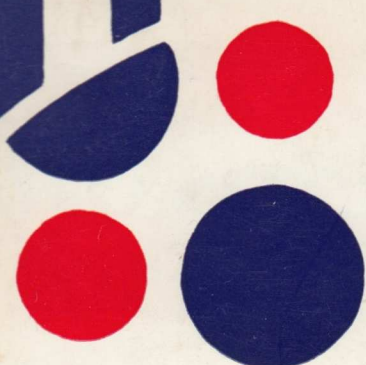




THE

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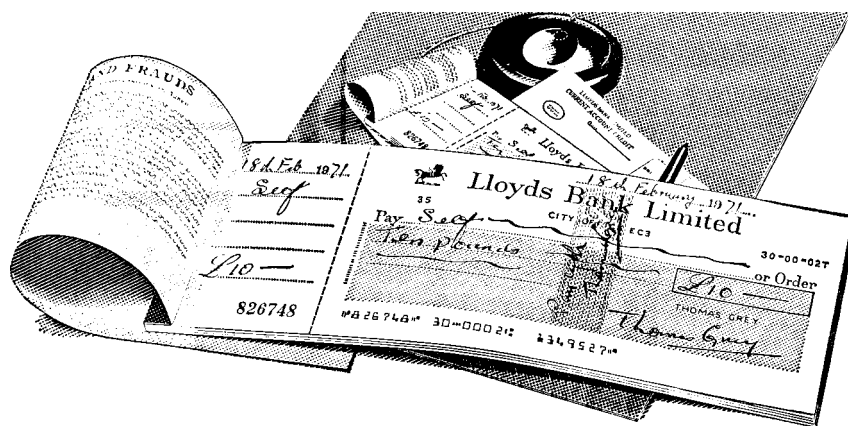
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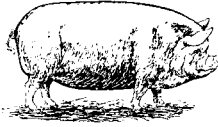
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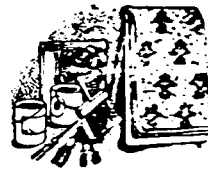
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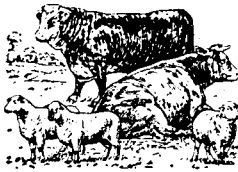


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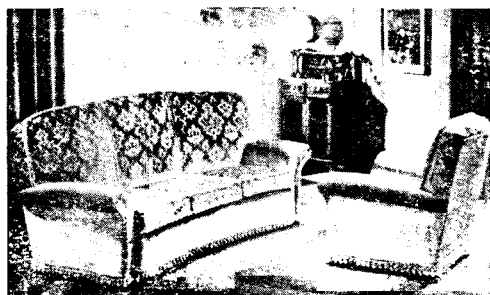
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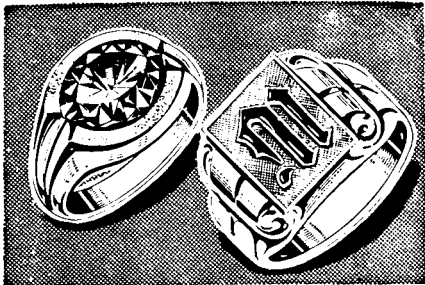


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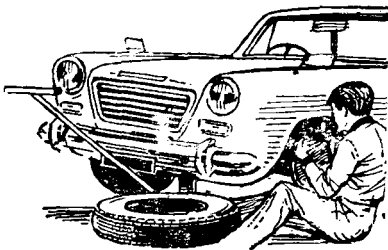
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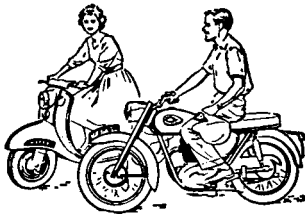
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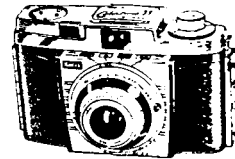
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THE FRESTONIAN

1971

THE MAGAZINE

of

NORMANTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL

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Julie Tinker, Helen Tippey
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Keith Brighton, Marcel Guillou

Photographs

Stephen Clarke



**THE SCHOOL'S VICTORIOUS SEVEN IMMEDIATELY
AFTER THE FINAL AT ROSSLYN PARK**

(Photo : Mr A. Jubb)

INTRODUCTION

This brisk catalogue of thanks is very sincere indeed. We have received valuable help from Mr. Stead, Mr. and Mrs. Hancock, Mr. Allen, and the Youth Employment office in Pontefract. The many local business people we approached were invariably courteous and attentive. To those who advertised with us we are of course particularly grateful.

A recent edition of "Sixth Form Opinion" spoke somewhat disparagingly of school magazines that carry a lot of advertising, as if associations with trade were unseemly. We welcome a close relationship between school and the local business community—and every advertisement reflects a personal contact. School magazines can be very closed and self-regarding, and we are happy if ours shows a more comprehensive view of the area in which we live and depend upon each other.

Firms and concerns approached by letter for careers advertisements were also most considerate; although many said "no", they did so politely and sympathetically. Enough said "yes" to provide a block of careers information sufficiently varied and interesting to be of real assistance to students.

The editors have undertaken a heavy additional burden by concerning themselves with the successful financing of the magazine. Early contact with economic realities is no bad thing. It has been a good year in the school for demonstrating the need for, and the rewards of, training, organisation and sustained effort. The Roehampton Sevens, "H.M.S. Pinafore", the Arts Festival, and in its own way this new version of "The Frestonian", have all required considerable dedication.

Our thanks to pupils who submitted nearly 300 contributions, with the Third Year and the Sixth Forms being particularly lively. The quality has always been good; we hope we have extended the range, and involved the Lower School. Authors of "routine" reports have been mercifully punctual and efficient; many have provided personality and opinion where all too often one only gets lumps of lifeless stodge.

The editors' large band of assistants have been formed into teams to discharge some exacting duty, and then disbanded, and must often have had little idea of how their efforts fitted into the general scheme. Reliability has been excellent, drop-outs very few. Next year we hope the organisation can be a co-ordinated and intelligible team effort throughout.

Economic necessity dictated the demise of the old termly "Frestonian", and we do not pretend there is no loss. The new magazine is off the launching pad, but not yet in orbit. Imperfections and imbalances doubtless abound. We regret, for instance, that all the articles intended to support the Careers Section did not materialise this year, and that we failed to achieve more generous and imaginative coverage of "H.M.S. Pinafore", to complement the expert review so kindly contributed by Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hill. Our athletic achievements are rightly chronicled almost pass by pass ("I've got to the bit where they're lacing their boots up", reported one weary scribe); but there is nothing of our continual record of academic success. We beg your indulgence: here is the vehicle, anyway; now you can influence what it carries next year.

GEOFFREY LOMAS SPINK, 1951-1970

Those who knew Geoffrey will think first of his bright red hair, eyes alight with intelligence, pale face, and neat, slim body, growing taller in illness. Fundamentally serious, he had nevertheless a spontaneous gaiety, something lovable and sincere, an inner serenity felt by all who came into contact with him. Because of his warm humanity he never spoke ill of anyone, and found people and his short life full of interest and enjoyment.

Though naturally shy he had latent self-confidence and dedication to academic pursuits. As a fifth-former he took part in inter-form General Knowledge competitions; as a sixth-former he lectured to the Historical Society. In converse with his many friends he was ready to discuss any topic or experience of interest. Though History was his chief delight, he found joy and satisfaction in music, architecture, art, philosophy, literature, chess and travel. Members of his family say that all his life he was a "squirrel", collecting books, stamps, coins and curios. The school library is the richer for the gift of his many and varied books. His visit to Russia with a school party in 1967 made a tremendous impression upon him. It not only intensified his interest in Russian history, but gave him the experience of a culture and regime outside Western Europe. He was impressed by the Byzantine architecture, but disturbed by the lack of freedom.

Geoffrey's outstanding scholastic ability and persistence brought him great success in public examinations. Despite the fact that his fatal illness from cancer was already upon him even in the fifth form, he gained nine 'O' level passes, four 'A' levels, including two at Grade A, a Grade 1 pass in the 'University Test in English', and won the Governors' Essay Prize. In the time between two serious operations he was awarded a place to read History at St. John's College, Oxford.

During his long and painful illness he was greatly helped by his family, who gave him all they could to make his last months as happy and comfortable as possible. They always welcomed the friends from school who visited him. Geoffrey matured and developed as a person, though physically he was declining. The demands of 'A' level and preparations for Oxford sustained him. He had congenial work to distract him from his illness. Even in hospital he continued to study. He read 'The Times' and made notes on such difficult works as Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' and de Tocqueville's 'Ancien Regime'. When no longer able to concentrate on such advanced reading, he fell back on the detective novels of Agatha Christie. His courage, hope and sense of responsibility aroused the admiration of all who knew or visited him. A few weeks before his death he had a holiday with close friends in Stratford. They had to restrain him from queuing all night for tickets to the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. On his way home from this holiday he insisted on visiting Oxford and the College he still hoped to attend.

If we sorrow that Geoffrey was not allowed the years in which to fulfil his great promise, we remember that in the short time allowed him he aimed high, achieved much and had—and gave—great happiness.

FLIGHTS OF FANCY

STRANDED

or

IT NEVER HAPPENED IN REAL LIFE LIKE IT DOES IN FILMS

or

A BIRD IN THE CAR ISN'T WORTH WALKING 8 MILES FOR

The car sped along the quiet country lanes out on to the bleak desolate moorlands. Behind the wheel I felt exhilaration rise up within me as the accelerator pedal moved nearer the floor. I was in high spirits, for beside me sat a girl I had worshipped for weeks, and at last I had lured her out for a drive. I had whisked her into my car, and as fast as possible I was putting distance between myself and civilisation. I was now prepared to fake a breakdown and strand us both miles from the nearest town.

My evil plans were thwarted by a real breakdown; suddenly the engine ceased its constant throbbing—and so did my heart. I recovered my composure and, as the car drifted to a halt, I decided that a real breakdown was as good as a fake one. There was, of course, the miraculous recovery which would now not work, but I decided not to worry about it yet.

The car halted with a slight jerk and I surveyed the scene. All around were rolling hills stretching to the horizon. All the stony ground could support was hardy grass which was separated into fields by dry stone walls. Here and there sheep were dotted.

My female companion eyed me suspiciously. “Why have we stopped?” she asked.

“Something wrong with the car,” I replied, trying to bring a note of sincerity into my voice.

“You must think I was born yesterday. I’m not going to fall for that gag.”

“It’s true, we really have broken down,” I said.

“Well, hadn’t you better fix it?” she inquired in disbelief.

“Aw, come on—” I advanced towards her. She raised her handbag in a threatening gesture.

“Keep away!” she commanded.

Reluctantly I clambered out of the car and threw open the bonnet. Unable to find a fault, I began to remove everything in sight and examine it for defects, all the time trying to convince the girl, whom I now held in less esteem, that we really had broken down.

After an hour she was convinced. “Hurry up, I’m bored,” she said. Outside, I was freezing, my hands were covered in oil, I was surrounded by car components, and my clothes were dirty.

“Oh shut up!” I said.

I gave up, and after another hour had all the parts back in the engine in some sort of order. I was just surveying the engine to see if it looked right when my girl called out. “Hey, come and look at this.” I slouched to the opened window and poked my head inside where she was pointing to the petrol gauge. “We’ve got no petrol,” she said, seeming pleased with herself.

“Now you tell me,” I groaned. Suddenly a thought struck me. “Oh dear,

we'll have to spend the night in the car," I said brightly.

"Oh no we won't," she growled. "You can take a can and fetch some petrol."

"But it will be dark in a few hours. You can't send me, I'll die of exhaustion," I implored.

"Get going!" she snapped.

Muttering curses and threats I slouched on my way, a petrol can hanging from my hand. The road seemed to wind on for miles, twisting and turning, and never getting anywhere, but resolutely I began walking at a brisk pace. Half an hour later I stopped and sprawled out on the grass. I looked around and to my amazement the car was still in sight. "This road goes round in circles," I said to myself.

I forced myself back on to my feet and began a pace that gradually diminished until an hour later I collapsed on to the roadside grass. Again I surveyed the scene. "Funny, looks the same as when I set out. Wonder if some Martians have landed and wiped out civilisation," I mused. But half an hour's walking provided its reward, a farmhouse. I was delighted and raced into the yard where I met the farmer. After a brief explanation he agreed to sell me some petrol: I thanked him and added, "I don't suppose you'd give me a lift back to the car." "Certainly, er, for a small fee," he replied.

Soon we were back at the car and I had filled it up with petrol. "You really went to a lot of trouble to strand us both out here, didn't you?" my girl said. "I bet you thought with a real breakdown I wouldn't be able to do anything about being stranded with you. Well, I think it was a mean trick." And nothing I said would convince her that I had not planned the whole thing.

Barry Thewsey, Fourth Year.

TOADY'S BALL (No. 11)

You and I,
hand in hand
sunny-frolick in
the sand;
But don't despair
when moon men call
we will dance at
a Toady's ball.
Pits of blood,
gluey eyes
each to each
a big surprise.
Pills and smoke
a caterwaul,
all will come
to the Toady's ball.
Silver needles,
jabbing pine
poison venom
All is fine.
Laughing, dazed
we cannot call,
we are lost at
a Toady's Ball.

Gail Loundes, Upper Sixth.



WATERLOO

Marcell Guillou, Upper Sixth

IN FREE FALL

High above the world a small aeroplane flies. Inside crouched three of us—clad like monsters from another world. We are about to enter that 'other' world. We are free-fall parachutists, waiting to jump.

After the breath-taking leap into the pure, blue sea of air, there is no sound except for that of the wind rushing past as it grabs at my clothes, tearing at them like some unseen force. As I swim, I can dive, float and turn. As I perform these manoeuvres, time stands still. As I fall at a hundred and twenty miles an hour, I look at my companions, and on their faces I see unnatural enjoyment.

Guy Poole, Third Year.

A QUESTION OF TASTE

If there is such a thing as good taste, Marcel Guillou's cartoon on the facing page is not in it. Lest next year's editors be inundated with rude jests off the lavatory wall, let me explain why it is included. It is well-drawn. The pun is ingenious. A certain modest erudition is involved. The lad knows that risque humour depends on saucily nudging the line—any fool can fall splat over it. And the tone of the magazine was so impeccable, it needed coarsening up with a bit of honest vulgarity—better the hearty chuckle than the furtive snigger.

And should students at school really have higher standards of propriety than adults? Let him who has never laughed at "Up Pompeii" cast the first stone.

Mr. D. K. Cooper.

A SQUARE POEM

A pink poodle's just been embalmed in case it has a ghost
and though the owner had some children, she liked the dog the most.
Have you heard about the hippies killing hippies on the coast;
So you have pure golden honey on pre-cooked synthetic toast?
Please don't be a weatherman and blow my home to bits,
Volunteer to join the army if you're a natural down smash hit,
and if you don't seem a born major, you can still work down the pit,
or make a hole in society, where you and your friends can fit.
There's a plastic spoon factory somewhere, keeping someone else awake.
We've got a few million engraved silver ones, but a few more they're going to make.
Oil, and coal, and skinheads is all it's said it takes—
But no one wants to buy 'em, so they're given away with flakes.
Rusty pins hold a notice saying these fields will be ripped up soon,
No fields; no more the 'wandering minstrel' singing hazy afternoons—
The sounds of cranes and progress will be the open-cast tunes,
And with the power from the coal, it seems, they're making plastic spoons.
The man who wakes the burglar killed the coroner but how?

Stephen Harrison, Upper Sixth.

IF PIGS COULD FLY

If pigs could fly,
We would see them with wings,
Flying through the sky. If pigs could fly,
We would not have bacon for breakfast,
We could not have pork for tea,
Or Black Pudding . . .
If Pigs could fly,
All impossible things would become possible:
Someone would do a two-minute mile,
Spacemen would land on the sun,
A mouse would be able to swallow a lion,
Man would lift up mountains,
Time would go backwards,
People could live in the sky,
If pigs could fly.

Colleen Smart, Third Year.

A NASTY EXPERIENCE IN THE COALHOUSE

A few years ago my friend and I decided to tidy my grandad's garden up a bit. The tools for gardening were kept in the coalhouse. Opening the door, we both went in for the tools. They were high above us, stacked on a shelf. I pulled down a shovel for my friend and also one for me.

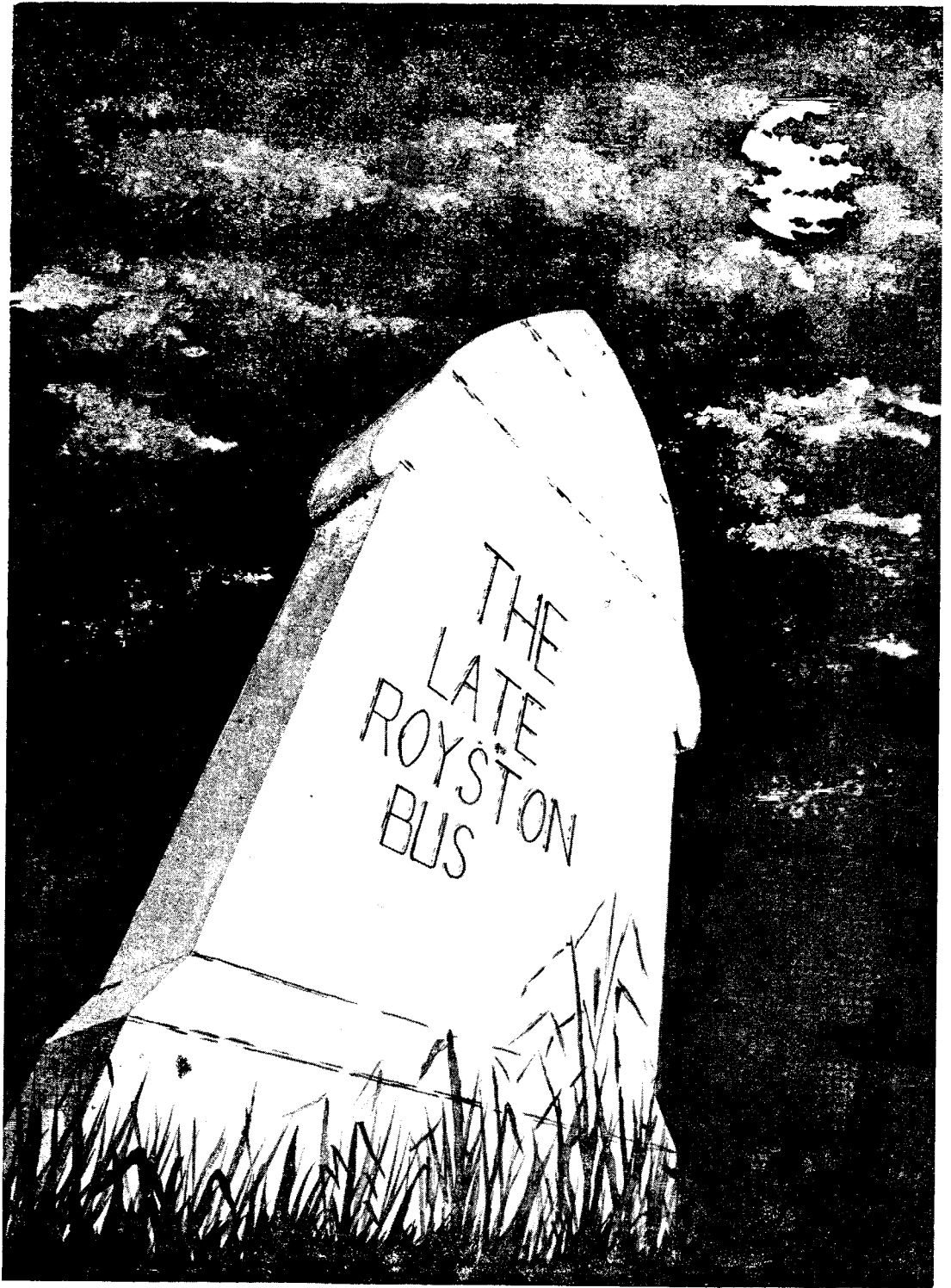
The day we had planned to do our work was a windy one and thus the door which we had opened blew to, so we were trapped inside the coalhouse.

We used to lock each other in and try to get out by pushing our finger through a hole and lifting the catch up, but that day was a dry, windy day, and the catch wouldn't budge, so that was out of the question. We tried shouting, but after a long time I remembered that my grandparents were on holiday.

After that we sat on the coal, thinking. All sorts of bad things went through our heads, like the thought of starving to death. After a time I got up and we both agreed that we shouldn't be waiting, but trying to escape. I put a suggestion forward, to knock down the door, and my friend said: "That's it!"

But instead of knocking down the door, he started knocking down the other little coal door. After a minute or two we saw light. It quite dazzled me as I climbed out. I then went round to the front and opened the door, which was stiff, and let my friend out, and together we ran home and told my mother, who laughed and sent my brother up to mend what we had broken down.

Richard Marsh, First Year.



IN MEMORIAM IN JOKE

OF LATE I FIND

Of late I find
myself
before a self service
chop suey parlour
parked
in an old blue
Ford saloon.
Supine
in the back
on the leather
sprawls Willie
dreaming
of Satyricon
and sometimes of
his mother.

Gail Loundes, Upper Sixth.

ACROSS THE MOOR

The door shut behind me and I was alone on the moor. I gazed out over the desolate landscape which looked quite alien and inhospitable. I reluctantly began my trek home. As I reached the first ridge I glanced momentarily back at John's warm, cosy house.

The grey overcast sky hung menacingly above, contributing to the melancholy of the scene. A squadron of swallows passed overhead, one dived like a Stuka, rose slightly, then dived again, crash landing in the heather; perhaps he's out of fuel?

The storm clouds gathered so I began to increase the pace. "Coming up to the bell and the world record looks on. I'm clear of the rest of the field with four hundred metres left. Body exhausted—must push on, eyes blacking out, heart thumping, every stride a labour. Rounding the final bend, crowd going mad, must keep going, struggling badly, must keep going. The official is counting me in, nine, eight, seven, nearly there, five, four, three—made it, I've done it!"

Oops! Must mind the stones. The mist is gathering as the light fades. I hope I can reach home before dark as I have no desire to be stranded alone in this wilderness at night.

What was that? A howl? Perhaps it is a werewolf, or even a pack of werewolves out hunting me, or maybe it's the dog at Jones' farm. I can see the brook thirty or forty yards ahead. "It's Arkle coming up to the water-jump ten lengths ahead of the rest of the field. He needs to clear this one to win. He's over and striding away to the winning post. Yet another triumph for the greatest steeple-chaser of all time." The mist descended upon me. A ghostly mist had been sent to consume me. In the distance I can just visualise a man in black. Is it Count Dracula, the vampire, come to thrive on my warm, life-giving blood, or maybe a Zombie? Well, with those branches it looked like a human form.

The lights of home are visible through the gloom. A welcome sight, I suppose, but I really enjoyed my roam across the moors. It opened up a whole new world: a world of daydreams.

Stephen Dean, Fourth Year.

THE DOG-BONE DREAM

The chief defect of Jenny Jones,
Was chewing on her dog's old bones,
Until at length to her surprise,
Her legs turned hairy from behind,
Her ears grew long and droopy then,
Not to the taste of most young men.
Her fingers shrank and grew most sore,
Till she found out she had a paw.
Her golden hair had grown in vain,
'Cos now she had a shaggy mane,
And when she tried to cry out "Help",
It came out as a whineful yelp,
She was a lady dog all over,
So into the kennel she crept with Rover,
And then she woke up to esteem,
It was, thank goodness, just a dream!

Allyson Louise Meickle, Third Year.

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

It was a very cold day, I had just finished my afternoon meal, and I was very full, so I pulled a chair close to the fire, and sat down slowly, gazing into the orange, blue, yellow and red flames darting here and there, and prancing up and down.

The heat coming from the fire made me very tired. I felt myself becoming droopier and droopier.

Suddenly I found myself walking along a lonely path in the country with heather under my feet. Far away in the distance a bold black volcano stood, reaching up to the endless blue skies. I found myself walking for miles, but I never reached the volcano.

Suddenly the ground shuddered under my feet, but I still carried on walking. Then the ground roared as though it was trying to imitate a pride of lions, and the whole world seemed to be erupting. The ground rumbled and roared louder, and far away I could just make out people abandoning their homes and running as fast as they could.

Quickly I started running towards the volcano, where hundreds of people were all running and shouting, "Mercy, Mercy, God! Help us, the volcano is erupting".

Now I knew that the volcano which I had seen from miles away was going to erupt at any minute. A man ran over to me and told me to run away or else I would be covered in molten lava, but I just stood petrified, gazing at the volcano.

At last the volcano blew off its hat, and red-hot glowing tar ran down. I was so terrified that I could not move. Just as the tar was about to reach my feet, I woke up to find that the fire had gone out, and in the grate there was nothing but red glowing coke.

Helen Atkinson, Third Year.

KING NEPTUNE

You can see all his knights,
And all the young knaves,
Riding sea-horses,
On top of the waves,

See all the mermaids,
Half women, half fish,
Who fetch the King's dinner,
On a large sea-shell dish.

He has a large castle,
The world's largest moat;
The King's royal navy,
The largest afloat.

All the King's servants,
And all the King's maids,
The gardeners digging,
With large sea-shell spades.

Christopher Travis, Third Year.

FROM SEED

There was a man who lived in Leeds
Who filled his garden full of seeds,
And when the seeds began to grow,
It was a garden full of snow.

And when the snow began to melt
It was a ship without a belt
And when the ship began to sail
It was a bird without a tail.

And when the bird began to fly,
It was an eagle in the sky,
And when the sky began to roar,
It was a lion at my door.

And if my door began to crack
It was a sharp knife at my back;
And if my back began to bleed,
I'd surely be dead, dead, dead, indeed.

Christine Griffin, Third Year.

Schedules are prepared and carried out with accuracy, from when the universe began, and right until now, the time of never-knowing, of scientific ignorance, time, money, hearts and will, spent on what? Progress? There's more to come, you wait. One day, everyone will know what makes us tick, why we venture into things, examine them, and for what purpose—one day, in the future, there'll be an answer. Won't there?

Alan Bolton, Upper Sixth.

A VIEW ON THE VIEW

Walking alone I am breathing in lung corrosive fumes and gazing upon this filthy, industrial town. A road zig-zags, carrying a few beetle-like cars. The paint of a once white building is being forced off by a layer of soot and grime. The building is old and decrepit. Beyond is a haphazard arrangement of rooftops and chimney pots looking like blight-stricken blades of grass. Telegraph poles are dotted about, standing stiff and straight with a confusing network of wires running to and from them. The only beam of light in this area comes from a cynical advertising placard showing the elite at dinner. I stand and shudder as I think of the years of dirt encrusted upon this place.

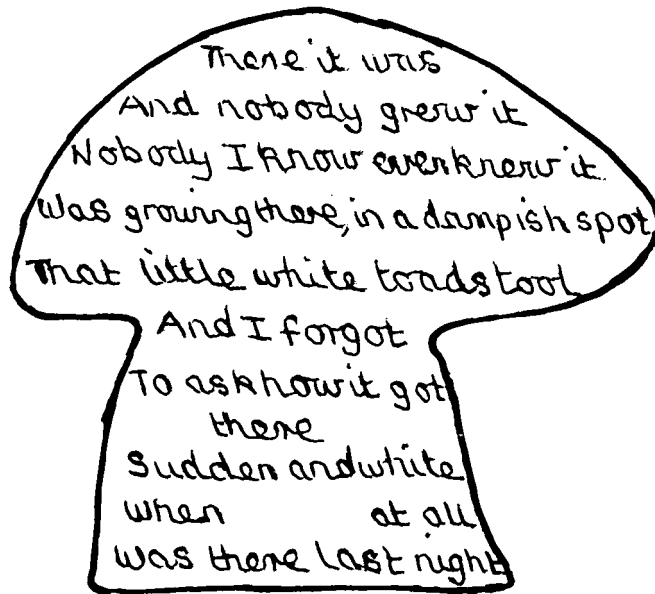
All of it is dark and depressing, except for the background. Against a cold, grey sky, stand the tall, graceful forms of five grey cooling towers. Masses of pure white steam gently ooze from the wide open mouths of the gentle giants. They seem to be placidly aloof from the rest of the grimy little town. It seems ironic that these towers with their elegant forms in all their simplicity should always be among dirt.

Diane Powell, Third Year.

SKEG

Blue,
never true,
always different, changing scenes,
ships sailing, castles crowning,
clouds against the sky.
Sky grey,
dirt falling,
castles gone, now murk and grime,
empty openness is closing round about,
the fog, the night.
Darkness forming,
Stars suspended,
Moon revolving, miles away.
Open Space, where I am weightless,
reach the moon to sit and sway,
Keep on walking, walking upwards,
to the stars, nearer now . . .
Nothing there, the sun is shining,
lost in dreams till night falls down . . .
... to the sea,
tossing, turning,
green and salty, blue and black,
no peace, no calm, the spray ascending,
the ship has gone and I am down.
The 'forever' sun, the moon and stars,
gone with wind and foam and spray.
Here am I,
floating, floating, to the end, to my dream . . .
... Sea on sand.

