighting provide adequate illumination producing good quality pictures. The excellent lighting facilities of the stage or Room 30 would however be of considerable advantage and undoubtedly give even better results. A number of members of staff have shown interest in the system and experimented with the equipment to discover its capabilities and limitations. It has been found possible for example to use the camera through a microscope, thus demonstrating a slide to a large group using the monitor and there are many other possibilities yet to be investigated. Ideally it is hoped that the equipment will find use in the production of our own programmes for teaching but this is of course a time consuming process requiring careful thought and planning on both the production and technical sides. This could prove to be a very powerful educational tool if properly exploited; if you have any ideas of your own about T.V. work in the School, please do not keep them to yourself.

* * *

'The Frestonian' welcomes the appearance of another School magazine, 'PLYABLE,' which it sees as a complementary rather than a rival publication. Got together and

edited by a member of 'The Frestonian's' own Editorial Committee, G. Austerberry, 'Plyable' was an anthology of poetry by staff and senior pupils. Its appearance, — and probably, the quality of its contents — was more attractive than that of previous 'unofficial' magazines, and its initial printing of one hundred copies proved a grossly pessimistic estimate of demand. The first printing was sold out before break on the day of publication, and a further printing of a hundred copies also sold out quickly. Clearly there is a place in the School for an occasional magazine which does not have any of 'The Frestonian's' archival duties, so let us hope that 'Plyable' will have its successors.

* * *

During the cruel winter months the male staff have undertaken the game of BASKETBALL. Resolutely avoiding our own outdoor court they played all games away and indoors, and won eight out of the nine. Modestly they report that the high standard of their play surprised the oppositions. At the back Mr. Midgeley was a devastating sweeper-up (technical term this, describing taking care of oppositions, not care taking), Messrs. Jubb and Finch were the efficient link men who set up the scoring positions, and Messrs. Fairbank and Sanderson were the marksmen. No match has yet been arranged between these Globetrotters and the girls' netball team.

* * *

Excerpts from 'OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR,' last term's play, were presented by the School at the Youth Clubs Drama Festival, Not being a youth club, we were ineligible for a prize, but we received kindly comment from the adjudicator.

* * *

A reader remarked that the previous issue's article about The Great War of 1914-18 made no mention of how the War affected the former Girls' High School. The explanation of this is not anti-feminine bias but that the article was particularly concerned with the reflection of the War in the School magazine, and the 'N.G.H.S. Magazine' had not then come into existence. Of course the War

did affect the High School, though not so markedly as it affected the Grammar School. Girls often spent the lunch hour 'digging for victory' on land where the L.S. gym now stands; after school on Fridays, in the dining room, one of the staff read aloud from the novels of the Brontes or George Eliot or Thackeray whilst girls knitted socks and scarves for the troops; there were War Savings drives — the staff secretary of Savings tells a story of how one evening she found herself alone in the School with £500 in cash and no safe; and a Belgian refugee was a pupil.

The Editorial Committee, incidentally, are always keen to hear reactions to the magazine, including adverse reactions. The father of this term's editor, Linda Barker, when he was editing a works magazine, made the same point by printing an otherwise blank page headed 'Readers' Comments.' Without wishing to be quite so dramatic ourselves, we do assure readers that letters from them will be seriously considered for publication.

EDUCATION FOR NATION-BUILDING

This decade has brought tremendous changes in Kenya. About 1960 the hold of European settlers over the agricultural and political life of the colony was broken and in December 1963 Kenya became independent under the leadership of Jomo Kenyatta. The task of the new African government was to give the people 'the fruits of independence,' which meant land, control over the country's economy and, almost more important than anything else, the provision of education for the high proportion of children in the expanding population. The government has done much to expand education but there is still an acute shortage of teachers. Most secondary schools rely heavily on expatriates, usually on two year contracts, to fill the vacancies and keep things going. I was in Kenya for seven years, 1961-68, as Education Officer recruited originally through the Overseas Appointments Board of the Institute of Christian Education and latterly through the Ministry of Overseas Development in Britain. I had two posts during this period, first as senior history master of the Alliance High School, the leading African school in Kenya, and then as headmaster of Kapsabet School, in the middle of a former tribal reserve 250 miles from Nairobi.

The first impression one gets is the unlimited opportunity for experience that life in Kenya secondary schools provides. At the Alliance High School I had to prepare the first African school pupils for the equivalent of Advanced Level. This meant building up a department from scratch. In addition I soon found myself in overall charge of games, with particular charge of soccer, rugby and boxing. I was responsible for a boarding house of 60 boys, had to conduct an often tiresome correspondence with 27 separate county councils to extract financial assistance for most of the 350 boys in the school and also help out in the very active school societies.

After about three years I was asked to consider taking a headship, which carried no responsibility allowance, in one of the schools in the Rift Valley Province, an area about the size of England. I arrived somewhat nervously for a searching interview but was taken immediately to a map of the province and shown the location of eight schools. 'Which one would you like?' was virtually the only question asked of me, and at the end of 1964 I duly found myself

in what was often to be a very hot seat. Alliance High School has still only had three headmasters since its foundation in 1926 and one teacher, still very active, arrived there in 1927. At Kapsabet I was to be the fifth headmaster in three years! To make matters worse my immediate predecessor had been a somewhat eccentric American of only 23 who had retired in a fit of acute depression. I was to be in very nearly the same state three and a half years later. Normanton seems comfortably routine after it all.

Alliance had been a national school with 36 tribes represented amongst the boys but Kapsabet was dominated by the local tribe, the Nandis, who were remarkable for two things: they were the only tribe to offer really determined resistance to the imposition of British rule at the turn of the century; and they provide the bulk of Kenya's athletic team.

Kenyan children do seven years primary education at the end of which they take an exam which about 50 per cent pass and for about 10 per cent it is the qualifying test for entrance to the limited amount of secondary education available. The children who are selected for Form One are a varied lot, ranging in age from 13 to 23. Some may have started school late, some have had their schooling interrupted by inability to pay fees, others may have had to take the qualifying exam three or more times before they do well enough to get in the magic 10 per cent. They then do four years before taking the East African Certificate of Education 'O' level and a few will go on to take their 'A' level two years later. They are taught throughout in English at secondary school and so the Kenyan student starts with a tremendous initial handicap — he has to learn thoroughly a foreign language before he can start on all the other things needed to pass as an educated young man. That so many succeed is a tribute to their natural intelligence and determination.

One had few discipline problems in the classroom. The enthusiasm to learn merely had to be directed. Outside the classroom however things could be more difficult. At Kapsabet while headmasters had come and gone in rapid succession, a good deal of authority had devolved on the senior boys, whose experience of the school was longer than that of any of the staff. It seemed to me that they had reached the stage where they reasoned: "We are fourth

formers; we run the school; we can do what we like. If the headmaster does not like it, he must "compromise" i.e. give in." Schoolboys had often gone on strike in pre-independence days, partly to express their solidarity with nationalist politicians, and the habit continued after independence. One night, towards the end of my first year, the master on duty, on his last patrol before lights-out, had a brick thrown at him. This was the latest in a number of unpleasant incidents and when the senior boys were reprimanded they refused to go to class. Six hours later, sitting quietly in the shade of a large tree, they were surprised to be told by the local police inspector that they were "disturbing the peace." Riot police armed with batons were at hand and the "strikers" were given half an hour to get to class or they would be dispersed. The firmness and support that the Kenya authorities gave me helped to clear the air in the school and since then "mass indiscipline," as the strikes are called officially, has not been repeated. This is not to say that there were no serious problems. There were several boys considerably older than younger members of staff, while the disaffected minority, present in any group of 280, could always make the uncomfortable accusation that the school's administration was part of that new subtle brand of imperialism called neo-colonialism.

The main problems of administration were the usual one of shortage of money and in some sense the more baffling one of changes of organisation and procedure. A Commission produced a very wide-ranging report on Kenya Education in 1965 but the government's efforts to provide a plan for educational development have so far failed. Perhaps the fact that 90 per cent of Kenya M.Ps. have been schoolmasters themselves has something to do with it. The largest area of controversy is that of selection for secondary school. In order to cope with the rising numbers of applicants a computer was hired. The exam and the marking went well but one detail was overlooked. The programmer had not been trained properly and the machine 'coughed.' As a result large numbers of candidates scored nil out of 800 and the confusion and ill-feeling generated was considerable.

Economy was the constant need if the school was to carry on throughout the academic year. Quarterly grants were often cut at the last moment, estimates were not

approved and cheques sometimes turned up two or three months late. With creditors breathing down one's neck and no bursar to do the accounts it was remarkable that we did keep the school open. Fortunately our school had a farm of 35 acres and by keeping a herd of Guernsey cows and cultivating ten acres with the new hybrid maize we were able to provide some of our basic needs. This was all in line with the national motto 'harambee' i.e. pull together and self-help, but the difficulty of providing food, clothing, beds and bedding and soap, etc., for each boy for eight months of the year on £20 did not get any smaller.

Nevertheless, there was much that was good. Ninety per cent of our boys achieved the equivalent of three or more G.C.E. passes each year and by the time I left, twenty-five per cent were going on to sixth form studies as opportunities in this field expanded. On the games field the school produced good teams in soccer, volleyball and hockey while a vigorous if somewhat confused rugby team did battle from time to time. In athletics it was to be expected that the Nandi secondary school would be difficult to beat. One pupil was East African A.A. Champion in the two sprints and the Long Jump and reached the semi-finals of the 200 metres at the Mexico Olympics. The man who won the Steeplechase gold medal at Mexico was head boy of a smaller secondary school twenty miles away. Other activities which were built up were drama and in 1968 the school play was *The Merchant of Venice*; a Young Farmer's Club; Scouts; Boxing; debating and a lively Current Affairs Society. Perhaps the club with the greatest status was the Dancing Society, which held regular fixtures with the local girls' schools, home and away. Such occasions were good for morale and helped to relieve the atmosphere of an all male institution.

There was thus plenty going on and much to enjoy and be thankful for, and there were many times when one felt that working in Kenya was enormously worthwhile. And yet there remains a doubt. Kenya is an agricultural country, with no substantial mineral deposits. Industry, the little that exists, is either an offshoot to agriculture or service in character. Kenya's main economic asset is her land, yet we were teaching our boys roughly the same academic syllabus as you would find in any English grammar school. The content of the biology or the history syllabus

might be localised but the general aims and discipline behind the subjects were much the same. Immediately after independence the job market was extremely fluid as colonial servants returned home and many Asians also decided to leave. The vacancies have now been filled and the economy is not expanding fast enough to absorb the rising number of secondary school leavers. Only the exceptionally able can choose a career; the rest have to accept the first job they can lay their hands on. There is real danger that a class of educated unemployed may grow up in the coming years. They cannot go back to the land as they have been educated out of the peasant environment in which they were born. Their years at boarding school have also divided them from the culture and moral sanctions of the tribe and when faced with the sophisticated temptations of the towns they find it difficult to keep their bearings. The need to find work for school leavers is largely responsible for the pressures being applied to Asian non-citizens in Kenya but the real problem will not be solved unless Kenya can attract sufficient aid and investment to provide the jobs so urgently needed.

R. Atkinson.

DRAMA COMPETITION

Inter-house drama competitions had been a feature of the Girls' High School life since 1920, but were one of the 'traditions' that got lost in the backwash of amalgamation. This term they were revived. Pupil producers were entirely responsible for the choice and presentation of the plays. Their efforts were adjudicated by Mr. Tyler, the County Drama Adviser, who himself provided a one-man show in his commentary on the plays, at the end of which he dramatically announced Ward as the winners.

RICHARD LEVITT on PLAY WATCHING

When we were very young we probably liked nothing better than games of 'make-believe.' We readily became an animal, a motor car, or fire engine and needed nothing in the way of dress to support our imagination in what was an enjoyable experience. Now we are older we may still enjoy taking a part, we may find that we like to make a complete play of our own or to read and act plays that other people have written.

Sometimes we will work under the guidance of a teacher, and sometimes on our own, but always we shall be working together — exchanging ideas, sharing experiences and planning, organising and creating things for ourselves. In this way we shall learn to understand something of the art of acting and producing. In most of our playmaking activities we are concerned with pleasing ourselves, but there are occasions when our efforts are presented to an audience whose interest and approval we seek.

Such an occasion presented itself on Thursday, March 27th, when I was one of the four hundred 'juniors' who trooped expectantly into the Lower School Gymnasium. I felt free, free from my time-tabled, mundane Thursday pursuits of French verbs and mathematical equations; free to enter a world of make-believe, of make-up, lighting and costume, for the end of term House Drama Competition was about to begin.

I was in turn transported from the cold world of the Alps to the stark plains of Michael's Russia, to Denmark's Royal Court and finally to the fairy tale palace of an unhappy king. I revelled in the sorrowful soliloquies of Ralph

Bradley's Hamlet and felt the keen intensity of the silence which followed Peter McDougall's moving lines as the play 'Michael' ended.

