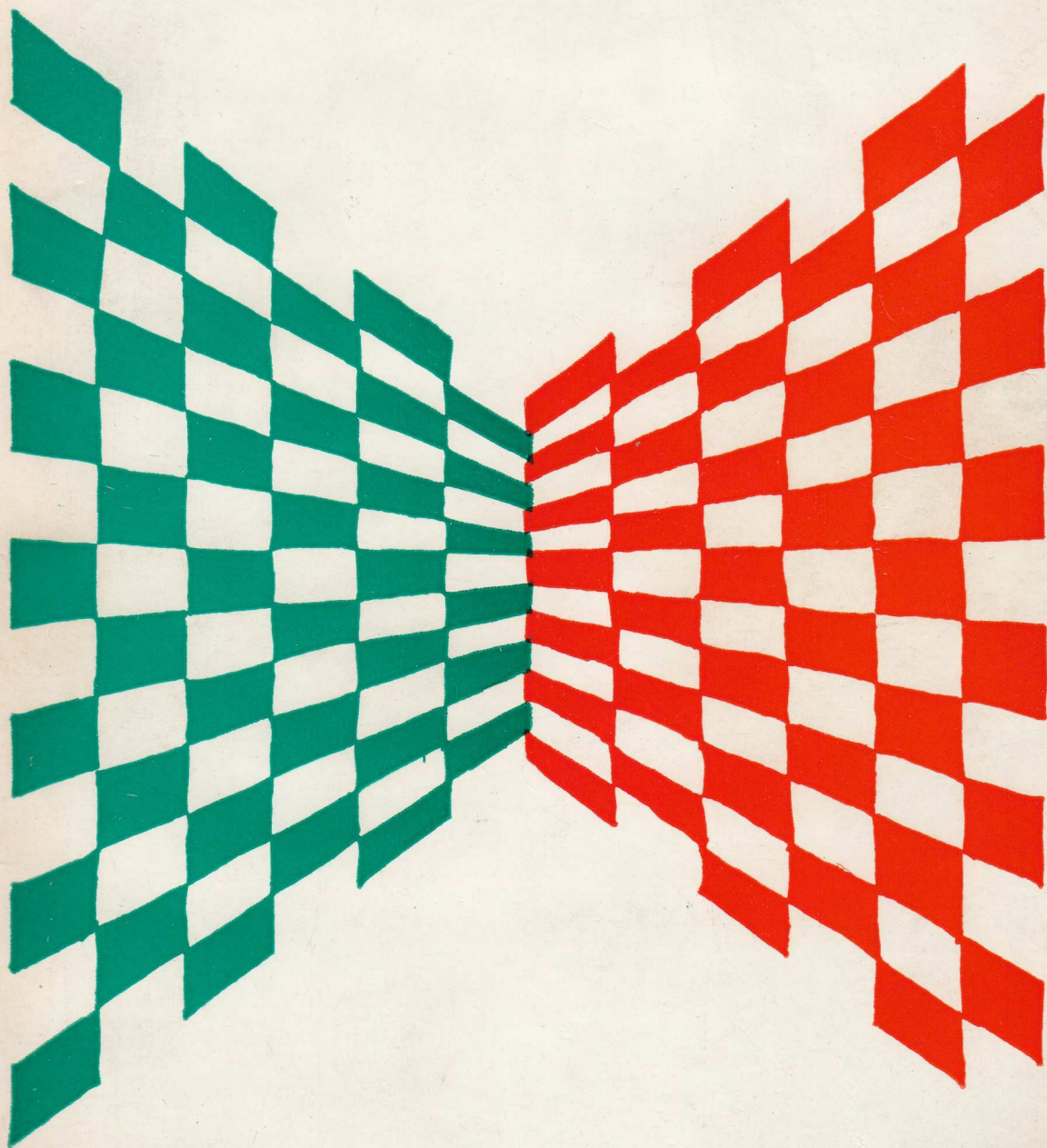


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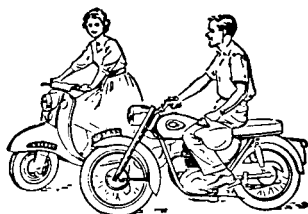
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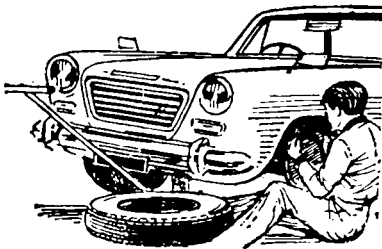
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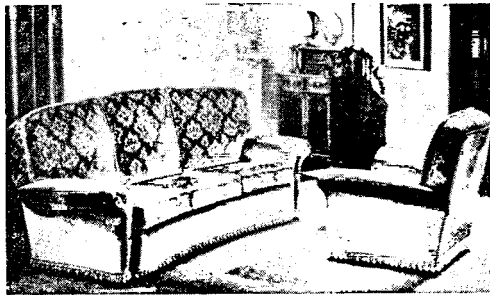
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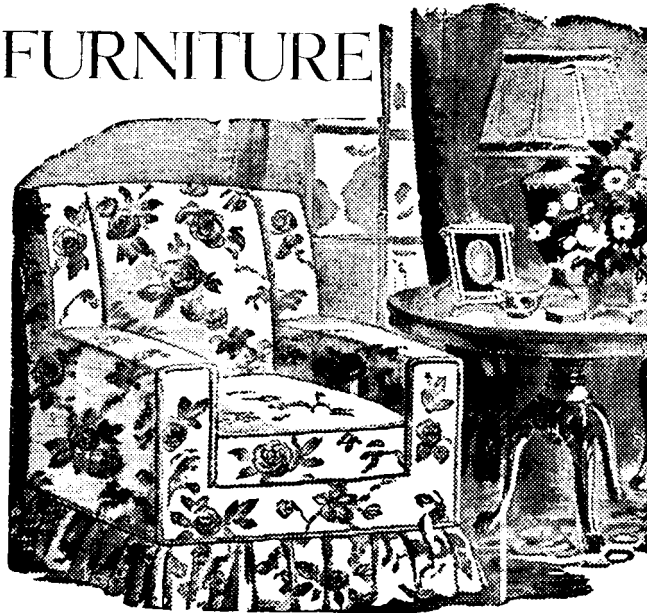
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of
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SEVEN DEADLY SINS

The editors offered the School the Seven Deadly Sins as a central theme for the magazine this year. For a long time absolutely nothing happened. We did not know if this reflected the School's virtue, or the eighth sin of apathy. But the seed had fallen on fertile ground in an unexpected place—the Library. Here, Mr. Hadfield, Mrs. Curry, and their student assistants, who include Jane Smethurst and Rosalind Clayton, had been brooding on the whole problem of evil. This is their report.

Aristotle described Man as “a social animal”. The seven deadly sins name those ugly features of our behaviour which manifest themselves when our animal nature predominates over the social.

What better means than the fable of demonstrating this alarming, repulsive, but sometimes amusing tendency? Here, then, are seven fables on the Seven Deadly Sins. A fable, as you know, features animals, and has a moral.

LUST

The Ape and the Antelope

Once upon a time, in the middle of a dense, dark jungle, there lived an ape called Orang-Utan. He was proud of his thick, strong arms and deep, hairy chest. But he was unhappy: he was tired of the jungle with its damp and darkness, its fusty smells and piercing noises.

So one day he went off by himself to the very edge of the jungle and, sitting at the top of the highest tree he could find, looked out across the peaceful, empty plain. Suddenly he caught sight of an unfamiliar group of animals. Although they looked similar to one another, they were of different sizes and colours; some were black and some brown, some were red and some striped. Many had horns. All were graceful. Orang Utan had never seen such enchanting creatures in all his life. He stared at them spellbound. “What wonderful animals!” he thought.

Tossing their heads and sniffing with quivering nostrils for any scent of danger, the antelopes, for that is what they were, drew gradually closer. They were obviously shy and timid.

“I shall make friends with them at once”, said Orang-Utan to himself. And reaching for a bunch of bananas, he swung from his perch and dropped onto the grass at the edge of the plain.

The antelopes quickly raised their heads. Holding out the bananas in front of him, Orang Utan took a step or two towards them. “It’s all right”, he cried, “I shan’t hurt you”. At the sound of his voice, the smaller antelopes bounded off across the plain. One or two of the bigger ones lowered their antlers threateningly. “Don’t run away! I just want to make friends”.

Though suspicious of this hairy beast with the yellow teeth and misshapen face, who moved so clumsily and spoke so gruffly, the antelopes allowed him to approach, for he did not look dangerous. Soon they grew confident enough to permit him to come amongst them and talk to them. The timid antelopes who had bolted were now coming cautiously back. The ape was delighted to be in such fine company. One in particular bewitched him: she was golden haired, with long curled horns, and delicate, sensitive eyes. Orang-Utan grinned at her. “Hello”, he said, “What’s your name? Mine’s Orang-Utan, but you can call me Orang”.

“I’m called Impala”, she replied nervously. Her voice was soft and musical. But the ape was scarcely listening. He gazed in rapture at her finely-shaped face, the dainty ears and perfectly rounded nostrils, the gentle curve of her cheeks. Her neck was slender, her legs long and shapely. Without thinking, Orang-Utan stretched forth his calloused, hairy hand to stroke the smooth, sleek neck of Impala, With a snort of surprise and fear, she sprang away and raced off towards the water-hole.

Startled, the ape watched hopelessly as his new-found friend disappeared in a cloud of dust. Slowly he turned and lumbered dejectedly back to his tree on the edge of the jungle.

From his perch at the top of the tree, Orang watched the antelopes disappearing in search of Impala. His heart thumped heavily as he recalled that fleeting moment of tingling contact with Impala’s warm, soft fur. He looked at his own hands, pulling at the shaggy tangle of fur on his arms, and felt the tears running down his bristly cheeks. Then he swung his way back to the middle of the jungle where he lived with the other apes miserably ever after.

This fable comes equipped with a choice of morals:

1. Beauty is a virtue
Which comes in any shape;
It’s sometimes found in antelope.
But never found in ape.
2. If you’re a misshapen ape, don’t
Hope to elope with an antelope.
3. Once smitten, why cry?

ENVY

The Snail and the Hare

Long ago a snail and a hare were friends.

The hare was beautiful, graceful, lively, intelligent, impeccable, polite, charming, athletic and kind.

The snail was a snail.

One day the snail realised he would never be the equal of his friend. He was so madly jealous because of this that he decided to kill the hare. Now, how does a snail kill a hare? By falling on him from a great height, of course, so for days and days the snail toiled up the trunk of a great tree and out along one of the branches. When he finally reached its tip, the perspiration was pouring off his shell.

He called to his friend. The hare came at once, and sat directly beneath him, looking up in astonishment.

“What are you doing up there?” asked the hare.

“I am doing you in”, replied the snail, and he launched himself into space.

Unfortunately, just at that moment, the hare was seized with a fit of coughing, so that the snail, instead of landing on the hare’s skull, fell down its throat and stuck so fast that it suffocated. The hare, for its part, choked. This is not a happy fable. Morality is rarely a cheerful business.

Moral: What is envy? ‘Snail in coffin.

ANGER

The Drake and the Sailor

Francis was a young drake who was understandably concerned and angry over the state of the rivers and seas he scavenged, and over the pollution which was spewing and foaming into them. The hills he nested in were shaken by sonic booms. Broken bottles and barbed wire on the river banks cut his feet when he was searching for crabs. As he bobbed up and down on the waves he was threatened by clinging tar. He saw his friends scattered in their death throes on the shore, their beautiful feathers soiled with patches of oil, their stomachs poisoned with chemical effluent. He decided to leave this country and fly to another where ducks and drakes were allowed to live unmolested.

As he was crossing the ocean he noticed a tanker pouring thousands of gallons of oil onto the stormy waters. Francis was infuriated, and decided to swoop down over the ship, and take his revenge in the only way he knew how, on the heads of all the people involved; a great act of counter-pollution.

Moral: Don't pour oil on troubled waters when there's something in motion overhead.

GLUTTONY

The Frog and the Toucan

A toucan, deeply impressed at the ease with which a frog could catch flies on his tongue, asked the frog to teach him his skill. The frog agreed, saying, "Once you have practised for as long as I have, you will find it simple."

After quite a short time the toucan became as proficient as the frog and the two were great friends.

As time passed, however, the frog, who was growing old, found that he was less successful at catching insects than he used to be, and he appealed to the toucan to help him.

"Unfortunately," the toucan replied, "even I could not catch enough flies for both of us. If the flies are slipping away from you, why don't you coat your tongue with glue? That would greatly enhance your chances." (Having such large beaks, toucans find difficulty in speaking).

The frog thought this a splendid idea and allowed the toucan to coat his tongue with glue. He used the gum from a nearby acacia tree.

"Now, try it out on this cloud of midges," urged the toucan. The frog did so, and caught so many that he choked and died.

Moral: Toucan't teach old frogs glue tricks.

PRIDE

The Fly and the Book

Once upon a time a proud young fly considered himself far too intelligent and superior to spend his life inhabiting dust piles, licking the tables in sticky old taverns and sleeping on sociable dogs at night. He decided to spread his wings and fly to faraway places where he would be welcomed and encouraged to join

in intelligent and enlightened conversations and to study great works of art in careful detail.

Unfortunately, when he arrived at this wonderful place people ignored him or cursed him or tried to knock him unconscious. The hazardous journey and the anti-climax he was now experiencing exhausted and depressed him and he decided to rest for a few minutes on an open book which lay nearby.

Somebody closed the book.

The fly had made his mark in the pages of learning all right.

Moral: For one more used to dust and bin,

A little learning is a dangerous thing.

SLOTH

The Pony and the Mare

A Shetland pony once lived in a large paddock. The children fed him on apples and carrots and sugar, and he idled his days away contentedly. He grew very fat, and developed a heavy, rolling gait, and a lazy manner.

Then one day they brought a beautiful stranger to share his paddock, a silky black mare, with the longest legs the pony had ever seen. He trotted over to her, and realised how tall she was beside him, and how he was wheezing from the exertion of the sudden movement.

In an affable way she took him to her stall to see her rosettes. Blue, red, white and green, they covered the walls. A shelf groaned under gleaming silver trophies. There was a gilt framed picture of her.

Then, last, he noticed the magazines. They were pinned at the back of the stall in a row; beautiful, glossy copies of the magazine "Turf" with her photograph on the front cover. He gazed at them longingly, thinking how marvellous it would be to have one's photograph on a glossy cover like that. He asked her how she came to be there and how she had acquired all the fine things in her stall.

She told him she was a retired racehorse and these were all the prizes she had won. Because of her fame she was much photographed for the glossies.

Nobody had ever wanted to take a picture of the Shetland pony. Suddenly he felt quite cross: he could run; why couldn't he take part in the races too? He turned and ran as fast as he could, but in a moment his breath gave out, he staggered, and he had to lean against a tree to save himself from falling. The mare trotted over to him, her hooves scarcely seeming to brush the turf so lightly did she move, and enquired what he thought he was doing.

He told her shortly that he wanted to race too. She smiled gently, for she was kind at heart. Only the fittest horses, sleek and long-legged, that could run almost as fast as the wind, were allowed to race. He was too fat, she said, to win any race.

Dejectedly he made his ponderous way back to the stalls to stand and gaze at the glossy magazines that would never, never hold his picture. The mare watched him go, her sweet eyes brimming with sympathy for him.

Moral: A rolling pony gathers no gloss. (Mare's the pity).

PRIDE

The Wolf Who Cried "Sheep!"

There was once a young wolf who was so proud
That of the whole pack he never allowed
Another wolf near him, except to fight—
And that was only to prove his might.
His strength and power and savage ferocity.
The other wolves thought it an utter atrocity
To be thus repulsed and with such velocity!
They bayed in protest and howled abuse.
But the vain young wolf was so obtuse
That their complaints seemed not to affect him.
In private they vowed they would never elect him
To lead the pack, as that would aggravate
His conceit and so exacerbate
Strained relationships.

One night, quite late.

The pack stole off to a quiet ravine.
Leaving asleep the proud wolverine.
And there elected, with proper democracy
A popular leader, a wise old wolf, devoid of hypocrisy.
Who said, "That young upstart will get a shock to see
What I've in store for him! Now, follow me!"
The pack raced back to their wolvisish lair.
Roused the young wolf who was sleeping there
And triumphantly told him what they had achieved.
The wolverine was at first aggrieved,
Then indignant and angry, and finally furious.
He growled and howled that they had been spurious.
Deceitful and low, as mindless as sheep.
Running off in a flock while he lay there asleep.
Maddened with fury, in petulant rage.
He attacked the new leader, for whose ven'erable age
And freshly won rank he had not respect.
But what happened next he did not expect;
The whole pack flew at him with rapacious fangs.
Teeth tore, claws ripped. He was gone. Whole gangs
Of pirannha fish are less deadly than they.
That is the end of the tale.

Let us pray:

The boy who cries "Wolf!" wastes his breath;
But the wolf who cries "Sheep!" invites death.
Wolf or man, short or tall.
Pride comes before a fall.

And now, some further reflections on a theme of temptation:

GIVE IT UP

I've got to stop smoking.
My doctor has said.
Or else when I'm seven
I'm sure to be dead.

Cigarettes can cause cancer.
And that makes no sense.
So I must stop stealing
My dear Daddy's 'Kents.'

Now here in the seventies
When going with chicks.
Cigarettes can bring status
To a boy who is six.

But I must live clean now.
At six life is ripe.
Cigarettes I will give up—
And switch to a pipe.

Graham Croft, Second Year.

FOOD, FOOD, FOOD, FOOD

Treacle, pudding and custard,
Corned-beef and boiled ham.
Baked potatoes and mustard.
Bread, butter and jam.
Milk chocolate and coffees.
Chips, chicken and peas,
Apple charlotte and toffees.
Sweet honey and cheese.
These things are so nice.
That they are a dream.
They're as good as a choc-ice
With jelly and cream.

Michael Ward, First Year.

THINK THIN

There once was a girl called Beryl Bead
She had a problem, and that was GREED!
From dawn to dusk she would lie on the floor
And stuff herself with more and more.
Marshmallows, cream cheese, meat pie and oats;
All found their way down our fat Beryl's throat.

Beef crisps, tapioca, bacon and fudge.
Potatoes and custard whisked into a mudge.
Beetroot and currants, cabbage and jam.
Sliced bread, chocolate, sago and ham.
Jellies and pilchards, 'All Bran' and prunes.
She ate so fast, she wore out her spoons.
When darkness came Beryl found she was stuck.
So she just went on eating more and more tuck.
Dripping and yoghurts, gherkins and cod.
Cup cakes and suet and peas from the pod.
One day Beryl found she could swallow no more.
But being so heavy she was stuck to the floor.
The removal men came and hauled her away
To the nearby museum to be stuffed for display.
So all you young ladies who enjoy a good feed
Mind you don't end up like poor Miss B. Bead.

Judy Frayne and Gillian Gush, Fifth Year.



WHO CARES ?

REFLECTIONS AT CHRISTMAS

Charity during Christmas is feeling ashamed of and bewildered at your own good fortune and trying to ease your conscience by attempting to make somebody else's life a little better.

Charity is being able to stand at a shop window contemplating which elaborate trimmings to buy, and then being able to put all the money into a donation box without feeling sorry or annoyed with yourself.

Charity is not buying all your expensive Christmas cards from the Oxfam catalogue, and then feeling that "you have done your bit for this year".

Charity is a state of panic in your mind that makes you begin to despise the festivities around you. and to create scenes of India and Vietnam, smothering the beauty of the Christmas trees.

Any feeling of charity that I possess unfortunately subsides as my good fortune grows and grows, until I end up trapped by Christmassy self-centredness, just like thousands of other people, and I imagine that the people of India will manage for the next few days somehow.

Some of them do not.

Jane Smethurst, Lower Sixth.

US AND THEM

Chicken, fruit salad, a bottle of wine.
Or just one bowl of rice for the day?
The first is for Us, the second for Them,
Do we care ... do we share?
Do we hell.

A clean, airy office with coffee at ten.
Or a field where the flies bite your flesh?
The comfort for Us, but the horror for Them,
Do we care ... do we share?
Do we hell.

Medicine, doctors, a hospital bed.
Or disease and then death in the heat.
The help is for Us, while the pain is for Them,
Do we care ... do we share?
Do we hell.

But if we were in their place and starving to death
With our bodies all thin and diseased.
And we saw Them quite happy and wealthy and well.
Would we care . . . want to share?
Sure as hell.

Hilary Whitehead, Lower Sixth.

OUTSIDE OPINION

The colour patch on Xorl's head flickered excitedly as his tentacles groped over the heat operated switches on the control panel. As a misty image began to form in the empty rectangle before him, the carbon dioxide intake of his body doubled.

He looked at the images formed before him, and fell into his protective enclosure, shocked and amazed at what he saw. Recovering, he began to look at the controls and at the 'screen' (for there is no word in this world which could describe the weird apparatus), to see if any mistake had been made in the settings. No, this was planet 637-C, Third World in an unimportant solar system tucked on the edge of the galaxy. But his sensors had indicated an intelligent life form, whose stage of development was only a few million years behind that of his own planet. Surely what he saw was not so. Xorl began to scan the world below, but could find no deviation from the set pattern. The beings below were poisoning themselves with substances of their own manufacture by spraying their food and contaminating the gases and liquids which gave them life.

Xorl switched off the 'screen' and began mentally to record his report into the spacecraft's magnetic bubble memory; 'Planet 637-C. Highly over-populated by carbon based life-form of dubious origin. Intelligent, yet suicidal tendencies. Unsuitable for sociological restructure. End of Report'.

He looked once more at the world below, then switched on his ship's drive and left orbit for the next planet in the series. Never had he come across a life-form so intelligent and yet so stupid.

On the world below a young boy looked through his telescope to see a speck of white light speeding across his field of view. He turned away, puzzled at what he had just seen, and looked through the window at the river beyond and the attendant islands of foam which drifted slowly with the current.

Tony Barker, Lower Sixth.

HISTORY LESSON

Downward through the greying skies
Plunge the ages.
I see through a thousand eyes
The misery on the pages.
When first I lived, bore witness
To vice and corruption
And in it all in fitness
I too joined in destruction.
Then next when I did come again.
Falling swift the races
I watched the Romans fight to reign
And in history take their places.
When Christ was born in Bethlehem,
Saviour of all nations,
I heard the Jews themselves condemn.
And give away their stations.
St. Augustine came this way,
Waking all the heathen
Nothing good came from that day.
Nor came from good St. Steven.

Downward through the greying skies
Plunge the ages.
I see through the thousand eyes
The misery on the pages.

Lesley Ann Walters, Lower Sixth.

NEW-LOOK BIBLE, MAN !

Paper-backed edition
With a plastic look.
Nothin's real an' nothin's good.
'Cos I know I'm done for too.
Lord I tried, but I guess I'm through.
And so are you.

Lesley Ann Walters, Lower Sixth.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE GOOD GODS GONE ?

I came to your house today but you weren't there. There was a drunk at the door and a guitar-playing vicar inside but you weren't there. Now, as I walk back, I think about you and seem to remember that you weren't there the last time I called either. It's strange, you always used to be there and your house was so friendly and safe and so ... so good. Have you gone away? No, you wouldn't have left me; left me alone amongst the barren trees, the scorched earth, the mushrooms in the sky. But where have you gone? I wonder if I did something wrong?

Diane Powell, Fifth Year.

OUT THERE

Out there, there is a
vast blue velvet sky with spongy white clouds floating by.
Out there, there is a
crystal clear sea with icy cold waves lashing so free.
Out there, there is a
shimmering gold beach with solid black rocks that seem quite out of reach.
Out there, there is a
broad green belt with firm new shoots having a texture like felt.
Out there, there is a
bed-ridden old lady with deep-set eyes both blurred and shady.
Out there, there is a
population waiting to eat with little chance they will ever taste meat.
Out there, there is a
battle for survival with even friend and neighbour ending up rival.
Out there, there is a
gathering of young healthy people like me,
with no hope of doing anything to set the world free.
Out there, there is a
prayer, a wish, a hope,
that even with our pace of life we are given power and grace to cope.

Pamela Oakley, Lower Sixth.

ON DRUGS

Drug-taking today is beginning to escalate into an epidemic. Drugs such as LSD, Heroin and Cannabis are being used daily, but as yet we have no medical evidence available to enable us to say that this drug is harmless, or this drug is dangerous. True, the government has plenty on its mind, but I think that it ought to devote a little energy to this problem of drugs before it gets out of hand.

The drugs used today can be divided into two main groups; those used for medical purposes, and those used non-medically. Among the ones used medically we have the clinical anti-depressants which are used to improve the mood of severely depressed patients and the major tranquillizers which are used to reduce the symptoms of severe mental disorders. Both these classifications of drugs are of little use non-medically and medical evidence shows these drugs to be harmless.

All other drugs find some use or other non-medically, although many also have a medical use. Sedatives and hypnotics (e.g. alcohol, barbiturates, 'sleeping pills', and minor tranquillizers) generally decrease the activity of the nervous system, and most are used medically to reduce anxiety and tension, and induce sleep. The stimulants (e.g. amphetamines or 'speed', 'diet' and 'pep' pills, caffeine and cocaine) generally suppress appetites, increase activity, alertness and tension and tend to block sleep. Tobacco falls under this category and is also usually considered as a physiological stimulant. The above two categories are mainly harmless, although it can be argued that tobacco is instrumental in causing cancer, bronchitis and heart diseases, and most people use them without even realizing they are drugs. Caffeine, for example, is in tea, coffee and cola drinks!

The other categories take in what people generally refer to as 'drugs', and these are the psychedelics and hallucinogens, the opiate narcotics and volatile solvents. The psychedelics and hallucinogens take in such drugs as LSD, cannabis, THC, DMT, DET, and many others; as their classifications suggest these drugs produce hallucinations and mind-manifesting characteristics. There is an idea that these drugs will be used in future psychiatric treatments, but there is controversy as to whether these drugs are physically safe. The opiate narcotics (such as opium, heroin, morphine and codeine) are mostly derivatives of the opium plant (the poppy). They are used mainly as pain relievers; most people do not enjoy the experience these drugs give them, but some people experience feelings of warmth, well-being, peacefulness and contentment.

Again, few of these drugs are known to be medically safe, yet people still take them, and even at the risk of their lives. The last groups are those which I find the most difficult to believe that people are 'hooked' on the volatile solvents (such as glue, paint thinner, nail polish, nail polish remover, lighter and cleaning fluid and spray cans). These are usually inhaled and are said to produce progressive stages of delirium.

Undoubtedly, all of these drugs are potentially dangerous. Even those which are 'medically safe', can be potential killers if an unsterile means of application is used, or an overdose is taken, or you are killed while crossing the road whilst under its effects or . . . the possibilities are endless!

Then why do people, especially young people, take to drugs? The best answer to this is because their life lacks something and they turn to drugs to find it; perhaps they have no friends, or no home, or no family. Perhaps they lack love and affection, or maybe they just 'haven't anything else better to do!' But then, people will always be lacking something in their lives, just as they all have an

aggressive tendency, and the problem of drugs will never be completely wiped out while ever there is life on the planet Earth. The answer is to keep drugs in their place and deal with them sensibly just as war is dealt with, and quickly put down whenever it rears its ugly head. For this, we must look to the Government, the United Nations and the future.

Alan Whalley, Lower Sixth.

