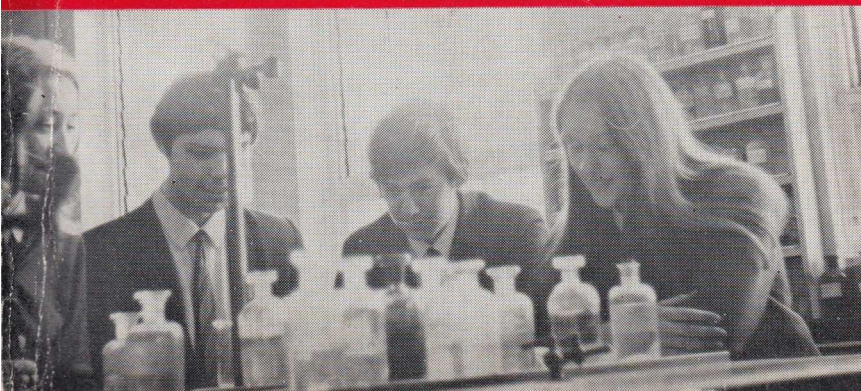


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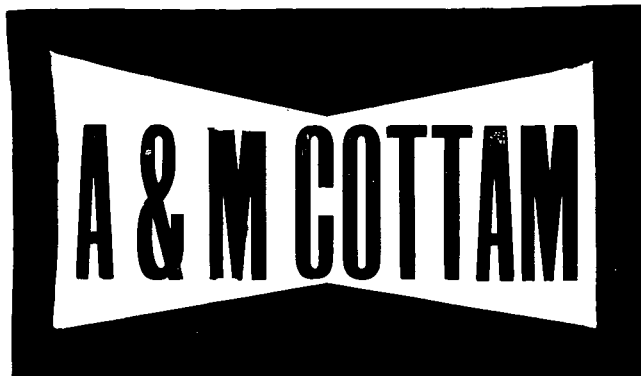
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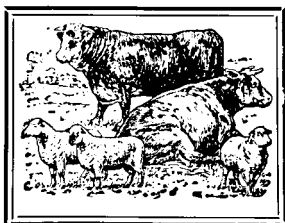
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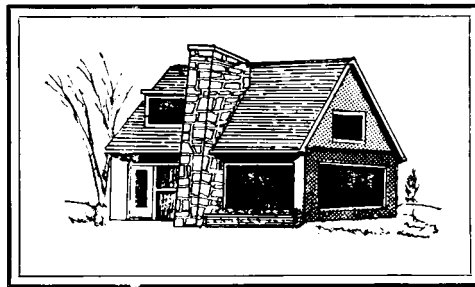
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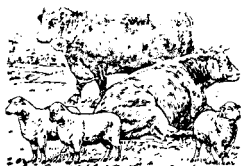
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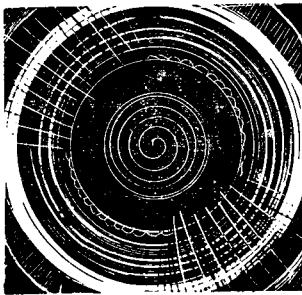
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The Chantry Chapel, Wakefield, in 1843

C. Dalby, Lower Sixth.

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1972

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IN THE MIND'S EYE

DREAMER

Flying high,	on wings of pure imagination.
He drifts along	through time and space.
Care-free. And	how gracefully he sails ;
In harmony	he does not struggle.
With all around him,	as lesser mortals do, but
Sees a new world,	full of hope.
Where he	takes time to think
And he alone can dream of wonders such as this.	

Keith Marsh, Upper Sixth.

IF DREAMS CAME TRUE

I had just arrived home from school, feeling very tired after one of those days. Fate had turned against me, and it was no surprise to me when my father greeted me with the news that a load of coal had arrived and was waiting to be put in the coalhouse.

"I might do it for ten bob," came my casual reply. "You'll do it for nowt, like tha's always dun," he snorted, like an angry dragon in a junior school pantomime.

"What with the rising cost of labour, and increased absenteeism, prices are bound to rise," I said, in my favourite Ted Heath accent. As I expected, I was greeted by a fast, ear-piercing reply; so I changed and took hold of the shovel ready for action.

The shovel became heavier every stroke as the coal pile slowly diminished, and my blistered hands began to become a heavy burden. I never normally looked into the coal pile, but a small, shiny, glinting object caught my eye. I rubbed off the coal dust on my jeans, and then I realised it was a diamond. The shovel hurtled into the cabbage patch and I ran as fast as I could down to the jewellers. The man behind the counter scowled at my rugged appearance, and said he would take a look at "the stone", as he called it in his old Etonian voice.

The next thing I knew I was leaning back in the mink-covered seats of my Pink Rolls Royce on the way to the airport, to catch my private aeroplane to Paris for an hour's shopping. The £75,000 house in Sandal, Yacht at Whitby, Aeroplane at Yeadon, Private golf course at Pontefract and the Pink Rolls were all part of my new life, all because of finding a stone. I was whizzing over the English Channel; when

"Is tha' gonna' get that coal in then?" my father shouted, on finding me; I was supposed to be getting the coal in but I had fallen asleep on the couch. Oh, for the chance that my dream will come true!

Stephen Stoney, Fifth Year.

BORIS CRUMM

Boris Crumm was fat and square.
He had six teeth and yellow hair.
One night he thought he'd like to fly.
Far up into the bright blue sky.
Some wings he made of cardboard bright.
With them he flew—a year last night.
His mum and dad would not have thought it
But Boris is on his seventieth orbit.

Keith Cunningham, Third Year.

NOWT SO QUEER AS FOLK

CATS: KEEP 'EM, BREED 'EM, SHOW 'EM

There is an art to breeding cats, and showing them, especially the long-hairs—Persians, Colourprints (a long-haired cat with Siamese markings) and Chinchillas. There are cat-shows held all over the world, the biggest being the one in London—the “National” as the breeders call it. The first thing to do when you go to a cat-show is to get “vetted in”. There are usually about four different vets at a table, and they check over all the cats that enter the show hall.

The second thing you do is show your vetting-in slips (you receive these with the entry forms). This is to check which cats are absent and which are present.

Next comes the worst part, grooming your cat and trying to make it look decent. With Siamese and other short-hairs, the job is easy, for all that is needed is a quick rub down with a chamois leather, or a rubber glove. But with Persians and other longhairs it is not so easy. The proper way to groom a longhair is first to comb it along the right way, so as to comb out the knots and to get out any dead hair. Then it has to be brushed up, to get the hair to fluff up.

Then it is time to leave the show hall and let the judging commence. Usually we go and have lunch and a cup of coffee in this period.

We children volunteer to put the first, second, third, fourth, reserve, V.H.C., H.C. and C. cards up. The last three stand for Very Highly Commended, Highly Commended and, the breeder's nightmare, Commended. Really these are just other ways of saying sixth seventh and eighth, but judging from the scowls you get when you put such tickets on their pens you would think it stands for “your cat is not very good”, “your cat is no good”, and “your cat is hopeless”.

Many people think it is cruel to take cats to cat-shows. The poor, unsuspecting thing gets shoved in a prickly basket, driven off in a smelly, noisy car, and a vet's great big hand coming to pull it out of its basket and search over it, and to top it all, its own beloved mistress combs and brushes all its hair out, dumps it in an unknown cage, and leaves it there, but when you look at it from the breeder's point of view, it is quite different. We have to go shopping around for the best woollen blankets and the best mince for our cats, we make the baskets as comfortable as possible, we have to comfort them in the car when they yowl (if they do not yowl we have to stop and see if anything is wrong with them). People come round admiring them in their comfortable snowy-white blanket with “Oohs” and “Aahs.” This is a typical conversation between me and another person (a non-breeder). I am sitting by my cat's pen, comforting it:

“Ooh, I say, what a beautiful pussy.”

“Mm.”

“Is 'e yours, love?”

“Mm.”

“E is an 'e, isn't 'e?”

“N . . . !”

“Yes, a thought ’e was. What’s ’is name, love?”

“Showgirl.”

“Ooh!” I get a queer look. “Yes, ’e’s nice.”

Of course, breeding cats has its drawbacks and we certainly do not make any money out of doing it, but it has its advantages too.

My favourite cat is called Ammulette, she is a big, black Persian cat with large, unblinking orange eyes. She is coming up for six years old and her cat show days are over. I do not mind admitting that she is spoilt, mainly by me. I call her Amu for short and so does everyone else, but her full name is Champion Springheels Ammulette. She has had quite a few kittens, most of which we have had to sell. Once again, people may think it cruel to sell kittens, but we always make absolutely positive that they go to good homes, and besides, if we kept every single kitten that we bred we would be sleeping out in the garden.

I think I shall breed cats when I grow up, but they will not like me very much because I intend to be a vet.

Alex Hepburn, First Year.

OUI OU NON

The Frenchman, unlike us, has no respect for laws, rules or regulations. To him they are a challenge, giving a perfect opportunity to show how well he can violate them. We all know about French drivers; most of them range from fair to pathetic. Unfortunately, the law itself cares little about this. French policemen are usually more concerned on how good they look while directing traffic. They portray a similar attitude towards games and sports. Anyone who has watched ‘Jeux sans Frontieres’ on T.V. will know that, if he is losing, the Frenchman is not above pinching water out of his opponent’s bucket.

But if we are to join the ‘commune’ we must become acquainted with the ancient art of ‘Joux au boule’ (a cruder form of bowls). I have yet to hear of anyone in France who has not participated in this game at some time or another. It is played in backyards, on the beach, in side streets and on main roads; in fact, anywhere where there’s wine to be had or where cars don’t mind being stopped while measuring-up takes place. What makes the game so fascinating are the numerous stances which each individual player adopts. First, there is the orthodox top spin backhand, with a slight diagonal lean forward. Then the less popular underarm right arm first, and left leg out (position 42). These two basic moves have infinite variations; but perhaps the least well-known one is the stance adopted by silly girls in bikinis (known as “chuck it and chance it”). This method frequently wins.

What about the French loos? A popular source of amusement for many years, they usually take the form of a hole in the ground, with a footplate on either side. So a certain finesse in ballet dancing technique is required to avoid the flush. If you’re unlucky enough to get your foot stuck, take heart from one poor chap who had the misfortune to do so, but gained help from the local fire brigade. He was quickly released despite being “caught with his trousers down”. Apart from this, one must also look at the political disturbances caused by the French latrine, taking the Bolshevik uprising in Clochemerle during the 1920’s as a typical example.

Marcel Guillou, Upper Sixth.



Guillou

WALK TALL

I have one particular hobby which is very interesting. It is Stilt Walking. I took stilt walking up four years ago when I was eight.

At first it is very difficult but after a few weeks I got the hang of doing one or two steps. The way I learned to do it was by putting my feet upon the stilts and leaning my back against the wall, then I could push off the wall and take a step. This is the way I learned and after a year I could walk as far as from the bottom of the street to the top of the street.

Then came the hard bit, I had to get up and down steps. This was very difficult, and the steps at the end of our back garden did not help much. It is a very large step and was difficult to get over, but after many attempts I could get up and down steps as easily as anything.

After that I began to get bolder. I began to learn how to skip on them; although this sounds difficult it really is not very difficult. And everything became easy to me, and now I can jump, hop, run, skip, walk and climb up and down steps.

K. Pugh, First Year.

WRITING IS

Writing comes from the heart. Writing is love. Writing is feeling. If people write words that don't feel, they haven't been writing. They have been expressing. They have been acting, just going through the motions. Writing is originality. Writing is not something that can be taken from the television and put on paper to raise a few quick laughs. Good writing is done for its own sake. Writing is done for personal satisfaction, and not to please others.

Nicholas Hill, Fifth Form.

MARCEL ON MAC

Firstly, in writing this article, I decided to consider two main points. Then I changed my mind and wrote about Mac instead. Everyone knows this tall, dark, handsome, sensuous, exciting, appealing, entertaining, cute, nice little man from Featherstone. His musical talents never cease to amaze me. Mac, in a few years, has gained command of the violin, guitar, rubber band and the English language; which is more than what I have. I am told by one of my junior aides (who shall remain entirely anonymous as Mr. D. K. Cooper of Pontefract, who teaches English at N.G.S.) that Mac is a very diffident character. This is to a certain extent absolutely true; but those who love him, care for him, and have to put up with him realise that he can be absorbingly funny. Unfortunately, I'll give him only three minutes, and he'll burn himself out. Mac is perhaps best known for his appearance in 'Patience' in which he played the ogle-eyed, long-haired midget, fantastic, banjo-playing Major, so far removed from his own real identity. At his best Mac is good, at his worst he is not so good, but let me finish with just this one thought - er - well - on second thoughts, perhaps I've said enough.

Marcel Guillou, Upper Sixth.



MAC ON MARCEL

Artiste extraordinaire in more ways than one. Many would say that his artwork is merely the product of, in the words of William Gifford (1756-1826), "the insatiate itch of scribbling," but one need only have seen his live painting of St. Paul's Cathedral at the 1971 revue to think differently. "In wit a man, simplicity a child", as Alexander Pope once said. (And Marcel has just told me it was the Houses of Parliament.)

A man of many faces is our own Marcel; how cheering it is to be confronted by one of his zany, madcap impersonations on the main corridor: be it of Rod McKuen, Rolf Harris, John Wayne, Ken Goodwin or his humorous Phonetic Alphabet, he is always on the alert, always ready to bore you stiff. Marcel's contribution to making school life even duller is evident to all of us. He may at times be rude, but rather the hearty laugh than the furtive snigger, as someone else once said. Thomas Bacon wrote : "For when the wine is in, the wit is out". He obviously never came across one of Guillou's French ancestors. In this condition his musical talent, his jazzy horn playing, is at its peak; even then, however, it's not worth talking about.

"I believe the twenty-four hour day has come to stay," said Max Beerbohm, triumphantly. He would probably have found that studying Marcel (or writing about him) could produce nothing of more importance to mankind. At home Marcel is quiet, reserved (he seldom speaks to all of his parents at once), and he is often downright docile. At school, however, we are not wholly bored by his presence, for it is always interesting, occasionally amusing, to see his art teachers trying to avoid him outside his normal art periods, as well as in them.

These periods last about two months at a time and unfortunately the last one was December-January; as a result, none of his art work in this year's magazine is of any consequence. You may observe that my opinion of Marcel fluctuates; well may it reveal what a parrotty yes-man he is, and that Hilaire Belloc could never say of him he was : "the nicest child I knew".

Stephen McNicholas, Lower Sixth.

HEADS YOU LOSE

Head-hunting is the practice of removing and preserving human heads. Although possibly partly due to acquisitive needs, in some cultures it arises from the belief that all life depends on the existence of a more or less material soul matter, often in diminutive human form ; some men, therefore, hold that this soul matter is to be located in the head. When a head is severed from the body the soul within is believed to be captured and added to the general stock of soul matter belonging to the community — contributing to the fertility of the human population, the cattle and crops in the settlement. This art has also been associated with instances of cannibalism, where the body, or part of the body, is consumed in order to transfer to the eater the soul matter of the victim, and with sacrificial fertility rites. Head-hunting, or some practice closely connected with it, has been found sporadically all over the world.

In the South American continent of our globe, deep in the equatorial rain forests of Amazon country, are some of the most primitive tribes ; yet some of these peoples, notably the *Jivaros*, have developed an art so advanced that Western scientists have no hope of emulating it in a more sophisticated way - head shrinking.

Initially, in a ceremony probably based on cannibalism, they kill their victim, cut off his head and leave it to dry in the sun. This congeals the blood and contracts the skin, leaving the head stiff. When the head has been 'on the line' to dry for about a day, the natives next take out the brains and eyes, crack the skull inside, and take it out piece by piece (this takes a few hours to complete).

For the next week the tribesmen pour boiling sand through it many times. By then the process is complete : the head is approximately four inches high, like that of a small monkey (its size is proportional to the length of time during which the head was treated with sand), the hair is about one foot long, and the nostrils about three quarters of an inch across. The miniature head can then be stitched for use in 'voodoo' rituals. An example of the end product can be seen in Leeds City Museum — a preserved native head, with feathers intact as a vivid portrait in caricature.

Despite the fact that head-hunting (and hence head-shrinking) activities have been legally banned, scattered reports of such practices continued to appear during the last decade.

P.S. Volunteers needed for practice — come to Room 12. Charge : 10p 'per caput'.

Richard Levitt, Lower Sixth.

LIFE'S A BATTLE

THE ROSE

They left their camp, marched through the night.
Until the enemy they did sight.
Upon that open moor forlorn.
They awaited now the fateful morn.

Slowly they massed upon the moor.
Infantry, cannon, and cavalry corps.
Dressed in red and gold attire.
They heard the deadly cannon fire.

Then they saw the guns reload.
Saw cannisters of death explode.
With levelled bayonets on they went.
Towards the opposing regiment.

On they crashed through rank and file.
And saw the bodies round them pile.
With thinning ranks and cries of woe.
They vanished like the thawing snow.

On the moor their bodies lie.
Beneath the blue and cloudless sky.
Their carcasses are left to rot.
The question of it is, "For What".

Christopher Travis, Fourth Year.

LICK MY NICOTINE STAINS OFF, BABY

Racing around
With minds underground.
With heads on the ground
With destruction near at hand, and
One little child.
Covered by others.
Near smothered.
Looked up into the moon
And raised his metal spoon, crying
"Please, old man.
Give me time
To be a child".
He was just over nine
And his numbers in a line.
Lay across his deprived shoulders.
He didn't want to play.
At least not today
And he didn't like the game
And he didn't want the pain.

Angela Barrett, Fifth Year.

MOTORWAY

The road lay ahead, wide and clear, only rolling fields and a few houses ran beside the motorway. Cars whizzed by, at speeds of around eighty m.p.h. A sudden wind began to blow and the sun disappeared behind a cloud. Suddenly, across the fields, a huge patch of thick blank fog roved evilly towards the motorway.

I began to slow down as the fog lay about half a mile ahead. As I entered the fog, everything went quiet as if in a warning of danger and death. My head-lamps did not seem to have their usual power, and I fought desperately to see ahead. Suddenly, a dark shape loomed in front of me, and my foot slammed hard on the brake. It was too late, as the car came to a halt in a shower of fallen glass and tangled metal. My mind seemed to wander and I was enveloped in darkness.

My head hurt and blood ran incessantly down my arm. The fog still hung over the road as I tried to open the door. I felt frightened and shaken and as if I was in a world of only pain. "Was it real?" I asked myself, "or a horrible dream I would soon wake out of?"

Then, from behind, I heard a loud bang, and a shriek from someone. It hung in the air for a few moments, stinging the mind and registering death. Glass shattered onto the back of my car, and I turned to see a man hanging from his lorry's window. His head had an ugly gash on the side, and he moaned in pain. From behind more noises filled the air, as I tried to free myself, to help the man behind.

I heard the sound of a police car and ambulance as they rushed to the rescue. The fog having cleared, I could see them dashing down the road. Slowly and gently I was lifted down from the tangled car, and given a blanket to wrap around my shivering body. I turned and looked down the car-strewn road. Firemen worked extra hard to put out a fire caused by a petrol explosion. The flames dancing, burning and destroying everything in their path, added to the confusion. A blue car lay upturned on the grass verge; the windows were shattered and the seats were torn and battered on the road. The car gave the appearance of a concertina from an entertainment show. Goods fallen from vans and lorries covered the road.

Farther down the road the ambulance men lifted a stiff, lifeless body into the ambulance. This was the product of the fog. It meant much more to some people than just a large car repair bill. The fog had only lasted for minutes, in which time a great amount of damage had been done. A man's life is a great price to pay for sheer carelessness.

Can such things as these be stopped on our roads today? Fog is something we cannot at present stop, but speed is. I think a car's power should be reduced and then we may not have to pay lives for progress.

David Hepworth, Third Year.

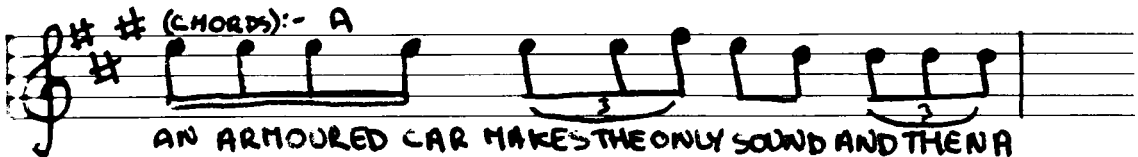
ANOTHER VICTIM LIES DEAD

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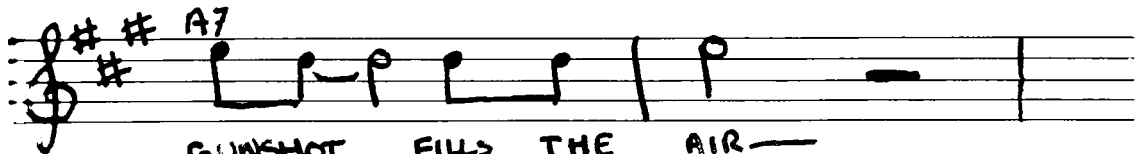
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L. IBBOTSON AND P. LODGE



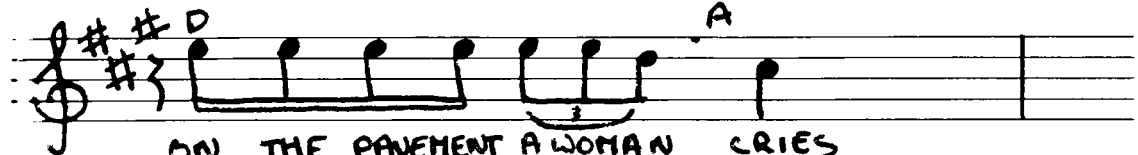
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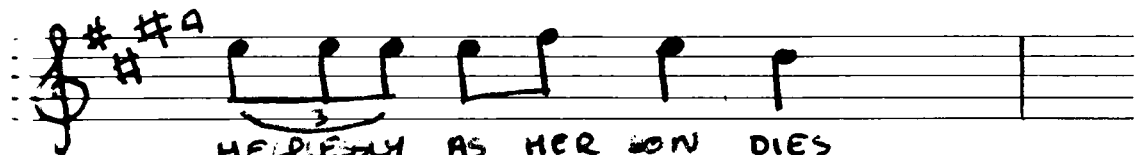
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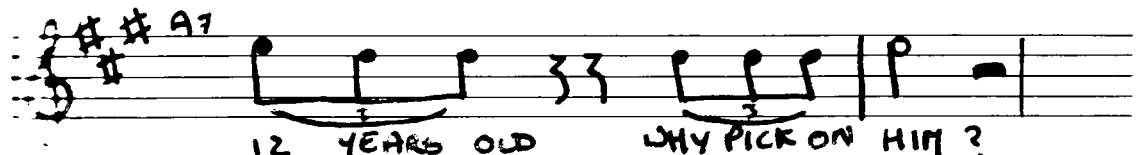
GUNSHOT FILLS THE AIR —



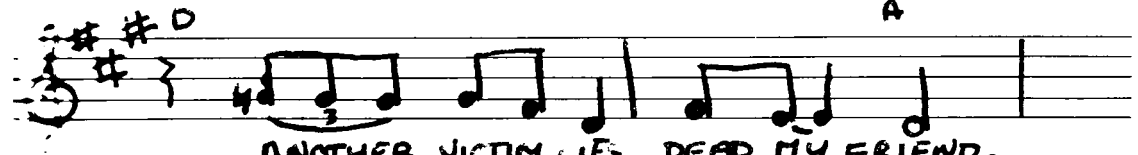
ON THE PAVEMENT A WOMAN CRIES



HELPLESSLY AS HER SON DIES



12 YEARS OLD WHY PICK ON HIM?



ANOTHER VICTIM LIES DEAD MY FRIEND,



ANOTHER VICTIM LIES DEAD —

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IN A TIME OF WAR

Kali heard the gun.

He slept.

Next morning he got out of his little reed bed and washed his face in the bowl of water on the floor. He dried himself on the curtain.

There was no food on the table so he took some melon from the shelf and ate it greedily. Melons were hard to find, now.

The village was up. The soldiers would be sitting out there with their guns and cruel faces. He hated them.

"Mama," he said softly. There was no answer. She was probably out at the river, washing. The soldiers would be watching her and the other women who washed at the river.

Kali went outside. The air, the whole atmosphere seemed smokey and dry. The taste of the melon soon went away and he felt dryness in the back of his throat. He turned. The soldier sat there smiling at him. He was holding out his hand. In it was a coin, money. Kali looked at the face. It smiled. He looked at the other hand, the hand which held the gun and bayonet. Kali turned and ran.

When he reached the river, he saw two or three women. They did not see him.

"Mama?" he said. They all turned. She was not there. He shook his head and walked away. He hoped that the soldiers would not see him looking for his mother, for he knew that they would laugh and poke their tobacco stained fingers at him. When he was older, he thought, he would not smoke or be a soldier.

The trees around him seemed to sway more easily down by the river. The water was good to look at and he remembered about when he would swim in the lovely coolness. The mud beside the river was flat and smooth; his toes made slight impressions as he walked. The sun was not high yet. It was about 10 o'clock.

Kali wandered over to the railway where the trucks stood motionless. The birds in the trees looked down too. There were no people here to laugh at him or to make him sad. He picked up a stick from the dusty ground and drew a picture on the side of one of the trucks. He drew the sun and some water and a boy swimming. There was a woman standing by the river waving to the boy. He rubbed out the picture quickly.

Kali put his hands on the rim of the truck and, heaving himself upwards, he wondered where his mother was.

Kali couldn't remember anything when he saw his mother's body in the truck. He only knew that she was lying there with the flies on her clothes where the blood was.

Kali wept.

The soldier's radio said, "The War is over!"

Kali wept.

Judy Frayne, Fourth Year.

PRICE OF CONFLICT

Four little black boys sitting in a row.
 Half dead, starving.
But they don't know.

Three little black boys crawling in the dirt.
 Disease is so far in.
That it don't hurt.

Two little black boys crying for their mother.
 Two boys, one boy.
Crying for his brother.

One little black boy weeping his tears.
 His stomach is empty.
His mind full of fears.

No little black boys left any more.
 They are all gone;
Expenses of war.

Allyson Louise Meickle, Fourth Year.

AFTERTHOUGHTS

I

Do not adjust your mind . . .
There is a fault in reality.

II

A little girl called Debby Cabotte
Said, 'Look at the lovely dresses I've got.'
The little girl in Biafra said,
'Oh! What a lovely slice of bread.'

Allyson Louise Meickle, Fourth Year.

THOROUGHLY BRITISH

The reputation of the British was built up amid scenes of rioting natives and regimental honour. It was made by colonels sipping tiffin as the fuzzy-wuzzies hammered down their doors. The Victorian attitude was that the British were special, they had to show the rest of the world how civilised people behaved, keeping them under subjection while they did so, of course. So a new adjective was born-British. People progressed from British to very British, to thoroughly British. The thoroughly British man was cool in all situations, had a keen sense of fair play, had great respect for the ladies, and never showed fear or any other emotions. He especially never showed emotions in front of natives; after all, they might get the idea that they were the same as the British. The natives could not be allowed to know that the great white sahibs indulged in the same pleasures as them, they only saw the outward, superior, just, calm, super-being, and knew themselves to be inferior to him.

But only the nostalgia remains, for the immaculate Briton has been succeeded by the image of the boastful cigar-smoking American who now sees himself as protector of the free world. So the British no longer rule the world, and the blacks know they are the whites' equals even if some whites won't admit it. But there is a small spark of the British attitude which refuses to be buried by the sands of time in the modern world of harsh realities and the fight for power, somewhere there still exists, worn and battered, the British sense of fair play. This antiquated heirloom was brought from under its dust covers recently and put into operation.

The interrogation methods used in internment camps were brought to light in the newspapers. The people who still pride themselves on their decency were outraged. Admittedly the I.R.A. had been killing and maiming innocent people, everyone wants them to be caught, and the horrors to cease, but the British Army doesn't do things like that. The I.R.A. must be caught, but by fair means. They can carry on killing people until the decent, upright British Army can find a fair way of stopping them.

So the interrogation methods ceased, British justice had prevailed and the little spark of fair play was put back in storage for future use. The British reputation was saved, glory be! But what good is our reputation? We no longer rule any natives who can follow our example. Perhaps we can show the world that the British are still a superior race. Perhaps the people injured in Northern Ireland bomb blasts won't feel so bad when we tell them about our reputation. And the soldier fending off bricks with his riot shield has the comfort of knowing that he belongs to the fairest, most just Army in the world, surely a cause worth dying for. And his family will understand, too, for they know that the British reputation is alive and well, even if their son isn't.

Barry Thewsey, Fifth Year.

HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE

HAVING A BALL

I was first chosen to play for the England schoolboys when I was fourteen and naturally I felt on top of the world: all my ambitions were at last beginning to be fulfilled. Five months of successive trials take place before the final team is selected, and during this time a great deal depends upon luck, in not being injured, and the will to keep up disciplined and rigorous training despite other demands on one's time. When I was fourteen, although I was trying to gain recognition and my success depended on how well I played, I was still able to enjoy the game as I had everything to gain and nothing to lose, whereas now I feel I have to play well because it is expected of me and I want to prove that I have been chosen on merit and not on reputation alone.

In previous years I have found that the England team members were mere acquaintances, brought together for a brief time to play rugby. Therefore we tended to concentrate on our own game and try to further our own personal rugby status. This year, however, there was a much better team spirit and more common enthusiasm. It was mainly because of this contrasting attitude that we managed to win all three international matches for the first time.

When I play rugby, outwardly I seem nervous and tense, especially before a school match. This is because I have the responsibility of being the captain, and feel that I have to make the team aware of the possibility of losing, and thus keep them on their toes. But inside I am always quite confident in my own and all the team's ability, for I think that confidence is essential for any sportsman who hopes that he will do well in future.

Colin Lambert, Upper Sixth.

INSPIRED BY THE PREFECTS !

Philip *Hammond* on the door to the prefects' room which he had presumed had been locked by Spiky Norman. "Are you *Garner* let him in," someone said to Peg. "No," he *Anne*-swered, "I'm busy." By now the poor freezing soul, outside in the snow was desperate. He pleaded, "Marcel ! I'll *Guillou* a *Bob* if you open the door." "No, thanks," he replied. "I'd only *Gamble* with it if you did." Philip now tried threats, "I'll *Lodge* a complaint if someone doesn't open this door soon," he shouted. This, too, failed to work. He now used the threat of violence. "I'll *Box* someone's ears if you don't open this door." Finding that this failed to produce the desired result, he resorted to subterfuge. "*John's*—on his way, you'll have to open the door for him." He was deluded in his reasoning.

Feeling ashamed for the torture being inflicted on a fellow English student, Marilyn *Rose* and attempted to open the door from the interior of the room. "It won't open because the *Strangewood* frame has warped (as we all know)." At last though, the door gave and revealed a prefect covered in mud, looking as though he had waded through a *Marsh*. "I *New-someone* would let me in eventually," he said. "Whatever happened to you?" someone asked. "Well," he replied, "I dropped



Guillou

John Wayne Strikes Again

Marcel Guillou, Upper Sixth.

a halfpenny which rolled into the *Cell*-ar by way of a grate. So of course I've been *Downing* the basement to search for it. As *Eileen*-d over some pipes I lost my balance and fell into a *Poole* of water and coal dust; the coal, of course, was from *Wales*."

Cast in order of appearance: Myself (of course), Peg Garner, Anne Westwood, Marcel Guillou, Bob James, Ann Gamble, Pete Lodge, Carolyn Box, Mr. T. Johnson, Marilyn Rose, Jolly Geoff Strangwood, Keith Marsh, Anthea Newsome, Marcel Guillou (what, again!), Lynn Downing, Eileen Smith, Misher Poole, David Wales.

"And those I've missed, you'll surely pardon."

Philip Hammond, Upper Sixth.

PREFECTS

Prefects, prefects everywhere.

Giving out lines without a care.

Good tempered prefects are so rare.

Prefects, prefects everywhere.

Up and down the school they creep.

Round the corners, ready to leap;

Don't think of them or you won't sleep.

For there are prefects, prefects everywhere.

In detention you must go.

If in obeying orders you are slow;

A prefect is not a friend but a foe:

Oh, prefects, prefects everywhere.

Across the floor without a sound.

On their tiptoes round and round:

A cure for prefects must be found:

For there are prefects, prefects everywhere.

A. Cardwell, Second Year.

MY TIME IN THE SIXTH

The choice of subjects and the actual transition from the Fifth Form to the Sixth constitute quite a difficult step up in the educational ladder. However, I think it is an essential part of becoming a more mature and independent person.

This is assisted by the way in which one is allowed to work. Relatively little pressure is put upon one and thus one has to drive oneself in order to do well. For this reason I would say that it is no good entering the Sixth Form unless you are prepared to work.

Each subject is studied in detail, and this helps one to develop a rigid and logical pattern of thought which is helpful in making difficult decisions.

Being a member of the Sixth Form has enabled me to have the honour of playing for the 1st XV, which has proved itself to be one of the finest in England. This has given me a determination and a hatred of losing which I have carried over into my academic work and which has, at times, helped me out of depressing situations.

I have also taken part in the opera, something which I would never have done if I had not been in the Sixth Form, and this has given me some insight into how a show is produced.

My more familiar role has been Head Boy of the Upper School, the climax of my work here. I have enjoyed the responsibilities and have tried to perform the job in a way that has united every member of the school. This has enabled me to view life from a different angle, and encouraged me to think before acting. The prefectorial system has been reformed this year so as to create a more friendly atmosphere between prefects and non-prefects. I think that this has been a change in the right direction, for the sooner we get away from the image of the prefect being a school tyrant, the better. I wish my successor the best of luck and appeal to those who will in their turn become prefects to make this job easier by co-operating in every way possible.

Stephen Auty, Upper Sixth.

ON STAGE

I'm stood on the stage of a morning.
Never knowing where to look.
Stare blankly through the back window?
Or pretend to read my hymn book?

Do I loudly render the hymn,
Hoping I make no mistakes.
Or keep quiet so no-one can hear me.
Mouthing a series of fakes?

You tell yourself it doesn't matter.
No-one notices you any old how.
But you value people's opinions
And they're forming them of you right now.

When helping someone with assembly,
I know my own voice tends to shake.
And my heart starts to beat even faster.
Each time that I make a mistake.

In September I was terribly nervous.
But I think it's worn off just a bit.
I've got used to the faces each morning,
—But I still can't decide how to sit.

Diane Pattison, Upper Sixth.

ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL

Our new teacher arrived on Wednesday. Everyone came to school extra early. Everybody sat still and quiet in their desks, hoping that our new teacher would be a feeble old codger. And then it happened. The door flew open and there he was, a six-foot heavyweight with a mass of books underneath his arm. He stood there a moment, staring at us through his beady blue eyes, set in his dark-skinned face. Then he barked out, "Stand up!" Immediately we responded. He then moved around the room inspecting everybody, like an elephant with clogs on.

"Get your ears washed, boy, there's enough muck in 'em t' plant a crop o' taties!"

He went over to his desk and told us to sit down. Onto the desk he threw a great heavy maths book which landed with a sickening thud.

"Get out your exercise books and do these equaaaaations!" He scribbled something on the board which took fifteen minutes to de-code. After a while he came round inspecting our work. He came over to me, I could feel him breathing down my neck. Then in his gruff voice he said, "That's wrong, lad, do it again, and when you've found the right answer write it out ten times."