It was not until the curtains had closed for the last time that I realised that I was over-hot, stiff, and saddle-sore, but these discomforts meant nothing. What really mattered was that in working together, experimenting and creating, these actors had taken me along with them, sharing 'in imagination' new experiences; we had travelled and explored strange and unknown worlds, and that was, to me, the greatest fun of all.

JULIE OLIVER on FRESTON'S 'THE DEAR DEPARTING'

It is always unfortunate to be the first performer in a competition, and because of the luck, or otherwise, of the draw, Freston were called upon to act their play first. "The Dear Departing" was the only one of the four plays which was not a period piece. The scene was set somewhere high in the Tyrolean mountains, a man was on a ledge, an anxious crowd was watching, waiting for him to fall.

The play began well with all the actors confident of their lines, and of themselves. However, as the action progressed the voices became practically inaudible, because, perhaps, of the bad stage-grouping of most of the actors. Some of the boys and girls gave very convincing performances and provided the audience with a good deal of mirth. In particular, the many voices of Paul Haytack — is he to be another John Sharp? — and the flamboyance and overbearing attitude of Ann Carrington and Robert White helped to hold together a play which was overrun with minor characters, yet had no main ones. Other actors who gave commendable performances were Nicky Hill as the correspondent, and Barry Thewsey, in his various roles.

It is very difficult to keep control of a play in which up to twenty actors appear on the stage at one time. This I believe, was the pitfall of the play. The young actors, mostly shy at appearing before four hundred people, forgot themselves, huddled into groups and let their voices fall to a level which was near inaudible.

One of the adjudicator's criticisms of the play was that the man on the ledge was visible and a more dramatic

performance would have been possible had he not been. The majority did not agree with him. The man's situation was generally thought to be a most imaginative piece of the producer's work and the audience was given the chance of almost participating in the play by having one of the actors sitting, not among, but above them.

A pity, I thought, that towards the end of the play things began to go badly.

. . . and on LEVETT'S 'MICHAEL'

This was the play generally acclaimed as the one most deserving to win the Drama Competition. However, it only came a close second. Reactions to this were various; some predictably said the whole thing was "a fix," others said the competition should be abolished, and yet others were quite indifferent as to which of the four plays should have won.

I feel that John Sharp and Susan Hattersley, as well the actors, must be congratulated on such a high standard of performance. This play was the most professional and polished of them all. The one aspect of the production which, I believe, lost the competition for Levett, was the lack of lighting. There was one lantern on stage — and no spot lights were used except for the final speech. The quality of the acting was high; there was expression in the characters' voices; what a shame we could not see the expressions on their faces! The most striking of the Levett actors, I think, was Philip Fletcher who played Simon. He had a great command of his part and was the only person — apart from Michael himself — whom one could hear from the beginning to the end of the play, even if one was sitting at the back of the hall. Peter McDougall made a beautiful Michael, if one is permitted to call a boy beautiful. His fair hair and innocent features were exactly fitting for the part of an angel sent from God to learn the three truths, and he was so convincing that one could almost believe he really had learned them.

I think that the adjudicator's criticism of the play — that in the dark, the voices of the actors tend to be lost — was a very fair one. It is, however, my only criticism of a well-performed, well produced play, the standard of which I hope will be maintained in future productions.

**BRENT WORMALD on DODSWORTH'S
'ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN'**

The first play after the break for lunch was an amiable attempt at 'Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.' Described as "... a comedy of sorts . . ." it certainly proved to be so; Rosencrantz and Guildenstern (Stephen Dean and Chris Williams) and particularly Ophelia (Tina Salta) handled the quickfire, subtle wit with superb alacrity—unfortunately the long words and sheer speed of these quips left the young audience completely unmoved. (Mr. Burns's outbursts of laughter were greeted with questioning turns of the head: "What's 'e laughing at?" I was asked).

The audience did, however, appreciate the more obvious humour of Hamlet who was played by Ralph Bradley. This performance, in my opinion, was the best of the day and deserves special credit.

Stephen McNicholas spoke out well as the King, and was ably supported by John Hall and Maureen Saul as the Chancellor and Emily, but in spite of this boldness of speech and some effective production touches the play seemed to wilt and drag for some intangible reason before recovering to make a splendid ending that brought warm and spontaneous applause.

. . . and on WARD'S 'THE SHIRT'

Ward's play "The Shirt" was given first place by the external adjudicator, Mr. Tyler. He commented that the play was by no means so straightforward to produce as the others, because the many short scenes involved tend to make the play seem scrappy; however, the lively, clearly-spoken actors prevented interests waning.

The queen (Ann Garbutt) played her part regally, and, Kevin Plant spoke out extremely well — much to the amusement of his class-mates. Michael Lunn, despite his rather catastasis rendering of the happy man was plainly audible at the back of the hall in both his rôles.

Unfortunately the play was marred by an overworked prompter, but the fact that the stage grouping was good and the voices very clear, outweighed the fluffed lines and resulted in a victory for Ward House.

The overall impression of the House productions was very good; most of the pupils spoke out well and overcame their nerves to produce as fine a set of school plays as I have seen. Mr. Tyler spoke well of all the plays, delivering constructive criticism and encouraging further productions.

INTERVIEWS — II : WITH STEVE TRIGG

After the interview in the previous issue with a member of last season's outstanding School 1st XV who is now playing rugby league, it seemed logical next to put some questions to another member of the same school side who was now playing club rugby union. The obvious choice was Steven Trigg, captain of 67-68's all-conquering 1st XV, who this season has been playing for Bradford R.U.F.C. 1st XV.

* * *

In the previous issue of the magazine, Stuart Carlton said that he found club rugby league much harder than the rugby union he played at school. Have you found club rugby union harder than your school games?

Club rugby is harder than school rugby. This is not only in the sense of physical contact but also in the play itself. The average size of the player is more and the tackling is very much more definite. This is perhaps because the club player is playing solely for his enjoyment and does give one hundred per cent.

'Coaching' and 'coach' are no longer the dirty words that they were until very recently in club rugby union circles. Does Bradford have a coach and team tactics, or do you just go on to the field and have a game?

Many of the top class rugby clubs do have club coaches who have something of a professional attitude towards the game. The French Clubs, for instance, employ professional coaches and the teams of South Wales, Southern England and the Midlands adopt a similar approach. However, Bradford have not yet obtained a coach to take the team practices. At least two attempts to employ a qualified person have been made but in the meantime the captain takes the responsibility.

Fortunately he is a good coach in himself and everyone has the fullest respect for him. He organises the practices very well (which are geared to fitness training a lot more than are school practices). Movements are devised and the opposition are analysed as fully as possible. So before a game the optimum preparation is made, but as in most sports, tactics on the field play just as an important part as tactics off it. The play itself is devoted to teamwork (which proves successful in any school side also, of course), half breaks and split-second timing of the moves. Individuality now plays a very small part.

You have been having the experience of playing at fly-half with the English international Pickering at scrum half. Has this improved your own performance, or affected your tactics or style in any way?

To my mind a good scrum-half is one who gives a quick, direct pass and yet is able to spot any possible breaks which he can put to good use. He must also be able to sense when to hold onto the ball or rather when not to give the ball to anyone who may already be under pressure.

I consider Pickering to have all these faculties to the highest degree and because he does not try to command the game nor try to execute the majority of tactics and moves he has not had any true effect on my tactics or style. The only real influence he has had on my game is through his rapid acceleration from the base of the scrum or from the line, so that I have to be extra alert to back him up.

Are you personally in favour of the proposed competitive league for northern rugby union clubs?

Every Tuesday 'The Daily Telegraph' prints an unofficial league table consisting of the top Northern clubs. This has instilled a surprising degree of competitiveness into the attitude of the clubs concerned. I feel that this has made a much more entertaining game and so if there was an official, more publicised league then the clubs would benefit from an increase in the public interest and in the attendances. This would then bring larger funds to the clubs who would then obtain better facilities.

I say this, however, with a hint of hesitancy. This is because there is already a natural competitive attitude in club rugby in other regions. I consider the North to be a little backward as regards any similar attitude and I feel the reason for this is that Northern Rugby Union is too close to Rugby League, or rather it is not at a safe distance from the professional game whose presence, to my mind, may thwart any such measures for competitive rugby in this region.

Stuart Carlton said that the social life of a rugby league club is limited. Rugby union clubs are traditionally reputed to provide scenes of orgy off the field. What has been your experience of the social life offered by club rugby union ?

The importance of the social life of club rugby varies with the level at which the game is played. Top class teams put rugby a definite first in the agenda of their activities whilst the social life plays a subsidiary role. Smaller teams, on the other hand, feel that the social life has a very important part in the running of the club, and also in the enjoyment of playing.

From my experience of the off-the-field entertainment, the social life is divided into two general categories: the organised and the disorganised. In the case of Bradford R.F.C. the organised activities include club dances, usually after home games, and 'Gents' Soirees' — evenings devoted to male entertainment. A sensible (and tactful) organisation has been set up by the wives and girlfriends, who have fashion parades, dinner outings and also help with the food catering at the matches. They aptly call themselves 'The Rugby Widows.'

The unorganised activities usually occur on the away games where the teams feel more free and more extrovert in their manner. A large volume of alcohol (ninety nine per cent being beer) is consumed by all concerned and in many cases you not only have to be intoxicated to enjoy yourself but also extremely broadminded. The pranks of rugby players are usually innocent even though they may appear to violate social conformity; there is also no wish to involve 'innocent onlookers.'

No player is obliged to take part in these social activities; some do not, but this type of thing seems to have become a 'rugby custom,' which very few do not practise.

Which clubs do you consider to be the top sides in this part of England?

On the evidence of their success in an extremely stiff fixture list this season, and of the selection of a number of players for the county, I must agree with many in regarding Headingley as the top Yorkshire team. However, they have a more than adequate reserve strength and for this reason I feel that any school leaver has a smaller chance of regular first team football with them than with any other club.

The gap between Headingley and a number of clubs, who can be said to be on a relatively equal par, is now only slight (Headingley having been beaten more than once by other Yorkshire clubs).

My own club, Bradford, have had a successful season, and at present I, and I know many others, would consider us second to Headingley. Of course other clubs would dispute this, and rightly so, for Wakefield and Halifax have attained excellent victories, and have enjoyed notable seasons. Though Harrogate have not done too well this season people do regard them as a top club, having in the side the current Welsh international and British Lion Jeff Young and the unfortunate Roger Shackleton who developed cartilage trouble after having been selected for England. Though I have not played against them, Hull and E.R. have quite an efficient team and Roundhay, Morley, Sheffield and Huddersfield must also be considered.

After a season playing club rugby union, would you consider changing to league?

The signing on fees that are now quoted are enough to make anyone, at anytime, consider changing to league. Before I went into club rugby I was approached by several League clubs, but for my own reasons I declined.

If this question involves whether any reconsideration has been made on the grounds that there are very few rewards from Union football, that the toughness of the

rugby game warrants a payment for playing, or that there is any dissatisfaction in the Union network, then the only reply I can give is that my attitude to playing League is similar to that of a season ago.

I very much enjoy the atmosphere in which Rugby Union is played and I have made a large number of friends but if any club wishes in future to sign me on to playing League and proposes reasonable terms to my satisfaction then I would give serious consideration to signing professional forms — who wouldn't?

What more generally are your feelings about relations between the two rugby codes?

I thought the recent television and press publicity on the disagreements between Union and League rugby conveyed an aristocratic image of the amateur game. This is very far from the truth; the players mainly consist of teachers (so that should dismiss any such thought), industrial representatives, office workers, etc. Very few arrive in their Jaguars and run the family business. On the other hand, none of the players seems to be scrimping and saving to stay above the surface. Most of the players are from much the same background: grammar school, college or university.

There is a very friendly atmosphere at any rugby club and any newcomer is made welcome.

Rewards can be found, in the Union game though they come in various forms. Much of the recent controversy between R.U. and R.L. was based on the fact that the Union persecuted any player who played Rugby League at any time. This is something I do not fully agree with. In theory, playing amateur Rugby League should not have any effect on playing R.U. In practice, however, no good rugby union player can be of full use unless he gives 100 per cent devotion to his club. I have not yet met a player who wishes to play both codes.

THE FRESTORYAN

A SIMPLE MATTER

by M. Faulkner

A gentle breeze. Warm, as it wafted over placid, meadows. Barely manipulated the heavy wheat, which bulged and strained, turning towards its origin. Rich gold, approaching senility never to be attained. A drooping sun leaving a broad trail and ripening day, sank on hills which rose to meet it. With a calm swell the breeze fondled the trees and passed with fragile ease over the wild neighbours of the wheat. Tapering brown tufts rose above the warmth of matted grass, reaching up to the fence, the wooden fence on the ridge, next to the field of wheat. Along the fence, a number of trees, extensions of the crumbling posts, leaned to the south.