DEPRAVED AND CORRUPTED

No wonder the young generation are turning to sex and violence. Switch on the telly and what do we see but Andy Pandy and Looby Loo—in the same basket; Miss Zsa Zsa and Mr. Hector studying the birds and the bees; the regular frolic in ‘Play School’; and funny goings-on ‘Down by the Riverside’.

Children are all too often left to find things out for themselves. At a very impressionable age they are bound to react to such suggestive titles as ‘The Pot Men’, ‘Blue Peter’, ‘Sooty and Sweep’ (sounds dirty anyway), and ‘Sir Prancelot’. Perhaps we have perverted minds but we tremble at the degree of perversion the next generation will be suffering from.

Not only the very young but also teenagers are influenced by the early evening programmes. What with ‘Love Thy Neighbour’ encouraging adultery, ‘The Lovers’ and Geoffrey bobbles bon-bon freely expressing his ‘Percy filth’, who is to wonder at the ever-increasing number of frustrated adolescents?

Perhaps a clean-up campaign is needed on today’s soap-sud ads or are we all for freedom of expression? Whatever the resolution, justice will be done to some. To close, a word from our sponsor Zebedee, who cries, nearly breaking his spring in excitement, “Time for Bed”.

Claire Williams, Diane Taylor, Elaine Kellett,
Gillian Holmes. Catherine Cheetham, Upper Sixth.

WHAT A WAY TO REFORM

Visiting a place where the inmates scheme.
There’s no one there more than seventeen;
The residents dress in arrowed suits.
An establishment wanting new recruits;
Borstal boys—wasting their lives.
Riots in the mess hall every night.
Mealtimes always end in a fight.
Nonconformists are there for a holiday.
Or have they just lost their way?
Borstal boys—missing out on life.
Never give the boys an even chance.
Or they’ll lead society in a dance;
The ball and chain removes no jest.
They’re still worse than all the rest;
Borstal boys—living with their equals.
Please give them a chance to go straight.
Before it becomes much too late;
But they’re still there on a sentence.
It’s still time for their repentance;
Borstal boys—such a waste of time.

Stephen Stoney, Lower Sixth.

FOR KICKS

He is only fourteen. Six months ago he was hit over the head twice with a stick, by one of the town's hooligans. He had not done anything wrong to this 'rough', but this layabout just did it for 'kicks'. The young lad managed to walk home, two miles away, under a great strain from a splitting headache. He managed to inform his parents, his father a policeman, of the description of the hooligan. He then passed out. He has not come round since and never will. He had all his life in front of him. Now he will have to spend the rest of his life in great pain, from a damaged brain. He will never know about the years to come. Due to the damage to his brain, his mentality has been reduced to that of a child. His parents are also suffering. They travel fifty miles a day to see him. It is killing his mother with worry and strain, as she already suffers from a collapsed lung. The hooligan who hit him has not even been to the hospital, he has not even asked what his condition is. Yet he still roams the streets every night despite what he did. He received two years' suspended sentence at the Crown Court.

Was it right that the 'rough' should have taken the boy's life? Is it right that the boy should take his mother's? For the strain of supporting him is ruining her health. In the not too distant future the mother may well die. The 'rough' will have killed two people yet he still goes free. Is this right? The detached Christian may think so, in principle, but the devoted relative may well feel otherwise in practice.

Michael Jennings, Fourth Year.

NOT GUILTY !

Guilty was the verdict!
Guilty of murder!
But that's not true—
I knew.
My evidence was insufficient
To help this pitiful man.
He was with me on that night—
All night.
His face hardened at first
And then he screamed aloud
As they dragged him from the place—
Terror on his face.
He died an hour ago
Alone, without a friend.
The reprieve has just come through—
And I knew!

Diane Taylor, Upper Sixth.

GREEN AND PLEASANT LAND

THE MOTORWAY COMETH



A few months ago the M62 was just a straight brown scar slashed across the few remaining green areas of the West Riding. One of the rare nationally important developments in this area was just a glorified dirt track like the path left by some gigantic snail.

The Lofthouse-Ferrybridge section of the motorway runs right along the perimeter of Normanton and so, even if its present effects are only dirt and noise, should give some advantage to local industry.

This section of the M62 is twelve miles long and, when completed, will have cost £15 million—over £1 million per mile. That's about thirty mammoth pool wins for the whole section, or ninety million pints of beer—enough for nine pints per night for 27,400 years (ignoring inflation). So how can a small stretch of road, even a motorway, eat up such vast amounts as it crawls across the country? A visit to the actual working makes it credible.

All along the site of the motorway large camps are set up at intervals. Bases from which 300-400 men operate; temporary communities built for the gangs of nomadic workmen who travel the country building roads. There are rows of Land Rovers and cars, huts, offices and stores. And once on the motorway itself, the embankment which has sprung up to become the newest addition to the Normanton landscape, the really costly part of the operation is evident. The huge machines are building a pathway for man's other servant, the car; machines working for machines. But these are expensive helpers—in all there is £1½ million worth of machinery working on this stretch of road, among them are the thirty ton scrapers used for moving dirt, which cost £15 per day when they are idle and whose massive tyres cost £3,000 each. Their drivers receive over £100 a week each, but such is the

buffeting they get from the machines that they are unfit to operate them by the time they are thirty.

The work isn't just a matter of flattening a wide track and then laying tarmac. Embankments have to be built of shale covered with clay; side roads are built; and box girder bridges constructed to take them over the motorway. If a farmer's land is divided by the development more bridges are built, rivers and canals need even more, and the concrete girders used in their construction must be brought from Lancashire. Bailey bridges are laid across the canal so that the scrapers can thunder over them ignoring the five m.p.h. speed limit.

The road itself has six different layers of rock and bitumen, concrete haunches laid along the length of the sides and central reservation, and drains and channels on the lower side. There are also four interchanges, the most spectacular being the A1 interchange at the Ferrybridge end of the section. Huge artificial canyons have been blasted out of the hard rock to enable the roads to burrow under each other. An artificial landscape of dusty valleys and slopes has been created which would go well in any Western, apart from the bulldozers and lorries.

This one interchange seems an achievement to be proud of, but hundreds of these and millions of poundsworth of machinery along the length of it illustrate why the M62 costs so much.

But for all the colossal might of the machinery and its achievements the most pleasing and memorable sight was that of one of the workers sowing grass seed on the embankment, flinging them by hand from an old tin tub. It must mean something.

Barry Thewsey, Lower Sixth.

ODE TO THE LONG AND WINDING ROAD



The motorway is coming, the motorway is here,
Chewing up the green fields and no-one sheds a tear.
The motorway is coming, the motorway is here,
The cows make way for the asphalt sea and no-one sheds a tear.
And for what we have just devastated may the Lord make us truly thankful.

Diane Powell, Fifth Year

THE DESTRUCTORS

The countryside glowed red at sunset in the peaceful setting in old Dorset. The hum of crickets was the only sound to be heard among the open fields and trees which outlined the countryside for miles around.

Night had nearly fallen on this warm summer's evening which made the setting even more tranquil. The day had passed the same as ever, the farmer had tended to his crops, the birds had sung, and the sun had shone. Nothing disturbed this routine, and from the beginning of time it had stayed the same.

As it began to get even darker the shepherd settled with his herd on the distant hill. The dog gently rounded up the sheep in one place while the shepherd tended to a sick lamb who had been caught in a hawthorn bush. The lamb recovered and ran bleating to the tender love of its mother. The sheep recovered slowly, and finally settled down amongst the green pasture of the countryside.

At midnight everything was totally quiet. The sheep were asleep and the crickets were quiet. A faint glow from the moon shone down upon the still stream, and like a silver ribbon it flowed through the winding interlock of hills. An owl hooted amongst the silhouette of trees, breaking the silence, and as if in reply the dog barked to quieten the owl, which stopped immediately, and flew away.

At four in the morning the countryside was highlighted by a shaft of light. Daylight was breaking, and everything was starting again; the world was awakening for another day. The birds began to sing amongst the trees, greeting the new day.

The warm sunlight shone down on to the sheep, awakening them in a blanket of gold. The shepherd gathered his possessions and checked the herd. All was the same, and then he quietly left, trying not to disturb the sleeping lambs.

Two hours later it was completely light, and more movement was being done in the valley. The sheep had moved down the hill to the stream for water, and the farmer with his tractor was travelling down the lonely road from his farm to his fields. A rabbit darted across his path, just missing the wheels. He pulled up sharp, and the rabbit was unhurt. The farmer got out to see if there was any damage and after checking, he got back into the tractor and drove away.

But today was to be different from the past days that had been lived in this valley. New faces were appearing. Two men had driven up the winding road in a lorry. They had got out of their lorry and placed surveying equipment around the fields. A sign had been erected on the side of the road.

"Site for new motorway link of M64".

Janet Lloyd, Fifth Year

HUMANITY: TAKE YOUR LITTER HOME

I believe that pollution is one of the main problems facing today's society. The problem is all the worse, because it is entirely the result of man's greed. Such

is the enormity of the problem, that to try to sum it up in this short article would be hypocritical; such a problem should not be belittled in such a way. And thus I shall not try to go into depth. Instead I shall be content to attempt to awaken you to this problem, and perhaps you will then delve deeper yourselves. I do not profess to be an expert on this subject and I am sure many of you know much more than I, the problems of pollution. Nevertheless to those less informed I address this article.

Pollution comes in several categories; perhaps the one which most are aware of, is the pollution of the air. I am sure that everyone has seen examples

of the effect this has on the environment, for instance everyone has seen how quickly metal fittings, on the outside of houses, corrode, because of the highly corrosive gases in the air. But such problems as this need not exist. Factory chimneys can exist without spewing these pollutant gases into the atmosphere. Filters can be installed to allow only non-harmful gases from the mouth of the chimney. But many factory owners are not willing to bear the expense of such an article. On a smaller scale, coal fires in the home, and motor vehicles powered by petrol, or diesel fuels can be just as harmful. Again, vehicles can operate on some systems without pollution, and there are heating systems which are smokeless, and as every car, or house, or house owner thinks, what difference will my little car. or fire make; but together they do make a difference. Sunset in San Francisco is one of the most beautiful sights in the world, the whole sky glows in many different colours, but I wonder if the watchers know what causes this. It is caused by all the gases which are spewed into the air, fluorescing with the radiation from the sun. Surely these things are not more desirable than the expense of a little money.

Another aspect of the subject is the pollution of the rivers and seas. Chemical wastes and sewage are spilled out into the rivers or the seas, and either way they end up in the sea. The factory owners say the chemical waste would be 'too expensive' to re-process, so they dump it. Death of fish in the rivers is widespread. But the most terrifying consequence occurs in the sea. Mercury wastes reach the seas, and over a period of years are absorbed by sea plants, and thus are then absorbed by the fish; then comes man's turn, he wants to eat these fish, but mercury is deadly and mercury poisoning is a terrifying illness. Already the level of mercury in fish has attained the danger level. What will it be like in a few years time? . . . Something must be done, now, or how many deaths before fish are removed from the diet of man?

Another problem is the pollution of land by solid waste; garbage from millions of homes is simply collected and dumped, with no attempt to dispose of it. Amongst this garbage are plastics, which unlike the rest, do not deteriorate with age, they are nuisances forever. In America alone, thirty million tons of plastics are dumped each year. This need not happen. A power station was developed some time ago, and is in use in some parts of the world, using as its fuel any types of garbage, including plastics and sewage sludge. It produced no pollution and as a by-product, pieces of scrap metal are extracted. One such station can dispose of all the waste produced by a whole city. Why then are such centres not in common use? Simply because they are expensive to build.

These then are the problems as I see them. I have in some cases indicated methods of easing this problem. I might add, that these are the conditions at this time; since comparatively little is being done to ease the situation, what then will the world be like in the near future? Do you want to live in the kind of world this might bring?

Something must be done—now.

Keith Jones, Lower Sixth

SOLAR EXPLOSION

The sun is angry.
Glowing red with rage.
Revelling in its power.
It glows ferociously.
Silence
And the reality realised.

The Golden Sultan above me glows brighter.
 Heat, Heat, Heat,
 Intense heat around me.
 Enveloping me.
 The fiery sphere explodes
 Yellow goes through orange.
 Merges into cosmic red.
 Heat.
 Dry, prickling, burning heat.
 Blinding whiteness.

 Cold.
 All around me.
 Comes as sudden as the heat.
 Blackness, groping blackness.
 Then,
 The faint twinkle of stars.
 Survival!
 I shiver.
 And look skywards once more, see
 Stars and more stars.
 Space and more space.
 Eternity.

Caroline Green, Fourth Year



"Street Scene" by Lesley Walters, Lower Sixth

THE ICEMAN FREEZETH

As gadgetry and luxury increase in the home, that supposedly never ending supply of power, the mains plug, is becoming increasingly short of power.

In the last fifteen years the demand for electricity, both for industry and the home has soared so that the Central Electricity Generating Board has become increasingly hard pressed to meet the demand. Equipment is being installed and modified at a considerable rate, but compared to the rate of increase in demand of electric current it is slow.

This then leaves the board with two alternatives; one, to let the supply to an area continue until the voltage drops to such a low level it is unusable and destroys the generators, or, to cut. The choice is obvious. Because of the great demand the C.E.G.B. now allow the voltage to fall to 225.6 volts before cutting the supply. Ten years ago this would not have been done. It was not allowed to drop below 232.5 volts.

Power stations such as that at Wakefield were, when planned, fairly large; by the time they were in service they could just supply enough power to meet the demand, now Wakefield could not supply Wakefield alone. It can do little more than help out at peak periods. All Wakefield's generators combined produced only half the power of one of the generators at Ferrybridge 'C', so fast has demand risen and technology kept pace.

As the demand for electricity is continually outstripping the C.E.G.B.'s capability to supply it, cuts will become increasingly common, coupled with the fact that line failures due to pylons collapsing will become more common as the C.E.G.B. cannot maintain so many lines.

The prospects this winter do not look so hopeful and in sudden cold periods snap cuts are inevitable. That never ending source of power is coming to an end and for the next few years will not be a reliable source of power. Faced with the prospect of no power, large factories, offices and Post Office installations are fitted with standby generators.

For the domestic customer no such alternative is possible, so cold meals, no heating, no lighting and no television are inevitable.

The fact that there is no television might mean you will get round to reading "The Frestonian", even if it is by the light of a candle, which just shows how bad power cuts are.

Nicholas Lyons, Lower Sixth

SHADOWS

Logic projects the
Dark riders across the light midday.
Eclipsing into evening by one dimension's enveloping
All within.
As the sun.
Yellow into blood red
Gradually, fades beneath pink pallor
And logic's moon rises to the ceiling of the skull.
Casting memory's light into the thick shadows.
Only reflections survive in the dark.

Neil Fieldhouse, Upper Sixth

AN ICY MORNING

The sun shines weakly on the still white morning. The birds pick hopelessly at the ground, hoping for food which is impossible to get out of the iron hard soil.

The trees are weighed down with fresh clean snow which has covered the world with a brilliant white blanket overnight. Nothing moves. Perhaps only a few schoolchildren muffled with scarves and mittens walk cautiously on their way to school, whilst icy cold air makes their noses red and turns their toes blue. White clouds of breath ascend into the atmosphere like clouds on a rainy day.

Bold milk bottles stand in a row by the door with a smart cream collar donned by a silver helmet, all waiting for the lazy house owner to get up and take them in.

Jack Frost has been around, painting ferny patterns on our window panes, freezing up our water pipes and making granny grumble about her chilblains. The streams are no longer places for paddling, for Jack Frost has made them into icy playgrounds of fascinating solid ice. Car engines have frozen up as a result of Jack Frost's pranks. To the older generation Jack Frost is a nuisance, but to the children he opens up a clean white world of fascination.

Karen Clegg, Fourth Year

THESE THINGS ENDURE

Soft, slinky shadows
in the shimmering sun—
Delicately dappling, down
Rivers run. Silently, secretly
Safely and sure—Love
Lengthens longer—sensual store.

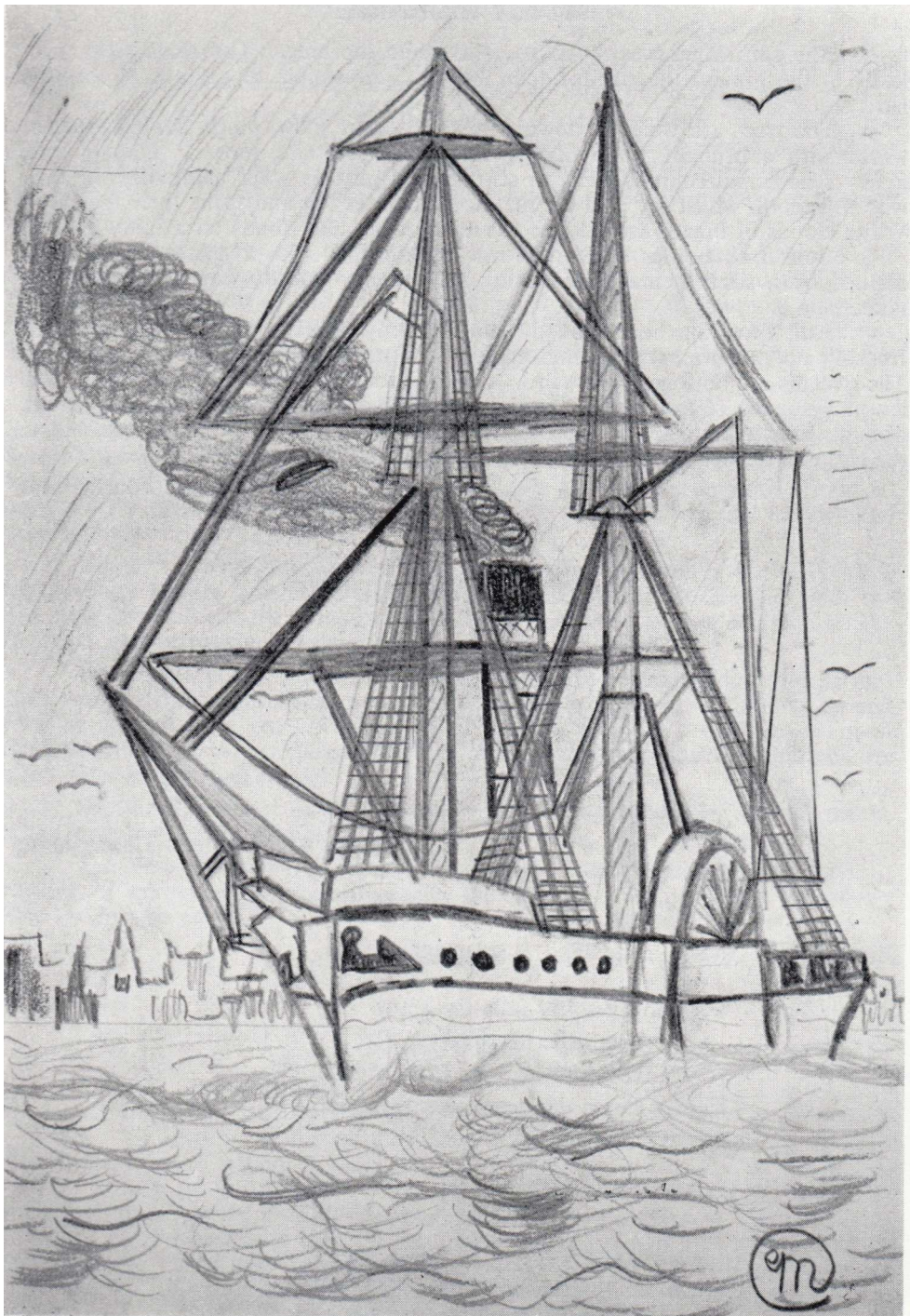
Leslie Ann Walters, Lower Sixth

SNOW

Softly softly falls the snow
From the heavy sky;
Like white feathers from a dove
Come the snowflakes from above
On the ground to lie.

Softly, softly falls the snow
Covering hill and dale
Till the world is strangely fair,
White trees gleaming everywhere
Like a fairy tale!

Julie Green, First Year



"Putting Out" by M. Chalkley, First Year

THE OWL

It has huge, round, staring eyes.
Nature has allowed the creature the advantage of sight
When others are blind.
Under cover of darkness he sees at a distance
so as not to be seen.
He's a predator in the night.
But its eyes are for the dark, not for the light of day,
so it hides away.
Silently swooping in the dark.
It sees when its prey are blind to it.
The soft, low whistle is all that is heard as it swoops.
It seizes its prey.
It returns aloft to some hidden hollow in the old oak.
After its attack.
It returns into the dark cloak of the night like a ghost.
As dawn's first fingers touch the sky.
It flutes home to its hidden hollow for the day.

Philip Walker, Second Year

NIGHTFALL

The dark black creeps by the door.
It covers the ceiling, then the floor.
It darkens the windows and the room.
As down shines the light of the pale
blue moon.

It creeps down the stairs and across
the hall.
It covers up the old brick wall.
It creeps along by the tall sand dune.
As down shone the light of the pale
Blue moon.

Andrew Nash, First Year

SLOWLY

Slowly the tide creeps up the sand.
Slowly the shadows cross the land.
Slowly the carthorse pulls his mile.
Slowly the old man mounts the stile.

Slowly the hands move round the clock.
Slowly the dew dries on the dock.
Slow is the snail, but slowest of all.
The green moss spreads on the old brick wall.

Andrew Nash, First Year

PERSONAL NOTE

NO SENSE OF DIRECTION

What am I doing? Which way should I turn?
Dismal years flow ceaselessly past, and
My life is useless. What have I done,
To deserve such rich torment as this unholy world,
To witness such harshness and hardship, as hell
On earth, to live such a death of a life?

Elizabeth Fisher, Lower Sixth

IDENTITY

It is my thought, though not my wish
That some of me is partly fish.
The water holds me fascinated
As if the waves were fish hooks baited.
I find, although I cannot swim
The sea and I are cousins dim.
I guess that proves that identification
Is two parts love and one frustration.

Dianne Speed, Lower Sixth

LOVE LINES

Love is like a river;
It flows deeply
And smoothly
Along its course,
I reach out and
Touch it.
Eagerly my hands
Clasp love;
But, like water
It trickles away
Between my fingers.

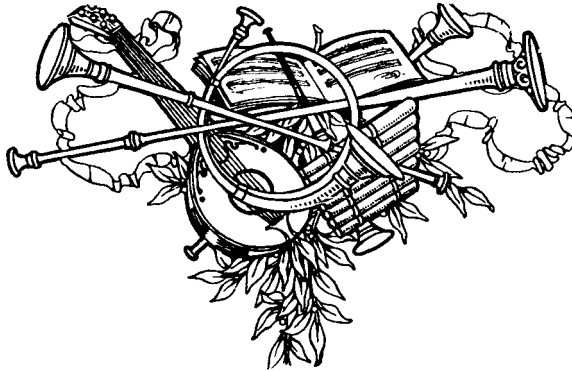
Allyson Meikle, Fifth Form

FRIENDS APART

You were my friend.
We learnt everything together.
Never knew what it was like
To be without the other.
But this year we split our ways.
From one extreme to another.
We went from never apart.
To never together.
We lost contact, you and I.

Now we are lost and shy
When we see each other
Every five minutes between the two hours, and
I know I never knew you as I should.
But I know you even less now.

Christine Peakman, Lower Sixth



IN BELFAST'S FAIR CITY

BOMBS FOR WOOL

Baba McTaggety, have you any bombs?

Yes sir, yes sir, 201b ones.

One for the soldiers.

One for U.D.A.,

And one for the Catholic Bar

that stands down the lane.

Christine Peakman, Lower Sixth

A DEADLY SIN

A boy, six; a girl, five—Christmas.

A time of snow, food and toys: after the Church service.

He got a gun.

She a doll.

He wanted to play fighting; she wanted to nurse the doll.

A boy, sixteen; a girl, fifteen—Christmas.

A time of parties, food and drink; no Church service.

He got a gun.

She a dress.

A greedy gun which grovelled for its victims;

And found one amongst

The innocent.

A girl going to a dance lay fallen in the snow.

Dead.

He was dead too;

Only the memory of a new gun which lay.

Its dark form outlined in the snow,

Lived on.

Leering at humanity.

The boy, the girl.

The Church:

Protestant and Catholic.

Beverley Kerton, Fifth Year

THE WAR IS OVER

Peace and love,
No more pain,
Or hunger,
Or worry,
Just bread,
And love,
And hope,
And freedom.
And memories,
Strung together with
Long chains of
Unnamed graves.

Allyson Meikle, Fifth Year

FURTHER OUTBREAKS OF VIOLENCE

The bomb had been planted, the time had come; and the explosion shattered the air. The world whirled before my eyes and I began to fall, fall to the bottom of an endless pit. Red and yellow flashed wildly and ferociously before my eyes, and I began to float, weightless on a sea of air. Fire and heat surrounded me and I could not breathe. I clutched at my throat, and gasped thin whisps of air into my tortured lungs.

Blood was splattered everywhere and screams of burning, dying people rang in my ears. I covered them. I did not wish to hear those tormenting sounds. I began to run, oblivious of everything, except faces, wild mocking faces, which floated before my eyes, then disappeared. Ear splitting cries echoed about my ears and I felt like a prisoner in a world of destruction. They would not let me go, yet I fought, fought for existence.

I began to run, half stumbling, half crawling. They were coming nearer, nearer, I could hear their panting breath. The ground under me rolled, everything became red, until a patch of yellow burst and shattered everything.

"You're all right now. It was very close." The place was Belfast, the year Nineteen Seventy Three, and still people tried to destroy each other with bombs.