He is a real slave driver with a soul as black as the fire-back; all day long he goes around nagging at everybody. Then, for what he calls relaxation, he takes out his pipe, fills it full of minced bootleather, and blows out smoke potent enough to choke anyone to death, so I don't know what the inside of his lungs are like. He wears very short trousers, so short that it looks like he is growing a beard over his socks. He has a habit of standing in front of the blackboard and scratching his ear.

To me he seems like an ex-Sergeant Major with the voice he's got, a real hard nut, short tempered, lungs like bellows, and believes in discipline like some people believe in football.

Paul Smith, Third Year.

THE IDEAL SCHOOL : Two Views

The Pupil's View

In my ideal school a very prominent factor would be free speech, then free school-meals, free periods and free homework nights. The chairs would be far more comfortable, perhaps the inflatable kind, and there would be no necessity for desks, because we would not use books, pencils or pens. We would instead tape-record anything we wanted to remember or, with essays, we would merely hand in the tape to our helpers, not our teachers, but, the people who are 'helping us to learn'. There would be daily video sessions with a small class computer, always on a different subject. This ideal school would not be run by a headmaster or a board of governors, but by a team of hand-picked students with myself, of course, as leader of this team.

The Teacher's View

My ideal school might really exist somewhere, and perhaps one day I'll find it. There would be no free periods, no free school-meals, no free homework nights and certainly no free speech. In fact, everything would cost money. The rules of this school would not be strict, they would be feudal. It would be the survival of the fittest, the rule of the cane. The staff would rule with an iron fist in an iron glove. We would bring back the birch and lengthen the canes for triple whackings. As an extra punishment we would serve double helpings of pudding. We would abolish New Mathematics, and everything else that was new, including new buildings, new rules and new sports equipment. There would be no remissions and no mercy in the whackings. After all, that's what your right arm's for. Lessons would begin at 8 o'clock in the morning and end at 6 o'clock in the evening. There would be no break and only three-quarters of an hour for lunch. The school would be run by a committee of hand-picked, battle-trained, shell-shocked riot police, who would rule from a converted M.I. room, as well-stocked as an arms depot.

Andrew Booth, Third Year.

DESERTED AT SCHOOL

The sky was a stormy grey and the air was cool and wistful. The last of the birds sang their dying songs. The church spire stood silhouetted against the horizon, seeming to touch the sky. The trees stood bony and spindly, swaying their bare branches towards the sky. The sun had hidden behind the cloud bank, leaving only a lonely sky. The terrapins stood deserted, empty, lonely and dead. The school lights had faded and the desks and chairs were the only things to keep you company. What am I doing here? Why all the gloom? I am waiting for the late bus, and my body is blue. "It's cold, you see!"

Rita Newton, Third Year.

TORTURE

O wondrous book of S.M.P.,
How dost thou conceal thy mysteries from me?
For matrices and formulae I fear I shall study until I die.
O wicked Pythagoras, torturer of old, please help me bear thy uneasy load.
And sine, cosine, tangent and log be thou banished to the nearest bog.
Patience is a virtue, or so I'm told, but in the face of S.M.P., it's so hard to be bold.

Diane Powell, Fourth Year.

IT'S THAT MAN AGAIN

Have you ever noticed the strange antics of certain pupils of the school just before the "Frestonian" goes to press? Perhaps you will have seen them darting behind the terrapins, or hiding behind doors, or even seeking the cover of friends larger than themselves. You may have thought that they were avoiding some teacher or other so they would not have to explain why they didn't do their homework, or why they were wearing cerise coloured tights sprinkled with green polka dots. You may even have thought they were just a little insane. But in all cases you would be mistaken.

The explanation is simple—they are merely making vain attempts to pass certain members of the English staff without being seen. Are you still perplexed as to why students, who are not even taking English, should want to escape from English teachers? Further clarification is necessary.

Some of the English staff are rather like "little Hitlers", (you vill do as I vont, or I vill know der reason vy, Gott in Himmel und Donner und Blitzen!) except their motto is, "You vill write for der Frestonian, or I vill know der reason vy not." At every possible opportunity they will waylay pupils—between lessons, after school, at registration, it's even happened at holiday time. Then they will give their command: "Your magazine needs you—write something."

Some pupils have become expert at dodging English staff, but the less able are press-ganged still into creating literary masterpieces. Yet what do they get in return? For many it is rejection. How disheartening to have your work cast out. So here is a message for certain members of the English staff: "Vee have vays of avoiding you and making you write—so votch it!"

Anne Westwood, Upper Sixth.

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

(Unofficial Version)

The Honorary Treasurer of the Association, Mr. Fingers O'Toole, unfortunately left the area at the end of last year. I know that he is sadly missed, as is the £200 which disappeared at approximately the same time. However, every cloud has a silver lining, and we are now hoping to open a new branch of the Association on the Isle of Wight, at Parkhurst.

The year proved to be our most successful year financially, mainly due to the methods instigated by the absent Mr. O'Toole. Donations to school totalled £7.14½p, and in addition to the articles previously reported, the following items were also provided for the school: a lock of Yul Brynner's hair; Tom Finney's 1954 soccer annual; the Jimmy Young Cook Book; half a dozen candles for the next power cut, and a photo of Harvey Smith in characteristic pose.

Our Royston branch continues to flourish, and recent events have included a Jumbo Sale in which Mr. Arthur Armitage was raffled off, a trip to Snydale Brickworks, and a sightseeing outing to Sharlston Pit. I am sure we all wish them well in the forthcoming attempt to win the Barnsley Tripe Festival, eaten, written and spoken sections.

Finally, may I wish all our members a long life, wealth, and happiness, and a ticket for next month's Association Dance, with Isambard Kingdom Brunel and his steam-operated organ.

Nicholas Hill, Fifth Year.

CRADLE, GRAVE, AND STATIONS IN BETWEEN

ORIGINAL SIN

Succulent fruit ripened by a pagan sin.
Luring me.
Enticing me
With the sensual touch of your unblemished skin:
You bade me take you.
Enjoy you.
And I did—
Not knowing one moment of ecstasy
Preceded a lifetime of sorrow

Kathryn Garner, Upper Sixth.

FOR MY WIFE

Remember the times when the sky was so blue and crystal clear you wouldn't believe it, when the sun shone so much more brightly than it does today, when the starry sky was so vast, when the winters were so cold, when the snow swallowed half your Wellingtons, when bonfire night was beautiful and frightening, when evenings were warm and calm, beside a roaring fire in the black metal hearth? I'd wake, sciving school, and hear the miners scraping their hobnail boots down Post Office Road, by the red brick walls that faced my windows; on those hot, blue, dusty days I'd play in the garden with plastic animals or dirty red wheelbarrow worms down the path by next door's laburnums. At other times I would unknowingly watch the birds and the bees or search out waxwings on Ha'penny Lane, or catch tadpoles in Jay's beck (always hoping for the rare sight of a fully grown frog). Every weekend me granny would bring me Mars bars. Bounties and tanners from afar-Wakefield, and every summer we'd all go to Filey in a neighbour's rusty car.

In those long, hot, cold, innocent days, I would feed me albino rabbit—or me tortoise—or me hedgehog—or me sticklebacks from the reservoir near t'muck stacks—and dream of me. When I was a man I'd have a many-acred, bush, tree, fence, green farm, where I'd care for sick animals (like the poor mongrel I saw opposite the Hippodrome—Feath's picturehouse—with its left eye hanging from its head, but not bleeding—I did nothing then). I would sit on a wooden fence in the sun by the huge luxurious trees and survey all my domain—my wife by my side. Of course, I'd have a wife—everyone does.

One day my happy childhood and all of its fantasy was shattered and ruined—leaving me to gather my senses and my strength for the life to come. It happened on one of those blue, dusty days—when the muck-stacks became tinted red-purple-pink and the dust gathered in playground corners. It was in the corner of the playground, near the gate—perhaps we'd just finished a daft game of rounders—where this kid was making a lot of noise about a lot of rubbish. His big brother had apparently let him in on a secret—about husbands and wives—about men and women—about us and them. He was saying that they do things—fumbling—dirty—bare—nothing on. I didn't like this kid much anyway and now he was saying detestable things. I'd been giving the subject much thought recently: naturally, I would marry—become a husband and a father—naturally—naturally—that very word was the whole essence of my philosophy, I was almost in tears.

'No. No! That's not true! — It just happens — a baby just happens.'

I even endeavoured to say this in a sort of matter of fact way—to reveal my superior knowledge; but his words in that dirty peopled playground corner, some of them were words I'd previously heard many times in jokes (and I'd laugh—not understanding) and had presumed to be swear words—his words stuck in my mind, horrifying me—now I could never marry—I couldn't go through with it. Gradually, after much thought, my disbelief gave way—through logic, everything I knew about boys and girls indicated truth in his words, though I couldn't understand why it should become so low, so base, so dirty an act that it should be taught only by a face-smeared short pants, smart-Alec in a crowded corner of a junior school playground.

I packed up my toys, my dreams, my tadpoles and all of my natural fantasies and grew accustomed to the idea.

Stephen McNicholas, Lower Sixth.

WHY ME ?

Did they forget to bury Adam
With all his sin
When I was born?
Did God not want to love me?
Did he let the Devil take me
When I was born?
Did some neglectful guardian
Forget to pray for my sick soul—
When I was born?
Is that why I am lonely now.
And find no friendship with a God,
And find no comfort anywhere?

Helen Tippey, Upper Sixth.

ME AND THEM

There they sat;
In their pompous, self-centred, selfish smug world.
He: his tiny bloodshot eyes glued to
The exciting stimulating world of
Film and action roll-'em.
Her: sighing and moaning about her
Unknown, self inflicted predicament.
She carefully prods about in her
Well prodded cuticle.
What a great worry for her!
Shall she cut her nails? Or file them?
And on that decision, her evening's
Entertainment over.
They might as well be dead?

But me! sitting here, drowning;
Drowning in their deep whirlpool.
Sucking me down, down, down:
Help! Let me out, I want to live.
And breathe—and be me.

Allyson Louise Meikle, Fourth Year.

YEAR OF THE PIXIE

Once a gentle creature
Sang of Tolkien,
Of goblins and of fairies
As befits such little men.
He went across the nation
Telling who'd lend an ear
But the little pixie's melodies
Did sound a little queer.

Then the one time gentle creature
Discovered electric force.
And traced his quiet music
Back to its raucous source.
His hair it grew in corkscrews.
He scorned all his old friends
And complete with glitter make-up
He prepared to make amends.

"Get it on" roared the creature.
As in stature he did grow.
But to his old admirers
Fame was a bitter blow.
He rode upon a white swan
And raced along the charts.
And now is firmly planted
In all the young girls' hearts.

Andrew Northrop, Lower Sixth.

TEAM SPIRIT

They strode out purposefully as though they were actually eager to get there. She was only a step or two behind them, but as she tried to move up alongside and join in their conversation, she realised the path just would not accommodate more than four abreast. She dropped back slightly again but, on the pretext of stopping to shift from one hand to the other the great cumbersome shoe-bag, she put a safe distance between herself and the group in front. She would rather seem unconcerned in their frivolities than be the hanger-on.

It was bitterly cold outside, and the changing room was a haven of warmth. But it smelt—not the child-like smell of clean, washed bodies, but the rank odour of sweaty feet and cheap, cloying talc. She found a place as far away from the clique as possible. They (it was always that elite little group) would be choosing the house netball teams; she didn't want to cling to the edge of their circle, letting them think she would like to play and then giving them the pleasure of not including her. So she pretended she knew nothing about their activities. She changed slowly, deliberately keeping her back to them, and took time tying up her hair—she knew that if she dawdled the team would be chosen.

"Hey . . . (they'd forgotten her name) . . . would you play goal-shooter—we're one short?"

"Well, yes if . . ."

"Come on then, get a move on."

She tossed the comb into her bag and ran after them. Happy, not because she revelled in the joys and thrills of house netball matches, but because they'd actually included her; admittedly, only as a last resort, but nevertheless making her one of them.

Out on the netball court they clung together gregariously, discussing tactics and moves and glorying in the fruits of obvious victory. She kept trying to tell them how she was bound to fail as shooter, but they cast her doubts aside in the clamour to make known their own weaknesses and be reassured as to the contrary. They took their positions—she stood and shivered as her team-mates dived around the court letting out unintelligible shrieks of encouragement as soon as the ball was in the home half. Someone evidently shouted a direction at her but she didn't hear and the ball came speeding towards her. She moved sharply but her opponent was quicker and the ball was lost to her forever. When it came back again she aimed at goal but it failed to reach the net. She put her failure down to lack of height.

The game dragged on, her blunders becoming so obvious and elementary that she found herself praying for the ball to stay in the opposition half. Rather team defeat than her own individual defeat.

"What's she playing at?" came drifting across the court as she aimed the ball and missed again. What confidence she had disappeared in her embarrassment. The end of the game could not come fast enough. The final whistle blew to seal their fate, bringing overwhelming defeat.

She took off her position, handed it back to the captain, and walked ahead of the team. They still talked amongst themselves; not the facetious pre-match chatter—they were now passing judgement and allotting blame. In the changing room she busied herself, laying all her gear neatly in her shoe-bag, checking and re-checking everything. She kept her back to them all, pretending not to hear their after-match inquest.

She just wasn't one of the team.

Helen Tippey, Upper Sixth.

THE BLIND

No human eye can see thy mind.
And what doth lie therein. Archaic faces.
Grey of age, see all but nought.
Proud ecstasy. Intense delight.
They 'know' within, of what life is.
And death 'should be'. Minute, demure.
They are, but are not. Would they but see.
They would be, all ears.

Angela Barrett, Fifth Year.

ONE ELDERLY OCCUPANT

I eat my breakfast (the same old thing day after day) and then I wash my few pots and sit by the window and stare into the old street.

There is nothmg better now for me to do—nobody ever comes to talk to me; they don't care. It's been the same ever since Charlie died, nothing and nobody. Once I would be among that crowd and really belong; Charlie and I would walk down the street hand in hand . . . three years ago this very day he collapsed and died. Oh, there have been some people coming in, but they never stopped long. I suppose they think it is their duty to come and see me, but I don't want people who come because they think they should. I want someone to talk to, someone who will convince me that I still belong to this town.

Every day I see the milkman pass on his truck. When I was young we had to go and get our own milk, I told him so when he came last, but he only laughed at me and scorned me. He is another who doesn't care.

There are children playing out in the street. When they see me they laugh and pull faces at me. I would love to go out and speak to them, but I never have the courage. They would probably laugh in my face anyway. They forget that I was young too. They just look on me as an old misery who is a nuisance to the neighbours—but are they right?

I am fighting a battle with myself at the moment—wondering whether I would be better in an old folks' home—I would hate this, but I am eighty-six now and getting very old and frail. My present home is to be demolished in six months' time, so I don't know what I'm going to do. Really I think I would rather die and go with the house and the street I have lived in for twenty years.

Janice Fearn, Second Year.

SENILITY

An old man sits on the park bench
Reflecting in many ways,
'Things aren't what they used to be.
Those were the Good Old Days.'
A crowd of boys run past him.
They whistle and call him names.
But he has no time for their silly jokes.
And even less for their games.
'Young 'uns of today!
They've no respect for the old.
They should be seen and never heard
That's what I was told!
He thinks of riding bicycles
Whilst motor cars whizz by.
He thinks of the old folks' home.
The place in which he'll die.
As memories stir his ageing mind
He heaves a weary groan,
'If only things were as they were
There'd be no cause to moan!'

Clare Dalby, Lower Sixth.

MRS. JONES IS DEAD: AN INQUEST

Exactly four months ago, a widow, Mrs. Jones, aged 69, died of a heart attack in her small, clean bungalow. Her body was found 59 days later, when two thieves broke into her house. Finding her dead, they left without taking anything, and later phoned the police. At the inquest the coroner seemed rather disturbed.

Her only son, Nigel, married, with two daughters, lived two miles away from her, on the other side of town. "No, I never did visit her, but we didn't get on with each other anyway. It wasn't unusual for us not to see her for a few months. She only came round for a couple of hours at Christmas to give the kids a couple of bob apiece."

One of her neighbours, a young housewife with three children, and another on the way, said she never had time to bother with anyone outside her own family. Another, an older woman with no children said, "I used to go round for a chat but she had some funny ways. She used to say I was only nosing around, and trying to get some money out of her, so in the end I stopped going." As an afterthought, she added, "But I wouldn't have wished ought like that on anybody."

Mrs. Jones shopped once a week, but none of the assistants in the nearby Supermarket knew her. She had drawn her pension from the small local post office, but when the police questioned the man behind the counter about her prolonged absence, he said he just didn't have time to worry over all his customers.

A pint of milk was delivered to Mrs. Jones's front door every morning, and everyone was puzzled about the way it had failed to accumulate on her step, until a small child mentioned that he had frequently seen an old tramp, who lived in the nearby woods, walking down her path with a cool, refreshing pinta tucked under his arm. Mrs. Jones did not take a newspaper.

Every Saturday night she went to the Bingo. As she said, it was the only pleasure she could afford. There, for the past six years, she had met two friends, both almost as old as she was. One of these friends was Mrs. Robinson. "Well, I didn't know what the matter was. She might justa' got fed up wi't bingo. . . . Well, we did think she mighta' bin poorly, but we thought she'd be all right. I did thinka' going to see her, but she lived a fairway down from me, 500 yards? That all? Then again, it is uphill and me legs aren't so young as they were."

The verdict was predictable and the town soon forgot old Mrs. Jones. But then, lots of equally unspectacular incidents occur in a busy, thriving, affluent society such as ours.

Philip Musther, Fifth Year.

YOU CAN'T BUY ME LOVE

FIVE POUND NOTE

It's not often I see a £5 note.
There are many reasons why and why not!
But when I hold one, and I know it's mine,
I feel so happy, it's so divine.
To know I can buy anything past £1.99.
How many people have £5 today
To spend when they like, in any old way?
Not many people, I can guarantee.
You can put me, if you like, in that category.
So buy your clothes, fulfil your dreams.
But I think you'll find money's not all it seems.

Rosalind Clayton, Fifth Year.

ON DRUGS AND GETTING HOOKED

Pot, heroin—teenagers queueing up spending their money on false pleasures of life. A tiny needle and a small amount of fluid gives them ecstasy and a reason to live. What a reason! Living only for drugs, slaves to the needle. I just can't see why they slowly destroy their systems and endure terrible pain as the time draws near to their next shot—but perhaps I do understand how they feel. They want something extra out of life and turn to drugs to give them what they are lacking.

You could say I'm hooked, but my drug doesn't slowly destroy my body or last for a few hours or so. The effect of my drug keeps on working and I really get something out of life. My drug is free and anyone can afford it. I've given my life to my drug. It may sound horrid, but it isn't. My drug isn't pot, or heroin. Have you guessed?

I'm hooked on Jesus Christ, aren't you?

Susan Pygott, Fifth Year.

FACES

Faces old, faces new, faces of a different hue.
Faces scowling in the street.
Faces that we have to keep.
Faces in the mirror frame.
Faces on the window pane.
Faces in the leaping fire.
Faces of your royal sire.

Faces that we always meet.
Faces that round corners peep.
Children's faces in the street.
Happy faces, smiling sweet.
Faces cold that pass you by.
Faces wide and stern and shy.
Faces old with furrows deep.
Soft with love and warm with sleep.
Bringing comfort in the night.
Faces that put all things right.

Russell Firth, Third Year.

BEYOND RECALL

Standing on a hillside, I caught a glimpse of the world as it should have been. The rolling hills and the sun shining on the glistening grass, its pale rays probing and searching, encouraging the tall, straight stalks of wheat to grow taller and straighter. The golden winged eagle, wheeling and diving, rejoicing in its freedom. The kindly oak spreading out its branches, offering shelter and protection. Standing on a hillside, I dreamt, as of a love long lost.

Diana Powell, Fourth Year.

LOST LOVE

I loved him so, we could not part.
And when we did, it broke my heart.
He left me alone, in the world to cry.
I'll hold his love, until I die.

Ruth Yates, Fourth Year.

ONCE

I had a heart so pure and true.
But now it's gone from me to you.
Take care of it, as I have done,
For you have two and I have none.

Maureen Saul, Fourth Year.

STONE WALLS AND IRON BARS

NOW

Now the watery sun casts its feeble rays on to the frosty path, where people, muffled and chilled, shuffle on their way. Now the verger makes his rounds along the bleak and cold aisles, numbed to the bone, whilst the postman curses the cold because the string round his bundles of letters is too tightly tied. Now, as the snow crystals drift gently down from the sky, the sun has gone and the grey clouds darken the sky like great birds of prey, hovering low over the earth. Now the cars churn the white flakes into a heavy brown slush, as the flakes fall lightly on to the roads. Now the wind whips up the snow into drifts round the fields and against the house walls. Now only the brave venture out into this world of ice and snow, as the drifts become higher and higher. Now the snow wins the battle with the cars, falling so thickly and quickly that soon a layer of white covers even the busiest roads. Now the drivers abandon their vehicles after trying in vain to fight a losing battle against a rising tide of snow, which engulfs them and their cars. Now, as all communication grinds to a halt and an unceasing, unwavering line of snow sweeps the countryside from horizon to horizon, a scene of utmost desolation meets the eye. Now the farmers do not count lost sheep in tens but in hundreds, for such was the bitterness of the storm. Now, as the last few flakes drop down onto the white landscape, the owners of cars appear and worried farmers come out to search for their property, whether animal or mechanical, which lies buried beneath a carpet of crystals. Now, as the night comes and the moon shines eerily on to the snow, the peace of the night overtakes all and the day fades out of memory.

Nicholas Ballard, Upper Sixth.

YOU GET WHAT YOU'VE GOT

Oh woe is me, a flower in a pot.

It maybe never occurred to you.

But that's the home I got.

I never have enough water.

In fact, I have a personal drought.

And I bet you wouldn't like living in a pot.

People look at me

And think "What's this here thing we've got?"

I'm not really beautiful.

But that's not my fault,

I can't help being a freak in a pot.

So please bear in mind.
When you look at a “thing” in a pot.
That it’s not the thing’s fault
That it’s a freak in a pot —
And along with the personal drought
It maybe doesn’t like the pot.

Ruth Harrison, Fourth Year.

FOG

Cold and wet it creeps and rolls its way through the streets and alley-ways of a small seaside town. Like the ghost of a hunting press-gang it swirls and looms in the streets, grasping and enveloping anyone who gets in its way. Using dark corners to spring out on an old man and enrol him in the bereavement book, catching a stray cat by the tail and nipping its nose. It swirls in the gutters and reaches up to the street lamps and chokes their light.

Paul Morgan, Third Year.

NIGHT

The night advances on the world, coating it in a thick, dark blanket of empty space, lacing it with the bitter ingredient of terrifying uncertainty. Like a huge, black cat, it stalks and hides, lurks and watches, pounces and suffocates. Nothing escapes its deathlike clutch.

Down narrow alleys and backstreet slums, down lovers lane and craggy valleys, through railway tunnels, stark and bad, down filthy chimneys, black as sin, round the grey, commanding finger of the ancient church spire, over the spoiling slag heaps, it hides the squalor, till the whole world is painted—a ball of void, black darkness.

Over all the earth it sprawls, its great, black mass merrymaking with the elements of the night. The spirit of midnight comes alive in the graveyard. The blackness coils and winds around the grey stone of ancient tombstones, like some massive snake slithering into the darkness of the earth. On and on it dances, to the eerie music of rotting bones and the piercing hoot of a sly grey owl.

Slowly, the night hours fade, and the glowing sun climbs to the summit of a cloud, thrusting its first piercing rays into the dying night.

Lindsey Woodhouse, Third Year.

IN THE DUNGEON

Everything is dark, there’s not one speck of light.
No-one down here knows whether it’s day or night.
I sit here waiting, week after week.
Listening to the drippings from the ceiling leak.
There are rats scurrying across the floor
Then I hear the bang of the big, heavy door.
I sometimes wonder if they’ll set me free.
Free to walk, to breathe, to live, to see.

Carol Wilkin, First Year.

AND WAS JERUSALEM BUILDED HERE?

Encouraging pupils to write about the place in which they live is a risky business for which English teachers have been known to get the sack. Local people can be understandably touchy about the image of their area thus projected. The subject-matter of some traditional magazines, however, with their pet ponies forever frolicking amidst the daffodils of perpetual Spring, makes one wonder what earthly reality their authors are relating to. And radical magazines in which student rebels fulminate against "the system", personified by "A" levels, the Headmaster, and his "apparatus" the prefects, sometimes seem only to substitute political for pastoral fantasy.

So we have dared to urge some writers to look about them and to reflect on where they live, its past, its present, and its future. We hope their reports reflect some pride, some affection, and some understanding. It should not be our task to produce a middle class intelligentsia cut off from its roots.

POINT OF CHANGE

Once upon a time, not very long ago, we lived in an area of England which was rich, fertile and plentiful, agriculturally. Once upon a similar time, a little nearer to us now, we lived in the area of the great Yorkshire textile towns and cities. Once upon a yesterday, the West Riding's, our, black fruit from the depths of the earth was the force that, besides turning Yorkshire's mills, kept our nation alive: it also managed to fatten the purses of a large minority whose only connection with Yorkshire was the pudding they had, have, with their roast beef on Sundays. Muck-stacks and pit-heads are parts of all our lives. Normanton's railway must have been part of all Normantonians' lives yesterday. I'm not surprised that it was nationally important with all those tracks, parking lots for coal-filled trucks; but look at it now, the lines are being ripped up, wagons stand empty, paint peeling, rusty, and decreasing in number; only diesel pay-trains stop there now. Look at Featherstone's once upon-a-time railway station—look at it crumbling, standing empty.

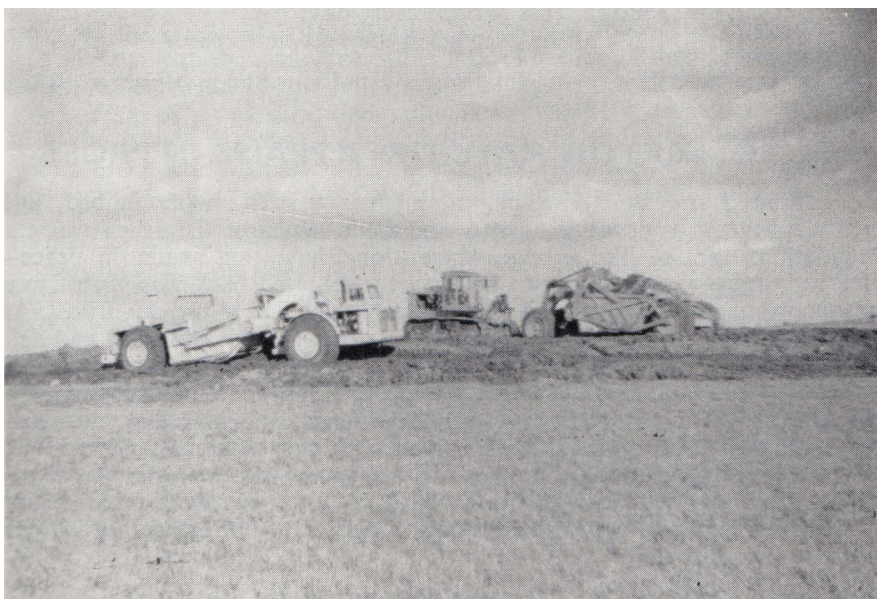
While you're at it, glance at the miners—perhaps the empty wagons at Normanton would like to complain, for they are decreasing in number, just as the miners are—against their, our, will. Their, our, pits, like railway stations, are closing down; the lifts down their shafts are grinding to a halt, like the coal trucks of the steam engines. More and more of them, us, are unemployed, calling in at the labour exchange every so oft. They are caught in the rush on the spiral staircase, leading to the perfect wage, whilst the inverted screw of prices nullifies each step they may take on this staircase—which they are striving to ascend unknowingly against their will. Something's wrong here.

Perhaps the pits and railway stations and all the industries closely allied with them in our district will decay, rot and be compressed by new industry, a new West Riding and, in the depths of time, become transformed into something actually worthwhile or rather something that will make the eagle-eyed fat men even fatter and their recurring bankruptcy nightmare something that dwells only in the depths of their subconscious. That is until another gold strike is made. No-one really depends upon our burning black rock now—it's our turn to depend upon something which is a gloomy prospect for Yorkshire's working class.

But have no fear—the motorways are here—big deal. The cavalry on the horizon. Doctor Kildare on his way, the monstrous, metallic caterpillar creatures are coming, digesting some of our green fields on an unhesitatingly, devastatingly,



End of the line. The motorway will intersect the track in the middle distance.



Work begins on the M62 near the Union on the Normanton-Castleford road.

direct course towards the heart of Yorkshire, just missing dear old N.G.S. Is this huge motorway, heralded by the huge, deafening, man-made machines, the West Riding's Messiah? Will it bring new industry, employment, renewed wealth and prosperity to **us**? For some strange reason that I cannot explain, such a revival, a resuscitation for Yorkshire, doesn't appear to come along this new road. The all powerful, magic, engineered dinosaurs upon our hillsides are crying out empty promises; perhaps they are genuine, but, these promises seem to be lost in the roar that the creatures make or because the rusty pithead scaffolding harbours no echoes. I may be wrong, I may be generalizing, all you geographers and economists, but I'm just a Yorkshire kid, standing on the Altofts Road bridge, looking at Normanton's railway station and becoming hardened as a witness to its death throes.

Stephen McNicholas, Lower Sixth.

CUTS

Dark when rising in the morning—
Cold water wash will stop my yawning.
Sandwiches and coffee from a flask.
What's the reason? Need you ask?
Off to school, it's cold here too;
It's a wonder I haven't caught 'flu.
Sandwiches again for lunch.
And to finish off, an apple to munch.
Home at last to a hot meal.
My word, how full and warm I feel.
Read the paper while there's light.
It may not last too long tonight.
I'm not out of the Dark Ages,
It's the miners' fight for higher wages:
Power cuts happen every day;
It'll all be over when they get more pay.

Simon Northrop, Third Year.

TO ACKTON HALL TIP: A PRAISE IN PROSE

Many's the time I've played, a midget sized, many limbed, insect-like creature beneath your towering rifts and folds, amongst the ashen waste at your foundation. You're like a huge whale—long have you swum in peace—in an ancient, virgin sea—once, only your smooth, coloured back was visible to us—but now your grey, rough, furrowed belly is starkly exposed to the sky, naked. We have burrowed deep into the depths of the earth—digested what was good and defaecated you— a mass of vile, unholy excrement upon the lush, green Yorkshire meadows—I feel pity for you, but I am in awe of you—unceremoniously heaved up and revealed at last to the weak apes who have raped and discarded you—we are the criminals who have robbed the earth—you remain as testament to our crimes—long have I played beneath your shadow. Just as your worthless grit has often seeped into my sandals—you are within me—the great, grey, purple and red steaming pile of crap that you are—you are embedded within me—you are embedded within the heart of Yorkshire—

Now and forever.

Stephen McNicholas, Lower Sixth.



THE MINERS' STRIKE

Pickets at the Prince of Wales Colliery, February 1972.

The strike began in an atmosphere of confidence. The miners felt that they were certainly in the right and that they would win. Their confidence grew from the fact that, for the first time since the 1920's, their union was making a strong stand, in the form of a full-scale official strike. Some thought that this action had been precipitated by the unofficial strike of 1969, which had shown the dissatisfaction of the rank and file with the action, or rather lack of action, of their representatives. However, the main reason for the union's lack of aggression before, was the fear, and it was a fear, of pit closures and redundancy. Now, it seemed to the men, specially to the poorly paid day wage men, that many people who were redundant were not in a much worse situation than themselves. Because of this, the fear had declined to the stage where the miners and their officials were willing to strike.

In the last few days before the stoppage of work there were small clashes with the management, for example, over the bad handling of last minute coal distribution, and these served to increase the tension between management and men.

Nevertheless, the strike started smoothly, showing no signs of the difficulties which were to emerge later.

As everyone knows, the strike produced the problems of power cuts, becoming severe in the final stages, and of lack of fuel. Fortunately, both sides worked to alleviate hospitals and old or disabled people. Besides these problems, the miners had that lack of money. The only source of income for mining families was Social Security, since any union contribution would have been deducted from this. Many luxuries had to be given up for this period, especially if families had no savings to fall back on.

The majority of the public believed that the miners had a good case. It is interesting to recall that, though most opposition came from those unacquainted

with the miners' way of way, there was still a small percentage of people in the mining areas themselves who, through either prejudice or unfounded jealousy, decided the miners were in the wrong.

Both sides must feel that the most unpleasant events of the strike were the confrontations between the pickets and both Coal Board employees and drivers supplying power stations. Although not all the strikers agreed with the strong measures used, they could nevertheless see the pickets' point of view. Naturally they resented the fact that these people would get the same rise as themselves without having to strike. The pickets behaviour at the power stations was justified, I believe, by its great success in bringing the strike to an early conclusion.

Lord Wilberforce's inquiry was looked forward to with hope, because the strike was successful, but with apprehension because of the poor terms obtained in many previous inquiries. These inquiries had fostered the belief that they represented the Government rather than being impartial. Even so, the terms were fair and, by this time, the men were glad to return to work and were looking forward to their first wage for seven weeks.

The success of the strike lies in the fact of the miners demands being met, but more importantly, I feel, in showing the country how much it still depends on coal. Now, although faced with redundancy, once more those miners remaining, will at least, be assured of a fair wage.

Stephen Teece, Upper Sixth.

HEWERS OF COAL

I am in favour of the miners receiving a rise because their work is one of the most dangerous forms of earning a living in this country today. When you compare a miner's wage, which consists of the few measly pence the N.C.B. is generous enough to hand out, to that of a car worker at Fords, you will be amazed and disgusted.

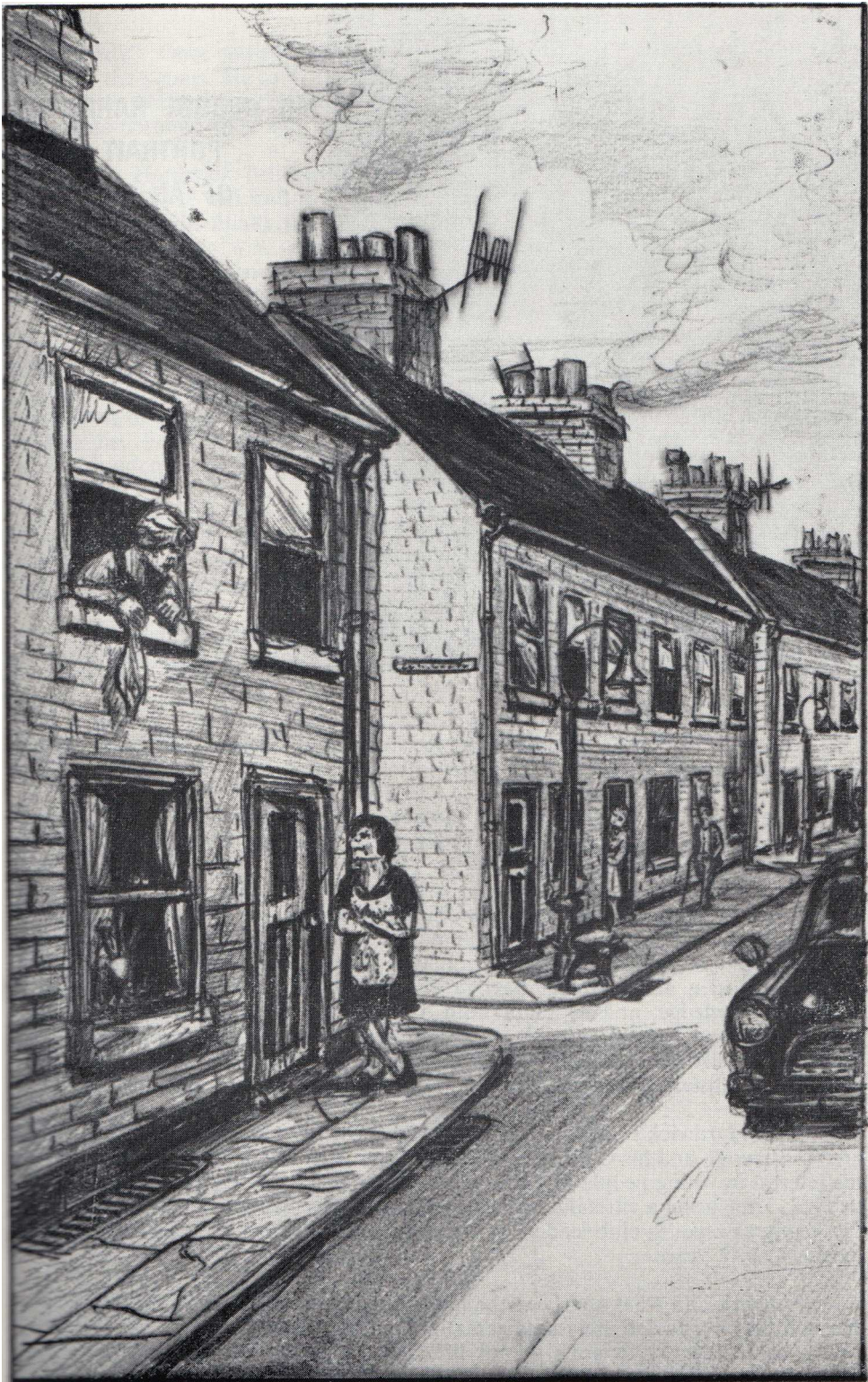
All a car worker does is stand by a conveyor belt with a spanner in his hand and, when a piece of machinery passes at twice the speed of a snail, he turns a screw. Yet a miner is underground with tons of rock and coal above and around him for eight hours a day, five days a week. He breathes in all the coal dust of the coal face; he works in dark, dirty, dangerous conditions.