— B.D.



THE TOADSTOOL

Stephanie Jones . Third Year

STREET MARKET HOT DAY

Over-stocked stalls crowded the narrow cobbled street. The aroma of hot dogs, fruit and fish was carried down the street by a gentle breeze. The sun's rays caught the medals hanging from a stall, and a cantankerous old man was arguing with a youth about the state of hair these days. Dogs scrounged in a pile of rubbish, but were too hot to fight over their trophies. Small children clutched their precious pocket money and headed to the ice-cream van. Students dressed in the latest fashion searched the stalls for cheap ornaments or posters to decorate their rooms.

At the very far end of the street, almost out of sight, was a stall. Sitting on a stool near-by was an old woman. Her assortment of clothes hung like a sack around her ample body. Her aged face was the feature that struck me most. Her piercing eyes gazed right into mine.

"What can I do for you love? Some nice beads or a ring perhaps?"

She held a ring up to the light. Her hands were worn and wrinkled. However frail her hands might look, her voice was strong and deep. She bellowed to the crowds and told them of her marvellous wares.

I made my way back along the street. The sun was high in the sky and the breeze had disappeared. Everything seemed to have slowed down, rather like the brain after reaching a certain age. I glanced up and noticed a tramp ambling along. His boots were ten sizes too large, his coat was too small, and he wore hardly any trousers to speak of. His be-whiskered face looked bewildered and hurt. He had shut himself off from the world. The sun shone, and the voices cried all around him. I love the market; it is so full of character.

Patricia McTear, Fourth Year.

NEVER HAVING KNOWN

Never having known
What could be seen or done
Or heard or smelt or felt
Like colour of the sea
When fog is hugging hard
And freezing up the waves
That move although the sun
Is sitting on the clouds
Above the sight of eye or you
They do not wait for
Fog to clear or even want
To see the sun
They know it's there 'cos
People say but do not
Care or dare to see
Experience they talk
So aimlessly about
In narrow-minded cliches.

Briony Burdon, Upper Sixth

TOMORROW WATCHING

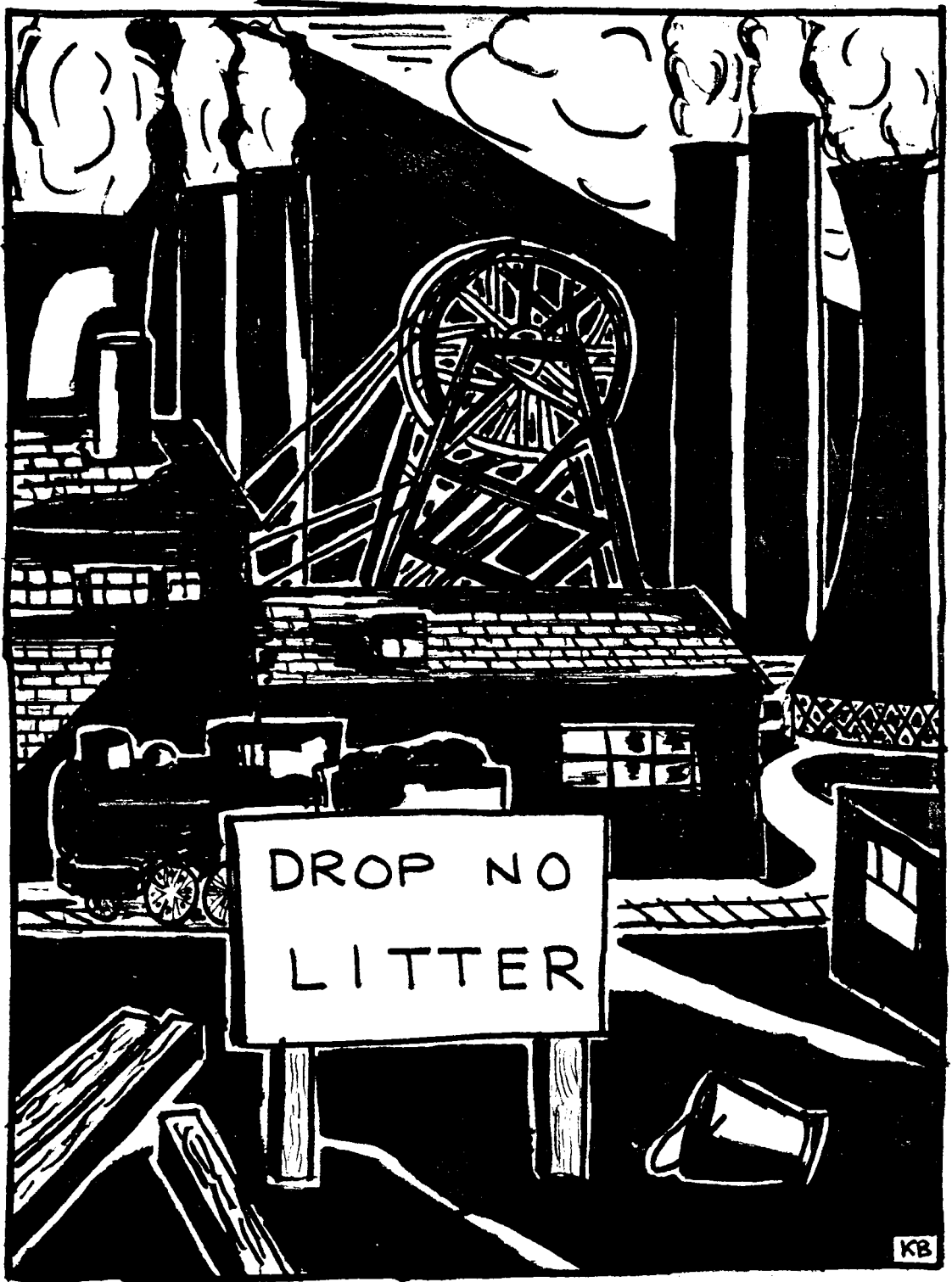
Tomorrow watching people in the streets
Possible friends on the pavement
Walking the same way. And the traffic lights
In the fog shine, on and off, Green to Red,
Traffic still, and people moving as a body
Cram pack, hot in the sweat of winter?
Neon smiles, and people, people grave and
Sad-eyed boys with watery mouths and
Ladies dressed up, fitted carpets, lounge
And bar, how sweet this life, shop-windowed
Still and hot sweat. Cold. The lights
Jammed. Stop. Go. Go. Stop. Red.
Hot. Cold. Dead.

Briony Burdon, Upper Sixth.

A SNOW SCENE

The still desolate landscape stands in front of me. A white layer of snow covers the ground. The tree's bare branches are now white. Even the sky is white, with delicate particles of snow, descending slowly from it. Rippling water does not come from the small streams, for they are frozen and unseen, under the clean, fresh snow.

Lynn Holmes, First Year.



KEEP BRITAIN TIDY

Keith Brighton, Upper Sixth

POEM FOR D. H. LAWRENCE

Deserted miningtown shattered by a
once silver-rich wind; silverindian
summer of the Mexican landscape is over—
Aztec survivors screw once proud
Mexican faces to the wind of reality.

Towns crumbling, no sacrifices at
the high altar — the caciques are dead,
replaced by television, drive-in cinemas,
affluence acquired through tourists
eager to buy a heritage they do not
possess.

Beads — sandals — rugs — defiled Mexican soul,
timeless eternal faces,
a culture rebuilt in modern steel and glass
blocks, automatons to the americult:
drinking coke in highpowered pink
cadillacs, driving through mushrooming
shantytowns of bright new city.

Prostitute — painted once — proud Aztec
face found losing pride profitable, wanders
streets. American businessman with uncouth
domineering wife defiles proud princess,
proud nation.

Louise Poulson, Lower Sixth.

TODAY IS SUMMER

Blue sky and sandy beaches,
Into every corner the sun reaches.
Bright flowers so gay
Tell us that today
Is Summer.

Calm seas and boats,
Fishermen and fishing floats,
Ice cream vans with colourful blinds,
Selling ice-cream of all kinds,
Tell us that today
Is Summer.

Merry children run along the sands,
Making chains by holding hands,
Splash around in the warm sea,
laughing loudly in their glee.
Tell us that today
Is Summer.

Maureen Dodds, First Year.

WINTER

There's a snowflake on the window,
An icicle over the door,
The north wind is blowing:
Winter is here once more.

There's a snowman in the garden,
Made by the children next door;
Snowballs are flying everywhere,
Winter is here once more.

The fire's blazing brightly,
While children play outdoor,
All wrapped up warmly:
Winter is here once more.

Janice Gallagher, First Year.

OUT IN THE COLD

I shut the door behind me. It was cold enough to make the Devil apply for Central Heating. As I breathed out, my breath seemed undecided whether or not to liquefy. A white carpet shone in the light of the street lamp, a carpet that crunched as I stepped forward.

There was no smell in the air, yet it was as sharp and tangible as a razor, surging up my nostrils, purging the nasal passages of the smell of frying bacon.

A gentle wind tiptoed to my shoulder, stirring locks of hair away from the cowering ear, previously hidden. I turned my steps in the direction of Sharlston Common, as the first brush stroke of diluted sunlight crept up on the eastern horizon. Gentle puffs of smoke from chimneys indicated that the good citizens of Sharlston were warily preparing to test the weather. A door opened, and a woman clad in a nightdress scuttled to fetch the milk. The clink of bottles carried to my ears; perhaps the first clash of steel between nature and the January sales?

Underfoot, pasted silver strands of glass parted as the juggernaut of K Shoes, Wakefield, bore down on them. The strands faded away to reveal a frozen yellow path, lightly coated with a mirror-like sheen of ice, which crumbled with a splintering succession of cracks as the youthful vandal trod heavily on his way.

The Dam was frozen over with a coat of ice of indeterminate thickness. There were no footprints on the freshly-fallen snow, so I was to be the first hardy explorer on to the virgin ice pack. The hardy adventurer gazed in trepidation at the stolid ice, and ventured tentatively on to the floe. There came a slight cracking sound, and the new Captain Scott hurtled off the ice like a greyhound.

Slowly I wound my way home, feeling the damp socks freezing to my feet, and the clean air turning my nose to an iceberg.

The sinful smell of coffee as I opened the house door made me wonder why I had ever been lured out by God's good air.

Nicholas Hill, Fourth Year.

ALL CREATURES GREAT AND SMALL

THE MAN AND THE HORSE

Eh lad! You don't know how lucky you are.
— No luckier than you.
I've got to sit up on this cart all day and freeze.
— But I'm cold too!
And a pint's gone up 2d.
— So I get less oats.
My bloomin' purse is empty these days.
— So is my nose bag.
Even my new feather mattress is lumpy.
— But I don't even have a blanket.
My poor auld shoes is all worn out.
— My gnarled iron shoes dig into my poor street-trodden hooves.
My pint pot's empty again.
— So's my stomach.
Ah! lad, tha stands in 'street doing nowt while I'm in the pub drowning mi sorrows.
— Out here the rain's drowning mine.
And me tied to the house wi' a wife and six kids.
— And me tied to the post with a heavy brass harness.

Allyson Louise Meickle, Third Year.

THE HUNT

At last the bright horn sounds,
And all together with the hounds
Horses, golden, black and brown,
Begin at once to gallop down
Towards the far-off common green
Where many a fox has oft been seen.
Soon voices loud take up the cry —
He's over there by fences high,
A fox so cunning and so wise
Is spotted despite his ruddy disguise.
Hounds poise to sniff the air,
To see if they can scent his lair.
Horses that those fences fly
Surely must be wondering why
They are made so fast to follow
Through ditch, and brook, and hollow.
It is to fulfil someone's passion
To kill a life in a hearty fashion:
Some poor defenceless creature
To make him of the house a feature.
Oh! why do they do such a thing
— everyone from a peasant to the king?

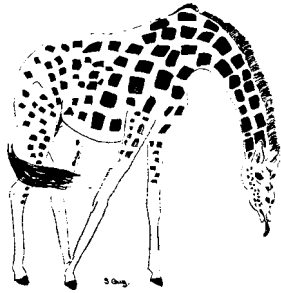
Ann Hirst, Third Year.



BEING NEIGHBOURLY AND THAT DOG

I must go visit Mrs. Brown,
 She may need groceries from the town;
 Old Aunt Dora's waving at me
 She wants some sugar for the tea.
 The dog next door gives a ferocious bark.
 It's raining now but there's still time
 To buy a present for that sister of mine;
 The shops are shut, it's almost dark,
 And the dog next door gives another bark.
 Come in and put the kettle on,
 Oh! That's the last bob for the gas gone.
 Hurry, isn't that your mother shouting?
 No, it's just that wretched dog barking!

Christine Verdon, Third Year.



drawings by S. Guy

TRY A LITTLE TENDERNESS

As I was walking by a lake,
 I saw a little newt;
 A beautiful, red-breasted one,
 So I crushed it with me boot.

Stephen Bywater, Third Year.

YOUTH AND AGE

ME, AS A LITTLE GIRL

It was to be my first day at school, real school at last. Throughout the previous night I had hardly slept, except in short spasms, and now I was excited as I dressed roughly and hurriedly. I fumbled with the buckles on my shoes; I had only just learnt how to fasten them and it still took me some time to do them up. I looked at the clock and tried to tell the time, but failed and had to ask my mother what time it was. She replied that it was quarter past eight. I asked her what time we left. She told me quarter to nine, and that there was plenty of time. The time passed slowly and my stomach cramped and knotted. I fidgeted on my chair.

We set off and I tugged at my mother's hand to hurry. Along the road we met Sally Robinson and her mother. Sally and I had been good friends for a long time and we chattered excitedly.

Once at the school, we were ushered to an airy classroom. I glanced round at the people; there were lots of children whom I knew, but there were also some I had never seen. The teacher came over to us and asked us our names, took us to two available seats and disappeared to greet some more parents and children.

Then, the teacher said the parents should go, but would they collect the children at dinner-time. I suddenly felt alone, as if I didn't know anyone. This was the first time I had got to be away from my parents. I cried to be taken home, and, much as she wanted to, my mother could not pick me up and take me home. Most of the class cried for most of the morning, with someone asking every two minutes whether it was dinner-time yet. The teacher, Miss Atkins, mingled with her new pupils, comforting and handing out toys, and trying to get the children interested. Several times I began to take some interest in a plaything, but then I would remember my own toys and weep once more.

Everyone brightened up when we heard the bell ringing, but we were disappointed to find it was only play-time, when we could go out into the playground and play games. There were no more tears till after dinner and they were only small ones. The teacher asked if we could count. I could count up to ten and so could some of the others, so away we counted. Miss Atkins read us a story. The bell rang; school was over.

Perhaps I would come again tomorrow.

Janis Young, Fourth Year.

PARISH DOOR: A SONG

We came from a nameless city,
The gipsy boy and I,
With a shroud of burnt mimosa
And a thousand tears to cry.
A soulless woman knowing,
Knocked at the Parish Door,
For youth was now demanding
Life and death once more.

A homeless dog did follow
The gipsy boy and I,
Sniffed the air around us
To surrender a low, sad cry
Tempted by a rotting corpse,
He picked the marrow raw.
It's fate was as everyone's
To cry at the Parish Door.

The hollow men with torches, found
The gipsy boy and I.
They gave to us the light of day,
And a thousand tears to cry.
The hollow men are nameless,
They are neither strong, nor poor,
But even God's disciples
Must cry at the Parish Door.

I remember a day in Autumn
When the gipsy boy and I,
Lay beneath the whole wide world
—Together we would die.
A woman from the city
Led us to a wounded moor.
We tried and cried to heaven . . .
There was no Parish Door.

Gail Loundes, Upper Sixth.

ORPHAN

A lonely child sits staring at the window, watching life passing slowly by, leaving her behind. Night falls, and still she stares: waiting for people, who will never turn up, who will never know how much she longs for them, people she has never known: parents.

Jane Howley, Third Year.

EIGHTY-SIX

Grey, lifeless hair, a wrinkled haggard face and old bones that won't support me any more. How could I ever have imagined myself ending up like this?

I sit in the solitude of my room and glance nostalgically at all my souvenirs of my past. I cannot think of the future; I have no future left. I must be content with the hazy memories of days when I would sit, or laze in bed for hours, never thinking one day I'd have no time left.

The doctor came the other day, I can't quite remember which day, but he told me to rest in bed for a few days. Rest, how can I rest? Soon I'll have all the time in the world to rest; six feet under.

I wish people would visit me. I'm so lonely. I have a cleaning woman in every day, but she's no comfort. She rushes round making my head spin! Everything rushes, the cars, the people, even nature seems to be in a greater hurry. I don't belong anymore. Face it, I'm just too old.

Sarah Light, Fourth Year.

INFIRMITY

Straight young woman,
Self-absorbed, self-satisfied,
Is startled by the ageing cripple,
With his back obscenely hunched
Under burden of all insults.
And his twisted, knotted limbs
Shackled with harsh, painful thoughts
Of a youth,
When he still lived.
And his sore eyes,
Filled with sad tears
Of inflicted, ripe self-pity.
He slowly shuffles past the lady,
Who, with perfected, trite disdain,
Moves quickly, sideways,
To avoid him.
Who knows?
Infirmary may be infectious.

Helen Tippey, Lower Sixth.

THE CHILD

The child was lonely, unhappy, uncared for, not loved, not wanted, not needed—she died.

Ruth Yates, Third Year.

BEGINNINGS

I first came to work at Normanton on September 2nd, 1970. I remember that I was timid and shy and also very nervous. It is amazing how I managed to have so many different feelings all at once. I was, of course, very excited and eager to find out who would be my form teacher, and to meet all my new friends. We were all taken into the large gym where the Head of the Lower School was waiting. There we met our teachers. Ours was Mr. Johnson and our form room number 37. The whole of the first day was spent receiving new books and trying to get to know the other members of the form.

The next day we had our first lesson; this was music and I realised how different life in a Grammar School was. Before, there had been no set timetable and I had never had school dinners before. Despite the strangeness I soon got used to the changing of rooms and settled down to work as hard as I could. Now I sometimes wish I was back at the other school, but I like the lessons here much better.

Janice Fearn, First Year.

FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

I, in the fountain
Of my youth,
Want to cleanse you
With my water;
Purify your dirty thoughts,
Make fruitful
All your barren ideals.
Irrigate the arid deserts
Of your parched, incestuous mind.

Allow your senile thoughts
To mingle,
With the sparkle of my body.
Don't reject the life I'll give you
But don't allow my lively fullness
To gouge out your withered surface
Leaving scars,
To be remembered,
When my waters have all dried up,
And your spirit turns to dust.

Helen Tippey, Lower Sixth.

BEREAVEMENT

Yogi was made of plastic, and could be blown up with a bicycle pump. He had a big yellow hat and a yellow tie with red spots. I was very upset when my gran's dog, Lassie, bit him and burst him. I was six when he died! I'd had him since I was two.

Chris Martin, First Year.

MY CHILD S LULLABY

“Do not worry about the frown in my eye, my child,
for it disappears in youth.”
My child will realise the kiss of sunlight
on his treasured head,
and I will create wonders and magic for my child.
Each hard word will become a smile
and the world will cease to turn.
The beast with the many heads
will become the fairy at the bottom
of my child’s garden.
The bitter words of the poet’s song
will slip into the slumbers of my child’s rhyme,
the moon will become my child’s bright balloon,
to hold in his grubby fist
and he will carry the sleeping stars in a jam jar
suspended from a rainbow string.
The world will tiptoe on its tremulous toes
for fear that it should wake my child.
Together we will watch the amber sun leave the pale, dark sky
and we will sigh
to hear the water wheel turn on.
I will love my child,
And the suffering and pain of life
will disappear
as the gliding swan disappears into a darkened shade.
The sadness of my body will be
the shroud
for my child’s grief;
My child will live as I die.

Gillian Harris, Upper Sixth.

WORKING BOY

The first stage of my search for employment was a tour of the shops of Wakefield asking if they had any vacancies. In every shop there seemed to be a disdainful man to look down his nose at me and grandly announce, “We have no vacancies.” I even had the cheek to enter a tailors’ shop in my scruffy jeans and casual sweater only to hear “All our boys wear a shirt and tie, I really don’t think you’d fit in”. And so it was that I returned home defeated and dejected, but with new-found spirit and with a stiff upper lip I decided that I would find other means of making money.

I often hear my parents’ stories of how they used to be very proud of themselves when they made a halfpenny, but grocers these days are not exactly clamouring for empty jam jars. I tried selling firewood but it seems that “Zip Firelighters” have cornered the market. No one seemed interested in my one-man door-to-door bob-a-job service, and the Scouts didn’t seem to approve of my competition, so after having numerous bricks thrown at me, I let them have a monopoly of that trade.

So I tried window cleaning. Remembering the care-free exploits of George Formby, I set out with hired ladder, borrowed window leather, and high hopes.

Bubbling over with confidence I knocked on the first door of a drab, dirty, and crumbling row of terraced houses. The door, its letter box red paint peeling off, swung open and there stood an object which looked as if it came straight out of "Coronation Street". It was a rather plump woman in her late forties with a cigarette drooping from her lips and her hair in curlers. She was wearing a faded print dress and a flower pattern apron. I recovered from the sight and spoke:

"Want your windows cleaning, missus?"

" 'Ere, you cheeky young monkey, I cleaned them yesterday. Look mucky to you, do they?" I beat a hasty retreat.

With the British spirit and unshakeable determination I knocked on the next door to be greeted by a woman who could have been my previous customer's double. I realised that I shouldn't be trying this street; every house was probably occupied by a hard-hearted woman with a cigarette a constant fixation in her mouth. Nevertheless I thought I might as well ask her.

"Would you like your windows cleaned?" I asked, being as polite as possible. Her reply was short and sharp.

" 'Ow much?"

"Two and sixpence."

"Two and six? Cor, I can get our Albert to do it for a bob. You must think I'm stupid paying that much. Gorn—go away!"

I withdrew from that street, thinking it might be better to try a new estate. I was a little apprehensive as I cautiously approached a newly built, clean house. I quickly glanced at the windows, unwilling to be rebuked twice for asking to clean already sparkling windows. Luckily they were grimy and I sensed that I might capture my first customer. A lady in her thirties answered. She seemed well off, for she was well-dressed and good-looking. In answer to my query, she said:

"Why, of course, we have only just moved in and I have not had time to clean them."

My spirits soared. I had my first customer, my first financial victory. I was on my way to my first million.

I set up my ladder and with a broad grin on my face started on the upstairs windows. Half way through the first window I did not notice the sun disappear from the sky, to have its place taken by ominous, rolling, advancing, black clouds; clouds of gloom for me. I was still elated with myself for gaining my first customer, when the heavy drops of rain plunged out of the prodigious clouds. It was only a matter of moments before the drops turned into a deluge and sheets of water were crashing into the earth. The woman came out and shouted up at me.

"It does not matter now, the rain will clean them anyway. Come down."

I wandered home, morose and bedraggled. I had had a customer within my grasp, and the heavens had opened and snatched her away.

I stamped into the house and slumped on to a chair.

"How much did you make, dear?" my mother asked. She was unheard, for I began muttering to myself:

"It's a waste of time, I think I'll stay poor and happy, or win the pools, or rob a bank or— Oh, what's the use?"

Barry Thewsey, Fourth Year.

THE FOOTBALL MATCH

The snow came thick and fast,
I hoped it wouldn't last—
For I was going to a football match.
The snow at last slowed down,
So I went into town—
Just to see the football match.
The manager was cowed,
The referee was fouled—
While I was at the football match.
At half time I bought a bun,
I'm glad to say our team won—
While I was at the football match.

Chris Martin, First Year.

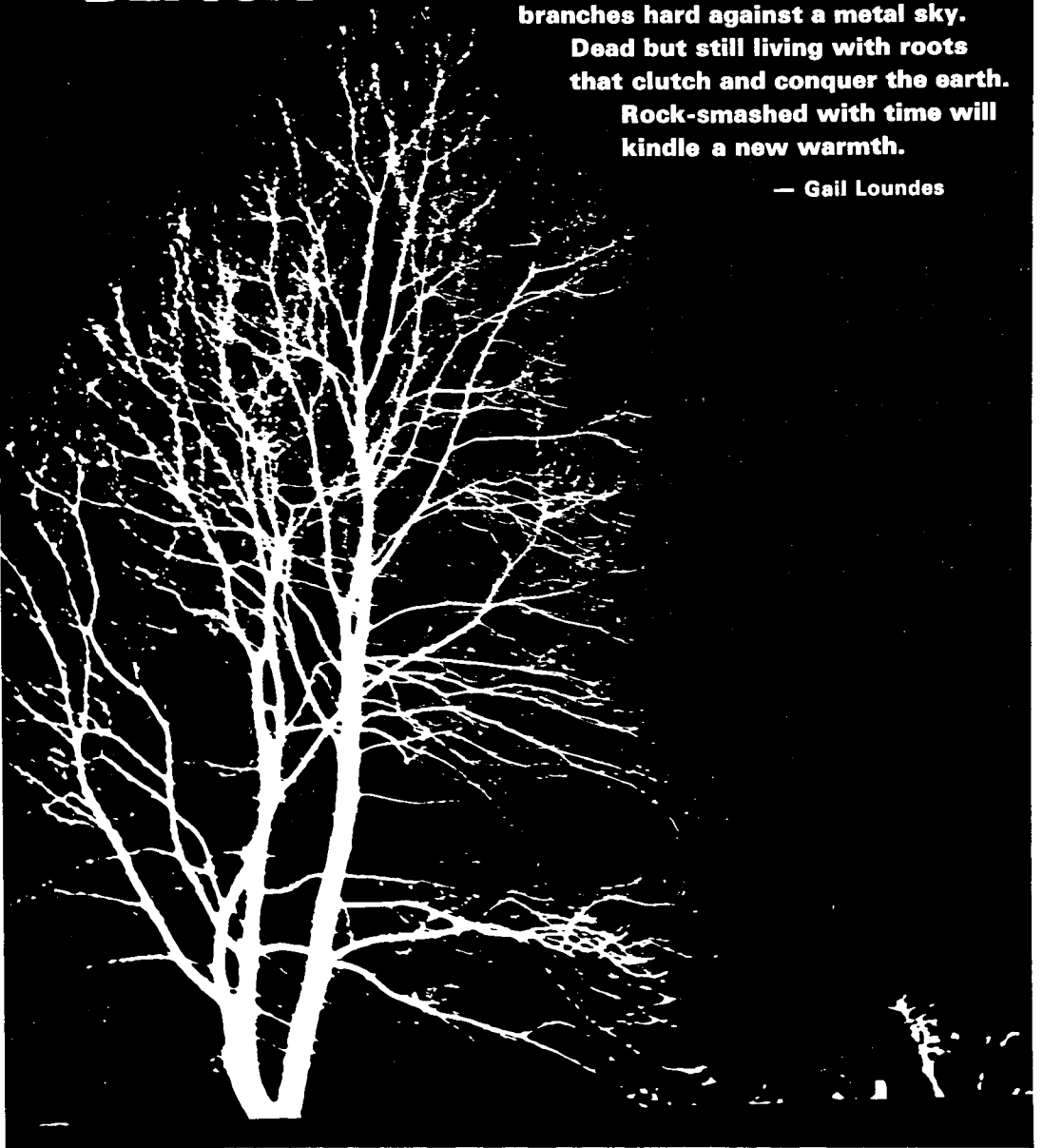
PIT BLACK

Tree
dead as the century past,
a cog in the wheel of civilization.
Cold, with its fox-eye razor
branches hard against a metal sky.

Dead but still living with roots
that clutch and conquer the earth.

Rock-smashed with time will
kindle a new warmth.

— Gail Loundes



Black as my heart are the
men of your tuneless tunnels,
burrowing in the bowels of our earth
with vivid faces and saddened backs.
Grandfather's aching, blue feet as he
trudged wearily and hopefully towards your cruel wheels.
Leaving behind him depression, and walking into paradise:
The paradise of life.
A hard, straight man and miner by nature.
Candid memorial.
Tribute to his work;
Testament to his sweat.

— Gill Harris



PIT BLACK

A MINER

Rough, capable hands that had worked so hard,
Calloused and square they grasped the beer glass.
Broken the nails that had scrabbled and torn
Coal, from its moorings beneath our grim town.
Pitted with black dust, they reeked of the mine
As he joked and he swore there in the pub.
How fine and honest those hands were to me,
They proclaimed work well done and were good to see.

Martin Levitt, Upper Sixth.

A YORKSHIRE INCIDENT

The scene: a dirty street lined on either side with small grimy houses. In the distance lie a muckstack and a chimney belching thick, black smoke.

A little boy of six or seven wearing an odd assortment of clothes runs down the street. "Mam, Mam!" He shouts for all the world to hear. Inside one of the better houses a middle-aged woman rises from her seat.

"Do excuse me, vicar." She steps outside, out of earshot.