Dawn Hepworth, Fourth Year

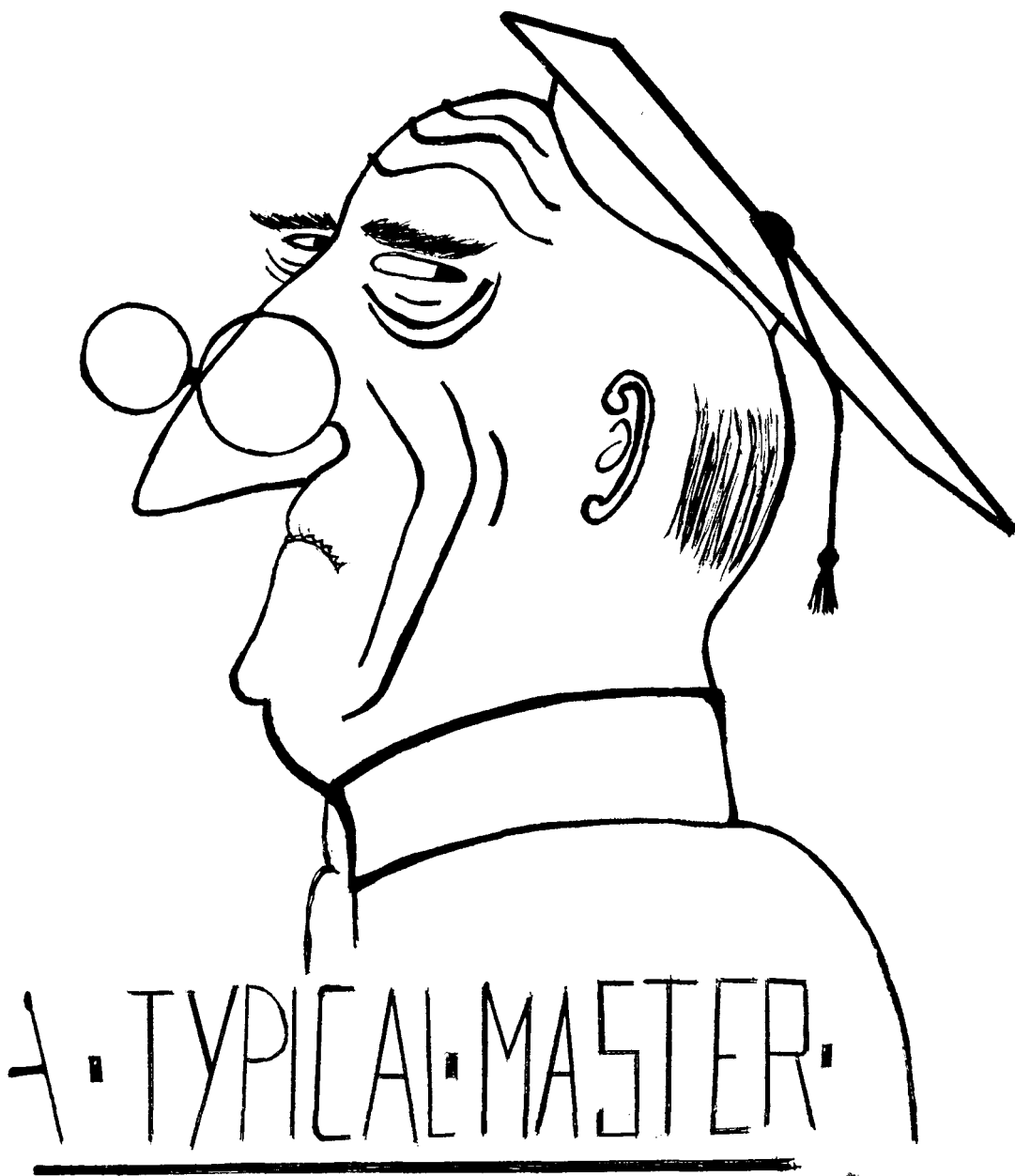
THE HAPPIEST DAYS

ONE TENTH OF MY LIFE

Today's date is Thursday, the tenth of May, 1973. This date is memorable in the history of Local Government as the District Level elections are being held. It is also a date which will be remembered by members of the school for another reason, namely that we are all enjoying an extra day's holiday today. As well as being the day before the deadline date for the submission of articles for this year's magazine, it is also important in that there are only eight more schooldays to go before study leave for the sixth form begins, and our school life effectively ends. Since Mr. Turner has been at pains to ensure that various end-of-term school activities are not closed to us, perhaps I should qualify that statement by saying that my school life effectively ends. However, since I have never been noted for any athletic prowess, I am sure that the school sports days can manage without me. I must also qualify it by mentioning the Leavers' Service, which will be my penultimate school activity, the last one being to visit school on the day that the 'A' level results are available, to learn what my future will be for the next three years.

It is in a very melancholy frame of mind that I look back over the last seven years of my life, the seven years of my career at Normanton Grammar School. I can distinctly remember my very first day of attendance here, and fondly kissing my mother goodbye as I staggered up the Lower School Drive weighed down by a large and bulging duffle-bag containing games kit and assorted white clothing, as well as the hall mark of a first year, a shiny new satchel. After that day, the rest of the year passed in a blur, as did the second, third, fourth and fifth years. I must have taken 'O' levels, since I have certificates for the few I managed to pass, but my real memory of school life begins with entry into the sixth form. Sixth-form life at Normanton Grammar School has been the most enjoyable part of my life and I cannot close this article without recommending it to members of the fifth and lower years who may be deciding whether or not to undertake it. The transition from fifth to sixth is in many ways the most important advance one makes in school life. The different uniform gives one a sense of new responsibility, to set an example to the more junior members of the school. There is also a transition in terms of teaching methods. Exercise books are discarded in favour of file paper notes, teaching numbers shrink from classes of thirty-five to more informal groups of less than ten (for most subjects). Because of the reduction in the number of subjects being studied (most people take three or four, the maximum number is five) more time can be allocated to each one. These last two facts make something possible which I'm sure is totally alien to the fifth form and below, namely, a personal relationship with one's tutor. With this in mind I would like to thank all my various teachers for a very enjoyable two years, two years which I will not be in a hurry to forget.

The year spent in the Upper Sixth is a better experience still for most people, the responsibilities of prefectorial power combined with the physical pleasure of the common rooms. Gone are barren form rooms, regimented desks and hard wooden chairs. In their place a fitted carpet, facilities for making



"Professional Image" as seen by Deborah Bowerman, Third Year

coffee and tea, and the sheer luxury of comfortable arm chairs in which to recover from a particularly gruelling General Studies lesson.

May I conclude by wishing members of my year every success in further education and employment, the new prefects every success both socially and academically, the Headmaster and Staff for patiently tolerating me, and also to Fay Roberts-Goode, Yvonne Dye, Janice Green, Andrew Swift, Philip Walker, Michael Wood and Michael Webber for some very humorous second dinners.

Mick Walker, Upper Sixth

NEW FACES ABOUT THE PLACE

So it's the same old faces
With a few gone at one end,
And a few more at the other
Who are new and do not yet know
The elite few who sit here every year
To shake with the right and receive with the left.
They don't know whom we represent,
Nor how few we are.
Proud? Of course they are proud,
And once superficially we were too.
But now it's a drag, it has lasted too long,
And this is a cynical view.

Christine Peakman, Lower Sixth

DEPRESSION

A lingering darkness with no visible end,
A feeling of loneliness,
Of fragility;
Not regretting, only wishing,
A silent tear and clenched fists.
Thoughts and memories, like a swirling fog,
Fill my mind with sadness and despair.
Now, waiting for the final blow to be struck,
A tunnel with an end can be seen.
A light shines from it,.
Hope is alive.

Anne Dyson, Upper Sixth

RECREATION

MAKING THE GRADE

Having played rugby at Normanton Grammar School for the past five seasons, I was immensely pleased to be informed that I had been selected to represent Yorkshire in the under 19 group rugby football team. This delight, however, was soon to be superseded, after hearing that I had been chosen to attend the trials for the North of England rugby team, with a distant view to gaining an England team place. I naturally was highly elated and I began to realise that a secret ambition of mine since commencing at Normanton Grammar School could easily become a reality.

After a series of hard, tedious trials and quite a number of bumps and bruises, I was finally chosen for the England squad of 25 players. After hearing of my inclusion in the squad, I was to receive my first shock. I had always been under the impression that the training schedule of Mr. Jubb was hard and rigorous, but after a three-hour training stint at Bisham Abbey with the England squad I suddenly realised that the training stints at school were child's play compared with those for the squad. To my even greater dismay there were not only one of these mammoth stints but two each day. After a weekend of hard, strenuous, and boring training I was informed that I had been chosen to represent England in a trial game against Loughborough Freshmen. It happened that C. Lambert whom I played alongside for the school the previous year was marking me (I had told myself that I was not marking him). After an encouraging game followed by two days of nervousness, I was informed that I had been selected to represent England Schoolboys against the Scottish Schoolboys. I was immensely pleased to be following in the wake of Trigg, Milner and Lambert, all old scholars of Normanton Grammar School.

The match against Scotland took place at Galashiels, and on donning my England jersey I was very proud. The outcome of the match was that England won very convincingly. Following a night of celebration I received my cap and badge which now occupy prominent positions on a trophy shelf in my home. The following morning I began to wonder if I had impressed the selectors sufficiently to retain my position for the following match against Wales. Two days later my suspense was terminated; I was to my relief and joy chosen to represent England. The venue for the fixture against Wales was at Cardiff Arms Park, considered to be the 'Mecca' of Rugby Union. The squad put in some strenuous training for this match, and considerable time was spent on tactics because the Welsh teams were strong, but not quite as formidable as in previous years. The match was a very good one, with the Welsh forwards dominating play; consequently the English threequarters did not have many scoring chances. England were defeated by 14 points to 10.

The final England match was to be on the Headingley ground in Leeds. As on the previous occasions, fortune was on my side and I was chosen again. It gave me great pleasure to represent my country in my own county. The English forwards making amends for the Welsh match, completely dominated the French forwards, so giving the English threequarters an abundance of scoring chances. Had it not been for some excellent cover tackling, the score would have

been a huge one. At the disbanding of the squad I suddenly realised that I had made a number of good friends, all of whom I hope to see again.

In closing, I would like to extend my thanks to Mr. Jubb, Mr. Midgely, Mr. Sanderson and Mr. Fairbank for their coaching, patience and encouragement at Normanton Grammar School. Without their dedication I am sure I would not have fulfilled my ambition.

Martin Lindley, Lower Sixth

HEADING NORTH



Nigel relaxes at the finish of the Lyke Wake Walk

In July of this year an expedition will be leaving Yorkshire, heading for Arctic Norway. The expedition by the Yorkshire Schools Exploration Society, will be accompanied by four members of the school, James Adams, David Timmins, Alan Woolley, myself and Philip Garner, who left Normanton Grammar School a short while ago. The expedition is to cover work on Geology, Glaciology, Geomorphology, Meteorology and Botany.

A great deal of equipment was needed and this involved the outlay of considerable amounts of money. Despite attempts by Mr. F. Drury, in charge of the organisation of the expedition at our school, and the Headmaster, we were eventually unsuccessful in obtaining grants to cover the costs.

I asked the other members of the group if they would like to go on a sponsored walk to cover some of the costs. The boys agreed and plans were made. A friend from the Secondary School, Mr. M. Pritchard, offered to help, and with the permission of Mr. F. A. Ashford, Headmaster of the school, we were able to organise a Lyke Wake Walk, covering approximately 45 miles. Other students of the Secondary School also joined the party.

Mrs. Walton and Mr. Wennington joined the party from our school. Members on the teaching staff from the Secondary School aided the party by providing refreshments and supervision on the walk. The walk was duly completed by all members of our school, money was collected, and totalled over £100, to be divided amongst the members of the party.

Finally I should like to extend many thanks to Mrs. Walton, Mr. Wennington, Mr. Pritchard, Mr. Osbourne, Mr. White, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Pritchard for their help.

Nigel D. Cooke, Lower Sixth

R. I. P.

The captain said, "Just do your best";
My heart was pounding 'neath my vest
As by the crease I took my stand—
The most scared batsman in the land.

This bowler by repute was fierce;
His name John Willie Emmet Pearce,
But at this time he gives a grin
To me, a little last man in.

The first fast ball just missed my head.
The second nearly had me dead.
The third I did not even see.
The fourth one was the end of me.

Elizabeth Fisher, L6D

G8FS0 CALLING

I'm lucky. Maybe not born lucky, but certainly now I'm lucky. "Get yourself an interesting hobby," is the doctor's prescription. Take it from me, it's the best you can do. What sort of hobby do I take? For me, it was Amateur Radio.

The interest was weaned by my father who had a long standing interest in radio and TV, although in many cases, one may consider the pastime under one's own initiative. Amateur Radio or 'Ham' Radio as it is often termed, can be associated with many other interests. The big question, "How do I start?" is easily answered. Get yourself a short-wave receiver of some sort, and play around until some results are obtained, sooner or later, you're bound to drop onto an amateur.

As amateurs, we can converse with similar stations all over the world on almost any subject. We have to exercise a little care, so as not to be obscene, indecent, or grossly offensive.

From the money point of view, let's take a typical example. If you are able to construct your own gear, your finance should work out like this:—

Technical Examination Fee	...	...	...	£2.35
Morse Test Fee	...	...	...	£2.00
Licence Fee	...	...	...	£3.00
Cost of equipment parts	...	...	...	£20.00
				£27.35

Which is rather a large outlay, but little recurs. Now with this, one can establish communication for usually about three hours per day, every day with New Zealand. That works out at 71,700 minutes of conversation for, initially about £30. Using the telephone, it would cost £178,533.00! During low sunspot cycles, the frequencies are usable up to twelve hours per day for the same outlay. By telephone, the cost for the same period rises to £714,132.00, and when the sunspot cycle is at its least active (only one year in eleven, however), round-the-clock communication can be maintained, raising the corresponding telephone bill to — wait for it — £1,428,264.00, and we amateurs spend thirty pounds initially and only three pounds per year after that!

One has a choice of over a million amateurs in every country in the world (18,000 in Great Britain) so there's plenty of variety. So if you like talking to people (or if you don't like paying 'phone bills) join the fascinating world of Amateur Radio !

David Lockwood, Lower Sixth

THE CUP

The atmosphere's terrific, the players are in sight.
Marching down the tunnel, in splendour and in might.
Bremner flicks the coin, Sunderland choose the way.
They play towards their own fans on this exciting day.
Jones takes the kick off, Sunderland chase the ball,
Leeds win a free kick, Sunderland make a wall.
The half hour is over, Sunderland on the attack,
Sunderland win a corner, Leeds have been driven back.
Hughes takes the corner, sends it in the middle.
The ball bounces dangerously, Leeds can't solve the riddle.
The ball is in the net, the Leeds team are sad.
The Sunderland fans go wild, the Leeds fans are mad.
The second half has started, Leeds must really play,
Stokoe's men all in defence keep getting in the way.
Cherry does a diving header, Montgomery a great save,
Lorimer shoots hard, but Montgomery is so brave.
The ball is palmed up — it can go anywhere;
The ball bounces away: that was a bad scare.
The final whistle blows, Sunderland hold the cup.
Poor old Leeds United, lost the F.A. cup.
The biggest shock in history Second Division team won.
First time since 1937 this achievement has been done.

A. Scholey, First Year



"Wakefield Trinity for the Cup" by Kevin Hobbs, Upper Sixth and Featherstone

LOSING

Trying not to cry,
As hope lies crumpled
Like the half-forgotten shirt
Flung into the corner.

“How could it happen again?”
“Never mind, there’s still next year.”
But the words push themselves around the room:
They are as hollow as the feeling in the stomach.

Travel home,
As if it has never been.
Until unpacking the case lets the memories out.
They will always be there.

Nicholas Hill, Lower Sixth

PETS

I cannot make up my mind whether we have been lucky with our various pets or not. Our first pet was a budgie called Billy. He very soon became one of the family and delighted us with his considerable vocabulary. However, he had been taught to say, “Vote for Mr. Wilson,” a phrase which nearly caused my Conservative family to strangle him.

Then came our first dog, rejoicing in the name of Micky. He was a terror right from the beginning. He had an insatiable passion for all things, socks. We would not have minded so much if he hoarded them but he did not, he ate them. But it was his destruction of the sofa and the shredding of the net curtains which we really objected to. Very soon Dad said, “It’s no good, he has to go.” And he went.

We received our little kitten unexpectedly. He was given to us by a cousin, who found him in a field and happened to call on us first. He delighted us with his playfulness and his curiosity. But as with all cats he very soon established himself as a force to be reckoned with. Many are the nights he climbed on the shed roof and demanded to be let in, and if we looked like refusing him, he would howl and scratch at the windows until we yielded. It broke our hearts when he disappeared one night and never returned. “Probably he got run over,” my mother said. No more cats for us.

That would probably have been the last of our pets for a while, if I had not gone to primary school that year. As it was there were a large number of rabbits, too many in the school aviary. (Our school was like that and you know rabbits.) and so we bought a couple. Very soon there were eight. Obviously this could not go on. Unfortunately for the rabbits, many people are partial to rabbit casserole and ours were soon promised to various people for dinner. One night Dad went

out to the shed and a short while later we heard several heart-rending screams. When he came in he looked upset. He said he hit them on the back of the neck and it was over quickly. Of course we could not eat one, we would have been swallowing guilt with every mouthful.

Soon after I bought a guinea pig from school. She was a beautiful Albino with luminous pink eyes. It was not long before there were four beautiful Albinos with luminous pink eyes. However, fortunately for them, nobody here eats guinea pigs and they make very good pets, so we were soon left with only the mother. She lived to the ripe old age of four (which is a good age for a guinea pig) and died only recently.

The last of our pets is perhaps the best-loved of them all. She is a lovely whippet with a sleek fawn coat and brown eyes which sometimes look bright blue or green as the light catches them. She is a beautiful runner and as fast as a bullet. We call her Sally because she is as mischievous as an imp. And we still have Billy our budgie who is now eight. (The equivalent of about eighty in the human life span and will probably out-live us all.)

Susan Abel, Second Year

A LUCRATIVE SCHEME

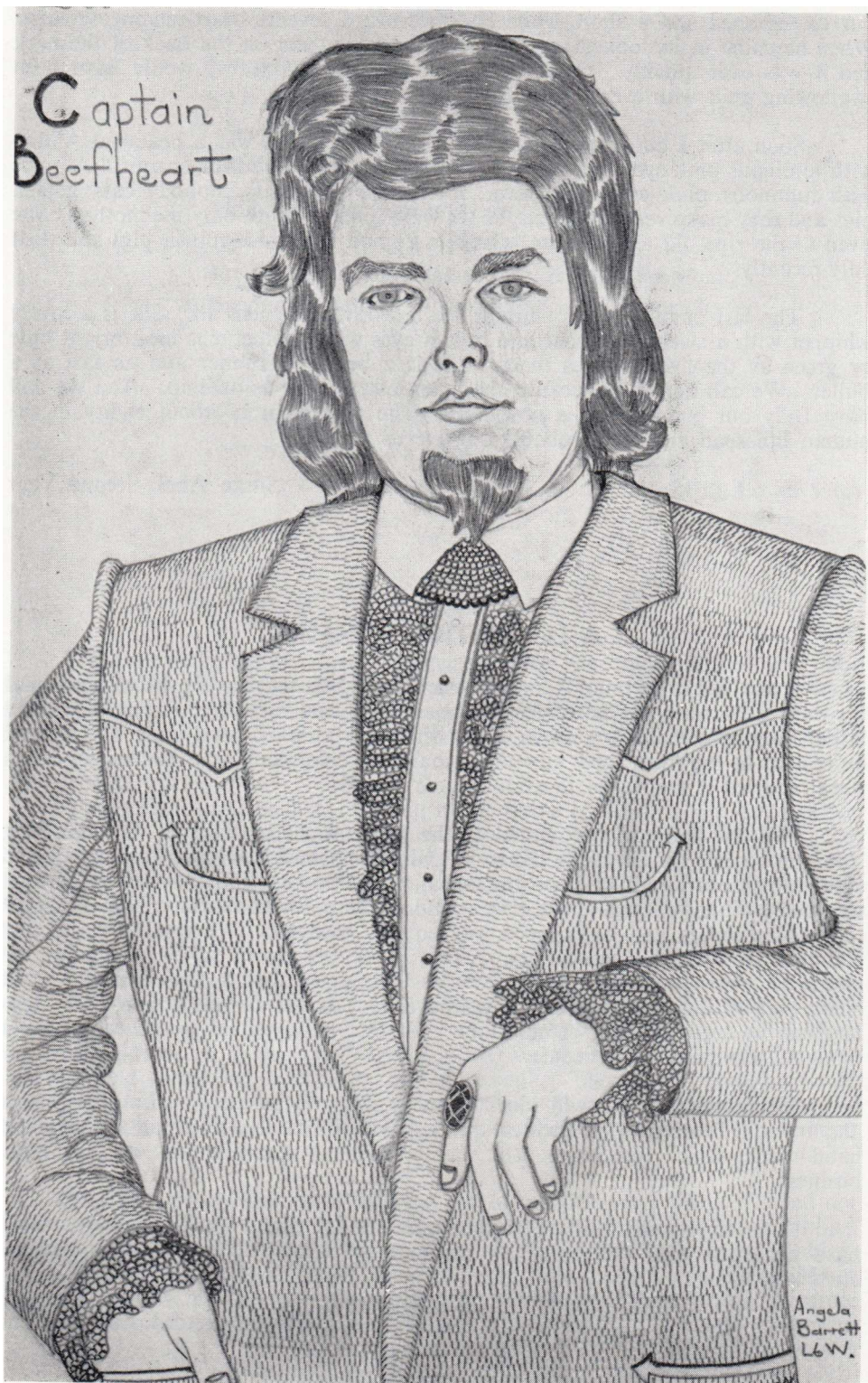
I received some moulds for a Lewis Island chess set recently. I looked around for the special resin which the instructions recommend for use in the moulds. My father eventually bought some in Hull, where the moulds were made. It seemed quite dear at the time, forty-nine and a half pence for each box, and as six boxes were required it amounted to almost three pounds.

We, my dad and I, commenced the preparations that night. It was a long slow job mixing the filler into the resin and only at half-past nine were we able to add the hardener, and start pouring the mixture into the moulds. In the morning we peeled off the mould of the knight and it came out beautifully. We removed the other moulds and each piece was equally pleasing. When all the set was complete we 'colour washed' them. This is the process in which you paint the pieces all over with water colour, then rub them down with a rag. The end result being that all the grooves and crevices have paint in them while the rest does not. It gives the pieces a look of antiquity. We then polished them and the result, I thought, was quite magnificent.

From then I had wild ideas about going into business making chess sets and I would be able to sell them at quite a vast profit. I could say that they were hand made, which they were in a way. Maybe I could go into quite a large business.

I am constantly thinking about schemes for making money, but so far I have not succeeded with any. At the moment I am still persisting in making chess sets though.

Alan Sargeant, Second Year



"Idol" by Angela Barrett, Lower Sixth

ON THE LINE

Well worth a visit, if you are a railway enthusiast, is the Worth Valley Railway at Haworth, near Keighley. The line has been preserved by private enthusiasts who have set up at Haworth an open museum in which a number of interesting steam engines and examples of coaches used in the early days of railways can be inspected by the public at a low cost. The members of the Trust that runs the railway, who come from all walks of life, spend most of their week-ends cleaning and repainting the steam engines which otherwise would have gone out of existence. They also run passenger services and man the station in which the entrance hall has been turned into a souvenir stall and bookshop, at which books concerning the whole history of the British railway can be purchased. Selling these and running trips up and down the line are two of the main ways by which the Trust raises money to continue its work. Some of the coaches on view have interesting names such as Anne and Betty, and one locomotive of particular interest is 954 which was the engine used in making the film "The Railway Children" and the line was also used in the making of the television programme "The Flaxton Boys". Haworth is the centre of the Bronte Country and apart from the railway museum there is also the vicarage in which the Brontes lived, and some nice countryside to picnic in.

J. Slack, First Year

BEHIND THE SCENES

I have been appearing with my dancing partner in the programme 'Come Dancing' on television. Although the programme seems very short and each person has a limited time on screen, there is a great deal of hard work which goes on behind the scenes. Even before the programme ever begins each competitor is having dancing lessons to have his routine set out to the time given by the producer, and then hours of practice are needed to perfect these routines before viewing time.

On the day of the event we have about ten or twelve hours of travelling to the place and back home again which makes it all very tiring. For the first programme we only had to travel to Bradford, but since then it has been to Glasgow, Pearly, and then to the centre of London for the final. Our rehearsing commences at 3 o'clock and we are working through the programme right up to recording time at 9.15 p.m. The first thing we have is a Band Call, where both the band and the couples meet to discuss and set the music. Later there are two more rehearsals until finally we have a dress rehearsal around 8 o'clock.

This last rehearsal is exactly like the real thing as the cameras are being tested and the public are present in the ballroom. At this stage the programme is timed and the adjudicators see us dance for the first time. We then have about fifteen minutes break before we record the actual thing for television. It is a great sensation when the lights are full on you and the crowd are cheering, and if you felt any nerves before they certainly disappear. This really makes one realise how much hard work is put in to prepare a thirty-minute programme for television and our viewing.

Lorraine Chafer, Fifth Year

'CHESS' WITH A THOUSAND PIECES

Imagine yourself as an officer in command of a company of infantry in World War II. You are going down a peaceful country lane when suddenly you spot the long barrelled gun of a Tiger Tank coming round a bend. The tank opens fire on you and your men. You order everyone to lie down in the ditches as mortars open up from a nearby hill. Then you see a company of German infantry crossing the field to your right so they can attack you from behind and cut you off from your base and main force.

What would you do then?

This is the fascination of Wargaming. It enables you to answer the above question and millions more like it.

You can be a second Napoleon and change history by winning the battle of Waterloo or show that Hannibal really could cross the Alps and make the Romans quaver in their "sandals". Often called "chess" with a thousand pieces, wargaming can be as simple as draughts or twice as complex as any other game.

The best figures to start with are the 20-25 millimetre Airfix figures. Old pieces of wood rounded and put on top of each other will do for hills, and trees can be bought or made quite easily. You will also need a table as you can get terrible back aches bending down to the floor.

You must decide on how far each figure can move and the best way to do this is by reading books by the experts. Reading these books helps a great deal as they are very interesting and full of information.

From a very simple beginning you can gain experience, control vast armies on vast tables, and formulate your own rules. It is a very interesting hobby which can be very cheap or very expensive. The scope is limitless.

Philip Walker, First Year



NO ORDINARY INCIDENT

DOLLYBIRD

My parents first noticed that there was something wrong with me when, at the age of eight years, I began to complain of an uncomfortable feeling in the middle of my back. The doctor, who could find nothing wrong with me, sent me to a specialist who was just as puzzled.

Just imagine how I felt when one morning I awoke to find soft feathers sprouting out of my back. And each new day as I awoke, I had gained a few until I had a small pair of wings like a 'mini-angel'. I soon discovered that these wings had special powers. Surprise, surprise! I could fly! It was very useful. If I saw my mother bearing down on me I could unfold my wings and make a quick getaway, soaring high into the air.

As the wings grew, and the problem became more and more embarrassing, my parents tried to prevent me from going out. Nothing doing! Who else, save the angel Gabriel, could boast of a pair of wings? I shall never forget the astonished look on my friends' faces when I first flew before them. I waited until a big gust of wind came, then I flapped my wings and, with a giant leap, shot into the air. Gliding along with the breeze I looked down at my friends. They looked like ants darting about in the small field and the houses nearby seemed no bigger than boxes. The birds perched on the trees flew away when they saw me. Watch it, feathered friends, the Godfather of the bird world has come to rule now!

As the months went by I began to entertain people in the High Street by swooping down on the Saturday shoppers. As we lived in a seaside resort you can imagine the tourists I drew to the place. For example, there were showmen who wanted to display me in their travelling fairs, and the occasional fat, greasy, untidy, cigar-smoking, camera-clicking, drawling American with his outbursts of "Gee baby, what a swell sight you'd be for the folks back home in L.A.!" There were offers from the local lifeguards to act as a sea-patrol, flying above the water and looking for distress signals. I agreed to do this as it seemed to be a useful service. And so I would spend many a peaceful afternoon skimming across the water or making friends with the seagulls. And on windy, stormy days I would battle with the wind and the spray would splatter onto my face. The seagulls shrieked and cried as they preferred calmer conditions. Myself, I liked the stormy weather. It was a lovely feeling to be blown along by the wind and to smell the salty sea beneath me. My mother was not so thrilled. She would wait anxiously at home, sitting beside the telephone. If it rang she would immediately assume that I had been drowned at sea or pecked to death by the seagulls. I often told her not to worry, but my words went in one ear and out of the other.

My story could be never-ending. I could tell you about the film parts I have been offered, about the research into my wings, and about the time I was offered to write a regular column for the "Sun". Ah well, the things we strange people have to put up with ! But you must excuse me now — It's time for my evening glide.