Just think, in the past strike you have seen just how much we depend on coal for electricity. Without coal all the electrically controlled industries would break down. We depend so much on electricity that we cannot manage without it. So if the miners cannot be given a decent living wage on which to support their families, then they must show the Coal Board, the Government and the country that they mean to improve their conditions by any way they can.

My uncle has just died, of silicosis. He was fifty-one. He was not an old man, but he was brought to an early death by a form of tuberculosis of the lungs. The coal face is dusty and the dust is taken into the lungs, where it forms a rock-hard lining. The lungs cannot expand and the man cannot breathe.

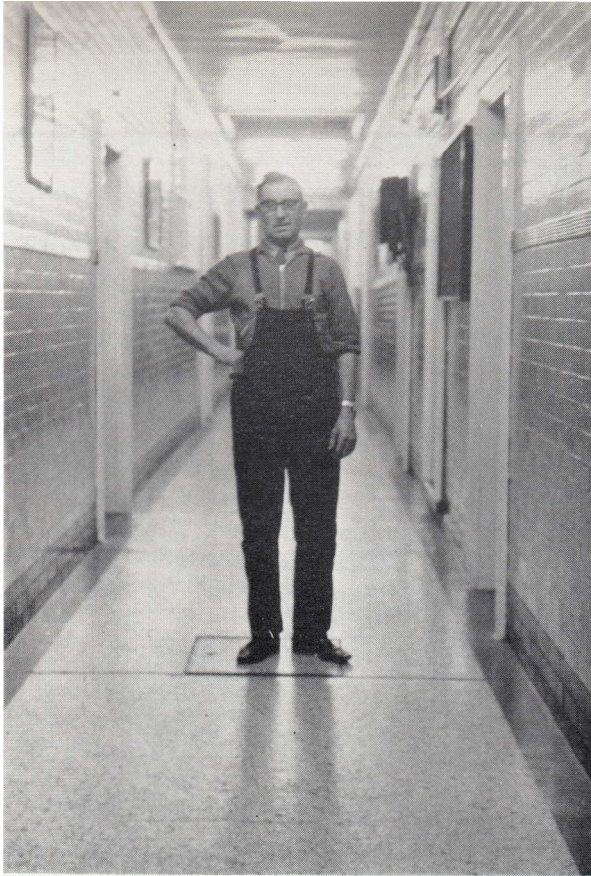
Now, do you believe that these men do not deserve a decent living wage? May the miners get every penny they ask for and need.

Linda Parr, Third Year.



The Street

Stephen Kirk, Upper Sixth.



**MR. GEORGE HARDWICK:
PORTRAIT
OF AN AGE**

Mr. Hardwick was born and bred in Normanton. He has seen many changes in Normanton, our school, and in society itself.

He left the Common School at the age of 13, and began his working life on very meagre pay in a bakehouse. From there he went down the mines and remained there for 35 years.

As a boy there was much more community and family life for him than there is for us now. "Everybody was prepared to work for their enjoyment." Times were hard for the ordinary people then, maybe that is what held them together, and religion played a much greater part in people's lives. He believes the decline in religious knowledge, and depth of faith, is the route to the juvenile delinquency that is now seen, and which never existed to such an extent in his youth. Mr. Hardwick was strictly brought up in home and school, and believes he has benefited—a lifelong abstainer and non-smoker, he has enjoyed life and has few regrets.

Mr. Hardwick's interests are closely knit with his religious upbringing. They are youth work, and his Church, the Baptist Church of which he is secretary. It was his interest in young people that brought him to our school. He came to our school in 1961, after being a caretaker at Queen Street Junior School. He also mixed with the young as a youth club leader for eight years, and he has been a Sunday School teacher for 42 years.

I asked him what had been the biggest change he had seen within the school. He said that it was definitely amalgamation, and that socially it was for the better. "Why be segregated in your school life, when the rest of your life you aren't

segregated?" Once settled in our school he noticed how many opportunities now exist for the young. He said, "When I was young the chances after school were very narrow. In Normanton itself there was only the colliery and railways. For the girls there was nothing; they had to go to Wakefield, Dewsbury or Leeds for work."

Mr. Hardwick believes strongly on one point, that the leaving age should not be raised. "It will lead to more hooliganism especially in the large comprehensive schools." He thinks that some children just are not interested in school and that an extra year will cause frustration, through boredom, that will result in violence." No provision is made to make this extra year profitable, for children who would be happier and better off in industry."

I could continue to reveal to you the hidden depths of Mr. Hardwick: of his love for poetry—he treasures many verses that he learnt at school, and looks forward to the wider reading in poetry that leisure will make possible—and of his enjoyment of gardening, and cricket, but I will just quote some of the last words he said to me. For I think they speak for themselves and show what a sensitive, kind man is hidden beneath the familiar working exterior.

"One of the joys of my work has been to watch irresponsible, carefree youngsters gradually change into young men, and women, keen to get on with their studies, and who know where they want to go with a self-confidence, and independence rarely seen in my days."

All there is left to say is "thank you for the enormous amount you have given to the school, good luck, we shall miss you."

Sarah Light, Fifth Year.

FURS AND FEATHERS

SMALL BEGINNINGS

I saw a foal ten minutes old and he looked like this. He was all wet and his hair stood on end; he had lots of little curls on his forehead. After five minutes he tried to walk, he fell down, but after ten minutes he trotted. His mother licked him dry. Mice, newly born, look ghastly. They have no fur and their eyes are closed. They squeak, not knowing where they are going. Their noses are long and wet. When pigs are small they still have a cord attached to their tummy. When they are about two minutes old they are put under a light in their sty. When they are a day old they are approximately four inches tall. Their hooves are split up the middle into two points.

Lorraine Beaumont, First Year.

A MOCKERY

There is a saying, or so I've heard.
It's a sin to kill a mocking bird;
But that's impossible, because, you see.
One has never been seen by me.

It could be purple, red or blue.
Brown or green or a soft pinky hue.
Blue with green stripes, yellow and red.
Or bright clear orange with a jet black head.

There's many things that I've been told—
But though I'm already thirteen years old
There is one fact I have not heard.
What is the colour of a mocking bird?

Carol Martin, Second Year.

NIGHT

It was night, midnight, maybe the bewitching hour. As I lay in bed, I reached out my hand and drew back the curtains, feeling their soft touch like a small young animal with its first baby coat.

The night would have been as black as the tar on the road, but for the round moon that was rising, looking for all the world like a large shimmering ball being slowly thrown over the black mass of the sky.

I could feel the stillness, the peace of the night all around me. A slight breeze whipped up the topmost branches of the trees that lined the field, looking like long sleeping dragons, and played with them making their dance a fluttery waltz with the leaves.

Suddenly, a piercing scream rent the silence. It was low and small but piercing. A low growling noise, lingering longer on the still night air, followed it. From my window I could see a dark figure padding across the field with a white thing squealing pitifully in its mouth. The farm cat had won again, her hunt had been successful, and that was one baby rabbit that would not see home again.....

Then the peace returned as suddenly as it had left. I huddled into the warmth of my bed and slept.

Susan Vine. Third Year.

THE FEROCIOUS HUNT

As I began to run I seemed to feel all right, but I soon started to panic. Those ferocious hounds were right behind me. I thought that I'd try and run my hardest and my fastest, so I began to run. Those hounds were about ten yards behind me and one of them nearly caught me but I forced myself and ran on a little faster. I went on running through the marshy fields. Suddenly I approached a brook, ran as fast as I could and jumped the brook. I cleared it, then went on running.

Soon those hounds came to the brook and tried to jump it but most of them failed and fell in. I started to chuckle to myself, but not for long, because those hounds were after me again. All of those hounds were eager to find me; I was anxious to get out of this place and back to my nice warm lair (which wasn't very far away). All the time I was running, my lovely brush was drooping and looked languid (and so was I). At last I saw the hill on which my earth is, but as I went running up the hill I didn't notice that some hounds were waiting for me, and as I reached the top of the hill they started off and came for me. I tried to dodge them but in a few seconds I was surrounded. The hounds made a quick dart for me. I lay half-dead on the ground with a tranquil world around me.

Patricia Leith, First Year.

ON DOGS: A WARNING

The rural rover was free to urinate
Upon a tree, a hedge or a five bar gate.
When the city came, a change was observed:
The dog expelled over lamp post and kerb.
But with society's restrictions, alas, alack.
Now the dog trembles, a paranoiac.
Dog psychiatrists ominously utter
Warnings of rebellion among the lords of the gutter,
A total disregard for double yellow lines
And 'dogs fouling footways' penalty signs.
'Dogs on a leash' will become as a tree,
A target for Pup Power Protest—P.P.P.

Stephen McNicholas, Lower Sixth.

THE WORST DAY

Pilot was his name. He's called Ranger now, but he'll always be Pilot to me. I still remember that horrible day, with regret. He was only a pony, but my life revolved around him. I had had him from foalhood, and he regarded me as his mother. Writing this, I remember his eyes, soft and brown. I sold him, I betrayed him, and he trusted me.

He walked slowly up the horse-box ramp, and stopped half way. He turned round and looked at me. That look gave me a lump in my throat. I choked back my tears and looked at him. He neighed softly and walked the rest of the ramp. I had said "goodbye" to the best friend I ever had. Crying, I ran into our field. I clung to the empty stable wall. Jack, an old horse, was nervous and we could never catch him, but he came to me and licked my hand. I sobbed into his thick, black mane. Four pieces of paper for a real, live friend, I was Judas.

Jacqueline Horne, Third Year.

BELLTOWER MARTIN

Distinguished from lesser species by its individual nesting, this uniformly coloured bird is of ubiquitous habitat. It is said to be closely related to the preying species. At feed it perches higher than most, having a suitable vantage point, but is disinclined to chatter, being mostly quiet by nature. Voice: a disyllabic Ar-kay. Troubled by ticks most weeks.

STONEBILL

Appears mostly in large blue clouds. Brown or blue plumage, having a diurnal rather than a seasonal change of colour. Migrates annually with small flock of like species, when it is seen wheeling knowingly over open scarpland.

MERLIN

Stocky; generally uniform plumage; easily distinguished by its slide and its habit of settling on logs. Feeding: fond of roots; feeds on platform vantage point from which it makes short erratic flights.

SPECTACLED WARBLER

Closely resembles genus Schubertium. When with flock has been seen to attach itself to moving stick. Voice: an unmistakable "Caw", more strident when surrounded by chorus of juveniles. Feeding: throughout the day pecks at crispy morsels.

ROOT-AND-BRANCH BILL

A sturdy bird with occasional bright colouring at the neck. Not averse to smoky surroundings. Habitat: arboreal. Dislikes birch, but likes willow in summer. Feeding: Diet of worms.

THE JAY

Greyish-blue in winter, white plumage from April. Flight very swift. Both male and female (for she, too, is seen near the nest) have rapid whistling wing-beats. The young Jay favours its mother's colouring. Egg: the familiar shape, either brown or white. Voice: throaty "ruck, ruck". Flock makes distinctive growling noise.

THE QUAIL

Not notably gregarious in habit; noted more for its quiet surroundings, though readily pounces on prey from elevated perch. Closely related to the night-jar. Leyden Jar, and the lesser-known Daw-a-jar. Deposits small white egg in batches of eighteen holes; makes croaking noise when lost in rough grass. Feeding: likes to have seed on table.



Birds of a Feather

illustration by Marcel Guillou, text by Mr R. Smith.

BOOTS ON, BOOT IN

LEEDS UNITED

In the area, Clarke doth loom.
And there, opponents meet their doom.
Giles and Bremner the game they raise.
From the Kop, crowds chant their praise.
Madeley there, with super class.
The winning goal from a perfect pass.
Cooper, overlapping on the wing.
All the glory he must bring.
The best defender in Europe now,
Norman Hunter takes a bow.
The Kings of Europe, they must be:
But why don't they sign on super me?

Reece Dinsdale, Second Year.

E FOR B

Georgie!
The skill, the flair.
Silky black hair.
Bearded chin.
Sparkling grin,
A red and white glow—
He steals the show.

Georgie!
He's here; no, he's gone—
Manchester United up 2-1.
A streak of lightning
Up the field,
A tackle, a dribble
The defence always yield.

Georgie!

The guy whose dashing features
Stir the hearts of all feminine creatures.
The boutiques to which his followers flock.
To buy a Georgie gypsy frock—
Or linger all the morning fresh
To see the idol in the flesh.

Lindsey Woodhouse, Third Year.

GRAFFITI EXPLAINED

There was a boy who cut his hair.
And wore a pair of braces.
He bought a pair of bovver boots.
With big, thick, stripy laces.
His shirt was checked.
His socks were red.
His trousers short.
To show his leg.
His crombie black with velvet collars.
He thought he looked a million dollars.
And as he went upon his way
He wrote on walls
SKINS RULE OKAY.

Josephine Dolan, Third Year.

COUNTDOWN

Ten—Pounding in my head, unceasing and maddening.
Nine—My eyes burning, already seeing oblivion.
Eight—What is death? What shall I feel?
Seven—Nothing, something, excruciating pain in my body and mind.
Six—How quick will it be? Death!
Five—The man in the paper, he's laughing at me.
Four—What for? He is to die too.
Three—The end of civilization; unbelievable.
Two—Screeching in my head; my body goes numb.
One—I'm going to die.
Nought—B-O-O-M.
One—Silence.

Paul Morgan, Third Year.

TEN—"Have you got any last requests?"
NINE—"Yes, I have . . .
EIGHT—I would like a cigarette—tipped, if you've got one."
SEVEN—"Get him a cigarette."
SIX—"Thank you; have you got a light?"
FIVE—"Here _____
FOUR—Make the most of it, you've only got four seconds left."
THREE—"You really are too kind!"
TWO—"Think nothing of it . . . but remember,
ONE—This is your last chance to tell us . . . no?
ZERO—Fire!"

Jane Dowding, Third Year,

TEN—Terrific thuds from the clock on the wall.
NINE—Niggling thoughts surround me—I fall.
EIGHT—Even his hand on the trigger shakes.
SEVEN—Sanity departs, my courage breaks.
SIX—Severe hysterics, I call out for mercy—
FIVE—"Friendly angels, don't desert me."
FOUR—Flickers of hatred on my jailer's face—
THREE—Too damn stubborn to hear my case.
TWO—My brain cannot stand the mental stress,
ONE—No hope, no hope, to ease my distress.
ZERO—..... Unless—he misses?.....

Lindsey Woodhouse, Third Year.

DOOMSDAY

After their exams last year, members of 4S1 tried their hands as novelists. They were given a situation in which a mysterious plague was wiping out the world's population. It struck the old people first, but moved down swiftly and inexorably through the age groups before ceasing abruptly, leaving the earth inhabited only by the young. The authors were asked to imagine what happened during and after the plague.

There follow two chapters taken from these novels. The first, from Barry Thewsey's "The Arrows of Apollo", describes a general meeting of the young people in the village of Moston after the last adults had died. The second, from Sarah Light's "Shepherd's Warning", describes mother and daughter in a parting both tacitly know to be final.

THE EMPTY WORLD

I managed to survive the next few weeks. Canteens had been set up for orphans. No rates or bills were paid any more: nobody had any need of money. All the people we knew were dying. Nobody over thirty was left. Soon it would be our turn.

Work had stopped completely and the world seemed strangely dead and silent. I had never realised how comforting the smoke pouring from grimy chimneys had been. The familiar sounds all ceased: no clattering trains, rumbling traffic, thundering road works, droning aeroplanes. Paradise for the conservationists—had there been any.

One day nobody came to the Parish Hall to give us our food, and we knew we under-eighteens were the only ones left. That night, by unspoken agreement, all the survivors converged on Moston recreation ground. We were united in a desire for company in this new, bleak world, and a sense of companionship I had never known before.

There were thirty of us—left from a community of one thousand. Those above eighteen had been taken by the disease. Those under four had perished when no one came to take care for them.

So now we teenagers ruled the world. Our council meeting began. The eldest took command, and no one objected: we were used to being ruled by our elders. We decided to stick together in a close, compact community, by withdrawing from Moston village into a large house. There was no owner to object. Everywhere population had been, the living—or dying—conditions would soon be intolerable. It may have been a rather useless sentiment, but we all wanted to live our last days in as much comfort as possible.

All our lives we had wished to do as we pleased, but now we were rid of adults, and had our wish, it didn't seem as pleasurable as we had imagined.

Five of us walked down to the village together after the meeting. Brian opened the conversation.

"Seems a waste of time really, doesn't it? If we are going to die."

"Not at all," replied Dave. "Now's our big chance to enjoy ourselves. We can do as we like."



“How long do you think that’s going to last? Life will be one big squabble with everyone out for himself.”

“Well, what do you suggest?”

As usual, Brian had thought everything out. His course seemed the only logical one to him. “It’s obvious. We should try to preserve some kind of order and discipline. Not behave like savages.”

“Nonsense! We’re going to die—why not enjoy ourselves?”

“Look, man has struggled for thousands of years to become civilised—do you want to throw it all away?”

“Man no longer exists—we are Man. Can’t you understand that? We’re the last; civilisation is dead.”

The argument was becoming violent and John had to intervene. To me it had typified the two attitudes of surviving youth. One wanted to enjoy what little time was left; the other intended to cling to civilisation in the hope that mankind would not be completely wiped out.

The argument was near boiling point. The ferocity of the antagonists frightened me. It seemed the disease was not our only enemy.

Barry Thewsey.

THE STATION WAS DESERTED

"You'll send a few postcards, won't you?" I said to mother on the way to the station. "And bring us something fantastic back." We had both decided an assumed normality was our only course. We entered the car park opposite the station. It had a few abandoned cars in it—nobody bothered to steal them now.

Mother and I were alone. The others had said goodbye at home. I questioned her anxiously to make sure she had everything. I felt I was the mother and she was the child.

"Have you got your pass? Oh, and you didn't forget your tablets, did you? Did you say Auntie Audrey is meeting you in London? You'll write and say you arrived safely, won't you?"

It would have been a futile gesture. The mails had stopped some days before. But mother only laughed.

"Don't fuss so, Sarah. I'll be back in a few weeks. So behave yourself and don't be arguing all the time. Just have a little patience."

"I will," I said. We had never been so close. I could have flung my arms round her.

The morning sun seemed weak, as if it had not wished to rise so early. The trees in the distance swayed, and the dust on the lines was lifted and carried by the scampering breeze.

Only a few people were waiting for the train. The bells clanged as it approached.

"Well, have a good time," I said quietly.

"Yes; look after yourself," she replied.

I hugged her, and said goodbye. My words echoed; the train pulled out. I ran with it a little way, waving.

"Goodbye!" I shouted, as the bend hid first her face, then her waving handkerchief. The scene blurred as my eyes filled with tears. The station was deserted; I was alone.

As I climbed the stairs I looked back. I saw mother's handkerchief carried along the lines by the wind. I knew that just as I would never see the handkerchief again, so I would never see mother again.

Five weeks later my father died. My world seemed to cease. I could not face any more.

Sarah Light.

THE ACADEMIC YEAR

Academic achievement is an important part of the purpose of a Grammar School. It is not the whole of that purpose. Nor is passing rugger balls. Nor is writing poetry. To give prominence to the two latter activities, and to ignore the continuing work of classroom and laboratory, seems unwise.

The problem is to know how best to summarise the academic year. Reprinting the Speech Day Prize List for posterity takes up a lot of space to tell everyone what everyone knows already. One paragraph in "School Notes" seems playing it too cool. What follows is a compromise: a summary of significant achievements by individuals in the Sixth Form, based largely on 'A' level results.

Two cautions: our notes do not attempt any sort of "order of merit". And every teacher knows that the Grade E achieved as a result of steadfast effort or in the face of difficult circumstances can be more satisfying than the Grade A that comes from effortless brilliance. But we have no yardstick to measure such intangibles.

This year we have been able to congratulate Andrew Kearsley on winning a Freston Scholarship to University College, Oxford, and Keith Marsh on securing a place to read Classics at Hertford College, Oxford.

Last year, Gail Wilson won the Freston Scholarship for Girls, and is now reading for a General Arts degree at Newcastle. Gail's achievement gives particular pleasure, since throughout her Sixth Form career her parents were with the Forces in Germany, and she consequently had heavy responsibilities in her home. Ian Ayris, now also at Newcastle, reading Modern and Medieval History, won the Freston Scholarship for Boys after recording the year's most impressive batch of 'A' level grades.

Our two Head Boys, Garry Brear and Stephen Clarke, intrigued their interviewers by applying for the same degree course in the same University College; both were successful and are now reading Medicine at Guy's, London.

David Brown, who came to us from Normanton County Secondary School, has gone on to read Social Science at York. Stephen Davies has proceeded to Royal Holloway College to read Maths and Physics, and Peter Tiffany is reading Computer Maths at Reading. Kenneth Howe is reading Physics and Electronics at Bradford.

Geography and Geology types who did notably well include Edward Gathecole (Geography at Birmingham); Martin Ellins (Geology at Sheffield); and Frank Shearn (Geology at Newcastle). Ian Johnson is reading Economics and Geography at Bradford.

On Speech Day we heard from an Old Frestonian deeply involved in the Concorde project. The engineering tradition continues through Graham Copley (Mechanical Engineering at Bradford); Stephen Harrison (Engineering at Leicester); and Philip Marsh (Chemical Engineering at Bradford).

John Sharp, who writes elsewhere in the magazine, has embarked upon History at King's College, London, and Barry Marshall is reading French at Bangor.

Two Sixth Formers who had already recorded good 'A' level results in the previous year returned for a profitable third year. Lynne Westerman is now reading Biology and Chemistry at Exeter, and Janet Chambers is studying at the Royal Manchester College of Music. Both combined added academic distinction with further service to the School.

Two others achieved grades that would readily have secured them university places, but they elected to pursue their careers in other ways: Neil Thewsey in the County Architect's Department, and Penny Hodgson in nursing at the General Infirmary, Leeds, a vocation which she had always been determined to take up.

Finally, in the current Upper Sixth, the Foundation Scholarships of Andrew Kearsley, Keith Marsh, Stephen Kirk, Stephen Teece, Alan Bell, Diane Pattison, Marilyn Rose, Lesley Fitton, Helen Tippey, Eileen Smith, Briony Burdon and Gillian Harris were continued. In the Lower Sixth, Scholarships were awarded to Richard Levitt, Melanie Newbould, Sheila Davison, Stephen MacNicholas, Lesley Maddox, David Walsh, David Dobson, Margaret Wilkinson, Julie Roberts, Graham Spencer, Alan Woolley, and Stuart Allatt.

STEVEN KYNASTON 1952-1971

It was a melancholy coincidence that brought the death of Steven so soon after that of Geoffrey Spink, and in circumstances in many ways so similar. Steven, too, had crowned his school career with success, and stood full of promise and eager anticipation at the start of a university course which he was never to complete. When Geoffrey was ill, Steven cared deeply for him; after Geoffrey's death, Steven worked steadfastly for the memorial fund: actions which were characteristic of Steven, and which assume a special poignancy now.

The same unobtrusive concern for others and the same quiet efficiency were shown in everything Steven did. He was a Prefect, and Chess Captain. He had first played chess for the School whilst still a junior. He won the Wakefield and District Schools' Under Sixteen individual title, and later led the School team to victory in the League. A player of distinction, he was expected to reach County level. He was loyal and industrious in Social Service, and in work for the Barnardo's Helpers' League. In no way narrow, he was active in the Historical and Literary Societies, and in discussion groups, and he enjoyed cycling, music, reading, and backstage work for the local amateur dramatic company.

Always a pleasant and unassuming person, he matured and grew in confidence in the Sixth Form. Academic achievement did not come to him with effortless ease, but as a result of dogged determination and a resolute independence in confronting and overcoming problems. He was to show these qualities at their finest in his last term here. He had secured the offer of a place to read Maths and Physics at the University of East Anglia when he was stricken by illness. He showed immense courage, refusing to concede anything to his affliction, and insisting upon leading as full, vigorous and normal a life as possible. For seven weeks immediately before 'A' levels he was absent from School, and during this time underwent the amputation of a leg. Full arrangements were made for him to take the exam in hospital, but these he rejected. He was determined to sit the exam in his School. This he did, conducting his Physics practicals on crutches. He passed in four subjects and recorded an A in Maths and a B in General Studies.

He completed a term at East Anglia before his illness renewed itself with a force whose significance he cannot have mistaken. In his final weeks his calm philosophy and cheerful simplicity of manner were deeply moving. It had been a time of student disorders, and Steven spoke sadly of behaviour and attitudes to work which he found incomprehensible. Yet he showed no bitterness at the wilful wasting of opportunities that were to be so cruelly denied to him.

In Steven was little of the instant brilliance or flamboyant personality which we may admire, but which we know we cannot emulate. His qualities realised the best that lies in all of us. His example endeared him deeply, and it will endure long.

THE STAFF ROOMS

Since the magazine last recorded Staff changes, Mr. J. W. Butcher has left us on secondment to Leeds University; Mr. G. A. Ridden has taken up a post in the University of Ghana at Accra; Mr. D. F. Lumb has become Head of the English Department at Hallcroft Secondary Comprehensive School, Ilkeston; Mrs. Lumb is busy establishing a Home Pottery; Miss D. Lumby has moved to South Elmsall Westfield Lane County Primary School; Miss A. R. Loach has entered the College of the Ascension at Selly Oak, Birmingham, to train for missionary work; Mrs. M. Busby retired in August, 1971; Miss E. P. Bailey has become Assistant Editor with the Victoria History of the Counties of England; and Mr. P. E. Turner has moved to Wheatley Hills Boys' Secondary High School, Doncaster.

Newcomers based in the Lower School are Miss Bennett, who read Classics at the University of Hull before taking her M.A. at Leeds: she is interested in hockey and travel; Mr. Booth, who read French at the University of Liverpool, comes to us from Roundhay School, Leeds: he is keenly interested in drama; Mr. Lyman, who trained at Southampton, Sunderland and Leeds Colleges of Art and previously taught at Sadwell Secondary Modern Boys' School, Smethwick: he is interested in interior decorating and furniture design; Mrs. Martin (nee Wainwright) who trained at Bretton Hall College of Education in Needlework; her previous post was at Wennington School, Wetherby; Mrs. Timms, who read Theology at the University of Nottingham: she has a keen interest in dressmaking; Miss McManus, who comes from Chelsea Physical Education College, Eastbourne: her interests include riding and sub-aqua sports; Mr. Wennington, who trained at Matlock College of Education in Mathematics and previously taught at Knottingley High School: his interests include rugby and he acts as Marshal at Motor-cycle and Race Meetings.

To the Upper School we have welcomed Mrs. Harrison, who formerly taught Art in the Lower School and has returned temporarily until Mr. Robinson can resume work: in retirement she has travelled widely in Europe and the British Isles and is a Founder Speaker of the Wakefield Historical Society; Mr. Higgins, who read Drama and English at the University of Exeter, taking his Diploma in Education there: he has always taken an active part in dramatic productions; Miss Jacques, who trained at Nottingham College of Education in Mathematics and previously taught at Plume School, Maldon, Essex: she has a general interest in sport; Mr. Sherwood, who went from Normanton Grammar School to read French at the University of Newcastle-upon-Tyne: his interests are music and photography; Mr. Long, who read History at the University of Exeter before taking a certificate in Education at the University of Birmingham, comes to us from Thornes House School, Wakefield; he is interested in long-distance running and vintage movies; Mrs. Godden, who read English at the University of Sussex before teaching in St. Helier, Jersey: her interests are sailing, indoor vegetable gardens (advice given free) and cat-breeding.

We also welcome to the School, Mrs. Jubb, who helps in the Girls' P.E. Department; Mrs. Curry, who helps to organise the Resources and Facilities Centre in the Lower School; Mademoiselle Chantal Pincovici, the French Assistante who originates from Dijon in Burgundy.

CAREERS

HISTORY

King's is situated in the heart of London and architecturally and structurally it is not very imposing. Although the new Strand building has just been opened this year, the older parts of the College remind one of Victorian austerity. I hasten to add that the History Department is situated in the new, plush Strand building. In fact, the College is being modernised all the time (we even have electricity now) so that by the year 2000 it should be quite nice. But if the buildings are not all they might be, this is compensated for by the extremely friendly atmosphere of both staff and students which is particularly evident within the History Department.

King's is traditionally conservative and far from militant—it was the only establishment of University status which voted not to participate in the N.U.S. “Day of Action” against the government's plans for financing college unions. So, if you are a devoted Marxist hoping to stir up revolt against the bourgeois Capitalists, King's is not for you. Furthermore (and this applies to most colleges in London) any form of activity whatsoever is handicapped by the fact that King's is not a campus-type University, which means people live anything up to twenty or thirty miles away (in the case of those who live at home and commute every day), which obviously acts as an obstacle to student activity and there is never much of an entertainments programme. Besides, living in London, people tend to seek their entertainment outside College, be it in the local pub or in the Theatre Royal.

London itself has a reputation for being a swinging metropolis, which it is . . . if you are a millionaire. Obviously, you have to pay for your entertainment (and culture, to Lord Eccles' way of thinking) and the grant does not allow you to paint the town red every night. Still, the theatres, galleries, museums and places of interest are all there if, and when, you want them. But there is another side to London which, unless you have a very hard heart, cannot but affect you seriously. The continual sight of the “down-and-outs”, who often stop you and ask for money, pouring out one sad story after another, is very disturbing. Anyone can tell you who has been, as I have, in Waterloo tube station at 11.30 p.m., when the police bring out the meths drinkers, of the stupefying sight (and smell) and the feeling of wanting to be literally sick.

However, to return to King's, whilst I do not propose to set out the History course—which can be found in any prospectus—I will give my reactions to the way in which history is taught here. There are few lectures, and those not compulsory. Your work revolves around a weekly essay for which you are recommended, on average, about six books (not all the contents of which, of course, are relevant). This essay deals with one aspect of a historical problem and you go away, read the books, and write the essay. The following week the process is repeated, probably with a jump of a hundred years or so between topics. Therefore, there is no sense of continuity and it is impossible to get a good, overall picture of the period you are studying, or of general trends within the period. This, to my mind, is wrong, though to suggest an alternative method whereby the syllabus is covered, is extremely difficult. Such a routine of weekly essays involves a good deal of plodding and can, at times, depress.

Those studying ‘A’ level may be slightly shocked to learn that here you study the Stuarts in four weeks, not in two years as at school. Obviously, what you do is four particular topics in depth within the Stuart period, some of which might be of a fairly general nature.

It emerges from the above that from the word "Go" you are geared to examinations (the Finals), which is disturbing because it automatically orientates your thinking on those lines and reduces much of the enjoyment. You are very much on your own again, disturbing when coming straight from school, and it takes at least a term to get yourself organised and set yourself on the right track. History is a very demanding subject and I have not met anyone who has not thought of packing it all in, but they carry on. Some postgraduates told me that they felt the same, and, throughout their three years, they occasionally got so depressed and yet they plodded on, and suddenly everything came into perspective and fell into place (the same is true, of course, for 'A' level). That must be every historian's text: Don't give up because everyone is feeling just as bad as you.

I have already exceeded my allowed quota of words. I can only stress that what you have read are my personal impressions of the History course in one College of one University; other Universities will obviously be different. If I have seemed too disenchanted or discouraging, it is only because I did not want to sound like a prospectus which extols the virtues of a particular University and its own History course, and glosses over the many problems. Neither have I presented anything like a complete picture, but rather just a few facets of the whole to be borne in mind when choosing your University. I make no apologies for raising some of the 'bad' points about King's, but I would emphasise that I am enjoying my stay here very much and I would not swap King's for anywhere else. It is a marvellous experience, a time for the testing and questioning of values and beliefs which is just as important as studying for a degree.

John Sharp, First Year at King's College, London.

ELECTRONICS

Course content, or subject, is becoming increasingly irrelevant as far as prospective employers are concerned. The number of students is now increasing so much that the degree itself is not the passport to a job, but rather the person holding the degree is the influential factor in an interviewer's decision. Many jobs will now take graduates of any discipline. It is a sad fact, but it is increasingly difficult to obtain a job 'worthy' of the degree itself. However, as a third year science student (electronics), whose lot is not one of the easiest where finding a future career is concerned, I would advise anyone with the opportunity of attending University to seize the chance.

Upon leaving school with 'A' levels, say, then the type of job is limited by the 'A' level subjects taken, as the 'A' level is classed as a kind of proficiency certificate in those particular fields. The choice of subjects is basically determined by one's aptitudes as revealed by 'O' levels. As such, the disciplines studied are pre-determined by the school system. However, aptitude for a subject does not always coincide with the basic area of employment which a candidate would consider as his performance for a career, and thus a school leaver may find himself in a job to which he is ill-suited.

Unfortunately 'A' level subjects also limit the choice of University courses available to a particular student, but this is not so seriously confining, since a University degree is generally classed as a measure of ability in working in any field, rather than as a measure of ability in one subject. This arises because a University course is not above the capabilities of anyone accepted for the course, and the passrate is dependent on the work-receptiveness of the student.

Taking it for granted that if one does the work, one will graduate, then one can settle down to the varied and very rewarding life of being a University student for three or more years, since there is so much to be learnt extra-murally. Perhaps

the most important initial lesson is to develop a form of independence away from home life, without making a complete break. In my experience, it was surprisingly easy to 'survive' this break, and we found that the sudden switch to life in a different atmosphere provided a greater understanding of one's continuing relationship with one's home.

The most important factor in settling down to University life is to develop friendships among the huge turnover of acquaintances provided by the various functions of normal university and student union activities. There is no problem in respect of compatibility, because of the huge turnover. There is also no problem where entertainment is concerned, as there is some society or club to cater for every topic, whether it be sport, politics or just a hobby. Boredom is inexcusable at university because of the variety of recreations available.