"What the hell do you want? The vicar's in there. Don't for God's sake let him see you like that! What do you want any road?"

"Mam, what shift's me dad on?" he says with a note of urgency in his squeaking voice.

"He's on afters, what the hell's up?"

"Mam, Mr. Robinson says you're to go to the pit-head. There's been . . . there's been an accident."

"Look here, if this is another of your bloody pranks, I'll belt you till you're red raw," she says, raising her hand. "No, no, mam, honest, honest mam, cross me heart and hope to die, aw mam, please come, there's some men trapped they say." The woman turns pale as she realises for once in his life her son is telling the truth. Thoughts of bringing up five children on a widow's pension flash through her mind in the course of a second.

"Is anything wrong, Mrs. Hill?" says a well-bred voice behind her.

"Oh, vicar, it's Harold—he's trapped down the pit, dead even."

"Now, now, calm down my dear. I'll take you there in my car."

"Ee, thanks very much vicar. I'm ever so grateful."

On the way to the pit-head the woman sits mumbling through her tears. "If anything happens to him I'll blame meself. It's his back, you see, he wasn't well when he went. He's been a good husband to me despite what folks say. He has his drink but what man dunt eh?" The vicar can see what is ahead. Hours of standing, comforting crying women. Asking who it is as they bring up the bodies one by one.

Even before the car stops the woman flies out and runs to a well-known figure standing next to the shaft helping ambulance men. "Jack, Jack, Harold's

down there in't he? Don't just stand there, say summat."

"Now Hilda, calm down, this has been a bit of a knock for all of us luv. Look luv, sometime, somewhere, one of us has to go: the good Lord takes all of us one by one. Some men die old and some of us die young."

"For Christ's sake stop using bloody fancy words. Harold's dead, he's dead in't he?"

"Yes luv, he's dead."

"I knew afore he set off summat wa gonner happen. I felt it in me bones, I shunta let him come."

"Now Hilly don't blame yourself, he's not the only one".

"Where is he, Jack? Can I see him?"

"Well luv, he's not a bonny sight; you'd best wait a bit".

"No Jack, it dunt matter. I promised meself when he went I'd hold his hand and say a prayer. It's summat I'm not very good at, it's summat I've not had much practice at, but I can try, please where is he?"

"He's in showers luv—you know where the are—if you're sure".

She nods and sets off alone, walking slowly.

Jack looks after her.

"Why in God's name do men have to be bloody miners?" he says angrily, and turns to his work again.

Diane Powell, Third Year.

'ON DAYS'

It's half-past five in the morning,
And the miner starts his shift,
From morning's haze to blackest
 night descends the powerful lift.
His eyes not long from deepest
 sleep adjust to meet the gloom,
He fidgets in the crowded lift
 in search of elbow room.

'Heyup,' says Joe, 'will tha' gerrup
 theer or dost tha' want all t'lift,
tha' tacks more room than any two
and tha's only four foot six'.
'Aw, shut thi gob,' says little Sam
'afore I fill it for thi,
tha's got more yap than our old
 dog, when it chases next door's moggy'.

At last their work is over,
The lift shoots to the day,
The sun is warm upon their backs,
All quarrelling is forgotten as
 they gladly go their ways.
Home to pipe and slippers,
The family round his knees,
He thanks the Lord for his return,
As he sits to take his ease.

Jane Howley, Third Year.

IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING

THE NEW ENGLISH SHAKESPEARE

Tony: Friends, Romans, hippies, let me clue you in.
I come to put down Caesar, not to groove him.
The square kicks that some cats are on stay with them;
The fab bits, like, go down under;
So let it lay with Caesar. The cool Brutus
Gave you the message Caesar had big ideas;
If that's the sound, then someone's copped a plea,
And, like, old Caesar really set them straight.
Here, backed by Brutus and The Group—
For Brutus is a real cool cat;
So are they all, all cool cats really,—
Come I to make this gig at Caesar's lay-by.
He was my boy, the mostest and real gone to me;
But, like, Brutus pegs him as having big ideas;
And old Brutus is a real cool cat.
He copped a lot of swinging heads for home,
Which put us way out with that loot,
Does this give Caesar big ideas?
When the square cats bawled, Caesar flipped;
Big ideas should be made of more solid gear;
Yet Brutus pegs him as having big ideas,
And, sure, he is a real cool cat.
I don't wanna frame what Brutus jived,
But, like, I only dig what comes on straight.
You all got a charge outa him once,
So how come you don't cry the blues for him?
Man! You're real nowhere, way out;
You don't make it anymore. Don't cut out on me;
My guts are in the pad there with old Caesar,
And I gotta stop swinging till they round-trip.

Richard Levitt, Fifth Year.

AN AYRSHIRE AFTERNOON

It wis a nice sunny day, so me 'n' Ailie 'n' Morag a' decided tae go fur a picnic. We made up some pieces, 'n' set off by Capenacre. There used tae be an auld hoose there, but it wis knocked down, 'n' three or fower factories built. Mind you it's still braw, 'cos they've fairly clear'd up the mess 'n' hiv planted roses, in fact there's even a seat ye can sit on.

Well, anyway, we went up by Capenacre, tae we came tae Netherthird. We were a' in a sperity mood. We went doon thro' the long grass, tae we came tae the burn. It's no an awfy big one, but it's big enough fur loupin oer. We followed the burn fur a couple o' miles, throwin' stanes in, 'n' loupin oer it, tae this kindoe wide bit. Morag (the wee tyke) says:

"I bet ye canny loup it Ailie!"

"Come on then," she answered, takin' a long run at it, but she slipped on the bankin' 'n' fell intae the burn. Instad o' gitting out, she just sat there 'n' started tae greet. Morag, feeling kindae guilty, bawled,

"Hiv ye hurt yersel'?"

"No, bit ma claes ure soakin', I'll git hung if a go home like this!"

"Och dinna fash yersel', they'll dry in the sun, 'n' be nane the waur o' the wear," Morag reassured hur. After a wee bit o' argument, Ailie managed tae scramble oot o' the burn.

We walked a bit farer 'n' then hud oor picnic. By this time it wis gettin' late, 'n' we decided even if Ailie's claes were still wet, we wid hiv tae start fur hame. After a long walk doon thro' the fields (the walk wis quickened up here, by the presence of a bull) an' the Murray Park, we arrived back at Cumnock. We split up at the New Station, where Morag assured Ailie, hur muther widnae ken she'd fell in the burn, bit it wid be tellin' a lee tae say she wis braw 'n' snod!

But that w'is Ailie's concern, she should nae except daft dares! I got in late (I said I'd be back fur tea, 'n' it wis now eight o'clock). Ma mither wis angry. I tell'd hur I ettled tae be shiner, bit I wis tagled by Ailie failin' in the field 'n' hurtin' hur ankle. Maybe the story wis a wee bit altered, bit it wis near enough, 'n' it saved me a row, which wid hur wasted a gude day.

Ruby Rankin, Third Year.

POLITICAL SPEECHES—A PERSONAL VIEW

A new trend in political speeches has appeared in recent years. They no longer contain any facts or tangible suggestions; they are merely competitions between 'eloquent' politicians to see who can go on the longest and say the least.

An example of the present day political 'exhortations', with which we are constantly bombarded, is given below. It is part of a speech prepared for Sir Algernon Bartleby-Booth, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Refuse and Sewage. It is reproduced by kind permission of the public relations firm which prepared it, Pros & Cons Ltd.

"Mr. Chairman,—Let me say, straight away, what a pleasure it is for me to be here speaking to you in this town. It is a town for which I, and, of course, my wife, have a very particular and deep affection.

"I would like to say that we live, as you all know, in an era dominated by the winds of change. We see technology nailing its great discoveries to the mast-head of the twentieth century. The age is, I am bound to say, fraught with dangers, but it is, I must add, blessed with opportunities which we can, nay, ought, indeed I would add, must, grasp!

"We are alive to dangers, yet we are eager to play our part in the task of going forward together. It is this spirit of attuning our minds to the clock of this epoch which has made us the great country we are today.

"Such challenges as we face today, however, are far from new. I remember that when similar challenges faced the nation before, I was among the first to see

and combat them. This island has, many times before, set sail against a sea of trouble. This nation has, in the past, produced many Britons, and I am confident that it will continue to do so in the future. This is an island, old in tradition; it is a gem 'set in a sunlit sea, this island, this other Eden, demi-paradise'; this is our 'blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England'!

"To continue, we are facing at this moment, both at home, abroad, and even overseas, certain problems in our economy. Let them be looked on as temporary sores, not as permanent wounds. If we put our noses to the wall and our backs to the grindstone, then our problems will sink below the visible horizon.

"Under the previous government, of course, things were far worse. This Government, I can assure you, quite categorically, is doing everything in its power, short of positive action, which I am sure all of us here would deplore, to alleviate the present difficulties which beset us on all sides.

"Indeed if, and only if, we are confronted with truly grave difficulties today—and I do not, myself, necessarily subscribe to that view—then—and, I emphasise, only then—would the Government feel bound, if such a situation warranted, to give the matter or matters, as they arise, careful consideration.

"Progress is being made, illustrated by our trade figures. Our exports may have slipped a little, but there are signs of a distinct upturn in the downtrend. This progress, this dynamism, is typical of a great, almost mystical, upsurge in contemporary Britain. It is significant of an almost spiritual rejuvenation, with all men and women reaching up to grasp what is not below.

"Let us end on a realistic, yet confident note. Ahead of us, I feel bound to say, lies the future. Let our answer, therefore, to the challenge of our age be 'Yes'. Let us not hesitate to explore every avenue in our search for what lies at the end of the road. I am confident that, from this vantage point in history, we, in this island of ours—in consultation with the Commonwealth, of course—can, indeed, go forward, together!"

(Tumultuous Applause).

Richard Levitt, Fifth Year.

UNWILLINGLY TO SCHOOL?

TRIALS OF LIFE

Agonising months of waiting, moments of doubt and regret, biting nails, clenching fists, and finally the time arrives. Hands, hot and clammy, throbbing heart and pulse, the grade is read. You sigh in relief, because you're not a failure any more.

Jean Colley, Fifth Year.

WITH MY COMPLIMENTS TO THE CHILD

Please miss, please sir,
Can I, may I, if I, shall I,
Teacher wants, and sir says so,
I'm improving, so miss says,
I've got to have a uniform,
The head says that I'm untidy,
You've Got To sign it for teacher,
I need a note—sir wants to see me;
Head wants a word with me
Sir says I'm rather stupid,
Miss won't teach me 'cos I'm thick,
Mum, you're wrong, teacher says so,
My homework's wrong, oh dad, help me.
Sir says you've not to help me,
Master says the same as miss,
Parents make all of the trouble,
They're always right, you're always wrong,
Teacher wants another rise now,
Sir and miss both want more money,
Mum, I'm going to be a teacher.

Katharine Roe, Third Year.

THEY DON'T BELIEVE IN APARTHEID

Non-prefect Upper Sixth Formers are second class citizens! And, speaking as a non-prefect, it is not much fun. We are made to feel more and more inferior because of our ever-decreasing numbers.

It is not the prefects themselves who make us feel like this, it is simply the existence of this 'privileged class' which seems so undemocratic. We seem to have no say in anything, but are forced to 'knuckle under' to people younger than ourselves. We are completely devoid of privileges, despite our seven untroublesome years at this establishment.

The people who subject us to this treatment, the Staff and those who make these humiliating rules, seem to stand against apartheid, so why don't they practise what they preach and give us a chance to redeem ourselves and recover our self-respect?

Janice Edwards, Upper Sixth.

THE NEW ASSEMBLIES

The general opinion throughout the Upper School on the new style morning assemblies instigated and encouraged by Mr. Turner, is that they are a definite improvement on the traditional hymn, Bible reading and prayer assemblies which were considered so dull by many, that very few people really thought about what was said, let alone formed an opinion.

When first the “trendy assemblies” were performed, we averaged two interesting morning-starters per week with a few pioneers among both pupils and staff braving the icy and very critical stare of the Upper School. Ideas and styles have snowballed lately and more and more people are coming forward with greater confidence and fewer inhibitions.

Many of the assemblies have been organised by Miss Alex and Mr. Rogers, two students who joined the teaching staff in the Easter Term. By forming a folk group, they added special interest and achieved the almost impossible—getting the School to join in with their songs, thus accomplishing our aim of full participation, doing justice to the word “assembly”.

However, reactions vary:

A Member of Staff: I disapprove. The topics dealt with should not be covered in school assemblies. They should be **discussed** in R.I. lessons so both sides can be heard. I prefer traditional assemblies.

A Lower Sixth Former: They let you know how other people think. They connect God with everyday life, not just the Scriptures.

A Lower Sixth Former: Terrible. The old ones were much better. In the new assemblies there is not enough mention of God.

An Upper Sixth Former: The only religion dealt with so far has been Christianity; what about introducing other religions?

An Upper Sixth Former: The qualities and quantities vary, but on the whole they are interesting.

An Upper Sixth Former: Most of the themes are good, but some are not put over very well.

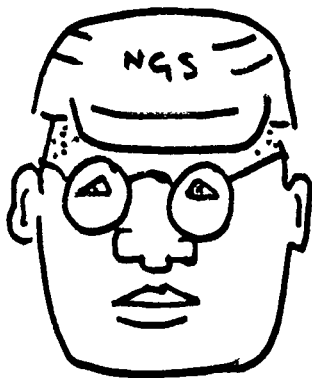
A Member of Staff: In principle they are a good idea, but they are very time-consuming in preparation. No Catholic can go in which defeats the whole purpose of assembly. Everyone should be able to join in. However, I would wish to see fewer assemblies like this, as they can become too flippant.

An Upper Sixth Former: They are developing into a drag again.

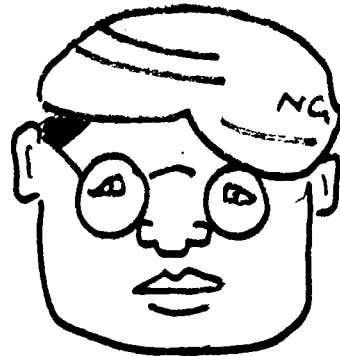
A Fifth Former: More people listen because they are more interesting.

Whether the views be for or against, the new assemblies have at least aroused interest in what goes on in the School and provide pupils with a stage from which to express their ideas fairly freely. Of course you can't please everybody, but everybody does have the chance to do what he thinks ought to be done and the best part is that people are doing just that.

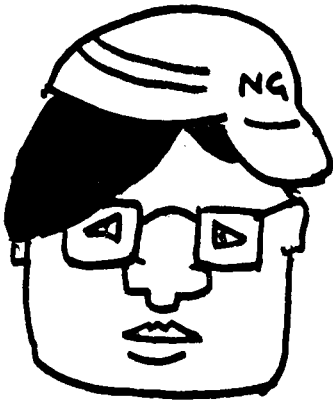
Briony Burdon, Upper Sixth.



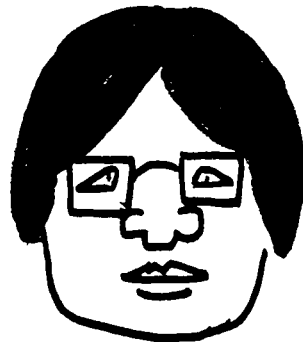
FIRST FORM



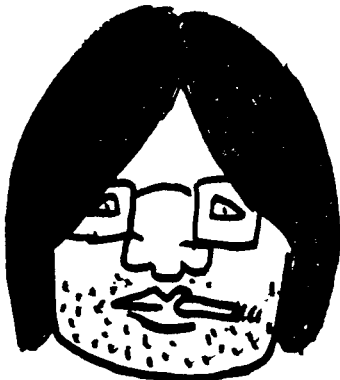
SECOND FORM



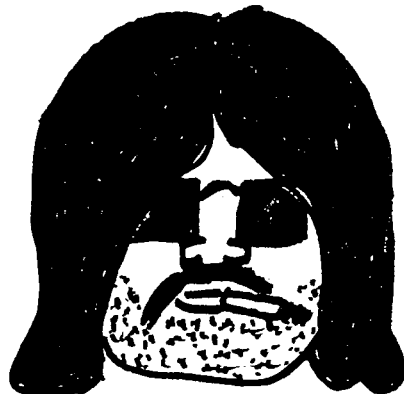
THIRD FORM



FOURTH FORM



FIFTH FORM



SIXTH FORM

KB

LOVE IS A MANY-SPLENDoured THING

IF

I would clasp the sun
Out of a morning sky
And send it to you on wings
Of butterflies
If only you would turn
And call my name.

I would turn the raging
Of a hundred gales,
And bring them low, and calm across
A thousand seas
On feather sails
If only I could own
A segment of your soul.

Beverley Kerton, Third Year.

WALK IN THE RAIN

It's one of those dark cold nights, and the rain is falling heavily.

I love to walk on these nights to give myself peace of mind, time to think clearly and sort myself out. I am at this stage now, trying hard to think why I ever put up with John.

He is nineteen and has dark hair and eyes. He's a wonderful boy really and we've been going together for nearly two years. It's just that he always puts me second, or even third—never first.

With John it was always, "Sorry Janet but I did promise Dave I'd help him decorate," or even, "Oh Janet, sometimes you make me sick. Don't we have others to think about besides you and me?"

Then tonight it all came to a head.

John had promised faithfully that he'd take me to the big dance at the Town Hall. I'd got myself ready and when John came I had my coat on, but he had to mess things up.

"I'm sorry Janet," he said, "but our Jean came down and asked if we'd baby-sit for her. She's going out to dinner with Tony and his boss. I told her you wouldn't mind, so please hurry, love. I promised we'd be there before eight."

I stood there, a great hurt in my heart.

"Oh John, how could you? You'll just never learn, will you? It just doesn't matter how much you hurt me, as long as you make the rest of the world happy."

I'll never forget the look of bewilderment on John's face as I ran from the house, slamming the garden gate behind me.

And now I'm walking in the rain, crying like a baby, but I've made up my mind. I will forget John even if it breaks me, even though I love him so much.

Now I'm crying even more and I've just got to stop. It's not helping me any.

I've just reached the house, but as my hand touches the garden gate, I see John waiting—for me. After all this time, he is soaked to the skin.

"I thought maybe you'd have been home before now, Janet," he says, in a forlorn voice.

I just stand there staring at him.

"Didn't you baby-sit for Jean?"

"No, I phoned her to say I couldn't make it," he answers.

"But I thought—I mean you could have gone. I wasn't here. Why did you wait John?"

I hold my breath, hardly daring to hear his answer.

"I didn't want to go, not without you, Janet," he whispers. "It was true: what you said about me hurting you and it was only tonight when you weren't here that I realised it. I don't blame you if you want to finish with me, but I'm sorry for ever hurting you, Janet, and even if I never see you again I'll always love you."

His voice has a gentleness I'd almost forgotten was there and I know he's telling me the truth. I also know now that no matter how much John could hurt me I can never give him up. My voice begins to break.

"Do you know something John? You've just made this night the best that's ever been."

"Do you mean you still want me, Janet?" His face lights up like the morning sun.

And John kisses me gently and the look in his dark eyes tells me that I'm the only person that he's going to keep happy from now on.

Janet Willox, Fifth Year.

DEVOTION

You can't make the sun stop shining,
You can't make the skies turn grey;
You can't make the moon stop rising,
Or stop night from turning into day.
—You can't, can you?

You can't make the grass stop growing,
You can't make the seas run dry;
You can't make the dead alive again,
Or make the happy ones cry.
—You can't, can you?

You can't make the stars stop gleaming,
Or stop the early morning dew;
You can't make the old ones young again,
And you can't make me stop loving you!
—No, you can't!

Maureen Saul, Third Year.

WOOD AND HOLIDAY

I wish I could have turned and gone back, and slowly, floatingly walk towards you, and given you a sweet malteser and a phone number to call me. We could think of joining our smiles, and of a walk in the pinewoods over mossed-up velvet bridges, beneath the babycham fountains, across the well-trod pathways, through the crackling bracken, where linnets' nests are showing because all the leaves have fallen. It's a pity I didn't.

Stephen Harrison, Upper Sixth.

PARTING

The time has come
to end the story,
to end those days,
to remember their glory.
Now memory will fade
as winter rains
On our summer days.
No more. Now no more.
I have made too many memories,
Even the wind will not blow them away.
Now I talk to hide feelings
And stop my heart from
Speaking in my eyes;
Now the days are empty.
So ordinary a thing as loss
Comes now, and touches me.

Ian Ayriss, Upper Sixth.

ALONE IN A CROWD

SITUATION VACANT

She had eaten her Sunday dinner: she had eaten it, but had not enjoyed it. She never did. Every Sunday Mary went to church and then came back to her New Zealand lamb chop, tinned veg and 'Family Favourites': no-one she knew ever sent a request. But she knew very few people and those she did know, never acted unusually. They were just ordinary people like her.

And she washed her plate and put it back on top of the pile, which she only moved when she cleaned the cupboard out. They were nice plates; handed down by her grandmother, they were relics of 'better times'. It was a pity they were never used—but no-one ever came to dinner. Mary always dined alone. She mended the fire, adding knobs of coal, sparingly. It was not that she was unable to afford a large fire, but it would seem rather a waste of heat for hers were the only feet to be warmed by these flames. As she swept the hearth and straightened the worn rug, she considered that next Sunday she might go out for the day. But no, that would be a luxury. Besides, traditional Sundays were a habit with her and you do not break habits, even depressing ones: that takes too much effort. She would stay in her own little rut . . .

Mary woke, conscious of a gnawing stiffness in her joints. Had anyone been with her, she would have explained the ache away, saying, jokingly, that old age was creeping up. However, old age was not an amusing prospect—it was an unavoidable something, which one viewed with apprehension and loathing. But, reflected Mary, it could not be much more loathsome than life was now.

She folded up the newspaper and pushed it under the cushion: she had absorbed her weekly quota of sensationalism from 'The News of the World' exclusives: Picking up 'The Telegraph', she scanned the headlines, then dropped it into her shopping-bag—reading it over morning-coffee made a good impression at the office. Easing herself out of the chair, Mary crossed to the window, and, pressing her face negroid against the glass, she looked out over a life which had passed her by and never acknowledged her. The warm sun had drawn the young couples and families from their little boxes into the park. It was quite a conventional Sunday afternoon scene and the banality attracted Mary. She would go for a walk; at least she could tell the girls at work that she had been out, and with a little adaptation and exaggeration here and there . . .

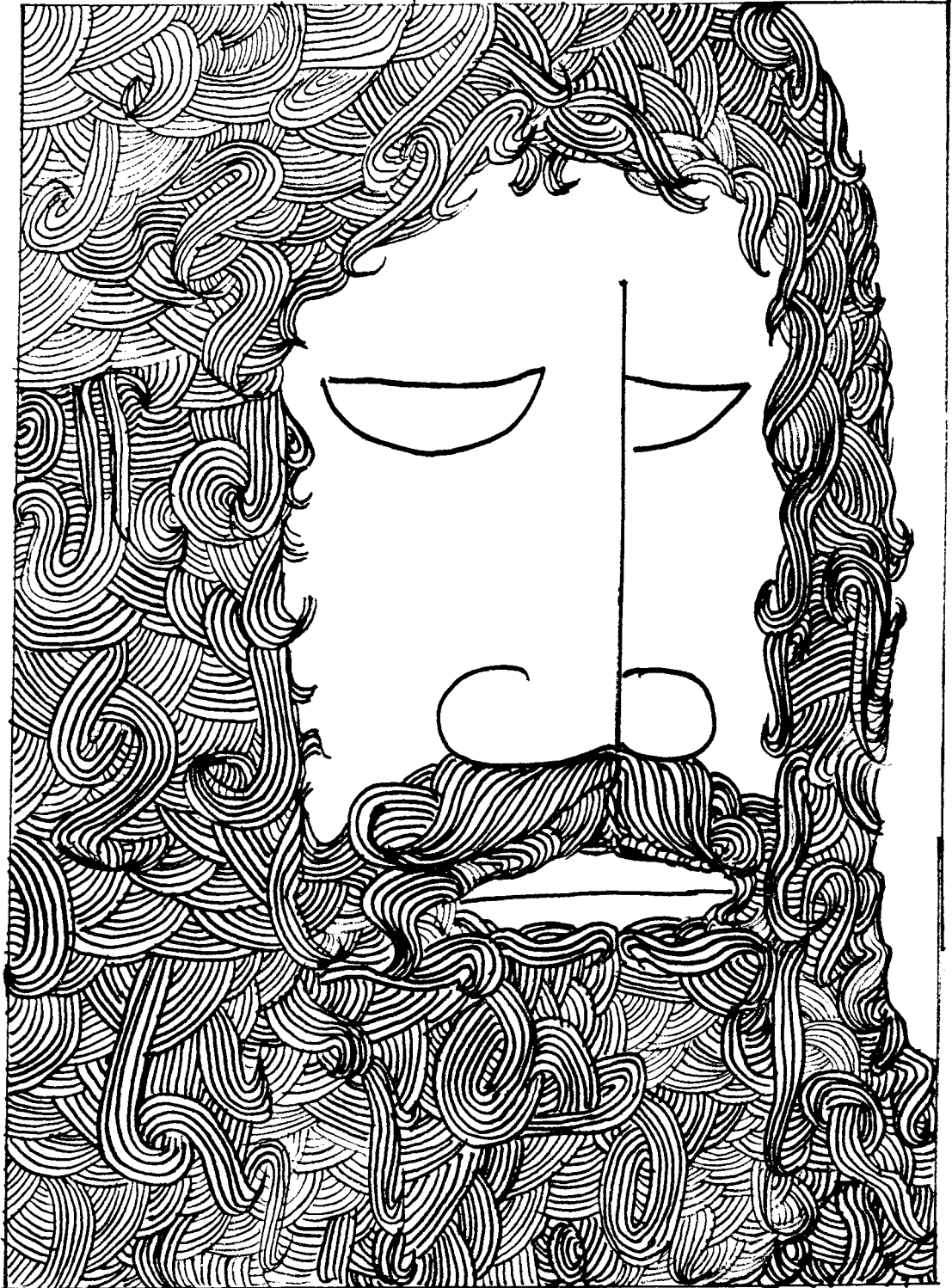
She dressed quickly and then went through the routine check she made each time she went out—

"... fire-guard up, kettle filled, taps off . . ."

— she repeated as her gaze wondered around the rented room, which had an air of neglect and dowdiness. Quite respectable though, just like Mary. She locked the door, but paused to try the handle again before pocketing the key and walking away. Now she could rest assured that no-one would invade her privacy.

The police said that the man they arrested, admitted he had only wanted her money — that was all, nothing more; and the coroner recorded death due to asphyxiation. Her landlady told the neighbours that it could not have happened to a quieter and more harmless person and then went up to Mary's room, put net curtains up and stuck a 'Vacancies' sign in the window. She padded downstairs again to keep the whisky bottle company until a suitable applicant applied, who wanted a cheap room and no visitors after ten o'clock.

Helen Tippey, Lower Sixth



HIRSUTE

Keith Brighton, Upper Sixth

A CYNICAL VIEW OF LIFE

What purpose has man in life?
Maybe we are a mistake

We cannot have been intended
To fight and kill and destroy.

No, not us. We are civilized.
Civilized? Ha! In these brand new

Bright 'Seventies, we are faced with
Poverty, disease, war, a population

Explosion after every electricity strike,
Yet what do we do?

Do? Us? We are civilised.
We build nuclear weapons.

What purpose has man in life?

Diane Powell, Third Year

THE SILENT HELL

Depressed,
Worn out,
A living intelligence
Inside a tired frame
Seeks for eternal rest,
Never finding it
But still seeking afresh,
Each day,
To find an escape:
— Hopelessly,
Then retiring inside
— Once again !
Life becomes unbearable,
The pain of living grows worse.
People are artificial;
Life is artificial;
Why carry on
— deceiving ?
There must be an answer
. . . And one day there is !
The answer lies in the kitchen drawer.
A gleaming, pointed, newly-sharpened answer
Awaiting its chance
To end the silent hell.

Clare Dalby, Fifth Year

LIFE IS

Good and bad,
Happy and unhappy,
Kind and unkind.
It is inconsiderate,
Or cares greatly.
It loves and hates,
It makes and breaks.
It is often friendly
Most times not.
Life is — and life is not.

Ruth Yates, Third Year

THE DEPRIVED

Cold, dark, secluded, closed-up people,
Withdrawn from everyone else,
Draped in their gowns of gloom.
Trapped in their gowns of gloom.
Stubborn pride knows no bounds in them,
Bitterness lulls their minds.
It won't budge until hatred takes it over,
No friends, witch-like figures muffled by a mean fire.

Just existing, life like Scrooge's,
Bent bodies, knobbled hands, bony-thin faces;
Like war victims that deserve handicaps,
For what they have done and become,
Knotted brains, minds in a stinking rut,
Full of sarcastic criticism,
— and we can't help them.

Katharine Roe, Third Year.



IDEAS AND INFORMATION

IT'S A LIBERTY?