Jayne Sherwood, Fourth Year

THE PHANTOM EXPRESS

A tiny sound, a glimpse of light.
The trainspotter glances round,
The light was at green.
Nightfall was driving back the sun,
Light was fading, fading fast.
He strained his eyes through the murk,
Eager for the train to pass.

A soft rattle of carriages,
The hooter muffled in the distance
Then flying, gliding down the track,
Stern and aloof, yet proud and mighty.
A warship diesel pulling passenger,
Powerful, great and strong,
But something odd, something wrong.

Warships were scrapped, all but one,
Could this be it, the young lad pondered.
As it passed he peered into the windows,
No driver, no passengers, the whole train empty.
Then far, far into the distance sped the ghoulish train.
And then it was gone, the phantom express,
And never seen again.

Stuart Massey, First Year

TEX NOAH

Tex Noah strode into the Jerusalem Jewpen Saloon. A gap cleared at the bar as he reached it and the barman poured his goatsmilk with a shaking hand. A voice came from the street outside, silencing the jingling piano and general hubbub.

“Noah, ah’s a-calling you out!”

Noah knew that voice; it was the man who had been his sidekick for many years — Black Bart Godd.

He finished his drink and disappeared through the swing doors; a crowd of men hustled to the door for a view of the confrontation. Godd stood at the far end of the street with the hot sun on his back. He was long, lean and mean, and had a stubble on his chin due to several million years without a shave.

“Ah’ve been a long time looking for you, Noah!”

“Yeah!”

Noah was nervous. Before him stood the man who had driven Dusty Adam out of Eden city, and along with deputy Sam Son wiped out a band of marauding Philistines. So now Godd had come to clean up Jerusalem, and he was starting with Noah. Noah’s hand hit leather, but before his sling had cleared its holster a thunderbolt snatched it from his grasp. He looked up the street towards his adversary.

“Never fail do you Godd?”

“Ah guess somebody up there likes me!”

“So what happens now?”

"Let's talk. Come on. I'll buy you a drink."

"You sure do work in mysterious ways."

The two men went into the saloon and sat at a table in the corner. Godd began explaining why he had granted Noah his life. He was planning a job — a big job. He was going to clean up the whole of Palestine with one operation. This was the job that was going to make Godd notorious. His plan was to rustle as many cattle as he could from the surrounding prairies and load them onto a boat, then wait for the rainy season.

"There's gonna be a flood this season, Noah, but we'll be safe in the boat with our cows, then when the flood subsides we'll be made."

"But how do you know that there's going to be a flood?"

"I told you somebody up there likes me — I've got a friend in a meteorological satellite."

It would be Noah's job to build the boat.

Barry Thewsey, Lower Sixth

MOON MAD

Saw the Moon-man
He was smilin' at you —
Better be careful —
He's nothin' better to do.
Woke in the dawn
It was half-past four —
He was still lookin'
In at the door.
Mid-day, went ridin',
He was there in my mind
Couldn't stop seein'
Strange what you find.
Moon-man is callin' —
Callin' your name,
You'd better not answer;
It is no game.
The day your brother
Played in the wood
Was the Moon-man
Who turned him from good.
People all said
Your brother was bad —
They didn't know
He was only Moon-mad.

Lesley Walters, Lower Sixth

INFERNO

For five weeks the mighty spirits of the mountain battled furiously, and with much violence. Each evening the men of the island carried most of the day's food supply up the gently rising slopes. Halting as close as they could to the steaming liquid earth in the shallow crater at the summit they cast the precious fruit and small delicacies down in sacrifice. The women danced and knelt in prayer to implore the spirits to restore peace to the island. On the night of the fifth day in the fifth week the witch doctor revealed that the spirits in their uniathomable wisdom had decided to destroy the island.

One of the most often repeated tales of the old women was that the islanders had come from another place which the spirits had destroyed with fire and which was now submerged under the sea. Before it had been thought of as being merely the idle fancies of the old, but now no-one was quite so sure. The small vessels of the fishing fleet were not sufficient to carry everyone, so new boats had to be made. As the days went on the roars which shook the island to its very foundations became more and more violent. At the time of the tenth sunset from when the priest had given his order the boats and their passengers put out from the bay, packed with food and fresh water. Sea, sky and land were all given the red hue of the setting sun. All eyes were drawn back to the island as a low booming crash was heard. Huge columns of black smoke swirled up to the heavens and the mountain spat flames and molten rock as if releasing its pent-up fury after simmering for a hundred generations. The horizon blazed in a mixture of crimson and yellow light. The sea threshed and boiled fiercely. The noise rose to a deafening, terrifying crescendo as a deep crevice formed in the mountain and the sea rushed in. The priest took one long, last look and then turned his back on the slowly sinking island.

Andrew Booth, Fourth Year



AGE AND PARTING

REALISATION

Now he was gone but she could not cry. She felt no emotion, no grief, no pain. She felt nothing, yet she had lost the one thing that was most precious to her. As her mind wandered into the past she recalled how they had met and how they had spent the past year together in perfect harmony. These were the times when they eagerly looked towards the future, planning their lives together, yet, she thought what would the future hold now ? The nights would be the hardest to overcome. The days, perhaps, she could drift through, if not happily, then at least without thought, but the nights which held so many memories for her, would pass grudgingly bringing with them all details of her past as her memory was stirred.

But she could never allow these memories to disappear for these brief happinesses, without blemish made up part of her life and to forget them would be to eliminate a good deal of her past. Whether her past be bitter or sweet it formed the matrix of what was most dear to her; human life.

The girl carried on her business living from day to day and enduring the endless nights. Keeping herself apart, she knew what loneliness really was! Her mind was an island, and it seemed as if she would continue to remain in this state of spiritual solitude, until one morning she awoke early and felt it necessary to go out, away from the confinement of her own small room, and into the freedom of the hills. It was very early and the sun was not up, yet she could feel its presence in her very bones. Even the air felt, somehow, different. Looking over the past few weeks she realised how empty her life had become and how she had, in defiance of herself, allowed this emptiness to prevail. She saw clearly that her life had been one drowned in sorrow and self-pity. As she felt the freshness of the wind upon her cheeks, she also felt within her an astonishing realisation that life, being very closely related to death, would continue after it and in spite of it. Seeing the dominating power of life around her, she also saw the birth of her own soul and from the prison of her mind she passed to the freedom of her spirit. As she saw the sun slowly rising to begin the new day, the stifled feeling within left her, and at last she wept.

Claire Williams, Upper Sixth

DEATH OF AN OLD LADY

She lay, quite still, an empty shell,
No-one came to see her.
They said they would
But little Freddy needed a new coat,
And Sunday was the Church bazaar,
They'd come next week.
They said they would,
But no-one came.

She lay waiting,
Waiting for the door to bang,
And the children's footsteps

Rushing up to her room,
And a cheerful smile,
And a bunch of daffodils
And a little knitted donkey from Sally,
But no-one came.

Only the soft miaow of the old grey cat
Curled, pitifully, around her crippled legs
Broke the eternal silence that she had
Endured throughout old age.
And now she had gone.
She was tired of waiting,
Waiting, and watching, wasting,
And throughout that time,
Nobody came.

Allyson Meikle, Fifth Form

OAKWOOD HOUSE

During our week of Voluntary Service at Oakwood, gentle, uncomplaining Old Tom became weaker and weaker and more and more mentally confused. He would sit hunched up, motionless, resting his weary head on his long emaciated arms. During mealtimes, however, he was unable to sit still for two minutes together and kept wandering away to attend to some urgent business of thirty years before. Every time the old man groped his way around the tables, the staff patiently persuaded him to have his meal — often a cup of Complan which took him about an hour to consume.

He died on the Saturday.

In a way I was glad that Old Tom had slipped away from the world of useless, painful limbs, faulty hearing-aid batteries, and the humiliation of slow, dulled senses.

At the same time it saddened me to think that the faded photographs of his wife would be removed, and the following week someone else would be using his bedroom, his striped tea beaker and sitting in his favourite chair overlooking the flower-beds.

Jane Smethurst, Lower Sixth

A MERCIFUL END

The blue eyes, bright and shining,
Seeing scenes from the past in a rosy hue;
Wrinkled face, soft and gentle,
Surrounded by memories, sad or happy; slightly ironic
Mouth surrounded by laughter lines —
A face that lights up as she sees
Her daughter and grandchild,
Daily visitors,

Living replicas of her beloved Fred.
A woman who has given so much love,
And accepted so much in return;
Often helping her friends and always laughing —
Euthanasia — Right or Wrong?

The old eyes, yellowed, shrunken in their sockets,
Seeing the past through a bitter lens;
Weathered face — broken body racked with pain;
Bony gums, teeth dropped out through neglect.
Face that lights up only when it sees a bottle of meths.
He cares for no-one, no-one ever cared for him.
Wished he was dead, more often than not,
Sleeps in alleyways.
Nobody wants him. Thieved and lied his way through life.
When meths killed him, who'll buy him a gravestone?
Unwanted, unloved —
Euthanasia — Right or Wrong?

Gillian Dickinson, Fourth Year

DON'T KEEP YOUR DISTANCE

As I sat on a park bench one sunny afternoon my thoughts were those of happiness and gratitude for the pleasures in life, until I saw the old man. He was walking slowly forward and appeared quite suddenly as though from nowhere, at least I had not noticed him before. However, there seemed something quite distinctive about him. He was an ordinary old man, lined face, grey hair enfolding his temples, but then I saw them — his eyes. They were the saddest, loneliest eyes that I have ever seen, and brilliantly blue. Instantly I started to wonder how many lonely, unhappy people there were in the world and where they were.

The old man gradually neared me and as he did I saw uncertainty cross his face before he stretched his shaking hand to support his trembling body until he was seated. Then he smiled, only faintly, but in friendship and that one smile portrayed his feelings, which were encased inside him. How long was it since someone last told him that they cared for him and he was not forgotten? Long enough, I concluded, for him to have lost his confidence in himself and become alienated from life. Whose fault was it that he was unhappy and lost? Was it not mine and the people further away in the park, in fact everyone's fault? I began to talk to him on some impulsive urge to discover the cause of his sadness and found that he spoke with great understanding and tenderness. He told me that four years previously his wife had died and since then no-one whom he knew had been to visit him, but he did not bear malice, for he said "But I can understand, I am just an old man." 'Just an old man', that was what I had thought on first seeing him, but now I knew he was not, he was a human being needing love.

As our conversation continued I felt sad and at the same time as though I was just beginning to learn about the world as it really was, cruel and unjust, and I was appreciative of the old man for making me realise it. Some of the sorrow melted from his eyes and a little happiness took its place. When we parted the old man thanked me, as though it was an answer to a prayer, and his departure seemed to mark the end of something. I never saw him again.

Julie Dyson, Lower Sixth

A PLEA

Lord I'm so tired, please lay me to rest,
then they may fight over my bequest.
I have laboured more than my three score years and ten
and I'm so tired. When will you take me, Lord, O when?

They're coming. Lord in their crisp white coats,
to take me away. Lord, to take me away,
just to try and keep my heart beating for another day.

Tell them. Lord, tell them, I can't make them understand,
that I want so dearly to go to the promised land.
I'm so old and feeble now. I've given of my best,
and I'm so tired, Lord, O Lord, please lay me to my rest.

Diane Powell, Fifth Year

MIXED FEELINGS

She sat there in the dirty wooden chair. A fly brushed against her blood-shot cheek, but her hand was too slow to be of any use in hitting it away. Her beady eyes shifted and rolled until they met mine. Her face showed an indifferent expression although I could tell she felt uncomfortable at my continuous staring.

She gave an annoying little grunt and continued with her knitting. I watched her intently.

Her bent and raw fingers trembled and dithered. The bones were rounded and swelled at the joints and I could almost hear them creak.

Her arms were thin and curved outwards from her knobbly elbows. Her skin was old and tough like a camel's tongue.

Her small lifeless head was wizened and wrinkled, almost bald except for her thin grey, powder-like hair.

I was moved to pity, but at the same time my heart was filled with contempt at this picture of senility.

Elaine Sharp, Fourth Year

MORNING

A tempest swept the brow she fanned;
She sat, unwilling, by his side
And heard his breath and held his hand
In hers the quiet night he died.

The morning came, she held the door
For those who come and take the dead.
Then, left behind, she swept the floor
And washed her hands and made the bed.

She sighed and lay where he had slept,
And when the clock struck noon, she rose
To light the stove, but then she wept
To give away his useless clothes.

Dianne Speed, Lower Sixth

BY THE GRAVE

Six square inches of dust,
A concrete slab, gold lettering,
As bright as a new pin now,
But soon to be as tarnished
As life will always be,
“Is that all, oh, is that all?”
My heart cries to my mind
“That is left of sixty-six
Years of scrimping to save,
Making do, or doing without.
Survived two wars, only to die
A slow, slipping, sickening death
Amid kin who yearn for you,
Laughed with you, cried with you,
But, as yet, have not died with you.
Our hearts were taken from us
When your body departed this world
Too wearied to fight any more.”

Ann Hirst, Fifth Year

LOFTHOUSE

Entombed in black, filthy sludge. So near to safety, and yet so far. Human moles that can be replaced. We are proud of our automated, civilised world. Yet we still have mines. We send men into deep, black, soul-searching tunnels. To dig and cut, to sweat and toil. Like animals.

Death lurks in the shiny black diamonds. It lurks in the roof of the caverns of coal. Death is in the coal dust, clinging to face and chest. Death is in the unseen danger round every corner. Death is down there, seeking whom it may devour. Man is so small, so defenceless against it.

Life is down there. Life in the form of coal, for heat, for power. For our homes, for our factories. The miners sacrifice life to gain life for others. Saviours of mankind — by their lives laid down for us. The salt of the earth — the earth has reclaimed them for its own. They took life from the earth. Earth has taken it back.

Susan Pygott, Lower Sixth

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Report on Brian's first year with National Westminster

Brian joined us straight from school with 4 'O' levels. What decided him to go NatWest was the interview, "They talked my language" he says. Brian admits that his first fortnight was quite an eye-opener. "From being fairly senior at school I was suddenly the most junior person in the place". And the intricacies of bank procedures took a little time to fathom. But a talk with his sub-manager soon reassured him that he was appreciated.

Brian is now number 2 in the Accounting Section at his large branch. He has also attended a special three-week course in London. Brian has benefited from National Westminster's general upscaling in salaries. And has collected a merit rise, and birthday increase into the bargain.



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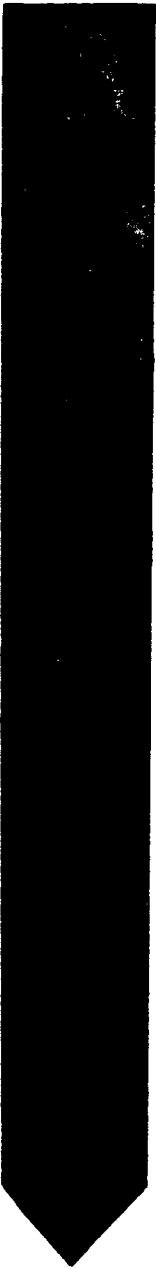
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Bob Vineer joined us straight from school, when he was 18.

"I'd just taken my GCE's", he says, "I wanted a job that offered security *and* the chance to get ahead, so I chose the Midland.

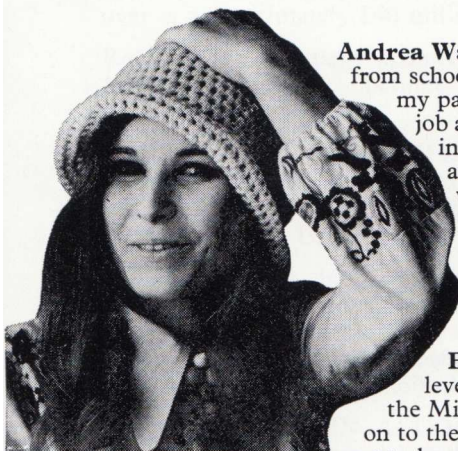
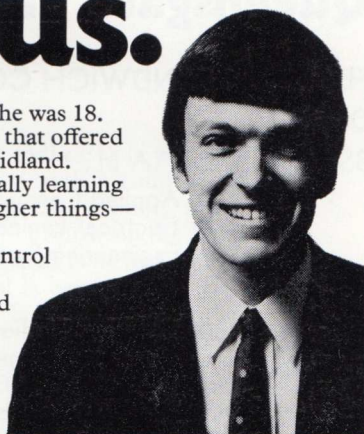
"My work there began as a junior clerk, you know, generally learning the business. But after four months, I moved on to higher things—as a cashier.

"After a while at that, 18 months or so, I did a spell on control work.

"Now, at 21, I'm working in the branch's foreign and securities section.

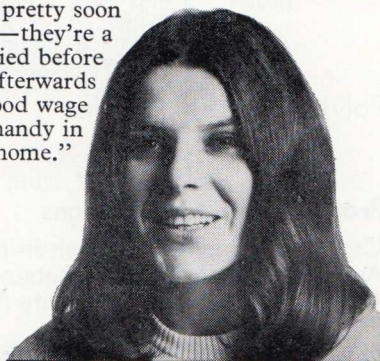
"What do I like about my job? Oh, the variety, meeting people—the money's good as well.

"My prospects? I hope to be in management within ten years, but that depends on me."



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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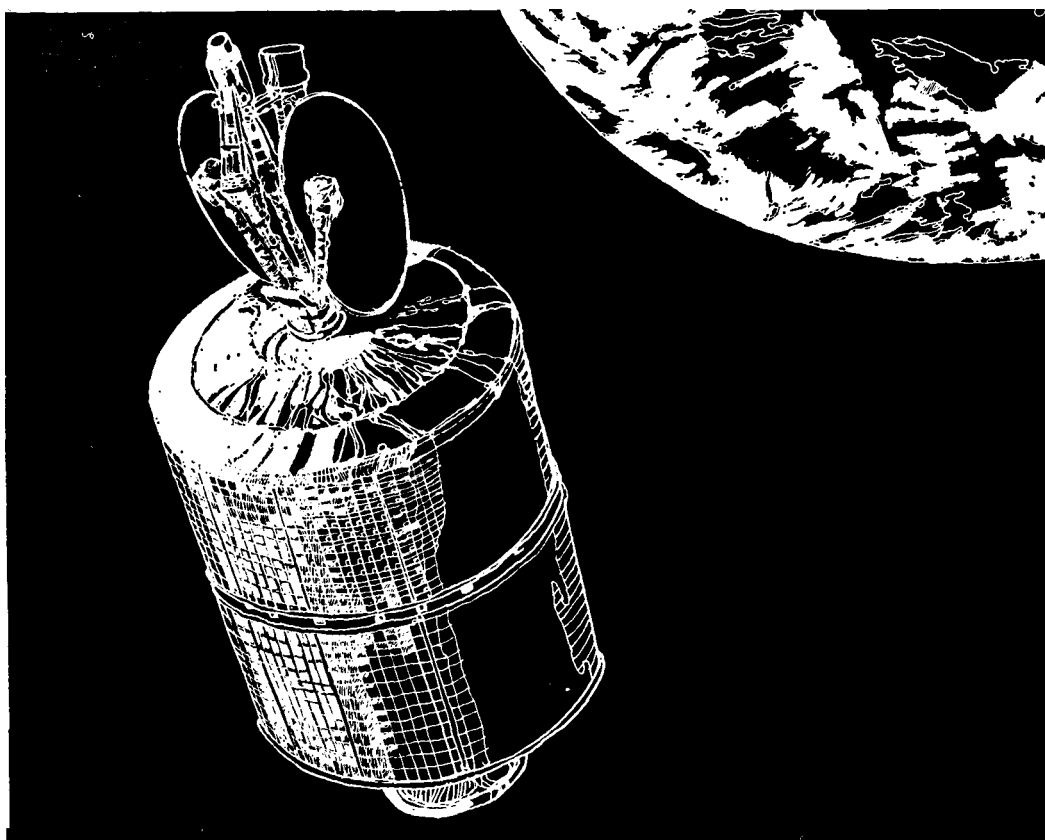
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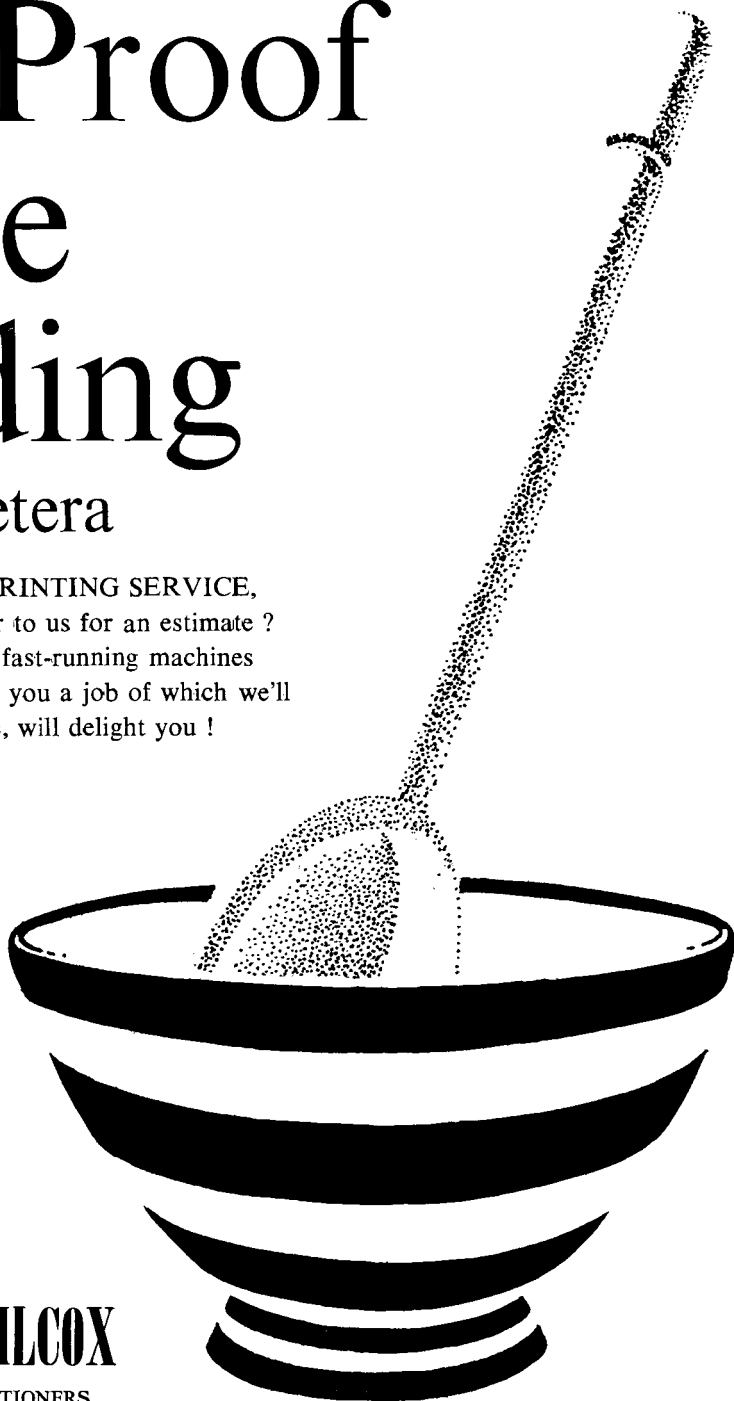
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THE ACADEMIC YEAR 1972-1973

Last year fifty-eight of our Sixth Form students went on to degree or teacher-training courses in Universities, Polytechnics, or Colleges of Education. The remainder chose a wide variety of careers—in the Civil Service, Hotel and Catering Management, Civil Engineering, Insurance, trainee management with Marks and Spencers and other firms. Town and Country Planning, Banking, the Post Office, the Police Force (in this case, one intrepid girl, Lynne Ibbotson), and the Hospital service. Two girls are training as radiographers: Ann Gamble at Leeds General Infirmary, and Pauline Divine at Cookridge Hospital. Geoffrey Thrall is a trainee Physiotherapist at Bradford Royal Infirmary, and Jean Dolby-Glover gained a place in the Physiotherapy training school at R.A.F. Aylesbury. Our best wishes go with them all in the various spheres they have chosen, and we thank them for the interest and enthusiasm with which they pass on information and advice concerning choice of careers to pupils still in the School, and for the friendly welcome they give to Sixth Formers attending for interviews at their establishments.

In our last magazine we congratulated Andrew Kearsley on winning a Freston Scholarship to University College, Oxford, and Keith Marsh on securing a place at Hertford College, Oxford. We now add our congratulations to them both on gaining impressive 'A' Level results. Although it is not our practice to give details of individual achievements, we feel that Andrew's result of five Grade A passes (in Maths, Further Maths, Physics, Chemistry and General Studies, with Grade 1 in the Physics and Chemistry Scholarship papers) provides a splendid incentive to his successors, and warrants our break with tradition.

This year, we are pleased to record the success of Richard Levitt in gaining a place to read Classics at University College, Oxford.

Diane Pattison, the Head Girl of the Upper School last year, won the Governor's Leaving Exhibition for Girls, and is now reading for a combined Chemistry and Maths degree at Newcastle University. For the boys, Governors' Leaving Exhibitions were awarded to Andrew Kearsley (an honorary award) and Stephen Teece, who also achieved five excellent 'A' Level grades.

The Head Boy of the Upper School, Stephen Auty, has gone on to read Physics at Imperial College, London. Lynn Downing, Head Girl of the Lower School, is reading History at Manchester, and Geoffrey Strangwood, Head Boy of the Lower School, is training in Physical Education at West Midlands.

The group of mathematicians and scientists, including Andrew, Diane and Stephen, who studied five 'A' Level subjects last year, did notably well, each achieving passes in all five subjects, with two, three, or four A grades. Stephen Teece has proceeded to Birmingham to read Physics, and Nigel Womack has joined Gary Brear and Stephen Clarke to read Medicine at Guy's, London. Lesley Fitton returned to school for a profitable third year, and has obtained a place at Newcastle to read Chemistry. We are pleased to hear that Chris Allen, who left School last year, has also gained a place at Guy's to study Dentistry. Of the other Sixth Form scientists, Robert Hammond has gone to read Science at Salford, Graham Pearson is studying Chemistry at Sheffield, David Wales and Martin Longbottom are reading Biology at Trent and Wolverhampton

respectively, and Ian Sinclair has crossed the border to Strathclyde to follow a degree course in Applied Chemistry.

It seems appropriate in the year of entry into the Common Market that many of our Sixth Form girls have embarked upon degree courses in French: Briony Burdon, at Manchester; Marilyn Rose at Newcastle; Marilyn Dean at Liverpool; Kathryn Garner at Birmingham, and Eileen Smith at Hull. Anne Westwood is reading for a degree in Applied Languages at Newcastle Polytechnic.

Since competition for places to read English and History at the Universities remains keen, we were pleased that students who accepted the challenge achieved good results, and obtained admission to the courses they selected: Helen Tippey (English at Newcastle); Louise Poulson (English at Aberystwyth); Gillian Harris (English and American Literature at Sussex); Lynn Downing (History at Manchester); Alan Bell (Arts General at Newcastle), and Lynda Barratt (Combined History and Maths at Birmingham). Patricia Hattersley, who also obtained high grades in these subjects, chose to read for a Social Science degree at York University, and Angela Woolhouse to study Sociology at Birmingham Polytechnic.

It is the first time that three of our students have gained admission in the same year to the University of Kent—Robert James to read Law, Nigel Ramsbottom to read Computer Maths, and Nigel Dedross to read Chemistry with Control Engineering. We look to this Canterbury trio to forge a new and increasingly strong link between Normanton and Kent University.