He sat under one of the trees, leaning against the cracked bark. The breeze touched a dry leaf, brown leaf falling with undulating rhythm, and motioned it to land on the ridge, then pushed it, trembling, over the thick grass to hold against a straying root. With a last effort it half-covered the box of matches he had thrown there after lighting a cigarette. The heavy rifle lay on its back, trigger-guard pointing upwards, the bolt hidden in the springy grass. His left hand stroked the barrel, pitted with rust. He breathed gently, resting his head on the tree, as a haze of blue-grey smoke ascended to be dispersed before the fence by the soft breeze moving down to grass-level. The wheat stirred.

His gaze was on the watery sky. It rolled, cloudless and blue, while a diluted red joined in the west, meeting the blue with a barely perceptible pink, feeble against the magenta over the hills. He followed a gull as it circled and soared with arching wings above. His head rolled on the uncomfortable bark, taking his gaze with it. Across dry fields, brown, yellow and green, with white buildings, now the pink of the weakening sky, was a town. A small town, very small, a village not of life, but of existence. He closed his eyes for a moment, then in the still warmth, he began to move. The breeze strengthened. The box of matches went unnoticed as his hands slipped with sweat on the barrel as he dragged himself up by the rifle placed hard in front of him.



He moved away slowly. Through the brown tufts. He swung the rifle onto his right shoulder and there was quietness; a faint click in the wheat. His left hand moved towards his pocket and he stopped. Then he turned and looked back at the tree, the wheat or the root. He started back, and at the sound, looked at a red stain around the ragged hole in the centre of his chest. For a moment his eyes were wide open, disbelieving, helpless as he stared at the white smoke and oiled barrel in the wheat. A trickle of blood came from the right side of his mouth, down his chin, to drip onto his chest. As his eyes began to close his body folded and collapsed on top of his useless rifle. His final look was not one of horror, or fear, merely one by which he asked me . . . why?

THE WHEELS OF FATE

by A. Pickles

The steely coldness of the track, the trickle of the perspiration across his throbbing temples getting cooler with each throb, the smarting of the rope burns, these were the least of his worries at this moment. Thoughts flooding his mind: was it possible today? No, it only happened in the old silent movies. Surely someone would discover him. By moving his head to the right he was able to see the gentle curve of the track which became hidden by the small hill. It was round this hill that death would rush to meet him.

He lay trussed to the railway track as Pearl White and other heroines had done in many of their films; however, there would be no last minute rescue, no escape for him. He knew that the sound of the train's wheels on the track would be sounding his death knell. But then once again his mind clouded. The perspiration seemed to attract dust, making him feel clammy and sticky. The blood pounding in his head made the rail dig into his neck harder as the vibrations from the distant train played along the rails. The vibrations got slightly stronger. How long? Five, ten minutes? God, what did it matter? Death was inevitable. The thought of the large wheels severing his neck made him cry aloud as if to relieve the tension building up inside him. His face burned and the perspiration had made his hair clot. Would he feel the separation of his head from his body? No — it would be too quick; at least that was what he hoped.

Religion, a thought that had not entered his head since the sixth form at school. Was there a God? If so then he was justly getting the punishment that he deserved for his attitude and action towards others. A shrill whistle cut through his nerves. Because of his thoughts he had not noticed the lapse of time and that the vibrations of the track had become fiercer. Maybe he would go mad; yes that was it; he would go mad and in that demented state he would not be bothered about dying. Was that too much to hope for?

The fireman threw more coal onto the fire. Another normal day. Nothing ever happened on this route and that was the way that he liked it. On seeing the driver pour another mug of tea, he gave up stoking and walked over to his jacket to get his snap. Yes, a very normal day.

The vibrations of the track became even fiercer. The smarting of the rope burns seemed to ease and his hands felt looser. His head throbbed so much that it seemed as if it would burst; maybe it would and he would die before the train reached him: no, another false hope, he would have to suffer every minute, every second with the . . . until . . . was that a human voice?

The vibrations were still stronger. The clang of metal to metal was now easily distinguishable. A sudden impulse caused him to look right. The train could now be seen and the vibrations of the track caused extreme discomfort to the back of his neck. He could not tear his eyes away from his executioner; what was a small machine was rapidly growing into a huge monster; only seconds to go; the vibrations were unbearable; he screwed his eyes up tight.

‘Corned beef sandwiches again. Still, sandwiches and a mug of hot tea at least break the monotony of yet another day.’

HE LIVED BESIDE A RIVER

by D. Lumb

He lived beside a river which emptied into a great ocean. There was blue in the water, and grey where the rocks were. It was a quick river and deep, and it ran along between low

banks. Later, in a few months, it would spill over the whole valley and lie there in pools. And then there would be no more fishing.

The mountains were above him, but they were far away and he did not feel their presence as he did the water. The big river was strong and close and near him even in his tent. He ate from it and lived in it. But he liked to know the mountains were there, and to look up and feel small below them. He would see the sparse grass near him become more intense as it went towards the hills. Far away there was a deep colour in the land like the dark, still pools of his river, where the trout lay in summer. Beyond that came the real mountains where he had never been. They looked cold and grey from the valley, and there was snow on them. When the snow melted the river would spill over, and run down to the sea in spring. Then there was fishing enough, for the big salmon swam up from the low lands just to be in the valley with him. They brought eggs in their mottled bodies, and that was pleasant to eat. He was grateful. But the fishing was not good in spring, for the salmon were sluggish. So he fished only to eat.

Now, the autumn was ending. There was ice on the rocks before the sun came. The firs were silver till midday and his firewood was never dry. The snow gathered on the lower hills. He lived then from the big trout, for the salmon were back in the low lands. The river was cold and he could only stay in the swift water for a short time. He liked to feel the surging water round his thighs. He would press back against its thrust as he worked his way upstream, flicking out the long, waxed line across the broken water. Far up, there were waterfalls and deep pools. Where he was fishing it was easy. He threw his line upstream and let it flow down to him and a little way past before he lifted it from the water. The rod whipped and the fly was upstream again. He kept moving up the fast water and felt the cold in his thighs, and struggled to stay upright. The bottom was shifting under the pressure of flowing water. Pebbles rolled. The river turned against him. It forced him towards the bank. There was a power in the water which he understood. But he pushed his way upstream and gained the quiet water. There was a shallow place and a deep eddy. He rested, and felt the weak sun warm on him.

After he had rested he walked along a spit to the bank and moved upstream to a pool. He knew it well as he knew all the river in his valley. The water there was too deep for wading and so he had to cast far. Gradually he explored the pool until there was a great waterfall which dropped from a higher ledge and fed the pool. The spray flew and made him cold. He knew that the water there was too rough for feeding, so the trout were to the side of the stream. After he found nothing he went above the pool. There was quiet water above. Because the river was his and he knew it he did not need to take away the fish. He was content to play with the river and be part of it.

Yet when the great fish took the fly he fought it. He knew the river resented his intrusion and would fight for its own. He knew that he had left the fly too long. The river had carried it over the fall into the surging water below. And he knew well that what could feed in such water was a very big fish. He knew the ways of the trout because they were part of his life. So he waited and did not tighten his line to draw the hook into the upper lip. He knew that the trout was still facing the current, and waited till it turned away with the prize. Then he slid the metal gently up through the soft flesh and felt the ecstasy as the thrashing of the big grey fish raced through him. His heart was singing and light. He felt again the urges of the wild river. The current coursed his body and warmed it. The warmth spread from his legs and thighs. It rose to his neck and he felt it in his face. It flowed to his hand where the fingers could feel the trout still contorting to break the link between them. Again he knew why he stayed beside the river.

If he did not move downstream the line would shear on the rocks around the fall. As he went the line screamed as the fish moved too. It went with the current, like all newly-caught fish, and quickly. As he moved through the water the man knew that the river hated him. It pulled around him and made him unsteady. There was loose rock beneath him. He almost lost his footing. The bottom shifted under him. When he reached the rocks beside the fall all the line was out. The direct pull would break it. He began to draw in, gently. Then he knew the size of the big fish for the first time. It denied the inevitable. It resisted even as he turned the reel. His rod could bend no further. It was very strong.

Gradually, though, it was coming in. He watched the taut line creep towards him, up to the tip of the rod. It was quivering and lifted drops from the water as it came. The movement shook them. They gleamed as they trickled down the waxed line. They moved very slowly. Underneath there was swirling water, and it engulfed the drops as they fell back. It rushed them back to where the big fish was. The fish had kept to the fast water because it knew he had to pull the current as well. When the man saw his line move towards the shallows, he knew that the fish was tiring. The line came in more quickly. The pulling was not so regular. Then a great grey shape arched slowly from the river below him. It left the water and hung in its own foam. There was white below and mottled green above, and a big dark eye above the outpointing fin. The body was twisted and the sun was shining. He lowered his rod-tip. The sudden pull would break the line. The grey form contorted once in the air. Then it went down and under. His finger seared with pain as he slowed the running line. Once again he worked the beads of water towards the rod and watched them slip back. The river still ran around and away from him, and as he waded nearer the prize the brown water dragged at his feet.

Now the reel was almost full. The line led straight down into the water. Beneath the broken surface the grey-green form glided this way and that. Man and fish came nearer. Dark eyes gleamed dully. The gills stuck out. There was no energy. He reached down and touched. His fingers touched the broad back. It became alive again and the river was threshing and flailing. He drew his knife. The thrust made the river pulsate. Tired eyes showed their fear. He wished he had a net. Yet he thrust again and there was movement only in the river. He tried to lift the fish on his knife but it was too heavy. He was not angry. He put the rod down and dragged the body across the rocks to the low shore. When he got there he was tired and sat down.

The great body lay there broken. The knife had cut it and scored the skin. The hook had lacerated the mouth. The end of the tail was slightly bent, stiff and full of death. He saw the gradual dulling of skin and eyes that he knew. He was cold and tired. After his rest he went back along the valley. He left the fish and went home up the great river.

THE CHOICE

by Mary Symeonides

All it took was a question, an answer, a ring and a kiss. Just like that Tony and I were engaged. Tony asked me how it felt. I didn't quite know what to say but finally I replied, "Funny! somehow I expected thunder and lightning and fireworks going off. But it's wonderful all the same."

Tony tried to blame himself, because, after all, a corner of a room at a party wasn't the romantic spot I had expected and he really had wanted to wait until we were alone together. I disagreed immediately and said I didn't mean to offend him. A girl doesn't care when or where she gets a ring as long as the man she loves gives it to her.

"Your folks'll get a surprise," said Tony.

"So will the kids. None of them will have seen a real diamond before."

Tony put his arm around me and said, "Give them a long look at it then, darling, because they won't see it after we get married." I was shocked and he kissed me on the nose, a thing he knew I hated. What did he mean?

I turned to face him and no longer aware of the people standing listening, I asked, "You don't believe in working wives then?" He obviously felt sure of himself as he answered, "There's no need. I earn enough and a man loves to feel he has the ability to support his wife and family." Tony had a good job as a fully qualified mechanical engineer, but I loved my job and had no idea that he felt this way. I was so happy one minute and then the next—leave the orphanage Leave Redfield? I just stood there, numbed.

The evening seemed to drag from there and when at last the moment came for us to depart I was very relieved. Saying a quick "Thank-you, Candy, we had a wonderful time; goodnight," I pulled my coat on and scurried down the flight of stairs from the flat with Tony following close behind me. I hadn't expected the cold wind and it bit against my skin and throat. He took hold of my hand and we walked through the town with its lit-up shop windows and people hurrying to get home. This life seemed to have

nothing to do with me and I just kept quiet all the way home.

I became aware of Tony speaking. "You've gone very quiet, sweetheart. All the excitement too much for you?" Dear, considerate, Tony. He was all a girl could ever wish for; how lucky I was!

"Perhaps that, and something you said. Did you mean it? About me having to leave Redfield?"

"Oh, that? Why, yes, but that's not worth being upset over on our big night."

How could I put it without upsetting him? Without spoiling everything? "It's important to me, Tony. It's not just a job for money. I love those kids."

"Well, we won't talk about it now. There's plenty of time for you to get used to the idea."

I didn't want to get used to it. I had become attached to those small children.

The next day at Redfield I was the centre of attraction and loving every minute of it. Katie, my favourite, asked in a pleasant, but puzzled sort of way, if I was married. I told her I was just engaged and she asked me what engaged meant. I was about to explain when Melvyn, a cute four year old, thinking he had the perfect answer, said in a loud voice, "It means she cannot go with another man." Running my fingers through his golden hair I continued to explain. "Not quite, Melvyn. It means that Mister Noone and I love each other. He gave me this ring as proof and I wear it as proof that I love him."

"I wish you were married now," said Katie, close to tears.

I picked her up and sat her on my knee. "What's the hurry, Katie?" I asked.

"Well, if you was a missus I could stay with you. Only missuses can have children, I heard."