If one fills one's ample free time in simple participation in student life, then one's thoughts will be unhindered and become more coherent, and a steady uncomplicated life-style will be developed, which may be of great advantage later in life. The main achievement in a successful university career should be that one has learned to live with oneself and one's colleagues, and once the degree is obtained, the better one has become at this, the more likely one is to succeed in any career undertaken.

Perhaps an ideal postscript to this article would be a quotation from John Donne, plus the school motto: 'No man is an island'; and 'Learn to be free'. They are not as contradictory as one might at first think.

John Scott, Third Year at University of Manchester
Institute of Science and Technology.

A CAREER IN MEDICINE

Why become a doctor ? I doubt that any prospective or newly-found medical student who seriously asked this question could honestly provide himself with an answer. Having relatively recently qualified as a Bachelor of Medicine and completed my 'house jobs', I think I only just begin to see why I became a doctor.

Firstly, let me outline the basic requirements for entry into a Faculty of Medicine. These differ between universities but usually six 'O' levels are desirable including English, Mathematics, a science and a language, three of which must also be held at 'A' level standard. These latter need not necessarily be science subjects. Candidates with 'A' level G.C.E's in arts subjects may be allowed to enter the first M.B. year at Medical School. This is unusual however, most students entering directly into the first year of the second M.B. course.

I will take the liberty of not dwelling in any detail on the exact manner in which medicine is taught. Medical Education is in a state verging on revolution at present, many new ideas superseding the old, mostly for better, occasionally for worse. Systems vary from centre to centre but the ultimate focal points are diagnosis, management and treatment of the patient. The basic principles involved incorporate a knowledge of Anatomy, Physiology, Biochemistry. Pathology, Bacteriology and a multitude of other doctrines, each of which is a precise science. These become encompassed in teachings on the principles and practice of General Medicine, Surgery, Obstetrics (*Midwifery*) and Gynaecology. Simultaneously the important aspects of Social, Psychiatric, Preventative and Forensic Medicine are shown to have a role in the management of disease.

Under most regimes various patients in the teaching hospitals are assigned to the medical students who must take responsibility for examining each patient individually. It is only by continuous practice that the student learns how to

examine and manage the patient competently. This competence is eventually assessed in the final M.B., Ch.B. examination. Medicine and Surgery being essentially practical subjects, the final examination is, in the main, a practical one and requires the candidate not only to be successful in written examinations but also in clinical examination and diagnosis of a number of patients, this being the most important aspect of the 'finals'.

Besides graduating in Medicine and Surgery, it is also possible, in many schools, to intercalate a year in order to obtain a Bachelor of Science degree with honours in one or other of the basic medical sciences — Anatomy, Physiology, Pharmacology, etc. This, of course, extends the course from five to six years but is probably of value if one eventually intends to pursue a career in a hospital speciality.

What of the personal qualities required to become a doctor? Well, perhaps we may return to our opening question — why become a doctor? — Despite the multitude of philanthropic, social and even avaricious reasons given by individuals for entering medicine, there is, to my mind at least, one factor which is common to us all — a fundamental interest in the human organism both in health and disease. It may be that as we pass through the various stages of medical education the enthusiasm may mature and become orientated towards one particular aspect of medicine, but I feel sure that the initial flame of interest rarely becomes extinguished; rather it explodes in a chain reaction of ever-increasing clinical experience as more and more patients are observed.

However, what of the less academic aspects of life as a medical student? Sport is, of course, strongly encouraged and most Medical Schools have at least one or two Rugby fifteens and manage to field a Cricket eleven most Saturdays in the Summer. Also one is free to engage in all of the University Student Union activities as well as those confined to the inmates of the Medical School. I might add that the activities of the television *'Doctor in the House'* group are not entirely a figment of Richard Gordon's imagination. Indeed, their proximity to factual events almost make me shudder.

Having eventually foiled the examiners in the final examination and obtained a medical qualification one has to decide what to do with it. This is not such an immediate problem as it appears for there is a compulsory resident period of six months each as house surgeon and house physician in hospital practice. Also, by this time, one has usually formulated some plans as to which particular branch of medicine one would like to enter, for example, Surgery, General Practice, Public Health, etc., and can endeavour to enter some form of post-graduate training scheme for this, following completion of the two six-month pre-registration posts.

Most hospital specialist posts require the possession of higher qualifications which necessitate further study. For example, should you wish to become a surgeon then you must work in posts as senior house officer and registrar for a further three to four years until you become eligible to take the Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons. After obtaining this diploma you qualify for a senior registrar position (which you need not necessarily be given) for a further two to three years before applying for a Consultant post. Alternatively, you may wish to enter an academic Surgical Unit whilst studying for the Fellowship. Such a unit provides not only practical surgical experience but also involves a heavy research commitment. For example, the unit upon which I work, besides being a busy general surgical unit, also does a lot of transplantation surgery and we are engaged in research into several aspects of human organ transplantation.

Similar schemes are also available for those who wish to specialise in General Medicine, Psychiatry, Paediatrics, Cardiology and so on. I should, perhaps, emphasize the fact that careers in hospital specialities are extremely competitive. The responsibilities involved are such that many feel that the few rewards to be

gained from hospital practice are not worth the great deal of effort they require. Certainly, unless one can build up a fairly extensive private practice, hospital specialisation is not as remunerative as general practice. Depending on seniority and experience, House Officers earn from £1,628 to £2,300 per annum. This increases through the various grades of hospital practitioner to the Consultant grades who earn £3,500 to £4,500 per annum and this at some ten years after qualification. Compare this with General Practice where it is possible to be earning £3,000 to £4,000 per annum within three years of qualification. If you wish to earn even more, many Commonwealth countries will pay upwards of £7,000 to £10,000 per annum to English graduates.

I can think of no serious disadvantages to obtaining a medical degree. It is a long, hard struggle to obtain such a qualification and the working conditions are sometimes unbearable. Members of the medical profession can be very difficult especially if they are also one's teachers. However, very, very occasionally some-one says, *'Thank you, doctor, for your help'* — and after 72 hours without sleep, that gives you a good feeling.

Dr Pierre Guillou

A CAREER IN JOURNALISM

The newspaper industry is contracting. Not at any breakneck rate, but the trend is apparent from the circulation figures of publications of national standing. Production costs have sent up newspaper prices sharply in recent times, and families which once took into their homes two and sometimes three newspapers have cut back through sheer economic necessity. I do not recall more than one new newspaper being launched in years, but I could recount the demise of quite a number.

I am purposely beginning this article on a dismal note to impress upon career-seekers that jobs in journalism are by no means easy to come by these days. Certain newspapers have introduced a staff "freeze" since a recent pay award negotiated with the National Union of Journalists. Recruitment, they say, will be limited to supplying essential replacement. I suppose the editor of even the smallest weekly newspaper must receive up to 20 inquiries for openings from school leavers each summer. He probably makes one new appointment every two years, which puts at about 40 to one the odds against a youngster landing a job as a trainee reporter.

However, if you have set your sights on journalism as a career, its rewards can be such that any amount of trouble to get one's foot in the door will be justified. I mention "rewards" not necessarily from the monetary sense but rather in the context of job-satisfaction. Except at the very top, journalism is not a fantastically well-paid profession, and it can represent an uncertain future at some levels.

The road into the profession followed by the overwhelming majority of entrants is by way of weekly newspapers, and this invariably involves him or her in an initial exercise of initiative seeking interviews with local editors. Minimum requirement is five 'O' levels, including English Language and Literature, on the strength of which one is accepted to the staff of a local newspaper for a probationary period of six months. At the end of that period both employer and entrant have the option of parting company.

Should the contract continue, which is usually the case, there follows a three-year indenture with that particular newspaper incorporating two eight-week courses at a college — usually Sheffield for entrants in this area — and culminating with a final examination for the Proficiency Certificate, which is regarded as the passport to jobs in the higher-paid daily and evening newspaper fields and puts the entrant on adult pay.

The subjects taken on the eight-week courses are: English, English Law, Central and Local Government, Sociology and Journalism, plus, of course, shorthand. A minimum speed of 100 words a minute is demanded before a candidate can sit the Proficiency Test, but under a new system of shorthand writing this is not nearly so daunting as it might sound.

An entrant into journalism is confronted with a typewriter from the very moment he arrives at the office. It is the custom, therefore, that typing is a self-taught subject. On the other hand, to go to the trouble of learning touch-typing proves of immense long-term benefit.

Wages payable during training on a weekly newspaper are something of this order: Age 17 or under, £562 a year; 18—£639; 19—£715; 20—£866.

The indenture period is cut to two years for graduates, of whom there is an increasing number entering the profession.

A new scheme has been introduced recently under which school leavers under 20 and with at least two 'A' levels are selected by the National Council for the Training of Journalists to attend a full year's course of preparatory training.

Successful applicants follow the Council's curriculum under the tuition of experienced journalists working at colleges taking part in this national training scheme, and at the end of their year's tuition they are helped by the National Council to find apprenticeships on regional newspapers. Application forms for these courses are available from the Council, whose address is 8 Bouverie Street, London E.C.4. I would add that Press photographers are indentured in the same way as reporters.

If you are looking for an ordered 9 to 5 job, then I would suggest you turn elsewhere. Weekly journalism involves a degree of evening and weekend work, as does evening newspaper work, and the daily newspaper man has to adjust his life to a working rota of something like 5 p.m. to midnight. However, a five-day week has been established throughout the industry, while one national newspaper is in the process of adopting a four-day week involving the hours normally contributed in five days.

Some of the "plum" jobs these days are in the television and radio field, where recruitment is generally from the ranks of journalists. Two TV reporters whose faces are familiar to every home in the land began their careers as juniors with my own local newspaper group—a fact I mention to stress that there are no limits to prospects once one is established in the profession. One of these reporters, I might add, possessed only a modest academic background on entering journalism. His strength was mainly his capacity to appreciate the unusual (which is the basis of most news stories) and a personality which found him most acceptable in almost any company.

One has not necessarily to be an outstanding writer (though such abilities are in demand on what we know as the "quality" newspapers) to succeed in journalism. To be able to express oneself clearly in comparatively simple English is the main requirement. An ability to mix with people is essential and an inquiring mind very desirable.

It's a good life. So satisfying, in fact, that in more than 40 years in journalism I know of only odd instances where reporters have left for another calling.

Mr. A. Cudworth

A CAREER IN THE LAW

In England there is no monolithic "legal profession" but two separate and distinct branches of a profession, each with functions which are complementary, and even in a few instances overlapping, yet specialised and different. A school leaver should not therefore ask himself if he wishes to be a lawyer; he must decide whether he wants to be a barrister or a solicitor.

Collectively, barristers form one of the oldest, most organised, most self-satisfied professional bodies in the world. The bar is generally considered the senior branch of the legal profession. Its members are gentlemen, their conduct dignified and honourable. Until recently this ancient learned profession selected its recruits largely by their ability to eat a certain number of meals at one of their four professional centres in London which are, oddly enough, known as Inns. Great, almost ritualistic importance is still attached to consuming a glass of port at the end of one of those repasts. In later days neither the food nor the port have been of the excellence that gentlemen expect; friends of the writer have told him that the vintage forced on the students of the Inner Temple resembles raspberry jam to an amazing extent.

There were exams, but hardly of a very taxing nature. For years the Bar Council published a handbook as slim as any volume of verse which claimed to contain all the knowledge necessary to pass them. One able but unscrupulous barrister who was ultimately disbarred, claimed that he had mastered its contents by a quick reading the night before.

All is now greatly changed. The traditional requirement about eating dinners, remains, but the Bar Council now sets difficult professional exams. It is best to take them after having read law at University. After graduation you can study for a year at one of the Inns and pass the exams. There are many complaints about the quality of the tuition provided. Equally discouraging is the fact that the fees are expensive and that local authorities are only given a discretionary power to make grants to the students. It is up to the authorities themselves whether they do and many choose to be extremely selective. One friend of the writer tried to get a grant from his home local authority and failed; he tried the city where he went to University and failed; he tried the London Borough where he went to live and failed. This person is still studying for the bar but is very hard up and only manages by doing ungentlemanly vacation jobs which the Bar Council would probably forbid if they knew. Unless his local authority is a generous one, an aspirant barrister would be well advised to have parents who are either well off or self-sacrificing.

After passing his exams, a young barrister is obliged to spend six months in the chambers of an older barrister as his pupil. He goes into court with him and learns his business generally. Then he can set up in practice on his own. Barristers are not allowed to form partnerships but they do form little communities which co-operate and help each other. A number of them will have their offices together and the whole group will be described as their chambers. They will have typists and secretaries but above all a clerk who in fact has a great deal of influence and power, for instance in sharing out the work as it comes in. To the local solicitors the chambers will be known by his name.

A young barrister will get himself a place in chambers and wait for work to come in. The vast majority of barristers' work comes to them via solicitors, not directly from clients. Generally speaking the work consists of briefs to appear in court or requests for their opinion on complex points of law. Barristers monopolise the higher courts of the land; only in the magistrates' courts and the county courts do they have to compete on terms of equality with solicitors. Legal aid ensures that there is plenty of work for them and yet there is a shortage of barristers. Providing therefore a young barrister has reasonable talents, he should be able to make some money fairly soon. His better known colleagues in chambers will receive

briefs which they cannot take because they have something else to do and those briefs will come his way. Provided he deals with them competently he will build up a reputation and begin to attract work in his own right. Hopefully he will ultimately have his firms of solicitors who brief him regularly and frequently. A competent barrister can therefore look forward to a career of solid work taking civil and criminal cases, which will bring him good, steady financial rewards. For a barrister of exceptional ability, the rewards are astronomical. Barristers too are made judges and many enjoy years of well-paid official importance after the hurly burly of private practice. Many go into Parliament. Normally about one-sixth of the members of the House of Commons are barristers. In short it is a job with prospects.

Solicitors are more thick on the ground and more commonly seen by the general public. In careers hand-outs the Law Society, their professional organisation, states that would-be solicitors need intelligence, a gift for human relations, industry and many other qualities. Above all they need integrity. A little contact with the local legal community will demonstrate that these claims represent more of an aspiration than a statement of fact. In more concrete terms they need two 'A' levels and a good deal of application.

There are two routes to qualification. You can leave school, attend a very short interview before a panel of solicitors, attend an eight months' course at a polytechnic or at the Law Society's own college and take the Society's Part One exams, which involves much hard slog. After that, you must find a firm of solicitors or a local government solicitor prepared to offer you articles, a sort of professional apprenticeship. A non-graduate serves four years now.

Articles were once quite an obstacle. Articled clerks were not paid, indeed their parents generally had to pay a premium for the privilege. Nowadays premiums are rare, and there is usually some payment, though it is generally meagre compared with other vocations. During articles a good firm should train the articled clerk in the proper performance of the diverse work which goes on in a solicitors' office. After articles, he will need to go on another course before taking the Part Two examinations. These involve a lot more hard slog than the Part One, but if he passes, his tribulations are over and he can now be admitted as a solicitor.

A graduate has a rather different approach. He spends a pleasant three years at University, obtaining a degree. If it is in law then he is exempt from Part One and need only serve two years articles. A non-law graduate does two and a half years and must take Part One. There is talk at the moment of making a University degree in law an essential qualification but it is as yet only talk.

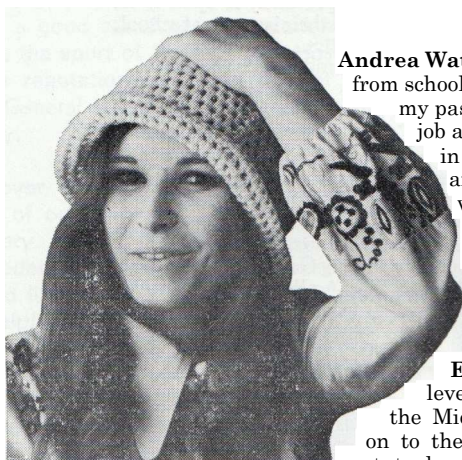
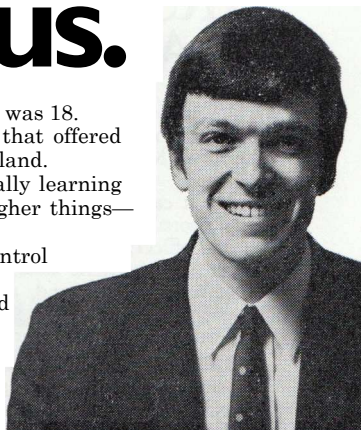
Once qualified, our graduate and non-graduate solicitors have a wide variety of possibilities. Both local government and the civil service employ plenty of solicitors in well paid, secure jobs, though their brothers in private practice tend to look on these men as a bunch of under worked dilettante. There are many posts in industry, both private and public, for solicitors.

And there is always private practice, composed of firms varying from one-man bands to those who have a double figure partner list on their letter headings. In private practice, the young solicitor will aim at working through assistantship to partnership. The work is extremely varied—Advocacy in the lower courts which covers true crime, motoring offences, matrimonial disputes, adoptions, property disputes, breach of contract, claims of negligence, litigation employing barristers and carrying most of these actions into the higher courts, commercial matters, company work, conveyancing, proving of wills and a host of other things. Solicitors are the general practitioners of the legal profession though many have their preferences and specialities in their particular firms. The financial rewards obviously depend on which firm you join; our solicitor would doubtless bear that in mind when choosing.

Mr. A. Maurice Smith.

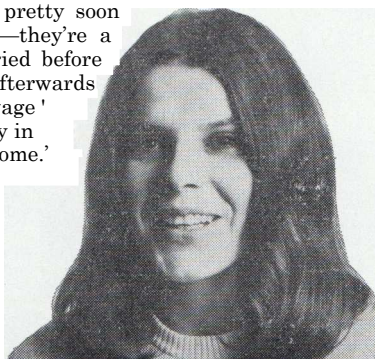
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Andrea Waters joined the Midland Bank at 16, straight from school. "Why ? Oh, I'd just taken CSE's and one of my passes was in typing. The Midland offered me a job as a typist, so, I took it. As it happens, I started in Head Office as a junior. That was a year ago, and since then I've moved on to more responsible work in the same department. What do I like about the job ? Well the money's good for my age, I like the people, but mostly I suppose, I enjoy the work. There isn't much more you could ask from a job, really is there ?"

Elizabeth Stevens. "I left school with six 'O' levels—looking for a career with a future. I joined the Midland, did junior work for a year, then moved on to the counter. I pretty soon got to know everyone—they're a great crowd, really friendly people. I plan to get married before very long, but I'll probably carry on working here afterwards —it'd be a shame to leave all my friends. I get a good wage ' (equal pay with the men) and this is coming in very handy in setting up a home."



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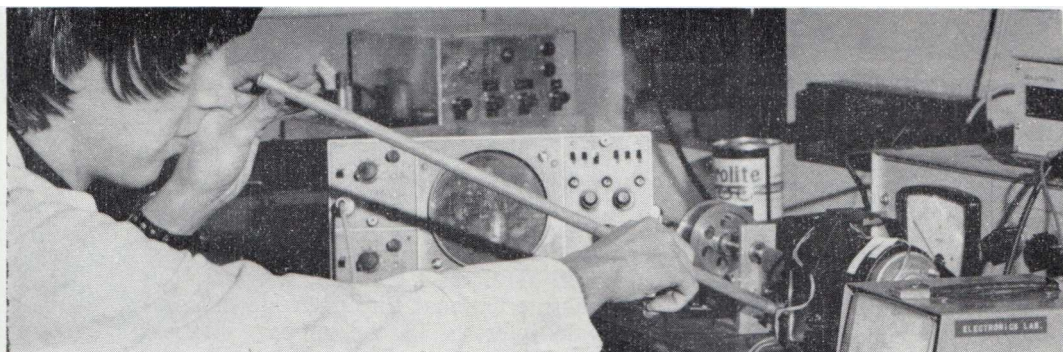
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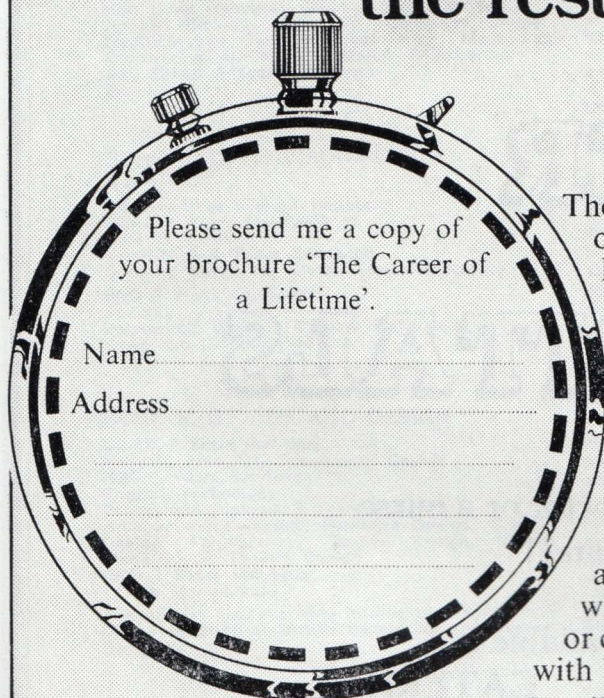
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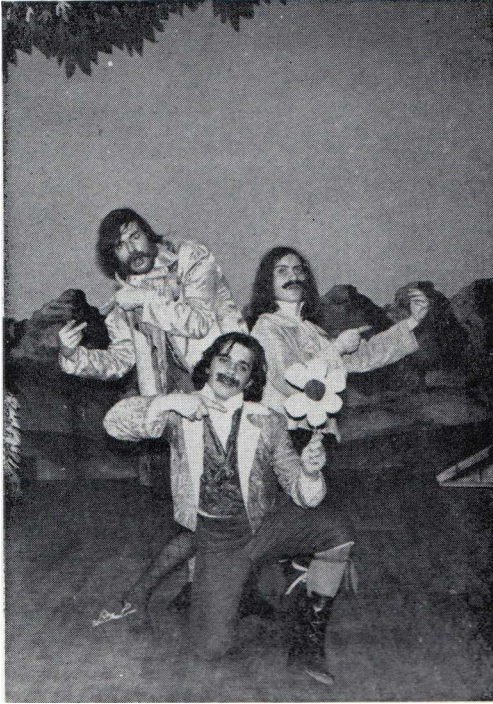
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MUSIC AND DRAMA



"PATIENCE"

Us on Us: A Review of "Patience"

Long before rehearsals of this comic-opera began, its seeds had begun to germinate in the minds and imaginations of Hadfield and Coar. They had worked together on G and S productions before, and now, with all the opportunities of a mixed school before them, they were scanning the 1971 Arts Festival for previously hidden musical or dramatic talent.

For weeks we saw pieces of scenery walking up and down the corridor, followed by paint-stained, sawdust-sprinkled, betooled workmen—and women. The end-product was an attractive setting outside Bunthorne's castle. It all looked nice—but a loose step or a misplaced but very authentic tree stump caused many a maiden temporarily to lose her assumed aestheticism, or some dragoon to swear more realistically than intended.

Providing costumes and properties was a mammoth task for Miss Wainwright, Mr. Lyman, and their helpers, and they can be proud of their feat. Dragoons were smart and manly, and the maidens suitably seductive, yet they in no way overshadowed the principals.

Members of the cast were helped enormously by the ordered and amazingly unchaotic atmosphere backstage. One always knew where everything was—one had



only to reach for sword, moustache, or plastic flower, and there it was. Front-of-house was equally well organised, where arrivals could see an interesting display of photographs and information before being conducted to their seats and launched into the flight of the opera by the voice over the intercom: "Good evening. This is your captain speaking . . . "

At one point, however, it was feared there would not be enough people sufficiently interested to fill the available seats, although publicity had been near nationwide. However, heroic efforts by the ticket-office staff, plus cajolery, threats, and promises, brought four near-capacity audiences: a great encouragement.

Much depended on the quality of the orchestra. No matter how well-rehearsed the cast, the transition from Janet Chambers on grand piano to full orchestra could have been disastrous. Fortunately all members of the orchestra, led by Mr. T. Wilkinson and conducted by our very own David J. Coar, were highly skilled in their respective fiddlings, blowings, and bashings. Most were professional instrumentalists, but it should be noted that the small number of pupils also taking part played competently amidst their elders; we hope their number will increase in future productions. The launching of a school orchestra is an auspicious start.

Enthusiasm amongst the girls of the School was so great that two choruses were recruited and alternated. Both were equally rapturous, yet each noticed that on one night they were received more warmly than on the other. Audiences do differ! It had been indelibly imprinted on the mind of each girl that the whole opera depended on the female chorus opening well. Difficult as it is to look appealingly

love-sick at the top of one's voice, the girls get the production off to a flying and melodious start, and maintained a high standard of singing and acting throughout.

The chorus of Dragoon Guards was a mixed bag of male pupils; it is some tribute to the Producer and Musical Director that it was a Rugby Song Singing Rugby Team up there on stage every night, wearing smart blue uniforms, polished helmets, and silver swords, and singing Gilbert and Sullivan. Despite their early difficulties with military drill, the guards clearly enjoyed taking part. A special mention for Stephen Powers, for his prowess in consuming bananas.

Least of the lesser principals was Marcel Guillou, who with his short but sweet appearance as the solicitor-cum-Groucho Marx, captured the hearts of cast and audience alike. He can only be surpassed as a comic actor by the trio of Stephen MacNicholas, a weakly-bearded David Lockwood and the toffee-eating Duke, Alan Whalley. The accomplished performance of their counterparts, the three ladies, admirably balanced the athletic activities of the outrageous trio. A well-padded Helen Carrington was a natural for Lady Jane, and went into her part with superb enthusiasm and aplomb.

The three major principals had all had remarkably little experience of opera, but through hard work proved a successful choice. Martyn Lawson as Burthome was an effective affected aesthete who had perfected the mannerisms of the poet-poseur. Geoffrey Strangwood, previously unknown to the stage, astonished his Lower School friends with his excellent portrayal of Archibald Grosvenor: what he lacked in musical power and polish he made up for in charm of manner and strength of characterisation. Last of all, Janet Addy, apparently brimming over with her customary self-confidence (and the effects of a bad cold). She tackled the mammoth part of Patience with gusto in the melodramatic scenes, finesse in the poetic scenes, and lambent (yes, lambent) tenderness in the love scenes. Often it was her encore that told the cast the production had made its first break-through to the audience.

Despite the contradictory demands occasionally made by Producer and Musical Director, which sometimes threatened the cast with a collective schizophrenia, a well-balanced performance emerged. Though many a homeward bound Dragoon was heard muttering dark threats involving Hadfield, Coar and the novel use of his wooden sword, cast and producers parted on the best of terms. The cast's patience was tried by the two, but the two's patience must have been tried by the cast.

Of course some will always be found to denigrate Gilbert and Sullivan as "cultural slush", the suggestion being that the School should aim at higher things (one wonders if harder are possible). We do not think any of those involved in the production would question for one moment its "value"—in every sense. The two articles that follow may lend support to this view.

The Editors.



NEW EXPERIENCE

I'm not a keen music fan but I'd been to see the school's performance of "H.M.S. Pinafore" and I was impressed by how much the performers seemed to be enjoying themselves and wondered if I was missing out on something. I decided I was, so immediately after that opera had finished I saw Mr. Coar to put my name down for this year's opera.

"It'll be nice in the male chorus," or so I thought. I was flabbergasted when Mr. Coar asked how I felt about singing a solo part. The producers seemed very keen, but I was exactly the opposite. However, after a few rehearsals I think the roles were reversed.

I thought we trained hard for Rugby, but the amount of effort put in by Mr. Coar and Mr. Hadfield had to be seen to be believed. They were patient, coaxing, yet firm with me under very trying circumstances. For the first few rehearsals I was by myself with the two producers. Then gradually I rehearsed scenes with other people involved and finally we linked the scenes together. It was hard work, I won't deny that, but it was very enjoyable and we participants extracted many a laugh from the whole thing. It was not all plain sailing though (to quote a famous statesman!) and we had our little problems and crises like Patience losing her voice before the first performance.

You will notice how I started this article by using the first person singular and then, later on, first person plural. This shows how team spirit generated within the people involved. My only regrets following the final curtain of "Patience" were that I hadn't taken part in any other Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

Geoffrey Strangwood, Upper Sixth.

PATIENCE IS A VIRTUE



This was my first real venture onto the school stage. I was both extremely nervous and rather proud to have such a lengthy and important part as that of Patience herself. The audience see only the final product, and not the weeks of hard work involved beforehand.

Initially the producers were concerned because most of the principals had no previous acting experience. I had no knowledge of technical terms, and found myself constantly “upstaging” others, as if I wanted to steal all the limelight. I would lapse into the depths of depression when a scene was unsatisfactory—or occasionally disastrous—convinced that it was all my fault. At first I was embarrassed, when I had to declare my undying devotion to the leading man, or skip gaily round the stage clutching a milk-pail. Worst of all was when I was left alone to sing. I felt rooted to the spot and so dry-mouthed I could not believe any sound would escape at all, whilst the hall seemed to enlarge to enormous dimensions beyond the power of my voice to fill. However, our nerves were calmed and our confidence boosted by the invaluable enthusiasm and encouragement of Mr. Coar and Mr. Hadfield.

Staff and pupils became closely involved in the preparations. We were able to enter light-heartedly into the spirit of this humorous production. I particularly, enjoyed the dress rehearsals, with their extra sparkle and glamour, for we could not only act, but also look the part. In my milk-maid’s costume and frilly hat I felt much more at ease and convincing. Dragoon guards and lovesick maidens were likewise transformed. School uniforms were gladly exchanged for rustling silver helmets or long flowing dresses under bright lights.

At last came the time for the actual performances, to the relief of cast, staff, parents, even the cleaners. Audience response conveyed enjoyment and appreciation. All had been worthwhile, for the sake of the entertainment we provided and the pleasure we ourselves derived.

Janet Addy, Upper Sixth.

THE ARTS FESTIVAL

THE MUSIC

Adjudicator: A. J. B. Leach, Esq., A.R.M.C.M. (Organist: Howden Minster)

Adjudicator's Marks and House Positions:	4th—Ward	353
	3rd—Freston	354
	2nd—Dodsworth	356
	1st—Levett	357

If the final result is the only interesting factor in an enterprise such as the Inter-House Arts Festival, then there is no need to read any further. It seems to me, however, as I sit in the Upper School Library on the afternoon of the Festival, recollecting in questionable tranquility this morning's events, that these results had little to do with the performances presented to the school.

The Marking Scheme for each section of the House Programmes was as follows:

1	4 part choir	...	...	...	...	...	...	100
2	Pianoforte Solo	...	...	...	...	...	...	50
3	Solo instrumental item	...	...	...	...	...	...	50
4	Vocal Ensemble/Male Voice Choir	...	...	...	...	...	...	75
5	Vocal Solo	...	...	...	...	...	...	50
6	String Solo	...	...	...	...	...	...	50
7	Instrumental Ensemble	...	...	...	...	...	...	50
8	General Efficiency	...	...	...	...	...	...	75

The actual marks awarded are reproduced below with the permission of both the adjudicator and the Head of the Music Department, Mr. David J. Coar.

House	100	50	50	75	50	50	50	75	Total
DODSWORTH	70	38	40	48	35	40	45	40	356
LEVETT	78	33	34	56	34	32	48	42	357
FRESTON	68	46	37	42	38	36	49	38	354
WARD	80	35	32	56	40	36	40	34	353

What emerges most clearly from this set of figures is that there is very little distinction made between the worst and the best item in any section. The vocal ensemble shows the greatest distinction, with a difference of a mere 14 marks between the two best (Levett and Ward) and the worst (Freston). It is an incidental irony that the two best occupied first and last positions in the overall House totals.

It is not my intention painstakingly to analyse each individual performance, though I do feel constrained to comment upon a few of the more controversial items.

All the four part choirs gave creditable performances and managed to impress the audience sufficiently to arouse considerable interest in the remainder of their House programmes. It was here that the importance of the conductor's role manifested itself. Both Janet Addy (Levett) and Julie Roberts (Ward) succeeded admirably not only in controlling their choirs but also in inspiring them with confidence from the start. There was an assurance in the style of each which placed them well ahead of their rivals.

There could be little argument about the adjudicator's marking of the piano solos. Jacqueline Wood of Freston played by far the most demanding piece of any of the pianists. Her choice of Mendelssohn's Andante and Ronda Capriccioso gave her ample scope for delicate phrasing and well-controlled tempi. Apart from a very occasional blurred arpeggio, hers was a polished and stimulating performance, by comparison with which I should have thought other Houses' efforts should have been more heavily penalised.

Another anomaly arose with the marks for the solo instrumental section. In Boccherini's Minuet, not only was David Lockwood's recorder playing highly competent, but that of his guitar accompanist, Stephen MacNicholas, was beautifully balanced and perhaps even more skilful. By comparison, Timothy Butler's euphonium rendering of "Drink to me only" seemed elementary, and did not deserve to be only six marks behind. For Ward House, on the other hand, Ruby Rankin's clarinet playing was rhythmically well-controlled, and unexpectedly to have to tackle unaccompanied the Air from Handel's "Water Music" took more than a little courage! It is difficult to understand why she should have been apparently penalised for it.

Again, I have no quarrel with the marks awarded to the Vocal Ensembles; the two best were, as with the other choral items, those led by the most competent conductors. But the vocal solo marks do not at all reflect the general impression each soloist and her accompanist gave. Accompanists are important people and the difference between a skilful and a passable one could not be more evident than it was between the guitar of Neil Ferguson, accompanying Susan Machin for Dodsworth, and, say, that of Peter Lodge backing Helen Carrington for Levett. Yet only one mark separated the performances! Susan Pygott sang for Freston very sweetly, and it is difficult to conceive that more than a handful of her 38 marks was due to the uncertain and dull guitar accompanist. The winning entry, Avril Davis's for Ward, was backed not by guitar but by loud piano. Maybe there's a moral in that somewhere.

A similar narrow range of marks appears in the String Solo column. Now, without being unkind to anyone, it must be admitted that there was some very poor playing in this section yet no one failed to secure less than 70 per cent of the marks available. To award such high marks to any of the soloists apart from Stephen MacNicholas, whose exuberant "Divisions on a Tennessee Wigwalk" showed him to be both an entertainer as well as something of a virtuoso fiddler, is either generous to a fault or merely eccentric.

The Adjudicator's marks for and remarks about the Instrumental Ensemble raise an interesting philosophical question: Is it worthwhile for one House to try to assemble a group of musicians as varied as the musical scope of that House will allow, while another throws together a gaggle of recorder players with a piano and a xylophone and is rewarded by being told that within its limits it performed well? Such was the distinction between Dodsworth and Levett. Dodsworth brought together recorders, piano, 'cello, double bass, guitars, percussion, and violin to play Bach's Gavotte. The result was a balanced, harmonious and rhythmic *concorde* which brought the House programme to an impressive end. Levett's much less impressive assortment of players was much less impressive also in effect, it seemed to me, especially when the best they were apparently capable of was a competent but unexciting account of Yradier's "La Paloma". Or take the unfortunate Ward (what quirk of fate put them bottom in this class?); their array of musicians was formidable when they came to play Handel's "Largo"—a somewhat stolid rendering, perhaps, and certainly less assured than it had been in rehearsal, but by no means unrewarding. The adjudicator provided nothing in his comments by way of encouragement to such Houses as Ward and Dodsworth who had obviously used the Arts Festival as an opportunity to stretch and expand their musical wings, thus combining, for all concerned, entertainment with instruction—the essence of much education.