Genesis Chapter Two says that God took a rib from Adam whilst he was sleeping and from it he made woman. Many people will laugh at this and say that woman has been a pain in the chest ever since, but considering that woman is of the same substance as man perhaps she should receive more respect. Scientists have underlined the biological differences between the male and female bodies, but each has its own advantages and disadvantages and each has its own functions and purposes. Earlier in this century the Suffragettes showed how the “weaker sex” could fight for the things in life that they wanted, and succeed, and once more in our space age society women are rebelling against their opposites for “liberation”. Will they achieve their goal by pinching men’s bottoms and burning bras? More important still, are women justified in rebellion?

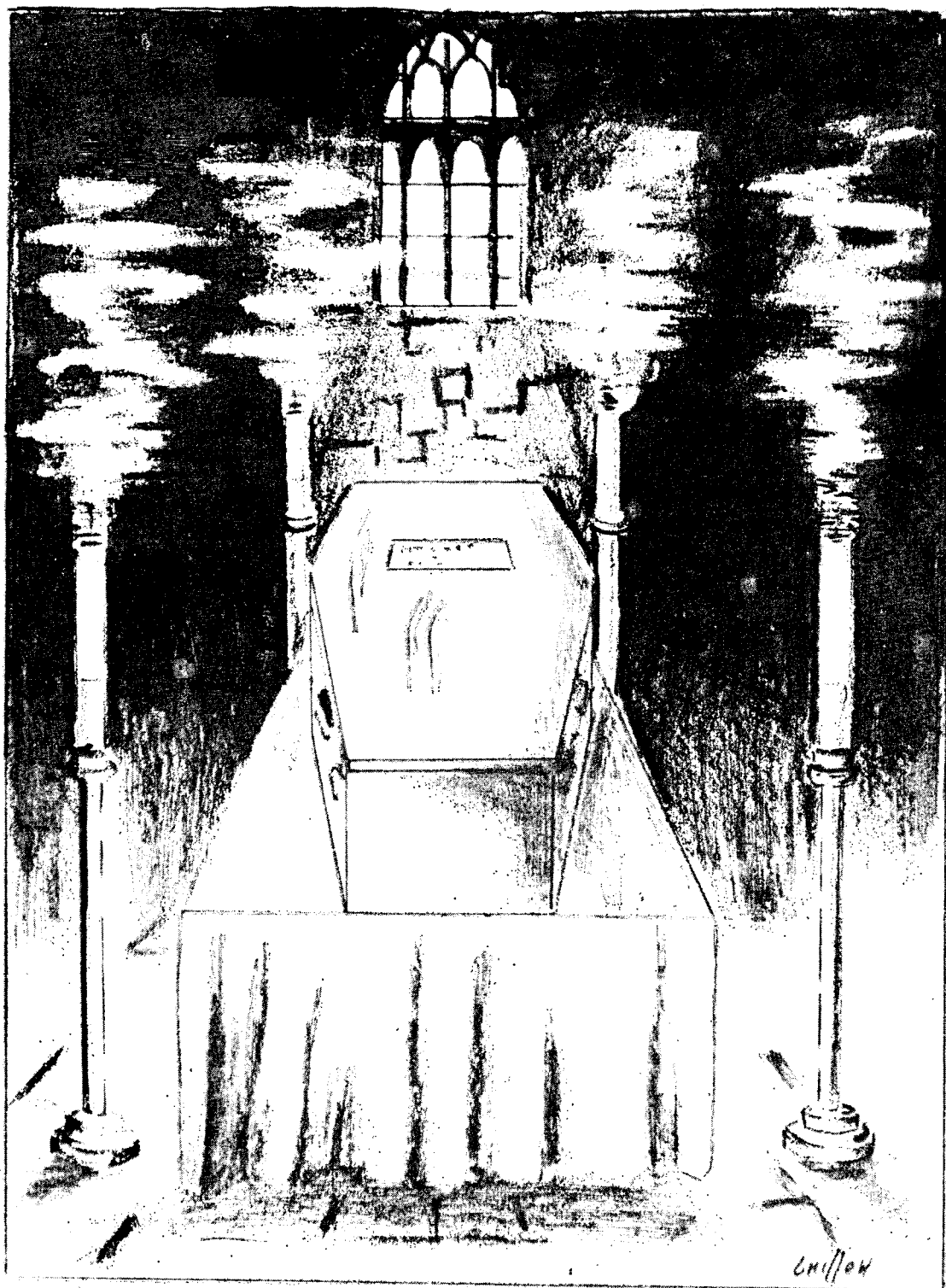
It is a known fact that women are weaker than men; men can do heavier jobs than women, but not all jobs need physical strength—many jobs today are concerned only with intelligence and many females have more of this than many males. We often hear some ignorant, stubborn man saying, “I don’t like witty women. I want someone to cook for me, look after me and bear my children.” This is a common view and expresses clearly the attitude of many men towards women—they look upon them as sex objects and as servants to do all their dirty work for them. Admittedly, it is usual for the man to go out and work to keep his wife and family and he has a lot of responsibility, but can he not see how much lighter this burden would be if only he would share it with his wife? The factory acts of the nineteenth century prevented women from going down mines and rightly so, for their bodies are not made for such work, but in the First World War, they showed that they can adapt themselves to men’s work if need be.

It was after the First World War that women began to go out to work and find interests outside the home and family. Education for a girl is now considered **almost** as important as for a boy. However, equality has not quite been reached. It is true that in this country women have a fairer deal than in others. A recent newspaper article stated that in Japan the situation is so bad that a girl can be doing exactly the same work as her boyfriend and yet she will receive less than half of his wage. Surely in such cases something is wrong somewhere? If women can do the same work as men, then they should be paid equal wages.

Many women, however, like to feel inferior to men. They enjoy making themselves look attractive, in order to please the opposite sex, they want to feel martyrs to some husky, handsome man, they like being pampered. As the saying goes, “It is everyone to her own taste,” but I feel that it is wrong to encourage someone to feel superior all of the time.

At the same time, why should it always be the man who earns the family’s living? In many cases a marriage would work better if the husband stayed at home, looked after children, did the housework, and cooked, whilst the wife went out to work. This reversal of roles could, perhaps, improve many marriages, if each person did the other one’s job, if only for a short period.

I can understand that the mechanism of the world would break down if all females acted like Amazons; however there is still room for their plight to be



HE GAVE IT UP

Marcel Guillou, Upper Sixth

remedied. They receive an unfair deal in many ways, but these basically stem from the fact that women are the ones who have to bear children. In these days of modern science when a woman can go on the Birth Pill and make the choice of whether or not she wants a family, then her position in society can change, indeed it is changing. There is still much to be done, though, and I personally am looking forward to the day when science has reversed the roles completely and a further choice can be made—whether the husband or the wife carries the children! With the advances made so far in the world, who knows what might happen?

Anne Westwood, Lower Sixth

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS. WELL?

Uncle Sam has the Atom Bomb

So Hiroshima's time has come.

We'll show a few tricks, to these little nips—

and 200,000 people were killed on August 12th, in eight seconds.

I know it's the old story: wagging my pious little finger in righteous indignation at the naughty Americans. But it appears to me that quite a few of our younger readers may not fully appreciate the horror of Hiroshima. Indeed, the name may have little significance for them, and it is chiefly for them that I am setting down these few ideas.

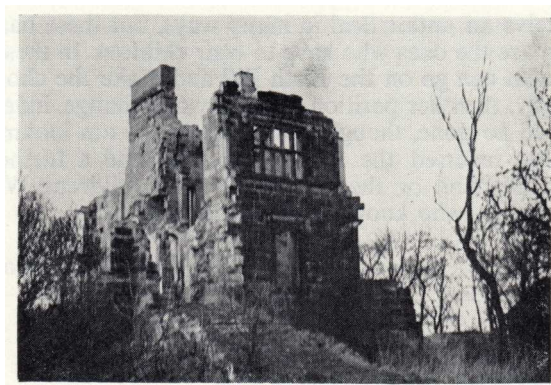
Look again at the last line of the verse. Hard to imagine 200,000 people? Visualise two Wembley Stadia on F.A. Cup Final Day. Then read the verse again. In that short time those 200,000 people lay dead. But don't be mistaken; they were the relatively lucky ones. Of the thousands who "survived", many are still dying today, a quarter of a century later, because of the after-effects.

Of the dead: lay those 200,000 people end-to-end and they wouldn't stretch very far. Why? Well the only remains of some victims were imprints on the road where they had died. Ashes to Ashes. Have you ever seen the pretty pattern of a new dress, imprinted on a girl's back? Can you imagine putting your hand on someone's head and on withdrawing your hand taking his hair with you? Have you ever seen eyes that resemble dehydrated peas? And don't believe that everything is all right now, twenty five years later. The horror is not simply that of the victims. What about the women who were pregnant at the time, can you imagine what kind of children were born to them?

A special museum has been built in Japan, in remembrance of Hiroshima (and of course Nagasaki), and on display are such delicacies as the preserved skin of victims. Straight out of Alfred Hitchcock isn't it? Only there's a difference. This is for real. Okay, so I go on a bit. But remember this. Hiroshima doesn't just belong to Japan; it belongs to everyone, including you and me and Uncle Sam. It's our heritage.

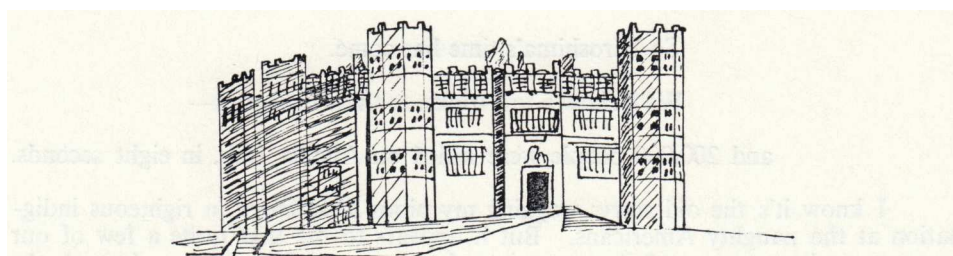
For what we have received may the Lord make us truly thankful. Amen.

Paul Golding, Upper Sixth.



THEN and NOW :

Drawing by Cynthia Marshall, Photo by Stephen Clarke



HEATH OLD HALL

About six years ago, a few friends and I were enjoying our Easter holidays when, near the Heath Common, we came across an old cart-track with two large, black stone gate-posts—one on either side. We followed the track and found an enormous pile of large, old-fashioned bricks which looked as if they belonged to some old castle or other—this pile of rubble was the remnants of the once strong and mighty Heath Old Hall. This place interested me enough to make me want to find out more about it, which I did and this is part of my findings.

As you follow the Kirkthorpe Road over the Common from Wakefield, the gate-posts are on the left hand side and at the far side of the Green, and they are situated so that they face the present Heath Hall. The Old Hall occupies a commanding position on the right bank of the Calder, and around it are the remains of a wood. Originally, the view from the gabled roof-top of the Hall would have included: Crofton Church, the woods around Walton and Chevet and the ancient Chantry Chapel, also—impossible for us to imagine—the Calder valley with a stream of clear, sparkling, unpolluted water where the old Colonel Smythe could fish for trout.

The Hall itself was built by John Kaye in the early years of the Tudor dynasty. The walls were three feet thick, it had three floors, a flight of steps and a terrace at the front. It was almost a perfect square of 74 feet and there were two octagonal towers at each end of the front side. The inside was very ornate; for example it had Kaye's coat of arms and an almost unique "Jezebel" mantlepiece of which it was very proud—the mantlepiece being made out of Caen stone and carved in Flemish style. Many alterations to both the Hall's interior and its exterior

were made by various owners during those three centuries when it was lived in. Less than one hundred yards away from the Hall, to the South, there stands an enormous tower which, except for its interior and roof, is almost intact. There is a spring under this tower which is called—and was used as—the Water Tower, since it supplied the water for the residents of Heath Hall by means of a complicated conveying system. John Kaye was the first to occupy Heath Old Hall and he came from Oakenshaw. In a letter to Sir Thomas Gargrave of Nostell Priory to Lord Burleigh in 1572, Kaye was described as a member of the lesser gentry of Yorkshire and as an Anglican.

The most powerful and picturesque figure amongst the dwellers of the Old Hall was Lady Mary Bolles who lived during very disturbing times. She saw part of Elizabeth I's reign, the whole of James I's and Charles I's reigns, the Protectorate and the restoration of Charles II in 1660. Lady Bolles was created a Baronetess during the reign of Charles I and was one of the only two ladies to be given such a title. A Baronetcy, a title which was invented during Charles I's reign as a method of obtaining money, was the title of a knighthood which was inherited by the descendants of the original Baronet: the title was bought by the gentry and not merited. During her life there was a change of the established religion, a change of dynasty, she also saw a change from King to Commonwealth and vice versa. She was actually at Heath when Wakefield was captured by Cromwell's troops during the Civil War. The death of Lady Bolles was followed by a series of gifts to the poor, as stated in her will, a six week long burial party, and a promise that, if the room in which she breathed her last was not sealed up forever, she would haunt the Hall. The room was sealed but re-opened and, true to her word, "the Grey Lady" began to haunt Heath Old Hall. The Ghost was exorcised and disappeared down "Lady Bolles' Well" but, according to some, she still haunts the Old Hall today.

Now then, if you have a little time to spare, go and have a look at the pile of rubble up the cart-track—but what you really see there are the remains of a once proud, mighty, historic masterpiece of our district. The splendour and the strength last on, but the details are missing. Something which might seem laughable now is that in her book "The Old Hall at Heath", Lady Mary Green says, in 1888, that the Hall has stood for three hundred years and there is no reason why it should not last another three hundred, for eighty years later, we see it in ruins. The book by Lady Green is the best authority on the Hall and it is to be highly recommended.

Tony Garfitt, Upper Sixth.

ANOTHER THEORY OF THE UNIVERSE?

The mystery of the origin of the universe has intrigued mankind from his earliest days. From the writer of Genesis to Albert Einstein, cosmologists (and crackpots) have been formulating theories. Not to be outdone, I have got my own theory.

Astronomers, while examining the spectrum of distant galaxies, discovered (much to their confusion) that the spectral lines were all moved down towards the red (low energy) end of the visible spectrum. They named this phenomenon the Red Shift and interpreted it as being due to the Doppler Effect. This implies that the universe is expanding exceedingly rapidly into empty space. This seems to me to be dreadfully wasteful of a good universe.

I suggest that, as light travels from a distant galaxy, its energy is very gradually “dissolved” in space or “the Aether”—thus reddening it, and at the same time matter is being “crystallised” out. This arrangement is in accordance with the law of conservation of mass/energy, which we scientists cherish, and in part, the steady state theory (which, though, allows that energy is lost, and matter appears from nowhere to replace it. It also supposes an expanding or pulsating universe.).

This “soluble light” theory has one large, philosophical drawback—it requires the universe to be finite and unbounded, that is, bent back on itself like a three-dimensional analogue of a circle, so that it is self-contained. This raises awkward questions; what is outside it? No one can visualise such a question.

Kenneth Howe, Upper Sixth.

FOR ADULTS ONLY

Home winemaking gives you an excellent hobby and at the same time an end product which is very enjoyable. This product can also be compared with commercially made wines, and is also very cheap to make.

One of the most essential elements in home winemaking is extreme patience. To hurry the process can be disastrous. Different people prefer a different type of wine. The three flavours are sweet, medium and dry. Myself, I prefer dry.

Wines can be made from different sources. Blackberry wine is produced from fruit, potato wine is made from a root vegetable, and wines can also be produced from cereal crops, for instance rice wine. People find it hard to believe, but wine can also be made from flower petals. One example of this is dandelion wine. A common source of winemaking is tinned grape juice, which can be purchased from just about any shop to do with winemaking. From this tinned grape juice many different wines can be made, along with different flavours. Ports, Sherries, dinner wines (both red and white), Burgundies and Hocks can all be made from tinned grape juice.

Various items are needed to start home winemaking: a plastic container, a gallon fermenting jar, a cork and air lock, a syphon or a funnel, filter paper, sugar and yeast. The type of yeast is dependent on the wine being made.

At the moment at my home some sherry is under way. To make the sherry all the above items are needed. All the equipment has to be sterilised in hot water. The first steps in making sherry are quite easy. Firstly, the contents of the tin are poured into the plastic bucket. The sugar and yeast are added next, as instructed. Water is next, before putting all the contents into the gallon fermenting bottle. The air lock is fitted into the cork and then both pieces of apparatus are fitted into the bottle. The fermentation begins when the yeast starts feeding on the sugar, turning it into alcohol.

The way to get a sound fermentation is to keep the wine at a constant temperature: about 65 to 70° Fahrenheit. This process usually takes about five or six weeks. While fermentation is in progress there are solids suspended in the liquid. When fermentation is over the wine will clear.

The next step is to bottle the wine. This can be done by syphoning it into the bottle by means of a long plastic tube, or by using a filter paper and a funnel. The longest wait of all comes after the bottles have been corked tightly. The wine is left to mature. The minimum is six months. Of course the longer the wine is left, the more flavour it develops.

So from this account one may see the simplicity of winemaking. The cheapness must also be remembered. Each bottle of sherry, which holds just over one pint, will work out at 12½p if one has the equipment. Commercial sherry ranges from 55p upwards. Each bottle of blackberry wine works out at 2½p.

The greatest pleasure, of course, comes when the wine is ready to drink. In most cases it is absolutely delicious.

Peter Sykes, Third Year.

ARMISTICE

red poppy petals in

metal park

litterbin—

rusting tin

hat marks

another

grave.

Louise Poulson, Lower Sixth.

CAREERS

DOWN IN THE MOUTH

A Career in Dentistry

My school days were ruled by a despairing father and a delighted Latin Master. A despairing father, as he saw my decline from 2A, through 3A, 4B and my final precipitation into 5C, and my regression from "Quite good" to "Does not understand the verb "to try" ". A delighted Latin master, not I must hastily add because of my mastery of "Sum, es, est," but because of my progress in the game aptly described by my English tutor as "A set of hooligans, fifteen each side, chasing an oval piece of inflated leather"!

So, drifting through the intricacies of education, a final showdown became inevitable. It was decided that a career in Chemistry was to be my aim.

Fate decreed otherwise. Returning home from the last rugger match of the season, bloody but unbowed, I presented my parents with a glorious smile of five and one half teeth instead of the usual six. A veil shall cover the next most painful few minutes, but the end-result was to be seated in the local dentist's chair praying for a rapid and painless extraction.

With great professional skill and patience this dental surgeon performed far more glamorous treatment. The result was that some weeks later I ended up with a beautifully restored tooth which I have to this day, some thirty years later.

I was so impressed, I decided there and then I was to look down in the mouth for the rest of my life. What follows is to help those of you who may be considering the same career.

Application to dental school is exactly as for any University course, through U.C.C.A. Entrance requirements vary slightly for each University, but basically 5 'O' levels and 3 'A' levels are required. Usually the 'A' levels have to be Physics, Chemistry and Biology, but occasionally Maths can be substituted. Generally speaking a smattering of Latin is also helpful, particularly with a view to the anatomical and pharmacological terms. Otherwise how should we know that we sit on our Gluteus Maximus, or what Mitte 20 tablets means (I trust there are no Latin students around).

From a personal angle there are many qualities one must have or be capable of developing. I only now begin to realise how fortunate I was in my spot decision to take Dentistry. Never mind for the moment paper qualifications, ask yourself some simple yet pointed questions. Have I patience to sit down and do a jigsaw? Can I repair a fuse, wall-paper a room? Do I prefer to be a lone-wolf or do I prefer people? Have I the sympathy for other people's troubles? If the answer is "Yes" you are on the way to success. If not, forget about Dentistry; work with machines, they have no personality.

Training lasts for about 4½ to 5½ years, depending on the course one wishes to take.

To start with the dental student is kept well away from the public and one wonders at times when training is really going to begin. But remember, patience. The first year usually is spent in the D.R. (dissecting room). There all the intricacies

of Anatomy are unfolded and we learn that not only do we sit on our Gluteus Maximus but we smile with Orbicularis Orris. We live in the Physiology department and learn that Cheyne Stokes breathing is not due to passion or asthma, as some of the UVI may think, but due to weakness. We study Pharmacology, the use and action of drugs. All these subjects tend to give an insight into the human body and make one confident enough to accept the challenge of meeting the public. After this initiation one is ready to start dentistry, and slowly but surely the dental student is firstly allowed to inspect a mouth and give his views. From here he starts to take impressions (plaster moulds) of a mouth and make false teeth under strict supervision. Eventually the student is allowed to start drilling and filling teeth. At first this is only on the "phantom" (a false head with rubber cheeks and teeth extracted from the human mouth, set in plaster). This allows him to become used to the feel of his instruments and techniques, until one day a real live person is entrusted to his care for an operation which can be painful, and his real skill in manipulation begins to show.

After this start the remainder of the course is spent in practice, learning various techniques, and Pathology, which for the more morbid is exciting during the time one spends in the post mortem room.

Qualifications vary immensely. The basic one is Bachelor of Dental Surgery, B.D.S., followed by M.D.S. (Master), F.D.S. (Fellow), or perhaps even a Ph.D. (Doctor of Philosophy), but basically the B.D.S. is sufficient for general practice.

The branches of Dental surgery that open up after qualifying are immense. General practice is most usual, but hospital appointments, teaching and research are all available. School dental services, Armed Forces, or even Administration where one does not actively practice Dentistry, are all possibilities.

Materially of course the rewards are impossible to measure. If one takes public appointments such as School or Armed Forces, salaries should never fall much below £2,000 initially, and rise with experience. Holidays or leave in these branches, plus the possibility of travel in the Forces, are attractive. I, myself, travelled through Egypt, Cyprus and Turkey at government expense.

Private practice is or can be much harder work, depending on what one wants out of life, but the government have set a target net income of £4,000 plus per annum. Very good pay indeed.

The greatest rewards, particularly in private practice, are independence and the satisfaction of curing pain and restoring tissue damage.

Reverting to my earlier remarks about having my tooth repaired after rugby. My dentist still looks with pride 30 years after. Sufficient testimony!

The black side of Dentistry? Of course there are innumerable drawbacks, frustrations and so on. What job has none? Long hours at the chairside with subsequent varicose veins (You ask the insurance agents); perversity of the public (some people are never satisfied); pressure of work because of the shortage of dental surgeons; National Health clerical work takes so much time that practical working hours are lost. All my friends wake up one morning and decide it is a beautiful day for golf. What about me, will I go? A quick glance at the appointment book—"Yes, if you go in a month's time."

But nevertheless, regardless of all our grumbles, the rewards are greater.

My advice to anyone who wishes to take up Dentistry is simple. If you are patient and able to use your hands, get into a most rewarding profession. The rest will all come with experience; and above all, remember in this day and age no machine will ever replace you. You can never become redundant or unemployed.

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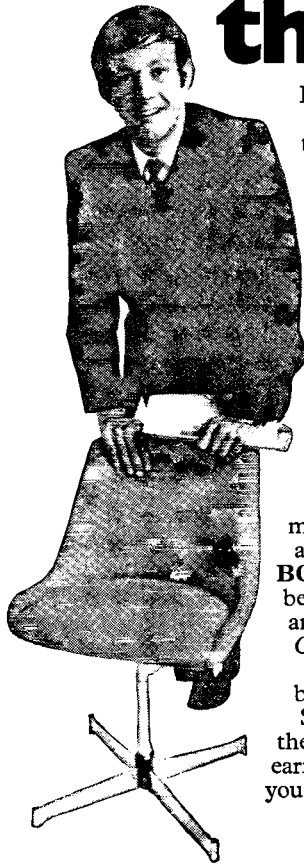
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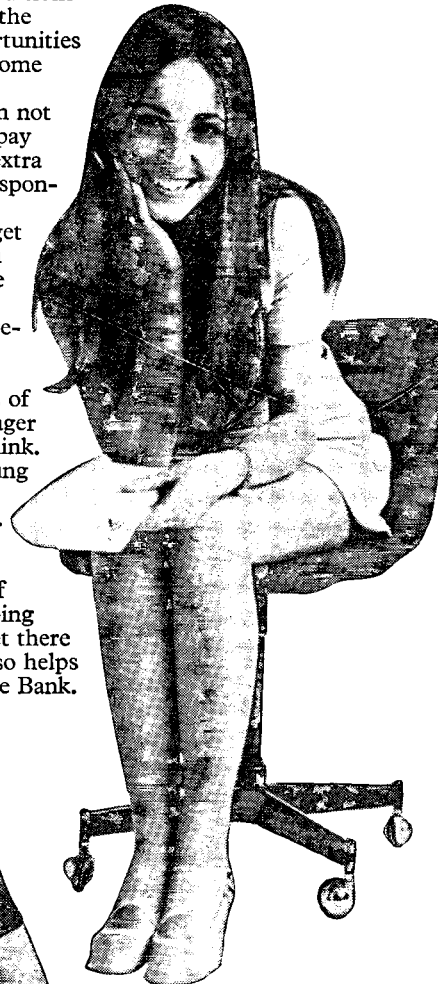


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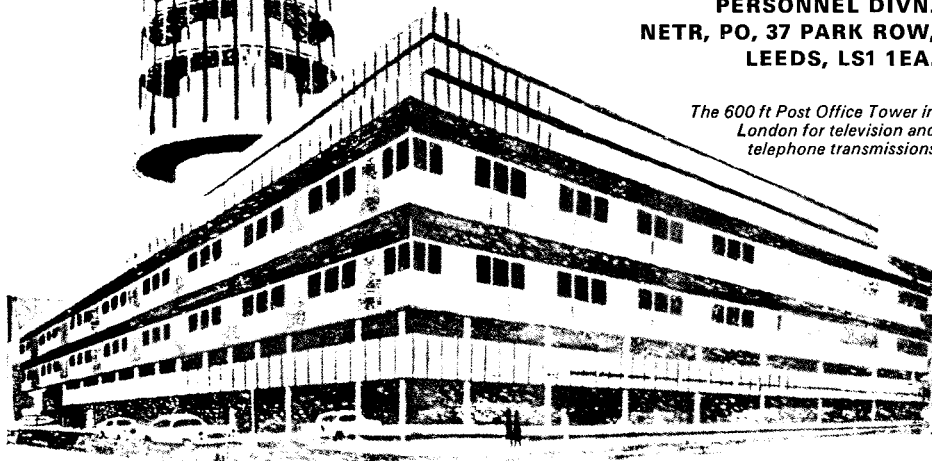
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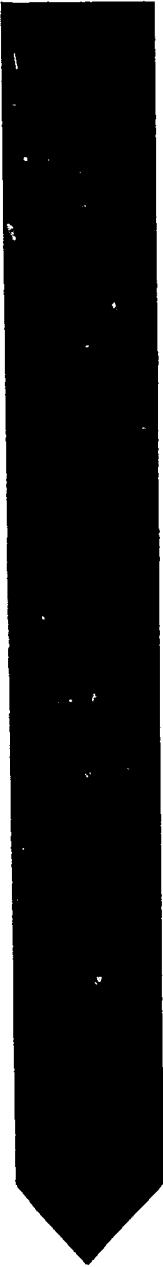
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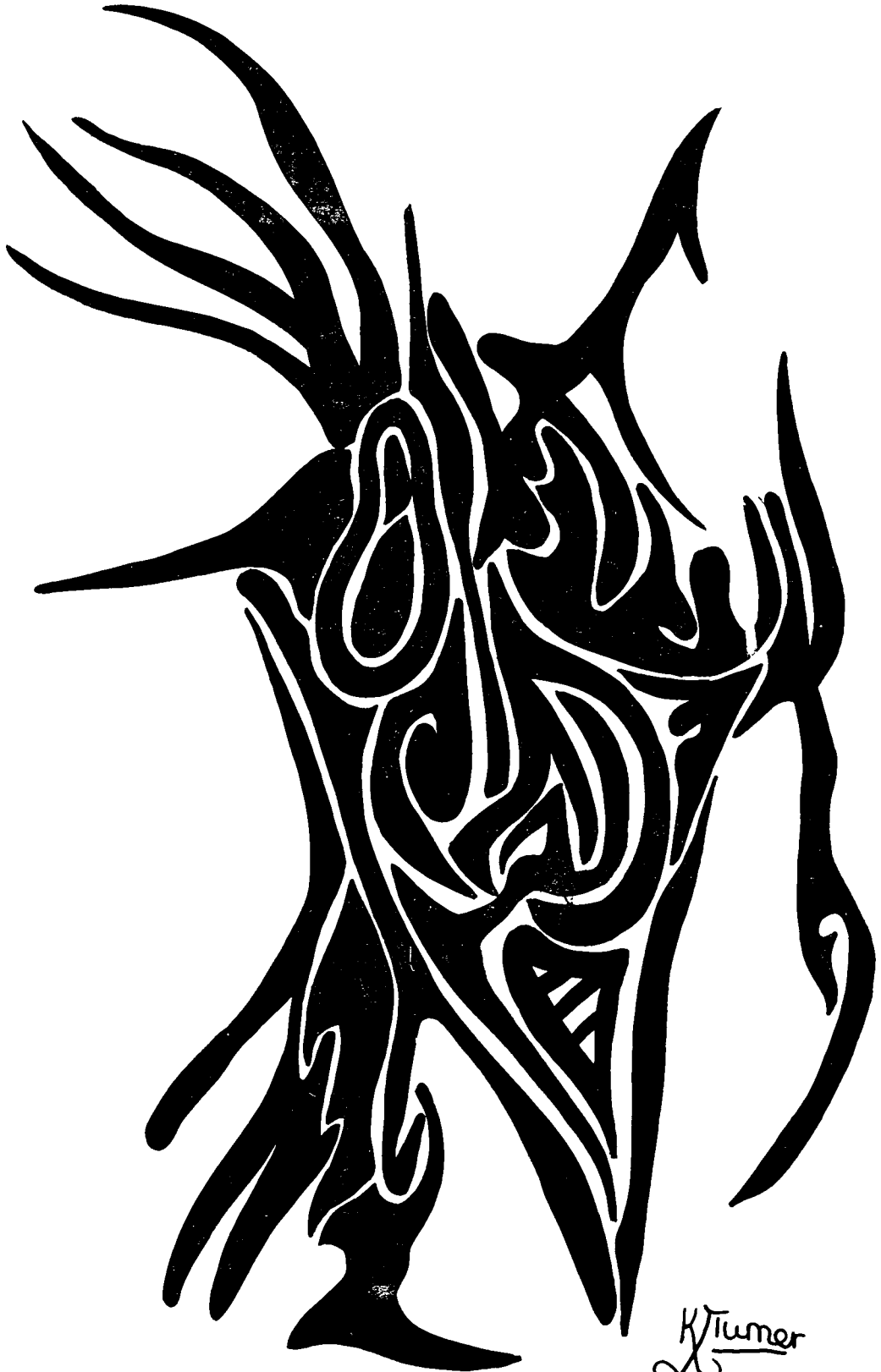
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K. Turner

DRAMA

"H.M.S. PINAFORE"

The launching of H.M.S. Pinafore in December must surely stand out as one of the highlights of the school year. An extremely high standard of performance was reached and the opera was presented with an enthusiasm and liveliness which delighted the audiences. Mr. Coar and Mr. Hadfield are to be congratulated on the excellence of their production.