Economics and Business Studies remain popular choices for our young men. Students who did well in this sphere include Stephen Poole, who is taking a degree course in Business Studies at Salford; Marko Krilic, reading Economics at Bath; Stephen Wise, studying Economics at Birmingham Polytechnic; and Nicholas Ballard, following a joint degree course in Economics and Geography at Cambridgeshire College of Technology. Stephen Powers was offered places at five universities, and achieved qualifying grades, but decided to accept a position with an insurance company in London.

One of our most successful Geology students, Dennis Allchurch, is following a Geology degree course at Newcastle University. He will be joined shortly by Philip Garner, also to read Geology. Before commencing his course, Philip hopes to gain valuable experience as a member of the group going with the Yorkshire Expedition Society to the Norwegian ice-cap. John Dyson is reading for a Classics degree at Manchester University.

Marcel Guillou, whose articles and contributions made a lively contribution to previous issues of this magazine, is studying Art in Manchester. Stephen Kirk is at the Joseph Kramer College of Art in Leeds.

Finally, in the current Upper Sixth, the Freston Scholarships of Richard Levitt, Melanie Newbould, Sheila Davison, Stephen McNicholas, Lesley Maddox, David Walsh, David Dobson, Margaret Wilkinson, Julie Roberts, Graham Spencer, Alan Woolley and Stuart Allatt were continued. In the Lower Sixth, Scholarships were awarded to Anthony Barker, Keith Jones, Keith Marshall, Barry Thewsey, Alan Whalley, Jane Arandle, Rosemarie Davies, Debbie Dinsdale, Judith Fisher, Susan Pygott and Susan Winterburn. Travel Bursaries have been awarded by the Governors to Richard Levitt, Elaine Kellett, and Lesley Maddox.

SCHOOL OCCASIONS

GENERAL AND PARTICULAR

In his Address on Founders Day 1972, the Rev. Ronald Ayres, Minister of Normanton Baptist Church, identified two forces which operate simultaneously on every human being. He called them the General, and the Particular, and continued :

By the General I mean the political movements, the cultural atmosphere, the technical innovations, the problems peculiar to that generation, the Spirit of the Age, the current revolution (for there is always a revolution going on). These things help to shape us: we are children of our times. Eventually they will be written into the History books. We study events in retrospect, and sometimes say "Why couldn't people see what was going on? How could they allow Hitler to come to power? How could the mine owners be so cruel? Why was the Russian Revolution not avoided, since the pressures that led to it were so obvious?" But how much that is equally "obvious" are we failing to recognise and respond to in the world around us now?

Our times shape us, and often unwittingly, unwillingly, in ignorance, we shape our times. We have to receive the problems, the social climate, the benefits and pressures, of our own world. This is the General.

It is daunting and often depressing. We cannot ignore it, but we find it hard to influence it. It poses problems that we cannot answer—or, if we have answers, we cannot put them into practice. We therefore leave many of the issues to those strong enough to become politicians. But they are not gods, only fellow members of a floundering humanity. We take little heed of the artists who take the pulse of the world, and we read God into the places where we want to read Him—often as a Father to comfort us when we are hurt, and to blame when we are puzzled.

Then there is the Particular. By that I mean every individual's life and living. We are at the same time part of the General, and apart from it. We have our own lives to lead within the context of the grand historical movements, lives concerned with our own personality, with the question "Who am I?" Because we are alive, we change, we are involved in work, we seek happiness, we are immersed in relationships with family, with friends, and in marriage, the question takes a lifetime to answer.

The Particular is concerned with self-fulfilment, finding a place in the community, loving and being loved, overcoming weakness and bearing hurt. It is moving and complicated, laughable and tragic, significant and trivial, expressed and unspoken. Human existence is both lonely and crowded—an attempt to live deeply while walking in the shallows. We search for reality amongst things which often prove insubstantial, and all the time we grow older, and know more urgently that we have not got forever in which to work things out, to explore, to create, to be "surprised by joy"—and to clear up the mess.

In a noisy world it is essential to find the things of true worth, to be still in the bustle, like Elijah on the mountain, hearing the still small voice. It is a marvellous world. It is marvellous to be alive. The marvel is clouded by many issues. It is up to us to seek the Truth about it, remembering that we belong to the world, not the world to us. There is a mystery in the Truth, which makes it more wonderful. It is not a book which gathers dust; it is a wind that blows. The Truth is not far. It is near you and in you.

Here is a piece of Truth which haunts me—some words of Jesus:

“Whoever would save his life will lose it, and whoever loses his life for my sake, will find it. For what will it profit a man if he gains the whole world and forfeits his life? Or what will a man give in return for his life?”

A PLAIN MAN'S FAITH

The Address given by Mr. George Hardwick on October 17th, 1972 in the last week of his service to the School.

In my short talk I want to say something of what has been the driving force in my life, without which I know I would have been a poorer member of the community, a poorer workman, an unreliable friend and a less happy man ; my Faith.

Faith is something I have had in varying degrees since my earliest years. As a lad at Sunday School I learnt something of Jesus the Son of God, and it stayed and grew within me as the years went by. I owe much to the many good men and women who came and went in my life but whose influence remained at work within me.

Like many others, as I grew older I began to question the reality of Jesus. I left Sunday School — you know, too big to go, kid's stuff, all that — but I was not happy; I felt there was something missing in my life. Habits, good or bad, are never easily broken, and soon I was back in the church, but not the same one. Thus I came under the influence of a Minister whose forceful character and good preaching made me realise that the Christian church was my rightful home and Jesus Christ my Saviour.

But there were many questions yet. I did not want a blind faith. I needed something real, something and someone to stand by me in good times and in bad. Someone made as we are, who had to struggle just as we do, and who overcame all to become an example and Saviour.

What I am going to say will not go well with some theologians. While fully accepting Christ as the Son of God, I firmly believe that when He came to this earth. He came with no powers other than those we have. If He had had a supernatural power denied to us, then His overcoming of the temptations, His life, His matchless savings, His death on the cross, would not mean much to me.

But I believe God the Father sent Him with no superhuman power; with only the right to call to His Father in earnest prayer for help just as all human beings can. So I am sure Jesus came as one of us; that He knew the helplessness of babyhood, the joys and sorrows of life, the love of friends and the hatred of enemies, and that when He died He felt the cruel death just as you or I would do. Otherwise He could not have been the Saviour that He has been to me.

How then did He live such a life and die such a death? It was His prayer-life that made it possible. The gospels abound in instances where Jesus spent much time in quiet places away from His fellows, with God in prayer. Here I think you have the secret of His matchless life—not seeking power from the crowds around Him, but drawing strength from communion in prayer with God the Father.

In life Jesus' influence was restricted to a few square miles of land; just as far as He could walk. Now through His spirit He is a world-wide force. Through Him ordinary folk can do extraordinary things. That has been true down the ages. My life — your life — is not like His because our prayer-life is not like His. It is as simple as that. But He has not left us in our weakness. We are part human, part divine. My Faith knows Him as our great example whose spirit helps us to follow Him and find the divine spark in ourselves. Didn't He himself say: “Greater things than I do shall ye do if you only believe”.

IOLANTHE

This review of the school's production of 'Iolanthe' is reproduced by kind permission of the Editor of 'The Wakefield Express'.

STARS SHOULD TAKE DESERVED BOWS

Really, I suppose, it's a bit presumptuous to rehearse curtain calls, but I think the players in Normanton Grammar School's current production of Iolanthe' might be wise to do so.

Because, much though I know the school believes in subordinating the individual to the team, and much though the whole cast of the show does a good job, the production does have its stars, and it would be only right for the audience to have the opportunity of expressing its appreciation of them.

On the first night, on Wednesday, the first two curtain calls were taken by everyone in the line, and, in the third, some of the principals stepped briefly forward, then, equally quickly, back into line again.

Really, the main star should have come forward on the second call, to take his bow and then have been joined by the other outstanding players.

How would I have rated them for this?

Just brilliant

Like — by their applause — everyone else, I would have put the young Quintin Hogg, alias Martin Lawson, first.

In the part of the Lord Chancellor, he was nothing short of brilliant.



'When next your Houses do assemble.
You may tremble'.
Fairy's foul!



'Iolanthe ! thou livest ?'
Fair immortal !

Particularly, I was impressed with the way in which a mere 18-year-old could so convincingly portray pompous late middle age—and when I later learned that he was only 15, my admiration was unbounded.

Time and again he took encores — and every one of them was thoroughly deserved.

Probably his finest moment was during the trio “Only the brave deserve the fair”. Where David Lockwood and Alan Whalley, as the Earls of Mountararat and Tolloller respectively, did well, he did superbly. Where they gestured while singing, he wholeheartedly acted his way through the song.

In everything, from eccentric accent to the muscular pseudoabandon of age, he observed every nuance of the part. Yet he did this without once “hogging” the stage.

Nor was his acting his only forte.

Excellent hero

In the insomniac aria, earlier, he had shown that he is no mean singer, either. As in nearly every other operetta for which W. S. Gilbert wrote the lyrics, “Iolanthe” has one fast tongue-twister of a baritone number that is designed for a really first-class singer, and this was it.

Only once did Martin falter and, since that was during his second encore, it was hardly surprising.

Back though, to the curtain calls. Who should have come forward after the Lord Chancellor?

I would say Stephen McNicholas, Helen Carrington, Diane Taylor and Jacqueline Wood.

In the part of the hero, Strephon, Stephen McNicholas was excellent. From

his first appearance, early in the play, he hit exactly the right note. His comedy was excellent, his singing was good and — despite the unlikelihood of being a fairy down to the waist and having mortal legs — he was completely believable.

Helen Carrington, as the Queen of the Fairies, was fascinating in the way she blended her obvious innocent youth — bordering on naivete, with unmistakable authority.

This was most noticeable towards the end of the first scene when, during a chorus number, she and Stephen had to stand, for several minutes, simply looking out over the audience — a tricky moment which they both handled with absolute aplomb.

This, in a different way, was also Diane Taylor's strength, playing the part of Phyllis, Strephon's fiancee. I liked everything about her performance, particularly its artless coquettishness, but I would particularly applaud her self-confidence on stage.

At one point, the two earls are disputing whom shall enjoy her favours. Through the whole scene, she is up there with them, with no "business" at all.

This is the sort of situation that often taxes even a hard-bitten professional, yet Diane carried it off perfectly, finding exactly the right line between standing about pointlessly and moving to the distraction of the main action.

The last of the top four was Jacqueline Wood, in the name part.

During the early part of the show, I was not too happy with her unshakeable gaiety. Whatever disasters Fate threw at her, she beamed with pleasure — a creditable trait in life, no doubt, but hardly what the part demanded.

Really superb

But in the second half, where she came into more prominence, she gave her role every shade of meaning that was demanded in it and, in the supplication scene between her and the Lord Chancellor, she was really superb.



'We are dainty little fairies'.
Fairy 'nough



'None shall part us from each other'.
Fairy 'nseparable!

Editors' Note : the captions were provided by Mr John D, Hadfield

Through the show, however, her really pleasing personality communicated itself most effectively to the audience.

To speak at such length about the principals, however, is not to denigrate the other members of the cast, but merely to point out how good the principals were.

David Lockwood and Alan Whalley, for instance, had a good sense of comedy as the two rather twittish earls, although David needs to unbend a little in his general stage movement.

And Rosalind Clayton, Gillian Smith and Janet Willox achieved the right blend of frivolity and imperiousness as the Fairy Queen's three main henchwomen.

(In this context, incidentally, praise must also go to Julie Roberts, who stepped from the fairy chorus to sing the "Don't go" lead to the peers.)

In the part of Guardsman (please note, Mr. Programme Compiler, not "Private") Willis, staff member Mr. N. Sherwood had a fine voice and a nice comic touch — but please, please will someone give him a little basic arms drill.

Long locks

As an ex-Marine, I have always known that the Guards are a right shower, but even I have never seen the guardsman who even gets standing at ease, coming to attention and sloping arms so completely wrong.

Also. Guardsman Willis, "get yer 'air cut!" Long locks may be all right for peers of the realm and the like, but no self-respecting drill sergeant would tolerate them for a moment.

Both choruses carried out their jobs admirably, but I do wish the male chorus had been split into tenor and baritone sections, instead of having everyone sing everything, which both looks ridiculous and is distinctly wearing on any singer's voice.

And, while criticising. I'm afraid I can't be very kind about some of the lighting techniques. They blatantly boobed when they forced musical director David Coar to come on in pitch darkness and when they blacked out the first curtain-call and, less obviously, spots were used direct, instead of cross-wise, leading to dark patches on stage during the supplication scene.

So helpful

I can, however, be kind about the excellent orchestra. But then, under the direction of so fine a musician as Mr. Coar, nothing less than excellence is to be expected.

Also I think every member of the audience will join me in paying tribute to the first-class front-of-house staff. From the helpful usherettes, through to programme sellers, to the refreshments team, they all went out of their way to help make it an enjoyable evening. All in all, in Mr. J. D. Hadfield's production, this was a performance well worth a visit.

"Townsmen"

THE ARTS FESTIVAL

THE MUSIC

Adjudicator: R. I. Darke, Esq., B.A., M.Litt., A.R.CO.

(Temple Moor School, Leeds)

Adjudicator's House positions:

4th — Ward

3rd — Dodsworth

2nd — Levett

1st — Freston

Wednesday, 11th April had, at last, arrived! After weeks of careful preparation, the Lower School was about to witness two and a half hours of music-making together with the adjudicator's pronouncements!

The first house to take the stage was Ward. As with all four houses, smartness and speed of movement was the order of the day. The choir sang well in both the Unison song and Two-part song classes even if the top notes were, at times, rather thin. Certainly, Paul Paviour's "Old Zip Coon" was full of sparkle and enthusiasm — for 9.30 in the morning!

The Instrumental solo followed and showed Ann Clarkson to be a most able recorder player. The Vocal Ensemble class contained an ingenious arrangement, by two sixth form students, of "Scarborough Fair". This to me, was one of the highlights of the morning. The two parts were both well balanced and well tuned and the tone was excellent. For the string solo, Richard Marsh performed the Air from "Rinaldo". This contained some good playing, even if, at times, nervousness rather spoilt the intonation. Gillian Sykes, in the Vocal Solo class, gave a competent performance of "The Olive Tree", very well accompanied by David Smith on the guitar and Kimberley Pugh (Pianoforte Solo) showed herself to be a pianist of some promise in her playing of Schumann's "Dreaming". The Final class for Ward was the Instrumental Ensemble. A Minuet and Rigadon by Telemann had been chosen and was executed with both precision and ease by a group of twelve young musicians.

The stage, in the Lower School Hall, was quickly cleared and it was now Dodsworth's turn to perform. For the Unison song class this house had chosen "The Wizard" by Peter Jenkyns. This proved to be a wise decision as both the articulation and rhythmical drive were comfortably maintained throughout. The Two-part, which followed, was not quite so successful, largely due to a poor choice of piece having been made. Ibert's "Entr'acte" was performed by Julie Bradley (flute) in the Instrumental solo class. Dodsworth is indeed fortunate in having this excellent young musician at its disposal. The playing of this demanding work was done with grace and assurance, whilst Stephen McNicholas provided a superb guitar accompaniment. The Vocal Ensemble class brought together six voices, in two parts, singing "All in the April Evening" and this was followed by the String solo class in which Sally Moore, who had stood in at the eleventh hour for Jane Harding, played a Waltz by Carulli. John Fox (Vocal Solo) sang Norman Demuth's "Two Ships" and Kathryn Pearson, in the Pianoforte solo class showed that she is a soloist of some ability in her performance of Paderewsky's Minuet in G. An arrangement of the "Elizabethan Serenade" by Ronald Binge, was well played in the Instrumental Ensemble class and concluded Dodsworth's programme.

After a short break, the Freston House choir began the first of two Unison songs—"Boatman Dance". From the start it was clear that this choir was of a high order. Jacqueline Wood, the conductor, had full control and had trained her singers into developing a well-rounded tone coupled with clear diction. The

performers too, gave the impression of enjoyment in their singing — a point to remember when conducting a choir! The Two-part song, Montague Phillips, “The Owl and the Pussy Cat” was a delight to listen to. The balance between the parts was well maintained, the tone again was good and a lot of effort had been put into observing the dynamics. All in all, a splendid performance! John Parkinson (Trumpet) continued with a lively account of the Prince Imperial Galop, perhaps a trifle too lively for his capabilities as yet. In the Vocal Ensemble class the adjudicator was particularly impressed by both the choice of piece and the standard of performance achieved. Indeed, Benjamin Britten’s “Old Abraham Brown” is far from easy to perform requiring great restraint and control on the parts of both singers and conductor. Freston overcame most of the difficulties with a splendid performance in four vocal parts. Andrew James chose to play for his String solo Carulli’s Waltz and Linda Jackson, for her Vocal solo, gave a poignant rendering of the French Folk song, “Bouquet for Rosemary”. For the Pianoforte solo class Freston is fortunate in having Kathryn Lacey. Her playing of the first movement of Clementi’s “Sonatina in F” was excellent. Rapid finger work together with careful pedalling — pianists take note! — helped to make her performance a sheer pleasure to listen to. Much can be expected from this first-former. For the Instrumental Ensemble class Richard Rogers’ “Lonely Goatherd” was chosen. It is not the simplest thing in the world to balance a group of recorders, trombone, clarinet, triangle and piano, but Jacqueline Wood managed to produce an arrangement, which was both well within the capabilities of the respective performers besides being enjoyable to hear. Thus ended the performance of the winning house.

In deciding the house order of performance, Levett had drawn fourth and so, after listening to the other three houses, their time had now come to present their programme. Edward Elgar’s “It Comes from the Misty Ages” was the Unison song. This was certainly the most difficult choice of song in this particular class and credit must go to their conductor, Alan Whalley, for guiding them through with such success. The tone was firm and the diction good, even if a slight tendency to slacken the pace was noticeable towards the end. The Two-part song chosen was “Who is Sylvia” by Eric Coates. The mood here is one of restraint and refined control with purity of sound and subtle changes in dynamics. Perhaps all of this was not achieved in Levett’s performance, but nevertheless, an excellent attempt was made. In the Instrumental solo class Levett entered Louise Coletta on the piano accordion. This proved to be a most entertaining few minutes, closing with a ‘swaying’ performance of “Santa-Lucia”. The Vocal Ensemble devoted its attention to Frederick Moller’s “Evensong”. Unfortunately, the second part was never really very secure, neither was a good balance between the parts achieved. However, Annette Rogers soon put matters aright with her guitar playing in the next class. Her performance of Diminuendo by Carcassi was excellent, both regarding control and technique. This was followed by the Vocal solo, “Stenka Razin”. Helen Bowerman is the possessor of a true sounding voice and she gave a good account of herself in this class. The last two classes helped greatly to take Levett house into second place. Andrea Barker is a pianist of some potential and in the Pianoforte solo class her playing of Scarlatti’s “Capriccio in G” was of a fine order. Her phrasing was particularly impressive and the only real criticism — was concerning a little blurring with the sustaining pedal. (Pianists again take note!) This led to the final performance of the morning, the Instrumental Ensemble in which Levett’s musicians performed an ingenious arrangement of “O, Susanna”. Fifteen or so players were involved making up an assortment of instruments, including oboes, flute, recorders, guitar, piano accordion and a battery of percussion. The whole effect was one of enjoyment both on the part of the players and audience alike — a fitting end to a most enjoyable morning.

Mr. David J. Coar

THE DRAMA

Levett were first on with "Excursion" and therefore had the task of getting a largely non-dramatic audience interested in the competition. They succeeded admirably in this, and this was largely due to the chosen play. A play about football is always popular and if it has a drunk or two in it — so much the better. "Excursion" had both these plus the added bonus of a toilet roll thrower. Had the prize been given for audience reaction and enjoyment then this play would have won, but the prize was taken by a fine display by Dodsworth.

But Levett can't have been far behind them in second place, because their performance was a tremendous entertainment. The play was swift-moving throughout and all the actors were convincing. Anthony Barker was particularly outstanding as Norman. He managed to talk to the audience and narrate the play while still being part of it. The use of entrances behind and at the side of the audience added variation and the quick and effective scene changes kept the play tumbling along.

The one reason that this play didn't win was that most of the characters were easier to play than the serious ones in later plays. Although all the acting was good, a perfect performance in a football supporters role must come second to a perfect performance in a more ambitious role. Timothy Thomas and Michael Smith were "naturals" as Tom and Arthur, and seemed to enjoy themselves as much as the audience, gaining laughs with almost every line. Rob Davies and Derek Hurst didn't seem to have to work hard in their parts either, they were much the same on stage as they are off (I have been warned not to say the same about Pamela Oakley and Dianne Speed as Doris and Edie).

This play never let the audience lose interest as no characters held the limelight too long. It was well planned, produced and acted and if the overall standard of plays hadn't been so high, might have got the prize it deserved.

It was unfortunate that Freston had to follow this with "Antigone". Perhaps it was unfortunate that Freston had to follow anybody, for in this very high quality group of plays, "Antigone" was the outstanding loser. This is not a slight on the actors, Anne Carrington and Martyn Lawson (surprise, surprise!) were competent as the leading characters, more on the choice of play. This play consisted mainly of an argument between Creon and Antigone, a very hard scene to play. The long speeches and the lack of sharply different characters tended to make the play seem slow and plodding, and the audience began to lose interest. The role of Creon was very difficult as Martyn Lawson had to portray a much older man, and made doubly difficult as he had to show convincing anger. The anger between Creon and Antigone at times brought the pair to the brink of overacting, but they always managed to avoid the trap.

At least this production showed that Freston have the actors. Next year they must get a play to go with them.

And so came the break with Levett odds-on favourites to win, and Freston battling to prevent Ward completing a hat trick of last places.

After the interval came Dodsworth with "No Why". This production was ambitious, but Dodsworth proved themselves true to the challenge. Although the play provided outstanding performances by Stephen McNicholas and Jacqueline Gill, the other actors were by no means overshadowed by them. Ralph Bradley, Lesley Maddox, David Lockwood, and Ann Huxley, all had difficult roles to play. Every character was slightly eccentric and this had to be put over to the audience without losing credibility. Mention must also be made of Stephen Tarpey who, although he never spoke a line, was the focus of the play and therefore couldn't relax his concentration throughout the production. It was this team effort of all round creditable acting that won the competition for "No Why".

But this was backed up by imaginative staging, use of lighting and the effective use of sound effects for one of Henry's speeches. The pace was varied and the plot was intriguing so the audience was never allowed to lose interest.

Add to this, perhaps the best performance of the competition by Stephen McNicholas as Henry, and "No Why" had everything. Henry's changing moods, from sympathetic and pleading to angry and threatening were carried out smoothly and efficiently.

The play finished with a strong scene in which Jake hanged himself. This too was done effectively without permanent injury to Stephen Tarpey and left the audience with a lingering feeling of intrigue and restiveness.

Finally came Ward with "A Dead Liberty". This play had an amusing, interesting plot, but its failing was that it consisted mainly of only two characters. Debbie Dinsdale and Graham Spencer as Flint and Ginny, tried to keep the plot moving and the laughter erupting, and in doing so both rendered noteworthy performances.

But no matter how good the actors are, it is very difficult to keep an audience interested in a play in which they hear the same voices at the same pace throughout. Despite this, though, and mainly through the efforts of Flint and Ginny, the audience were appreciative of most of the humour, and only in brief parts did the play sag a little. These two performances were good enough for many people to believe that this play would beat Dodsworth and Levett, who through performing first were fast being forgotten.

So the adjudicator's comments came, and there was no foregone conclusion because, although Dodsworth's play was magnificent, it by no means overshadowed the productions of Levett and Ward. The adjudicator seemed to have no doubts though, at least he omitted the obligatory remarks of how difficult his choice had been, and awarded the first place to Dodsworth with "No Why". Second were Levett, third Ward, and fourth Freston.

Barry Thewsey, Lower Sixth

1. DODSWORTH — "NO WHY", John Whiting
Henry—Stephen McNicholas; Eleanor—Jacqueline Gill; Amy—Ann Huxley;
Sarah—Lesley Maddox; Max—Ralph Bradley; Gregory—David Lockwood;
Jacob—Stephen Tarpev.
Producers—Stephen McNicholas, Ralph Bradley, Gillian Holmes.
Set and properties—Stuart Allatt, Philip Smith.
2. LEVETT — "EXCURSION", Alan Plater
Norman—Anthony Barker; Tom—Timothy Thomas; Arthur—Michael
Smith; Edie—Dianne Speed; Doris—Pamela Oakley; Terry—Derek Hurst;
Pete—Robert Davies; Sheila—Elaine Sharp; Bernard—Martin Oxley;
Producers—Timothy Booth, Helen Carrington, Richard Levitt.
3. WARD—"A DEAD LIBERTY", Alan Gosling
Flint—Graham Spencer; Ginny—Deborah Dinsdale; Brother—Nigel Cook;
Doctor—Robert Newton;
Producers—Michael Walker, Keith Marshall.
Lighting and sound designed by—Nicholas Lyons
Assisted by—Paul Tomlinson, Russell Davenport.
4. FRESTON — "ANTIGONE" (an extract), Jean Anouilh
Creon—Martin Lawson; Antigone—Anne Carrington; Ismene—Susan
Pygott; 1st Guard—John Kenealy; 2nd Guard—Stephen Clark;
3rd Guard—Peter Kaye; Chorus—Rita Newton; Page—John Schofield.
Produced by—Margaret Clegg; Assisted by Nicholas Hill, Martin Lawson.

DAZZLING DISPLAY OF PIANISM

It is not often that a provincial audience has the opportunity to hear a recital by a young artist of the calibre of Gordon Thompson who, on the last Friday evening before Summer half-term, gave the Freston Foundation pianoforte lecture / recital in the Upper School Hall of Normanton Grammar School. Mr. Thompson is twenty-one years of age (not twenty-two, as stated in the programme), was born and educated in Leeds and studied under Gordon Green at the Royal Manchester College of Music. He has also worked with the well known concert pianist John Ogdon in London and is, at the moment, studying in Paris. To date, he has given recitals both in this country and abroad, and is preparing for two foreign tours besides entering in an International Pianoforte Competition. Thus, something of the pedigree of the musician, whose services Normanton was so fortunate to secure.

From a list of some ten works given in the programme five were chosen, ranging from Schubert to Scriabin. Schubert's A Major Sonata D.664 is a charming lyrical work, written when the composer was twenty-two years of age (not nineteen as stated by Mr. Thompson in his introductory remarks and which, by the way, were generally excellent). Mr. Thompson's approach was one of true romanticism, not everyone's interpretation of Schubert, but one which is quite consistent with this particular sonata. Both his phrasing and pedalling were most finely controlled, and his use of a cantabile touch, to bring well to the fore the melodic line, was superb. If the second movement suffered from a drama within its modulatory passages, the last movement gave full compensation, with a brilliant display of keyboard virtuosity. Immaculate finger control coupled with a refined octave technique made for an excellent reading of this final movement.

Mr. Thompson, for his second work, played Chopin's F sharp Barcarolle. This must be one of the ripest essays in *bel canto* style. The swaying parallel thirds of the right hand together with the delightful figuration in the middle section were a joy to listen to. The only flaws in the performance were a slight lack of sensitivity, together with misjudgement of the final right hand run, resulting in a sprinkling of wrong notes.