Which brings us to the final column; marks for general efficiency of presentation. Once more, I can only sympathise with Ward. None of the Houses was in any sense slipshod in its manner; the whole morning passed with smoothness and elegance—except for one blunder, that, quite by mistake, there was no music for the piano accompanying Ruby Rankin's clarinet solo. But hadn't Ruby been penalised

for this already? The argument is beginning to sound circular and so here I abandon it.

What then of the future? Indubitably, Art Festivals will go on: the headmaster wills it; the staff concerned will it and yes, bless them, even the battered, bewildered but amazingly resilient students will it! Perhaps after all the close final scores suggest that even the most disappointed participants, who this year must have been Ward House, were only ever so slightly inferior to the most elated, who were Levett. Generally speaking, the standard of musicianship was as high as last year's and in places probably higher. A significant fraction of the number of students in the Upper School has made an enriching and valuable contribution to the life of the School. And, maybe most important of all, we've been given something to talk about.

Mr. J. D. Hadfield



THE DRAMA

Tom Sawyer in reflective mood

The adjudicator was Mr. R. Walshaw, Head of the Mount County Primary School and an active member of the Wakefield Drama Teachers' Society. We are most grateful for his exhaustive comments, carefully and sympathetically pitched to the appropriate level of understanding, and for his constructive suggestions. He even managed in one demonstration to convert the West Riding accent into a deep Yankee drawl in thirty seconds flat.

Ward began with their own skilfully edited version of "Celebration", which is a well-known favourite of Mr. Walshaw. This may have been unlucky for Ward, for he felt each cut most keenly, and his mourning for what was lost interfered with his appreciation of what was left.

The play shows the various members of two ordinary families preparing a wedding celebration, but beyond this it is meant to suggest subtly and almost lyrically the rhythms of life. For instance, as the young couple Bernard and Christine

prepare for their wedding, two more young lovers, Stan and Irene, are moving towards this moment in their lives. The mothers, Rhoda, Edna, and Lilian, are far along the path of marriage. The old man, Arthur Broadbent, has retreated into a world of his own: sometimes one admires his independence, at other times one pities his loneliness, which is not alleviated by his boasting of how he knows everyone and everyone knows him. It is knowledge by name, and not in love. The young lovers conveyed their affection with poise and dignity and no trace of giggling embarrassment. Lilian emerged as something of a battleaxe, Arthur struck the right note of pathos at times, and others began to establish their characters: Edna as a gossip, Margo as one of those scruffy people who lead untidy lives. Jack as a cadger, Edgar as a miserable blighter full of gloomy foreboding on this happy occasion.

However, characterisation was never quite sharp and pointed enough to effect all the significant and poignant contrasts intended. 'Ordinary' people can too often appear 'all the same'. The play also began to lose shape as the cast accumulated on stage: the constant shifting and movement that would have brought life and emphasis were not managed, and people were distributed round the sides, leaving the two most important areas, front and mid-stage, too often empty. And too often, key lines were not made to lift out of the dialogue. Yet Ward showed themselves a good team, relaxed but not in it for the giggle, not seeking individual stardom, good to look at, provoking a rumble of response throughout the performance, and a roar of discussion afterwards. Someone has to finish fourth, and Ward's fate seems to be to perform this useful function.

I must confess I am deficient in House spirit. I know I am an Upper Sixth tutor in Ward, because I have to write the name so often on reports and things, but I have trouble remembering the other three Houses, and I can never spell "Levett" with any degree of confidence. However, I identify strongly with people, once they have won my loyalty they keep it, and I am really rather fond of that mixed lot who assemble on Monday mornings in Room 30 to register, discuss things, and wonder where John Dyson is. Last year they were last in both the Music and the Drama competitions. This year their attitude was that they would get up off the floor, roll up their sleeves, and come back fighting. This is precisely what they did, and as a result they came last in both the Music and Drama competitions. I did wonder just how crushingly disappointed they must be feeling, but they showed no marked signs of self-pity or peevish grievance. Kipling advises us to "meet with triumph and disaster, and treat those two impostors just the same". Okay, Kipling; we of Room 30 have mastered the disaster bit—send us some triumph.

Next came Freston with "Ars Longa, Vita Brevis" (the life so short, the craft so long to learn). It has as its targets the futility of war, and the stupidity of the attitudes that lead to it, and it is set in a school. The headmaster carried off his long opening address well, expressing his hatred (and fear) of arty-crafty and Beatnik and Bohemian values, and his determination that the next art master should teach the proper virtues of rigid conformity and obedience. An exceptionally well-drilled "chorus" of pupils contributed valuably to this performance: before the headmaster they were attentive and responsive, and later they managed their ambush with almost frightening controlled ferocity. As the new art master, Martyn Lawson gave his usual competent performance, his split personality symbolised by his pied-piper costume, but the best acting of the festival was produced by his wife, played by Rita Newton, representative of art. She was completely absorbed into her role; her painting was both visually arresting and expressive of her personality, and she suggested a natural animation and sparkle. Two governors acted as appropriate gubernatorial pillars of the establishment. In the end, the art master was, ironically, killed by an ambush of pupils whilst on military manoeuvres: destroyed by the false

values he had inculcated. Mr. Lyman is advised not to start a unit of the Army Cadet Force in the School.

This play had speed, life, spectacle and movement. Voices were strongly projected, and the whole area of the stage was used with confidence. Obviously meticulously produced, it never allowed attention to detail to inhibit the zest and enjoyment of the cast. In the first minute I was convinced it would win (as it did, rightly). A few doubts crept in later as the coherence of the play's "message" diminished, but the audience remained responsive, and if they were a bit perplexed by the end, they were clearly interested and eager to "work it out".

After break, performers had a rather less easy audience. It was to be a long morning, the Hall was hot, and a certain restiveness crept in. Levett resumed the proceedings with "The Rising Generation". Frankly, I felt this production fell to pieces in performance. It attempted various ambitious sound and lighting effects, but technically they failed, and the cast seemed unfamiliar with them. The group-work was less effective than that in "Ars Longa"; although the boys, girls, and charladies certainly had exuberant vitality, they were not as controlled and directed in their efforts: indeed the play as a whole may not have been adequately understood by the cast who performed it. Choice of play at Lower School level is a difficult business. The play made use of the auditorium, and attempted a degree of audience participation, something perhaps done at one's peril where a West Riding Lower School audience is involved.

I blame any defects mostly on Anne Jellicoe. This play seemed to be attempting too much. Was it a skit on Women's Lib? The Man for Sale seemed to enjoy his situation, which was wrong. No man in his senses would have liked being sold to that lot of harridans. Was it an exposure of man's instinctive savagery? Or an affirmation of his ability to recover from disaster? Was it about the generation gap, and the Utopia that will emerge when all you youngsters have swept us oldies out of the way? At the end we were told we were in "a new world, a different world", but I felt I was still in the general area of Church Lane, Normanton, and had never really been elsewhere. The magic of the play did not work.

It might have. At one point a brave and skilful girl danced in a white shift under a red spotlight. Silence fell and everyone watched entranced: it was a moment of beauty (the only one in the festival). Then a lad charged on and the illusion was shattered. The strident and confused resumed.

Mr. Walshaw placed this play second. It must have been a difficult decision. How do you value ambition that falls short? Better the paper kite that flies than the supersonic airliner that crashes? I felt the producers must have been very disappointed by the difficulties that had beset their production in performance, and I hoped very much everything would work for them the next evening. There was so much imaginative potential that deserved to be realised.

Dodsworth finished the plays with "Tom Sawyer", a quiet and low key piece coming after two rumbustious plays, when everyone was flagging a bit. Mr. Walshaw thought this old favourite would still be going strong fifty years from now, and I fear he may be right. I intensely dislike its cloying and patronising view of children with their little love lives and mini-adult code of honour. However, in production it ran along quite nicely, without achieving any great distinction. As in "Celebration", there was some failure to develop character and situation strongly enough: the heat, the lethargy, and the accents of the Deep South were not suggested and there was not much variation of tone and tempo. Tom certainly looked the part, without being quite the impish rogue required; the teacher successfully maintained the appalling image of the teaching profession projected by this festival

(all teachers start shouting as soon as they appear, and go on until they leave); other parts were played with uniform competence. The play was placed third.

Congratulations to all the producers for their hard work and enterprise, which created an enjoyable and instructive morning's entertainment for the School. I watched the producers' faces as they received the adjudicator's judgements, and admired their poise and intelligence. There has been much less of the misery of competition about this year's drama festival, thanks to the good sense of producers, and the benign influence of Mr. Higgins: his organising function is an arduous one, and he performed it with unobtrusive efficiency and consistent kindly courtesy. To him go the final thanks.

1 FRESTON

"Ars Longa Vita Brevis"

JOHN ARDEN

<i>Antiochus</i>	Martyn Lawson
<i>Roxana</i>	Rita Newton
<i>Headmaster</i>	Philip Tyrrel
<i>Officer</i>	Peter Kaye
<i>Governors</i>	Kay Gibbon
	Karen Exley
<i>Other parts</i>	John Schofield
	Philip Kerton
	Paul Bradley
	Elizabeth Short
	Gillian Fairhurst
	Julie Sweeting
<i>Producers</i>	Briony Burdon
	Louise Poulson
	Robert James

2 LEVETT

"The Rising Generation"

ANNE JELLICOE

<i>Mother</i>	Deborah Bowman
<i>Joan</i>	Carol Burton
<i>Stephen</i>	Martin Oxley
<i>Scientist</i>	Ian Stevenson
<i>Teacher</i>	Sandra James
<i>Other parts</i>	
	Andrea Barker, Andrea Close,
	F. Burgis, A. Smith,
	P. Hutchinson, J. Cooper,
	E. Sharp, D. Horsley, A. Booth,
	A. Mitchell, A. Hughes,
	A. Cass, B. Thackeray,
	M. Smith, Eddie Crummack
<i>Producers</i>	Tim Booth
	Stephen Powers
	Helen Carrington

3 DODSWORTH

"Tom Sawyer"

MARK TWAIN, adapted by Dorothy Scott

<i>Tom Sawyer</i>	Reece Dinsdale
<i>Aunt Dolly</i>	Karen Booth
<i>Sid</i>	Stephen Hall
<i>Jim</i>	Kursheed Salam
<i>Alfred Temple</i>	David Jay
<i>Johnny Miller</i>	Martin Craig
<i>Ben Rogers</i>	Paul Webb
<i>Billy Fisher</i>	Glyn Richardson
<i>Judge Thatcher</i>	John Fox
<i>Lawyer Thatcher</i>	Paul Smith
<i>Mrs. Thatcher</i>	Julie Manning
<i>Mr. Dobbin</i>	Stephen Tottey
<i>Mr. Walters</i>	Philip Belk
<i>Becky</i>	Hazel Stretton
<i>Producers</i>	Vicki Maxwell
	Carolyn Box
	Stephen McNicholas

4 WARD

"Celebration"

KEITH WATERHOUSE, WILLIS HALL

<i>Christine Lucas</i>	Lindsey Woodhouse<
<i>Rhoda Lucas</i>	Beverley Ryan
<i>Edgar Lucas</i>	David Brown
<i>Jack Lucas</i>	Robert Newton
<i>Irene Howes</i>	Lesley Roberts
<i>Lilian Howes</i>	Gillian Sykes
<i>Arthur Broadbent</i>	Vaughan Pollard
<i>Stan Dyson</i>	Richard Marsh
<i>Bernard Fuller</i>	Trevor Barker
<i>Edna Fuller</i>	Carol Roberts
<i>Lionel Fuller</i>	Steven Evans
<i>Margo Fuller</i>	Lesley Openshaw
<i>Producers</i>	Colleen Bland
	Eileen Smith
	Alan Dobson

Lighting for the plays was arranged by Michael Walker and Nicholas Lyons



*Audience
participation
in "The
Grandfather
Clock"*

THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK

An Entertainment by D. F. Lumb

Cast:

CEDRIC	Martin Brain
SIR TICKETY TOCK	Martyn Lawson
HENRY PENNY	David Turton
PROF. NINCOMPOOP	Stephen Clark
ABRACADABRA	Judith Tate
BACON	Martin Hayward
EGGS	Martin Hayward
MESSENGER	Andrew Saberton

Lighting: Christopher Walker, Michael Walker

Sound: Mr. P. Brown, Mr. J. Seed

Producer and Innovator: Mr. D. F. Lumb

The production, by Junior Members of the School, of "The Grandfather Clock" was original and inventive. It was essentially a drama for children, and actually went 'on tour' to several local primary schools. Such was the success of

the production that it won a high reputation and great popularity, and was in great demand towards the end of the summer term.

The idea of taking a play 'on tour', is a new one, in school drama. It enabled the participants to realize the difficulties and rewards of being a member of a travelling company. "The Grandfather Clock" gave the Juniors a chance to see what real theatre was all about. Too often school productions lack the immense enthusiasm generated by this project.

I saw the play, on the occasion that it was performed at Altofts Junior School. Whilst waiting for the play to commence, I was provided with an opportunity to see how much primary schools have changed since the days of carbolic, powdered ink, and steel nibs. During this time the cast were busily constructing the set; a great many technical difficulties confronted them, such as the lack of stage, and the size of the hall, but these difficulties were ingeniously overcome.

Communication between actors and audience was achieved from the beginning of the play, and maintained throughout. The standard of acting was high, and all the actors were convincing; a considerable achievement considering that they were all members of the Lower School. Martyn Lawson proved a credible and frightening Sir Tickety Tock, the villain. Martin Brain as Cedric, managed to involve the audience in the play, pantomime-style; whilst mystery and magic were provided by Stephen Clark, as Professor Nincompoop, the last magician in Altofts! I was informed by a somewhat cynical seven-year-old that the apparently amazing tricks performed by the Professor were not so amazing. The Technicians must be highly commended for the effective combination of lights and sound during the scene in the magician's cave. The general polish and competence of the group were most impressive. On enquiry I was told that Mr Lumb insisted on perfection in lighting, sound and acting, and would not accept second-best, if he thought it could be done better. The cast clearly had a great respect for their producer.

"The Grandfather Clock" provided a very enjoyable afternoon, but I was told by Mr Lumb that had I been ten years younger I would probably have enjoyed it all the more. Very true, to judge from the reactions and comments of the children. All who participated in this enterprising project should be congratulated for their laudable achievement. I hope that this high standard will be kept up in the future by Junior Drama, and indeed by school drama as a whole.

Reviewed by Louise Poulson, Upper Sixth.

NEW DEPARTURES

VOLUNTARY SERVICE WEEK

Thursday, July 15th, 1971 was a red letter day on the school calendar — the first day of the Voluntary Service Week. A full week was set aside for Fifth and Upper Sixth Form students to take part in some form of voluntary activity—after external examinations were over.

We interpreted “Voluntary Service” as an opportunity to expand educational experience outside school, either by providing a situation which related to an interest connected with a future chosen career, or as a chance to engage in some form of service to the community. During the week, 112 students availed themselves of this opportunity and took part in many interesting and stimulating projects. The range of activities varied widely: some of the more active students assisted old people with gardening, or interior decorating, or helped in centres for the handicapped, worked in hospitals, in old people's homes and in the local infant and junior schools. Some students, however, were glad of this week just to visit and talk with the lonely and housebound. So varied a programme provides a chance for almost anyone to carry out some form of voluntary service.

This was very much a pilot scheme, and a lot of the initial work involved making contact with individuals, groups and organisations concerned with community service, to find in which areas we could help most. We were indebted to all who showed interest in those early stages and helped with ideas and gave willingly of their time.

Throughout the country many schools are carrying out extremely valuable community service during the whole year. They have all started from similar small beginnings as the Voluntary Service Week at Normanton. Clearly there is a need in the community for people to be aware of situations calling for us to help others during periods of difficulty or loneliness.

Again this year there is to be a Voluntary Service Week and we hope that the following articles written by some of last year's volunteers will give everyone a broader picture of the jobs undertaken. We shall be delighted to contact anyone who knows of a particular need in the area which could perhaps be fulfilled during our week in July.

Mrs. R. A. Sisson

Pauline Divine:

It was while on voluntary service that I became aware of the vast rôle which a teacher of infants must enact. She needs to be a modem teacher, but also a psychologist, nurse, mother, father, brother, sister: in fact anything which enables her to understand the motives behind a child's actions. I became aware of the fact that one could not possibly remain just a teacher once confronted by a large group of children. Each was a complete individual and had to be treated as such if the highest educational standards were to be obtained from them. The fact that no one must lose identity once inside the school fascinated me, for until that particular

week I had, it seems, misunderstood teachers by believing that they treated their pupils as a uniform mass.

There was one small girl who had recently lost her older brother. She was frighteningly quiet. This child had never spoken to me. In an endeavour to start a conversation of sorts, I helped her with some of her work with the approval of the teacher. The outcome of the effort on her part and patience on mine was her obtaining 100 per cent for her sums. She was delighted and soon began to talk in her somewhat reserved way—still that was reward enough for me.

Lesley Fitton:

I had been assigned to a remedial centre and I knew nothing about it except that it was a school for backward and problem children. I had had very little contact with children of this sort and was a little apprehensive. On reaching the school I very soon learned that it was not a school for problem children but for children with problems. For instance, there was Michael who had a very high I.Q. but who had brain damage and was mentally over-active. He was heavily drugged, but still could not concentrate on a problem for more than a few seconds. On the first day he showed me everything in his classroom including the individual pencils. Michael will probably never see his old age. He will burn up mentally and physically long before then. Then there was Stephen who came from a very bad background where nobody cared for him. He had a grudge against the whole world. He was a clever boy and friendly once you could get his trust. Again there was Julie, who had been born blind. After an operation she was just beginning to see a little, but was extremely shy and withdrawn and always looked on while others played. Gradually, with patience, she was being drawn into the life of the school.

The teachers at the school were something special, part teacher, part friend, part psychologist. I found that however busy they were they never turned a child away, they always found time somehow for the quick cuddle or talk. At break the teachers on duty and myself were always literally covered with children and I learned how difficult it is to drink a cup of coffee with four children on your knee and two leaning on your back. I became official story reader and dressmaker; each break I had to read a story and dish out dolls' clothes that I had made.

I was really sad to leave on the last day of term. I had laughed a lot and sometimes wanted to cry. I think I learned a great deal about the problems others have to face and I think I learned a little about myself and how lucky I am.

Martin Ellins:

It was with more than a small amount of apprehension that I entered the gates of Airedale Training Centre, a school for the mentally handicapped. Most of the children and young men were suffering from hereditary diseases causing a part, or parts, of the brain to become inactive or retarded.

The first morning I helped in the school workshop where men of 17 do simple carpentry jobs for firms such as Remploy. Some of the mentally handicapped men in this section can operate simple machine tools and can sew in a straight line, but the more tragic cases can do little more than make animal noises, wander around and stare aimlessly about them.

In the afternoon we were invited to hear the children singing. Few of them could sing in tune or remember the words of the song but even so the obvious

enjoyment that the children were experiencing more than made up for the assault on one's ears.

During our dinner we were invited to see the children in special care. These are either very young children who cannot walk yet, or older children with very severe mental disabilities. These children could do little more than a new born baby and in the case of one very pretty young girl, even less. Although she laughed and moved in her cot, we were told that her brain would not control her movements and her actions were random motions unaffected by external stimuli.

On the following day the older boys of the school were more excited than usual. The reason for this was the arrival at the school of a brand new bike—a Chopper complete with 3-speed gears. I was asked to assemble the bike and then help the boys to ride it. The boys very quickly learned how to control the bike and the atmosphere in the playground that day reminded me strongly of Christmas mornings many years ago. In the afternoon I helped out during an art lesson. Although the children enjoyed it immensely, much of the afternoon was taken up removing the works of Art from faces, hair and clothing. Even though many of the children cannot construct a picture, their coloured papers are cut into shapes of animals and stuck on the wall.

On reflection I can see that the schools can only do a limited amount to try and help mentally backward children. They work on only a small budget and are understaffed. The school also caters for a wide intelligence range. However, the staff were dedicated people doing an extremely difficult job. What did I get out of going to the school? Well, I could ramble on pretentiously about how I derived a great moral satisfaction from helping those less fortunate than myself, but I think the main thing was that I got an insight into a world very different from the one I live in, a world few people know about and which is surrounded by prejudice and limited knowledge. I also like to think that I may have taught something to someone, but I believe that the experience was of more use to me than I was to the school.

Helen Tippey:

Stanley Royd Hospital—a place synonymous to many people in this area with high walls and coarse jests. No wonder then, that I was apprehensive when I was assigned to a week's voluntary service there.

How different were the light, airy dormitories and bright comfortable sitting rooms from what I had anticipated. Furthermore, the ward was surrounded by wide expanses of grass and trees and colourful gardens, where patients who were not chronic cases were allowed to walk. We made little contact with most of these patients, having neither the qualifications nor the aptitude to deal with some of the more unbalanced. However, to compensate for our having to make beds, lay tables and wash dishes, we were permitted to watch some of the more therapeutic treatment, such as electrical convulsive therapy, which proves remedial to depressed or schizophrenic people.

The nursing staff coped admirably with the young disturbed people, the housewives who had cracked up under physical and mental strain, and with the withdrawn geriatric patients. The old people seemed the most pathetic of all; having no-one to look after them at home, they had been admitted to Stanley Royd,

where at least they were well cared for, although they had little to occupy their time.

I came away from Stanley Royd, having enjoyed my time there. It showed me how other people live and work. Isolated in one's own little world it is easy to forget the valuable work which some people do to help those unable to withstand the pressures of life; I would go there to work voluntarily again, but only on a temporary basis; it takes true dedication and strength of purpose to work in a mental hospital permanently.

Margaret Clegg and Margaret Wilkinson:

For our voluntary service we were willing to do jobs for older people. On arriving at the bungalows we were greeted by the warden, who showed us around the centre. The bungalows were set around a community centre; it was almost like a little village in itself. As we moved down the estate more and more people wanted little jobs doing. I think we took up most of our time, not with the job, but with the cup of tea and chat which followed. Many of the old people did not want a job carrying out, but invited us into their homes, put the kettle on and began to talk. They obviously enjoyed this and we found it very interesting. The old person who most impressed us was a lady who had been lame all her life, but this did not stop her merry flow of chatter. She kept us amused through many a break with her various pet animals.

Helen Carrington:

During Voluntary Service Week five girls endeavoured to clean and decorate an old age pensioners' meeting room. When we arrived we wondered what we had let ourselves in for, being confronted with plastering to be renewed, the whole room needing to be painted, floors to be scrubbed and windows to be cleaned. We were given the necessary tools and then left to get on with the job. All the furniture was moved into the middle of the room, the walls were scraped and the floor cleaned, only an occasional scream at the discovery of a dead bird, spiders or mice interrupting the absorbed silence. The old people were very pleased and delighted when we accepted their invitation to go on their mystery trip during the holidays. Material gifts are of no importance when one is given the satisfaction of a job well done and enjoyed. Our reward had been the contentment of knowing we had helped others.

MONDAY PRACTICALS

ART

The opportunity to enter the art room on a Monday afternoon to “muck about” and “do nowt” appealed to me, despite the fact that my original choice had been drama. The actual purpose of these periods escapes me, but they are a welcome rest after the mental tortures and exhaustion caused by the tremendous amount of work done by all the members of the Lower Sixth. Materials, ideas, and advice are in liberal supply, and the student can express himself in any way that seems desirable. The chance to be creative and do something apart from the exam syllabus, or to “do nowt”, is generally welcomed.

Andrew Northrop, Lower Sixth

SCULPTURE

The practical period on Monday afternoon helps break up what could become a monotonous week of school activity, allowing relaxation, enjoyment and creativity to enter the paper world of the ‘A’ level subjects. Sculpture is not of any direct relevance to the scientific course which I undertake, but it allows some hidden talents to creep out and be reproduced. It is rather amusing what can be made out of an ordinary cubic block of white plaster when the problem of manipulating the tools has been overcome. Once you have immersed yourself in the subject, handling the tools becomes almost second nature and ideas flourish to envelop the plaster. This policy of introducing practical subjects which has been undertaken, I believe has assumed an important position in the tight schedule of a Sixth Form student.

Stuart Allatt, Lower Sixth

ENAMELLING

Every Monday afternoon the members of the W.E.E. (Women’s Emancipated Enamellers, the celebrated union, which has existed for the grand total of four weeks) invade the woodwork room, which until recently, has been branded as “out of bounds” to us females. Wading through the piles of woodshavings and sawdust we reach our objective—“the operation table” (a sturdy woodwork bench). Heedless of the ear-piercing sounds of the lathe, we set to work. Each member of the W.E.E. cuts out a copper shape and hammers it, being careful not to hit her fingers, as compo is non-existent. After cleaning the surface of the copper thoroughly with emery paper, W.E.E. apply powdered glass, put the shape into the kiln and pray for success.

Enamelling is fundamentally simple, but the W.E.E. enjoy it because it is such a change from the pressures of school work.

Elaine Jeffels, Kathryn White, Catherine Cheetham, Lower Sixth

MUSIC

Monday afternoon practicals are a welcome break in the routine of school life. They allow one to broaden one’s education and enjoy oneself at the same time.

I really enjoy music and we have achieved many things in the few weeks from February half-term to Easter.

We have made several attempts at score reading, and though it proved to be difficult at times, it was very interesting. One afternoon was spent playing percussion instruments and with great enjoyment we did justice to several pieces of music. Unfortunately we found our performance was not quite equal to that of the orchestras on the many records we have heard.

On occasions we have had live entertainment by some of the more accomplished musicians in the school, which we found very impressive. Some time has also been spent in discussion—for expressing our own points of view on certain aspects of music has helped us clarify our own thoughts. I think I can safely say that all the music group have enjoyed the practical lessons. They have been very successful and we hope they will continue.

Julie Roberts, Lower Sixth

DRAMA

Here we 13 of Room 30 learn many of the basic principles of the professional actor's art. For example, we do exercises to improve concentration, we learn how to breathe correctly, and we do a lot of improvisation. The technical side of the stage is not neglected: we look at different types of plays, stage and theatre construction, and the use of make-up to create special effects. Mr. Higgins has also arranged a trip to Leeds Playhouse, so that we could look at the scenery, and behind it: at the lighting systems, projection room, the actors' recreation lounge, and other features of the modern theatre. So we have combined enjoyment and instruction.

Anne Harvey, Lower Sixth

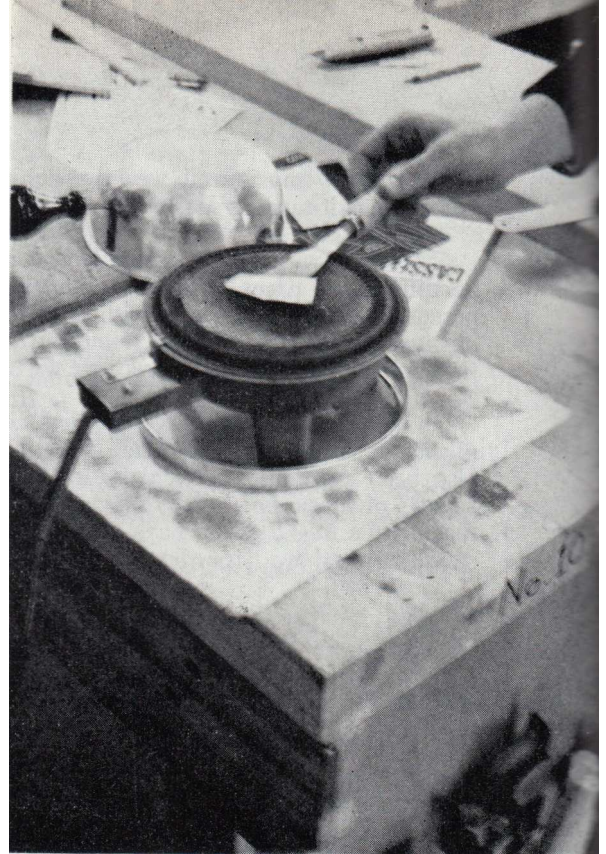
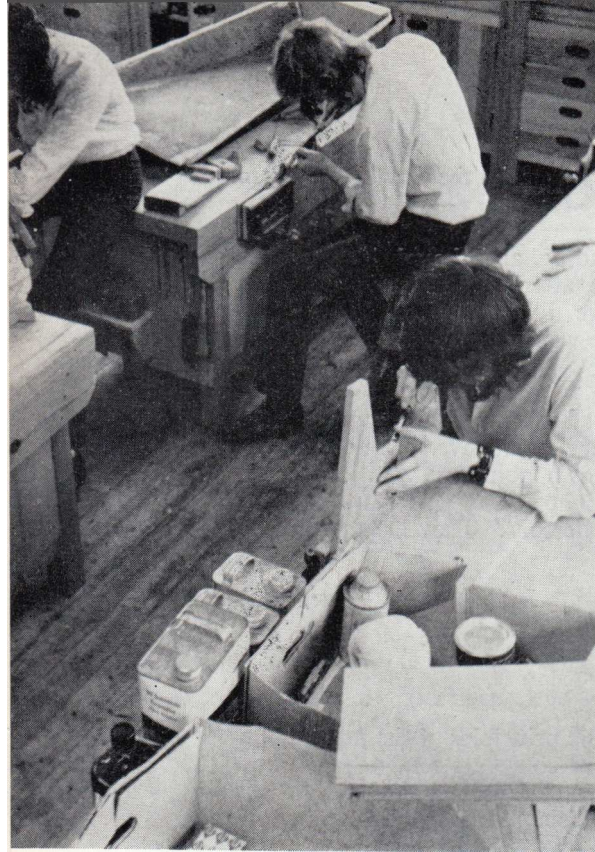
WOODWORK

The two periods marked "practicals" on most of the Lower Sixth's timetables mean welcome relief for most of the pupils who participate in the wide range of courses available to them. As they occupy Monday afternoon, it as it were breaks you in gently for the work ahead of you in the rest of the week.

The various courses open to the pupil last for one and a half terms. The one I am doing at the moment is woodwork. Even though most of us had not taken woodwork as a subject since the Second Form, we felt at home in the woodwork room. We are left to work on our own, and such freedom has encouraged a relaxed and happy atmosphere without any tendency towards laziness. The teacher is there just as a consultant to assist with any problems.

The products made vary from pipe racks to maggot incubators, but all have one thing in common—the enthusiasm which has been put into making them. Many of the products show a high degree of skill considering the limited practical experience of their manufacturers, and I am sure that this will encourage the staff to cater for more projects like this in the future.

Philip Smith, Lower Sixth



RECREATIONAL COOKERY

Introduced as one of this year's Monday afternoon recreational subjects. Home Economics, as it is rather conservatively called, has become most popular. Although originally designed to cater for those who would be living away from home whilst studying a University or College subject and who would otherwise be unable to cook satisfactory meals for themselves, it has expanded to include anyone with an interest in cookery.

Mrs. Sisson soon rid us of our apprehension at entering the previously female precincts of the cookery room by immediately taking us on a tour of the various gas and electric appliances. The basic programme set up by Mrs. Sisson is very broad, so that nobody is compelled to make anything that he dislikes. The pattern so far has been that we have made up our minds what to make the week before we actually attempt to cook; this gives Mrs. Sisson time to get together our requirements. After this the instructions are written on the board by Mrs. Sisson and we try to follow them to the letter. When we have prepared and cooked the food, it is either devoured on the spot, or deep frozen until the next week.

Up to the present moment virtually all our efforts have turned out successfully, due mainly I feel to the help given to us by our ever patient tutor.

Mark Senior, Lower Sixth

NEEDLEWORK

Monday afternoon and a pleasant lesson to look forward to. We stroll into the needlework room as though we have not a care in the world. Here is a lesson where we can make what we choose, be it suede handbags, garments, or woven fabrics. It is an afternoon when we can do something we enjoy at our own pace, and readjust to school life after spending the previous night living it up.

We sit working and discuss the film someone went to see. Was it worth seeing? Have you seen so-and-so lately? Does she like work? Who is she going out with now? These are typical topics of conversation, punctuated with the occasional, "Oh Dash! That's wrong!" and, "Will you watch where you are sticking that needle!"

At first we were a bit apprehensive at going into the needlework group because we wondered whether or not we would be told what we had to do. After ten minutes talking, we discovered we could try branches of needlework not covered in the ordinary syllabus. We realised this lesson was going to be different.

Miss Wainwright is there helping us, and not ordering us about as though we were two year olds. Although we talk quite a lot, we continue with our work because it is enjoyable and because as we see the work grow, we get a glorious feeling of satisfaction.

Margaret Brown, Lower Sixth

SCHOOL LIBRARIES AND RESOURCES CENTRE



*Supporting Services: Margaret Brown and Melanie Newbould,
assistant Librarians*

In the Upper School library our most solid achievement has perhaps been to inculcate a far more positive attitude towards private study. Several factors have combined to produce the marked improvement in the studious atmosphere which now prevails during these periods. For a start, the number of sixth form students who spend their free periods in the library is consistently smaller than it was last year; though there is seating for forty, rarely are more than twenty-five sixth formers time-tabled to attend. The prefects are now allowed to spend their free periods in their own common rooms, which most of them frequently do, repairing to the Library only when the pressure of work is so heavy that they feel that silence is essential. Secondly, owing to a more imaginative Activities time-table, students in the Lower Sixth now find themselves with so few free periods that they are glad to spend them constructively in the Library where they seem to recognise it is in their own interest to absorb themselves if not in their own studies then in browsing through one or more of the varied (and costly!) papers and periodicals which the Library efficiently provides. Members of staff, too, seem to appreciate the academic aura of the place which they themselves during supervision, are instrumental in creating.

During my own daily double periods of library supervision it has been my frequent and stimulating pleasure to assist students and staff alike in obtaining obscure references according to their particular needs—a service which reassures any librarian that his function is not merely administrative.

Gradually in the course of the year, we seem to be dispelling the notion, long held, that during break and lunch-time, the Library is to be considered a sort

of club-house for gregarious and garrulous waifs and strays so that now, even at these times, Mr. Coar, Mr. Cooper and I are beginning to find that the relatively small numbers of students who attend are availing themselves of the facilities provided and not abusing the place as somewhere to keep tryst.

The long programme of stock-taking and conversion to the public library system of borrowing has proceeded slowly with the faithful help of Margaret Brown, Lynn Archer, Melanie Newbould, Allyson Meickle and, of course, Richard Levitt, the senior pupil librarian. It now seems possible to achieve our aim of completing this process before the end of the year.

In the Lower School the Library has become almost synonymous with Mrs. Curry, the full-time ancillary who replaced Mrs. Shackleton after only six weeks of the Autumn Term. Mrs. Curry copes with valiant cheerfulness with the complexities of the Resources Centre, based in the Lower School Library and librarian's room—now more of an office-workshop. Her most taxing job has been, and will continue to be, to sort through the hundreds of magazines and wall-charts, manufacturers reports and samples, assortments of materials of all kinds from fossils to scrap metal, selecting those which could conceivably be of value to the study of any subject in the curriculum. These are then catalogued according to Dewey, filed or stacked away, some time to be produced for, perhaps, a display requested by a member of staff. Several departments already make frequent or regular use of these facilities and the Lower School Library is always furnished with at least one exhibition on some subject of interest to at least one section of the students. We are indeed grateful to all who have contributed in some way to the Resources Centre, whether in providing new materials or in making use of those already available.

All this naturally means that the concept of the Lower School Library is different from that of the Upper School. It is intended primarily as an area of intellectual stimulus, a kind of museum, not of antiquity but of modernity. Part of its essence is that those who use it or simply visit it in passing will be prompted to constructive curiosity, which entails comment, discussion and movement. For this reason, the Lower School library cannot be a haven of silence (that is the function of the Upper School library) but rather a hive of creation.