The Gilbert & Sullivan operas seem deceptively simple to the onlooker. They are, in fact, highly complex shows to put on since the music and the libretto are of equal importance—a most unusual state of affairs in the theatrical world! In a school production, the players necessarily have immature voices and limited stage experience and it is rare indeed to see such maturity and "professionalism" as we saw in H.M.S. Pinafore.

Let us start our honourable mentions in reverse order for a change and give well-deserved praise to those who do the hard work away from the glamour of the foot-lights. Those members of the school who played in the orchestra are warmly congratulated since the writers know the difficulties of the score. The orchestra added immensely to the success of the show and were, indeed, performers in their own right. The scenery was excellent. Although "Pinafore" has only one set, it is a difficult one to make, being on two levels. The bridge was very well presented and appeared solid and safe. The costumes, also, were pleasing, though, to justify our title of 'critics' we might perhaps hint that some of the girls might have been going to the Hunt Ball rather than paying a visit to the Fleet!

Having said that, we hasten to add that the chorus were really great. They were never merely filling the stage as so many lifeless choruses do. They acted their parts in the story throughout the performance, many of them building their own characterisations, and they were a great delight to watch as well as to hear. The principals in G. & S. operas are essentially a team, each part however small being vital. The "Pinafore" team were champions without doubt. They worked together sympathetically with excellent results. We look forward confidently to seeing more of them in years to come on the amateur, or even the professional, stage. We must mention that the character of Sir Joseph was given a fascinating new twist which the hoary old writers have never met before in forty years of close association with G. & S.! That young man will go far!

Our very hearty congratulations to everybody connected with the show. We hope it will be the first of many delights to come, and that we shall be fortunate enough to be invited again.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hill.

CAST

The Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Porter K.C.B..... JOHN SHARP
 Captain Corcoran PHILIP FLETCHER
 Ralph Rackstraw CHRISTOPHER ALLEN
 Dick Deadeye Mr. J. D. HADFIELD
 Bill Bobstay Mr. D. F. LUMB
 Bob Becker Mr. P. BROWN
 Tom Tucker PETER SYKES
 Sergeant of Marines JOHN HALL
 Josephine JUDITH LAWSON
 Hebe ANN GARBUTT
 Mrs. Cripps (Little Buttercup) HELEN CARRINGTON

Sailors:

Gary Brear	Timothy Thomas	Adrian Cochrem
Keith Brighton	Timothy Butler	Clive Newton
Martyn Lawson	Anthony Garfitt	John Filer
Philip Lawrence	Frank Shearn	Bernard Adams
Stephen Tabner	David Freeman	Kenneth Tinker
John Howell	David Lockwood	Richard Levitt
Stephen Carrington	Stephen Harrison	

Marines:

George Chapman	Michael Hancock	Stephen Tomlinson
Geoffrey Tinker		

First Lord's Sisters, Cousins, Aunts, etc.:

Miss E. Howells	Ann Davison	Linda Widdowson
Lynne Westerman	Denise Wynne	Diane Speed
Jackie Wood	Rosemary Davies	Susan Raybould
Rosalind Clayton	Ann Davis	Janet Willox
Melanie Newbould	Susan Pygott	Sonia Smith
Juanita Locking	Wendy Machin	Barbara Jordan
Diane Taylor	Jane Arundel	Marion Chivers
Lynne Vallance	Ann Carrington	Barbara Kelly

ORCHESTRA

Conductor : Mr. DAVID J. COAR

Rehearsal Accompanist:	Janet Chambers.
Violin :	Mr. T. Wilkinson (leader), Miss J. Dixon, Lesley Grief, Stephen McNicholas, Mr. L. Carter, Mr. N. Elmsley.
Cello :	Mr. F. Wilcock, Jean Glover.
Viola :	Mr. N. Wilcock.
Double Bass :	Brian Robinson.
Flute :	Mr. N. Dawson, Stephen Clarke.
Oboe :	Miss C. Palmer.
Clarinet:	Miss R. Kitchener.
Trumpet:	Mr. M. Jennings, Mr. D. Clutton.
Trombone :	David Wilkin.
Percussion :	Miss A. Warren.
Piano :	Janet Chambers.

BACKSTAGE

Director: Mr. J. D. HADFIELD

Musical Director:	Mr. D. J. Coar.
Assistant to the Musical Director:	Miss K. A. Penrose
Set Design and Construction:	Mr. P. Brown, Mr. K. Williamson, Paul Golding, Stephen Barrett, John Howell.
Artistic Director:	Mr. P. B. Robinson
Assistants:	David Riley, Marcel Guillou, Bernard Adams, Keith Brighton, Stephen Holt, Stephen Tabner.
Costumes:	Mrs. M. Busby.
Assistants:	Mrs. D. Lumb, Mrs. McNicholas, Mrs. B. Butler, Mrs. Camps, Mrs. Dickinson.
Stage Managers:	Mr. L. T. Johnson, Mr. R. Smith.
Ticket Sales and Publicity:	Mr. J. W. Butcher.
Lighting:	Kenneth Howe, Michael Walker, Mr. D. F. Lumb.
Properties:	Ralph Bradley.
Publicity Designs:	Keith Brighton.
Stewards:	Mr. J. W. Butcher, Mr. R. B. Atkinson.
Make-up:	Lynn Archer, Margaret Brown, Janet Cunniff.
Prompter:	June Deakin.

ARTS FESTIVAL

THE PLAYS

The luck of the draw went against Dodsworth, for the play that begins a drama competition has to "start from cold"; it is therefore particularly creditable that their performance commanded a completely attentive and frequently amused young audience.

"Under Milk Wood" was written for radio, and inevitable difficulties attend its transference to the stage. Dylan Thomas was exercising to the full the evocative power of the human voice, acting on the imagination of the listener, to achieve a fusion of the comic, the bawdy, and the lyric. He was also able to dissolve scene into scene in rapid succession, in a way that is virtually impossible on the stage, although the melting images of a television production may come closer to it. A further difficulty is to select an extract that makes a satisfying whole on its own. The unity of the play depends on its portrayal of twenty four hours in the life of a Welsh village: the circling from night to night. The choice of any segment of this



"ZIGGER ZAGGER" WARMING UP

"30 MINUTES" IN REHEARSAL

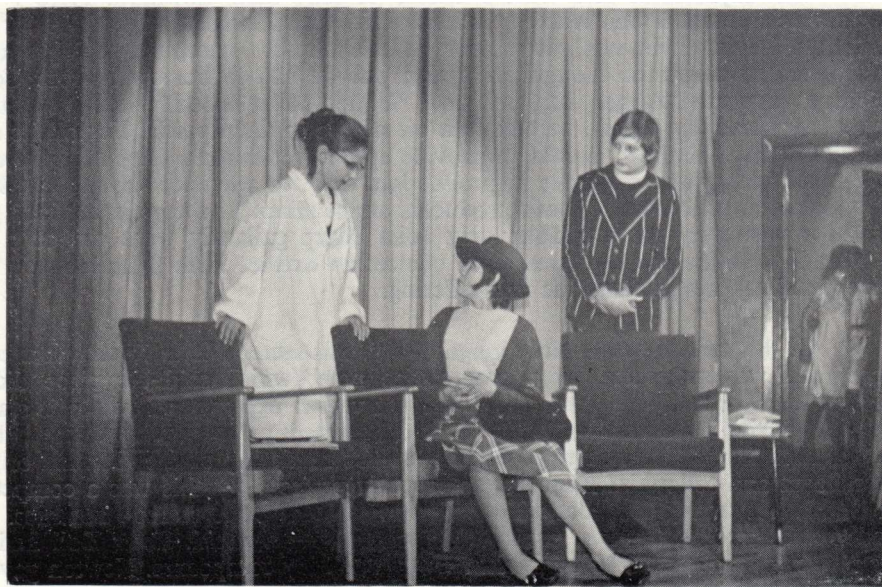


circle is likely to be arbitrary and incomplete unless character and atmosphere are very strongly suggested. Dodsworth, then, had set themselves a real challenge.

Full marks for the ingenuity of their set, but there was a certain air of clutter, and elements of it were only perfunctorily used. In total, it probably served more to distract from, than to enhance, the spoken word. The piece got off to a brisk and confident start, with an attractive grouping of figures. First Voice was clear and strong, but rather fast, with not quite enough variation of tone and tempo. She managed the famous catalogue of village sounds well, and was adequately complemented by an on-cue and robust Second Voice. However, the production shifted the main burden of maintaining continuity onto Captain Cat, whose actions were those of a blind man, and whose delivery was zestful and unfaltering, although it did give the impression of reciting rather than of listening and describing. Butcher and Mrs. Benyon exploited the comedy of their lines well, the exchanges of the postman and Mrs. Ogmores-Pritchard were clear and amusing, Mrs. Pugh came closest to achieving a genuine Welsh lilt, the gossips exchanged their malice with appropriate relish but some uncertain timing, and other fragmentary parts were done competently. The performance was received with appreciative warmth, and we should all be grateful to Dodsworth for getting the proceedings off to such an auspicious start.

After a short musical interlude, in which a small group of girls sang pleasantly to the guitars of David Gush and Neil Ferguson, Freston were on stage with "Zigger Zagger". Here was another extract from a longer play, but by its close a social situation had been firmly established, and Harry's reasons for looking to the football terraces for a significance in life he could not find elsewhere had been clearly and economically indicated. The set was cleanly designed and commendably functional, and the rapid scene changes were deftly managed so that the action flowed uninterrupted. The rules placed some stress on teamwork, and the cast gave a good demonstration of it, every member contributing significantly and efficiently.

"THE PHYSICISTS" ON STAGE



Mother was vigorous and positive, Harry communicated his plight quite touchingly, the teacher was suitably frustrated, "Uncle" Albert made his real relationships clear, Edna and Les were endearingly sympathetic, and the headmaster came across as pompously censorious. The Spion Kop chorus, on stage throughout, never distracted attention at the wrong time: they were thus able to erupt into boisterous terrace songs as if materialising from nowhere. Their part can easily be exuberantly overplayed, and their controlled performance was a minor technical triumph. The production was very strongly applauded, and the audience went out to break well pleased.

Next came Ward's "Thirty Minutes in a Street". It too has a serious moral point: the common human indifference to the troubles of others, resulting from a pre-occupation with our own affairs, illustrated through the plight of a blind man whom nobody can bother to understand and help. Perhaps the mechanics of the production rather overlaid the message: it did not come over as clearly as that in "Zigger Zagger", whose contemporary setting and idiom also helped. Ward's set was attractive, worked well, and was fully integrated into the action. The teamwork was again very good; a large cast, all its members of approximately equal importance, requires meticulous co-ordination and economical differentiation of character if muddle and tedium are to be avoided. Apart from one slight hiatus, there was a lively succession of characters and incidents, but the speed and shape of the whole were preserved. The Stray Man was appealingly forlorn, but a certain woodenness of delivery prevented him fully realising the pathos of his part; the Rich Lady was duly haughty, the Curate and the French Girl added to the variety of the portrayals, the Child was charmingly vivacious, the Hostess and the Visitor properly bitchy, the Charladies a comic success, the Girl and the Young Man stayed in character through the uproar that attended their embraces, and the Old Lady and her discomfiture provoked riotous hilarity—at first. However, perhaps she and the Old Man did not quite sustain this piece of comic business, and the play, which had produced a prompt and continuous murmur of audience appreciation, sagged for a time like the Old Lady's knickers. However, the performance was warmly applauded.

The adjudicator felt Ward's choice of play their downfall. Here I must declare an interest. I was Ward's "liaison officer" and largely responsible for their selection. "Thirty Minutes" is a hoary old classroom chestnut, such as ageing schoolmasters might be thought to prefer, but we had to borrow it from County Library, whereas "Zigger Zagger" and "Under Milk Wood" were bought into school stock at my behest, so there's a bit of life in daddio still. For all its dated idiom, "Thirty Minutes" seemed to provide opportunities for a large cast, for teamwork, for timing and expertise in production, and for audience enjoyment. So far as "choice" is concerned, I think producers might admit to a certain anxious grabbing for whatever was available: only John Sharp gallantly went out on a limb and made a deliberate and considered choice: an extract from Durrenmatt's "The Physicists", as Levett's and the final offering.

Of the three extracts from longer plays, this seemed to have the least coherence, and was supported by a programme note (which said the piece did not purport to be a unity in itself) and a further verbal explanation before it started. Yet perplexity as to the meaning of it all seemed pretty general, although the adjudicator felt the plot emerged clearly. John's rendering of the German original into fluent and colloquial English was properly praised, but this was a competition in drama not translation, and what transpired on the stage seemed abstruse. Vob had a strong voice, but was prone to be too shrill and rapid. Sister Boll had real stage presence, achieved through clear diction and icy composure. Newton gave the

most polished acting performance of the day, in terms of tone, tempo, movement and posture, although here again the adjudicator differed, finding his accent over-affected and his interpretation something of a caricature. One mark of good production was the general absence of fidgeting and unnecessary gesture. Other parts were done adequately, but did not provide much scope for performance or comment. The ending was theatrical rather than dramatic.

This was the shortest of the four plays—five minutes shorter than the minimum time stipulated in the rules. It had the barest set, that might have been dispensed with altogether. The action was the simplest: people sat or stood round a table, and talked. The most exacting piece of business came when Newton poured himself a drink and lit a cigarette, for me the play's most interesting—and lucid—interval. In Newton the play came nearest to being built around a star performer rather than upon teamwork. The audience's muted applause suggested they found it the least "enjoyable" of the plays. Yet in theme and content it was unquestionably "ambitious", and perhaps, after all, that should be the supreme virtue.

A controversial piece, then, and one should be grateful for John's enterprise in introducing and producing an out-of-the-ordinary play that stirred things up and provoked some critical discussions, into which a certain rancour crept at times. Why was this? Not, I think, because anybody was terribly concerned with "winning", except as an agreeable bonus to be added to the pleasure of performance. What was at stake was the privilege, confined to the two best plays, of a second performance the following evening. Thus the adjudicator had the invidious incidental duty of wringing the necks of two plays. The unlucky producers felt they had given of their energy, skill and patience for weeks, to see their creations consigned to oblivion after only one performance. Those who would have shaken hands over an order of merit, would have cut throats over the right to perform again.

"Zigger Zagger" was first, "The Physicists" second, and "Under Milk Wood" and "Thirty Minutes" tied third. My own opinion? Each play was well worth a second performance: perhaps next time both Music and Drama can be given twice, so that both Upper and Lower School can enjoy all the productions of their Houses.

The competitive nature of the Festival led to some dubious sporting analogies, such as the impropriety of questioning the referee's decision. The adjudicator who had been expected was unable to attend, and at no notice at all Mr. Atkinson took her place, thus enabling the Festival to proceed through his ability to cope with an emergency impromptu. He did his job with humour, sympathy, and a balanced and percipient judgement. If I have differed, I hope it is with the voice of courteous and rational dissent, for to seek a punch-up with Mr. Atkinson would be rude, and most ungrateful—and I should get hurt.

Some comprehensive congratulations: to the casts, for knowing very nearly all their lines; to the stage-managers for keeping to the schedule without a trace of shambles; to those in charge of costumes, for their variety and effectiveness; to the Lower School for not abusing freedom from commands and crocodiles and for creating a lively, relaxed atmosphere; to the producers for achieving so much with so little staff assistance.

And where to end but with Mr. Lumb, the tireless and expert organising and presiding genius of these occasions. We all thank him.

Mr. D. K. Cooper.

1 FRESTON

“Zigger Zagger” Peter Terson

<i>Mother</i>	Kay Gibbons
<i>Harry</i>	Christopher Dean
<i>Teacher</i>	Martyn Lawson
<i>Albert</i>	Mark Johnson
<i>Zigger</i>	Kevin Grayson
<i>Edna</i>	Judith Tate
<i>Les</i>	Peter Graveling
<i>Headmaster</i>	Martin Lawson
<i>Chorus</i>	John Schofield
	David Sinclair
	Peter Kaye
	Philip Tyrrell
	Stephen Croft
	Antony Gough
<i>Producers</i>	Briony Burdon
	Susan Tate
	Louise Poulson
	John Filer

2 LEVETT

“The Physicists” Durrenmatt

<i>Vob</i>	Martin Oxley
<i>Sister Boll</i>	Elaine Sharp
<i>Blocher</i>	Michael Hartsre
<i>Guhl</i>	Chris Stratton
<i>Doctor</i>	Andrew Saberton
<i>Sister Straub</i>	Julie Sheard
<i>Newton</i>	Peter McDougall
<i>Dr. Mathilde</i>	Deborah Bowman
<i>Einstein</i>	John Robinson
<i>Fr. Rose</i>	Janette Cooper
<i>Mssr. Rose</i>	Alistair Cass
<i>Boys</i>	Alan Mitchell
	Eddie Crummack
	David Williams
<i>Hobius</i>	Ian Stephenson
<i>Producer</i>	John Sharp
<i>Stage Manager</i>	Lynne Ambler
<i>Properties</i>	June Ellis

3 = DODSWORTH

“Under Milk Wood” Dylan Thomas

<i>1st Voice</i>	Kathryn Hill
<i>2nd Voice</i>	Paul Tarpey
<i>Benyon, Edwards, Jack</i>	Philip Robinson
<i>Mrs. Benyon</i>	Karen Jones
<i>Lily Smalls, Mrs. Morgan</i>	Julie Bradley
<i>Sinbad, Willy, Evans</i>	David Turton
<i>Nogood Boyo, Waldo</i>	Martin Spragg
<i>Mrs. Ogmores-Pritchard</i>	Maureen Saul
<i>Captain Cat</i>	Keith Ball
<i>Mrs. Pugh</i>	Bev. Chalkley
<i>Polly Garter</i>	Karen Wilkinson
<i>Producers</i>	M. Beckett
	S. Riley
	V. Maxwell
	M. Walker
	D. Booth
	P. Parnell
	M. Henshaw

3 = WARD

“30 Minutes in a Street” B. Mayor

<i>Stray Man</i>	Neil Tipton
<i>Ma'r with bag</i>	Kevin Tipton
<i>Rich Lady</i>	Wendy Grayson
<i>Curate</i>	Alan Shaw
<i>French girl</i>	Jacky Taylor
<i>Child</i>	Leigh Todington
<i>1st Char</i>	Caroline Green
<i>2nd Char</i>	Lin Wood ho use
<i>Hostess</i>	Jo Morley
<i>Visitor</i>	Carole Roberts
<i>Old Lady</i>	Bev Ryan
<i>Old Man</i>	Robert Newton
<i>Girl</i>	Gillian Sykes
<i>Young Man</i>	N. Stackhouse
<i>Producers</i>	A. Garfitt
	C. Firth
	P. Hodgson
<i>Helpers</i>	A. Davis
	H. Harrison, J. Frayne, A. Holroyd,
	P. Golding.

THE MUSIC

"Music, the greatest good that mortals know . . ."

St. Cecilia's Day for N.G.S. fell this year on Tuesday, 6th April. For several weeks previously, the school corridors had echoed and reverberated to a cacophony of simultaneous but dissonant rehearsals. Staff and pupils alike struggled feebly against a constant barrage of duplicated sheets of information and instruction. Several times daily, House Music Representatives passed pale-faced and silent from prefect's room to music room while their anxious 'A' level teachers looked on helplessly, wondering if their academic inactivity would ever be justified.

So it was with some apprehension that the Upper School assembled in the Hall that Tuesday morning. The unlit stage was bare but for the grand piano and two or three rows of tiered blocks: not even the attractively arranged ferns and flowers could quite dissipate its austere emptiness.

Difficult to say how that atmosphere changed to one of excited gaiety: perhaps it was when the youthful adjudicator (Mr. Martin Binks of Aireborough Grammar School and conductor of the Leeds Symphony Orchestra) was presented, by an attractively blushing fifth-form girl, with a red carnation—a gesture greeted by mock applause from the boys and wistful sighs and murmurs from the girls.

First House to appear was Levett, whose Male Voice Choir made a strong if raucous chorus to John Sharp's colourfully costumed and characteristically clowning performance of "The Mikado's" Lord High Executioner.

Poulenc's flute sonata contrasted pleasantly. Stephen Clarke's playing was assured and his tone mellifluous while that of his accompanist, Janet Chambers (House Music Representative), was unobtrusively competent. Levett's next item was a complete change of style as Janet Addy sang "Both Sides Now". Although the adjudicator complimented the two guitarists on their well-balanced backing, I found their playing wooden and too heavy for Janet's appealingly simple rendering.

A brief episode of comic relief was supplied by Linda Widdowson and Diane Speed as "Two Little Choirboys" before Levett's fifth item, two piano solos played by the accomplished Janet Chambers. Edgar May's "Spring Idyll" gave her ample scope for sensitive expression while her Rachmaninov Prelude displayed fiery panache. Afterwards, Martin Levitt read his winning essay "The position of Music in Present Day Society", a sociological survey which found that music's traditional values were being usurped by a misplaced emphasis on sheer volume.

The House's final contribution was an uneven and unexciting rendering of Peter Jenkins's "Rhumba", which should have sounded rhythmic and melodic. If the tambourine-tapping vocalists could have turned on a smile, they might have injected some sense of enjoyment into the piece!

Indubitably, however, Levett had set a high standard. The atmosphere in the hall was now of noisy expectancy as the audience waited . . .

Ward House never looked impressive somehow: perhaps the funny business with the curtains to start with was just unfortunate but the person whose head appeared to move independently across stage behind the tiered blocks seemed totally unaware of the visually comic effect he was creating. Eventually the four-

part choir assembled itself and launched into Coleridge-Taylor's "Viking Song"; only the determined navigation of conductress Julie Roberts saved the floundering chorus from a watery grave.

Frank Shearn (House Representative) then manfully tackled the most difficult movement of Haydn's Trumpet Concerto with a cornet; he too encountered some difficulty.

Apart from a somewhat metronomic guitar accompaniment, "Scarborough Fair" was engagingly sung by a relaxed—and attractive—looking Ann Garbutt whose straightforward approach and clear diction suited the folk-song well. But I shall never quite know what happened to the male voice choir singing "With Cat-like Tread" from "The Pirates of Penzance": scarcely a man opened his mouth wide enough to draw breath, let alone produce the power so vital to this essentially comic number. There was power to spare, however, in the "Improvisation upon a 12-Bar Theme" for three electric guitars. Though David Smith (lead guitar) was obviously skilful, there were some uninventive passages when the music seemed more improvised than usual.

Lastly for Ward, Juanita Locking played on the piano Ketelbey's "In a Chinese Monastery Garden". I found this choice difficult to understand as the piece offered few opportunities for anything beyond the ability to play the right chords, some of which Juanita obscured through careless pedalling.

After the morning break Freston House began with a medley of choruses from G. & S.'s "Patience". The choir, conducted by Judith Lawson (House Representative), was lusty but not always in tune. Judith herself reappeared shortly afterwards armed with a French Horn on which she proved herself no mean performer in her handling of part of a Mozart Horn Concerto. Less convincing was Christopher Allen singing "If Ever I Should Leave You" from "Camelot". His movement on stage was nervous and ineffectual but he finished quite strongly to earn his applause.

Judith Lawson again proved her worth in Richard Jones's madrigal "Farewell, Dear Love". Close harmony calls for lighter knitting of parts than this group achieved and but for Judith's steady soprano the whole thing would probably have disintegrated.

Jacqueline Wood, Freston's pianist, played Chopin's Waltz in C Sharp Minor and the Prelude in B Flat. While her performance of the well-known waltz sounded unremarkable, the Prelude, seemingly more taxing, was played with point and thrust. The adjudicator, on the other hand, felt that the waltz was "well-balanced" while the Prelude "lacked confidence". In any case Jacqueline's performance was pretty impressive!

Freston's last item was the lively "La Paloma" by Yradier. Like Levett's ensemble, this lacked zest, but the parts were well integrated. Freston's overall performance was sufficiently well organised to convince me that they would win the competition unless Dodsworth could do remarkably well.

The Dodsworth choir entered. The boys had discarded jackets and looked neat and fresh in their white shirts. This choir certainly had the look of alertness. In performance their entries were prompt and crisp; every singer responded readily to the precise conducting of House Representative Gary Brear. Their song was an arrangement of "Go Down, Moses", Graham Tankard taking the melody line in a voice whose husky resonance was happily suited to the spiritual.

Even with his own arrangement of “Angie”, guitarist Stephen McNicholas could not enliven this unmelodious piece. Neil Ferguson’s guitar accompaniment to Susan Machin in The Seekers’ “World of Our Own” showed more mastery but was too strong for Susan’s light voice, despite her clear diction.

Dodsworth’s own choice piece was another spiritual, “Nobody Knows” arranged for three parts. There were five singers including guitarists McNicholas and Ferguson. Their harmony was elementary but attractive, their style relaxed but dignified. A guitar solo skilfully improvised by Neil Ferguson and subtle change of rhythm in the final chorus gave the required contrast with an effect that held the audience spell-bound.

A somewhat nervous piano solo from Jane Austerbury preceded the final instrumental ensemble, an unusual combination of piano and pizzicato cello, recorders and flute, bass recorder and guitars, which gave an unstrained recital of part of Handel’s “Water Music”.

Several tense minutes later, Mr. Binks mounted the stage. After some relevant and constructive criticism and declaring himself impressed by the generally high standard of musicianship and organisation, he passed judgement: Levett 72%, 3rd; Ward 60%, 4th; Freston 75%, 2nd (loud Dodsworth cheers at this point); Dodsworth 78%, 1st.

It was a good result which the school evidently appreciated. Graham Tankard (Dodsworth) thanked Mr. Binks for his services and received a graciously civil reply.

It had been an artistically exciting as well as an entertaining morning after which, for me at least, such academic inactivity as had been necessary beforehand paled into utter insignificance.

Even the skill and hard work of Sixth Form House Representatives cannot pluck a Festival such as this out of thin air, and of course all Houses gratefully acknowledge their indebtedness to Mr. Coar, who has nurtured the musical traditions on which the School can draw, and whose time, energy and expertise were repeatedly drawn upon during the weeks of preparation.

Mr J. D. Hadfield

“Schools are the gas-chambers of our culture” proclaimed a slogan on the walls of one of our universities a year or two ago. So we approached a Fourth Form to see if it felt asphyxiated after a morning’s compulsory exposure to Festival music. Without exception, its members had enjoyed the occasion. What follows is a cross-section of their verbatim comments:

There was a variety of music to be heard / It was something very different / I enjoyed taking part / It was a change from routine lessons—and pop music / I missed double German / I played my bongos / It was there to be enjoyed, and I enjoyed it / It was a change, but too many piano parts were a bore / It made me laugh a lot and sleep a bit / It was a chance to appreciate what hard work can produce / It’s a real change to hear the lads sing / It showed you the type of music others like, and which you don’t normally get to know / I liked the contrasting ideas and music: some deliberately funny, some pop, some jazz, some classical / It made me aware of the talent and hard work of some of my colleagues / One of the Male House Choirs was a scream, missing their notes / It was lively, well-organised, and thoroughly rehearsed / It provided a relaxing episode at the end of term / I took part in it and did a lot of hard work, and now I’m taking part in the concert tomorrow evening.