Affection stormed over me. Only the thought of not seeing them again made me unhappy. On the way home my mind was full of thoughts. 'He'll change his mind. He must, at least until we are ready to have a family of our

own.' I was so far away with my thoughts that I got a start when I felt an arm slip round my waist. It was Tony. I saw his handsome but worried face. "Come on, smile. Where's my laughing, happy girl?"

"Sorry, there's something on my mind," was all I could say. "I don't want to start a fight and I'm not asking you to reconsider what you said at the moment. I'd just like you to promise me one thing. On Saturday afternoon, will you come to Redfield and meet the children?"

"Oh, I get it. You're still on about carrying on working after we are married. Is that it?"

"Please Tony," I pleaded. "Please. If you love me — come."

There was a moment of complete silence. Tony looked at me, doubtfully and then, to my heart's relief, he nodded. "All right. Only because I love you so much."

On Saturday afternoon I was really on edge. I think the poor children got the worse of it.

"Sheila! Stop sucking your thumb!"

"Suzanne, get up! You'll be a mess!"

"George! Stop poking your ear!"

They didn't know how important it was for me that Tony should have a good impression of Redfield. I wanted him to see why I loved my job and most of all those delightful children. Katie was getting impatient. "Is he coming soon? I want to play in the sandpit."

"Yes, Katie, soon," I replied.

I must have gone on about Tony so much that the children expected a cross between James Bond and Superman. So Tony in the flesh was a bit of an anti-climax.

"He's just a man!"

"He hasn't brought us any presents, not even a ——"

"Sandra! George! That's enough. Now run along and play."

"But you said we weren't to get dirty!"

"Off you go and please don't argue," I said, seemingly calm, putting both my hands on Melvyn's shoulders.

As soon as the children scattered and were playing, I asked Tony what he thought of them.

"They're a nice bunch of kids. I knew they would be."

"And?"

"And that's all."

"You — you won't change your mind?"

"No, Laurie. I'm sorry. Someone else can take your place here — you're not indispensable. But no-one else can take your place with me."

"Because I love them doesn't mean I don't love you as well," I said as we stood at the gate of the orphanage, hoping he would see my point of view as well as his own.

"Well, that's not the way it looks to me."

"Oh, Tony. Please don't make me choose!" I pleaded with him, throwing my arms round his neck and giving him a pitiful look; I felt the situation demanded some emotional blackmail.

"You have to, Laurie. There's no other way. The girl I marry has to be a full time wife — not a part time one. We may as well get that settled right now."

I loved Tony, more than he realised, but as I shed tears of frustration and unhappiness I made a decision. As I walked back towards the children, Suzanne was the first to speak.

"Look! Miss Anderson is crying."

"Is it because you've lost your ring?" Katie inquired.

"S-sort of, Katie," I sobbed.

"Miss Anderson, George has pinched my lolly!" cried Melvyn.

"I have not, liar!"

George and Melvyn started fighting and rolling around on the grass. It was no time for crying — I had my hands full. All the children started screaming and shouting around me and I wondered whether I had made the right decision. I hoped so!

LOVE STORY

by G. Austerberry

With the coming of summer, Simon the hunchback tired of playing Monopoly with his mother, whose blooded arthritic fingers grasped vainly at the chipped red hotels. As he looked around the dim room with photographs fading into the distempered walls and the Madonna gathering dust on the cluttered sideboard, he felt he was wasting what part of his life he still owned. On reflection over his forty year long existence Simon realised that he had never been loved.

Love had eluded him; his mother had been ashamed of her son, the lurching monster with the inane grin who had watched sad-eyed as the old men had patted the curly heads of other boys and given them new pennies. When he finally left the highwalled red brick council school to be given a job in a charity workshop weaving dogs' baskets he was aware of people avoiding him as though his hunch was a physical obstacle. Now unemployable, with, his back like a hair-pin bend, he felt the need for love.

Painfully he packed his few clothes and his treasured collection of cigarette packets into his suitcase, still bearing the war economy stamp, the metal fastenings encrusted in a green mould. As he continued he was aware of his mother's spiteful eye burning into the lump on his back. His mother who for so long had covered her loathing nature with a thin veneer of affection that had now cracked and flaked off like the plaster from the moulting ceiling.

Simon never looked back but walked through the doorway fearing that if he should turn to say goodbye he would melt into the damp patch on the wall.

Out in the streets faceless masks weaved past Simon, cutting off his last line of retreat to the hotel at the back of the Jewish butchers shop. A summer shower began to beat on his bulging back so Simon decided to seek shelter in the local Y.M.C.A.

Noticing the serge covered law, its long arms folded, looking across from the police station squeezed between the newsagents and the off-licence, Simon hurried on round the corner, a groundless guilt weighing heavily on his back.

Suddenly, right in front of his eyes, beginning to burn with acid tears, appeared a smiling face. Simon smiled, blushing as brightly as the traffic lights on the street corner. After years of dreaming Simon knew he had found what he always yearned for.

As the days slipped by Simon grew accustomed to wandering out from his pine-smelling hostel to meet his new found friend in the same love warmed place. He loved the constant sympathetic smile that looked on him as he recounted the sad story of his life. On odd occasions as he hurried down the road to return browning westerns to the jail library he would catch a glimpse of that smile which made his life worth enduring.

While the summer drifted away carrying with it life long loves, Simon walked down the road, becoming a landmark. But now the stares and shouts of ignorant children bounced off his happiness. Then on a red skied autumn morning he was making his way to the Oxfam shop to search for an old trench coat when he realised something was missing. He had not received a smile. The lump on his back seemed to be matched by that in his throat as he stumbled into the gutter wafting a grimy Embassy packet down the drain.

The ambulance, its blue light as inactive as Simon's heart parked beside the scandal faced passers by and the large glaring billboard. From the board the plea "Pity the Spastics" stared out from where the tingling fresh tooth-paste girl had once smiled down.

THE PRESENT

by Susan Timmins

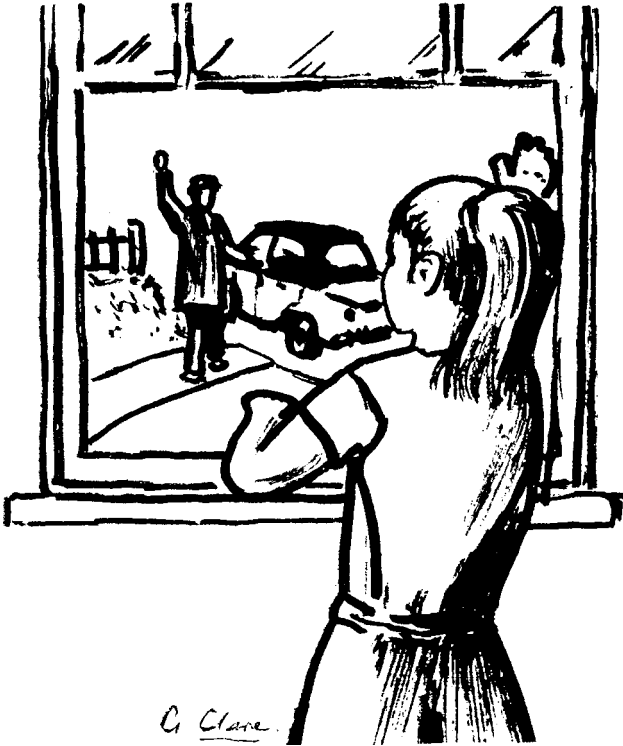
Jane was playing quietly on her own. She had never had a play-mate, because they lived at the river side in a house on its own. She was used to the loneliness, not like her parents, who had been brought up in the city. Her father was preparing to go to town and Jane, although she was not going herself, was rather excited.

"Don't forget to bring me something back, will you?"

"No dear, I won't." He smiled at her in a loving sort of way.

Her mother was also quite anxious for her husband's return. He put on his old grey overcoat.

"Well, I'll be off," he said as he fumbled around trying to fasten the coat. Jane ran to the window to watch her father drive away. The door closed as her father went out and then turned to wave to his daughter before he got into the car.



Jane was not aware that her mother had whispered to her father before he went out and had told him to bring a puppy back with him: this was for her own pleasure as well as that of Jane. When Jane had first started talking she had liked dogs and she had always wanted one. When her cousin had come and brought his dog with him, she had played out in the garden almost all day, just chasing the dog and trying to get on its back.

The car drove off along the bank of the river towards the town.

"I wonder what he'll bring back to-day?"

"I don't know, you'll have to wait and see."

"I hope it's something nice."

"I think it will be. It usually is."

Once more Jane sat on the floor and began playing with her dolls. In her thoughts she was with her father going towards the town. She was still wondering what he would bring back for her.

The time passed quite quickly, and before long, Jane was once more looking impatiently through the window.

"He's been gone almost two hours. He shouldn't be much longer."

She was now getting restless and she was as usual practically obsessed with the thoughts of what father would bring back for her.

"If I let you into a secret, you won't say anything, will you?"

"No, of course I won't. Why? What are you going to tell me?" demanded Jane.

"Well, when Daddy was going out, I whispered to him and told him what to bring back for you. So don't blame him if you are disappointed, although I doubt if you will be."

Jane's face lit up with wonder. She could hardly talk fast enough to find out the information which had been kept from her.

"Oh Mummy, please tell me what it is."

"I told him to bring a puppy for you."

Jane's face was covered with a smile and it was easy to tell that she was well pleased.

"It'll seem even longer before Daddy comes back now."

"Oh no it won't. Here he comes now."

The tension grew inside Jane as the car drew towards the house.

It stopped just a few yards away from the door, and her father got out. She climbed down from her seat and ran towards the door. Father opened the door and stood on the step. He had one arm behind his back.

"Go into the living room. I've got a surprise for you," he said.

Jane unhesitatingly did as she was told, and stood in front of the fire in the living room. She couldn't wait to see the new puppy. Father walked into the room with his hands behind his back. On his face was a satisfied smile.

"I've got a real surprise for you," he said.

Jane clenched her fists. She was getting impatient. She only wanted the puppy.

"Well," said father, "here you are."

Jane's face was no longer covered with a smile, but with a horrid look of disappointment.

"What've you brought that budgie for?"

"Your mother told me to. Why? What's the matter, why are you so upset?" Jane burst into tears and ran from the room.

Suddenly Mrs. Davidson guessed what had happened. She had whispered in his deaf ear, and only hearing the end of the word, he had guessed the first part. Her husband confessed that he had guessed the beginning of the word, but wrongly.

Mrs. Davidson ran upstairs after Jane and she began the rather unpleasant task of explaining what had happened.

"Next time you tell him to do something, whisper in his other ear!" exclaimed Jane angrily.

NORMANTON POETS

Child Birth

by Margaret Wilkinson

At three o'clock the pain is over,
A baby's born, as soft as clover.
With bright blue eyes and small round head ;
'What a bonny baby,' the nurses said.

Growing Pains

by Anne Higgins

When we were children very small,
We hadn't any time at all
To demonstrate about the strife
That goes clasped hand in hand with life.
We played with train and teddy bear.
Does God exist ? We didn't care.
Nor did we give a tuppenny damn
About the suffering in Vietnam.
We didn't worry about paying the bill,
Or the rights and wrongs of taking the pill.
Of prejudice against black and white :
We didn't know there was wrong and right.
But in growing up it seems
Responsibility spoils our dreams,
Instead of leaving it to fate
We wonder whom to love and hate,
And simple thoughts are twisted, shattered.
The childish things that really mattered
Are all destroyed by pain and cruelty :
Thus must we face up to reality.

The Loser

by Kathryn Brown

I climbed to the crest.
Of that steep green hill,
The sun lay west,
And the air was still.
I knew I would never find her.
Her heart lay not with me.
Gone without a 'good bye Sir,'
Gone forever has she.

Gossip

by Margaret Wilkinson

Who needs papers down Cranberry way ?
 The women are ready, so fire away,
 With cavern like mouths,
 And wagglng tongues,
 "Did you hear about Joe ?
 He's bad with his lungs."
 "Of course, I did,"
 Comes the scornful retort,
 "He's my brother, you know,"
 She says with a snort,
 "He lives down the lane
 With his pretty young wife,
 and now he is paying for his sinful life.
 A few years back he robbed us of plenty
 but now it's him whose pockets are empty."
 "Aye," she replies and there is a pause.
 From the way she is acting she deserves some applause:
 Her lips are clamped shut.
 Her eyes are held tight.
 She looks like a demon from out of the night.
 It is Mrs. McNicholas who starts up again ;
 She talks of the Jones who lived down the lane :
 "Old Mrs. Jones has just passed away ;
 How she went they won't even say."
 Then Mrs. McNicholas, her voice now soft,
 talks of the noises she heard in her loft,
 and with much affectation she acts out the night,
 when the noises grew louder and gave her a fright.
 And so this goes on, from day unto day.
 Who needs papers down Cranberry way ?

They have come to take you away

by Kathryn Brown

I got a letter to-day telling me.
 They are going to put you in a home.
 They say you'd be better off in a home, my love.
 They say you'd be better off in a home.