The Lower School students visit the library daily in scores so that supervision is sometimes problematical. But if there have to be problems, this is the best kind of problem to have: the people are there, and without people there could be no interest.

On the whole, then, this has been a progressive and rewarding year and there is every reason to hope for similar developments in the year to come.
Pupil Librarians;

Upper School :

R. Levitt
Jane Smethurst
Marie Senior
Melanie Newbould

Lower School :

Mark Sansom
Chris Travis
Bill Braham
Melanie Newbould
Christine Smith
Allyson Meickle
Margaret Brown
Lynn Archer

Mr. J. D. Hadfield, Librarian.



*Small but lively section
of large orchestra.*

SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

The squeaks of well-winded woodwind, nicely out-of-tune strings and overblaring brass are the general characteristics of youthful, amateur orchestras. Accompanied by the strenuous gesticulations and exertions of Mr. Coar and his baton one now has a general idea of our earlier orchestra rehearsals. This is, of course, only to be expected, but after a few weeks the first signs of our group becoming as one instrument began to appear.

Progress has, as yet, been rather slow, and the pieces we perform are rather elementary, but progress is being made. The bulk of the forty-eight piece ensemble is David Lockwood; the majority of its members are from the Lower School; hence its expansive title of 'Junior School Orchestra'. At present only about ten instrumentalists are seniors.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Miss Penrose, who took over rehearsals when Mr. Coar was occupied with 'Patience'; we would also like to acknowledge the assistance of our visiting violin teacher, Mr. Jack, who made appearances with the orchestra in assemblies as well as giving advice to the string section during rehearsals. David Lockwood also appears to have worked a great deal in arranging and writing out instrumental parts. Forthcoming events to enliven the Summer term include the Normanton Schools Arts Festival, and Speech Day.

Provided the younger members of the orchestra do not give up their instrument playing, as so many have done in the past, and Mr. Coar does not tire of the struggle to maintain regular rehearsals, the orchestra will clearly develop into an asset the school can be proud of.

Stephen McNicholas, Lower Sixth

ASSEMBLING OPINION

Glazed expressions, stifled yawns—these we have tried to abolish in our assemblies, but we have to compete against the early morning waking up process as many people gather momentum for the day's work. The assembly is the one occasion on which the school community meets as a whole. A member of the Fifth Form has expressed its purpose in this way. "People think of assemblies differently; some think of them as a day-to-day reminder of God, others just as a beginning, which brings people together." The school community is as diverse as the wider world in its beliefs about the values and purpose of life.

For those of us who value the Christian faith there is a particular emphasis on the Bible, the life and teaching of Jesus and His relevance in today's world in the conventional assembly with its traditional hymn, prayer and reading. Some students appreciate them as being concise, straight to the point, and as turning the hall into a Church. Many would criticise on the grounds that such assemblies provoke little audience participation as few enjoy singing hymns, and others do not find the subject matter of interest or in accordance with their beliefs. Some would keep the traditional pattern at least once a week as it creates a change from the new assemblies.

The School has been helped again during the year by the Clergy. The students have valued the visits where there has been plain speech, reference to everyday activities and current affairs. The 'pop' group, led by the Rev. B. Whittaker, was very well received. We have also welcomed people from different professions, who were concerned with medical or social work, the law, the bank or the school. They have spoken of the relevance of their Christian faith to their daily lives. Their talks have been considered interesting by many students, particularly those considering their future careers.

The new assemblies, whether inspired by staff or students, have caused the most comment. The religious emphasis within each has depended on those responsible for its creation. These assemblies are popular with students, who feel that the reality of the outside world has been brought into them. Topics chosen, usually deal with human experience and needs within the school, society and the world. They have been explored in a variety of ways—through dramatic readings from literature, poetry, newspaper reports, personal opinions, interviews with Staff and students, slides and films, folk songs accompanied by the guitar, and classical and popular music. Records of modem music have been particularly favoured, because students felt that they set the atmosphere most effectively, and the meaning of the words took on a greater significance. The microphones and amplification system have been great assets in using these techniques.

The assemblies arranged by the Staff have been appreciated, because of the clarity with which ideas have been expressed, and the smoothness of the presentation. Originality and humour were greatly welcomed by everyone, as such assemblies began in a way that made students want to listen. However Staff assemblies could be "terrifying" for some students if they were asked point blank to express their opinions into the preferred microphone.

Many found material written by students themselves to be the most interesting and understandable. "It is a help to hear people of your own age give different

points of view on subjects. We express our opinions, so of course we listen." Such assemblies were valued because they encouraged work among pupils, provided competition, and gave a feeling of responsibility. Those who spoke in assembly were admired for their courage, but it was hoped that a greater number of competent people would volunteer. Students should have greater confidence in their ability to produce material good enough to be read. Their opinions would always be of interest to others.

The members of the Lower School would endorse many of the comments made about the variety of the assemblies, and the part played by students. They have an added advantage in that each form is responsible for an assembly under the guidance of the tutor. In particular they think that "the quick plays have been interesting and have caught everyone's attention" (3rd former). They feel that the comedy scripts on school values have helped to bridge the gap between the staff and pupils, who were unified by laughter. A second former comments, "God must like to laugh a little as well".

One of the Upper Sixth has summed up the position thus, "The new assemblies get down to the points which are relevant in the world today, and there is much greater variety, which keeps people interested. The old type was too predictable and now no-one knows what is coming". The experiments in assembly have known success and failure. Some people would wish that they should have a greater religious emphasis; others that there should be less. The school assembly needs each one of us with our individual interest and talents, whether we are skilled in public speaking, gifted in expressing our opinions in writing, or just prepared to listen, so that we encourage a creative atmosphere where people feel free to speak with confidence. The most memorable assemblies have been those that have entertained us in the fullest sense of the word, holding our attention through laughter or sympathy, so that we have felt involved, a community sharing an experience within the school.

Miss R. A. Forth

THE CHRISTMAS OCCASION

Having sung the same carols and heard the same Bible-readings for six successive years at the school's annual carol service, one welcomed this innovation—the 'Christmas Occasion', which gave parents and friends of the school a chance to enjoy even more Normanton Grammar School talents. That there was a capacity congregation in Normanton Parish Church on the night of 15th December, 1971 shows how eager people were to take this opportunity.

The occasion opened with a very impressive and effective candlelit procession of the school choir singing 'Once in Royal David's City' as they moved to the choir stalls. For once the many readings were not taken solely from the Bible, but were alternated with contemporary verse on Christmas past and present. The traditional readings were fluently and feelingly read by the younger members of the school (who seemed to brim over with confidence, unlike some of their nervous elders). Upper school students admirably managed more complex poetry which expressed unusual views on the Advent. 'The Innkeeper's Wife' by Clive Samson and 'Journey of the Magi' by T. S. Eliot gave personal and original accounts, their meaning emphasised by the readings of two senior pupils who conveyed sensitive and perceptive understandings. Other modern poems expressed thoughts curiously like those of members of the school who offered for judgement their ideas on Christmas. Some saw it as a time merely for spending money, eating and drinking, yet some understood the deeper significance of the season, but felt unable to forego their festivities to give others a good time. All views, however, were lively and interesting: it seems that Normanton Grammar School pupils are not as unoriginal as they try to make out.

Not only were the readings at the 'Christmas Occasion' vastly different from those of previous years; the carols, although the usual traditional ones, were sung heartily by this enthusiastic congregation, rather than being mumbled grudgingly by half the school. All those who came wanted to come—they were not forced into it. As usual the senior and junior choirs gave sweet renderings of familiar carols. Interesting innovations which were much appreciated, were the flute solo performance of Boccherini's 'Divertimento' and the clarinet quartet playing 'Prayer from Hansel and Gretel'.

As the choirs walked back down the aisle to the strains of 'Hark the Herald Angels Sing', it seemed that everyone had enjoyed this carefully-produced, well-organised and tastefully-executed occasion which achieved a balance of the original and familiar. Another feather in Normanton Grammar School's cap!

Helen Tippey, Upper Sixth

PEOPLE IN PRINT



ABRAHAM LINCOLN (1809-65) was 16th President of the United States of America. Held office from March 1861 until his assassination by a fanatical actor, John Wilkes Booth, on April 14th, 1865. Lincoln's career was summed up in a popular phrase . . . 'From Log Cabin to White House'. As President, he led the Northern States to victory in the American Civil War, proclaiming, on 1st January, 1863, emancipation for slaves in the rebellious states.

Millions of copies of his famous 'Gettysburg Address' have been printed and read throughout the world, in which democracy is defended as the noblest of political ideals.

. . . "We here highly resolve . . . that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth . . ."

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SOCIETIES

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Committee: Vicki Maxwell, Richard Levitt, Lynn Downing

The Historical Society has enjoyed yet another successful year, continuing to survive and flourish in spite of the decline and demise of many of the societies. I hope that next year, after the departure of many regular members, the Historical Society will continue with equal, if not greater, success. The survival of the society has depended on the hard work and dedication of Mr. Atkinson and the committee and of course, those who have supported us. Apathy amongst members of school, appears to be the reason for the disappearance of so many societies; I hope the few which survive will be supported enthusiastically.

With much effort the Historical Society has freed itself from the idea that it is exclusively for Sixth Form historians and staff. The meetings have been varied, and of general interest to non-historians; the topics have ranged from modern China, and Chairman Mao, to the influence of science in archaeology. Response from non-historians has been encouraging and many new faces from outside the History Department have appeared during the course of the year; no doubt the relaxed and civilised atmosphere at meetings has encouraged this. One feature which is not so encouraging, is the lack of representation from the Fourth and Fifth Forms. It must be stressed that the society is open to all members of the Upper School.

Perhaps the most popular event of the Historical Society calendar, is the annual summer outing. Nature provided a pleasant, warm day for the 1971 outing, which was on the sixth of July. The party went southwards and visited Conisborough Castle, near Sheffield; Chatsworth and Haddon Hall. The visits were of varied interest—a medieval castle, a baroque country house and another charming country house. I should like to thank those who wholeheartedly supported the Historical Society on this occasion.

In conclusion, the committee members and Mr. Atkinson should be sincerely thanked for all their hard work for the society this year, and we express our gratitude to those who spoke to us, and record our completed programme for the year: Miss Bailey on Chairman Mao; Mr Atkinson on Napoleon's 1812 campaign; Richard Levitt on Medieval castles; Louise Poulson on William Blake; Miss E. Seymour on English Medieval Music; and Mr. K. Williamson on History—a Science?

Louise Poulson (Secretary), Upper Sixth

THE AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY

The society has had once again a very successful year. Finances are in a healthy state, and support for the society has been high. Thanks are due to the members, who bind the society together. Special thanks are also offered to our ever-suffering President and Chairman, Mr. Williamson, ever-suffering in the respect that certain of our members consider his chemistry lessons as ideal times for the discussion of "ham" radio with him! My thanks are also extended to Alan Whalley our Treasurer, and Tony Barker, our QSL Manager.

Activities throughout the year have consisted of regular fortnightly meetings, and visits to places of radio interest outside the school, such as Holme Moss television transmitter and Yorkshire Television Studios. One of our major activities has been the establishment of an exhibition station on Barnardo's Day which not

only raised an amount of money for the homes, but gave the general public an insight into the fascinating world of amateur radio. Further exhibition stations will be established on the forthcoming Barnardo's Day, and also for an extended period of time as part of the school's 380th anniversary. The call sign of the station will be GB3NGS.

Towards the end of 1971, the society received a very generous donation from the Parents' Association with which we have acquired equipment which will effectively put the school "on the air". May I take this opportunity to thank the Parents' Association on behalf of all the members for their help in this matter.

I myself have now passed the City and Guild's examination in Radio Theory and have been issued with an amateur transmitting licence of my own; the call sign issued to me being G8FSO. Using this licence, I can legally operate from the school's premises as well as my own home, providing, I hope, further activities for the society.

Plans for next year are not yet to hand but they promise to be of interest to all present and future members.

David Lockwood, G8FSO, Fifth Year

THE CHESS CLUB

Transportation was this year's problem. The team were never short of ingenious suggestions for the best use of one car. Putting Mitchell in the boot was rejected, as there would be nowhere to put the briefcases. Various suggestions were made as to where Wales should be put—none very pleasant. Kearsley was wedged between those on the back seat and the roof. Taking sharp bends forced the captain towards one of the windows. This made unloading him a formality, for there is a sharp bend just before his house. Some of the smaller members of the team were often engulfed by heavies, such as Teece.

The team suffered a crushing defeat at the hands of K.S.P.. This was unquestionably due to the absence of Dedross, the team's most valuable player. Teece, when present, and Ferguson turned in some good performances, especially in the second half of the season. Womack performed superb evasive actions, arranging driving lessons to coincide with chess matches.

The second team has also had a reasonably successful season, and in the process acquired some social polish: at Silcoates a rather well spoken young man greeted the top two boards, leaving an impression of muffins and scones on the front lawn and a game of croquet to follow. In an attempt to ensure that the school has a team in years to come, a Junior Chess Club has been formed. Meetings are during lunch on Wednesday. In addition Mr. Booth has created a rival chess club on Thursdays. The initial response is promising. Last year, bridge threatened the chess club, but now at least four people can be found having a game of chess on Wednesday and Thursday evenings.

Dodsworth, captained by Kearsley, scrambled to their second successive victory in the House championships being pressed by Ward, led by Dedross; Ramsbottom and Pearson led Levett and Freston in third and fourth places respectively. Next year the Ward team built by Dedross should win the championship outright. The future looks gloomy for Freston who only won three boards.

The following have played for the school this year:

N. D. Ramsbottom, N. R. Womack, N. J. Dedross, A. Evans, I. Ferguson, Leslie Fitton, M. Guillou, R. Hammond, A. J. Kearsley (capt.), B. F. Machin, R. Marsh, A. Mitchell, A. Pattison, Diane Pattison, K. Pawson, S. G. Power, G. Sherwood, P. Smith, S. Teece, D. Ward, C. Wales.



*Nigel Dedrass works it out.
The shoulder belongs to
Stephen Teece.*

RESULTS

1st Team

Barnsley	A	4-4	Draw
Q.E.G.S.	H	5-3	Won
K.S.P.	A	2-6	Lost
Thornes House	A	2-6	Lost
Q.E.G.S.	A	5-3	Won
K.S.P.	H	3½-4½	Lost
Thornes House	H	3-5	Lost
Barnsley	H	3½-4½	Lost

School won 2, drew 1, lost 5

2nd Team

Silcoates	A	5-1	Won
St. Wilfred's	H	3-3	Draw
Q.E.G.S.	H	3-3	Draw
K.S.P.	A	0-6	Lost
Silcoates	H	2-4	Lost
Q.E.G.S.	H	6-0	Won
K.S.P.	H	4-2	Won
St. Wilfred's	A	1½-4½	Lost
Thornes House	H	½-5½	Lost

School won 3, drew 2, lost 4

Andrew Kearsley, Upper Sixth

THE EXPEDITION SOCIETY

Although this society was newly formed in January of this year the response has been enormous. Loosely the idea is for the various members of the Sixth Form to travel, in the summer holidays, to places of interest. As has been found by many generations of the 18-19 age group before us, the period between leaving school, after the 'A' level exams, and entering various universities and colleges, can be extremely boring. This is why, at the beginning of the year, several of us decided to holiday together. Nine of us, after great deliberation, have resolved to invade the Norfolk Broads by motor cruiser, during the period 8th-15th of July. The log of our adventure, along with reports from the other expeditionaries, may be featured in the next issue of the 'Frestonian'. A joint bank account under the name of the 'Normanton Grammar School Expedition Society' has been opened on the advice of the economists among us, and by the time we descend on East Anglia our assets should have topped the £200 mark at least.

Others affiliated to the society are visiting foreign lands. France is a target for a major assault by the 'heavies' of N.G.S. If possible, certain members of the First XV are journeying to Norway or even Sweden. One of our ranks visited Turkey last year, and is hoping to return there this summer. I wish her better luck this time; she was arrested for spying on her previous holiday. (She wasn't informed when skin diving that aqualungs are regarded by the Turkish authorities as 'espionage equipment'.)

For those who for reasons of age cannot form their own holiday groups, I can highly recommend the Swiss and Austrian winter skiing holidays organised by Mr. Jubb.

Philip J. Hammond, Upper Sixth

COUNTRY DANCE SOCIETY

Last season was quite an eventful one for the various sections of the Country Dance Society, whose members, though not great in number, nevertheless continued to meet regularly and enthusiastically.

The climax of the year's activities came in July when the Scottish team took part in the Festival of Scottish Dancing organised annually by the Leeds Scottish Country Dance Club and held in the grounds of the City of Leeds and Carnegie College, Beckett Park. This is always a most enjoyable event (particularly if the weather is kind!) and provides an opportunity of seeing displays, not only of Country and Highland dancing by both teams and solo performers, but also of European dancing by visiting teams. This time the visitors came from Sweden and provided an interesting contrast with the more energetic Scottish dancers.

The Festival at Leeds was followed soon afterwards by our own Country Dancing Display which is the Society's contribution towards the raising of funds for Dr. Barnardo's Homes and for the school. We decided to repeat the previous year's experiment of holding the display, not on Barnardo's Day itself, but on a different evening during the same week and once again this proved to be most successful.

The occasion, however, was not without its moments of panic: firstly, when the record player seemed reluctant to work (a problem soon overcome by the



Headmaster, who quickly found the right switch on the switchboard!) and secondly, when it was discovered only minutes before we were due to begin that one member of the team performing the first dance had been left behind by the Royston coach! This necessitated a speedy re-arrangement of the programme while Miss Kynman dashed off to find our missing dancer.

The programme for the display was quite a varied one, consisting of Scottish Country and Highland dancing, English Country and Sword dancing, demonstrations by the ever-popular Morris men who never fail to amuse the audience, and ending with a most attractive dance from Provence, Li Jardiniero (The Gardeners), which involves an intricate interweaving of hoops decorated with flowers. Some of these dances were performed again later in the week for the residents of Norman House.

Finally we should like to express our thanks to the Parents' Association who provided funds to buy material for white skirts and tartan sashes for the Scottish team and to Mrs. Busby and her helpers who made them, to Mrs. Guy and her helpers who organised the refreshments for the Display, and to all the parents and friends who supported us and helped to make it such an enjoyable and successful evening.

Miss A. J. Kynman and Miss R. A. Forth

BARNARDO'S HELPERS LEAGUE

Although the box collection was lower than that in 1970-71, the amount raised by the bazaar and form efforts was a record and consequently we were able to send Dr. Barnardo's £445 — a sum equal to last year's record amount. The School Fund also received £188 — a slightly higher amount than in the year before.

The bazaar day was most successful and added interest was provided by a number of exhibitions — of art, radio society activities, and model railway engines. Exhibitions may not raise a fantastic amount of money, but the effort put into them is most worthwhile because they attract more people and if more people come they will spend more money in other parts.

The efforts before the bazaar probably raised more money than the bazaar itself. (The exact figure is difficult to determine because many forms prefer to add money raised beforehand to the money raised on the day so that they know how much they have raised in total.) The most profitable events continued to be the sponsored ones, but all efforts, whether they raise large or small amounts, are appreciated because if all our events were sponsored ones we would not have the interest aroused by bazaar day itself.

It is not our policy to use these pages to thank individuals, but I feel an exception must be made in the case of Mrs. Lumby, who by much hard work and encouragement of others managed to raise such large sums for Dr. Barnardo's

Mrs. J. Guy

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

Membership this year numbers 512. Attendances at the Annual General Meeting held each September remain low in relation to this number, with approximately 90 members attending.

The activities of all three branches of the Association continue to be many and varied, including a Car Rally, Dances, a Lingerie Party, Jumble Sales, Raffles, a Cookery Demonstration and other functions too numerous to mention in detail.

The sound financial position of Association funds is due in no small way to the work of all the relevant sub-committees, both in arranging and working at all these functions.

Articles provided by the Association during 1971-72 are as follows: Two microphones. Trophy Cabinet, Video Tape, Cine Camera, Projector and films. Country Dance equipment, £10 grant to the Amateur Radio Society, Trombone, Pine Table with two 4-foot Bench Seats, Daylight Screen, Overhead Projector, Polaroid Camera, Aldis Tutor Projector, Vaulting Pole, Set of Pole Vault/High Jump Stands and curtains for the Lower School Library.

Many of these articles are on show to the public at certain functions and the Association hopes to arrange further demonstrations in the near future.

Mrs. B. G. Plant, Hon. Secretary



Cultura

CRICKET 1971

1st XI

With a nucleus of key players from the previous year there was reason to suppose that this year's team would become a strong and adventurous side. Unfortunately expectations were to be disappointed. The main problem was leadership, as the elected captain Burniston, after leading his team to two excellent wins at the start of the season, made himself ineligible for selection. Gathercole, Newton and Cusworth all took turns at leading the side but they were unable to inject confidence and initiative into the batting. Preene, Cusworth and Sheldon batted well on occasions but there was only one innings of any style throughout the season, that by Plant who was promoted from the colts at Roundhay.

On the whole the School bowled and fielded well. Cusworth was outstanding in the covers and Ayris was a most improved wicket keeper, tidying up the fielding, and catching safely. Hayes and Newton provided an impressive opening attack, both taking 30 wickets during the season. Newton depended on pace and length, Hayes on control and a late out-swing. Hayes did not produce his best until the latter part of the season, when he bowled with more freedom, attacking the batsman rather than restraining him. In Gathercole, the team had a useful slow off-spinner, but he was not used nearly enough. In the matches in which he bowled he was never collared by the opposition and usually he caused considerable confusion not only by his unfamiliarity but by his control of length and spin. Plant bowled well against Roundhay and his potential in the future is clear, especially if he slows down and concentrates on variety of pace and flight.

The batting was generally disappointing. Cusworth was the only batsman to achieve any consistency and Hayes failed to live up to the promise and the performance of the previous year. Bridgewater, Beedle and Mason, younger members of the side, at times showed promise but never really got on top of the bowling. A sense of malaise descended on the team when it was their turn to bat, and the experienced players did not provide the right atmosphere which would help their younger colleagues to perform with confidence. One hopes that in the coming season there will be a greater enthusiasm to hit the bad ball and treat the bowlers with a less anxious respect.

The opening matches against Goole and Danum were won by good all round cricket and even though we were bowled out by Ermysted's for only 51 we fought all the way. We then lost four matches in a row, the performances at Temple Moor being particularly unsatisfactory. Victories at Roundhay and against the Old Frestonlans were two brighter performances, but the team never showed the application and team work of the initial games.

Team from; D. Burniston, E. Gathercole, L. Cusworth, P. Hayes, C. Newton, I. Ayris, S. Barrett, M. Beedle, I. Mason, P. Sheldon, H. Preene, S. Bridgewater, R. Clarke, K. Plant.

At the end of the season colours were awarded to: C. Newton, I. Ayris and S. Barrett

Results:

v Goole G.S.

School 115 for 8 dec. (Burniston 25, Preene 29 n.o.)

Goole 50 (Gathercole 4 for 14). — Won by 65 runs.

v Danum G.S.

School 122 for 9 (Cusworth 33)

- Danum 85 (Hayes 4 for 29. Barrett 3 for 8. Newton 3 for 38)—Won by 37 runs
- v Ermysted's
 - School 51
 - Ermysted's 54 for 7 (Hayes 3 for 23, Newton 3 for 23)—Lost by 3 wickets.
 - v Temple Moor
 - School 54
 - Temple Moor 55 for 6 (Hayes 3 for 17)—Lost by 4 wickets.
 - v Rothwell G.S.
 - Rothwell 112 for 8 (Newton 6 for 47)
 - School 54—Lost by 58 runs.
 - v Sowerby Bridge
 - Sowerby Bridge 86 (Hayes 5 for 43, Newton 4 for 19)
 - School 79 (Sheldon 22)—Lost by 7 runs.
 - v King's School, Pontefract
 - King's School 118 for 6
 - School 55—Lost by 63 runs.
 - v Doncaster G.S.
 - School 82 (Cusworth 34)
 - Doncaster 72 for 8 (Newton 5 for 27)—Match Drawn.
 - v Roundhay
 - School 96 (Plant 50)
 - Roundhay 70 (Plant 5 for 21, Hayes 4 for 28)—^Won by 26 runs.
 - v Staff
 - Staff 98 (Fairbanks 33)
 - School 73 (Fairbanks 8 for 23)—Lost by 25 runs.
 - v Old Frestonians
 - School 107 for 7 (Preene 31)
 - Old Frestonians 73—Won by 34 runs.
- Record:** Played 11, Won 4, Lost 6, Drawn 1.

2nd XI

Team: Marcel Guillou (capt.), J. Filer, A. Dobson, S. Powers, S. Bridgewater, R. Smith, M. Beedle, A. Fisher, D. Ward, K. Banks, I. Ayris.

Traditionally the 2nd XI keeps alive an antique ideal of sport. We enjoy it. We do not fret ourselves with records and results. We do not mind if we lose. This season we lost every match. And the scorebook. So it was a particularly good season.

The atmosphere at King's, Pontefract, was tense. The crowd—a man, his dog, and two confused little boys—seemed spellbound by unorthodox Normanton tactics. I lost the toss on purpose so as to make the opposition over-confident, and I think we batted first. We scored some runs, and they scored rather more.

A fresh approach, then, for the game with Roundhay: an early arrival coincidental with opening time. As a result Dobson took 7 for 10, and they only scored 30. Victory was within our grasp, so we scored 17. It was all due to a greasy ball, the sun in our eyes, the driving rain which made the going soft, and strong cross currents.

Then to our final match, which we lost as well, and with it our scorebook. May whoever has it, keep it, and quiet. And now over to the Under 15 XI, where we hear serious play has just resumed. Poor devils.

U.15 XI

The team has enjoyed a strong opening bowling partnership in Plant and Stoney and they must take much credit for the team's successful season. Both have managed to make the ball move and bounce, and on school wickets which are rarely completely true, they have returned some outstanding figures. The batting has been on the whole very disappointing. Far too often the result of the match has depended upon Plant making a good total, and there was rarely anyone able to stay with him. The standard of fielding has been respectable rather than good—some excellent catches alternating with some indifferent attempts.

Many of the matches have been of the twenty-over variety which in this age-group usually makes for low scores. Batsmen feel they have no right to play themselves in and they need to be convinced that a couple of overs "wasted" in this way will more often than not lead to a higher overall total. The most memorable match of the season was undoubtedly the one against Ermysted's when a fine individual sixty by Plant, helped by an excellent supporting innings by Westwood, made possible a win by the narrowest of margins.

The measure of success has helped the team to enjoy its cricket this season and it is hoped they will be using their experience in coming seasons.

Captain: K. Plant; Vice-Captain; I. Westwood

Team and appearances:

R. Davies (4); S. Dean (10); D. Dransfield (9); S. Gamble (9); N. Gibbons (6); M. Grace (9); A. Grant (3); K. Plant (10); I. Schofield (8); M. Spragg (9); M. Stabler (5); S. Stoney (10); I. Westwood (9). Also played: S. Burnage, D. Hartley, N. Hill, M. Lindley.

Results:

v Goole G.S.

School 42 (Dransfield 15)

Goole G.S. 16 (Plant 6 for 7; Stoney 4 for 8)—School won by 26 runs.

v Temple Moor

School 47

Temple Moor 49 for 3—School lost by 7 wickets.

v Ermysted's

School 100 for 8 (Plant 60)

Ermysted's Skipton 99 for 7 dec.—School won by 2 wickets.

v Thornes House

School 49 for 5 (in 20 overs).

Thornes House 47 for 5 (in 20 overs).—School won by 2 runs.

v Garforth

School 69 for 9 (Schofield 21 n.o.).

Garforth 36 (Plant 8 for 8)—School won by 33 runs.

v King's School, Pontefract

School 31 for 3 (Plant 28 n.o.).

King's School 30 (Stoney 8 for 11)—School won by 7 wickets.

v Roundhay

School 81 (Plant 47).

Roundhay 66 for 7—School won by 15 runs.

v Q.E.G.S.

School 93 (Plant 35).

Q.E.G.S. 36 for 8 (Stoney 6 for 14)—Match Drawn.

v Q.E.G.S.

School 37.

Q.E.G.S. 40 for 0—School lost by 10 wickets.

v Garforth
 School 70 for 7.
 Garforth 28—School won by 42 runs.

Record: Played 10; Won 7; Drawn 1; Lost 2.

Batting Averages:

	Innings	Runs	Highest	Not out	Average
Plant	10	210	60	1	23.3
Schofield	6	38	21	2	9.5
Stoney	9	42	11	3	7.0

Bowling Averages:

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
Stoney	87.3	34	151	32	4.7
Plant	88.3	26	179	29	6.1

Catches: Schofield 5, Dransfield, Plant, Spragg 3.

UNDER 14 XI

Well led by an enthusiastic captain, the team had a successful season. An all-rounder of some promise, D. Hartley topped the batting and bowling averages. However, he must learn not to lose heart when things seem to be going wrong and also not to rebuke too strongly players who drop catches. Fielders must be kept on their toes, but strong words should be tempered with encouraging ones.

The batting showed its usual weaknesses and it was fortunate that younger players like S. Burnage, T. Barker and Smith were available to strengthen this department. Particularly notable performances were by S. Burnage (20) v King's School Pontefract; D. Fennell (23), v Garforth and D. Hartley (30 n.o.) v Castleford.

The bowling was generally good, but when the opening pair failed to break through the change bowlers were less convincing. Next season when more time limit rather than overs limit matches will be played, it may pay to experiment with the spin bowling of Sykes and Bray. Top bowling performances were by Hartley 7 for 21 v Willowgarth and 6 for 9 v Garforth; and by Barker 6 for 3 v King's Pontefract.

Captain: D. Hartley

Team: D. Hartley, Melvin Hayward, Martin Hayward, C. Hayward, M. Finan, P. Sykes, R. Wells, J. Cocliff, D. Fennell, P. Wenn, J. Allen, S. Burnage,

T. Barker, M. Smith.

Record: Played 8; Won 5; Lost 3; Drawn 0.

Awards: All-rounder award—David Hartley.
 Most improved player—Dale Fennell.

UNDER 13 XI

Considering the potential of the side, their record was rather disappointing. Though enthusiastic under Barker's intelligent captaincy they lacked consistency. In this respect the batsmen were at fault. Against Skipton and Roundhay the batsmen showed a lack of concentration and discipline in their approach and despite good bowling by Barker and Smith the opposition on both occasions were able to pass very modest totals.

S. Burnage led the batting averages with 16.1 including fine knocks of 26 (v King's Pontefract) and 44 (v Garforth). Stephen is a stylish and hard hitting batsman and a delight to watch when in full flow. As the season progressed he showed more and more intelligence in his batting—pinching the right ball to punish whilst playing carefully against good length bowling. Smith, Burnage J., and Newton need to develop this more disciplined approach and must not 'lose their heads' whilst at the crease. Barker showed patience, but must punish the hard ball and needs to learn to drive—his tall physique should help him in this respect.

The bowhng was consistently good particularly in the opening partnership of Barker (19 wickets) and Smith (32 wickets), whilst later in the season J. Burnage bowled faster and more accurately than previously. Bray did not have much opportunity with his slow bowling but bowled capably when called upon.

The fielding of the team was keen and field setting well directed by the captain.

With more consistency from the batsmen the team should enjoy more success in future seasons.

Captain: T. Barker

Team: T. Barker; S. Burnage; J. Burnage; C. Dix; M. Smith; M. Jennings; P. Morgan; C. Newton; T. Gittens; S. Bray; R. Betts; P. Schofield; E. Hughes; N. Green.

Record: Played 8; Won 5; Lost 3; Drawn 0.

Awards: Batting, S. Burnage; Bowling, M. Smith; Fielding, M. Jennings.

UNDER 12 XI

The team did not enjoy a successful season and this is largely attributable to the fact that only one bowler could be relied upon to bowl at the stumps and on a good length. C. Cooke took 29 wickets at 2.3 runs each and performed at times with hostility and determination, but the other bowlers could manage only 11 wickets between them at over 15 runs apiece. Had anyone been able to back up his captain in this department, the team could have improved its playing record considerably.

The batting, though never strong, showed some promise, particularly in the opening partnership of Hall and Hampshire. Cooke disappointed and needs a more disciplined approach, whilst Adams and Craig showed signs that they might turn into useful cricketers. Only against Q.E.G.S. (away) did the batsmen totally fail when accurate spin bowling proved baffling to them. However, in the return fixture

the same bowlers were never allowed to get on top and this more positive approach showed that the team is prepared to learn through experience. If this attitude prevails together with enthusiasm for the game then it augurs well for the future.

Captain: C. Cooke

Team: C. Cooke, M. Hampshire, S. Hall, G. Howden, M. Lythe, R. Dinsdale, Webb, Richardson, D. Machin, M. Craig, S. Jowett, R. Adams, J. Wood, J. Hepworth, N. Wilkinson.

Record: Played 7; Won 1; Lost 6; Drawn 0.

Awards: Batting, Stephen Hall; Bowling, Christopher Cooke.

TENNIS 1971

Joint Captains: Lynne Ibbotson, Andrea Draycott

Owing to the loss of many of our more experienced players, this year we welcomed some new players into the teams, and near the end of the season we established an U.15 VI. Despite the number of losses, the teams put up a good fight. It was a pleasing effort by the teams who showed both enthusiasm and determination. Our lack of fixtures was not due to the fact that we organised only a few matches, on the contrary, our fixture book was full at the beginning of the season, but it was due to cancellations by other schools who were unable to provide tennis teams on a Saturday morning. The captains would be pleased to see any people who are interested in playing tennis for the school. Therefore, do not hesitate to contact either Miss Hankins or either of the captains. Lynne Ibbotson won the Wakefield and District Tennis Tournament at Wakefield Girls' High School, and went on to compete in the Inter-District Tournament at Leeds in which she came fourth. Congratulations to Andrea Draycott and Lynne Ibbotson on receiving their tennis colours.

1st VI: Andrea Draycott, Lynne Ibbotson, Kathryn White, Ann Garbutt, Diane Taylor, Janet Willox.

2nd VI: Jean Glover, Gillian Taylor, Kathryn Brown, Elaine Kellet, Avril Sheldon, Lynn Valance, Margaret Wilkinson.

U.15 VI: Ann Carrington, Wendy Machin, Janice Watson, Diane Larkin, Susan Machin, Judith Fisher, Susan Lloyd, Elizabeth Fisher.

Results:

Pontefract (away)—1st VI lost 30-33

Hemsworth (away)—1st VI won 48-33; 2nd VI—lost 31-50.

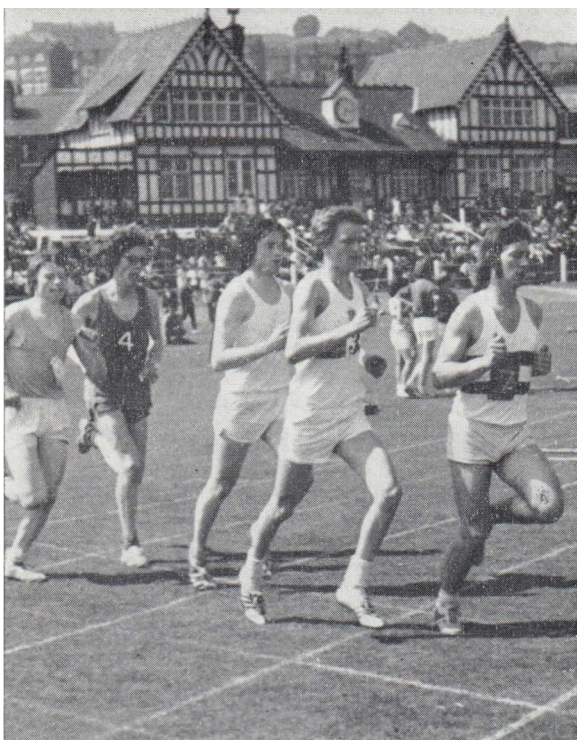
Rothwell (home)—1st VI lost 20-61; 2nd VI—lost 17-64.