It was in the next work, the Fantasia and Fugue on the name of B.A.C.H. by Liszt that Gordon Thompson showed to the full his magnificent keyboard technique. This rarely performed composition, written in 1877 and originally conceived for the organ, is for the soloist full of extreme complexities. Mr. Thompson unravelled one by one all the problems that confronted him, giving a dazzling interpretation of this virtuoso piece.

The first work after the Interval was the Sonata No. 4 in F sharp by Scriabin. This sonata, written in 1903 together with a poem describing a far-away star as a symbol of happiness, is, like the Liszt, rarely performed. How fortunate, therefore, was Friday night's audience in being able to hear such a fine reading as that given by Mr. Thompson. From the beautiful tranquility of the opening, once again exhibiting great refinement of touch to the powerful closing chords one could feel a spiritual union only present when both composer and performer are musically at one. No greater tribute can be given to the performance of this work on this occasion.

For his final choice, Mr. Thompson played the relatively well-known suite for pianoforte, *Gaspard de la Nuit*, by Ravel. To repeat what has already been

said concerning the pianist's capabilities would be quite superfluous. Suffice it to say that it was a masterly performance in every respect.

An audience of well over three hundred attended this recital, which was most capably, organised by the Grammar School Sixth Form Union. Much praise must go to the Freston Foundation for sponsoring such a venture which, I hope, will be the first of many more to come.

David J. Coar

SOCIETIES

COUNTRY DANCE SOCIETY

The climax of the year's activities came once again in July.

As in previous years, the Scottish dancers took part in the Junior Section of the Annual Festival of Scottish Dancing organised by the Leeds Scottish Country Dance Club and held in the grounds of the City of Leeds and Carnegie College. As usual this was a most enjoyable occasion, and particularly so as the weather was glorious. In addition to displays of Scottish Country and Highland dancing by local teams and Solo performances, there was a very lively and colourful performance given by a group of Ukrainian dancers.

Shortly after this, we held our own Annual Display of Country Dancing in aid of Dr. Barnardo's. All the different sections of the Society combined to provide a varied programme of Scottish Country and Highland dancing, English Country and Sword dancing, as well as Morris dancing by the boys. Although we repeated many of the dances we have performed on previous occasions, nevertheless the evening was a most successful one.

However there was a most welcome innovation. We were very pleased when Miss Penrose agreed to bring along her choir who sang traditional songs and performed mimes to music, all of which contributed greatly to the evening's entertainment.

Some of the items were repeated later for the residents of Norman House who are always a most appreciative audience.

Miss A. J. Kirkham and Miss R. A. Forth

THE CHESS CLUB

It is three years since the chess team won a trophy, but the team will never be as close to winning the league, without actually winning it, as they were this season. Winners of the league were Kings School Pontefract, a team that N.G.S. had drawn with and beaten, at home and away. The ability of the second and first formers who were chosen to play in the team against older opponents was in many cases a revelation. Certainly the future looks bright for the chess team, Glenn Sherwood was a runner-up in the under-thirteen group for the West Yorkshire Chess Congress held at Walton, and a host of other youngsters are waiting their turn to play for the team. Owing to the marvellous response, the Sponsored Chess, organised by Mr. Oldroyd, raised over £65, which was used to purchase 6 chess clocks, trophies, 8 chess sets, 24 chess boards, score sheets, miniature chess sets and books as prizes.

Winner of Junior League — R. Marsh. Winner of First Form League — C. Mitchell. Winner of Knock-out Cup — I. Ferguson. Winner of Handicap Competition — I. Ferguson.

Supreme champions of House Chess competition are Levett, who won both the Senior and Junior competitions with 12½ boards each time. Ward House was second in the Senior Competition with 11 boards and Dodsworth were second in the Junior Competition with 11½ boards.

Thornes House	A	1½ — 4½	Lost
Pontefract Boys	H	2½ — 3½	Lost
Q.E.G.S.	A	3½ — 2½	Won
Castleford	A	3½ — 2½	Won
K.S.P.	H	3 — 3	Draw
Silcoates	H	3½ — 2½	Won
St. Wilfred's	H	5½ — ½	Won
St. Wilfred's	A	5½ — ½	Won
Thornes House	H	5 — 1	Won
K.S.P.	A	3½ — 2½	Won
Castleford	H	6 — 0	Won
Pontefract Boys	A	5 — 1	Won
Ackworth	A	5 — 1	Won
Q.E.G.S.	H	6 — 0	Won
Silcoates	A	5 — 1	Won
Wakefield and District P.S.	H	16 — 8	Won

Played 16, Won 13, Drawn 1, Lost 2

The following played for the school this year :

B. Clark, C. Daley, I. Ellam, I. Ferguson (capt.), D. Jubb, R. Marsh, A. Mitchell, R. Moorby, K. Pawson, A. Sergeant, G. Sherwood, D. Smith, D. Ward, A. Pattison, T. Ambler, C. Ferguson, S. Massey, C. Mitchell, P. Seddon, S. Smith, B. Thackery, G. Thomas.

Ian Ferguson, Upper Sixth

THE CLASSICAL SOCIETY

The Classical society has enjoyed one of its most fruitful years for a long time.

A trip to the Crucible Theatre at Sheffield to see "The Persians" by Aeschylus provided a good start to the year. The play was performed in a manner befitting the Greeks with their love for tragedy, and it was appreciated by all the audience.

Our next meeting was a talk by Mr. Butcher on the subject "Why Classics?" which proved to be most interesting and convincing. Richard Levitt entertained us with a detailed account of the Fall of Pompeii and the eruption of Vesuvius. A great amount of work had gone into the lecture, and we thank Richard for his excellent performance.

The next topic was a tape recording loaned to us by the Classical Association. Professor Williams of Reading University gave a lecture on the "Purpose of the Aeneid".

Leeds University provided the scene for two lectures on the Agricola by Tacitus, and Aeneid VI by Virgil. Incidentally, these were the 'A' level set books for 1973. These lectures proved to be a great help even to those of us not concerned with these particular books.

Lastly the annual classical reading competition was held at Leeds University. Our readers this year were Christine Peakman, reading from Xenophon's Anabasis, Janet Inness, reading a poem by Catullus and Susan Pygott, reading from Sophocles' Antigone. Unfortunately our team did not win any laurels, but better luck next year. Thanks to everyone concerned.

Susan Pygott, Lower Sixth

AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY

The year 1972-73 has brought some changes in the society but none very radical. The membership has been fairly static (which is good) although meetings have been very erratic, due to such interlopers as "Iolanthe". Thus a skeleton programme proposed at the A.G.M. was not strictly followed.

In January of 1973 another member succeeded in attaining his amateur transmitting licence; he is Paul Walters, G8HAN. We now have two active members actually on the air and we hope to instigate some operations from school. The year has seen several alterations of H.Q., but we have finally settled in Room 53, although this situation is under review.

We also gained another piece of equipment, a receiver, which was sold to the club by one of our younger members, Martyn Lawson. Next year we hope to make meetings regular and to greatly increase activities, both in and out of school.

David Lockwood, Lower Sixth

SIXTH FORM UNION

This year saw a change in the whole structure of the school's society — notice the slick alliteration. In place of the old, often dormant, disorganised institutions, we now have the one similarly sleepy, modest Sixth Form Union.

Due to the efforts of the industrious Sixth Form Union Committee, the year has been very active. The subject matter of the meetings has varied from the life of Hitler to the songs of Dylan, from Mr. Long in the trenches of the First World War to a debate on Northern Ireland, from a lively quiz by Mr. Brown to a serious talk and discussion on drugs. We are very grateful for all the hard work put into the meetings by the staff, students and visitors.

At Christmas £11 was raised through the carol singing which was carried out by the Union in Normanton and Snydale. We would like to thank Mrs. Armitage for feeding the group. Everyone enjoyed the evening and the money helped to pay for a party in Normanton for the senior citizens.

Two trips were organised to Sheffield to listen to concerts at the City Hall. The response was very good. They were entertaining and indeed a new experience for many Sixth Formers.

At the time of writing the Sixth Form Union is deeply involved in the presentation of the Piano Recital given at the school by Mr. Gordon Thompson. This has been a tremendous task and we hope that everyone who attends enjoys the evening.

Mr. Atkinson and Mr. Cooper have been very helpful to the committee and we should like to express our gratitude to them and we hope a similar relationship develops between staff and students next year.

Stephen McNicholas and Kathryn Brown, Upper Sixth

BARNARDO HELPERS' LEAGUE

The box collection for 1971-1972 raised £225, a most gratifying result since this is still the way in which we raise most of our contribution to Barnardo's. The Bazaar and form efforts raised £428, which was again equally divided between Barnardo's and the School Fund, so that a total of £439 was sent to Barnardo's.

Although there seemed to be rather fewer goods for sale at the Bazaar, it was, nevertheless, a most enjoyable and profitable day, with both Upper and Lower School forms organising a wide variety of stalls and games. An added attraction

was the miniature railway kindly loaned by Mr. Tomlinson. His son Paul proved a very efficient driver, fireman, and fitter, and gave many people an exciting ride from one end of the hockey pitch to the other. This and the Radio Society exhibition, where we were able to see ourselves on the television screen, helped enormously to attract and entertain our visitors.

Membership of the Helpers' League now stands at 224. From the First Forms 52 new members were welcomed. Perhaps the success of Keith Ball and Helena Hillcoat in two of the competitions from the "Open Door" magazine will encourage more members to participate in future.

Mrs. J. Guy

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

The Association has had another successful year and all the members of the various committees who have worked so hard during the year can be justly proud of the results.

Functions arranged followed normal pattern with dances at Normanton and Royston, fashion shows and a car rally at Royston, beetle drives, coffee evenings and a raffle at Normanton. The Easter raffle alone raised a record £101 and left one small problem, an unclaimed prize, an Easter egg, this giving rise to intense speculation on what happens to an Easter egg allowed to mature; for instance, does it hatch out to give a box of Christmas chocolates?

Taking advantage of a healthy financial position left from the previous year, a total of about £700 has already been allocated this year for items suggested by the school. Of particular note and one that brings considerable pleasure to the Association was the allocation for outdoor bench seats which we understand are now, in the break periods greatly in demand. Unallocated funds at present stand at about £200.

Our programmes for the next school year are now being prepared; details will be advised through the normal channels, and once again we extend a cordial invitation to all parents to attend these functions.

J. H. Sweeting, Chairman.

WORK IN PROGRESS

At the end of the Summer Term 1972, when most of the Fifths and Sixths were out on Voluntary Service, those remaining found themselves engaged upon a variety of projects about the School. This is a fairly light-hearted photographic record of some of their activities.

Unfortunately the dust and darkness under the stage defeated our cameraman. Here an intrepid body of men led by Mr. Sherwood cleared out the accumulated junk of ages and established good order and method.

In the more tranquil surroundings of the Library our roving photographer failed again, thwarted perhaps by indoor lighting—or cigar smoke. Here Mr. Hadfield and Mrs. Curry presided over their minions.

Finally, Stephen McNicholas directed the complex operation of magazine distribution and revenue collection, but his team was always too far-flung (running up incredible bills for bus fares) to be photographed en masse.



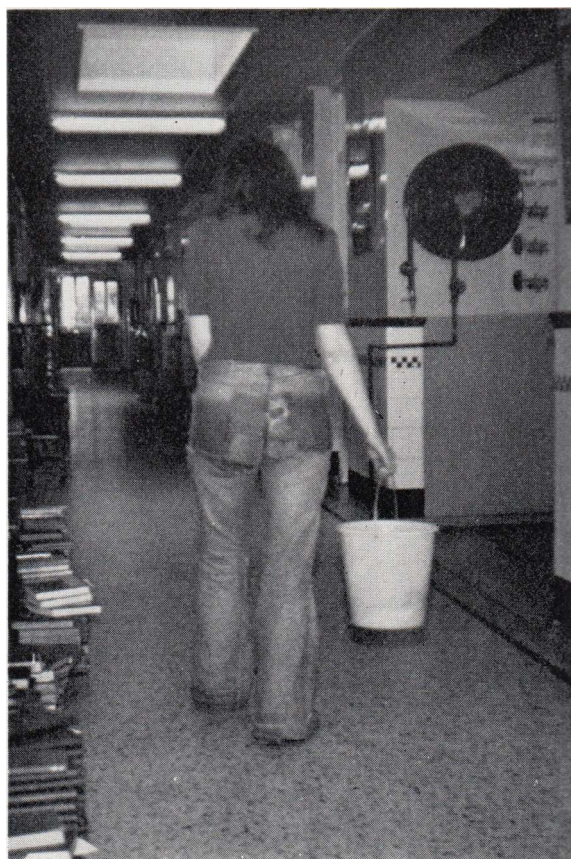
Angela Barrett flourishes the first clipping in the Cutting Room



Teamwork: Incredibly co-ordinated carpentry in Room 30 by Christopher Baker, Mr Higgins, Neil Ferguson, Neil Fieldhouse and Alan Thewsey



After Four Days Hard under the stage, Stephen Bailey rested on the Fifth, by completing the marathon walk



The week was a chance for the staff to get to know their pupils from a fresh angle. The bucket is being carried by Lynn Wood



Shifting books: Pamela Davies, Rosemarie Davies and Anne Morris receive a helping hand from Mr Cooper



John Bridges and Gary Eustace engage in a little modest self-advertisement



"In vacant and in pensive mood" : the empty shelves are in Room 5, the thinkers are Peter Cooke and Nicholas Hill, and the quotation is from Wordsworth, Bay D, shelf 28, volume 52, page 74, line 16

GAMES

CRICKET 1972

First XI

Team from : L. Cusworth (captain), P. J. Hayes (vice-captain), R. Clarke, P. M. Beedle, S. M. Stoney, D. Walsh, I Westwood, M Kirby, D. Ward, R. Smith, D. Timmins, K. M. Plant.

Also played : D. Dransfield, B. Lomas, D. Lomas, D. Hartley, G. Tinker, S. Burnage.

Colours were awarded to ; R. Clarke, S. Stoney, D. Timmins and K. Plant.

The School side this season has been the best for several years. Led with great maturity by Leslie Cusworth, the First XI was not only very successful in the results it achieved; it also looked the part, batting, bowling and fielding with style and confidence—indeed, there seems to be something of a revival of cricket amongst the seniors, with the majority of the team playing for local club sides when not required for school matches.

While there was a nucleus of experience from the previous years round which to build, we were fortunate to have three promising players coming from the Colts and two able recruits from the County Secondary School. Although the team settled down to a pool of 12 players, by the middle of the season there were at least 18 who could be called upon with confidence and it was unfortunate that some keen players could not be included in the team more regularly. The batting was strong and in 11 matches the team was not bowled out once. D. Timmins and D. Hayes led the way, scoring nearly 500 runs between them. L. Cusworth, K. Plant and R. Clarke all made good scores on occasions and L. Westwood and M. Beedle made vital contributions at moments of crisis. In P. Hayes and S. Stoney the School once again had a first class opening attack and they received strong support from K. Plant, D. Walsh and M. Kirby. The bowling had variety of pace and action, from the fast outswingers of Hayes to the left arm flighted spin of Kirby. Apart from one day of gloom at Pontefract, the fielding was generally good. Behind the stumps Cusworth set an example of the highest class, with 11 catches and 3 stumpings to his credit. His agility, confident hands and unfussy manner at times tended to hide the high level of efficiency he achieved in the department.

The season began with a home game against Danum G.S. Normanton batted first and, after the loss of an early wicket, declared at 135 for 1 wicket with Timmins 78 not out and Hayes 43 not out. Both had batted with great confidence, making a variety of strokes and hitting the bad ball firmly. Danum were unable to make much of a reply and had lost 7 wickets for 39 when their overs were completed. Hayes took 6 wickets for 11, bowling unchanged from one end. Timmins again batted well against Rothwell G.S. with good support from Clarke, Hayes and Cusworth, so that a total of 96 for 7 wickets was reached against an experienced attack. Rothwell appeared to have little answer to our bowlers and were all out for 28, Stoney and Walsh taking most of the wickets. The School fielding on a cold day was excellent. Rothwell fared better in a return match at Normanton, scoring 67. Stoney was unfit but Plant took 5 wickets and Cusworth made 3 stumpings. Normanton eventually won by 7 wickets, thanks to a stand of 58 by Timmins and Hayes.

The closest match of the season followed against Sowerby Bridge. Normanton scored 86 for 9 wickets, the best innings coming from Beedle who scored a very sensible 14 not out batting at No. 9. Hayes and Stoney bowled unchanged to get Sowerby Bridge, who kept fighting to the end, all out for 76. Hayes bowled extremely well to take 6 for 29 and Stoney supported strongly with 4 for 43. We next visited King's, Pontefract, where we fielded first. Hayes and Stoney bowled superbly in the first hour, taking 4 wickets for only 13 runs. However, their efforts were not supported in the field and a succession of easy chances were dropped. In the end Pontefract declared at 91 for 9. Our innings started confidently with an opening stand of 21 but then we slumped to 48 for 7 wickets at the close. Pontefract had left insufficient time either for us to win or for them to bowl us out. Altogether it was a most unsatisfactory game of cricket in which the natural competitiveness of two near neighbours degenerated into a hostile lack of sportsmanship.

Our next game against Temple Moor proved to be the vital match of the season. Our opponents were bowled out for 52 on a slow wicket. Our main batting collapsed and at 18 for 6 wickets we were in serious trouble, but Westwood batted with great determination and received solid support from Kirby and Beedle. In the end we won by 3 wickets. Confidence was restored and was to be maintained for the rest of the season. The following match was memorable for a splendid innings of 70 from Clarke. He and Timmins put on 52 for the first wicket and Hayes consolidated with an excellent 38 not out. Our innings closed at 125 for 2 wickets. Hayes and Stoney again bowled unchanged, each taking 5 wickets, and Doncaster were all out for 71. The Staff match promised to be interesting but was washed out by persistent rain between the innings. Stoney's absence weakened the School attack and the Staff batted consistently to reach a total of 109 for 7 wickets. It was unfortunate that the School were unable to make their reply.

The morning match against Castleford was very exciting. Castleford batted first and after 20 overs had made only 59 for 9 wickets. However, a fine innings of 33 not out by R. Appleby lifted their total to 96. Normanton seemed to be coasting to a comfortable win when Hayes was unluckily run out for 39 and the Castleford total was eventually passed with only 3 balls to go. Timmins batted throughout for a valuable 33 not out. Our next match was an evening fixture against Normanton St. John's. Our visitors generously employed eight bowlers and with good innings from Plant, Cusworth and Timmins we reached 113 for 7. Normanton St. John's were never in the hunt and at the end of 25 overs had lost 8 wickets for 73. As neither Hayes nor Stoney was available Plant's 5 wickets were especially valuable. The season ended with a successful encounter against a strong Old Frestonian's side. Cusworth and Plant batted well but with only 95 runs on the board. Success seemed unlikely. The Old Frestonian's batting was slow to get going but Barrett hit a punishing 26 not out to bring the Old Boys near to victory. However, heads remained cool and the bowling steady, with the result that the School ended up winning by 9 runs.

All in all a happy season, with much enjoyable cricket to savour. It was good to see a Normanton side so confident with the bat, making their strokes and hitting the bad ball firmly. It is significant to note that it is several years since a School batsman has hit the ball out of the Dalefield ground, but this year this feat was achieved on four occasions by four different batsmen. Leslie Cusworth's captaincy was first class. He always had a grip on the situation, changing his bowlers effectively, setting a fine example to his fielders, quietly transmitting his enthusiasm and sense of purpose to his team. Mention must also be made of our groundsman Mr. Farrow. There are still a few gremlins in the Dalefield wicket

but they are gradually being exorcised. His patient and skilful work has done much to improve its overall condition and help the batsmen to approach their task with confidence. Our final word goes to the girls who gave up their spare time to organise our refreshments and to serve them with efficiency and charm.

Season's Record : Played 11; Won 9; Drawn 1; Abandoned 1; Lost 0.

Batting Averages:

	Inns.	n.o.	h.s.	Total	Ave.
D. Timmins	11	2	78*	271	30.1
P. Hayes	10	3	43*	190	27.1
M. Beedle	5	3	14*	37	18.5
K. Plant	7	2	39	78	15.8
R. Clarke	8	0	70	109	13.6
L. Cusworth	10	1	32	101	11.2

Bowling Averages:

	Overs	Mdns.	Runs	Wtks.	Ave.
P. Hayes	116.1	34	237	35	6.5
S. Stoney	57.3	12	135	19	7.1
M. Kirby	20.5	5	71	8	8.8
K. Plant	68.3	13	200	18	10.5
D. Walsh	22	5	57	4	14.3

Fielding

L. Cusworth	11 catches.	3 stumpings.
M. Kirby	6 catches	

Match Record:

v Danum G.S. (H)

School 135 for 1 (Timmins 78*, Hayes 43*)

Danum 39 for 7 (Hayes 6 for 11)—Won by 96 runs.

v Rothwell G.S. (A)

School 96 for 7 (Timmins 36)

Rothwell 28 (Stoney 4 for 14, Walsh 3 for 4)—Won by 68 runs.

v Rothwell G.S. (H)

Rothwell 67 (Plant 5 for 19)

School 68 for 3 (Timmins 29, Hayes 28*).—Won by 7 wks.

v Sowerby Bridge G.S. (H)

School 86 for 9.

Sowerby Bridge (Hayes 6 for 29, Stoney 4 for 28)—Won by 13 runs.

v King's, Pontefract (A)

King's 81 for 9 (Hayes 5 for 23, Stoney 4 for 28)

School 48 for 7—Match drawn.

v Temple Moor (A)

Temple Moor 52 (Hayes 4 for 10, Kirby 3 for 8)

School 53 for 7—Won by 3 wks.

v Doncaster G.S. (H)

School 135 for 2 (Clarke 70, Hayes 38*)

Doncaster 71 (Hayes 5 for 32, Stoney 5 for 33)—Won by 64 runs.

v The Staff (H)

Staff 109 for 7

School did not bat—Match abandoned.

- v Castleford H.S. (A)
 - Castleford 96 for 9 (Hayes 4 for 52, Plant 3 for 38)
 - School 99 for 3 (Timmins 33*, Hayes 39)—Won by 7 wkts.
- v Normanton St. John's (H)
 - School 113 for 7 (Cusworth 32, Plant 39, Timmins 25)
 - Normanton St. John's 73 for 8 (Plant 5 for 26)—Won by 40 runs.
- v Old Frestonians (H)
 - School 95 for 6 (Cusworth 25, Plant 25*)
 - Old Frestonians 86 for 3 (Burniston 22*, Barratt 26*)—Won by 9 runs.

UNDER 15 XI

Team from : D. Hartley (captain), D. Fennell, N. Gibson, C. Hayward, Martin Hayward, S. Bywater, J. Hoyle, P. Sykes, J. Cocliff, A. Linford. D. Kirk, S. Burnage, T. Barker, M. Smith.

The team once again was let down by lack of enthusiasm and could only raise a side with the addition of players from a lower year, notably S. Burnage, T. Barker and M. Smith. The team's batting proved especially weak and Hartley had a poor season in this respect, his concentration being less than that required. Fennell and S. Burnage revealed the greatest potential but nobody else could be relied upon to stay at the crease.

The opening bowlers. Hartley and Gibson, were the strength of the team, but when these two were unable to break through the change bowlers were not as penetrating. Sykes, however, revealed considerable potential as a leg spin bowler and he was not used as much as he should have been. His performance against Ermysted's was particularly pleasing.

At Q.E.G.S. the game was played on a time basis from 2.00 p.m. to 6.30 p.m. Q.E.G.S. batted until 5.45 p.m. scoring 78—hardly a fair declaration! Although there are arguments against overs matches, the case against them is outweighed by the unfairness created in matches based on time, particularly in school cricket. At this level captains are too immature to make fair and difficult decisions. The bowling award went to D. Hartley and D. Fennell won the single wicket competition.

Results:

- v Airedale (A)
 - School 58 for 6 (Fennell n.o. 17)
 - Airedale 61 for 6 (Hartley 4 for 17)—Lost by 3 runs.
- v Danum (A)
 - Danum 26 (Gibson 7 for 14)
 - School 25—Lost by 1 run.
- v King's, Pontefract (A)
 - School 39
 - King's 41 for 7—Lost by 3 wkts.
- v Ermysted's (A)
 - Ermysted's 53 (Sykes 4 for 14, Hartley 4 for 12)
 - School 32—Lost by 21 runs.
- v Roundhay (H)
 - Roundhay 44
 - School 45 for 6—Won by 4 wkts.
- v Q.E.G.S. (A)
 - Q.E.G.S. 78 for 9 dec.
 - School 14 for 5—Match drawn (time match).

UNDER 14 XI

Team from : Barker (captain), Dix, Jennings, Smith, Bray, Burnage J., Gittins, Green, Morgan P., Betts, Newton, Hughes, Burnage S.

As can be seen from the results the team has enjoyed a very successful season and it was disappointing that the last match denied them a hundred per cent record. Most matches have been of the limited over type and this has ensured a result from every match. Where possible, the school has always batted first, relying on its ability to make a reasonable total. M. Smith has been the most successful batsman, with an average of 19.3, closely followed by S. Burnage with 16.5. Neither, however, has been completely consistent, but whenever they have failed, fortune has ensured that someone else has made a total; against Ackworth Barker and Bray came to the rescue, and against Garforth it was Bray and Jennings. This has allowed the opening bowlers. Barker and J. Burnage, to commence with fairly attacking fields. Both have bowled well, though perhaps not as consistently as one would have liked. Barker has been the more successful, taking 30 wickets for 135 runs in 72 overs, whereas J. Burnage's 10 wickets for 88 in 37 overs probably do not do him full justice. Where circumstances have allowed, the slow spin bowling of Bray has been employed, and he has been fairly successful taking 8 wickets for 39. The best bowling figures, however, were returned by M. Smith, who bowled in a variety of fashions. He took 23 wickets for 86 and was certainly helped by S. Burnage behind the wickets who took six stumping chances. Batsmen in this age group are unused to the wicketkeeper standing up to the stumps and were probably also unsure what to expect from the bowler. The fielding was generally good, though there were the occasional lapses. M. Smith took seven and Dix was second with five. S. Burnage claimed thirteen victims behind the wickets, of whom, surprisingly, twelve were stumped. The unfortunate implication that many catches must have been put down is in fact unfounded.

At the beginning of each season trials take place to select an under fifteen side to represent Yorkshire who have a full programme of games against other counties. Although a year under age, S. Burnage was finally selected for the Yorkshire side as a wicketkeeper-batsman and played a full season in the county side.

Match Record:

- v Temple Moor (H)
 - School 56 for 7
 - Temple Moor 53 (J. Burnage 5 for 12)—Won by 3 wkts.
- v Q.E.G.S. (H)
 - School 103 for 4 (S. Burnage 34)
 - Q.E.G.S. 55 (Bray 4 for 11)—Won by 48 runs.
- v Ackworth (H)
 - School 77 for 5 (Barker 27*, Bray 23)
 - Ackworth 34—Won by 43 runs.
- v Danum (A)
 - School 57 for 6
 - Danum 55—Won by 4 wkts.
- v King's, Pontefract (H)
 - School 83 for 4 (S. Burnage 22, Barker 23)
 - King's 51 (Barker 5 for 17, Smith 5 for 19)—Won by 24 runs.
- v Willowgarth (H)
 - School 62 for 9 (S. Burnage 23, Smith 22)
 - Willowgarth 21 (Smith 7 for 9)—Won by 33 runs.