 You will never know, my love.
 For you are blind and deaf and dumb.
 You'd be better off in a home, my love.
 You'd be better off in a home.

The children are playing in the street,
 Playing without a care.
 But they aren't to be put in a home, my love,
 But they aren't to be put in a home.

When they wrote this letter,
 Did they think of me, my love ?
 Did they think of me ?

I hear their footsteps on the stairs,
 They are coming to the door.
 They are coming to take you away, my love.
 They are coming to take you away.

The door is opened, and four of them come in.
 They look at me with sympathy and not at you within.
 They have come to take you away, my love.
 They have come to take you away.

The Ageing Pianist

by Margaret Wilkinson

Long white hands upon the keys,
 Played the notes with grace and ease,
 hands with fingers long and slender
 by which the notes were struck with splendour.

Pink short nails well shaped and clean,
 nails which never dirt had seen,
 hands that often played their best;
 Now arthritic age had made them rest.

Gilded Age

by J. Lancaster.

Good Queen Bess smiled demurely
 On the courtiers ; their backs humped.

Dark formal portraits are
 Revealed by clustered spears of candles.
 The long polished tables have blossomed
 With sugared oranges and bottled grapes.
 And silk hangings are ruffled
 By flatterers, advisers, lovers and poets.

A tightly strung lute plays
 A polite love song by Sidney,
 Its bustled body resting
 On the canopied thighs of a lady
 Who is waiting for a look from a lord.

Silver knives cut watery slices
 From pink melons,
 And the boar looks surprised
 At the size of the apple.

Prospero's staff points like forked lightning
 At the assembled noblemen and
 Is greeted with applause like muted thunder.

Five ceilings and four rooms below
 Work the Officers of the Queen.
 A Tartarean burrow hung with mould
 And lit by sulphurous torches and burning coals.

A taut body was strapped to the rack :
 So tightly stretched that its back rose
 Above the table of the machine.
 A black figure hovered near his mouth
 His bald head sunk like a vulture's
 Into the hunched shoulders of his cloak,
 And holding in a claw a sharpened quill.

Near a second torch,
 A leather-aproned executioner
 Was persuading a prisoner
 To taste an iron orb.
 His eyes screamed wider
 As it grew bigger in his mouth,
 Until the creaking of the screw
 Was echoed
 By the cracking of the jaw.

On a studded horizontal wheel
 There was draped a limp white body
 Which twitched slightly as the iron bar
 Crushed its Catholic bones.

Good Queen Bess smiled demurely
 Because her teeth were black stumps.

SOCIETIES

CHESS CLUB

CAPTAIN: S. KYNASTON; VICE-CAPT.: M. T. E. ROBERTS

The first VIII started the season shakily at King's School, Pontefract, scraping a 4—4 draw despite fine performances by S. Kynaston, J. Holman and N. Ramsbottom; A. Kearsley did well to get a draw against Pontefract's secret weapon (of whom more is mentioned later). This was followed up with wins against Barnsley, Silcoates and Thornes House. At Silcoates (whose prefects room is even more garishly painted than that of the Lower School) the score was a notable 7—1.

With apprehension the team visited Q.E.G.S. on the 22nd November. The first three boards (S. Kynaston, P. J. Roberts and M. T. E. Roberts) together with board 7 (N. Ramsbottom) succeeded in getting draws whilst boards 5 and 6 (L. Ward and A. Kearsley) gained fine wins. The match resulted in a 4—4 draw and this gave the team confidence for their next visit to Q.E.G.S. for the Jamboree. For the first time the team won this competition. The final score was; School 4½ boards, King's School 3½ boards, Q.E.G.S. 3½ boards and Thornes House 3½ boards.

On the 7th February the team resumed their run of success, achieving the double over Thornes House. On the following Friday the King's School again brought along their secret weapon, whose ploy is to sniff approximately six times per minute (timed by M. T. E. Roberts). However, although he was indeed on form, the rest of the opposition was not and was beaten 4½—3½. At Barnsley, thirty year old soup dishes were resurrected and tomato soup served before the game. This did not deter the team unduly and the double was achieved over Barnsley with a 5½ — 2 ½ win.

In the last match of the season against Q.E.G.S. the team lost their unbeaten record despite strong finishing by B. Unsworth and P. J. Roberts. The final result was 3½—4½.

Although the final league table is not available as yet the School came second to Q.E.G.S. with King's in 3rd place. Q.E.G.S. have a chess club membership of about ninety and this probably accounts for their success.

The Fegatello attack has proved very popular this year and although it is not too sound it can be used effectively against weak opposition.

	WHITE	BLACK
1	P — K4	P — K4
2	Kt — KB3	Kt — KB3
3	B — B4	Kt — B3
4	Kt — Kt5	P — Q4
5	P x P	Kt x P
6	Kt x KBP	K x Kt
7	Q — B3 check	K — K3

This leaves White in a strong position.

RESULTS:

1968					
Sept 27	v	King's School, Pontefract	(a)	Drawn	4 — 4
Oct 4	v	Barnsley G.S.	(h)	Won	4½-3½
Oct 11	v	Silcoates	(a)	Won	1 — 7
Nov 8	v	Thornes House	(h)	Won	6 — 2
Nov 22	v	Q.E.G.S.	(a)	Drawn	4 — 4
Dec 6	v	K.S.P., Q.E.G.S., T.H.	(a)	Won	
1969					
Feb 7	v	Thornes House	(a)	Won	3½-4½
Feb 12	v	King's School, Pontefract	(h)	Won	4½-3½
Feb 28	v	Barnsley G.S.	(a)	Won	2½-5½
Mar 5	v	Q.E.G.S.	(h)	Lost	3½-4½

RECORD:

P 9; W 6; D 2; L 1.

The following have played for the first team this season:

S. Davies, N. Dedross, S. Hale, J. Holman, A. Kearsley, S. Kynaston, N. Ramsbottom, M. T. E. Roberts, P. J. Roberts, A. J. Shiel, B. Unsworth, D. Ward, L. Ward.

2nd VI

CAPTAIN: B. UNSWORTH

After a good start with wins against King's School, Pontefract, and Thornes House, the team lost at Q.E.G.S.

However, after this only one more match was lost and this was the return match against King's School, Pontefract. In the last match of the season, a surprise win was scored against Q.E.G.S. J. Coy. N. Ferguson and D. Ward are useful players and should do well next year.

RESULTS:

1968					
Sept 27	v	King's School, Pontefract	(a)	Won	1 — 5
Nov 8	v	Thornes House	(h)	Won	3½-2½
Nov 22	v	Q.E.G.S.	(a)	Lost	5 — 1
Nov 29	v	Rothwell G.S.	(h)	Won	3½-2½
1969					
Feb 7	v	Thornes House	(a)	Won	1½-4½
Feb 12	v	King's School, Pontefract	(h)	Lost	1½-4½
Feb 14	v	Rothwell G.S.	(a)	Won	2 — 4
Mar 5	v	Q.E.G.S.	(h)	Won	4 — 2

RECORD:

P 8; W 6; L 2.

The following have played for the 2nd team this season:

J. Coy, S. Davies, N. Dedross, N. Ferguson, R. Hammond, J. Milnthorpe, N. Ramsbottom, A. J. Shiel, B. Unsworth, D. Wales, D. Ward.

The inter-House chess competition was won by Levett with 18 boards, followed by Preston (12½ boards). Ward (10) and Dodsworth (7½).

FRENCH CLUB

SECRETARY: JULIE OLIVER

Only one meeting of the French Club has been held this term owing to other commitments of the sixth form. It would be a great help if members of the fifth form who are interested could give their aid and put forward ideas for future meetings.

The meeting was a series of talks given by members of the sixth form who had spent some time abroad. John Bell and Heather Kearsley, who recently had a holiday in France, showed photographs of their stay and invited the audience to inspect articles they had purchased abroad. Gillian Haenggi spent six months in Switzerland last year, so that was the subject of her short talk. She too showed photographs and postcards of the area she visited. The meeting was thoroughly enjoyed by the few people who attended.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

SECRETARY: G. AUSTERBERRY

The trial examinations have once again severely restricted the activities of the Society and as a result only one after school meeting was held.

At this meeting Miss V. Williams gave an interesting and informative talk on 'Votes for Women.' The meeting was reasonably well attended with a larger number of girls in the audience than had been present at earlier meetings. It was pleasing to note a few non-historians in attendance.

On March 27th a party of upper sixth historians went to Leeds University to attend a series of lectures organised by the Leeds branch of the Historical Association. The first lecture was given by Dr. L. Butler on "Head Hunters in Yorkshire and beyond." With the aid of slides Dr. Butler gave an interesting account of ancient idols dug up in excavations locally and elsewhere. He also spoke on their rather tenuous links with modern religions, including Christianity. After a break for coffee, Professor H. Hanson gave a talk entitled "Communism and Fascism in Britain : Some recollections of the 1930's." Professor Hanson's talk was extremely interesting in the light of the recent controversy over Sir Oswald Mosley and the recent upsurge of left wing militancy. The professor's recollections of his personal participation in the proceedings as a card carrying communist showed how society is always willing to draw its stray sheep back into its fold. The professor could not resist drawing the parallel between Mosley and Enoch Powell.

After our hearty lunch in the University Refectory, Dr. Jerome Ch'an spoke on "The Modernisation of China and Japan," which was followed by a film on "The Munich Crisis." This film, produced by the Leeds University History Department, was very informative, historical hindsight giving the peace at any price missions of Neville Chamberlain a pathetic comic touch. The constant repetition of

Britain's Prime Minister leaving his plane on his return from a visit to Herr Hitler created a "Laugh In" air to the film.

With the 'A' levels mutilating the summer term it has been possible to make only tentative arrangements for future meetings, although a visit to a conference at York has been arranged.

SCRIPTURE UNION

SECRETARY: ELIZABETH SMITH

Meetings have been held regularly throughout the term, and attendance has been fairly good. Most of the time has been devoted to work on a project, with different groups each compiling a folder on a subject connected with religion.

The term's meetings were brought to a close by a visit to Wakefield Cathedral where Mr. Moreton very kindly showed us round the bell-tower and clock-room, a visit enjoyed by all who attended.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

SECRETARY: A. J. SHIEL

This term, activity has been somewhat restricted. The three meetings we had have been poorly attended and there has been very little work in the dark room.

We had some support from the Junior School which is encouraging and of course there has been the usual support from the members of the lower sixth.

We had hoped to have some more photographs in 'The Frestonian' this term but, unfortunately, no suitable subjects have presented themselves.

I was most disappointed in the photographs published last term and whilst I appreciate that there is a loss of detail in the copying process, I do feel that the prints which we produced were superior to the results in the magazine.

'66 CLUB

There has been one meeting this term: a discussion on education which was based on a speech by Gillian Stokes on school councils, and one by Mr. P. Brown on the role of the teacher in a permissive society. However, many other allied topics were raised; such as the reluctance of sixth formers to discuss their views with teachers — a reluctance reflected by the few people who were willing to speak at the meeting.

The people who attended — the number was low considering how many pupils and teachers are directly affected by the issues which were discussed — felt that there had been a useful exchange of ideas between staff and pupils — useful if this was a prototype for future meetings and not merely a concession to nascent sixth form unrest.

GAMES REPORTS

HOCKEY

1st XI

CAPTAIN: J. HANCOCK

TEAM:

K. Cooper, S. Straw, S. Hardcastle, J. Hancock, J. Glover, J. Day,
G. Chapman, A. Newsome, G. Stokes, J. Metcalfe, J. Ellis.

RESULTS:

Jan 11	v	Pontefract G.H.S.	(a)	Lost	1—4
Jan 18	v	Ossett G.S.	(a)	Won	3—1
Jan 25	v	Danum G.H.S.	(h)	Won	5—0
Feb 15	v	Wheelwright G.S.	(h)	Won	3—2
Feb 25	v	Castleford G.S.	(h)	Lost	0—2
Mar 8	v	Pudsey G.S.	(h)	Drawn	2—2

SEASON'S RECORD:

P 12; W 6; L 4; D 2; For 27; Against 14.

Owing to the unusually severe weather, only six matches were played this term and lack of outdoor training has been evident in our play. In our first match against Pontefract we were unable to co-ordinate the defence with the attack and deservingly we lost. Against Ossett, on an unusually large pitch, the forwards played skilfully, swinging the ball and splitting the defence. Ossett, however, continued to attack but succeeded in scoring only one goal.

Our next game, against Wheelwright, proved to be an evenly matched one, with the teams mounting an equal number of attacks. Normanton took an early lead and were leading 2—1 at half time. Wheelwright were able to equalise through a penalty bully, but by a goal in the last minute we were able to snatch a victory from the spirited Wheelwright team. With the absence of two regular players the team was disorganised when we met Castleford mid-week. As a result Castleford's win was totally expected.