U.15 VI—lost 33-48.

House Intermediate Cup:

1st Dodsworth—18pts.; 2nd Freston—16pts.; 3rd Ward—8pts.; 4th Levett—6pts
Senior Cup:

1st Ward—6pts.; 2nd Levett—3pts., 3rd Dodsworth—2pts., 4th Freston—1 pt.



BOYS ATHLETICS 1971

D. Smith (No. 3) well placed during the 1500 metres race at Fartown.

SENIOR SPORTS

There were three new records and one equalled. C. Lambert broke his own 200m record by half a second in 22.4 secs., A. Fisher took three-tenths off the hurdles record with 15.3 secs, and S. Allatt improved the javelin record by nearly seven feet with a throw of 150ft. 4|in. D. Smith equalled the Pole Vault 5-year-old record of 11ft in an exciting climax to the field events morning.

A. Fisher was the Senior Boys Champion and M. Lindley the U.15 Boys Champion. Dodsworth were Senior Champion House, and Levett were U.15 Champion House.

YORKSHIRE SCHOOLS CHAMPIONSHIPS AT SHEFFIELD

- D. Kirk was second in Junior Boys Pole Vault (2m 28).
- A. Fisher was 5th in Intermediate Boys Hurdles (15.8).
- J. Fisher was 2nd in Intermediate Boys Pole Vault (2m 75).
- G. Strangwood 3rd Senior Boys 400m Hurdles (66.8).
- G. Thrall 4th Senior Boys 400m Hurdles (68.4).
- C. Lambert 1st Senior Boys 100metres (11.3).
- J. Dyson 3rd Senior Boys Shot Put (10m 64[^]).
- D. Smith 1st Senior Boys Pole Vault (3m 36).

The Ackworth team were first in the Senior Boys Relay in 44.8secs.

NORTHERN COUNTIES CHAMPIONSHIPS AT CLECKHEATON

J. Fisher 1st Youths Pole Vault (2.75m).
J. Adams 2nd Youths Long Jump (5.77m).
S. Allatt 2nd Youths Javelin (38.52m).
D. Smith 1st Junior Pole Vault (3.47m).
C. Lambert 1st Junior 200m (22.7).
C. Lambert 1st Junior 100m (11.1).

G. Strangwood clocked a useful 63.6 in his heat of the 400m Hurdles and
D. Dobson ran the 1500m in 4min. 32secs. Neither qualified for the final.

ENGLISH SCHOOLS CHAMPIONSHIPS AT CRYSTAL PALACE

Watched by our usual contingent of spectators at these Championships, Colin Lambert, representing Yorkshire in the Senior boys 100m ran exceptionally well in a high class field. He won his first round in 11.0 secs, was second in the semi-final in 10.8 (W.A.), and was third in the final in 11.0 secs.

Inter-School Athletic Results

Seniors:

May 12th at York

1st St. Johns College—217
2nd N.G.S.—152
3rd Archbishop Holgates—144
4th Nunthorpe G.S.—70
5th Scarborough H.S.—41

May 21st at Normanton v Temple Moor—Won 87-45.

Under 15

May 14th at Garforth—Won 73½-64½

May 21st at Normanton v Temple Moor—Won 73-59

Under 14

May 11th at Temple Newsam

1st John Smeaton—112
2nd N.G.S.—98½
3rd Temple Moor—50½

May 14th at Garforth—Won 76-66.

June 1st at Normanton v Pontefract—Won 79-49.

June 8th at Normanton v Ossett—Won 69-52.

Under 13

May 14th at Garforth—Won 100-42.

May 21st at Normanton v Pontefract—Won 84-44.

June 8th at Normanton v Ossett—Won 76-46.

Under 12

May 14th at Garforth—Draw 55-55.

June 1st at Normanton v Pontefract—Won 74-54.

June 8th at Normanton v Ossett—Won 72-47.

Fartown

The Senior boys were first in their section with 61 points, Colne Valley being runners-up with 44 points. The Intermediate boys were second with 46 points, Colne Valley winning this section with 53 points. The Junior boys won even more convincingly than the seniors with 55 points,, Ossett being runners-up with 35 points.

The Final positions were;
1st Normanton—162; 2nd Colne Valley—124; 3rd Penistone—95; 4th Ossett—90;
5th Holme Valley—68.

Individual Track Event winners were:

100m
Junior M. Johnson—12.7 (equals Record).
Inter. M. Lindley—11.8
200m
Junior M. Johnson—27.0 (Record)
Senior C. Lambert—23.6
400m
Junior T. Barker—60.9
Inter. M. Lindley—57.0 (Record)
Senior C. Lambert—51.9 (Record)
800m
Junior R. Cunniff—2min. 29.6
Hurdles
Junior S. Burnage—12.5 (Record)
Inter. I. Westwood—12.8
Senior A. Fisher—14.9
Relays
Junior N.G.S.—52.0 (Record)
Senior N.G.S.—46.4 (Record)

Individual Field Event winners were:

Shot
Junior M. Johnson—40ft. 7in.
Senior J. Dyson—37ft. 10½in.
Discus
Inter. I. Westwood—126ft. 2in.
Senior S. Carrington—116ft. 4½in.
Javelin
Junior R. Davenport—100ft. 2½in.
Senior S. Allatt—149ft. 8ins.
Long Jump
Junior T. Barker—16ft. 1|in.
Senior J. Adams—19ft. 8in.
High Jump
Junior J. Burnage—4ft. 6in.

JUNIOR SPORTS

Under 14

D. Buckingham—100yds. (11.7); Long Jump (18ft. 2in.) (Record); Triple Jump (36ft. 3½in.)
N. Walker—200m (25.4) (Record).
A. Short—400m (61.8) (Record); Javelin (108ft. lin.).
B. Banks—800m (2min. 24.2); Hurdles (13.2); Discus (104ft. 0½in.); Shot (35ft. 10in.)
C. Travis—1500m (5min. 8.4).
M. Hartshome—High Jump (5ft. 3in.) (Record).
D. Kirk—Pole Vault (8ft. 3in.)
Freston—Relay (53.2)

Under 13

M. Johnson—100 yds. (12.2); 200m (26.2) (Record)

T. Barker—400m (61.1) (Record); 800m (2min. 24.7) (Record); Long Jump (16ft. 9in.) (Record); Shot (38ft. 4in.)

R. Cunniff—1500m (4min. 58.8)

S. Burnage—Hurdles (13.6); Pole Vault (7ft. lin.)

J. Burnage—High Jump (4ft. 2in.)

R. Davenport—Triple Jump (34ft. 3in.); Javelin (114ft. 8in.)

P. Watson—Discus (101ft. 0½")

Freston—Relay 53.8 (Record).

Under 12

H. Belk—100yds. (13.2); 200m (29.7); Long Jump (14ft. 6in.) (Record)

A. Wood—400m (66.9) (Record)

G. Robinson—800m (2min. 39.1) (Record)

S. Tottey—1500m (5min. 22.5) (Record)

C. Cook—Hurdles (13.0)

S. Evans—High Jump (4ft. 0in.)

K. Grayson—Triple Jump (29ft. 5½in.)

I. Greatorex—Pole Vault (7ft. lin.) (Record)

J. Hepworth—Javelin (96ft. 4in.)

M. Hawkins—Discus (72ft. 8½in.); Shot (30ft. 9in.)

Individual Champions:

U.14—B. Banks (F); U.13—T. Barker (W); U.12—H. Belk (D) and A. Wood (W).

House Champions:

U.14—Freston and Ward; U.13—Freston; U.12—Ward.

Overall Positions:

1st—Ward 143; 2nd—Freston 133; 3rd—Dodsworth 95; 4th—Levett 80.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS 1971

YORKSHIRE SCHOOLS ATHLETICS—JUNE 12th 1971

The following girls were selected to represent the Ackworth and District Schools at the Yorkshire Schools Athletics:

Juniors:

200m—Janice Dooler, 5th 28.6 secs.

Relay—Janice Dooler

Inters:

Long Jump—Jacqueline Gill, 8th 4m 40

Discus—Ann Carrington, 5th 23m 59

Relay—Jacqueline Gill; Jane Arandle; Pamela Fisher.

Seniors:

Discus—Lynne Ibbotson.

FARTOWN SCHOOLS ATHLETICS—JULY 1st 1971

Junior Team:

Long Jump—B. Gill, 4th 3m. 74

High Jump—H. Armitage, 2nd 3ft. 10in.

100 metres—D. Barker, 4th

200 metres—L. Fisher, 3rd

75m Hurdles—C. Camps, 3rd

Relay Team: 1—C. Camps; 2—A. Arkell; 3—L. Fisher; 4—D. Barker, 3rd.

Total Points—22

Inters. Team:

Long Jump—C. Ibbotson, 4th 4m. 35
High Jump—C. Ibbotson, 4th 3ft. 10in.
Shot—A. Carrington, 1st 8m 75.
Discus—A. Carrington, 1st 24m 75
Javelin—J. Dooler, 4th 19m 95
100 metres—J. Dooler, 1st 13.2 (Record)
200 metres—J. Dooler, 1st 28.7
800 metres—C. Raybould, 3rd
75m Hurdles—M. Beresford, 3rd
Relay Team: 1—J. Dooler; 2—J. Arandle; 3—J. Gill; 4—C. Ibbotson. Res—
M. Beresford, 1st (Record)
Total Points—47; Position—1st

Senior Team:

Long Jump—H. Shaw, 5th 4m 15
High Jump—H. Carrington, 5th 3ft. 8in.
Shot—A. Draycott, 2nd 7m 27
Discus—L. Ibbotson, 2nd 20m 75
Javelin—A. Shepherd, 3rd 20m 30
100 metres—J. Black, 5th
200 metres—M. Clegg, 4th
800 metres—C. Amery, 1st 2min. 52.4
80m Hurdles—P. Fisher, 4th
Relay Team: 1—J. Black; 2—A. Newsome; 3—L. Ibbotson; 4—M. Clegg.
Res.—P. Fisher, 4th
Total Points—32

Overall Shield:

1st—Colne Valley 113½; 2nd—Holme Valley 103½; 3rd—Normanton 101.

INTER-HOUSE ATHLETICS RESULTS 1971**Junior Section:**

1st and 2nd years;

1st—Dodsworth 71pts; 2nd—Ward 63pts; 3rd—Levett 31pts; 4th—Freston 25pts.

3rd Years:

1st—Levett 40pts; 2nd—Freston 31pts; 3rd—Ward 22pts; 4th Dodsworth 16pts.

Overall Champion House:

1st—Dodsworth 87pts; 2nd—Ward 85pts; 3rd—Levett 71pts; 4th—Freston 56pts.

Individual Champions:

1st Year (U.12s)—Diane Barker (L) 8pts.

2nd Year (U.13s)—Alison Brabbs (D) 9pts.

3rd Year (U.14s)—Janice Dooler (F) 12pts.

Senior Section:

Intermediates (4th Year):

1st—Freston 42½pts; 2—Dodsworth 29½pts; 3rd—Ward 22pts; 4th—Levett 16pts.

Seniors;

1st—Levett 40pts; 2nd—Freston 35pts; 3rd Dodsworth 18pts; 4th—Ward 15pts.

Overall Champion House:

1st—Freston 77½pts; 2nd—Levett 56pts; 3rd—Dodsworth 47½pts; 4th—Ward 37pts.

Individual Champions:

4th Year (U.15s)—Jacqueline Gill; Senior—Margaret Clegg.

Results of the Standards Cup:

1st Year—Ward 132pts.

2nd Year—Dodsworth 104pts.

3rd Year—Levett 92 pts.

4th Year—Freston 87pts.

5th Year—Freston 31pts.

6th Year—Levett 25pts.

Final Total:

1st—Freston 383pts; 2nd—Levett 364pts; 3rd—Dodsworth 357pts; 4th—Ward 355pts.

NETBALL AND ROUNDERS

Rounders Intermediate Cup:

1st—Freston 10pts; 2nd—Dodsworth 7pts; 3rd—Levett 5pts; 4th—Ward 2pts

Rounders Junior Cup:

1st—Ward 5½pts; 2nd—Dodsworth 4pts; 3rd—Freston 2pts; 4th—Levett 1pt

Netball Senior Cup:

1st equal—Levett and Dodsworth 7pts; 3rd equal—Freston and Ward 5pts.

Netball Intermediate Cup:

1st—Ward 9pts; 2nd—Levett 7pts; 3rd—Dodsworth 6pts; 4th—Freston 2pts.

SWIMMING

GIRLS' SWIMMING 1971**West Riding Swimming Certificates:****(a) Proficiency (June 1971)**

1. G. Dickinson (F), 2. C. Brookes (W), 3. A. Arkell (W), 4. T. Hancock (W), 5. S. Arkinstall (W), 6. P. Fearnley (F), 7. L. Asquith (L), 8. D. Sharp (L), 9. R. Newton (F), 10. S. Leake (F), 11. G. Boyd (L), 12. W. Grayson (W), 13. D. Allchurch (W), 14. S. Briggs (D).

(b) Advanced (June 1971)

1. Julianne Higgins (D).

Royal Life Saving Society Awards:**Bronze Medallion (June 1971)**

1. H. Armitage (D), 2. C. Bell (F), 3. A. Brabbs (D), 4. A. Clitheroe (W), 5. K. Exley (F), 6. J. Garbutt (W), 7. A. Grieff (W), 8. C. Harding (D), 9. J. Higgins (D), 10. N. Holmes (D), 11. S. James (L), 12. D. Jordan (L), 13. R. Newton (F), 14. J. Stevenson (W), 15. S. Vine (L), 16. J. Ward (D), 17. P. White (F), 18. L. Woodhouse (W), 19. S. Ambler (D).

Safety Awards:**(a) Preliminary**

1. D. Pyatt (F), 2. J. Gibson (L), 3. D. Allchurch (W), 4. D. Knowles (W), 5. B. Burkinshaw (D), 6. P. Batham (F), 7. D. Sharp (L), 8. P. Noble (L), 9. L. Holmes (F), 10. L. Wilson (L), 11. J. Bradley (D), 12. C. Martin (F), 13. D. Tomlinson (D).

(b) Advanced

1. K. Ward (F), 2. S. Briggs (D), 3. G. Boyd (4), 4. L. Asquith (L), 5. T. Hancock (W), 6. M. Dodds (F), 7. A. Arkell (W), 8. B. Chalkley (D), 9. L. Mulligan (W).

Results of the Inter-House Swimming Gala:

Junior Section (1st and 2nd Years):

1st Dodsworth 57pts; 2nd Levett 36pts; 3rd Ward 32pts; 4th Freston 21pts.

Intermediate Section (3rd and 4th Years):

1st Levett 24pts; 2nd Freston 18pts; 3rd Ward 17pts; 4th Dodsworth 8pts.

Senior Section (5th and 6th Years):

1st Ward 24pts; 2nd Levett 22pts; equal 3rd Dodsworth and Freston 12pts.

Overall Champion House:

1st Levett 96½pts; 2nd Dodsworth 93pts; 3rd Ward 84pts; 4th Freston 56½pts.

Individual Champions:

1st Year (U.12)—Julienne Higgins (D) 11pts.

2nd Year (U.13)—Jane Higgins (D) 12pts.

Inters (U.15)—Lynne Hanby (L) 11pts.

Senior—Janet Willox (W) 12 pts.

Cup for Most Promising Swimmer—Julienne Higgins (D)

Cup for Most Improved Swimmer—Ann Arkell (W).

Standards Cup:

1st Dodsworth 129pts; 2nd Ward 123pts; 3rd Freston 112pts; 4th Levett 78pts

Pontefract and District Gala—Friday June 25th

Jane Higgins represented the Normanton Area:

1st in the Medley—Individual; 1st in the Breast Stroke.

BOYS' SWIMMING

Junior House Championships:

Breast Stroke—Smith (L); Grayson (F); Kaye (F).

Front Crawl—Whitlam (L); Morgan (W); Craig (D); Watson (L).

Back Stroke—Schofield (F), Whiteley (L); Craig (D); Stackhouse (W).

Butterfly—Schofield (F); Davenport (D); Mitchell (L).

Dive—Whiteley (L); Dinsdale (D); Schofield (F); Greatorex (W).

Freestyle Relay—Freston; Levett; Ward; Dodsworth.

Medley Relay—Levett; Freston; Dodsworth; Ward.

1st Levett (32); 2nd Freston (29); 3rd Dodsworth (15); 4th Ward (10).

Intermediate House Championships:

Breast Stroke—Williams (D), Ramsden (F), Hoyle (D).

Front Crawl—Marson (L), Haytack (F), Hartshorne (L), Morgan (D).

Back Stroke—Hartshorne (L), Croft (F), Marson (L), Baker (D).

Butterfly—Haytack (F), Lindley (L), Hoyle (D).

Dive—Morgan (D), Wakenshaw (F), Marson (L), Plant (W).

Freestyle Relay—Levett; Freston; Dodsworth; Ward.

Medley Relay—Freston; Levett; Dodsworth; Ward.

1st Levett (32); 2nd Freston (30); 3rd Dodsworth (22); 4th Ward (5).

Senior House Championships:

Breast Stroke—Thrall (F), Smith (F), Tuffs (D), Dobson (W).

Front Crawl—Friend (F), Walsh (F), Livsey (W).

Back Stroke—Tuffs (D), Livsey (W), Dobson (W), Walsh (F).

Butterfly—Smith (F), Marsh (W), Thomas (L).

Dive—Smith (F), Tuffs (D), Thomas (L), Hodgson (W).

Freestyle Relay—Dodsworth; Ward; Freston; Levett.

Medley Relay—Freston; Ward; Dodsworth.

1st Freston (35); 2nd Ward (25); 3rd Dodsworth (21); 4th Levett (6).

Overall House Champions—Freston

Individual Champions:

Junior—I. Schofield; Intermediate—R. Marson; Senior—N. Smith.



1st Year Cross Country : The Start of the Race.

CROSS-COUNTRY

This year an Ackworth and District Schools' Cross-Country League was started. Ten schools competed and six runs were held at different venues. Our team results at each venue were as follows:

	Seniors	Intermediates	Juniors
12th October at Ackworth	1st	2nd	1st
9th November at Pontefract	1st	2nd	2nd
15th December at Knottingley	1st	1st	2nd
24th January at St. Wilfred's	2nd	1st	2nd
10th February at Normanton	2nd	1st	2nd
24th March at Ackworth	2nd	1st	1st

This was very consistent running throughout the season by our teams, who were always first or second. The Senior Team at the end of the season were equal second with Ackworth (27 points), after Garforth, who were top (29 points). The Intermediate Team were equal first with Pontefract (27 points), while the Junior Team were third with 26 points behind Pontefract (27 points) and Garforth (30

points), Garforth were overall winners with 82 points, we were second with 80 points and Pontefract were third with 76 points.

The following boys represented the School in the Cross-Country matches, and all are to be congratulated on their efforts:

Senior—B. Smith (captain), D. Dobson, C. Travis, L. Cusworth, M. Stabler, K. Banks, C. Baker, R. Marson, M. Coy, M. Kirby, D. Cooke.

Intermediate—R. Wakenshaw (captain), C. Dean, A. Calvert, P. Smith, M. Johnson, R. Newton, M. Lawson, A. Whittam, R. Cunliff, A. Hughes, R. Whiteley, R. Davenport, S. Harvey, P. Kaye, D. Kirk, B. Banks, C. Jackson, D. Stratton, T. Barker, P. Sykes, I. Lindley.

Juniors—S. Tottey (captain), D. Machin, A. Wood, M. Hampshire, G. Richardson, D. Griffiths, M. Whiteley, V. Pollard, P. Kirton, D. Jubb, C. Grinsill, A. Sargeant, P. Woodward, B. Hartley, D. Willan, A. Selway, D. Woolley, S. Johnson.

David Dobson came first in all the Senior races, and was always well supported by Barry Smith. David has had a fine season. In the Yorkshire Schools Championships at Bradford he worked his way on a hilly course into 7th place, which brought him selection for the County Team.

In the County Championships at Hillingdon near London on March 25th, David was the second Yorkshire boy to finish, and enabled Yorkshire to be placed third. His own individual position was 28th, which is excellent in a National competition, there being many well-known runners finishing behind him. Congratulations to David on a wonderful season and on the award of his Cross-Country Colours.

The following were selected to represent the Ackworth District at the Yorkshire Schools' Cross-Country Championships at Bradford; Intermediate: Roger Wakenshaw and Christopher Travis; Junior: Andrew Whittam and Robert Cunliff.

House Cross Country Championships:

Senior Champions: Ward.

(1st Dobson, L., 14.21; 2nd Smith, D., 15.57; 3rd Banks, R., 16.47)

5th Form Champions: Levett.

(1st Stabler, D., 16.43; 2nd Baker, D., 17.27; 3rd Marson, L., 18.12)

4th Form Champions: Ward.

(1st Wakenshaw, F., 13.25; 2nd Travis, W., 14.28; 3rd Spragg, D., 15.43)

3rd Form Champions: Freston.

(1st Cunliff, L., 14.08; 2nd Smith, D., 14.32; 3rd Whittam, L., 14.44).

2nd Form Champions: Levett.

(1st Tottey, D., 14.32; 2nd Wood, W., 14.56; 3rd Hampshire, L., 15.05)

1st Form Champions: Levett.

(1st Grinsill, L., 14.56; 2nd Jubb, L., 14.59; 3rd Woodward, W., 15.13)

Overall House Champions: Levett.

Runners-up: Dodsworth and Ward (equal).

HOCKEY 1971-72

1st XI.

Team from: L. Bedford, J. Roberts, H. Fellowes, C. Goulding, P. Davies, W. Machin, A. Sheldon, J. Glover, H. Carrington, A. Draycott, A. Newsome, A. Carrington, D. Taylor, D. Wynne, L. Ibbotson.

Only nine fixtures have been played despite a full and attractive looking fixture list at the beginning of the season. The reason for the high number of

cancellations was not the weather but the inability of many schools to raise a 1st XI hockey team on Saturday mornings. Some fixtures made for the 1st XI have been played by the 2nd XI because some schools did not consider their first team to be in the same class as our own 1st XI. They obviously judged correctly, for our 2nd XI had some convincing wins. This season the team has been selected from a pool of 15 players, so several combinations of players have been tried with some degree of success.

Our first four fixtures of the season resulted in four deserved wins, although the match against Rothwell was rather too close for comfort—after losing a 2-0 lead we scored in the last seconds of the match. The match against Hemsworth was an ‘A’ team fixture, that is, a combination of both 1st and 2nd XI players since several members of the 1st XI were away at Yorkshire trials. Thanks are given to Susan Machin who quite cheerfully agreed to play goalkeeper, although she had only turned up to watch the team.

What with a touch of typical female sympathy (the 1st XI had been beaten by Belfast Academy on Thursday), the after-effects of ‘Patience’, and playing two men short, our first defeat of the season came at Colne Valley. In this match and also in the match against Thorne where we were again rather short of players through some mix-up with a father and an alarm-clock, we played well, but were finally beaten by teams at full strength.

The results of matches we have played do not always do credit to our actual performances. A certain element of luck seems to evade us at the most vital times and we seem jinxed by goal-posts that creep together whenever a Normanton player comes in sight. Through much hard work team members have grown in confidence and have gained a more mature attitude to the game of hockey. Thanks are gratefully given to Miss Hankins and Miss McManus who have put in many hours of work after school and on Saturday mornings to ensure that Normanton Grammar School has a 1st XI hockey team to be reckoned with.

Congratulations to Anthea Newsome, Andrea Draycott and Jean Glover on being selected for the Wakefield Area Hockey Team, and also to Christine Goulding on being chosen as reserve for the Area Team.

In the Hemsworth Rally the team was unfortunate in meeting old rivals Rothwell and Pontefract, and a rough-and-ready Adwick team in the first round of the tournament. And even after playing some good hockey we found ourselves eliminated from further rounds of the competition as a result of some unusual umpiring decisions.

Against Pontefract and Rothwell we featured in goalless draws; against Adwick-le-Street we were beaten 1-0, so that we scored only two points out of the six available.

UNDER 15 XI.

The season commenced with a fine win over Castleford which was followed by a crushing victory over Thornes House (7-1). The season for a while followed a similar pattern; Normanton often won and occasionally drew, but never lost.

However, this was not to continue, and soon members of the team were giving petty excuses and refraining from playing on Saturday mornings. Team membership dropped to three or four regulars, and the places were filled with U.14 and U.13 players. These performed well and the school has many promising

players for the future. However, the U.13 were lacking in experience and the team did not receive enough training together. Therefore, against other full U.15 squads Normanton were usually defeated.

However, March 4th loomed ahead and a U.15 team had to be picked to play in the Hemsworth Hockey Rally. All original U.15 players were briefed before the team was chosen, and everyone agreed to play. With the team at full strength we had a chance of winning. Indeed, we beat Hemsworth 1-0, Castleford 2-0 and Adwick 2-1. We lost 1-0 to Barnsley, but still qualified for the quarter final, in which we tied 1-1 with Wakefield, who then decided the issue against us on the strength of 1 corner.

Although the team didn't win the competition, the season overall was quite successful and most of the team members could say that at least not one match was lost when all the original members played. We played 8 games, won 3, drew 3, and lost 2, scoring 16 goals against 10 from our opponents.

UNDER 14 XL

Team: S. Arkinstall (capt.), K. Turner, A. Sparham, L. Fisher, C. Roberts, C. Turtle, B. Gill, K. Gibbons, S. James, C. Bettison, J. Garbutt.

Also played: J. Price, L. Woodhouse, L. Roberts, K. Exley, C. Camps.

This season, owing to cancellations, only 8 matches were played. Overall the team has played extremely well. The players have worked as a team which has resulted in only one match being lost. In the first two matches we played two 'out of practise' teams, Pontefract and Rothwell, whom we defeated with ease. However, things toughened up when we played Ossett, which resulted in a goal-less draw. The defeat of the season, against Thorne G.S., was not owing to our standard of play as we played with determination and we were unlucky not to score.

SEASON'S RECORD

Opponents				1st XI			U.14 XI		
Castleford	...	...	...	H	Won	3-2			
Pontefract	...	...	...	H	Won	5-2	H	Won	4-0
Rothwell	...	...	...	H	Won	3-2	H	Won	6-0
Ossett	...	...	...	H	Won	3-1	H	Drew	0-0
Hemsworth	...	...	...	H	Lost	2-4	H	Won	2-0
Colne Valley	...	...	...	A	Lost	2-3	A	Drew	1-1
Thorne	...	...	...	A	Lost	1-4	A	Lost	0-2
Hemsworth	...	...	...	A	Won	3-2	A	Won	3-1
Rothwell	...	...	...	H	Lost	2-4	H	Won	3-1
Played:					9			8	
Won:					5			5	
Drawn:					0			2	
Lost:					4			1	
Goals for:					24			19	
Goals against:					24			5	



1st XV BEFORE A HOME MATCH.

Back Row (Left to Right) — S. Auty, M. Lindley, I. Sinclair, G. Thrall, K. Banks, A. Tinker, J. Dyson, A. Dobson, D. Smith. Front Row — N. Tuffs, J. Bridges, L. Cusworth, M. Poole, C. Lambert, A. Strangwood, M. Beedle. (A. Fisher, usually in side, missing from this picture).

RUGBY 1971-72 — THE SEASON'S RECORD

OPPOSITION	1st XV	2nd XV	Colts XV	U14 XV	U13 XV	U12 XV
Castleford H.S.	(1) W. 34-4 (A)	(1) W. 48-4 (H)	(1) W. 10-8 (A)	(1) W. 91-0 (H)	(1) W. 22-4 (A)	
Wath G.S.	(2) W. 76-10 (A)	(2) W. 12-4 (A)				
Scarborough	(3) W. 38-12 (A)	(3) W. 60-0 (A)			(20) L. 4-6 (A)	(14) L. 10-12
Bridlington G.S.	(4) W. 51-0 (H)	(4) W. 58-0 (H)	(3) W. 22-12 (A)	(4) W. 58-0 (A)	(19) L. 4-44 (A)	(13) L. 4-14
Thorne G.S.	(5) W. 86-3 (H)	(5) W. 58-9 (H)	(4) W. 58-16 (A)	(5) W. 68-0 (A)	(5) W. 26-10 (A)	
Whitcliffe Mount G.S.	(6) W. 54-12 (A)	(6) W. 30-6 (A)	(5) L. 7-22 (H)	(6) W. 76-0 (H)	(6) W. 16-0 (H)	
Willowgarth H.S.		(7) W. 40-3 (H)	(6) L. 12-17 (H)			
King's Pontefract	(7) W. 51-6 (H)	(8) W. 18-3 (A)	(2) L. 0-18 (A)	(3) W. 48-9 (A)		
Hemsworth H.S.	(8) W. 16-0 (H)	(9) W. 56-6 (H)	(7) W. 21-7 (H)	(7) W. 47-13 (A)	(7) W. 4-0 (H)	(4) L. 4-30
West Leeds H.S.	(9) W. 104-4 (H)	(10) W. 44-6 (H)	(8) W. 68-0 (A)	(9) W. 46-12 (A)		
Ermysted's G.S., Skipton		(11) W. 43-0 (H)	(9) D. 14-14 (A)	(10) W. 82-0 (A)	(9) W. 32-0 (A)	
Rothwell G.S.	(12) W. 26-6 (A)	(12) W. 25-14 (H)	(12) W. 40-0 (A)	(12) W. 74-4 (A)	(10) W. 32-16 (H)	
Macclesfield, King's	(14) W. 63-7 (H)	(13) W. 22-6 (A)	(13) L. 10-28 (A)	(13) W. 100-0 (H)	(11) W. 24-10 (H)	
Roundhay H.S.	(10) W. 17-16 (A)	(14) L. 6-17 (H)	(14) W. 27-18 (H)	(14) L. 17-27 (A)	(12) L. 4-14 (H)	(8) W. 24-10
Archbishop Holgates	(15) W. 59-6 (H)	(15) W. 37-0 (H)	(10) W. 30-0 (A)	(15) W. 33-4 (H)	(13) L. 4-45 (H)	(7) D. 0-0
Hipperholme G.S.	(16) W. 24-3 (H)	(16) L. 3-4 (H)	(15) W. 14-3 (A)	(16) L. 17-18 (A)		
Newark (Magnus) G.S.	(17) W. 58-3 (H)	(17) W. 48-3 (H)	(16) L. 9-10 (A)	(16) L. 17-18 (A)	(14) W. 12-8 (A)	(9) D. 4-4
Goole	(18) W. 30-4 (H)	(18) W. 42-0 (H)	(17) D. 14-14 (A)	(17) W. 50-0 (A)		
De La Salle G.S.	(19) D. 6-6 (A)	(19) W. 17-3 (H)	(18) L. 6-10 (A)	(18) W. 24-0 (H)	(15) W. 10-4 (A)	
Acklam Hall	(20) W. 36-15 (A)	(20) W. 20-6 (A)			(16) L. 10-36 (H)	(10) L. 4-12
Heath G.S.	(21) W. 23-0 (A)	(21) W. 26-6 (A)	(19) W. 34-4 (H)	(19) W. 68-0 (H)	(17) W. 42-12 (H)	
Temple Moor	(22) W. 40-3 (H)	(22) W. 35-9 (H)				
Hull	(23) W. 107-0 (H)	(23) W. 24-0 (H)				
Doncaster G.S.	(24) W. 38-4 (H)	(24) W. 50-4 (H)	(20) W. 32-4 (A)	(20) W. 20-0 (A)		(11) W. 32-0
Skipton	(11) W. 39-12 (H)					
Belfast R.A.	(13) L. 6-17 (H)		(11) W. 32-4 (H)	(11) W. 30-12 (H)	(3) L. 3-42 (A)	(2) W. 14-0
Garforth C.S.			(21) W. 32-3 (H)	(8) W. 62-0 (H)		
Cwm Tawe H.S.				(2) W. 34-4 (H)	(2) W. 26-0 (H)	(1) W. 8-4
John Smeeton S.					(4) W. 76-4 (H)	(3) W. 20-0
Armthorpe					(18) L. 4-36 (A)	(12) W. 44-12
Knottingley					(8) L. 18-28 (A)	(5) W. 25-0
Kettlethorpe						(6) W. 8-4
RECORD						
Played	24	24	21	20	20	14
Won	22	22	13	18	12	8
Drawn	1	0	2	0	0	4
Lost	1	2	6	2	8	2
For	1082	822	492	1045	373	201
Against	153	116	162	103	319	102

RUGBY 1971-72

1st XV.

Captain: C. W. Lambert. Vice-captain: G. A. H. Strangwood.

Team: K. Banks, A. Fisher. M. Poole, M. Lindley, C. Lambert, J. Dyson, L. Cushworth, J. Bridges, N. Tuffs, A. Dobson, M. Beedle, G. Tinker, G. Thrall, I. Sinclair, D. Smith, S. Auty, G. Strangwood.

This must rank as the best team to have represented Normanton Grammar School. Although past sides have been unbeaten, there is little doubt that this side contained more ability both individually and collectively than any of its predecessors. No fewer than 8 members of the side have represented the County at either '15' or '19' group level.

The first match against Castleford was won rather conclusively, but did not show the teamwork which was to feature in later games, bringing a fantastic record of over 1,000 points for the season. Twice the side scored 100 points in a match, and on another 8 occasions they scored over 50.

The first time we were held to a close match was at home to Hemsworth. The visitors tackled and covered extremely well, confining us to 2 tries. We unfortunately lost K. Banks with a dislocated shoulder which kept him out of the side for a number of weeks, during which time we had two very tough matches. The first was at Roundhay. Conditions were against good rugby. The ground had had some overnight frost which had just thawed on top to allow play to take place. So underfoot was both slippery and hard, and on top we had rain, snow, wind and sleet. A tremendous battle ensued with much good football from both sides. We took a 13 point lead, but Roundhay fought back and themselves took a 16-13 lead with only minutes to go. M. Beedle crossed for a winning try with little time left; thus an exciting one-point victory was gained, 17-16.

After an extremely efficient display against Rothwell in which the forwards gave their best display of the season, we took on the Belfast Royal Academy touring side. Their forwards, and in particular their back row, dominated the battle up front, and thus our backs were unable to get the chances they required. Running the set piece ball met with a very tenacious Irish defence, and the lack of good loose ball, which we had enjoyed in previous matches, brought about our downfall.

Our only other close call was at De La Salle in February. Difficult conditions and two tight defences resulted in a drawn game with no tries scored.

Colin Lambert has been captain of the side for the second season. He has had a long and distinguished career in school rugby. He first played for the 1st XV when he was in the Colts XV and has thus been in the side for five seasons. His record at representative level is very impressive. He played for England at 15 group, and at Senior level he has represented Yorkshire and England for the past 3 seasons, a record only equalled by 5 other players, and only recently scored two incredible, long interception tries for England, winning them an international

match. He has been an excellent captain. His dedication to, and enthusiasm for, the game have been infectious, and much of the tremendous team spirit that has prevailed over the last two seasons can be related to his bounce and confidence. He has been unlucky with injuries this season, and has only played 16 of the 24 games, with representative calls also taking him away.