- v Castleford (H)
 - School 92 for 2 (Smith 34, S. Burnage 31)
 - Castleford 26 (Barker 7 for 9)—Won by 66 runs.
- v Garforth (H)
 - School 83 for 9 (Bray 23, Jennings 21)
 - Garforth 48 (J. Burnage 4 for 17)—Won by 33 runs.
- v Q.E.G.S. (A)
 - School 63 (Smith 24)
 - Q.E.G.S. 65 for 5—Lost by 5 wkts.

Record: Played 9, Won 8, Lost 1, Drawn 0.

UNDER 12 XI

Team from : R. Moorby (captain), I. Ellam, K. Empsall, E. Oakley, G. Sherwood, G. Deakin, K. Locke, R. Hirst, B. Hartley, J. Hobbs, G. Young, N. Davies, B. Clarke.

The team showed great enthusiasm and practised hard in the nets. As the season progressed it was apparent that the side possessed some promising cricketers.

In the batting department B. Clarke showed the greatest potential, and his fine knock of 62 against Garforth contained many well executed shots. G. Deakin revealed good technique, but must exercise more calm and concentration. R. Moorby disappointed except against a very weak King's attack, whilst I. Ellam, G. Sherwood, N. Davies and K. Locke showed signs of ability without achieving any consistency.

The bowling was steady without being very penetrating, although I. Ellam began to emerge as a good opening bowler, and G. Young as a useful left arm spinner. G. Sherwood showed that with practice and much concentration he should establish himself as a wicketkeeper.

However, I do not think that the side showed its real ability last year. With some experience now the players know exhortations such as 'on your toes', 'back up', 'don't lose your head', 'front foot to the pitch', 'build your innings', 'pitch them up', 'bowl at the sticks', and if they respond to some of these, by thinking about the game, then their performances will improve.

The season's batting award went to B. Clarke, and that for bowling to I. Ellam.

Match Record :

- v Q.E.G.S. (A)
 - Q.E.G.S. 82 for 2
 - School 17—Lost by 65 runs.
- v King's, Pontefract (A)
 - School 81 for 4 (Moorby 30*, Ellam 24)
 - King's 28 (Ellam 4 for 2, Hartley 2 for 2)—Won by 63 runs.
- v Q.E.G.S. (H)
 - School 56
 - Q.E.G.S. 57 for 4—Lost by 6 wickets.
- v Garforth (H)
 - School 96 for 2 (Clarke 62*)
 - Garforth 24 for 8—Won by 72 runs.

Season's Record : Played 4, Won 2, Lost 2.

TENNIS 1972

1st VI: L. Ibbotson, A. Draycott, D. Taylor, J. Willox, A. Carrington, W. Machin.

2nd VI: A. Newsome, L. Barratt, J. Glover, J. Stones, A. Sheldon, S. Machin, S. Lloyd.

U.15 VI: S. Guy, J. Innes, S. Jones, E. Noble, C. Griffin, C. Daley, A. Holroyd, J. Atherton.

The short Summer Term, the poor weather, and the lack of support for the game in many other schools, meant that only three matches were played—perhaps significantly, all three of them at home. The First VI won both their matches, against Rothwell and Thorne, but the Second VI suffered reverses in both cases. The Under 15's lost to Colne Valley.

SWIMMING 1972

BOYS

Junior House Championships

Breast Stroke—Grayson (F.); Coe (D.); Belk (D); Evans (W).
Front Crawl—Craig (D); Arandle (F); Moorby (W); Greateorex (W).
Back Stroke: Craig (D); Hepworth (W); Dinsdale (D).
Butterfly: Greateorex (W); Mitchell (L); Kerton (F); Dinsdale (D).
Dive: Whiteley (L); Dinsdale (D); Kerton (F); Moon (W).
Freestyle Relay: Freston; Levett; Ward; Dodsworth.
Medley Relay: Ward; Levett; Dodsworth; Freston.
1st: Ward (24); 2nd: Dodsworth (23); 3rd: Freston (21); 4th: Levett (19).

Intermediate House Champions:

Breast Stroke: Croft (F); Hoyle (D); Smith (L); Kaye (W).
Front Crawl: Wakenshaw (F); Sweeting (F); Whittam (L); Conniff (L).
Back Stroke: Croft (F); Schofield (F); Morgan (W); Hayward (W).
Butterfly: Hoyle (D); Schofield (F); Watson (L); Stackhouse (D).
Dive: Wakenshaw (F); Smith (L); Hayward (W); Davenport (D).
Freestyle Relay: Freston; Levett; Ward; Dodsworth.
Medley Relay: Freston; Levett; Ward; Dodsworth.
1st: Freston (41); 2nd: Levett (22); 3rd: Ward (15); 4th: Dodsworth (12).

Senior House Championship:

Breast Stroke: Oakley (D); Tuffs (D); Lomas, B. (W); Walker (W).
Front Crawl: Marson (L); Spragg (D); Kirby (L).
Back Stroke: Walsh (F); Tuffs (D); Kirby (L); Tinker (L).
Butterfly: Schofield (L); Croft (F); Tuffs (D); Ward (W).
Dive: Dobson (L); Timmins (F); Tuffs (D); Ward (W).
Freestyle Relay: Levett; Freston; Dodsworth; Ward.
Medley Relay: Levett; Freston; Dodsworth; Ward.
1st: Levett (33); 2nd: Freston (29); 3rd: Dodsworth (18); 4th: Ward (6).

Overall House Champions: Freston.

Individual Champions:

Junior: M. Craig; Intermediate: R. Wakenshaw; Senior: R. Marson.

ATHLETICS 1972

BOYS

April 26th: Senior Five-Sided Match:

1. St. John's College 277 pts.
2. Normanton G.S. 269 pts.
3. Sir W. Turner's 150 pts.
4. Archbishop Holgate's 123 pts.
5. Nunthorpe G.S. 123 pts.

The School did extremely well to take the College side to such a close finish. Two Relay victories by the School at 4 x 100m and 4 x 400m were a fitting climax to an even contest.

April 27th: School v Pontefract County Secondary School:

- U15s won 81-50
- U14s won 85-46
- U13s won 76-55
- U12s won 53-48

The U14 team showed its strength by winning every one of its events. Overall, School won by 295-199 pts.

May 2nd: School v St Wilfred's, Featherstone:

- U14s won 87-45 U13s won 72-55 U12s lost 105-131

The U14 team again did well, missing first place only in the Shot. An excellent Relay run in 51.5 secs, rounded off a very sound performance.

In the U13 Section four athletes had double wins:

- A. Wood 100 and 200 metres (13.2 and 29.2)
- G. Robinson 400 and 800 metres (70.1 and 2m.33)
- J. Hepworth, Javelin and Long Jump (94ft.4in. and 13ft.lin.)
- P. Hawkins, Discus and Shot (75ft.9in. and 34ft.9in.)

The U12 team found themselves up against strong opposition. First places were achieved by:

- C. Grinsill, 800metres (2m.42.4); P. Walker, Hurdles (12.2); R. Moorby, Shot (28ft.8in) and P. Walker, High Jump (4ft.0in.).

Overall, School won by 264 pts-231 pts.

May 4th: School v Hipperhohne G.S. v Morley G.S.:

Seniors:

1. Normanton 108 pts. 2. Hipperholme 83 pts. 3. Morley 76 pts.

Under 16s:

1. Normanton 126 pts. 2. Hipperholme 90 pts. 3. Morley 59 pts.

Under 14s:

1. Normanton 132 pts. 2. Hipperholme 82 pts. 3. Morley 67 pts.

Overall totals:

1. Normanton 366 pts. 2. Hipperholme 255 pts. 3. Morley 202 pts.

May 9th: School v St. Michael's:

- U12s lost 72-49 U13s won 70-50 Overall lost 119-122.

P. Walker won the U12 High Jump (4ft.2in.) and Triple Jump (28ft.7in.).

U13 winners were:

- J. Hepworth, Javelin (105ft.1lin.) and P. Tyrell, Triple Jump (29ft.2in.)

May 10th: School Seniors v Garforth v Sheffield College:

1. Normanton 128 pts. 2. Sheffield College 103 pts. 3. Garforth 75 pts.
C. Lambert equalled the 100 yds. ground record of 10.2 secs. The College team was captained by an ex-N.G.S. pupil, Leslie Ward, who won five events: the Hurdles. 400m, High Jump, Long Jump and Triple Jump.

May 18th: School v Ossett Comprehensive School

U15s lost 54-67; U14s won 69-52; U13s won 63-58; U12s won 59-49
Overall; School 245 pts. Ossett 226 pts.
M. Johnson took the U14 200 metres in 25.5; U13 winners included C. Saberton, Javelin (116ft.0in.), Hawking, Shot (34ft.8in.) and J. Hepworth.

May 20th: Yorkshire County Championships at Hull:

Men: C. Lambert, 4th 100 metres (10.9)
Junior: D. Smith, 1st Pole Vault (10ft.6in.)
A. Fisher, 2nd 400 Hurdles (58.2)
S. Allatt, 2nd Javehn (146ft.7in.)
J. Adams, 2nd Long Jump (18ft.9in.)
A. Fisher, 3rd Triple Jump (12m.52)
S. Auty, 4th Pole Vault (8ft.6in.)
S. Auty, 6th 400 Hurdles (68.0)

June 6th: School v John Smeaton v Hipperholnie v St. Wilfred's

U14s: 1. John Smeaton 171 pts. 2. Normanton 140 pts. 3. Hipperholme 101 pts.
4. St. Wilfred's 55 pts.
U13s: 1. John Smeaton 168 pts. 2. Hipperholme 143 pts. 3. Normanton 81 pts.
4. St. Wilfred's 78 pts.
U12s: 1. John Smeaton 124 pts. 2. Hipperholme 95 pts. 3. Normanton 81 pts.
4. St. Wilfred's 54 pts.

Overall:

1. John Smeaton 463 pts. 2. Hipperholme 339 pts. 3. Normanton 302 pts.
4. St. Wilfred's 187 pts.

June 10th: Yorkshire Schools Championships at Hull:

Very wet conditions prevailed for these championships, but School athletes competed well, and twelve boys were placed in the first six. D. Smith won the Pole Vault for the second year running, but C. Lambert was second in the 100m. after having been Yorkshire Champion for the two previous seasons. However, Colin was selected for the Yorkshire team, along with Anthony Fisher, who won the 400 Hurdles, and Russell Davenport, who was second in the Junior Javelin. Those placed were :

Seniors:

A. Fisher 1st 400 Hurdles 58.0
C. Lambert 2nd 100 Metres 11.2
S. Allatt 4th Javelin 42m.52
D. Smith 1st Pole Vault 2m.85
G. Tinker 3rd Hammer 22m.12
S. Auty 5th 400 Hurdles 66.0
D. Dobson 6th 5,000m. 16m.46

Intermediates:

M. Lindley 6th 100m. 11.9

Juniors:

R. Davenport 2nd Javelin 44m.28
S. Burnage 5th Hurdles 13.2
S. Harvey 3rd Pole Vault 2m.28
R. Cuncliffe 6th 1500m. 4m.-40.8

18th and 24th June: Northern Counties Championships:

D. Smith 1st Pole Vault 11ft.0in.
S. Allatt 3rd Javelin 46.50
A. Fisher 4th Triple Jump 12-09
A. Fisher 3rd 400 Hurdles 57.9
J. Adams 3rd High Jump 5ft.0in.
D. Dobson 11th 3,000m. 9.25
D. Dobson 6th 2,000m. 'chase 6m.32

June 20th and 21st: Junior School Sports:**Under 14**

100yds.—M. Johnson, 11.4
200m.—M. Johnson, 26.7
400m.—R. Davenport, 59.4 (R)
800m.—R. Cunliff, 2m.18.5 (R)
1500m.—R. Cunliff, 4m. 44.1 (R)
Hurdles—S. Burnage, 12.6 (R)
Relay—Freston, 56.3
High Jump—J. Burnage, 4ft.8in.
Long Jump—T. Barker, 17ft.10in.
Triple Jump—R. Davenport, 38ft.2in. (R)
Pole Vault—S. Harvey, 9ft.0in. (R)
Javelin—R. Davenport, 139ft.0in. (R)
Discus—P. Watson, 118ft.6in. (R)
Shot—M. Smith, 38ft.6in.
House: 1.—Freston, 48 pts.
2.—Dodsworth 38 pts.
3.—Levett 35 pts.
4.—Ward 24 pts.
Individual—R. Davenport, 15 pts.

Under 13

100 yds.—K. Grayson, 12.5
200m.—K. Grayson, 28.8
400m.—G. Robinson, 66.1
800m.—G. Robinson, 2m. 35.2
1500m.—S. Tottey, 5m.11
Hurdles—C. Cook, 15.4
Relay—Freston, 57.4
High Jump—S. Evans, 4ft.4in.
Long Jump—A. Wood, 15ft.5in.
Triple Jump—A. Wood, 32ft. 1 in.
Pole Vault—I. Greatorrex, 7ft.0in.
Javelin—J. Hepworth, 112ft.9in.
Discus—M. Hawkins, 101ft.3in.
Shot—M. Hawkins. 38ft.3in.

House: 1.—Ward 46 pts.
2.—Freston 36 pts.
3.—Dodsworth 35 pts.
4.—Levett 32 pts.
Individual—A. Wood and H. Belk, 11 pts. each

Under 12

100 yds.—M. Dyson, 13.5
200m.—M. Dyson, 30.4
400m.—P. Kerton, 68.9
800m.—C. Grinsill, 2m. 47
1500m.—P. Kerton, 5m. 36.9
Hurdles—K. Gent, 12.6
Relay—Freston, 58.6 (R)
High Jump—P. Walker, 4ft.lin.
Long Jump—P. Arandle, 13ft.1lin.
Triple Jump—P. Walker, 29ft.8in. (R)
Pole Vault—P. Kerton, 7ft.0in.
Javelin—P. Arandle, 76ft.lin.
Discus—R. Moorby, 69ft.0in.
Shot—R. Moorby, 28ft.9in.
House: 1.—Freston 49 pts.
2.—Ward 45 pts.
3.—Levett 41 pts.
4.—Dodsworth 15 pts.
Individual—P. Arandle, 14 pts.

Overall Junior House Totals:

1.—Freston 133 pts.
2.—Ward 116 pts.
3.—Levett 108 pts.
4.—Dodsworth 88 pts.

June 28th and 29th: Fartown Meeting:

After the field events the School held second place, seven points behind Colne Valley. The Junior Team were winning their section, thanks largely to three good wins by M. Hawkins in the Shot (35ft.9in.), J. Hepworth in the Javelin (31m. 84) and A. Wood in the Long Jump (14ft. 8in.). In the Senior section J. Dyson won the Shot (38ft. 7in.) and S. Allatt the Javelin (47m. 60). In the track events we sadly missed our Athletics Captain, C. Lambert, and others, and their absence undoubtedly cost us the Senior Shield, for even without them we finished only two points behind the winners, Colne Valley. Overall we finished in equal third position with Holme Valley on 114 points; Ossett were runners-up with 117 points and Colne Valley the overall winners with 136 points.

School gained first places on the track through S. Burnage, who equalled the record in the Intermediate Hurdles with a time of 12.6, A. Fisher who took the Senior 100 in 11.7 and the 400 in 53.5, and the Senior Relay Team of Adams, Smith, Tufts and Fisher, who recorded a time of 47.3.

July 1st: Rockingham:

Boys 800m.—1st R. Cunniffe; 3rd T. Barker
U15 Relay—1st R. Davenport, T. Barker, J. Burnage, M. Johnson (49.2 secs)
U13 Relay—1st M. Dyson, C. Ward, P. Kerton, P. Arandle (57.5 secs)

July 2nd: Yorkshire v Durham v Derbyshire at Temple Newsam:

Junior Javelin—1st R. Davenport (52m. 36)
Junior Pole Vault—2nd R. Harvey (2m. 60)

July 5th: Senior School Sports:

Senior

100 metres—C. Lambert, 10.4
200 metres—J. Adams, 24.3
400 metres—C. Lambert, 52.5 (R)
800 metres—D. Dobson, 2m. 8.4 (R)
1500 metres—D. Dobson, 4m. 35.5 (R)
Hurdles—A. Fisher, 14.2 (R)
Long Jump—J. Adams, 19ft. 11in.
High Jump—A. Fisher, 5ft. 4in.
Triple Jump—A. Fisher, 40ft. 5in.
Pole Vault—D. Smith, 11ft. 7in. (R)
Shot—C. Lambert, 37ft. 6in.
Discus—I. Westwood, 102ft. 0in.
Javelin—S. Allatt, 163ft. 8in. (R)
Relay—Dodsworth, 47.9
House—Dodsworth
Individual—A. Fisher and C. Lambert

Under 15

100 metres—N. Walker, 11.0
200 metres—N. Walker, 25.0
400 metres—A. Short, 58.6
800 metres—R. Cunliffe, 2m. 19
1500 metres—R. Cunliffe, 4m. 39.8
Hurdles—B. Banks, 12.8
Long Jump—N. Walker, 19ft. 6in.
High Jump—J. Burnage, 4ft. 8in.
Triple Jump—N. Walker, 38ft. 10in.
Pole Vault—S. Harvey, 8ft. 6in.
Shot—B. Banks, 42ft. 4in.
Discus—B. Banks, 130ft. 2in.
Javelin—R. Davenport, 146ft. 5in. (R)
Relay—Ward, 49.2 (R)
House—Ward
Individual—N. Walker
Overall—1. Ward 96 pts.
2. Dodsworth 90 pts.
3. Freston 68 pts.
4. Levett 45 pts'.

July 1st, 7th & 8th: English Schools Championships, Washington, Co. Durham:

Representing Yorkshire were: C. Lambert (100m) and A. Fisher (400 Hurdles) with R. Davenport (Javelin). Lambert and Fisher both reached the semi-finals of their events, and recorded English Schools standard performances.

R. Davenport won the Junior Boys Javelin event with a new best performance of 56m. 16 (184ft. 3in.). This was an outstanding performance for a boy of his age. The School's last English Schools winner was in 1962, when L. Rowett won the Junior Triple Jump.

July 11th: School v Garforth:

The School's Junior athletes finished the season with good wins in every age-group. Outstanding times were recorded by P. Arandle in the 100 metres (U12, 13.9), K. Grayson (U13, 12.6), M. Johnson (U14, 11.9), J. Burnage (U14, 12.0), D. Buckingham (U15, 11.8) and N. Walker (U15, 11.9). The School won all four Relays in convincing style.

U15s won 88-59

U14s won 87-61

U13s won 88-59

U12s won 77-71

GIRLS

The general standard of athletics was good, but there was a distinct shortage of competition. In the Fartown match the athletic team's strength showed through when it received three of the four trophies awarded. This year we are hoping to be even more successful and to make a clean sweep.

Juniors:

1. Normanton 27 pts. 2. Ossett 26 pts. 3. Holme Valley 23 pts.

Intermediate:

1. Normanton 40 pts. 2. Ossett 35 pts. 3. Holme Valley 33 pts.

Seniors:

1. Colne Valley 39 pts. 2. Normanton 36 pts.

Overall Shield: Normanton.

Inter House Sports:

Juniors:

1. Dodsworth 111 pts. 2. Ward 89 pts. 3. Freston 50 pts. 4. Levett 49 pts.

Individual Champions:

First Year—Julie Manning (D) 10 pts.

Second Year—Diane Barker (L) 12 pts.

Third Year—Leslie Roberts (W) 11 pts.

Seniors:

1. Freston 79 pts. 2. Levett 60 pts. 3. Ward 45 pts. 4. Dodsworth 24 pts.

Individual Champions:

Fourth Year—J. Dooler (F) and C. Ibbotson (L) 11 pts.

Senior—A. Carrington (F) and J. Gill (D) 12 pts.

Standards Cup:

1. Freston 418 pts. 2. Ward 397 pts. 3. Dodsworth 379 pts. 4. Levett 361 pts.

A number of athletes qualified for the Yorkshire Schools Sports at the Junior Level. A. Brabbs in the 800m, A. Wigglesworth in the Shot and L. Todding-ton in the Long Jump; at Intermediate Level, J. Dooler in the 100m, A. Carrington in the Discus and C. Ibbotson in the Long Jump; and at Senior Level, A. Draycott in the Shot and D. Taylor in the Discus.

Those who secured places were: A. Carrington, placed sixth in the Discus with a throw of 23.62m; A. Draycott, placed third in the Shot with a distance of 7.68m; and D. Taylor, placed second in the Senior Discus with a throw of 27.66m.

RUGBY 1972-73 — THE SEASON'S RECORD

OPPOSITION	1st XV	2nd XV	COLTS XV	U14 XV	U13 XV
Moseley Hall	(1) W. 70-3 (H)	(1) W. 79-0 (H)	(1) W. 70-0 (A)	(1) W. 18-16 (A)	(1) W. 14-8 (A)
Castleford H.S.	(2) W. 25-6 (H)	(2) W. 20-0 (A)	(3) W. 56-0 (H)		(4) W. 64-6 (H)
Thorne G.S.	(3) W. 29-10 (A)	(3) W. 62-0 (A)	(4) W. 34-3 (H)	(3) L. 16-30 (H)	(5) W. 56-0 (H)
Bridlington G.S.	(4) W. 66-6 (A)	(4) W. 13-11 (A)	(5) W. 18-0 (A)	(4) W. 76-4 (H)	
Doncaster G.S.	(5) L. 3-6 (A)	(5) W. 46-9 (H)	(6) W. 51-4 (H)	(7) L. 6-29 (A)	(7) W. 24-8 (H)
King's, Pontefract	(6) W. 15-7 (A)				
Sir W. Borlase	(7) W. 65-6 (H)	(6) W. 48-4 (A)	(7) W. 58-4 (H)	(8) W. 35-4 (H)	
Hemsworth H.S.	(8) W. 12-3 (A)	(7) W. 6-3 (A)	(8) W. 114-0 (H)	(9) W. 32-0 (H)	(9) W. 64-0 (H)
West Leeds H.S.	(9) W. 42-3 (A)	(8) W. 58-3 (H)	(9) W. 75-0 (A)	(10) L. 0-14 (A)	(10) W. 20-6 (A)
Roundhay G.S.	(10) W. 30-16 (H)	(9) W. 18-6 (A)	(10) W. 60-6 (H)	(11) W. 38-16 (H)	(11) W. 27-0 (H)
Emmysteds G.S.	(11) W. 28-22 (A)	(10) W. 35-12 (H)	(11) W. 62-8 (A)	(12) L. 6-18 (A)	(12) W. 50-0 (H)
Rothwell G.S.	(12) W. 18-12 (H)	(11) W. 14-11 (A)	(12) W. 24-0 (H)	(13) L. 4-34 (H)	(13) W. 36-0 (H)
Macclesfield, King's	(13) W. 22-12 (A)				
Belfast A.I.	(14) W. 17-11 (H)	(12) W. 40-0 (A)	(13) W. 35-10 (H)	(14) L. 0-53 (H)	(14) W. 60-4 (H)
Newark (Magnus) G.S.	(15) W. 18-6 (A)	(13) L. 20-21 (A)	(14) W. 46-0 (H)	(15) W. 54-18 (H)	(15) W. 18-14 (H)
Hipperholme G.S.	(16) W. 31-6 (A)	(14) W. 24-10 (A)	(15) W. 94-0 (H)	(16) W. 56-0 (H)	(16) W. 70-0 (H)
Goole G.S.	(17) W. 17-10 (A)	(15) L. 10-15 (H)	(18) L. 13-18 (A)	(19) L. 0-40 (A)	(22) D. 6-6 (A)
De la Salle G.S.	(18) W. 10-6 (H)	(16) W. 28-0 (H)			
Heath G.S.	(19) W. 58-10 (H)	(17) W. 18-16 (A)	(16) W. 46-7 (H)	(17) W. 38-3 (H)	(18) W. 40-6 (A)
Temple Moor	(20) W. 45-9 (A)	(18) W. 56-0 (A)	(17) W. 108-0 (H)	(18) W. 130-0 (H)	
Hull G.S.	(21) W. 60-6 (A)	(19) W. 22-14 (H)	(2) W. 36-4 (H)	(6) W. 13-12 (H)	(2) W. 62-0 (A)
Pontillanfraith G.T.S.	(22) W. 46-10 (H)		(5) W. 32-17 (H)	(5) W. 60-12 (H)	(6) W. 60-4 (H)
Garforth H.S.			(16) W. 60-0 (A)	(2) W. 18-12 (H)	
Garforth H.S.					
Willowgarth H.S.					
Wath G.S.					
Kettlethorpe					
Ossett					
Ossett					
Armthorp					
Arnold School					
St. Joseph's					

RECORD

Played	22	19	20	19	22
Won	21	17	19	12	20
Drawn	0	0	0	0	1
Lost	1	2	1	7	1
Points For	727	577	1090	600	948
Points Against	186	135	81	315	82

FIRST XV

Team: K. Banks (captain); N. Tuffs (vice-captain), A. Fisher, M. Lindley, B. Banks, A. Whalley, M. Beedle, N. Hill, J. Bridges, D. Smith, G. Tinker, A. Short, M. Kirby, B. Smith, I. Westwood, D. Ward, D. Timmins.

Also played: S. Dean, M. Stabler, P. Garner, P. Graveling, S. Gamble, G. Peasant, J. Hoyle, S. Bridgewater, B. Bailey.

This has been an extremely good season with only the one game lost in school games. Both matches against adult opponents were lost but produced interesting games and provided valuable experience. These two games were against the LUDDITES and the FRESTONIANS. The former game and other illnesses at the time left us very much under strength for the game with Doncaster which we lost by one penalty goal to their two. The reserves in this game put up an excellent show, none more so than Barry Smith who went on to make 17 appearances for the side and win his colours.

Pontefract and Hemsworth gave us very close games away from home, as did Rothwell at home. In none of these games did we reach anything like our best form. Probably the hardest game, certainly up front, was against the tourists from Ireland, Belfast A.I. Our forwards battled constantly against a much stronger eight, but they produced enough ball for the backs to win the game with two tries by Martyn Lindley, an excellent drop-goal by Barry Banks, and two penalty goals by Neil Tuffs.

Ermysteds were unbeaten when we went up to Skipton. Early injuries to our flankers Barry Smith and John Bridges, and playing up the slope in the first half, left us with a score deficit at half-time, but our forwards played superbly in the second half to hold the strong Ermysteds pack, two of whom later played for England, and our backs were able to run in some match-winning tries.

After Christmas Goole were the only side to give us a close game; 3 penalty goals by Neil Tuffs gave us a winning margin.

Keith Banks was an excellent captain. He directed operations well at full-back. His attacking potential from this position has been a constant menace to opposing defences. Even though other teams knew of the danger they rarely found a way to counter his incisive entries into the three-quarter line. His experience after three years in this side has matured his game, and all his players have held a respect for him both as a player and a captain.

Neil Tuffs, vice-captain, has also had three years experience with the side. He is a beautifully balanced runner, with good acceleration, and probably our best tackler. He leads the points scorers with 184 points (13 tries, 39 conversions, 17 penalty goals and 1 drop goal). An unfortunate hamstring injury upset his chances of getting into the England side and kept him out of the Sevens team.