Animated, rather than asphyxiated, it seems.

LOWER SCHOOL CONCERT

Hall and corridors were profusely decorated for this occasion: "If this is the Art of the Lower School, what must the Upper School be like?" one aesthetically astonished parent was heard to exclaim. The Christmas entertainment began with the Junior Choir producing delightful sound, fine diction, and a lot of eager young faces, all their eyes on conductor Miss Penrose. In Brahms' "Cradle Song" Susan Taylor showed as much promise as composure. The Boys' Choir, in "Widdicombe Fair", produced an imaginative variety of rustic attire and rural accents, and vigorous voice projection—a feature of this concert, as was smooth transition from item to item. Judy Frayne showed signs of nerves in her piano solo, but her confidence will grow as public performance becomes more commonplace to her. The girl recorder players were pleasant to listen to, and a collective guarantee that the supply of pretty girls to the Upper School will not dry up, as was Karen Exley individually. In his cornet solo, Martyn Lawson dismissed his first, false, bold note with superb aplomb and a flick of the eyebrows, and proceeded to preserve the brass band traditions of the North.

Then came "The Princess and the Woodcutter", a play presented by ID and IF with considerable panache, and demonstrating that true love and simple virtue will eventually be rewarded with a happy, and lucrative, marriage. I long feared it might be otherwise, so successfully did these young players generate suspense and suspend disbelief. Julie Bradley was the Princess, Beverley Chalkley the Woodcutter, Janette Cooper the King, Deborah Bowerman the Queen, Ruth Wood, Edward Crummack, and Alan Mitchell the Red, Blue and Green Princes. They were all jolly good. Those were the days, when people lived in forests and wore really dishy costumes.

Carols round the tree were well rendered by the Choir, and of the soloists, I thought Jane Garbutt was good and Gillian Smith particularly good.

The Nativity Story was finally told in Hymns, Readings, delivered robustly and without affectation, and Tableaux. In my East Lindsey ignorance, I had thought that Tableaux as an art form were dead, or at most an antique rite performed only by Women's Institutes. Horrid visions of cold but twitching meat laid out on slabs rose in my mind at sight of the programme note. Of course I need not have feared. The Tableaux reflected that care for the highest possible standard of presentation and performance characteristic of the concert as a whole. The figures achieved a statuesque dignity and composure truly telling in effect, and were beautifully arranged, lit, and attired. I could not with certainty detect anybody's true identity. Can that saintly figure possibly be a rugger player, whose scything tackles are the scourge of effete Southerners? Can this utterly motionless figure radiating sweetness and light really be a junior boy, who takes five clumsy minutes to sit down at the start of every English lesson? Surely Joseph's staff is not really a billiard cue case?

This was a delightful and fitting end to the term and start to the Christmas holiday. Congratulations to all who took part, and to the Staff producers who modestly omitted all mention of themselves from the programme.

Mr. D. K. Cooper.

THE JUNIOR DRAMA CLUB

The club was founded in 1968 with the intention of providing acting opportunities for younger members of the School who would not have an opportunity of appearing in major productions. Looking back on the work of the last three years, from "Androcles and the Lion" to a Sherlock Holmes play and a medieval Christmas mumming, it can be seen that these intentions did materialise. The membership remained consistently around 15; several 'old-stagers' of the Club are now capable of sustaining major roles; and sufficient members of the Junior forms are drama-inclined for the House Competition of 1971 to have presented more than fifty young actors in completed productions. It is hoped that they will form the nucleus of a spirited drama tradition in the school, and approach full-length productions with the same vigour and involvement which has actuated the Club's activities.

Of the Club's production of "St. George and the Dragon", John Sharp writes: "Well done. Perhaps an obvious remark but one, nevertheless, which is relevant. Peter McDougall and his associates from the Lower School were superb, not only in their acting but also in production and overall presentation. With very little help they managed to harness their enthusiasm and present an enjoyable production of this old folk-tale. Although rather lacking in costume, the play was well received by the audiences. Producing a play of this kind in the confines of Room 30 is no easy matter and yet Peter, as producer, was able to overcome all the difficulties and he can be well pleased with his first attempt at producing. Keith Ball (St. George), played his part well, if somewhat excitedly when battling with the Dragon. Katharine Roe as the Doctor triumphed over the handicap of her sex to portray her character comically and her retorts to Father Christmas (Peter McDougall) were perfectly timed to give the maximum comic effect. On top of all this the group was able to raise over £6 for charity. It seems the seniors have to beware of their enterprising Juniors who are threatening to overshadow them dramatically in the near future.

Mr. D. F. Lumb.

SHAKESPEARE EXHIBITION

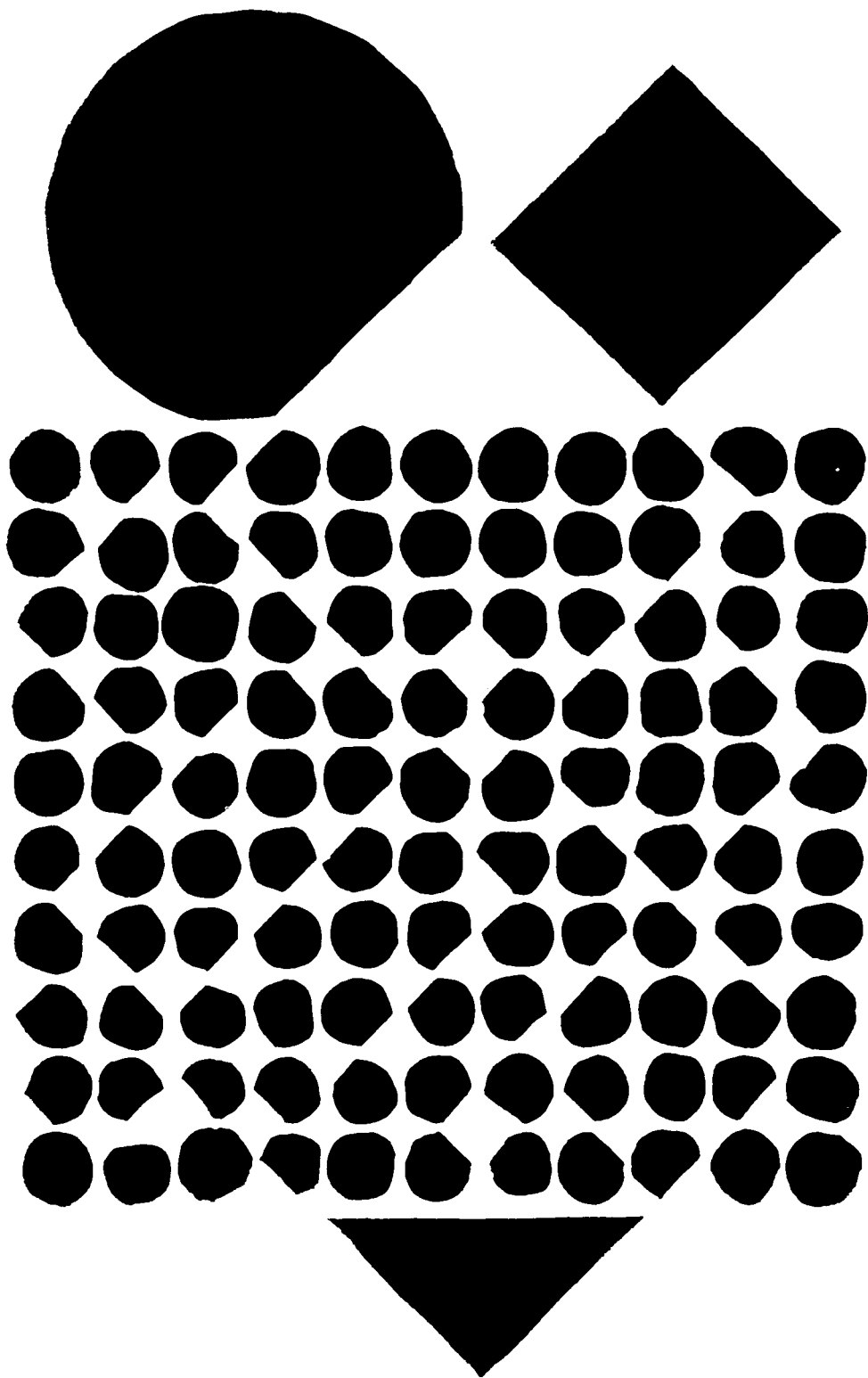
For the West Riding's International Theatre Month, Mr. Lumb and helpers staged an Exhibition on "Shakespeare: His Life and Times". Room 30 was divided by partitions into sections, each portraying a different aspect of Shakespeare and Elizabethan England. Also included were photographs of recent productions at home and abroad of Shakespeare's plays. A popular feature of the Exhibition was an excerpt from the film of "Henry V" with Laurence Olivier.

The life-size models of Shylock and Falstaff, related to the tape recordings of a selection of their speeches, helped to elucidate their characters. A background of Elizabethan music created a suitable atmosphere. During the week that the Exhibition lasted, it was viewed by several hundred visitors.

John Sharp, Upper Sixth.

THEATRE TRIPS

During the School year, parties have seen various productions: "Hamlet" at Nottingham Playhouse, "Julius Caesar" in Bradford, "King Lear" at Bretton Hall, and "The Thwarting of Baron Bolligrew" at Temple Moor Boys Grammar School. A production of "The Gondoliers" by the Leeds Gilbert and Sullivan Society was of particular interest in view of our emergent G. and S. tradition. Janet Addy and Angela Woolhouse report that the performance was polished and enthusiastic, the chorus work being especially animated, and the orchestra complementing rather than overpowering the voices of the soloists. The dazzlingly colourful costumes and scenery provided a gaily authentic background, and an enjoyable performance was obviously appreciated by a school party who caught much of the vital spirit of G. and S. opera.



CLUBS AND ACTIVITIES

ACROAMA

This Sixth Form Society, intending to initiate and promote a wide variety of extra-curricular events, was re-formed this year under the chairmanship of Lynne Westerman, with Ian Ayris as secretary, and a committee consisting of Briony Burdon, Lynn Ambler, Penny Hodgson, Kenneth Tinker, Louise Poulson, David Riley and Steven Barrett. Its first meeting, an informal record evening, was very poorly attended, but when proceedings were opened to the whole Upper School, things improved.

The second meeting—probably the most popular—was a Balloon Debate. Lynn Ambler, as Lady Hamilton, imposed order on a packed room, and Mr. Brown, as Louis Pasteur, Miss Bailey as the Empress Theodora, John Sharp as Plato, Mr. Hadfield as Tchaikowsky, and Mr. Cooper as Atilla, were listened to with attention and enjoyment. The only clear verdict to emerge from the subsequent somewhat confused voting was the instant demise of Plato, but the Empress Theodora seemed most likely ultimately to achieve solitary survival.

Next, Mr. Cooper launched an attack on the evils of advertising, assisted by John Sharp, Martin Levett, Briony Burdon and Christine Smith. An executive from the world of advertising, invited by Mr. Lumb to put the case for the defence, found himself stranded at Doncaster by a combination of circumstances: news of his non-arrival spread through the Upper School and deterred many intending members of the audience, but the event went on, still well-attended, with Mr. Lumb taking the place of the missing man, and giving a most impressive display of spontaneous and forceful advocacy.

Acroama's third meeting brought a lecturer from Leeds University, to talk about the transition from Sixth Form to University life. Those present found the occasion valuable, but attendance was rather thin, perhaps because the disappearance of Monday Assembly made the issue of a general reminder difficult.

Next came an Inter-House Quiz, won by Freston, and chaired and largely organised by the indefatigable Mr. Brown. A School Team of outstanding individual contestants was then formed, and plans laid for a three-cornered competition involving students, staff and parents.

This Quiz was held in the evening: an innovation that proved highly successful. Here we are again indebted to the groundwork done by Mr. Brown; and to Mr. Burdon of the Parents Association, who chaired the meeting. The parents proved most gallant, the students enthusiastic, and the staff victorious. They had always been odds-on favourites!

Finally, my thanks to the committee and to everyone else who has helped to make Acroama a success this year.

Lynne Westerman, Upper Sixth.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

There appears to have been something of a resurgence of School Societies this year, causing great competition for places on the notice boards. I thank Louise Poulson and Vicki Maxwell for their most praiseworthy advertising, and Mrs. Clarke for her hard work on the duplicating machine. There has also been competition for attendance figures. Yet the Society has indeed come, if not top, certainly high in popularity. Room Eighteen has required extra seating accommodation on several occasions and has never looked empty. And the credit for this must go, not to the committee, despite its organising genius, but to the bold volunteers who stepped forth and gave talks—and very interesting ones, some of them illustrated, which have held audiences captivated. Audiences, I might add, which have included not only historians, but also representatives, including the Headmaster, the Head Boy, and the Head Girl, from other fields.

The Society's first meeting was a talk given by John Sharp on the Social History of Europe, 1914-1920. This was followed by a very popular and interesting talk given by Mr. Brown on the Battle of El Alamein. Mr. Atkinson then gave an interesting view of the Plague in a lecture entitled "The Great Pestilence". The History staff was again represented later in the term by Miss Williams who had obviously put a great deal of time and effort into producing a lively well-illustrated talk on "The opening-up of the American West". Indeed, much of the committee's time was spent pursuing the elusive local Historian, Mr. John Goodchild, who, when finally coerced and cajoled, gave a fascinating, illustrated lecture on the History of Normanton. Further negotiations are taking place in order to present Mrs. Williamson and to entice a lecturer, as yet unnamed, away from Leeds University to "entertain" us one evening. Following the success of last year's outing, another has been arranged for the summer months.

Finally, it is encouraging to see a marked interest in the Society from the Lower Sixth and lower forms, for this augurs well for the future. And indeed the existing committee members—L. Poulson, V. Maxwell and R. Levitt—will still be in the school next year and the work of these three cannot go unmentioned for they have played an important part in organising, not only the meetings, the catering (for which we thank the kitchen staff for their help), but also the advertising. I hope they and the Society continue to flourish next year and in future years.

Ian Ayris, Upper Sixth.

MUSIC

Apart from involving itself in the general life of the school, the Music Department has been particularly active over the past months. The production of 'H.M.S. Pinafore', in conjunction with the Drama department, involved large numbers of students who willingly gave up their time in order to achieve the required standard of performance.

At the time of writing, music is to be heard every day — lunchtime and after school — in the form of House rehearsals. All this is in anticipation of the Arts Festival which was adjudicated on Tuesday 6th April, followed by a concert for parents on the following evening. The response on the whole, has been encouraging and thanks are particularly due to the four house music representatives who have worked so hard with their respective 'musicians'.

Instrumental teaching is going steadily forward. We have been most fortunate in securing the services this term of Miss E. Allick, a music student from Leeds University, as violin tutor. Under her guidance two groups of players are now beginning to understand some of the many intricacies of Violin technique.

I am most optimistic concerning the future of music in the school and look forward to more musical productions in the coming year.

Mr. D. J. Coar.

FRENCH CLUB

This year, there has not been as great a response to the French Club as I had anticipated. Mr. Machin, the other organisers of the Society, and myself, could not decide whether this was because there was not enough publicity given, or because the younger members of the school believed that the French Club was yet another French lesson.

However, two of our meetings were successful and quite a few people came along to them. One of the meetings, held before Christmas, was most interesting and entertaining, as Anthony Garfitt, kindly came to tell us about his holiday in France. At another meeting, Mr. Machin brought some slides of one of his holidays abroad to show us. Apart from these two meetings we have not been successful in arranging others. It is not because we cannot find anything interesting to do at them, but because people just do not attend. So as a final appeal, I beg you all, especially the Juniors, to heed this, and come along next time!

Susan Tate, Upper Sixth

THE CLASSICAL SOCIETY

The Classical Society has met once this year in October when Professor Arnott of Leeds University gave a very interesting lecture on Delphi and the monastery of St. Luke. This was accompanied by a number of colourful slides which showed that part of the world as it is today. The meeting was reasonably well attended, though I regret there has been no further opportunity for similar occasions.

Cynthia Marshall, Upper Sixth

THE UPPER SCHOOL LIBRARY

As Upper School Pupil Librarian, I would like to thank the following pupils for the hard work they put into the running of the Library from September 1970 to the end of this term. My greatest thanks go to Melanie Newbould and Julie Roberts, the 'mag' girls. Patience has been very much their virtue throughout the year and they have tackled their job with great initiative. Richard Levitt has proved a very useful assistant and regularly helped to keep the Library running during first dinner. Ralph Bradley and Gillian Harris have tried to keep the bookshelves tidy. Christopher Walker has proved to be a very willing and helpful assistant since he offered me his services in February. Last, but not least, comes Alan Grant, my helpful nuisance. May I also thank Mr. Cooper and Mr. Butcher for their presence during one of the two dinners.

By far the most difficult task which faced myself, Mr. Hadfield, Richard, Alan and Ralph was the Geoffrey Spink Collection. The collection consists of just over 140 books and the time spent in cataloguing and backing these books spread over scores of dinner times.

I do not entirely approve of Mr. Hadfield's library re-organisation plans because I feel he is attempting to do too much too soon. The pressure my assistants and I have had to bear has been extreme. I only wish Mr. Hadfield had discussed his plans over with us to hear what our opinions were on the subject, instead of throwing us in at the deep end.

As there has been no one in the Lower Sixth showing an interest in the Library (apart from Christopher who is reluctant to become the next Pupil Librarian) I recommend Richard Levitt for next year's vacant post.

Martin Levitt, Upper Sixth

THE JUNIOR LIBRARY

I continually hear people complaining about the state of the Lower School Library. May I correct a few erroneous impressions? Firstly, it is impossible to run any library efficiently without the co-operation and good behaviour of its borrowers. I have had neither. The Library is not a place to hold a meeting or eat crisps whilst flicking through the pages of a magazine which has been so horribly mutilated as to be almost illegible. Nor should books be pulled off the shelf and pushed back on as soon as the dinner bell has gone. As Librarian, I must thank all those who used the Library properly during the past year although the fiction section seems to be the only part of the library which has been used. I have not agreed entirely with Mr. Hadfield's 'reforms', but in this I think I am wrong. The Library was in a bad state in September in spite of Miss Harrison's work which was mainly directed towards the Upper School Library, and although far from being perfect, it is better than it was. I hope that the next Librarian will receive more co-operation, understanding and good-will than I have.

John Sharp, Upper Sixth

CHESS CLUB

Captain: A. KEARSLEY Vice-Captain: S. DAVIES

The achievement of S. Kynaston, who led the 1st and 2nd teams to victory in both their respective championships last year, has been emphasised this season by the team's somewhat disappointing results. With the departure of last year's Upper Sixth, the hard core of experienced players disappeared and we have been fielding a wide variety of new faces who have been unable to maintain the previous high standard.

Two of the more regular members of the team acquired Friday night jobs and were unable to play in the second half of the season, with noticeable effects. Their absence, however, has given two very young players a chance to gain 1st team experience: Pattison of the 2nd year and Mitchell of the 1st year. With youngsters like these amongst us, the future holds great promise.

An amazing discovery has been made this season of a player who tries to throw away his Queen and with amazing regularity succeeds. Mr. 'X', otherwise known as N. Dedross, will probably, alas, prove to be one of our major assets next season.

Despite all these handicaps, the biggest problem at the moment is the popularity of Contract Bridge. A newly introduced pastime, Bridge has almost taken over the Chess Club. At the last ten meetings, I can remember only one game of chess being played.

The season's results:

2 October	Q.E.G.S.		A	Drew	4-4
9 "	St. Wilfred's		H	Won	6-0
6 November	K.S.P.		A	Lost	3½-4½
20 "	Barnsley G.S.		H	Drew	4-4
11 December	Thornes House		A	Drew	4-4
8 January	Rothwell G.S.		A	Won	4½-1½
15 "	St. Wilfreds		A	Won	6½-3½
22 "	Q.E.G.S.		H	Lost	3-5
29 "	Silcoates		A	Won	4-2
12 February	Thornes House		H	Lost	2½-7½
5 March	K.S.P.		H	Lost	2-6
12 "	Barnsley		A	Lost	1½-6½

Played 12, Won 4, Drawn 3, Lost 5; For 45½ Against 48½

The following have represented the school: J. Holman, A. Kearsley, N. Ramsbottom, N. Dedross, D. Ward, I. Ferguson, S. Davies, P. Tiffany, D. Wales, S. Teece, B. Marshall, Mitchell, A. Pattison, Diane Pattison, Jean Glover.

HOUSE COMPETITION: 1st—Dodsworth, 2nd—Levett, 3rd—Ward, 4th Freston.

Peter Tiffany, Upper Sixth

THE BRIDGE CLUB

During the Autumn Term there was a sudden change on the face of the sixth-form — a look of concentration. Perhaps unfortunately, this concentration was being directed towards the many surreptitious rubbers of bridge—surreptitious because cards are (officially) against regulations. However, the standard of play in some quarters was, well, shabby! To set people on the right paths — if not the paths of righteousness—and also to improve everyone's game, Mr. Brown decided to hold formal/informal meetings on Monday nights in the Library (later extended to Tuesdays also). These meetings usually consist of a little explanation of some new tactic or difficulty by Mr. Brown (ably assisted by Mr. Lumb) and then pairing off to play free hands, though we do try to alternate our partners. On one occasion we were asked to choose a partner, play a number of set hands against set partners, then compare our points tally with the number of points possible from these hands. This was very successful, thanks largely to Mr. Brown, and with the scent of competition in their nostrils, the pupils tried really hard and managed to raise their game. After only a few months of life the Bridge Club is coming along nicely; there is a regular attendance of about twenty enthusiasts (two of whom are girls, pleasantly enough). We feel that, although at the moment we are exclusively Sixth-form, come next September we would like to expand and embrace the Fifths also. All are welcome as beginners provided they have sufficient knowledge of cards, and preferably with a background of whist. Many members will be leaving at the end of term so some new blood will be welcome.

Paul Golding, Upper Sixth

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

As far as I am concerned the Photographic Society no longer exists and, as the Society has centred around me, I am not making a sweeping statement. The notorious Alastair, the Society's previous secretary, left me a badly-equipped dark-room littered with paper towels. The room was quickly wrenched from the Society's hands and now serves the purpose of being the Radio Society's transmitting station! Unable to develop and print, the Society decided to make itself strong again by giving colour film shows.

The first meeting of the new Society was a colour slide show on Paris. Members of the French Club helped to make this a combined meeting and to swell the attendance to 32 pupils. The show was presented by myself, and both the applause I received afterwards and the attendance seemed to indicate that the Society was well on the way to building a large membership. However, our next meeting, 'Great Art Treasures of the World', had a pitifully small attendance. As the colourful and varied posters said, this was 'a once-in-a-lifetime experience'. Swords, paintings, jewellery, sculpture, coins, pottery and pieces of furniture were excellently analysed by the secretary. The Society did not fail to notice that no representatives from the Art department were present.

The catchy poster for our Steam Locomotives Show ("We'll be 'chuffed' to see you") brought 24 pupils to Room 10. Alan Bolton gave us an enjoyable 40 minutes as he recalled again the age of steam. The Society would like to thank Alan for the hard work he put into the show.

'X — the Xmas show with a difference' had an attendance of 20. However, the Society was let down by the forgetfulness of Room 60. Part of the show was to have been a film of the Lower School Xmas decorations of 1969 but it was unfortunately not brought to school on the day of the show. Instead a splendid film of the Bayeux Tapestry replaced the decorations. The remaining parts of the show were colour films of Bruges 'The Venice of the North' and the Stately Homes of England.

Throughout the Society's meetings it was surprising to notice the pathetic attendance of the unenthusiastic Lower School. It would appear that the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Forms cannot wait to get home after school to see 'Play School' or other programmes which television puts out around 4.15 p.m. for the under fives!

The Photographic Society also contributed towards the 'Shakespeare: His Life and Times' Exhibition in Room 30 by lending many colour photographs of the Shakespeare Exhibition of 1964 and 1965.

It may appear to some pupils that this has been the liveliest year in the history of the P.S.; this is quite true'. You may ask then 'Why am I grumbling?' I can answer that by saying that had I not shown an interest in the Society it would not have functioned at all this year. There were times when I thought of renaming the Society, 'The Mart. Levitt Society'. Attendances may have trebled but if they had, 75 pupils is not a satisfactory number when there are 900 in the school.

I have attempted in this report to present an accurate picture of the Photographic Society's activities. It may sound long-winded in some parts but I only hope that, for the sake of this school, drastic and immediate action is taken by someone to examine closely the extraordinary atmosphere that prevails in the school, an atmosphere of reluctance to take part in after-school activities. What is going to happen to the Society? A good question for which there is only one positive answer—nothing. The Society, as far as I am concerned, is 'as dead as a doornail'. Perhaps this report will serve the purpose of a last rite.

Martin Levitt, Upper Sixth

AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY

The Society has received a surprising amount of support during its first two terms of existence. Operations are now under way to convert part of an upstairs room into a suitable radio-station, or a 'shack' as it is known in 'Ham' Radio circles. We have received a visit from a local amateur, Mr. Brian Booth 03SYC, who used to teach at the school, and seemed very happy that the Amateur Radio Society has been revived. Future plans are for more out-of-school activities, such as visits to Emley Moor TV transmitter and Radio Leeds.

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David Lockwood, A7314

THE BADMINTON CLUB

At the beginning of the School Year, a Badminton club, at present only open to the Upper Sixth — due to financial and administrative difficulties — was founded by C. Newton and J. C. Filer, who are now Treasurer and Hon. Secretary respectively. At first, operations were restricted to the Lower School, but after a considerable amount of lobbying and hard work during half-term by the former assisted by S. W. Stenson and the Groundsman, two new courts appeared in the Upper School Hall.

Negotiations with the Staff broke down recently, but hopes are high for a Staff v Pupils match. A match against Q.E.G.S. (away) has been arranged for March 25th, team as follows: C. Newton, J. C. Filer, I. Ayris, H. Preene, P. Lawrence and S. W. Stenson, which we are confident of winning. We hope for further fixtures in weeks to come.

The response from the Upper Sixth has been encouraging and the standard of play has greatly improved with the advent of 1971. The female response was not overwhelming, but a few budding Amazons have attended and mixed doubles proved to be very entertaining.

We hope that our pioneering work will not be wasted and that the Club will continue after our departure in June, and that it may flourish as a recognised extra-curricular activity.

Finally, we wish to thank the headmaster, Mr. E. E. Turner, Miss R. Hankins and Mr. A. Jubb, without whose co-operation the formation of the Club would have been impossible. Thanks also must be extended to the members of Staff, who gave up their valuable time to supervise the meetings; Mr. M. Ruddock, Mr. D. F. Lumb, Mr. B. Windle and last (but not least) Mr. D. K. Cooper.

Clive Newton and John Filer, Upper Sixth

SIXTH FORM HOUSECRAFT

Many people are under the impression that Housecraft involves the successful making of cakes and biscuits and that is the only function of the course. Perhaps a brief report of some of our activities during this year will help to explode this myth.

One of the papers in the 'A' level course is "The Family in Society". As part of this study, we visited the local old people's homes, and also spent a morning with the old people's warden in Normanton. During this visit we met many of the local old people who live alone. Many of these people do not have much contact with younger people and as a result of these visits we decided to hold a Christmas party for some of the old people we had visited. We overcame the problem of finance for the party by making and selling bonfire toffee and gingerbread men early in November. Arrangements for food, transport and entertainment were carefully made, and at approximately 3 o'clock December 1st the first of our guests began to arrive. Some were collected and others made their own way to the Lower School. The proceedings began with introductions all round and then members of the Country Dancing Society entertained us. Tea followed, which everyone seemed to enjoy, party games and carols proved great fun, and the party was brought to a close by the appearance of Father Christmas, with gifts for everyone. We classed this as a great success, but it is sad to think

that for some of the old people this was the only Christmas party they would have.

Another of our Christmas projects included the 6th Form Supper Dance held in the Upper School on the last day of the Christmas term. We were most fortunate that the day was fine as all the food was prepared in the Lower School and had to be transported to the Upper School by a very willing band of helpers.

During the year we have visited various houses in the area, one of Normanton's first council houses, some of the houses in the process of construction and some in the process of being converted to comply with Parker-Morris Standards. We would particularly like to thank all the people who helped us during these visits and gave so willingly of their time.

One of the highlights of the year was a visit to London to the Ideal Homes Exhibition where we saw the very latest in home design and furnishing. Our work has to include a study of home making and, whilst cookery plays an integral part in the home, we feel sure you will agree that it is not the only factor.