His vice-captain, Geoffrey Strangwood, immaculate leader of the forwards, has been an exceptionally able captain when called upon. His breaks from the back of the line-out and from No. 8 in the scrum, plus his unbelievably tireless running and backing up in the loose, have brought Geoff. 25 tries, the highest ever by a forward in the 1st XV. His blockbusting runs have inflicted both fear and injuries upon countless opposition!

Keith Banks, the cool full-back, with his side-stepping runs and his ability to link up with the other backs, has been of immense value to the side. He was unlucky to sustain a dislocated shoulder in the Hemsworth game, but Terry Higgins stood in very capably while he was away.

John Dyson on the wing has amassed a total of 35 tries. His terrifying, unstoppable runs, with arms and legs thrashing and hair flowing elegantly in his wake, will long be remembered by those privileged to see them.

On the other wing, Anthony Fisher, not even a first choice at the beginning of the season, has proved himself to be one of the fastest wingers we have had. He is gaining in confidence all the time and will no doubt be among the leading try-scorers next year.

Three players, all with the ability to play in other positions when required, have filled the centre berths. Martyn Poole ("Harry"), is our other veteran of the side, this being his fourth season. He has been of inestimable value to the team not only in defence, where he excels, but also with his strong running and safe handling. The team clown—even during play—he is forever impressing his happy, benevolent character upon everyone. Neil Tuffs played much of the season at fly-half, but then showed his paces in the centre. An extremely good handler, he is also the most balanced runner in the side. His cover tackling has been outstanding. One of the youngsters in the side, Martin Lindley, has matured well. He has a strong physique, and when he uses this to the full he should be a real force as centre or wing in future seasons. He has scored 20 tries this season, so the omens for his future are good indeed.

Leslie Cusworth has been our most versatile back. Starting at full-back, he then took over as scrum-half, and finally played at fly-half. He is a very elusive runner, kicks extremely accurately, and has a stoical defence. He is top scorer with 4 tries, 14 penalty goals, 90 conversions and 7 drop goals, totalling 259 points. His scrum-half partner at the end of the season was John Bridges. Also from last year's Colts side, he has-er-bridged the gap well! Having played at flank forward all his career, he will take some time to learn the intricacies of scrum-half. He has been a very useful member of the side and when watching his courageous displays one would never have guessed that he was giving away 2 years to most of his opponents.

Although we had some good individuals in the forwards, it was the cumulative effect of their efforts that was so rewarding to the team. The front row of

Alan Dobson, Geoffrey Tinker and Martin Beedle was rarely outplayed in the scrums, and all made vital contributions in the loose. Alan, the strongest and most mature of the three, was always in the thick of the work, his strength in the mauls being responsible for much possession gained by the forwards. The other two, both being candidates for another year in the XV made a tremendous impact with their backing-up, Martin's winning try against Roundhay and Geoffrey's in the last game when he appeared inside the winger for a scoring inside pass, being the most memorable.

Lock forward Geoffrey Thrall, fulfilled all the promise of last year. To his previous ability in creating rucks, he added individual breaks in loose play that were very effective. Never showy, Geoff, is a vital cog in the forward engine-room. His partner, Ian Sinclair, gained promotion from the 2nd XV by virtue of his solid, no nonsense work in both tight and loose. Neither of the locks was tall for the line-out ball, but both easily made up for this in their endeavour in all other aspects of play.

There has never been a good team with a poor back row, and this is no exception. Alongside Geoff. Strangwood at No. 8 were Stephen Auty and David Smith. Both are very strong on defence, and quick onto the loose ball and adept at backing up, which brought them 19 tries between them. David is also a utility back and several times has played centre or wing when injuries to backs left us short.

When all has been said about individuals, it must be emphasised that this was only secondary to the teamwork that has been produced. This was amply illustrated several times when individuals were missing through injury or trials. The keenness and dedication which cause players to train throughout the season were amply rewarded, I am sure, by the sense of achievement and pride at belonging to such a team. We can only hope that the small band of ardent supporters who have watched this season will have the pleasure of seeing future school teams playing rugby of a similar calibre.

At representative level, Cohn Lambert, Martyn Poole and Geoffrey Strangwood all played for Yorkshire Schools (under 19) against Wales and Lancashire. All three went on to England finals, Colin being the only one to achieve the final honour of playing for England—his third season in the England XV. Appropriately he marked the occasion with two fine tries against Wales at Gloucester, one against France in Bourges, and one against Scotland at Northampton. This was a particularly fine England side who won all their international games, a feat never before accomplished.

Finally, congratulations to all the following who were awarded their rugby colours: L. Cusworth, N. Tuffs, K. Banks, M. Beedle, G. Tinker, S. Auty, G. Thrall, D. Smith and I. Sinclair.

2nd XV.

Captain: P. E. Garner.

Team from: P. Garner, S. Dean, D. Ward, M. Kirby, G. Peasant, K. Hobbs, A. Bell, I. Westwood, D. Timmins, A. Whalley, D. Allchurch, S. Gamble, P. Lodge, N. Gibbons, N. Womack, S. Powers, N. Ballard, T. Higgins, P. Hayes.

Also played: R. Marson, G. Chapman, I. Sinclair, A. Fisher, N. Hill, S. Hall, A. Parkinson, K. Plant, A. Curtis, B. Lomas, D. Lomas.

The transition from Colts to 1st or 2nd XV rugby involves a great change in both mental and physical attitudes to the game. The tall, strong forward of yesteryear's Colts side finds himself only average-sized in older company. We were fortunate to have an almost full-side with previous experience of 2nd XV rugby available at the start of the season, including last year's captain, P. E. Garner. There were several useful Fifth-Formers challenging for places together with some talented newcomers from the Secondary Modern School. There were comparatively few injuries and very little sickness amongst the players during the season and we were never seriously stretched to raised a side. Indeed there were normally more than enough keen boys available and the main problem was not to generate disappointment.

Until the end of November the side played well against moderate opposition, scoring heavily in most of the games. Wath G.S. and King's School, Pontefract, were the only teams to extend us up to this stage but the term ended with three difficult fixtures against Rothwell, King's Macclesfield and a rearranged match against Roundhay. Greater fitness and skill won us the first two games, but the match against an unbeaten Roundhay side went against us. The score was 6-17 at the end of a fast, skilful and highly competitive game and though the better side won, it was closer than the scoreline suggests,

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During the first term A. Fisher and I. Sinclair were promoted to the 1st XV and during the season G. Chapman, T. Higgins and A. Parkinson left school and P. Hayes and N. Hill became unavailable. There was little difficulty in filling vacant places and the addition of N. Ballard and G. Peasant to the team added considerably to its solidity in defence, both being hard and dependable tacklers. After Christmas the team continued to win regularly by convincing margins and the only defeat was against Hipperholme G.S., 4 points to 3, a match we ought to have won. A vital kick was missed in the final minute, something quite uncharacteristic of the team who had, in T. Higgins and S. Dean, two place-kickers of length, accuracy and consistency.

We finished the season with 22 wins to our credit and a remarkably settled side, who developed in understanding, confidence and sureness of handling. The side was admirably captained by P. Garner, who was well-supported by a robust, fast and skilful pack. As a unit the pack gained a large share of the ball from line-out, tight and ruck, and though not particularly heavy all worked together to gain the advantage, often pushing much heavier opponents off the ball. D. Allchurch was a fine hooker and a skilful smuggler in the rucks; P. Lodge dominated our efforts in the lines-out and once performed a stunning side-step which left colleagues, opponents and referee astonished; A. Whalley worked tirelessly in the loose, scoring 11 tries during the season, a commendable effort for a front-row forward; while in the back row S. Powers, P. Hayes, N. Womack, N. Gibbons and N. Ballard harassed and tackled effectively, exploiting their opponents' mistakes.

The firm foundation laid by the forwards was generally built upon admirably by the outsides, though there were times when they were given so much ball that

indigestion set in. At fly-half I. Westwood dictated play maturely, distributing the ball cleanly, kicking well with either foot and making occasional elegant breaks on his own. He was well served by G. Chapman in the early games and then by D. Timmins, one of the most reliable and most improved players in the side. The three-quarters ran in 93 tries during the season, D. Ward on the right wing scoring 25 of them. M. Kirby, G. Peasant, K. Hobbs, T. Higgins, A. Fisher, N. Ballard and R. Marson all made important contributions to this impressive total. At full-back S. Dean was fully dependable, fielding and kicking surely, eager to run at advancing opponents or join the line for an overlap. Many tries came from set pieces, the result of quick passing, a half-break in the centre and determined running on the wings, but the most pleasing as well as the most spectacular scores came from full-team efforts. Particularly memorable were tries scored against King's Macclesfield and Heath, when the movements began deep in our own half, involved several deliberate switches of direction and in which twelve of the team handled at least once. There is no better prescription for success than sure handling, quick passing and vigorous backing up.

The team would like to thank Mr. Atkinson for his light-hearted but effective coaching and everyone who lent vocal support to our choral efforts, especially on the Scarborough trip.

Colts XV.

Captain: B. Banks. Vice-captain: P. Graveling

Team: A. Short, Melvin Hayward, Martin Hayward, J. Ramsden, J. Hoyle, R. Wells, D. Buckingham, N. Walker, D. Kirk, D. Fennell, A. Grice, L. Dolby-Glover, P. Pruchniewicz, J. Forkes.

Not such a good rugby season for this year's Colts XV as you can see from the table of results but it has also been a particularly disappointing season for them as they were undefeated up to the start of this year and were eagerly looking forward to a fourth year without losing.

In their first game of the season they made a very shaky start against Castleford H.S. and only narrowly defeated them 10-8. They should really have taken warning from this match as it was a good example of how much harder it was going to be for them to go through another year undefeated. No longer would they be able to win through greater size and weight but it would have to be by greater determination and skill.

It was their lack of determination and their casualness that brought them a sickening blow in their second game against Willowgarth H.S. for they ended up losing the game 18-0 and with it their run of success came to an end. They were beaten by a team that was much more active and alert, so that things went their way because they worked hard and with a lot more determination than our team did. This game was to be typical of a lot of those yet to be played. In closely contested games, where skill and ability are even on both sides, the team that wins is the team that has the highest work rate and the strongest determination—and this generally was not our team.

Our next two games were easy victories over Bridlington and Thorne and the team seemed to get back some of its self-assurance. Then came another setback

to our morale with two closely contested games and two defeats, the first one to Whitcliffe Mount 22-7, and the second to Willowgarth 17-12, who thus took the double over us. After these last two games the team started to play much better and they acquired some of the determination that had been lacking. They then showed their true potential, and against King's, Pontefract, the old enemy, they put on a splendid exhibition of fast, hard rugby. After beating Pontefract 21-7 they had some splendid games against Garforth C.S., Ermysted's G.S., and King's, Macclesfield.

During the second term the season became a little disjointed with quite a few schools cancelling fixtures for various reasons and we ended up playing only six matches. Our first game of the term was against Archbishop Holgate's—a good start, for we beat a good team by 14-3. For our next game we were to be without two of our backs, one in a trial and the other injured. Without depth in our reserves on which to draw, we were greatly weakened in the backs. Thus, against Hipperholme G.S., our forwards absolutely annihilated their opposition, but we tended to make silly mistakes in the threequarters and so squander the possession we were given. Even so, we did ninety per cent of the attacking—and still lost 10-9.

Against Magnus G.S. the team showed some true fighting spirit, for after a poor first half display by us we were trailing 14-0 at half-time. Then a very spirited rally stemming from our forwards brought a fine recovery and in the end Magnus G.S. were lucky to hold out to a 14-14 draw. The next game was against De La Salle and it was played under atrocious conditions. The game degenerated into one of kick and rush, ending in a 10-6 victory for De La Salle but I think a draw, or a match abandoned, would have been a fairer result; we had a beautiful pushover try halted because one of the opposition went offside. The last two games of the season turned out to be easy victories.

Even though the team suffered six defeats, they should not feel too despondent for they also turned in some very creditable performances. Some of the players are worthy of individual mention. Firstly I would like to congratulate Barry Banks on gaining his county badge and having three good performances for Yorkshire. He was, I think, unlucky not to get into the Final England Trial. P. Graveling and A. Short have throughout the season played a high standard of rugby, Peter with his strong, aggressive forward play, and Andrew with his line-out work. If there was to be a prize for the most improved player over the season, then it would go to John Ramsden, for he seemed to get better and faster with each game. R. Wells, the hooker, was technically the best hooker I saw all season and is a good prospect for the future. D. Fennell, the scrum-half, or the ever-present, as some would say, is perhaps the most skilful boy in the side, but obviously lacks strength and speed. If he had been taller, he could have played representative football. Of the other backs, D. Buckingham is a fast and elusive runner but has been very unlucky this season with illness and injury and the team has suffered a little as a consequence. N. Walker is developing as a wing threequarter and with a few years' more experience behind him can be a very good prospect. The Hayward twins, Martin and Melvin, are again two very skilful players, but lack just that little in sheer size and weight at the moment. This will develop in the future and they too will be extremely high-class performers.

U14 XV.

Captain: T. Barker. Vice-captain: S. Burnage.

Team and Appearances: Burnage S. (20); Davenport (20); Hughes (20); Morgan P. (20); Burnage J. (19); Jennings (19); Morgan C. (19); Smith M. (19); Carter (18); Johnson (18); Watson (18); Wood (18); Barker (14); Gittins (12); Harvey (12); Evans (11); Lawson (8); Green (6); Stackhouse (6); Whittam (4).

As the results show, the team has enjoyed another successful season. They have registered one fewer defeat than last year, when as under thirteens they scored a total of 716 points, and have managed to reach the magic four figure points total after 19 games. The revalued try has of course made this task easier, but they have beaten sides by bigger proportional margins. As was the case last year, they seem to have had more than their fair share of injuries. Barker, Harvey and Evans have all been out for substantial periods, but this has given other players a chance to make their marks. Lawson in particular has shown himself to be a strong, fast forward ready to take advantage of mistakes. In general the team played better in the session before Christmas. This may be accounted for by the somewhat easier fixtures in this period but also important is the number of cancelled matches in the New Year term. Games against Hull, Temple Moor, Acklam Hall and Goole all remained unplayed; this meant the team was only on duty about once a fortnight, and soon lost its edge without constant match practice.

The contribution of Davenport to the points total can obviously not be overlooked. Four hundred points in twenty games is good by any standards. All his tries have been scored from the wing where he has relied not so much on speed, as on a punishing hand-off and deceptive swerve. His goal-kicking has been slightly more consistent this season and has included some huge kicks from the touch-line. Early season changes in the backs resulted in J. Burnage taking over the wing position where his speed could be of more use and Carter reverting to the full-back position. He subsequently shared this with P. Morgan, according to prevailing conditions. Barker dropped out of the forwards to fill the spare centre position mainly as an extra defensive security against a hard running Garforth side which had defeated them the season before. He retained this position until that black day at Macclesfield when he was to fracture his leg.

The availability of Dawson as an extra forward now allowed M. Smith to move to centre. Generally the backs have shown plenty of flair in attack and although handling mistakes have occurred too often, S. Burnage and C. Morgan in particular have made many individual breaks to set up scoring chances. In defence they have been far more suspect. In many matches the ball had been won so frequently that tackling remained for most of them merely a training routine. The odd times it mattered in man-to-man situations they were not up to the task and for this reason they lost their second game of the season to Hipperholme. At scrum-half, Hughes, one of the four ever-present, has given sound service. He lacks strength for a long pass or individual break, but has still managed to get the ball out quickly and efficiently. The forwards have won a lot of ball and used it more unselfishly than last year. Johnson has again scored many tries from loose ball situations where his combination of speed and strength

are usually unmatched by opposition forwards. Evans and Gittins have shared the hooking duties and this year have been helped by bigger and stronger props. Harvey and Smith were probably the most efficient but injuries brought in Lawson and Jennings who adapted easily to the task. Watson and Green only began playing for the team this season and the former has provided some useful weight in the second row. Green has been a useful utility player fitting into a number of positions, as indeed has Stackhouse. Undoubtedly the least spectacular but most hard-working and perhaps most underrated forward has been Wood. He is to be found in the middle of all mauls and rucks and has been known to drive the opposition forwards twenty-five yards single-handed. Unfortunately he is not easily persuaded to release the ball and full benefit has therefore not always come from his efforts.

Many of the matches that were won by large scores were satisfactory to neither side. The first real test for the team was expected in October. We were due to play King's School on the Saturday and two days later meet a Welsh touring side, Cum Tawe. Both matches were expected to be hard. In the event we came through both matches more easily than could have been foreseen and in doing so played before the two biggest crowds of the season. The general interest in the end brought the best out of the players although in both games they showed obvious signs of nerves which did not disappear until they were comfortably in the lead. Both Garforth and Macclesfield had defeated us the previous year and both were to be played before Christmas. Garforth were firmly dealt with and the team travelled to Macclesfield thinking in terms of an unbeaten season. The folly of this assumption was soon apparent, but nobody could have expected so many things to turn so suddenly to our disadvantage. A broken leg for Barker after fifteen minutes, concussion for Davenport, indifferent refereeing, and a pitch well within minimum specifications—but in the end the defeat was due above all to a lack of will-power and determination to overcome the seemingly unfair odds. The ensuing holiday did not allow these lessons to be properly learned and the second game of the new term saw another defeat, this time against Hipperholme. Kicking down a tremendous slope, Normanton were 17-0 in the lead at half-time. This should have been enough to win, but once again poor tackling allowed Hipperholme to score the winning try in extra time.

Next year, as the average age rises, the team may well find the opposition is better organised and there may be more evenly matched games. This will only serve to raise the standard of their play and although not unbeatable, they will provide formidable opposition.

Finally the whole squad must be congratulated on their consistent keenness and self-discipline. Their prompt attendance at training sessions and on match days could not have been bettered and this attitude must ensure a certain measure of success in the future.

U13 XV.

Captain: Alan Wood

Team: A. Wood, K. Grayson, C. Cooke, D. Griffiths, D. Machin, I. Greatorex, M. Craig, M. Hampshire, S. Hall, R. Dinsdale, A. Mitchell, M. Lythe. S. Jowett, C. Saberton, M. Hawkins, K. Chilton, G. Robinson, S. Totty, S. Johnson, P. Webb.

A satisfactory season for the Under 13 XV despite a rather disappointing end. They have considerably improved their playing record, and showed themselves capable of playing a skilful handling game.

The main strength of the side lies in the threequarter line. In the centre C. Cooke and G. Robinson have showed good handling and passing together with the ability to make a break. On the right wing A. Wood with speed and skill scored many a fine try, whilst K. Grayson on the left flank, through powerful and determined running, proved almost as effective. A particularly memorable try was scored by A. Wood at Bridlington when within a yard of the touchline he beat four or five men by speed and sidestepping to finish by scoring under the posts.

There is a need, however, for an improvement in forward play where there is a lack of aggression and determination. C. Saberton is an exception in this respect. Particularly in the latter half of the season he has proved to be the most outstanding forward in loose play. His strength in extracting the ball from mauls has been exceptional. In the line-out M. Lythe has been effective, whilst hooker M. Hampshire has had a successful season in his new position.

Full back has been a problem position with five or six players having occupied that position without real success. There is a need here for a good tackler but this facet of the game has been conspicuous often by its absence. Particularly when the side has been losing they have become disheartened and tackling has been almost non-existent. A good team has the ability to come back and win after being behind and more determination is needed here.

The inconsistency of the side is rather puzzling, however, for although they have lacked fighting spirit on occasions, they have nevertheless produced some very pleasing performances. Particularly outstanding was the win against Pontefract. On this occasion the side tackled and covered magnificently after snatching an early lead through a try by Wood following a good handling movement.

At Hipperholme, in difficult conditions, the side played well. With a sloping pitch and a strong wind to contend with, the team took its scoring chances well despite being on the defensive for much of the game.

The most skilful performance of the season was against Armthorpe at home in October. On a wide, firm pitch in sunny weather conditions sixteen tries were scored, twelve by the threequarters, and the backs, given a good supply of the ball from the forwards, handled superbly. It was therefore very difficult to comprehend why Armthorpe should win the return fixture in March by 36-4. To be fair, the conditions were totally different—it was bitterly cold and windy and handling the ball was impossible.

The Bridlington-Scarborough tour at the end of the season was enjoyable if not successful. The big and skilful Bridlington forwards proved too good in their first fixture, whilst at Scarborough, despite a great second half performance, the narrowness of the pitch made it difficult to create scoring opportunities.

Having had their first taste of sevens the team can be well satisfied. In the Q.E.G.S. tournament they played well to reach the semi-final, before going down to the eventual winners, Q.E.G.S. In this match their limitations in the

line-out were exposed and handling was uncertain, but their performance was creditable, particularly as they were deprived of the ball from the scrums by strange refereeing decisions.

U12 XV.

Captain: Ian Ellam

Although there has always been a pool of around 20 players to choose from, forwards, however, have always been in short supply. The greatest disappointment came when the team was defeated by King's Pontefract, 30-4. Not only was it the first defeat, but this was the only school side to lose to King's that day. The best game of the season was the draw with Roundhay. It was a bitterly cold day and it snowed for most of the match. All players exerted themselves to the fullest and played really well. The tour at the end of the season was enjoyed by all. Both games were lost, although the match against Scarborough was very close indeed. Ellam, with 14 tries and 16 conversions, was easily the side's leading points scorer over the season, followed by Dyson (9 tries) and Arandle (5 tries). I would like to say thank you to all the players for the effort they have put in this season and hope they will continue to give their best next year.

SEVENS

1st VII.

At **Hipperholme**, we had a bye in the first round, and then defeated Minsthorpe 38-0, Hemsworth 10-3, Q.E.G.S. 20-6 in the semi-final, and King's Pontefract 26-10 in the final.

At Fylde in the preliminary league match we beat Cheadle Hulme 30-4, Upholland G.S. 20-4 and Stonyhurst 32-12.

Then in the knock-out rounds we beat Hipperholme G.S. 26-0, Selby G.S. 30-0, and Blackpool G.S. 21-0 in the semi-final, the second half of which was played in a thunderstorm.

The **Oxford** tournament attracts a large national entry, and we have never before been able to progress beyond the early rounds. Thus without our captain Colin Lambert (in the England squad) it seemed a formidable challenge. However, the team were able to raise their game to the occasion and won the tournament for the first time. The first League game against Haberdashers Aske was won comfortably, as was the second with Tiffin after a half-time of only being on level terms.

In the quarter-final we accounted for Belmont Abbey 36-4 and then had a tremendous tussle with Reigate in the semi-final, winning eventually by 16-6. The final brought us up against our old rivals, Cowley from St. Helens.

It was a much closer game than the score suggests, in which we took our chances well, while Cowley missed theirs, and we ran out winners by 16-0.

At **Roehampton**, we once again had a bye in the first round. Then we met Haberdashers Aske's, whom we beat 24-0. A rather tough draw brought us up against Reigate, one of the strongest sides in England this season, in the third round. We missed an early chance of a score, and it was a break by the speedy Reigate winger from his own 25 that put us behind 6-0 at half-time. This score remained for much of the second half with Reigate missing a kickable penalty and knocking-on twice near our line; we managed to get Neil Tuffs over for a try well out which Les Cusworth just failed to convert. With only seconds to go we won possession on our own 25. John C. Dyson was put away on the right and as the cover came across he cleverly switched the play back to the left, practically all the side handling until eventually Les Cusworth, streaking up the left wing, had the line at his mercy, and went in for the winning try. The same player audaciously kicked the conversion from touch for a 10-6 victory.

The second day brought us up against Belmont Abbey. Three swift tries, all converted, gave us an 18-0 lead at half-time. Some relaxation of defence let Belmont in for two tries, both converted, but time had run out for them. Cowley were once again our opponents in the Quarter Final. Les Cusworth gave us the lead with an excellent try following a break on the Cowley 25, converted by the same player. Other first half chances while we had the wind were missed so that we turned round with a 6-0 lead. Cowley harassed well in the second half and we were pressed into mistakes that proved costly. Two converted tries were the result and we were eliminated by 12 points to 6.

Our first entry into the **Middlesbrough** Sevens for club colts sides as well as schools, brought us a first round bye. We met Westoe Colts in round 2 where we had a good opening victory by 32-0. Acklam High School were our opponents in the third round and they made us work very hard for a 16-0 victory. The semi-final was a tough game. Killingworth were unbeaten at 15-a-side this season and we soon found out why. A kick ahead put their fast winger away for a converted try and we were 6 points down. We fought back to gain a 10-6 lead, but then some hesitant tackling let Killingworth in for an equalising try. With time running out, the next score would be the decider. A good heel from a scrum by Auty gave us possession and Martin Poole raced over for the winning try and a final score of 14-10.

In the final our opponents were Grangefield G.S., winners of this tournament for the past two seasons. Right from the kick-off our handling was immaculate and the tackling devastating, so that Grangefield never got into their stride. Every player on the Normanton side scored a try, surely an unprecedented feat, the last one by Stephen Auty, who ran 50 yards to leave a trail of bodies lying in his wake. This was just reward for all his efforts during this tournament and for his loyal support as reserve (alongside David Smith) in the two previous tournaments. The score in the final was 44-0. The School VII had hit top form in an outstanding display of sevens.

At **Llanelli** we beat Gdwerton Grammar 20-0, Llandovery High 28-4, and Cwnr Tawe 22-6, before being defeated by Neath G.S. 12-14 in the semi-final.

At Birkenhead we beat Rock Ferry H.S. 22-0, Sir John Deane's 10-0, St. Joseph's 20-0, and Grove Park 18-4, before losing the final 6-22 to Blackpool G.S.

The 1st VII varied from one tournament to another. The squad from which the side was drawn was: C. Lambert (captain), G. Strangwood, M. Poole, A. Dobson, S. Auty, G. Thrall, L. Cusworth, K. Banks, D. Smith, N. Tufts and J. Dyson.

U16 VII.

At **Oxford**, our first round win by 24-3 against Oakham gave us confidence, and enabled us to practise our moves and handling. A tougher win 8-6 against Dulwich reminded us forcibly of the importance of good possession. Against R.G.S. Guildford the strong running and sound handling of our side—and especially of Lindley and Dean—gave us an overwhelming win 30-0. In the semi-final against Hampton, who had looked impressive, we contained the opposition, maintained pressure, and took our chances, to emerge winners by 13-0.

We had played well and had high hopes in the final. We met St. Benedict's, Ealing. They proved strong in the front three, and monopolised possession from the scrums and line-outs. This disadvantage we might have overcome, but we could not afford to add to it two wasted scoring chances in the first few minutes, and we lost 12-6.

Team: Lindley (4 tries), Dean (4), Bridges (2), Westwood (2), Hill (1), Whalley (1), Banks (1).

Conversions: Dean 9, Bridges 1. Points for 83, points against 22.

Colts VII

At **Halifax** with a disappointing season behind us, we went determined to do well at, in compensation, the sevens game. The day was sunny and dry, quite a rare occurrence for the sevens, and it was ideal for our fast handling and running sort of game. The team consisted of N. Walker, D. Buckingham, B. Banks, R. Davenport, P. Graveling, R. Wells and A. Short. Reserves were M. Hayward and M. Johnson.

Our first game was against Woodhouse Grove and we quickly settled down into a rhythm. With plenty of possession, we were able to dictate play and we were easy victors in the end by over twenty points.

The next game was against St. Michael's College who had an England Schoolboy centre playing for them. We thought he might give us a great deal of trouble. In this game we again monopolised the possession and did not allow the opposition to pose any problems, and again we were easy winners, and went through to the semi-final against Leeds G.S. This we knew would be our hardest game as they had three county players in their team. We played down the slope in the first half and for the first four minutes we were encamped in their 25 and on a couple of occasions we nearly scored. Then from a scrum they gained

possession; the ball went straight out to their county winger who stepped inside ours and raced seventy yards to score. Just before half-time B. Banks broke through the Leeds line and also raced 70 yards to score a try that was converted to make the score at half-time 6-4 to us.

Within a minute of starting the second half Davenport broke away down the middle to score between the posts. The conversion made the score 12-4, and although in the last seconds of the game Leeds forced a score and converted it, the final score was 12-10 to us. The final was against Hipperholme G.S., but they had played a really hard semi-final against Pontefract and they looked jaded. They were unable to get much possession and our players were much too fast for them so that we had quite an easy victory 26-0. Throughout the tournament, the boys played as a team and the three forwards provided ample ball for the backs to use.

At **Llanelli**, considered to be the toughest Colts competition in the country, we found ourselves in the hardest quarter of the draw. Although we won our first match, against Christ College, Brecon, 12-3, we felt dissatisfied with our poor handling and lack of possession from the scrums. Next, against Coleshill Secondary-. Llanelli, we first wasted an opportunity and then desperately withstood fierce pressure until an injury to one of their players eased the situation and we ran out winners by a falsely flattering 22-0. A hard game in heavy rain against Neath G.S. saw us turning round a penalty goal to nothing down at half-time, but an enterprising try by Buckingham, converted by Banks, brought us a 6-3 victory. In the quarter-final against Ystrad Tywi no-side was reached, with no score, but Buckingham again scored the first and vital try, in extra time. Thus we reached the semi-final without conceding a try. Our opponents, Llanrhyinney, were a strong and aggressive side, and, after heavy pressure, they opened the scoring and went on to win 16-0. In the final they lost to St. Edwards College, Liverpool.

Our side did extremely well, many spectators saying they displayed the best seven-a-side rugby technique seen in the tournament. Congratulations to B. Banks, P. Graveling, A. Short, M. Johnson, M. Hayward, N. Walker, D. Buckingham and reserve R. Wells.

U14 VII

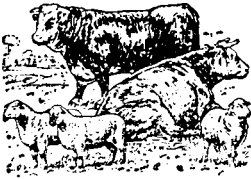
In the Q.E.G.S. tournament the team of Barker, Burnage, Davenport, Evans, Harvey, Johnson, C. Morgan, reserves P. Morgan and Carter, beat Doncaster G.S. 34-0, Garforth G.S. 22-4, and Hipperholme G.S. 16-0, but lost in the final to the hosts Q.E.G.S. 6-12.

The team never really realised their full potential in this competition, and although they were clearly one of the stronger sides, they kept their worst performance for the final. This was all the more disappointing since they had beaten Queen Elizabeth's in the final of the Under Thirteen's competition the year before.

2nd VII

At **Riley** the 2nd VII of G. M. Thrall, Beedle, Bridges, Fisher, Lindley, Tinker, Stabler and B. Westwood beat Kingston H.S. 18-0, Danum H.S. 12-0, Scarborough H.S. 16-0, but then lost in the semi-final to Bridlington S. 0-12.

While the first seven was doing battle at Roehampton the second seven took on the other first teams in the Riley competition. Although the perpetual rain did not suit open rugby the team is used to playing, they still showed themselves technically superior to most of the opposition. It took the first half of the Kingston match for them to settle down after which they looked likely winners, with Fisher finishing off most of the moves from the wing. In the semi-final against Bridlington they had ninety per cent of the possession without managing to score. After having two tries disallowed they let Bridlington take an interception under the posts with two minutes to go. The opposition now had no intention of letting them get back and after some hefty kicking they scored again in the last few seconds.



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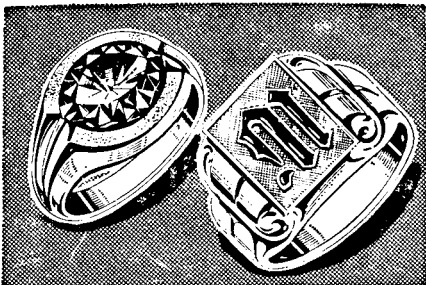
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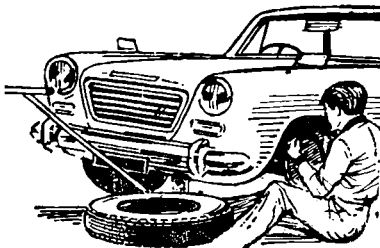
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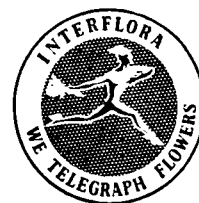
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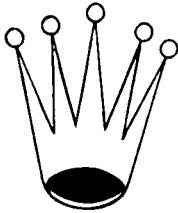
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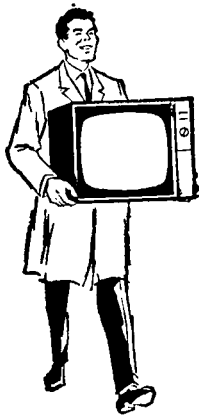
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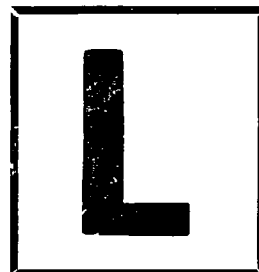
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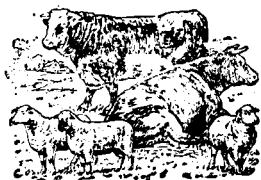
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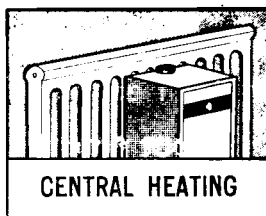
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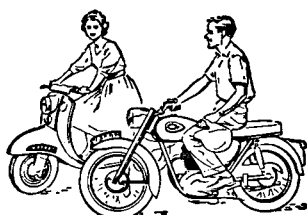
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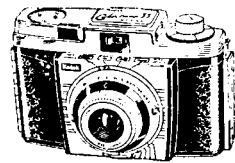
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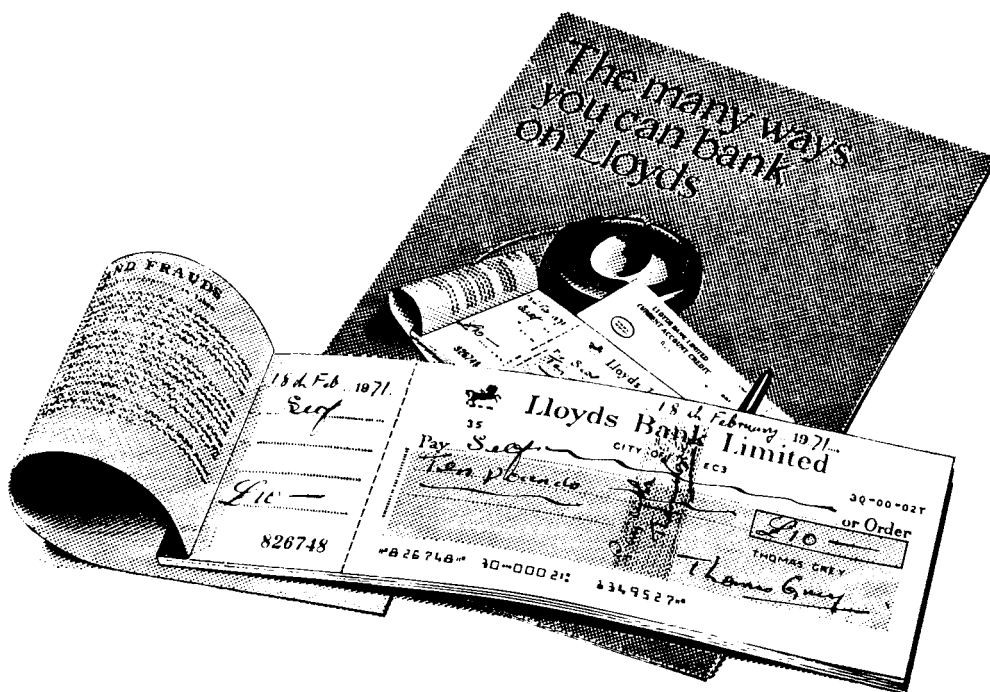
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