In a very friendly atmosphere the team took command in the Pudsey match and were leading 2—0 at half time. However, our play relaxed and the Pudsey side took advantage to score two goals and equalise.

NETBALL

1st VIII

CAPTAIN: S. GOUGH

TEAM:

J. Hancock, G. Chapman, J. Day, G. Stokes, A. Westerman, S. Gough,
J. Oliver.

RESULTS:

Jan 15	v	Pudsey G.S.	(a)	Won	20—4
Jan 22	v	Batley G.H.S.	(h)	Won	20—7
Jan 29	v	Pudsey G.S.	(h)	Won	20—6
Feb 12	v	Morley G.S.	(a)	Lost	20—25
Mar 5	v	Morley G.S.	(h)	Lost	6—11

Owing to L. Robinson leaving school, G. Chapman was moved from attack to defence, proving her adaptability, and J. Oliver was called upon to fill the position of goal shooter. The team has been grateful for her skill and accuracy in giving support to her goal shooting partner, S. Gough. For the first match of the term, therefore, the team was in high spirit and full of confidence. Two victories against Pudsey and one against Batley showed our goal scoring ability and our solid defence. J. Hancock and G. Chapman could not be penetrated by the attacks of Pudsey and Batley, whilst J. Day, G. Stokes and A. Westerman proved the valuable link in switching the play from defence to attack.

Yet our success was not to continue. For our next match we travelled to Morley where we met opposition from a team trained in the basketball court. Consequently, we could not match their speed, tactics and unorthodox play on an indoor court to which we were not used. We were well satisfied, however, with a losing margin of only five goals.

When we met Morley again the team was both nervous and apprehensive. The defence was again immaculate allowing only eleven goals to be scored from the mounting attacks by Morley. Our team, however, lacked finish in the shooting circle, our attacks being thwarted by the tough Morley defence, until finally we conceded defeat.

Yet we cannot complain as the team has enjoyed success in this its first season of revival.

Congratulations to every member of the team on being awarded her netball colours; the first for six years.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

1st XI

CAPTAIN: R. PRESTON

The enthusiasm to run a soccer team in spite of the many rugby fixtures still remains, though it has been perhaps slightly dampened of late, owing to a remarkable succession of cancelled fixtures. The already reduced programme was so hit by bad weather that the team has played together on only three occasions. In view of their lack of match practice it was no surprise that they lost 2—0 to Barnsley G.S., and 4—1 to a very strong side from St. Thomas Aquinas, Leeds, but for the same reason it was particularly gratifying to beat Danum G.S., Doncaster, 3—1 in what turned out to be the last match of the season. In between time, matches against Castleford G.S. and the three Bradford schools — Salt G.S., St. Bede's G.S., and Cardinal Hinsley G.S. — had all to be put off at the last minute on account of either rain or snow. A match against the Staff XI which was to be taken in all seriousness by both sides had also to be jettisoned when the last week of term had to be used to do all the things that had been put back from the snow-bound weeks that preceded it. However, when all hope of playing another match was gone, interest turned to the Yorkshire Schools' annual seven-a-side tournament which was to be held this year at Wombwell, and in which it was felt we had

some chance of success. The weather had begun to change for the better and the incredible decision to cancel on account of 'unfit pitches' was communicated two days in advance. In few other seasons can training sessions have outnumbered matches by so many.

Few of the team are leaving school this year and it is therefore likely that an attempt will be made next season to complete a number of fixtures. Some games this season were arranged for Wednesday afternoons and these have the advantage of not interfering with rugby fixtures and of allowing soccer players to play for their own teams on Saturday. They do interfere with school games, however, and also prevent fifth formers from being selected. By various means we have so far managed to get round the problem of transport to matches. But this is still a potential inconvenience since one team hardly justifies a coach, and public transport is unsuitable for certain journeys.

Preston has acted as team captain and secretary with unquenchable keenness and Fretwell should be congratulated for commanding a regular place in the Yorkshire under 19 'B' side. The team that played and so often 'stood by' was from the following: Ayris, Kirk, Spires, Yates, Preston, Carter, Fretwell, Gibson, Eames, P. Jones, Harris, Armstrong, Sherwood, Lawrence, Stenson.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

1st XV

CAPTAIN: J. R. BAKER

VICE-CAPTAIN: B. J. MILNER

TEAM:

K. Brighton, B. J. Milner, R. Cusworth, M. Poole, S. Carrington, W. Patchett, M. McNicholas, R. Rowett, T. Lyons, D. Hammond, D. J. Sainter, G. J. Austerberry, J. R. Baker, E. C. Field, C. Lambert. Also played M. Anders, J. Bell, S. Banks, H. Chrystyn, M. Dyson, D. Livesey, G. Lumb, S. Rolbiecki, K. Tinker.

RESULTS:

Jan 18	v	Archbishop Holgate's G.S.	(a)	Won	6—3
Jan 25	v	Hipperholme G.S.	(a)	Won	28—3
Feb 1	v	Goole G.S.	(h)	Won	9—3
Mar 8	v	Temple Moor G.S.	(a)	Won	6—3
Mar 11	v	De La Salle C.	(h)	Won	6—3
Mar 15	v	Doncaster G.S.	(a)	Won	11—6

SEASON'S RECORD:

P 19; W 17; L 1; D 1; For 301; Against 108

The second half of the term was mutilated by the traditional enemy of sport, the weather, yet the 1st XV managed to extend its unbeaten run to eighteen matches. In the term's opening match the school was put to a stern test by a determined Archbishop Holgate's team. Playing on a ground vaguely reminiscent of Pingle the School pack contained a large set of opposition forwards but were unfortunate to turn round three points behind as a result of a quickly taken penalty

move five yards from their line. The second half saw Normanton fighting back with renewed vigour and determination. Good teamwork allowed Poole and Carrington to cross the line and secure a hard fought but deserved victory.

In the following match against Hipperholme the rugby machine was turned on, with the School providing a display of their most fluent rugby. After doggedly defending for a quarter of an hour against a considerable slope Normanton took control with the forwards rucking well to provide good ball that set up tries for Milner and Carrington. McNicholas scored an opportunist try, pouncing on a Hipperholme mistake close to their line and the School led 11—0 at half time. In the second half Normanton were well in command with the forwards running and handling like backs. The forwards' superiority was placed in the spotlight by Austerberry who blew his hair out of his eyes to score a try hat-trick. Cusworth, in a brilliant solo effort, further bewildered the defence by running half the length of the field to score, and Lyons kicked the conversion to place his name on the score list for the first time in his career.

Unfortunately the magic seemed to have worn thin against Goole G.S., with Normanton making themselves hard work against a keen opposition. Their careless approach to the game resulted in the team finding themselves trailing and it took Lambert in a rampant mood to awake them. Once inspired Normanton gained the upperhand and by way of amends produced some encouraging teamwork which enabled Field to score a try, the other points being added by Lambert with a penalty and Poole with a try.

The Goole game was to be the last match for five weeks, in which time the team became accomplished in the fading art of soccer and later in the scientifically planned game of "sevens." When the weather allowed resumption of the true sport the whole team seemed to be suffering with symptoms of "sevens."

On a strangely narrow Temple Moor pitch the disease had nearly disastrous results. Only characteristically sound fielding and kicking by Brighton prevented the home side from increasing their three point lead. Unable to stomach the idea of defeat the team applied persistent pressure on the Temple Moor line which finally let Brighton in for a well deserved try. Victory was not grasped until dangerously close to the final whistle when Patchett dropped a fine thirty yard drop goal.

In the light of the display against Temple Moor it was a rather anxious team that on the following Tuesday prepared to meet the unbeaten De La Salle side. The butterflies the size of opera singers quickly vanished from fifteen stomachs and in front of a large crowd the School played some of its best rugby of the season. After heavy attacks on the De La Salle line, Normanton found themselves surprisingly behind after an unfortunate defensive slip. However, sustained attacks paid off when Brighton levelled the scores with a penalty goal. Playing with the slope in the second half, the School was hampered by the loss of Baker, the captain, who was forced to retire injured. A brave display was rewarded with a try by Cusworth which was sufficient to secure perhaps the most deserved victory of the season. It was a happy if tired band of players that invaded the

team's unofficial rest centre that night. There is little evidence that this visit that 'crowned' a successful day was in any way responsible for the poor start to the game against Doncaster. The team was minus Baker, Field and stand-off Patchett, the latter two flu victims, but even so this was no excuse for the play which allowed Doncaster to gain a 6-0 lead. A try by Austerberry following a thirty yard sprint to the line marked the team's revival, which was powered by the pack, which for the first time in the season was man for man bigger than their opposite numbers. Prominent in this revival were Hammond and Rowett. Brighton linked up with the threequarters, turning defence into attack, and it was he who added the conversion to a good try by Lambert which secured victory. The 11-6 victory was the last match of the season and while the team did not manage to retain the unbeaten record of last season they by no means disgraced themselves or the School. The 1st XV has only lost three matches in the last three seasons.

The members of the team have blended into a strong unit from which it would be unfair and impossible to pick a leading light. It is of interest, however, to note the progress of the individual players. At full back K. Brighton has carried out his basic duties faultlessly and has linked up well with his threequarters and supplied important points with several well taken goals. His displays for Yorkshire have have earned him praise in the press as did those of B. Milner who must also be congratulated on being selected for the England Under 19 XV. Although troubled by a leg injury he has played with skill and determination to be the leading try scorer. At centre M. Poole is an elusive player and hard tackler who promises much for the future. His co-centre, Cusworth, drawing from his previous experience, has continued to progress and his jinking runs and drop goals have been invaluable. Carrington, who with Poole and Lambert has come from last year's Colts, runs strongly for the line, his style perhaps being hampered by his Hendrix hair style.

W. Patchett at stand off has been the leading points scorer whose pace is deceptive and whose only failing is the common one of indecision. McNicholas has given good service from the base of the scrum and line-outs. His sturdy frame and strong running have saved him from a great deal of trouble. The front row of R. Rowett, T. Lyons and D. Hammond have been strong and regular in supplying the ball from the scrum. Rowett runs well and is extremely reliable. Lyons has led the pack effectively while hooking exceptionally well. Hammond is a hard working forward and an extremely reliable ball handler. In the second row D. J. Sainter and G. J. Austerberry have been an efficient if small power house. Sainter has jumped well in the line outs and his speed has been useful in defence and in attack. Austerberry, after touring the pack, settled in the second row from where his unexpected bursts of speed have been heartening if bewildering. The back row has been speedy and effective throughout the season. E. Field has tackled as well as ever while also developing a liking for scoring. C. Lambert has fulfilled early his promise, being the leading scorer in the forwards with ten tries and several goals. Finally J. Baker has led the team quietly and well from wing forward while his own turns of speed have been exciting.

With seven of this year's XV staying on and one or two threatening to, the future of the School's rugby under the dedicated eyes of Mr. Jubb seems to be quite bright.

Colours have been awarded to J. Baker, C. E. Field, G. Austerberry, K. Brighton, D. Hammond, R. Cusworth, W. Patchett, M. Mc-Nicholas.

2nd XV

CAPTAIN: S. BANKS

TEAM:

Harris, Heaton, Chrystyn, H., Chrystyn, J., Banks, Dyson, Bell, Anders, Slater, Livesey, Faulkner, Rolbiecki. Sidebottom, Lumb, Roberts, MacFarlane, Fawcett, Illingworth, Preston, Rooney.

RESULTS:

Jan	11	v	Aston Woodhouse 1st XV	(h)	Won	8—6
Jan	18	v	Archbishop Holgate's G.S.	(a)	Won	8—0
Jan	25	v	Hipperholme G.S.	(a)	Lost	8—17
Feb	1	v	Goole G.S.	(h)	Won	19—0
Feb	8	v	Temple Moor G.S.	(a)	Won	5—3
Feb	11	v	De La Salle C.	(h)	Won	12—6

SEASON'S RECORD:

P 18; W 14; L 3; D 1; For 235; Against 81

The 2nd XV began term with a sluggish and uninspiring performance against the obviously soundly coached Aston Woodhouse 1st XV. We gained little ball from the set pieces and our defence in depth against their exploitation of their possession was hollow — the referee found that to keep up with play he had to weave and sidestep past our allegedly covering forwards. Still, we did defeat what was — or was allowed to look — the better team and so, pleasantly for us, injustice was seen to be done. The fates having been thus seen to be on our side, the next performance, against Holgate's, was much more confident: the lack of defence in depth problem was solved by never allowing them to run across the gain line.