Julie Fozzard, Upper Sixth

PARENTS ASSOCIATION

The President of the Association, Mr. Hamilton, left the school at the end of 1969/70 year and so relinquished his office. Presentations of a gold watch and a nest of tables were made to Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton respectively, on behalf of the Association.

The year 1969/70 proved to be our most successful year financially. Our target of £500 was reached. Donations to school totalled £456 4 10d. and in addition to articles previously reported, the following items were also provided by the Association: Cricket Equipment; Outside light for Car Park; Trolley; Spotlights and other stage gear; Tent and groundsheet; Projection Microscope.

The year 1970/71 commenced with a new President and we welcomed the acceptance of the office by the new Headmaster, Mr. E. E. Turner.

This year the Association has seen the re-forming of the Royston Branch and their events to date include a Jumble Sale, Valentine Dance and a Social and Coffee Evening. We wish them every success with forthcoming events.

The Walton Branch continues to flourish and recent events have included a Social Evening, a Bring and Buy and a Jumble Sale.

Events of the Parent Committee have followed the usual pattern with the monthly Dances and Beetle Drive, and Coffee Evenings. The New Year Dance once again proved to be the highlight of the year and as usual the demand for tickets far exceeded the number allowed.

Other activities include two Jumble Sales and an Easter Raffle offering 26 prizes. All these enterprises were financially successful.

The present balance of the Association funds is approximately £409. Of this, £200 is to be donated towards the cost of new stage curtains for the Upper School Hall.

B. G. Plant, Honorary Secretary

BACK FROM A BREAK

The journey and the holiday seemed doomed from the start when we duly missed the train. However, we were lucky and caught one twenty minutes later. So, via London and Folkestone, to the boat whereupon the eldest of the twelve became rather green and remained so for the rest of the journey. The older members of the group passed the time in the usual place, whilst the younger ones visited the cafe. We arrived safely at Calais and after a little confusion we found our compartments on the train and settled down for the night. Not being the best of sleepers I awoke about 2.30 a.m. to find Mr. Fairbank and the other four sixth-formers fast asleep. I rolled up the blind slightly and spent the next hour viewing the French countryside. This is quite a pleasant experience and one which I enjoyed, for there is some weirdly attractive power which the land and towns exert when they are silhouetted against a starry sky.

One by one the others awoke—with the exception of Mr. Fairbank. It was now that the next major setback occurred when we were told that there would be no breakfast as the dining car had been forgotten. However, fighting off the pain of hunger, we arrived at Landeck around noon and here we were met by a courier (who was to prove very useful) and taken by mini-bus to our hotel at Ischgl, where we had lunch.

In the afternoon we were given our ski-ing equipment and bought some tickets for the cable car which is reputed to be the longest of its kind in Europe. We skied awhile and then returned to the hotel for dinner.

After dinner we tried out the local cafes and discotheques. In one place the cost of a drink was as high as thirty new pence. Need I say that we left there quickly. The town was very pleasant but the streets were rather steep and, together with snow and ice, proved to be an effective way of making us sore around the rear end. To see people walking on the streets of Ischgl is like watching Charlie Chaplin at "The Ice Rink". We returned to the hotel and went to bed. This was amusing for, unlike British beds, these beds had no blankets and sheets on them but just a huge quilt which one is supposed to sleep under. However, this did not occur to one person who spent ten minutes trying to get in it.

The following morning we went out on the nursery slopes, since it was Sunday and our ski-ing lessons did not begin until the Monday. Those who had been previously to Switzerland began confidently and Plant, Kirk, Baker and Lawson made excellent starts. Suddenly we heard female voices speaking English and when we discovered that a mixed party had arrived from Liverpool, ski-ing was temporarily abandoned.

It was about this time that the quote of the week came from Nigel Womack — "You can't get a serious injury ski-ing" — yet by 2 o'clock that afternoon I was being carried on a sledge, with my left leg splinted with a ski stick, to a waiting taxi ready to be taken to the doctor's. Once there my leg was set and I returned to the hotel. (Here most of my holiday ended but I will carry on relating the story from the point of view of the others.)

On Monday there was a blizzard and only two real enthusiasts ventured outside, only to return wet and windswept at lunchtime. In the evening the party

went to the Janz Klaus discotheque where they found a man dressed up as a 'fool' teasing people and 'pinching' things. However he got no change out of one Sixth-Former who put him in his rightful place — in the corner.

The next day everyone went skiing and came back complaining. The new skiers complained that their instructor was constantly prodding them with his ski-stick, and Mr. Fairbank complained that he should be doing more advanced turns. In the evening they carried me downstairs and I was taken by mini-bus to Janz Klaus where we found some of the group from Liverpool looking a little affected by the local wine. After a pleasant night we returned to the hotel.

On the Wednesday night we played cards well into Thursday, for the senior member had not come in. In the end, around 1.30 a.m., we gave up our vigil and went to sleep. The following morning, when asked what time he had come in, he replied, "Midnight," not knowing that we knew it was far later than this. This shows how very difficult it is on a trip to do anything without the rest knowing.

By now the wheels were turning trying to get me back home, and soon the courier had the journey to Munich and the flight home booked.

On the Friday there was a second blizzard and everyone stayed in the hotel. It continued non-stop throughout the day and by nightfall the snow was knee deep. Around 9 p.m. there was a minor avalanche which ripped off part of the roof of the Janz Klaus building, and smashed some windows also. The girls from Liverpool visited our hotel, much to my dismay, for whilst they were there I was being carried, by three sliding people, to the mini-bus, on the other side of town.

The following day, departure day, proved to be the most eventful of the whole holiday. Owing to the snow-storm the road to Landeck was blocked and the only way of getting out of Ischgl was during a two-hour period in the afternoon when the road would be held open. Perhaps most people would have been worried — not us. You should have seen some of us virtually praying that the road would remain blocked and that we should have to stay in Ischgl.

However, eventually Stephen Powers and I found ourselves being treated like V.I.P.'s aboard a B.E.A. jet whilst the others were visiting the zoo at Basle.

On landing at Heathrow Stephen Powers had to clear immigration and he was given a personal escort, by the pilot, onto the plane whilst the passengers for Manchester looked on in disbelief. We took off and in less than half an hour we had touched down at Manchester where the plane was met by three police cars an ambulance and a fire engine (just in case I had to be hoisted out).

After a two-hour drive I was home but the others did not arrive until 7.30 p.m. the following day owing to the delay caused by missing the train.

Well, that was the end of an eventful journey, which, although marred by an accident and poor weather was quite enjoyable. I hope that the school continues with these ski-ing trips abroad, for although I am writing this with what seems like a ton weight of plaster of Paris on my left leg, caused by my presence on the trip, I will support the school on these trips until I leave. For all those who have probably been put off by the news of my accident — don't be, for it has not deterred me from trying again.

Stephen Auty, Lower Sixth

GAMES



RUGBY

1st XV

This has been a most eventful season. With seven players remaining from last season we had a reasonable nucleus to build on. We made a good start beating Castleford, always a difficult opening fixture, a 70-yard try by prop Stephen Carrington being the highlight of the game. We also won the next six games. The best display was at home against Scarborough. Lacking possession from the set pieces, our tackling was devastating and possession from the loose set us up for a 60 point spree.

However, injuries were taking their toll. In the Pontefract Sevens we won our way to the final beating Leeds G.S., Pontefract and Roundhay, but we had terrible luck in the final against Rothwell. Stephen Carrington injured a bone that kept him out of the game for almost the whole season and Keith Banks broke his collar bone, necessitating an 8-week recovery period. At the Manchester Sevens Keith Brighton injured a leg and he also missed several games. Our reserve strength just pulled us through against West Leeds and Bridlington, but we had much stronger opposition to come.

After only seven games we had played 25 boys in the 1st XV. At the end of the season we had played 33! Morale was rather low in this first term and it came as no surprise when we lost to Pontefract, Roundhay, Hemsworth and Rothwell. Full marks to the newcomers who, although finding the going rather tough, played their hearts out, as did our regulars, some of whom had to play in unaccustomed positions.

Even in these 4 games our attack was not blunted. We scored 14 points in each of the first 3 matches and in the fourth scored a try which was only the fourth to be scored against Rothwell up to that time. (I can't resist adding that Q.E.G.S., our local rivals, who are afraid to give us a fixture, failed to score a try against them the following week).

If we were somewhat disappointed at these results, our opponents certainly weren't. Roundhay, anticipating victory, celebrated with Champagne they had brought, and the singing from Pontefract showers would have done credit to any Welsh Male Voice Choir. So at least we spread a little joy around us!

Compensation for our injuries came in the form of giving 2nd XV players a chance to show their paces. Terry Higgins stood in admirably at full-back for Keith Banks, and had some excellent games. At Pontefract, unfortunately, he had to leave the field after only a few minutes. A courageous tackle on their lock forward saved an almost certain try, but his jaw was far too sore for him to continue. Leslie Cusworth came into the side, at full back, and he showed his ability by finishing the season as second highest points scorer to Colin Lambert. His 58 points consisted of three tries, eleven conversions, seven penalties, and two drop goals, in only 12 appearances.

John Dyson came into the side against Hemsworth and never looked back (he couldn't anyway!). His very strong running and hand-off, both improved by work he has put in with the weights, have brought him 16 tries in 13 matches, and an eventual place in our highly successful sevens side. Stephen Auty also had his baptism in the 1st against Hemsworth. His low tackling and falling on the

ball earned him a regular place, until an argument with a pair of skis and a snow drift in Austria left him with a broken leg at half-term. However, a leg in plaster and hobbling on crutches didn't prevent him from supporting the team whenever he could. This injury in turn gave Peter Lodge the last 5 games of the season after reports of some outstanding games with the second XV.

Signs of a revival in our fortunes came at Macclesfield. Our captain, Keith Brighton, failed to appear, and from then on Colin Lambert took over. Macclesfield led us convincingly at half-time after a good forward display. We resolved we had nothing to lose by throwing everything into the attack. This brought us two fine tries by Larry Hanson and Geoff Strangwood and to within a point of their score. A blind-side break by Stephen Harrison sent Colin Lambert on a 50-yard run for a match-winning try. After losing 3 of our previous 4 games this win acted like a tonic. Morale shot sky-high, players trained hard and conscientiously, and we finished the season losing only to Doncaster in the last game and giving a series of excellent displays in the Sevens competitions.

A lot of credit for our revival must go to Colin Lambert, who led the side admirably. His dedication to the game is an example to all players in the school. The speed he has acquired from lots of hard work, is his greatest asset. His football skill has improved every year, and his versatility allows him to play as forward or back, which has come in useful on many occasions. Congratulations to him on captaining the Yorkshire Schools team against Wales and Lancashire, and to his selection for the English team which played against Wales at Cardiff.

At centre Martin Poole has been one of our main strengths. In his third season with the team he has given our young backs tremendous confidence. He is one of the best tacklers we have had at the school. He goes hard and low — if any youngster thinks by doing this he might get injured you might be interested to know 'Harry' has been the only player to play in every school match this season. Add to this his ability to make a break and his speed off the mark, and you have the reasons why he also represented Yorkshire this season. So our congratulations to him also.

Stephen Harrison has had a good season at scrum half. He developed a reliable service, played well to his back row, and is a very deceptive player. Outside him in the backs Keith Banks and Neil Tuffs, both Colts last year, have shown fine potential, both made the Sevens Team, and we are looking for big things from them in the future! David Smith started the season on the wing, but was also an injury victim. On his return he played at flank forward where his speed and tackling were very effective.

David Livsey, prop-forward, has led the pack admirably. He reads the forward game well, says the right things at the right time, and sets a good example by putting in 100% effort in every game. Our sincere condolences to Stephen Carrington on his injury. He missed a season's rugby which I know he would have enjoyed as much as anyone, and his experience 'up front' would have been invaluable. Alan Dobson, taking over at prop, soon began to establish himself. Building up his strength with weights helped tremendously, and gave him a lot of confidence. Starting as a second teamer, he finished the season as one of our leading forwards and won a place in the Sevens team.

Martin Beedle, hooker, and John Friend, lock or flank forward, have both taken the step from Colts to 1st team in their stride, and have given some excellent performances. Dennis Poundford won a lot of possession in the lines-out using

his height, but eventually lost his place to more mobile locks. Geoffrey Thrall at lock or No. 8 has been a good team player. He underestimates his own ability somewhat, but I feel the confidence players usually show in their last season at school will make him one of our outstanding forwards next season. He played for the Area XV in the Yorkshire Trials at No. 8.

Geoffrey Strangwood, who missed a chance of a 1st team place last year when he broke his leg, made the team this year after only one 2nd team appearance. He played every other game of the season. He was third in the try scoring lists with 14 in 22 appearances. He is a versatile player; usually a flank forward, he has played at lock and on the wing, whilst in the Sevens team he took over the role of hooker! He was reserve for the Final Yorkshire Trial at Morley, as was Larry Hanson, who has had some very good games for the side.

We have a large proportion of the side back again next year. If we can match the team spirit which prevailed in the latter half of the season and train as diligently, we could be in for a very enjoyable and successful season in 1971/72.

Congratulations to Stephen Harrison, Stephen Carrington, David Livsey, Geoffrey Strangwood, Alan Dobson and John Dyson on receiving their colours this season.

Team: C. Lambert (Captain); L. Cusworth; M. Poole, N. Tuffs, J. Dyson; K. Banks, S. Harrison; D. Livsey, M. Beedle, A. Dobson, P. Lodge, G. Thrall, D. Smith, S. Auty, J. Friend, G. Strangwood.

Results:

Sept. 12	Castleford	Home	Won	23—14
19	Moseley Hall	Home	Won	33— 0
23	West Leeds	Away	Won	12— 8
26	Scarborough	Home	Won	62— 9
Oct. 3	Bridlington	Away	Won	8— 3
10	Thorne	Away	Won	36— 8
17	Whitcliffe	Home	Won	28— 6
24	Pontefract	Away	Lost	14—33
31	Thornes House	Home	Won	25— 3
Nov. 6	Hemsworth	Away	Lost	14—22
21	Roundhay	Home	Lost	14—23
28	Ermysteds	Away	Won	22— 0
Dec. 5	Rothwell	Home	Lost	3—17
12	Macclesfield	Away	Won	14—12
Jan. 16	Archbishop's	Away	Won	22— 3
23	Hipperholme	Away	Won	22— 9
Feb. 3	Goole	Away	Won	48— 5
13	De La Salle	Home	Won	12— 6
20	Acklam Hall	Home	Won	28— 3
27	Heath	Home	Won	27— 3
Mar. 6	Temple Moor	Away	Draw	6— 6
13	Hull	Away	Won	34— 8
20	Doncaster	Away	Lost	12—14

Record: Played 23, Won 17, Lost 5, Drawn 1. For 519; Against 215.



**JOHN DYSON SCORES A FIRST-ROUND TRY
AGAINST READING AT ROSSLYN PARK**

(Photo : Mr A. Jubb)

SEVENS

Fylde: After two fairly easy rounds, we came up against Blackpool and Cowley, two of this season's leading Lancashire Schools. Blackpool were unlucky to have only a short rest before playing us, yet provided the toughest game. In the Final we were 3-0 down at half-time, but won much more possession in the second half, and ran in 4 tries, a memorable one being from N. Tuffs, who sold several dummies going on his own from the half-way line to score in the corner. Results by rounds:

1st v Fleetwood, 35-0; 2nd v Birkenhead, 19-3; 3rd v Blackpool, 10-6;

Semi-Final v Cowley, 18-8; Final v Crossley and Porter 16-3.

Rossllyn Park: A comfortable first round win over Reading enabled us to get through even though, through nerves, I think, we made a lot of mistakes. Belfast Methodist were a different kettle of fish. They led us 5-0 at half-time, but we then turned in a very sound display to score 3 converted tries.

The final day brought us some tough opposition. Millfield, who, with Llandoverly, were quoted as favourites, were first, then Cowley. Both games we won narrowly but safely, 8-0. St. Dunstan's had gone into extra time in their previous game, and never got a chance to get going in the semi-final, which we won, 28-3.

The heavens opened for the final, but in very poor conditions we made very few mistakes and took both chances offered when Neil Tuffs put Geoff Strangwood in for a try, and Colin Lambert won a loose ball after his kick ahead, swung a long low pass out to Martin Poole, and saw him put Neil Tuffs over unopposed for a try well out, which Lambert converted.

We scored 85 points against 8 in the tournament, a tribute to the strong tackling, one of the main reasons for our success. Results by rounds:

1st v Reading, 18-0; 2nd v Belfast, 15-5; 3rd v Millfield, 8-0; 4th v Cowley, 8-0; Semi-Final v St. Dunstons, 28-3; Final v Llandovery, 8-0.

Fylde and Rosslyn Park Team: C. Lambert (Captain), M. Poole, K. Banks, N. Tuffs, A. Dobson, A. Strangwood, J. Dyson.

Oxford League: Our victors, Cowley, won both their games, and so progressed to the next round. David Smith and Stephen Harrison took the places of Neil Tuffs and Keith Banks, who were playing in the Under 16 team. Results:
v St. Brendans, Won 10-5. v Cowley, Lost 11-8.

Halifax: Results by rounds:

1st v Oakbank, 20-3; 2nd v Cheadle, 11-0; 3rd v Hemsworth, 10-8; Semi-

Final v Pontefract, Lost 8-10.

Ilkley: Defeated by Morley in the 1st Round, 6-9, we consoled ourselves with the Losers Plate, defeating Hemsworth in the Final 23-13. David Smith and Stephen Harrison again came into the side, as Neil Tuffs was injured, and Colin Lambert was playing for England.

Riley: The team who represented us at Fylde and Rosslyn Park played again at Hull. We always looked capable of winning, but complacency put us in arrears early on in one or two of the matches.

The Final belonged to our captain, Colin Lambert, who scored 4 tries and 6 conversions for a tally of 24 points! With only one minute left, he injured his ankle and had to be removed from the field by ambulance. A broken ankle was suspected, but it turned out to be a severe strain. Even so, it required a plaster-cast for a week, which put him out of England's team for the matches against Scotland and France.

Results by rounds: 1st v Hymers, 28-0; 2nd v Bede Hall, 19-8; 3rd v Bridlington 19-3; Semi-Final v Wath, 15-5; Final v A. Marvel, 30-5.

Oxford Sevens: In winning this tournament for the second time in four years, the U16 team accomplished great things. Conceding only 8 points throughout, they proved that if you are to win a tournament of this class, you must be a side of all-round ability.

In the U16 team we had in K. Banks and N. Tuffs, two of the winning Roehampton team. For them, this competition must have been a bit of an anti-climax, but they gave of their best for the rest of the team. They were under a great deal of pressure, but did well to keep working at the rate they did — our fears were that they would be too fatigued to have any real effect, but their powers of recuperation must be fantastic. But all this must not detract from the merit of a truly team performance. Leadership and inspiration were from fly half and centre, but the other five members of the team were magnificent in their own right. The three forwards, J. Friend, M. Beedle and G. Tinker, won a lot of possession, especially in the loose, and the three of them have a great deal of footballing ability. T. Higgins at scrum half, a totally new position for him, performed extremely well and provided a lot of good ball for the backs, even when under pressure. He also made many good breaks and was one of the midfield

generals. On the wing, A. Fisher was the leading try scorer and scored both tries in the Final. He is a powerful runner who takes a lot of stopping when in full flight.

The results of the matches speak for themselves: we had little trouble right up to the Final. Our opponents, St. Brendans of Bristol, had not been scored against before the Final. Their strongest asset was in the forwards: a prop over six feet in height and fourteen stones in weight. Thus we never got any possession from the line-outs or set scrums, and so we had to be content with most of the possession from the loose. Through good handling and a steady but sure build-up, the team managed to put A. Fisher away on the wing for two tries, and we held the lead 6-0 at half-time. In the second half we created chances but did not cash in on them. In the last five minutes our team really tired through trying to handle a stronger and heavier pack, and St. Brendans managed to pull back a try, but by this time it was too late to prevent us emerging as the victors.

Team: K. Banks, N. Tuffs, J. Friend, M. Beedle, T. Higgins, G. Tinker, A. Fisher. Reserves: M. Lindley, A. Whalley.

Results by rounds:

1st v Bablake, 11-0; 2nd v Howardian, 13-5; 3rd v Wiggeston, 13-0; 4th v Macclesfield, 11-0; Semi-Final v Cray Valley, 11-0; Final v St. Brendans, 6-3.

Colts' Sevens: The side was chosen from M. Lindley, J. Bridges, A. Whalley, S. Dean, N. Hill, M. Stabler, B. Banks, I. Westwood, S. Gamble and M. Spragg. In the Minsthorpe Sevens they lost in the Final by 30-5 against Castleford H.S., who also took them out of the Roundhay Sevens in the Semi-Final, 13-6. Victory came to us in the Riley Sevens, where the side beat Hull G.S., 26-0 in the Final.

SECOND XV

The second XV had to call upon quite a number of players this season because of the constant demands of the First XV. Therefore it has been a season of quite varied results. However, on the whole, the team's performance has been very encouraging. The season began most successfully, in the first five matches the team scored 227 points with only 20 points against. Dobson, Beedle and Tinker were most prominent in the pack, and Dean and Cusworth had created a useful partnership behind them. With good possession from the forwards, the backs were able to score freely, particularly A. Fisher, Brown and Higgins.

Against Whitcliffe Mount the team was without four regular players and in adverse weather conditions, the team did well to manage a draw. The following week, against a strong Pontefract side, defensive errors by Normanton erased an early lead and allowed the visitors to gain the upper hand and victory.

After an easy victory at Hemsworth, Normanton hit a bad patch, and lost four of the next six games, losing to Roundhay, Rothwell, Macclesfield and Hipperholme.

Garner, who took over the captaincy after Cusworth's promotion to the 1st XV has played an important part in maintaining the spirit of the 2nd XV. He has played with enthusiasm and set a fine example to the rest of the team. Garner has been admirably supported by the strong running of Lee, the determination of

Hayes and the hooking ability of Allchurch. The new-comers to the side, Bell, Smith, Hobbs, Peasant, and Marson have all played their part in assisting the team through the difficult period.

Undoubtedly the most outstanding win of the season was against Ossett 1st XV, with A. Fisher crowning an impressive display with two fine tries. Normanton won 9-8. The forwards played well in this game, obtaining good possession for the backs, with P. Lodge in fine form. This was a good victory against a much bigger team.

Later on in the season the team was strengthened in the backs by S. Midgeley and in the forwards by D. Poundford. Both have played well and made a good contribution to the side.

In criticism of the team, it must be stated that the tackling has not always been up to standard, and that early casual play in the games has resulted in early points being given away. One could perhaps absolve Powers and Chapman from blame, because the tackling of Powers has been quite impressive and Chapman has shown great courage and tenacity.

However, although the season has not been as successful as one expects of a Normanton side, it has been a very enjoyable one, the Bridlington fixture being particularly memorable.

Team:

P. Garner (capt.), S. Lee, S. Powers, D. Poundford, P. Lodge, I. Sinclair, D. Allchurch, A. Garfitt, N. Womack, G. Chapman, J. Filer, S. Midgley, T. Higgins, A. Fisher, D. Ward, N. Smith, P. Hayes, D. Brown, G. Peasant, R. Marson, A. Bell, R. Golby, J. Booth, N. Dean, F. Shearn, G. Tinker, K. Tinker,

L. Cusworth (capt.), M. Beedle, A. Dobson, J. Friend, S. Auty gained promotion to the 1st XV.

Record:

P	W	L	D	F	A
23	14	7	2	512	204

COLTS XV

The team has had a very erratic season this year, lifting its game one Saturday to earn a good victory, and then playing terribly the next to lose to a poor side. There have been troubles with injuries: M. Lindley's broken wrist, S. Dean's broken bone in his foot, J. Bridges' troublesome knee, and A. Whalley's recurrent minor injuries. These are in no way advanced as an excuse for our defeats, and instead of going into great detail about them, we shall concentrate on our victories.

The team made an excellent start with what was probably its best display of the season: an avenging victory over Castleford GS. The previous season's defeat by West Leeds H.S. was also redressed by a 26-8 victory. The first setback came against Willowgarth H.S., a kick-and-run side who beat us 21-8, a result that was put in perspective a few weeks later when we gave them a "thrashing" 44-0.

During the first term, a minority of the team showed a definite lack of enthusiasm, and so we were short of players for a few matches. However, the boys' own efforts soon corrected this apathy, and subsequently their standard of play improved too.

The hardest match was against Roundhay, who had two county players: in the centre, and at number 8. Both sets of backs cancelled each other out, most of the play was amongst the forwards, and Roundhay with their very big pack were ultimately too good for us. Nevertheless, the team put up a very good performance. Then came two very good victories over Rothwell and Ermysteds.

The second term began well with four consecutive victories, the most notable being over De la Salle G.S., who had five Lancashire players in their team, one of them being the England scrum-half and captain. Here the forwards showed their true potential, going in hard for the loose ball, and backing up exceptionally well. Then, against Heath and against Hull, came indifferent matches, where both backs and forwards seemed unwilling to put in the extra effort needed to retrieve the game. The final match, against Doncaster G.S., saw us without M. Lindley and J. Bridges, both playing for the county side, a good all-round performance gave us a fine victory 12-9.

The team has had its ups and downs, especially the forwards, who seem at times unable to combine as a pack in the loose—very important at this level of rugby. We have provided two county players: M. Lindley (wing three-quarter) and J. Bridges (wing forward), two outstanding members of the Yorkshire U15 team, and excellent prospects for the future. The most successful positional change has been to move S. Dean from the forwards to full-back. His swerving runs from that position have brought him many tries. A. Whalley has been a tireless worker for the forwards, and in my opinion would not disgrace himself in the county side. N. Hill and S. Gamble have throughout the season given consistent skilful performances. Among the backs, M. Stabler and I. Westwood have shown a lot of class, and M. Spragg is developing his skills along the right lines. M. Lindley has captained the side well, especially through example.

Team from: M. Lindley (captain), A. Whalley, J. Bridges, S. Dean, C. Williams, M. Spragg, M. Grace, I. Westwood, M. Stabler, S. Tarpey, S. Gamble, N. Gibbons, S. Bailey, P. Musther, N. Hill, S. Stoney, K. Plant, R. Davies.

12 September	Castleford	H	Won	22-14
19 "	Moseley Hall	A	Won	76-0
23 "	West Leeds	H	Won	26-8
26 "	Willowgarth	A	Lost	8-21
3 October	Bridlington	H	Won	48-3
10 "	Thorne	H	Won	37-8
17 "	Whitcliffe Mount	A	Lost	3-58
7 November	Hemsworth	A	Won	22-3
14 "	Willowgarth	H	Won	44-0
21 "	Roundhay	H	Lost	6-14
28 "	Ermysted's	H	Won	14-8
5 December	Rothwell	A	Won	13-3
12 "	Macclesfield	A	Lost	9-19
16 January	Archbishop Holgate's	H	Won	17-0
23 "	Hipperholme	H	Won	21-3
6 February	Goole	H	Won	17-6
13 "	De la Salle	H	Won	11-8
20 "	Acklam Hall	A	Won	14-6
27 "	Heath	A	Lost	8-15
13 March	Hull	H	Lost	3-8
20 "	Doncaster	H	Won	12-9

Record:

Played 21 Won 15 Lost 6 Drawn 0. Points: For 430 Against 224

Llannelli: After winning the Riley Sevens without conceding a point, the Colts were out for what is probably the biggest of all Colts tournaments. An initial 20-0 win over Amman Valley H.S. showed they were still brimful of confidence, and playing with an assurance long missing in their earlier tournaments. The forwards, Whalley, Dean, and Hill, played as a unit and gained a lot of possession, giving the backs ample opportunity to perform their moves. Lindley, perhaps the best winger on view, was in great form with his tremendously powerful and skilful running. At the base of the scrum, Bridges played a very sound game throughout, making individual attacks from this position, many of them leading to scores. Banks, who showed much football maturity for a 3rd Former, and Westwood struck up a good partnership in midfield. Westwood played well in attack with his superb dummy pass, and in defence with his tackling and falling on the ball.

Not until the quarter-final did any team come close to holding them, and then it was Dyffryn H.S., but even there the winning margin was 15-0. The semi-final was a very closely fought game against Neath G.S. which we just won, 5-0, our defensive play again being excellent, although in attack we did not exploit all our chances. M. Lindley sustained an injury which kept him out of the final, in which N. Hill dislocated a shoulder, so that, against a stronger and much heavier team, we had little chance to stamp our authority on the game and realise our true potential. We failed to get our usual amount of possession, and conceded our first points in the tournament, and eventually lost 8-0 to Llanrhymney H.S., Cardiff. However, keeping our line uncrossed for so long at this level of Rugby was in itself a remarkable achievement, and I would like personally to congratulate the team on their play, for they were a treat to watch and gave of their best throughout.

UNDER 14 XV

In an outstanding season for the team and for the third year in succession, the side is undefeated; finishing only 22 points short of 1,000 points for the season they have proved themselves to be the most prolific scoring school team this year or in any previous year. The remarkably mild winter has enabled 27 matches to be played, which must in itself be something of a record—only the away fixture against De La Salle being cancelled.

236 tries have been scored, nearly half coming from the two wingers, Buckingham (75) and Walker (37). Buckingham's record haul of tries (beating the previous school record by over 20) can be attributed to his speed, deceptive body swerve and side-step. Right-winger Walker lacks the same speed and deception but is difficult to stop when running in full flight. That Walker has scored half Buckingham's total can probably be attributed to the fact that the backs, generally 'right-handed' like most people, therefore pass better to the left, thus creating more chances on the left flank.

Captain Barry Banks, one of the keenest members of the side, has inspired his team when necessary and dominated matches from his stand-off position. Besides triggering off most of the attacking moves his kicking to touch, particularly in defence, has been outstanding.

Of the forwards, Peter Graveling has again had a very good season—his strength, in loose play and rucking, being very noticeable. Hooker Robert Wells deserves mention for his consistently good performances. He is rarely beaten for possession and is always to the fore in loose play.

Hartshorne and Ramsden must be singled out as players who have shown most improvement. Could the fact that their fathers are the team's keenest supporters have anything to do with it? Both originally threequarters, they are now established wing-forwards. Particularly pleasing has been the change in Hartshorne's tackling—at the beginning of the season it was of the crude 'head-hunting' variety and therefore very unreliable, but he has matured into an outstanding cover tackler, always aiming low and rarely missing his man.

As far as individual matches are concerned, six stand out as worthy of comment. Matches against King's Pontefract, Garforth (home) and Temple Moor were hard fought encounters, with victory never assured until late in the game when our opponents seemed to tire under sustained pressure. Three factors contributed to the draw at Thornes House — a lethargic display generally from the side, a wet ball difficult for our much superior backs to handle, and also a lively Thornes back row allowed to roam offside at will.

Much the most interesting of matches during the winter term were those against Archbishop Holgate and Doncaster. At York, on a confined pitch, a rare 0-0 draw seemed likely, but then late in the second half Hartshorne, gathering his own nicely judged kick ahead, scored an opportunist try in the corner. Despite the low score this was a most absorbing match. Against Doncaster the stage was set for an interesting clash — 59 points needed for the seasons 1000: quite possible considering Doncaster's poor record. The players themselves were very confident of achieving their target whilst spectators turned up, eagerly anticipating a walkover.

However, despite the vocal support from the touchline, it was not to be. Doncaster had heard that they were to be our 'victims' and were determined not to succumb meekly. Despite overwhelming possession, tremendous tackling restricted the score to 6-3 at half-time. Though Doncaster tired in the second half, as a result of their earlier efforts, the task of reaching 59 points proved too great for the school team and Doncaster won a 'moral' victory.

Mention must be made of winning the losers' trophy in the Sevens at Mins-thorpe in an Under 15 competition. This was a notable achievement against older, bigger and more experienced opponents and augers well for future tournaments.

Altogether, an excellent season: congratulations to the team on its success.

Team from: B. Banks (Captain), P. Graveling, J. Hoyle, D. Fennell, D. Hartley, C. Jackson, N. Walker, Martin Hayward, Melvin Hayward, M. Hartshorne, D. Buckingham, A. Grice, R. Wells, A. Pruchniewicz, A. Short, J. Ramsden, P. Robinson, D. Kirk, L. Dolby-Glover, M. Finan.

Results:

12 September	Castleford G.S.	A	Won	62-13
19 "	Moseley Hall G.S.	A	Won	64-6
23 "	West Leeds G.S.	H	Won	64-0
26 "	Willowgarth C.S.	A	Won	36-5
3 October	Bridlington G.S.	H	Won	41-9
6 "	Kettlethorpe H.S.	A	Won	24-3
10 "	Thorne G.S.	H	Won	37-0
17 "	Whitcliffe Mount G.S.	A	Won	34-11
24 "	King's School, Pontefract	H	Won	26-11
31 "	Thornes House G.S.	A	Drew	12-12
10 November	Airedale C.S.	H	Won	76-3
14 "	Willowgarth C.S.	H	Won	19-3
17 "	Garforth C.S.	H	Won	19-10
21 "	Roundhay G.S.	A	Won	31-0
28 "	Ermysteds G.S.	H	Won	43-0
5 December	Rothwell G.S.	A	Won	78-3
8 "	Garforth C.S.	A	Won	23-6
12 "	King's School, Macclesfield	H	Won	24-3
16 January	Archbishop Holgate's G.S.	A	Won	3-0
23 "	Hipperholme G.S.	H	Won	27-0
30 "	Ossett C.S.	H	Won	26-0
6 February	Goole G.S.	H	Won	45-0
20 "	Acklam Hall G.S.	A	Won	20-8
27 "	Heath G.S.	A	Won	27-6
6 March	Temple Moor G.S.	H	Won	17-8
13 "	Hull G.S.	A	Won	53-0
20 "	Doncaster G.S.	H	Won	37-3

Seasons Record:

Played 27; Won 26; Lost 0; Drawn 1; For 978; Against 123.

UNDER 13 XV

As with our cricket fixtures last season, so with our Rugby matches this season: the weather has been very kind to us again. Only one match has been lost on account of bad conditions and, perhaps more important, regular outdoor practice has been possible every week. After some initial experiments there resulted a pool of eighteen players from which the team was selected each week, and on account of injuries and loss of form all of the pool have been required to play a fair number of games. Indeed, much credit for the team's success must go to those who, whilst not commanding a regular place, were always ready to stand by and step in when needed. They never let the side down and usually played above themselves in an attempt to keep their places. When Harvey broke his collar-bone in November, Jennings took over and proceeded to play so well in the second-row that he kept his position. Hughs took over the scrum-half position after Christmas and has played with increasing competence since then. The keenness and confidence of the team have been most noticeable this season. They have been ever self-critical of their performances, knowing that a higher standard could still be achieved. Barker has driven his pack from beginning to end of every game, often by exhortation, but mainly by example, and at stand-off the captain, Stephen Burnage, has retained the respect of his team by his intelligent tactics.

Of the tries scored, the forwards have been responsible for rather more than the backs, yet at the beginning of the season this appeared to be the weaker department. Barker was always capable of individual efforts, but certainly the inclusion of Johnson who began playing in late October was a great asset to them, for his strength and mobility allowed him to score at will against any defence reluctant to tackle. Strangely it was the great speed of two or three of the pack that sometimes presented problems. They invariably secured the loose ball and against weaker teams were able to run through defences. If they were eventually stopped, however, their speed had carried them well clear of the rest of their forwards, and in this instance possession usually reverted to the other side. It was particularly noticeable that the excellent rugby played on a very small pitch against Goole was caused by all forwards being able to stay with the ball and from the loose rucks to achieve clean possession for the backs. The composition of the pack has been subject to various combinations, and any change has usually involved the versatile Paul Morgan who played every position except hooker before becoming the regular open-side prop. On the blind-side Kevin Wood has been a consistent performer. Evans was discovered in the first year, a couple of weeks after the beginning of the season, and since then has hooked effectively in every match. His enthusiasm to strike has fortunately cost us remarkably few penalties. In the second-row Johnson, Jennings, Harvey, Stackhouse and Gittins have all done their share of pushing and at wing-forward Michael Smith, showing a carefree disregard for the off-side rule, which in away matches he invariably shared with the referee, has been particularly effective in crushing scrum-halves or stand-offs. In football terminology Barker has been the "link-man" of the side. Playing at number eight he has done a tremendous amount of work encouraging his forwards at one moment and then collecting the ball for his backs the next. The back division has had a very settled look about it. Stephen and John Burnage played in every match at stand-off and centre respectively, whilst the left wing pair of Clive Morgan and Russell Davenport have only missed one match each. Davenport's contribution to the side has been especially impressive. Strong and purposeful running has brought him his thirty-four tries, but perhaps more spectacular has been his goal-kicking. As is the current fashion, he kicks with his instep and with his left foot. Any try to the right of the goal posts has usually been worth five points. Carter and Newton have filled the remaining wing and full-back positions but neither has seen as much of the ball as he would like — such are the disadvantages of playing with a successful team. Newton has linked up well with his three-quarter line but in a purely defensive capacity has had too little practice.

The best achievement of the season was probably the 6-3 win against King's School, Pontefract. Always a strong side, King's had most of the play territorially and the score remained 3-3 until a few minutes from the end when Davenport managed to break away and score in the corner. It could have been coincidence that two of the matches that the team lost followed their two biggest wins. Alternatively it could be suggested that winning by seventy or eighty points is no preparation for a difficult fixture. Certainly, the latter consideration seemed to be in evidence when we were beaten by a more efficient Garforth side in the early part of the season. At Macclesfield also, the defence seemed surprised to be called upon and had let in fifteen points in ten minutes. Although they rallied somewhat the task was by then too difficult. Against Moseley Hall, fog and a bus strike combined to leave us only thirteen men for a trip across the Pennines and at this early stage in the season the team was unable to cope with this handicap.

In general the team have played in an efficient and entertaining manner, but they should not congratulate themselves too readily. They are still capable of

making the most elementary mistakes both individually and tactically and there are many areas where improvement is not only desirable but essential if they are to achieve a similar record next season. They have already the basis of a good side and with much hard work next year, they may in time become one.

Team and appearances: Burnage J. (24); Burnage S. (24); Davenport (23); Morgan C. (23); Barker (22); Wood (22); Carter (21); Evans (19); Morgan P. (19); Newton (19); Gittins (18); Dean (17); Smith M. (17); Harvey (15); Johnson (15); Stackhouse (15); Jennings (13); Hughs (11).

Also played: Lawson (3); Betts (2); Smith P. (2); Calvert (1); Watson (1); Whittam (1).

Leading scorers: Davenport (198 pts. — 34 tries, 45 conversions, 2 pen. goals); Barker (126 pts. — 42 tries); Johnson (90 pts. — 30 tries); Burnage S. (84 pts. — 6 tries, 33 conversions); Burnage J. (69 pts. — 23 tries).

Results:

12 September	Castleford	H	Won	13-8
19 "	Moseley Hall G.S.	A	Lost	8-17
23 "	West Leeds	H	Won	81-0
26 "	Garforth	A	Lost	8-20
10 October	Thorne G.S.	H	Won	49-3
17 "	Whitcliffe Mount	A	Won	31-3
24 "	King's School, Pontefract	H	Won	6-3
7 November	Kettlethorpe	H	Won	54-9
14 "	Cathedral School, Wakefield	A	Won	21-8
18 "	John Smeaton	H	Won	35-8
21 "	Roundhay G.S.	A	Won	15-3
28 "	Ermysted's School	H	Won	14-6
5 December	Rothwell G.S.	H	Won	79-0
12 "	Macclesfield G.S.	A	Lost	9-21
15 January	Archbishop Holgate's	H	Won	29-6
23 "	Hipperholme G.S.	H	Won	10-3
30 "	Ossett	H	Won	59-0
6 February	Goole G.S.	H	Won	37-0
20 "	Kettlethorpe	A	Won	17-3
27 "	Heath G.S.	A	Won	20-9
6 March	Temple Moor G.S.	A	Won	58-3
13 "	Armthorpe H.S.	A	Won	29-5
19 "	Bridlington G.S.	A	Won	16-3
20 "	Scarborough	A	Won	18-0
Played 24 Won 21 Drawn 0 Lost 3. Points : For 716 Against 141				

UNDER 13 SEVENS

There is only the one "Sevens" competition for this age group in this area and this is the one held by Q.E.G.S. For all the teams entering, therefore, it is likely to be the first competitive "sevens" they have played and it was interesting to note the level of team and individual skill that many had attained. The school had held high hopes of doing well in the competition and had spent much time in practice for the occasion. A few days before, however, they lost the services of Davenport with a tom muscle and on the day Stephen Burnage was ill and could only play in the first round. The re-shuffled team excelled themselves, however, and after a shaky start went on to win the competition.

Team: Smith M.; Evans; Harvey; Morgan C.; Morgan P.; Burnage S.; Barker; Johnson. Reserve — Carter.

Results: 1st Round v. Bradford G.S.; 6-3; 2nd v. Leeds G.S. 'B', 16-0; Final v. Q.E.G.S., 20-0.

UNDER 12 XV

The training sessions at the start of the season were attended by the usual band of enthusiastic newcomers to the school and there seemed to be plenty of ability on view. However, when it was discovered that three of the best players were over age the outlook was less promising. After a reasonably sound start to the season only one match was won between the end of October and the end of February, it was therefore especially pleasing when the team began to develop a real confidence in the last four games.

The Normanton side has generally been smaller than its opponents, lacking in ball sense, physical commitment and an understanding of what was required. Several games were thrown away early on by downright sleepiness. The whistle to start the match seemed to evoke little sense of urgency, passes were dropped, tackles missed and a substantial number of points scored against us before we were really aware that play had started. We met two good sides from King's School, Pontefract, and De La Salle, with the speed and weight to exploit our weaknesses but there were other games in which we ought to have done much better than the record shows.

As a result it is all the more pleasing to be able to report that the team settled down at the end of the season to play some really effective rugby. In spite of many setbacks the boys have remained cheerful and enthusiastic throughout the season. They have trained hard, not only in the official sessions but in the Gym at lunchtimes and the standard of passing, tackling, covering and running with the ball has improved enormously. Several important positional changes were made in the second term which strengthened the backs without weakening the forwards. Two players, not previously considered, established themselves in the team and in the final games it was obvious that this side will hold its own in the future.

Craig, Machin and Chelton were a hard-working front row, Chelton being particularly strong in the rucks; Jowett and Lythe pushed hard in the scrums and latterly won a good share of the ball in the line-outs; while the back row of Wilkinson, Griffiths and Hampshire, after an uncertain start, picked up the essentials, getting up on loose balls, covering, tackling and backing up in attack. Griffiths made some fine runs, Hampshire became quite a scourge of fly-halves and Wilkinson, in spite of his small size, was always in the thick of it. Amongst the backs progress was at first very slow. Whenever we got the ball we seemed to go backwards and it was not until the last game of the first term that they managed to get the ball along the line to the wings. By the end of the season the wingers were getting the ball regularly and if the ball did not move forwards there were plenty of critics around to point out the uselessness of running sideways or towards our own line. Greatorex always played well at scrum half, throwing a steady accurate pass and occasionally running well on his own, but the main reason for the improvement was the move of Tottey from the wing to fly half. He took some time to settle down but played a large part in the successful performances in March. He has sure hands, a good turn of speed and the ability to get his three-quarters moving. He is also a useful place-kicker. Cooke and Saberton ran and tackled hard in the centre, while on the wings Robinson and Grayson were dangerous and forceful runners. At full back Wood was not always very sure in fielding high kicks but he tackled bravely and always made plenty of ground when he decided to run with the ball. Johnson, Webb, Dinsdale and Mitchell were useful reserves and as we fielded our best side on only one occasion Johnson rarely missed a game.

Though statistically the Under 12's cannot be said to have had the best of seasons, they are to be congratulated for the spirit they have always maintained when they might well have been discouraged and for the very considerable improvement they displayed at the end of the season.

Team from: A. Wood, G. Robinson, C. Cook, C. Saberton, K. Grayson, S. Tottey, I. Greateorex, M. Craig, D. Machin, K. Chelton, M. Lythe, S. Jowett, B. Wilkinson, D. Griffiths, M. Hampshire, S. Johnson, P. Webb, R. Dinsdale, A. Mitchell.

Results:

19 September	Moseley Hall	H	Won	9-3
26 "	Garforth	A	Won	13-3
24 October	Pontefract	A	Lost	0-20
31 "	John Smeaton	H	Won	3-0
7 November	Kettlethorpe	H	Lost	3-11
14 "	Garforth	A	Lost	3-17
21 "	Roundhay	H	Lost	0-16
12 December	King's, Macclesfield	H	Won	14-0
16 January	Archbishop Holgate's	H	Lost	3-12
23 "	Hipperholme	A	Lost	3-15
13 February	De La Salle	H	Lost	0-23
20 "	Kettlethorpe	A	Lost	9-10
6 March	Temple Moor	H	Won	32-0
13 "	Armforth	A	Won	6-0
19 "	Bridlington	A	Drew	5-5
20 "	Scarborough	A	Won	13-0

Season's Record:

Played 16 Won 7 Drawn 1 Lost 8. Points: For 116 Against 135
R.B.A.

HOCKEY

FIRST XI

Once again we have had a successful season mainly because the team has had previous experience of senior hockey.

In the first match of the season we beat an "out of condition" Pontefract side who seemed to be rather lacking in stamina after six weeks of luxurious living. Thornes House, having lost a number of their better players put up a good fight but our experience as a team showed us to be the better players, resulting in a 3-0 win. Undoubtedly the best and physically most tiring match of the season was the match against Ossett. Both teams seemed determined to win in order to better last year's drawn results. Alas, the final result was, once again, a draw.

Our first defeat of the season came at Colne Valley. We were unable to adjust our play to a rather out-of-proportion field. We looked forward to the return match at Normanton on a "normal sized" pitch, but unfortunately a mix-up in their fixtures meant that we were unable to play a second game.

The match against Bretton was our first, and highly successful, venture against a College of Education. The ladies of Bretton were rather boisterous from

playing mixed hockey, but despite plenty of vocal support and sideline coaching were unable to carry out any effective attacking play.

Christmas brought the departure of two members of our team and to bring our side up to full strength we were joined by two 2nd XI players.

The Wednesday afternoon match against Ackworth was, as usual, a well-balanced game, the result of which was not decided until the last few minutes of play.

Our biggest defeat of the season came, not from a school side, but from a club side. Fielding their strongest side, including two members of the Yorkshire Senior team, the club side scored five goals. The scoreline does not really reflect the standard of our game for we played an attacking game and were unlucky not to score.

Hemsworth Rally

This year the rally was postponed from March 6th to March 20th due to bad weather.

Results: 1st XI v. Thorne, 2-1; v. Castleford, 0-0; v. Adwick, 0-0; v. Penistone, 0-0; v. Hemsworth, 0-0.

Points were given on a league basis — 2 for a win, 1 for a draw and 0 for a defeat.

This gave us six points to give us second place in our section. It was rather fortunate that Penistone, a team not really up to standard, were able to put other teams in our group off their play. They beat one team who could have seriously ruined our chances of going further in the competition.

In the semi-finals we met Barnsley, an unorthodox hit-and-run team who scored two quick goals to eliminate us. Barnsley then went on to beat Rothwell in the Final.

The team has had a very good season and should, next year, play even better than this year. We have gained experience which is just as much a necessity as skill and hope to improve our record next season.

Congratulations to Anthea Newsome on being chosen for the Wakefield Area team, also to Andrea Draycott, Ruth Fergus and Lynn Martin on being chosen for the 2nd Area team.

Colours have been re-awarded to Jean Glover, Ruth Fergus and awarded to Heather Shaw, Lynne Ibbotson, Heather Fellowes, Lynn Martin, Andrea Draycott, Janet Addy, June Goodson, Anthea Newsome.

Team : Heather Shaw, Ann Garbutt, Heather Fellowes, June Goodson, Lynn Martin, Jean Glover, Ruth Fergus, Andrea Draycott, Anthea Newsome, Janet Addy, Diane Taylor, Lynne Ibbotson.

Results:

17 September	Pontefract	H	Won	5-3
26 September	Thornes House	A	Won	3-0
3 October	Ossett	H	Drew	2-2
7 October	Bretton College Ladies	A	Won	3-0
17 October	Colne Valley	A	Lost	1-4
7 November	Wheelwright	H	Won	1-0
5 December	Rothwell	H	Won	2-0
9 January	Thorne	A	Lost	0-2
27 January	Ackworth	A	Lost	2-3
6 February	Pontefract Ladies Club	H	Lost	0-5

Season's record:

Played 10 Won 5 Lost 4 Drawn 1. Points: For 19 Against 19

UNDER 15 XI

This season has been fairly successful, and we were nearing the standard of the previous year's team.

The players have worked well as a team and Janis Watson made a good recovery after being ill for at least a month of the season. The team has attended practices well and the good results show this.

The pitch at Wheelwright was smaller than normal pitches and the players found it hard to play on. This probably accounts for the score. All the other matches were played with enjoyment and enthusiasm.

On the 20th March we attended the Hemsworth Rally and played four matches. The results were as follows:

Under 15 XI v. Mexborough, lost 0-2; v. Castleford, 0-0; v. Wath, 2-0; v. Penistone, 3-1.

All the team worked hard but the results were not as expected. Unfortunately owing to a lower goal average than Hemsworth we were eliminated before reaching the semi-final.

Overall we came about fifth out of fifteen, and Mexborough, who were newcomers to the Rally, eventually were the winners.

Team: P. McTear, C. Golding, J. Watson, S. Lloyd, J. Heaton, P. Davies, J. Arandle, J. Greenway, A. Carrington (capt.), S. Machin, J. Gill. Also played: P. Booth, S. Gittins, J. Auelly.

Results:

24 September	Wheelwright	A	Lost	0-2
26 "	Thornes House	A	Won	4-0
29 "	Pontefract	A	Won	2-0
3 October	Ossett	H	Drew	0-0
17 "	Colne Valley	A	Won	4-1
7 November	Wheelwright	H	Drew	1-1
9 January	Thorne	A	Drew	0-0
30 "	Minsthorpe	A	Won	2-0

UNDER 14 XI

This season the team has played with enjoyment and determination, but the weather has not permitted the full number of matches to be played. The team as a whole have been enthusiastic and hard working and this has resulted in an unbeaten record this season.

Team from: K. Hill (capt.), R. Yates, J. Atherton, J. Dooler, M. Beresford, S. Conway, D. Burton, B. Kerton, S. Guy, C. Ibbotson, A. Brabbs, J. Schofield, A. Sparham, K. Jones.

Results:

29 September	Pontefract H.S.	H	Drew	1-1
3 October	Ossett	H	Drew	0-0
6 "	Wheelwright G.S.	A	Won	4-0
17 "	Colne Valley	A	Won	1-0
7 November	Wheelwright G.S.	H	Drew	2-2
5 December	Rothwell	H	Drew	2-2
9 January	Thorne G.S.	A	Won	2-1
30 "	Minsthorpe	A	Drew	1-1

Season's Record:

Played 8 Won 3 Drawn 5 Lost 0. Goals: For 13 Against 7.

CROSS COUNTRY

This year, House Cross Country Championships, over the new, slightly shorter courses, have been keenly contested. Levett managed to clinch the prize on the last run of all. Throughout the week every boy ran well to give the championships some real atmosphere — long missing over the years.

Through the long winter months, the Junior Cross Country runners have been competing in a league championship, run on a handicap basis, and leading to some exceptionally good performances. 1st was R. Whiteley, 2nd M. Hampshire, and 3rd M. Whiteley. All three display a lot of promise. Other notable runners were C. Dean, A. Hughes and M. Willon.

David Dobson, a fifth former, has been competing every week with Wakefield Harriers, training once or twice a week and racing on Saturdays. His own endeavours have made him a very promising runner: over three runs in the West Yorkshire League, he moved up from 31st to 11th place. In the Bradford and District Championships, he was 13th; Aaron Memorial Race, 18th; Leeds and District Championships, 6th; Yorkshire Youth Clubs Championships, 5th; and Castleford and District Championships, 1st. Well done, David! And B. Smith, awarded his Colours.

House Cross Country Championships:

First Year: 1st Ward, 130 pts.; 2nd Levett, 182 pts.; 3rd Dodsworth, 184 pts.; 4th Freston, 190 pts.

Second Year: 1st Freston, 151 pts.; 2nd Levett, 180 pts.; 3rd Ward, 244 pts.; 4th Dodsworth, 259 pts.

Third Year: 1st Ward, 122 pts.; 2nd Levett, 212 pts.; 3rd Freston, 248 pts.; 4th Dodsworth, 253 pts.

Fourth Year: 1st Freston, 84 pts.; 2nd Dodsworth, 92 pts.; 3rd Levett, 107 pts.; 4th Ward, 138 pts.

Fifth Year: 1st Ward, 125 pts.; 2nd Levett, 128 pts.; 3rd Freston, 168 pts.; 4th Dodsworth, 247 pts.

Sixth Year: 1st Dodsworth, 486 pts.; 2nd Levett, 513 pts.; 3rd Freston, 514 pts.; 4th Ward, 580 pts.

Overall House Champions:

1st Levett, 17 pts.; 2nd Ward, 16 pts.; 3rd Freston, 15 pts.; 4th Dodsworth, 12 pts.

Individual Winners:

1st Year: S. Totty (D), 14m. 21secs.; 2nd Year: A. Whittam (L), 13m. 30secs.; 3rd Year: R. Wakenshaw (F), 14m. 12secs.; 4th Year: R. Marson (L), 13m. 51secs.; 5th Year: D. Dobson (L), 14m. 28secs.; 6th Year: B. Smith (D), 14m. 58secs.

Junior Cross Country League: Final Positions:

1st R. Whiteley, 13 appearances 86 pts.; 2nd M. Hampshire, 12 appearances 80 pts.; 3rd M. Whiteley, 13 appearances 77 pts.

FIRST VII NETBALL

The team, newly formed at the beginning of the season, has worked well together but our victories were perhaps not always the result of our skill, but of the lack of skill of the opposing side.

Our hardest and most enjoyable match was against Castleford, when we had to battle hard for possession of the ball. The half-time score stood at two all, and the team played even harder during the second half scoring two more goals to give us a 4-2 victory.

Against Ackworth we met more than our own match and we suffered our only defeat by another school team. Our other defeats were inflicted by an Upper Sixth boys team who, eager to see our team at work, challenged us to two matches. The boys, having more height and power overcame our skill to win on both occasions, although the second match was close with only one goal being scored in the whole of the second half.

Team from: Colleen Bland; Gail Wilson†; Pamela Burgess†; Christine Firth†; Gillian Taylor; June Ellis† (Capt.); Jill Reynolds, Lynne Ibbotson.

† denotes Colours awarded.

Results:

			F.	A.
Sept. 23	Pudsey	Away	12	2
Oct. 7	Castleford	Away	4	2
Nov. 11	Ossett	Away	15	2
18	Ackworth	Away	9	24
25	Garforth	Away	18	6
Feb. 10	Pudsey	Home	11	2
Mar. 10	Garforth	Home	16	1
31	Ossett	Away		

Season's Record:

Played 7; Won 6; Lost 1; Drawn 0; G.F. 85; G.A. 39

Friendlies:

		F.	A.
Dec. 2	Upper Sixth Boys	4	10
Mar. 24	Upper Sixth Boys	3	5



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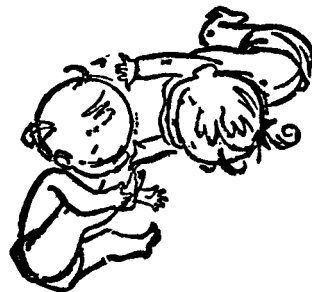
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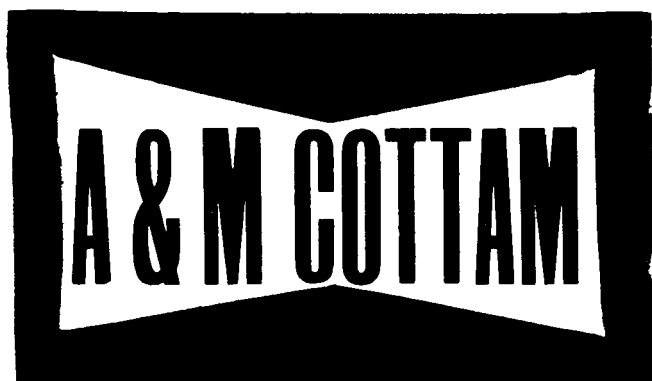


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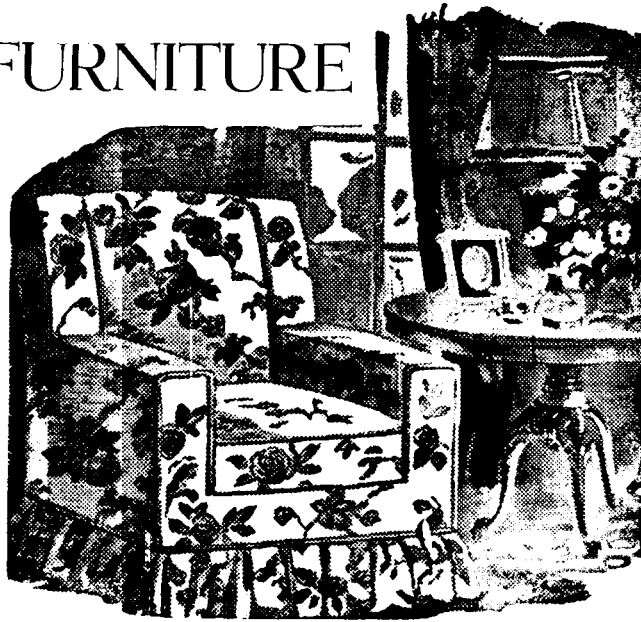
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