And so to Hipperholme, where the team, in the face of the long-standing 2nd XV tradition of doing things the easy way, and to the impolitely unconcealed dismay and chagrin of the coach, chose to play uphill in the first half. Yet with five minutes of the half left we were trailing only 8—3 and the coach almost began to wonder if he had perhaps been wrong. (Such tentative thoughts do very occasionally seep into a coach's mind). But then a dropped goal and a try in the corner put Hipperholme eleven points ahead. The second half of one good orthodox try by Dyson against an interception try by Hipperholme confirmed that they were not the kind of side who will lose after being comfortably in the lead: overall their players could jump higher, run faster and kick further than we could, and as we became increasingly desperate their teamwork also began to look superior. This defeat was for the 2nd XV the end of an era: never since the creation of the 'new' school by amalgamation four years previously had they failed to win a Spring Term match. It was some consolation that the game had been such a good looking one, with the speed and tackling of the four wingers a marked feature.

and that this was apparently Hipperholme's closest match of a season in which they had topped fifty points in several fixtures.

Clearly something drastic had to be done, such as not letting the oppositions score any tries for the rest of the season, or recruiting somebody from soccer. In fact both policies were adopted; Preston came into the team against Goole and at once gave a splendid performance particularly distinguished by the timing and speed of his passing (read on — the sensational inside story revealing why the others were scandalously slow to pass will be told by our crime reporter in just a moment); and a firm resolve was taken that in defence team members should be do-it-yourselfers rather than leave-it-to-someone-elses. The only disturbing feature of this Goole match was that with snappier passing it would have been won by more than nineteen points; afterwards the writer of these notes discovered that the team were running a pool on the match, the reward going to the scorer of the first try. Happily, the winner was Roberts, who would certainly be in the running for any Least Selfish Player of the Year award.

We finished with two creditable victories over strong oppositions, who had each won nearly all their matches. Against Temple Moor, having learnt from the Hipperholme disaster, we played first with the strong wind, but against the biggest pack we had met all season we managed to establish pressure but no points. Luckily Temple Moor did our work for us; they heeled against the head and passed to the flyhalf who, standing in front of his posts with too far to kick into the gale to reach either touch line, stood cogitating the problem of what to do with the ball now that he inconveniently had it. Anders solved his difficulty by rushing up, removing the ball from his bemused and irresolute grasp, and touching down under the posts. Nevertheless, at half time five points looked an inadequate lead, and when they kicked a penalty goal within two minutes of the restart the situation became nerve wracking. But the team showed splendid mental toughness and physical resilience. We played two full backs to cope with the inevitable kicks ahead downwind, and whenever we could get the ball we worked it remorsefully up the (ill-defined) touchlines with close inter-passing. To the uncommitted spectator the game would have been tedious; to the committed, it was a fascinating tactical battle. Finally we hung up our boots on another 2nd XV season with a determined if not flawless performance against De La Salle which brought four tries to two penalty goals.

During the season the team scored fewer points than other recent 2nd XVs. Why? An extraordinary number of games were played on wet grounds or cancelled; weaker opponents have been eliminated from the fixture list; we lacked an effective goal kicker; and we had no one back who was obviously too good for 2nd XV oppositions. This was the least brilliant attacking 2nd XV of recent years; but in teamwork and determination they were the equal and in willingness to train were probably the superior of those 2nd XVs. Banks, the Captain, personified the team's determination; during his years with the 2nds he has played everywhere from hooker to full back, finally settling this season at inside centre, where his steadiness was invaluable. Inside him at fly-half was Anders, perhaps the side's strongest player, and at scrum half was Slater, perhaps the cleverest; this trio provided a cool centre when the heat was on — none better than they at

taking the heat off us. The outside centre was the powerful Dyson, and we had a choice of speedy wings in Bell and the Chrystyn twins. The full back was usually Heaton, neat and increasingly confident, or Harris, a natural if rather untutored talent. The pack was enthusiastically led by Faulkner. Rolbiecki was a skilful hooker: he had to be, as his props — permed among Livesey, Sidebottom, Faulkner, Rooney and others — were lively but really too small for this position. Lumb's weight in the second row would have counteracted this deficiency in physique had his packing been lower, but whatever his failings in the tight his powerful runs in open play were admirable and led to some highly useful tries. His partner in the second row, Roberts, was a thoroughly sound player and the pack's most tireless — or possibly only tireless — forward. The back row, this term usually chosen from among Illingworth, Macfarlane, Fawcett, and Preston, were not really successful exploiters of enemy breakdowns, but in other ways were mobile and effective, and always cheerfully conveyed the impression that they were playing the game for pleasure — which is, after all, quite a good reason for playing 2nd XV rugby.

COLTS XV

CAPTAIN: G. THRALL

VICE-CAPTAIN: S. COOPER

TEAM:

H. Anders, L. Cusworth, D. Fisher, L. Hill, A. Dobson, B. Harper, M. Krlic, D. Smith, S. Tomlinson, A. Bell, G. Strangwood, J. Rolfe, B. Smith, P. Lodge, S. Lee, J. S. Booth.

RESULTS:

Jan	18	v	Archbishop Holgate's G.S.	(a)	Won	8—3
Jan	25	v	Hipperholme G.S.	(h)	Won	26—0
Feb	1	v	Goole G.S.	(a)	Won	12—3
Mar	8	v	Doncaster G.S.	(a)	Won	17—0

SEASON'S RECORD:

P 14; W 13; L 1; D 0; For 320; Against 37

The Colts have now completed their four years of junior rugby, losing only one game, that against Roundhay last term. Most of the team has now found their true position. At full back Cooper has played well enough to gain selection in the Leeds and District XV. In the later part of the season he moved to prop where he has also played very well. On the wings, for the majority of games have been Hill and Strangwood. Hill has also gained selection for the Leeds XV and in further trial games has played very well. Fisher has made an unusual change from hooker to stand-off and has played very well after a shaky start. Cusworth has remained at scrum half and also played for the Leeds XV.

The forwards have played excellently this term. Their line out play has improved a great deal with Lodge and Lee providing the team with plenty of ball. The back row has also played well with Anders, Thrall, and Krlic, all of whom have been prominent in their play. Another forward who has played for the Leeds XV is Dobson who has improved a great deal this term in all aspects of his play.

U.14 XV

CAPTAIN: K. BANKS

TEAM:

Higgins, Ward, Peasant, Tuffs, Fisher, Banks, Dean, Tinker, Beedle, Golby, Curtis, Garner, Friend, Sharp, Hobbs, Smith, Winter, Radcliffe, Chapman, Lomas.

RESULTS:

Jan 11	v	Aston Woodhouse S.	(h)	Won	44—0
Jan 18	v	Archbishop Holgate's G.S.	(a)	Won	20—3
Jan 25	v	Hipperholme G.S.	(h)	Won	42—0
Feb 1	v	Goole G.S.	(a)	Won	6—3
Mar 15	v	Doncaster G.S.	(a)	Won	6—0

SEASON'S RECORD:

P 15; W 15; L 0; D0; For 307; Against 42

As can be seen from the playing record, the team have had a very successful season. They have played good open rugby in all conditions, scoring 83 tries, yet they have not neglected the arts of defence, giving away only ten tries and keeping their opponents' score sheet blank on seven occasions.

Banks, the captain, and outside half, must take a lot of credit for this. He has controlled every game, and always given of his best. In attack he was ably assisted by his centres, the forceful Tuffs and the sidestepping Peasant. They in turn served strong running wingers in Fisher and Ward, the top try scorer. At scrum half Dean and Smith have provided a good service to Banks, while full back Higgins has fielded and tackled very well in defence. But these backs would have been wasted without the possession won for them by the forwards, who were consistent rather than brilliant. Their main force was the front row of Tinker, Beedle and Golby, the pack leader. They won most of the tight scrums, yet apart from Sharp, no one made much impact in the line outs. The second row was usually Curtis and Garner, with Friend and Hobbs or Smith at wing forward. Many opposing outside halves have seen Friend in close proximity, but he must turn his enthusiasm to fighting for the ball at all times. Finally a word about the keen reserves who have turned up regularly for training and on Saturday mornmgs. Whenever they played they tried hard, and the injured players were seldom missed. One hopes they will continue to be as keen next season.

And so to the Colts next season. They should again be very successful, especially if they can strengthen their line out play and find a more consistent goal kicker, as many goal chances were missed this season.

U.13 XV

CAPTAIN: I. WESTWOOD

TEAM:

I. Westwood, K. Plant, M. Lindley, R. Davis, M. Spragg, T. Roberts, M. Stabler, I. Schofield, M. Grace, P. Haytack, S. Bailey, N. Hill, S. Dean, S. Tarpy, A. Whalley, J. Bridges, K. Morgan, K. Wright, S. Gamble, N. Gibbons.

RESULTS:

Jan 11	v	Aston Woodhouse S.	(a)	Won	50—0
Jan 18	v	Archbishop Holgate's G.S.	(h)	Won	25—3
Jan 25	v	Hipperholme G.S.	(h)	Won	18—8
Feb 1	v	Goole G.S.	(a)	Won	15—5
Mar 1	v	Matthew Murray S.	(a)	Won	17—0
Mar 15	v	Doncaster G.S.	(a)	Won	18—11
Mar 21	v	Bridlington S.	(a)	Won	29—0
Mar 22	v	Scarborough H.S.	(a)	Won	29—0

SEASON'S RECORD:

P 16; W 15; L 1; D 0; For 454; Against 50

Eight matches have been played during the Spring Term, all of which have been won. Some of these matches have been very hard fought and the team has shown an ability to come back from behind.

The match at Goole was an interesting one. As usual the forwards started off sluggishly and the malaise spread to the backs. After half-time, however, the team played better and the strength of Bridges in the back row proved decisive. At Doncaster, the lead constantly changed hands in a highly entertaining game. Poor tackling allowed Doncaster to build up a half-time lead but in the second half Bridges collected four tries to win the match for us. One of these was particularly good and came at a crucial stage when we were losing and under pressure — a quick tap penalty was taken, the ball was passed out to the wing where Bridges overlapped and took the ball from Lindley to score in the corner.

The main fault this season has been that the team have been poor starters. In the only match that the side lost — against Roundhay — they allowed the home side to score twice in the first few minutes. Other matches have nearly been lost because of slackness early in the game. Too often, the forwards have had to be driven into activity by shouting from the touchline. In fact, of the thirteen tries conceded during the season only three of these have been scored during the second half.

Nevertheless the side promises well for the future. The backs have shown themselves capable of scoring tries through good handling, with, Spragg fitting in well at centre. Stabler has given a good service at scrum-half whilst Westwood has brought the best out of winger Lindley, who has scored thirty-five tries this season. Lack of finishing power on the right wing has been a problem, however, with only one try coming from that position during the whole season!

The forwards, whilst lacking mobility on occasions, are beginning to understand the game better. They do not keep the ball amongst themselves as they used to. They are learning that it is their job to obtain the ball and then give it to the backs for them to run with it. As a result a much cleaner service has been given to the backs. Tarpy in the scrums and Hill in the line out have usually seen that plentiful ball is obtained. Bridges has been the outstanding forward in the loose play and he is top try scorer for the season with thirty-seven. Dean and Gamble are the most improved forwards, the former playing much harder than he did last season.

The side have generally all turned up for training and Westwood has been a worthy captain. Let us hope that the side will play together in the same spirit next season.

U.12 XV

CAPTAIN: B. BANKS

TEAM:

D. Hartley, N. Walker, J. Allan, P. Graveling, D. Buckingham, D. Pennell, A. Grice, R. Wells, P. Tarpy, A. Pruchniewicz, A. Short, J. Hoyle, M. Hartshorne, Martin Hayward, Melvyn Hayward, G. Mathewman, P. Robinson, S. Bywater, S. Friend, M. Finan, C. Jackson.

RESULTS:

Jan 11	v	Aston Woodhouse S.	(h)	Won	40—0
Jan 18	v	Archbishop Holgate's G.S.	(h)	Won	26—0
Jan 25	v	Hipperholme G.S.	(a)	Won	21—0
Feb 1	v	Garforth C.S.	(a)	Won	31—0
Mar 1	v	Matthew Murray S.	(a)	Won	26—0
Mar 8	v	Temple Moor G.S.	(a)	Won	18—0
Mar 21	v	Bridlington G.S.	(a)	Won	22—5
Mar 28	v	Archbishop Holgate's G.S.	(a)	Won	21—5

SEASON'S RECORD

P 16; W 15; L 0; D 1; For 352; Against 24

A very good first season of rugby for the U.12 XV as the season's playing record shows. From the sixteen games played they have managed to keep an unbeaten record, and only five teams have managed to score against them. A points total of 352 for and 24 against shows that they are a good all round team both in attack and defence.

Owing to the extremely bad weather only eight matches have been played since Christmas. The hardest game for the team was against Temple Moor and this was because we had the lighter pack. Two of the opposition forwards were huge and when in possession of the ball were a force to be reckoned with. Our forwards although beaten in the tight stuck to their task well and gradually ran the opposition into the ground. The pitch was very narrow and did not suit our threequarters but by quick handling and good backing up we were able to penetrate the Temple Moor defence.

The best display of the term was against Garforth C.S. In this game, which was played on a very large and flat pitch, the standard of play was a delight to watch. The ball was continually moving from one wing to the other with some very crisp passing and the forwards too joining in the moves and handling like the threequarters. Nine tries were scored and only two converted which has been typical of the rest of the season. The team are in need of a good place kicker and as the team go through the school the importance of this will increase.

The forwards have managed to beat their opponents in all the different aspects of the game except that of scrummaging. Although they are quite a heavy pack they have not used weight to its full advantage. The best feature of the U.12 forwards play is their effectiveness in the loose. Their skill in rucking the ball has at times had their opponents floundering. Graveling, the pack leader, is a very robust player and sets a good example to the rest of the forwards. Robinson and Hoyle are two very good players in the loose and they are always looking for any loose ball. Wells, the hooker, is an effective striker of the ball and has won the team a good share of the ball even though he has not been given a great deal of assistance from behind, and he too gets through a tremendous amount of work in the loose play.

With having such a strong pack the backs have had an excessive amount of ball. When in full flight for the line the threes look magnificent and, none of the other teams we have met has been able to contain them.

Of the backs Banks and Pennell are developing an excellent understanding and this is in some measure a key to the team's success. Banks, the team captain, has had a splendid season and is the side's most prolific scorer. With the ball in his hands he is a very deceptive player and has created havoc with many a defence.

The centres, Hayward and Hartley, are two very reliable backs to have in a side and they provide the wingers with the right kind of ball. In Buckingham. Walker and Hartshorne the wingers, we have three very strong wingers who run hard and are very difficult to halt when going for the line. A special mention must be given to the full back, Jackson, who is the most dynamic tackler on the team and the low total number of points scored against us is greatly attributed to him.

They are a good team and through their eagerness to train, most of them twice a week, they deserve their success.

SEVENS RUGBY

1st VII

The 1st VII, hampered by injuries, were unable to follow fully the success of last year's VII. In the first competition at Oxford the team lost to Belmont Abbey. A few days later a 1st VII without Baker and Milner competed in the Halifax Sevens losing to Blackpool G.S. in the final. The ironic twist to this game was that the player who did most to blunt the School's attacks was S. Clayton, an old boy of the School.

HALIFAX RESULTS:

Round 1	v	Archbishop Holgate's G.S.	Won	5—0
Round 2	v	Hemsworth C.S.	Won	10—5
Round 3	v	Acklam Hall S.	Won	16—5
Final	v	Blackpool G.S.	Lost	5—6

The Ilkley Sevens competition provided the first opportunity to field a full strength team, but unfortunately Lambert broke his hand

in the tightly fought first round against Q.E.G.S. Poor defending against a strong and attractive Cowley VII led to defeat in the semi final.

ILKLEY RESULTS:

Round 1	v	Q.E.G.S.	Won	8—5
Round 2	v	Hartlepoons G.S.	Won	18—0
Round 3	v	West Leeds G.S.	Won	10—5
Semi-final	v	Cowley G.S.	Lost	8—18

At Roehampton the VII played extremely confidently on the first two days, drawing extremely favourable comments from a one time hostile press. A London daily newspaper was not alone in thinking that the boys from "Normanton near Crofton" could retain the trophy. However, St. Edward's, Liverpool, dulled our attacking edge in the semi-final. St. Edward's went on to win the competition in the style of an effective if not classic seven.

ROEHAMPTON RESULTS:

Round 1	v	Bancroft's S.	Won	23—0
Round 2	v	Northampton G.S.	Won	20—5
Round 3	v	Manchester G.S.	Won	19—5
Round 4	v	Eltham S.	Won	20—0
¼-final	v	Dulwich S.	Won	8—3
Semi-final	v	St. Edward's S.	Lost	3—11

At Llanelli the team never got into its stride and after two unconvincing wins it went out to Heath, the eventual finalists.

LLANELLI RESULTS:

Round 1	v	Hawardian S.	Won	11—8
Round 2	v	Cavendish S.	Won	13—5
Round 3	v	Heath G.S.	Lost	8—17
Consolation was a victory in the Losers' Plate:				
Round 1	v	Northampton Trinity S.	Won	5—3
Round 2	v	Cavendish S.	Won	10—8
Final	v	Luton G.S.	Won	8—5

At Loughborough the VII with B. Milner having returned, looked far more confident than they had done in Wales and sliced their way into the semi-final most convincingly. To all extents and purposes the semi-final was the decisive round against the School's old rivals Heath. School went into a 10—0 lead with two exciting converted tries by J. Baker, but Heath hit back strongly and only strong cover tackling by School coupled with a Heath player's failure to pass the ball out allowed the team into the final. The final score of 10—6 marked one of the most well deserved wins of the VII's 'season.' Then School had an easy win over St. Joseph's in the final. Three good runs by B. Milner brought tries, R. Cusworth scored from inside his own half and converted two tries to give a well merited victory.

LOUGHBOROUGH RESULTS:

Round 1	v	Rothwell G.S.	Won	8—0
Round 2	v	Burton G.S.	Won	14—0
Round 3	v	Bromsgrove S.	Won	14—8
Semi-final	v	Heath G.S.	Won	10—6
Final	v	St. Joseph's	Won	16—5

TEAMS from:

R. Cusworth, W. Patchett, M. Poole, D. Hammond, J. Baker, S. Carrington, B. Milner, E. Field, C. Lambert, R. Rowett.

2nd VII

At Llanelli In their first match the 2nd VII faced Llanelli G.S. 1st VII on the local ground in front of a large home team crowd. The team won much admiration for its determined effort but went down to a more polished team by 16—5.

The next occasion on which the 2nd VII took the field was at Loughborough. Here again the seven gave a good account of themselves. Although losing 8—3 to Heath in the first round they won the first round of the Losers' Plate and went on to beat Hemsworth 1st VII in a highly exciting match. In the next round they were narrowly beaten by Goole 1st VII.

Round 1	v	Heath G.S.	Lost 3—8
Losers' Plate:			
	v	Great Bar	Won 18—0
	v	Hemsworth C.S.	Won 8—5
	v	Goole G.S.	Lost 0—3

TEAM:

L. Hanson, G. Austerberry, D. Sainter, S. Banks, S. Midgley, M. McNicholas, S. Cooper, R. Rowett.

3rd VII

At Bridlington a 3rd VII turned out in the absence of the first two sevens in Wales to defend the trophy won last year. They put up a very notable fight against Castleford G.S., the eventual finalists, who won a narrow victory by 5—0.

TEAM:

M. Faulkner, H. Chrystyn, J. Chrystyn, J. Dyson, R. MacFarlane, M. Roberts, J. Slater.

Under 16 VII

TEAM:

L. Hanson, K. L. Rooney, C. W. Lambert, S. Midgley, M. Poole, J. C. Dyson, S. Carrington, Res. D. Burniston.

The Oxford Sevens Tournament was the team's only competition. The School of course has no official under 16 team. Because of this the side had only trained a couple of times and had not played together as a team for 10 months.

In the early rounds the team settled down to last year's form and two easy victories over Hampton and St. Brendan's College were gained. In the third round School were drawn against Cavendish.

Some excellent teamwork and strong running gave tries to Dyson and Hanson, and moves well carried out gave two other tries. It now became clear that School could really do well and in the semi-final School were drawn against Ysthlyfera, a strong Welsh side. In this match nerves seemed to have set in and early mistakes left us trailing 3—0 at half time. In the second half, however, some quick thinking and confident play brought tries by Lambert, Poole and Carrington to clinch victory.

School now found itself in the same position as ten months earlier in a final against Llanelli. On the previous occasion School lost by 18 points to nil. This time School were determined to succeed. School went straight into attack. From the first scrum Rooney, who was on great hooking form, got the ball against the head, quick passing sent Carrington, away to just score in the corner (said the ref — a few thousand others said he didn't). During the rest of the first half the School defended. Excellent covering by Midgley stopped one almost certain try but seconds later they crossed under the posts to get a 5—3 half time lead. In the second half School played coolly and confidently and shortly after the start Poole ran fifty yards to score. Lambert converted. Minutes later all hopes seemed to be shattered when Llanelli scored and converted to lead 10—8. School were not beaten yet and in the last minute Dyson crashed over in the corner to score the winning try.

RESULTS:

Round 1	v	Hampton G.S.	Won	13 — 3
Round 2	v	St. Brendan's Col.	Won	18 — 5
Round 3	v	Cavendish S.	Won	16—11
Semi-final	v	Ysthlyfera G.S.	Won	11 — 3
Final	v	Llanelli G.S.	Won	11—10

CROSS COUNTRY

SENIORS:

R. Preston, D. Sykes, S. Hudson, J. Cockrem, L. Ward, J. Whiteley,
D. King, R. Overton, R. Eames.

U.15:

S. Auty, A. Walshaw, N. Vickers, D. Dobson, N. Hodgson, B. Amery,
R. Scuffam, D. Haytack, S. Bridgewater, A. Gratton.

U.13:

K. Wright, C. Baker, T. Longbottom, J. Thomas, R. Martindale, S.
Stoney, K. Grace, C. Travis, D. Amery.

U.12:

R. Wakinshaw, A. Kirk, S. Croft, C. Parrat, N. Gibson, P. McDougale,
P. Wright J. Ramsden, P. Sykes.

Congratulations to R. Preston and D. Sykes on attaining their cross country colours. They have both served the cross country club well and have met with much success.

Although not many matches have been won this year the teams have given of their best and have competed with a sense of keenness. Next year looks like being a more successful season by virtue of the work the boys have put in this season. L. Ward, D. Sykes and B. Preston in the senior team need special mention as they have been the most consistent and successful performers and they have set a good example to the rest of the team members.

The U.15 team has many young boys so most of the team should be available for next year. S. Auty, D. Dobson, and N. Hodgson have been the outstanding members of the team although there are many others in the team who are showing potential.

Some of the junior boys are developing into quite good cross country runners. Many have trained regularly especially R. Wakinshaw, C. Travis, J. Ramsden and C. Baker.

THE FRESTONIAN ASSOCIATION

SECRETARY: MR. P. MOORE, 75a Church Lane, Normanton.

The Annual General Meeting was held on February 26th when Mr. Bill Smith succeeded Miss Enid Gledhill as President with Miss Barron as Vice-President.

In his report the secretary reported that as a result of the news sheet sent out to all members in December 1968 he had received six new subscriptions and letters from several members from all over the world — including one from a member who was believed dead.

The Painthorpe Dinner/Dance which was held on March 21st was enjoyed by some fifty members. This event replaces both the Old Boys' Dinner and the Christmas Dance and it is hoped it will become an annual event.

On FRIDAY, JUNE 27th, there will be a visit to the York Mystery Plays (names as soon as possible to the Secretary).

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

SECRETARY: MRS. B. G. PLANT

During the past term the Association has held its usual activities, with three Dances, three Beetle Drive - Coffee Evenings and one Jumble Sale. Again this year we held an Easter Raffle. All these events have been well supported and financially successful. The Association has given further grants totalling £169 to School funds. Of this £30 was to purchase a new table tennis table and the remainder for general use.

The Term General Meeting held on 15th January, 1969 was attended by only 19 of the 561 Association members. This is most disappointing as members of teaching staff forfeit their leisure time to give informative talks at these meetings. In an effort to attract more members a notice will in future be inserted in a local newspaper.

The Newsletter designed to inform members of the progress and affairs of the Association is now printed on coloured paper, to distinguish this from other School circulars. You should already have received one issue printed on yellow paper.



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Age	17	£375 p.a.		
	20	£565 p.a.	£615 p.a.	
	22	£665 p.a.	£765 p.a.	£865 p.a.
	26	£890 p.a.	£990 p.a.	£1,090 p.a.
	31	£1,120 p.a.	£1,220 p.a.	£1,320 p.a.
Female		Basic Scale	Merit Scale	Special Merit Scale
Age	16	£375 p.a.		
	19	£515 p.a.	£540 p.a.	
	23	£680 p.a.	£780 p.a.	£795 p.a.
	27	£740 p.a.	£840 p.a.	£885 p.a.
	31	£800 p.a.	£900 p.a.	£970 p.a.

From age 23 onwards those ladies who have been accepted into 'Proficiency Grade' will be remunerated on the same basis as the Male Staff.

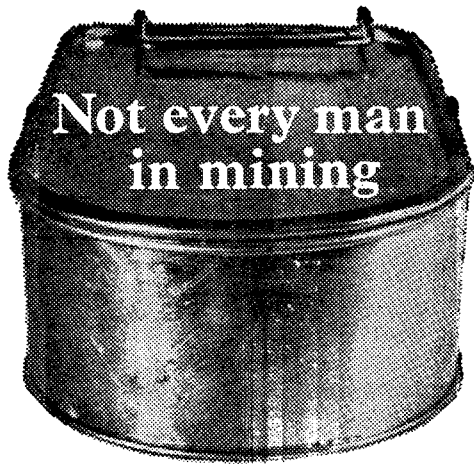
Entrants with 'A' Level successes in approved subjects will be granted one year's seniority on the basic salary scale.



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