Ian Westwood and Michael Kirby also played at centre. The former is a strong runner and tackler and should develop well next season. The latter could not really command a regular place till late in the season when his extremely clever running and deceptive handling really blossomed, with very limited experience at 'sevens' he soon adapted to the game and some of his clever touches were admired by many.

Our biggest problem on the wings has been to know whom to omit. Luckily all have been adaptable enough to play in other positions, especially at flank forward, so we have been able to keep them reasonably happy. David Smith is very fast off the mark, and goes hard for the line. Being fairly small he is very difficult to tackle, and has run in twenty-three times. He is also a tremendous tackler. After two seasons as reserve in the seven's team he has finally made the team and has shown exceptional talent for this form of rugby. His two tries

against Reigate in the final at Llanelli will not be easily forgotten. Tony Fisher started and finished the season well, but had an off form spell in the middle. He is not quite so fast off the mark, but he is very quick when in his stride and difficult to stop. He made a useful forward in the sevens team. His leaping ability in the line out and his awkwardness to scrum against, plus his finishing speed, made him a worthy member of the side.

Martyn Lindley scored 31 tries in eighteen appearances. He is developing into a very formidable winger; fast, strong and elusive, with a useful cross kick and a good tackle. His best match was against Sir W. Borlase School when he scored six tries.

Barry Banks and David Timmins have made a useful half-back partnership. Barry has done extremely well for a fifth former in his first season with the side. He is a good handler, has made some fine breaks and has improved his defence. He lacks the kicking ability for a fly half and he may find centre his best position later. David Timmins has fitted in well as scrum half. He is quick at the face of the scrum, and always gets the ball away, but sometimes with a lobbed pass. His tackling of opposing forwards has been one of the strong features of his play.

Geoffrey Tinker has been an exceptionally good forward leader, improving in this art as the season progressed. His line out work at No. 2, his general footballing ability and his fitness have been an outstanding example to the rest of the pack. Tight head prop Alan Whalley is a good scrummager and excels in the mauls in loose play. His handling could improve but he always gives 100% in every game. Hooker Martin Beedle is the only player to have played in every game this season. With only a light pack behind him, his hooking has been first-class, and his loose play and backing up have been very useful to the side.

Our second fifth form regular in the side was Andrew Short at lock. His handling can improve, but he is good in the set pieces, fast in the loose, and generally a very hard worker. His partner in the second row, Nicholas Hill, is our biggest player. His height has been very useful in the line-outs, as has his weight in the scrums. If he can develop more speed and ability in the loose he will make a very formidable forward next season.

The back row trio are rather small as forwards go, but have made up for their lack of size with their speed in the loose. David Ward did not make the side until the tenth match, but he played in every game thereafter. He scrummages well and has tackled and backed up in the loose. Barrie Smith at blind side has been outstanding in his defensive work. His tackling and falling on the ball have been outstanding. As this was his first season in the school side this makes his performance even more creditable. Open side flanker John Bridges has very similar defensive qualities. He is also a very quick and elusive player, capable of snapping up scoring chances. He and G. Tinker led the try-scoring forwards with six each.

Congratulations to the following on the award of rugby colours: A. Fisher, M. Lindley, A. Whalley, N. Hill, J. Bridges, M. Kirby, D. Timmins, B. Smith, D. Ward.

Representative Rugby (19 group)

D. Smith, G. Tinker, K. Banks, N. Tuffs, M. Beadle and M. Lindley all played for the Castleford district against Wharfedale. The last five named all reached the Final Yorkshire trial and eventually Tuffs, Beedle and Lindley all played for Yorkshire in their fine wins over Durham 20-14 and Lancashire 12-11. Lindley scored two tries against Durham and Tuffs had the distinction of scoring all Yorkshire's points against Lancashire, with four excellent penalty goals. Yorkshire came unstuck against Wales, losing 17-4.

Martyn Lindley and Neil Tuffs went on to England trials, and both reached

the final trial. A hamstring injury had kept Neil out of several school matches prior to the final trial, and he was unlucky in being left out of the England squad. Martyn was selected, however, and played in all three International matches. England started well by beating Scotland at Galashiels by 26-9, but then lost 14-10 to Wales at Cardiff. In their trial game at Headingley the England side put on a very powerful display to defeat France by 28-0. Martyn had a good game, and scored an opportunist try when he forced his way over the French line with several opposing forwards trying in vain to stop him. His selection for England means that the England 19 group side has included a player from Normanton Grammar School for the last seven seasons.

Congratulations to all the players who have had their representative honours this season.

SEVENS

This has been one of our most successful seasons in Sevens. We have played in 11 competitions, won 5 of them outright and won the loser's plate in another. We reached the semi-finals at Pontefract, Newark, Fylde and Halifax, and at Oxford came through as section winners before losing to Cowley School. The standard of performance, then, has been very consistent.

The competitions we won were as follows:

MANCHESTER G.S. Where we beat Leigh 36-0, Marple Hall 26-6, Cowley 18-10, Pontefract 12-4, and Belmont Abbey 25-12 in the final. Mention must be made of John Bridges, who played extremely well at scrum-half, but was injured and



Winners of Plate Competition at Rosslyn Park 1973
Back Row G. Tinker, N. Hill, M. Kirby, D. Timmins
Front Row M. Beedle, K. Banks, D. Smith



K. Banks (capt.) receiving the trophy at Roehampton

unable to play in the final. Michael Stabler took his place in the final and scored an excellent try.

MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY. St. Josephs 26-8, St. Bedes 22-3, Birkenhead 22-0, Merchant Taylors 20-8, and Blackpool 16-0 in the final.

ROEHAMPTON where we were beaten 22-11 in the preliminary round by William Ellis School. We went on to take the Plate Competition with wins over Gunnersbury 20-6, Harrow County 16-0, Doncaster 13-4, Coleraine 8-0 and St. Benedict's 26-4 in the final.

ILKLEY. School produced some of their best Sevens technique here, with a particularly impressive display against Hemsworth. Michael Kirby, with some very deft handling, had an outstanding tournament. We beat Archbishop Holgates 34-0, Scarborough 22-0, Hemsworth 24-6, West Hartlepool 32-4 and Hipperholme 20-6 in the final.

RILEY. The only really difficult game in this competition was against Hemsworth. M. Kirby put us ahead with a fine try from the half-way line, and some good handling and backing up put us in a winning position 16-4 with only a few minutes left. Hemsworth, however, came back strongly, scoring two tries and only powerful tackling, particularly from Barry Banks and David Smith, saved the day for Normanton. Scores: Greatfield 24-0; Bede 30-0; Scarborough 26-4; Hemsworth 16-12 and Hull G.S. 38-10.

LLANELLI. This win ranks as one of our greatest successes since we started playing 'Sevens' rugby about 9 years ago. We had by far the hardest draw of

any of the teams in the tournament and were in the low part of the bottom half, which meant we would have less rest than our opponents in the latter stages. We got off to a good start with a 24-0 win over Crossley and Porter. A try by M. Kirby, who took a well-timed scissors, was the highlight of the game.

St. Brendan's, winners at Oxford, were our next opponents. We had seen their strong tackling technique in their first match. Our tactics were to vary our usual handling game with some kicking, this proved very effective. Barry Banks kicked over their heads and won a 50 yard chase for the opening try, which set the tone for a 16-0 victory.

The second day's play brought us against Neath G.S. They had won this competition for the last 2 years (putting us out in the semi-final both times). So our win here gave us great satisfaction. With the scores level at 10-10 it was left to our skipper Keith Banks to deliver this 'coup de grace' with a double dummy scissors which sent him in for a try at the corner to give us a 14-10 win over a team containing two international Welsh players.

Cowley were next. They were the victors at Roehampton this year, with a very mature side. Unfortunately we had lost Neil Tuffs after the Neath game (he pulled a muscle scoring our first try). This was a tremendous semi-final. Some of the locals said it was the best Sevens game they had ever seen in the 14 years the tournament had been running. An early try by David Smith and a penalty by Martin Beedle gave us a 7-0 lead. Cowley then got on top, levelled the scores and went ahead at 12-7. In the last minute a try by Tony Fisher, right in the corner made it 12-11. Geoff Tinker was entrusted with the conversion, and in front of the hushed crowd, put over a prodigious kick to give us a victory by 13-12, and a place in the final.

Reigate, runners-up at Roehampton, were our opponents. A closely-fought first half had brought no scores, but the side began to play well after the interval and tries were scored by Dave Smith (2) and Geoff Tinker (1), two of which were converted by Martin Beedle for a 16-0 victory.

The squad who played in the end-of-season Sevens consisted of; K. Banks (capt.), N. Tuffs, D. Smith, M. Kirby, D. Timmins, B. Banks, G. Tinker, M. Beedle, A. Fisher, N. Hill, B. Smith, M. Lindley.

SECOND XV

Team from: K. Hobbs (captain), S. Dean (vice-captain), B. Jones, D. Thomas, M. Spragg, M. Stabler, A. Curtis, R. Wells, S. Bailey, N. Cooper, R. Scuffam, T. Thomas, D. Kirk, S. Bridgewater, P. Graveling, J. Hoyle, S. Gamble, G. Peasant, R. Marson, M. Grace, K. Plant, S. Hall, S. Clark, S. Tarpey, P. Garner, M. Haywood and O. Fennell.

The team started the season with a surprising 79-0 drubbing of nearby Castleford. From this opening game one could anticipate a successful season, which eventually turned out to be no idle dream. In actual fact, in only our first eight games were we held within a close scoring margin twice, to the teams of Doncaster G.S. and West Leeds G.S. During this period the team was playing with such vigour, skill and confidence that many a 1st XV team would have had difficulty in quashing our enthusiastic play. When a side is successful, naturally confidence grows, that is everyone plays for each other and support is always there when needed whether in defence or attack. This access of confidence was evident both in individual play and teamwork in general.

The forwards, rather a more settled group than the backs, positionally speaking, were more than a match for anyone, consistently winning set and loose ball. With so much possession the backs were able to show their skills very successfully. A good example of this was the win against King's School, Pontefract where the

back division scored eight of the eleven tries. This game was a pleasure to play in, made the more so since we “ran rings around” our confirmed rivals, Pontefract. Not only could the forwards win the ball for the backs to use, they often completely surprised the opposition by running the ball amongst themselves. On one memorable occasion against Roundhay G.S. they interpassed the ball for a full 75 yards to score a magnificent try. This, as I said earlier, was a measure of the confidence that ran throughout the team.

We had not lost in our first twelve games but our unbeaten record disappeared before our very eyes at Hipperholme G.S. Trailing by 14 points to 6 at half time, having had the advantage of the wind and slope, gave us an arduous task in the second half. We did, however, make a magnificent effort and at the end of normal time were leading 20 points to 17. The opposition did eventually score the winning points but we had some consolation, perhaps, in the fact that this occurred very late in a seemingly endless period of “added time”. That put paid to our hopes of an unbeaten season.

Our only other defeat was at home against De La Salle. Two bad injuries to only thirteen men who, in the circumstances, gave a very creditable performance to hold the much bigger De La Salle team to a five point margin. The remaining fixtures against Heath, Temple Moor, Hull and the Welsh touring side Pontllanfraith were won comfortably, though Temple Moor gave us a fright by building up a 16-0 lead before we took command of the game.

Both David and Brian Lomas have tremendously improved over this, their last, season. Brian particularly in defence and David in attack. David was admirably served by Stephen Dean who was equally capable of scoring tries himself. Stephen was also our regular goal kicker, and has often got us out of trouble with his accurate kicking, notably against West Leeds where he scored all our points. M. Stabler was sound at scrum-half, his long and accurate main passes being his strength, but he often fooled the opposition by his quick breaks down the blind side of the scrum. Last year’s Colts who came into the side, namely R. Wells, D. Kirk, P. Graveling and J. Hayle made the transfer very successfully up to Second XV level, and all should be worthy of a First XV place next year. They never let their often bigger counterparts dominate and more times than not came out on top over their opposing forwards. R. Scruffam and T. Thomas returned to grace the football fields this season, Thomas being a tireless worker in attack and defence, and Scruffam using his weight well in the line-out, as did S. Bailey and N. Cooper. A. Curtis found his form of old and used it to play consistently well throughout the season.

S. Bridgewater, our regular pack leader, deserves a special mention, setting a fine example to others in every aspect of the game, his best asset, perhaps, was his ability to spoil the opposition’s possession.

Our thanks also to M. Spragg, S. Gamble, G. Peasant, R. Mason, K. Plant, S. Hall, S. Tarpey, P. Garner and M. Hayward for helping the team out in difficult times; they all played their part in helping to achieve a successful season.

Finally, a point which must be made is the amount of enjoyment and entertainment which Mr. Ruddock has given to the Second XV this season. His sure advice and training methods conducted in a light-hearted but positive manner have, I am sure, convinced many pupils that the Second XV is not only a team of First XV ‘understudies’ and so-called ‘not good enoughs’, but a team worthy of competing alongside the best.

May I, Mr. Ruddock, on behalf of myself and the Second XV, thank you sincerely for what has been an enjoyable and successful season for all.

COLTS XV

Team from: T. Barker (captain), S. Burnage (vice-captain), P. Morgan, N. Stackhouse, M. Smith, J. Burnage, C. Morgan, T. Carter, A. Hughes, K. Wood, P. Watson, M. Lawson, S. Evans, M. Jennings, T. Gittins, N. Green, M. Johnson, R. Davenport, S. Harvey, R. Cunliff.

The playing record speaks for itself. This has been an excellent season for the Colts team. The first thing I must do is congratulate them on their excellent team spirit and their willingness and eagerness to attend training sessions. More than most other Colts teams they have shown an extraordinary zest for the game of Rugby. One thing has marred an otherwise supreme team effort, and that was the defeat in the final game of the season against De La Salle, Salford. Perhaps they can take consolation from the facts that the game was played three weeks after their penultimate game and they were short of match practice and although they were officially defeated they were the better of the two teams. Because of the amount of time, effort and devotion the team have given throughout the season they really did deserve an unbeaten record.

The first game of the season against Castleford was a casual affair with thirteen tries and nine conversions being scored in a 70-0 win; a good team performance and just the kind of game we needed in preparation for the next game against Garforth. This was considered to be one of the hardest games in the season, and the team were in a very determined mood, so much so that our forwards set such an electrifying pace that the Garforth pack soon fell behind. Consequently our backs were given plenty of possession and had enough ability to score six tries. The forwards' habit of paving the way for victory with their dynamic rucking, mauling and cohesion was to be a feature of the season. The rest of the games up to Christmas were easy victories, most of them by over fifty points, the only close game being against Willowgarth. In this game we came up against a very solid and heavy pack of forwards, and from the set piece play we gained very little ball, but again the earlier arrival of our eight at the breakdowns more than made up for this. Some tremendous support play from the back row and second row enabled us to score eight unconverted tries, five of them by Mark Johnson, and to end as winners 32-17.

The second term, we thought, held three extremely difficult matches, against Kings, Macclesfield, Hipperholme and De La Salle. The game against Macclesfield, who had beaten us on the last two occasions, was the one we most wanted to win. They were a team very much like ourselves, depending on teamwork more than on individual brilliance and strength. Their best player was their fly half, and most attacks stemmed either from his ability to beat a man or from his tactical kicking for both his forwards and backs to use, and so we knew that if our back row could keep the shackles on him then most of their attacking potential would be lost. Again, our forwards got to work on covering quickly, tackling and winning good second and third phase ball, and our backs had more individual skill and speed. Thus we were able to score five tries in our very rewarding 24-0 win.

Two weeks later, we came up against Hipperholme, another team who had beaten us in a previous encounter with a fine all-round team performance. We easily avenged that defeat with a convincing 46-0 victory. In this game ten tries were scored, eight by the threequarters, and this highlights the fact that, over the season, they have revelled in the amount of ball they have been supplied with. The backs have a lot of natural talent; they have all the ability to beat a man, and their handling has been second to none. All season our backs have been finding openings through which to carve the opposition down the middle, or they have had enough speed on the wings to go round the defence.

The re-arranged game against De La Salle came far too late in the season for us. Because we went into this game not having had a game for three weeks, we had gone off the boil. Our opponents had an extremely heavy pack of forwards and again it was apparent that we should lack possession from the set pieces, and so we had to try to gain more than our fair share of the ball from rucks and maul. There was one drawback to the plan and that was that the pitch was extremely narrow and so it was very difficult for us to get the ball away from their forwards and outrun them. The long lay-off took its toll in the first half, and we were 10-0 down at half-time. We allowed them to score two tries by poor man-to-man marking in the backs. A few sharp words and some constructive criticism at half-time, and the second half brought a great revival. Some extremely good tactical kicking by the Burnages enabled us to score two tries and pull back to 10-10. Then an opportune drop goal by S. Burnage put us three points into the lead with five minutes to go. All the second half we had been attacking, not giving the opposition chance to make any break, but then one very brief attack by them led to a try being awarded and so it was 14-13 to De La Salle. We then threw everything into attack and, whilst we were pressing hard, a loose ball occurred and they managed to keep hacking it the full length of the field to score in the last seconds of play. We had lost 18-13. As their supporters kept saying after the game, "The best side lost, but what a marvellous game of rugby".

The forwards have been an immeasurable success and this, I am sure, is due in no small way to the captain, T. Barker. He has led by example with his constant high standard of play and his devotion to the game, and he is a player with a tremendous future. M. Smith, at prop forward, has been an impressive player who has the ideal build for a prop and has outpushed all opposition. Sean Harvey at No. 8 has played a big part in the team's success; he is big and strong, with a good turn of speed. On many occasions he has beaten man after man on forty and fifty yard runs. Both Sean and Trevor have worked well together in the back row and have, on so many occasions, caused havoc among the opposition's threequarters.

The second row partnership of M. Lawson and P. Watson has been a very useful one, for what ball we have gained from the scrums is surely a direct result of their work. Martyn has produced plenty of line-out ball, at times jumping head and shoulder about his opponents. In the first nine games he scored nine tries through excellent support play and sheer determination. Other positions in the forwards have been shared by K. Wood, a very strong forward, perhaps the strongest, and he is a tireless worker in the rucks and mauls, S. Evans and T. Gittins have shared the job of hooking and both are well versed in this important role. M. Jennings, not the fastest forward in the side, is very sound and dependable and always does the intelligent things. N. Stackhouse is probably the most improved player over the season. N. Green is always available for duty and a most able utility player.

The backs have been well led by vice-captain and fly-half S. Burnage. He has a tremendous amount of natural ability as most fly-halves he has come up against will verify. He has improved his tactical kicking and tackling and he is a much more complete player and definitely first team material in the near future. Serving the fly-half with good ball all season has been a small but resilient and gutsy scrum half who goes under the pseudonym of Emlyn. For such a small player his tremendous courage under extreme pressure has been an inspiration to us all. The two centres, C. Morgan and J. Burnage, have been very effective in differing ways. Clive, with his strong direct approach to the line, and John with his speed and superb handling. On the wings we have had two superb players in T. Carter and M. Johnson. Trevor only knows one way to play and that is as hard as phy-

sically possible. One minute he will be trying to run through opponents in order to get to the line, next minute pulling off a superb cover tackle. Mark Johnson has been our most effective back in scoring 75 tries, a new school record and one that could stand for many years to come. In my opinion he is the best wing three-quarter in the country for his age and he was extremely unlucky not to get into the Yorkshire team. Robert Cunniff has been our newest acquisition and has played well on the wing and scored a hat trick of tries in one game.

Last, but by no means least, are P. Morgan and R. Davenport. Russel played only four games. Most of the season he has been injured and he too has a tremendous future if he can fully recover from a damaged knee. Paul came into the full back position in place of Russ and he has had an outstanding season, playing with great skill and composure.

Finally, special congratulations to R. Davenport, T. Barker and Michael Smith on making the county side, and the best of luck to all the team in the future.

UNDER 14 XV

Team and Appearances: D. Machin (captain) (18), A. Wood (vice-captain) (18), Craig (19), Robinson (19), Hall (18), Hampshire (18), Jowett (18), Saberton (18), Wood (18), Cook (17), Greatorox (17), Johnson (16), Lythe (15), Grayson (14), Hawkins (13), Mitchell (13), Chelton (12), Griffiths (12), Richardson (4), Grant (1), Tottey (1), Webb (1).

Leading scorers: Wood 207 pts.; Robinson 88 pts.; Saberton 68 pts.

The team has enjoyed limited success this season. They have achieved a number of very big wins, scoring over fifty points on five occasions, but have also received some substantial defeats. This inconsistency does not really present any mystery, however. The team have suffered throughout from a lack of size, strength and weight in the forwards which has caused them to be very vulnerable to certain opposition tactics. The problem has not been that they have failed to get the set-pieces, in fact their technique has often been good enough to offset physical disadvantages—the problem has been in loose ball situations. This age group contains so many different stages of maturity there can be a tremendous difference in the physique of different boys, and it is often impossible for the small, light player who has had to be employed as a forward, to stop his opposite number who may be literally twice his size. These teams, therefore, who have engaged forwards merely to win the ball and send it out to their backs, have normally been dealt with. The teams that have beaten us have usually employed large mobile forwards backing each other up down the middle of the park. Whereas our cover defence in the backs has been adequate, the tackling and covering up of our forwards has been much less so.

Given the ball and given room the backs have shown a great deal of flair. Early season changes saw Robinson move from centre to stand-off, Machin from stand-off to scrum-half, Greatorox from scrum-half to full back and Craig from prop to centre. The latter move weakened the mobility of the forwards but filled the centre gap left by Robinson. Grayson had played the previous season on the wing but it was now considered his speed and strength could be more consistently employed in the forwards. The left-wing position has therefore been filled by a number of players including Johnson and Richardson, but the rest of the back division has had a very settled look about it. Craig and Cook at centre have got through a tremendous amount of work and Robinson, who seems to have increased in confidence every game, has achieved a sensible balance between feeding them

and putting in his own long kicks. On the right wing Wood has been the top try scorer. Not only very fast, he possesses a deceptive swerve and side-step and against any team that has been slightly hesitant in tackling, he has often run through the whole defence. His individual ability has often been crucial in giving the side an early lead. Machin began learning the scrum-half position after Christmas, and by the end of the season was proving very capable as he demonstrated in the Sevens' side.

Although, as has been noted, the forwards were often outmatched physically, it was nevertheless surprising how much ball they did win. In the scrums much credit for this must go to Hampshire who has mastered to a fine degree the art of hooking and of judging how far the laws may be pushed before the referee responds. An unfortunate and serious injury to Chelton, who dislocated a hip-joint in training, deprived us of a regular prop-forward in mid-season and with Craig moving into the backs, Hawkins and Jowett took over the prop positions with immediate success in the scrummages, in the line-outs the most effective ploy has been the long ball to Saberton at the back. He, without doubt, has been the most outstanding forward. His speed, coupled with oxen-like strength has brought him seventeen tries, but just as important, his seemingly impossible emergence from numerous mauls has set up many scoring chances for the backs.

There are a number of criticisms that can be made of the team, and although they are hardly unique in this, there are two that particularly stand out. In the first place, they lack aggression and this does not imply illegal or unduly rough play. Secondly, there is a certain proportion of the team that does not particularly care whether they play or whether they win. It was in this context that the heaviest defeat of the season was conceded against Newark when the Normanton team contained only twelve players. This, in fact, was the only time a depleted team was fielded, but it was indicative of a general malaise—rarely did we have more than one reserve and often there was none. In contrast, there were some fine team efforts. One of the best performances was against Garforth where the school won by thirteen points to twelve. It is a pity that there were few other close scoring games, as these are often more enjoyable to both sides, whereas easy victories often satisfy nobody. Having played Newark and reached the low point of the season, the team began to play quite well. They won the next three matches in convincing style, scoring 148 points and conceding 21, and then met Hull. It soon became clear that Hull, although having a full complement of players, were in fact a very weak side, and maintaining their form of previous weeks, the team played sensibly as the score mounted. It soon transpired that a record score was possible, and this then provided the motivating force. It was duly achieved, but it was still a team effort and only three players failed to score. It was pleasing to the keen players in this side that the team had achieved some form of recognition in spite of having to live with a record inferior to that of other school teams.

Sevens:

Robinson (captain). Cook, Craig, Hampshire, Machin, Saberton and Wood, with Grayson and Jowett as reserves.

The performance of the sevens' side to some extent made up for the limited success of the fifteens' side. They had three league games to qualify for the semi-finals and succeeded in winning all three. They began shakily against Willowgarth who only needed to convert a try in the last minute to win the game. They failed to do just this, but as events turned out the team would still have qualified. In the next game they cut out many of their earlier mistakes and against Doncaster in the third game played some very good sevens rugby. In the semi-final the school

was drawn against Leeds Grammar School who appeared to be one of the strongest sides in the competition and who subsequently went on to win in the final against Queen Elizabeths. The Normanton-Leeds game was evenly matched and when the school scored first they looked to be on top. Unfortunately an interception put Leeds back in the game and the final score after normal time was 12-12. Extra time then went on for another five minutes with both sides very exhausted before the vital break fell to Leeds.

UNDER 13 XV

Team: L Ellam (captain), R. Moorby, C. Grinsill, B. Barley, P. Arundal, M. Dyson, A. Seargeant, D. Hastings, E. Oakley, C. Ward, G. Wilson, P. Walker, A. Chilton, G. Walker, M. Carr, G. Moss, B. Clarke, T. Pell, P. Kerton, N. Davies, K. Empsall.

Under the thoughtful and capable leadership of Ian Ellam, the side has enjoyed a very successful season. One match has been lost—that against Arnold School, Blackpool, and only four other schools have been able to give the side a close game—Castleford, Kettlethorpe, Hipperholme and De La Salle.

The game against Arnold School in March was one of the best games to watch during the whole season—Normanton using their skilful backs in fast attacking raids, but Arnold countering with first-rate tackling and covering and snatching tries through strong forward play near the Normanton line. It was unfortunate that Normanton should lose through the margin of one conversion, both sides having scored three tries.

Against Castleford in the first game of the season, the team were obviously not yet in their stride and the narrowness of the pitch did not suit their style of play. In the Kettlethorpe fixture, which school won 13-6 after being behind for most of the game, Brian Barley was tried at scrum-half as an experimental move, but this only served to disrupt the rhythm in the backs that had begun to develop in the previous match against Garforth when sixty points were scored. However, back in the centre position, Brian was the outstanding player during the rest of the season and his spectacular interceptions were a particular delight to watch.

During October, November and December, the team piled up points with no real opposition and at Christmas had scored over 500 points from thirteen fixtures.

However, in January the Hipperholme fixture proved very difficult. The superiority of the Hipperholme forwards both in scrummaging and loose play meant that our faster and more skilful backs saw little of the ball, but the few chances that came our way were snapped up and enabled the team to scrape through despite enduring tremendous pressure in the last fifteen minutes of the game.

About events at Manchester against De La Salle in the last match of the season, a few unsavoury comments could be written concerning the 'matchbox-like' pitch and the referee, but perhaps it would suffice to remark that the team did well to escape with a 6-6 draw, considering the circumstances. I use the word 'escape' with real intent, as this was a real 'Battle of the Roses'.

Of the 205 tries scored during the season, only 18 were scored by the forwards, 6 by the half-backs and the rest from the three-quarters with wingers Paul Arundal and Mark Dyson both scoring over 40 tries, and centres Roy Moorby and Brian Barley over 30 tries each. All four players were outstanding, both individually and as a unit. Each had different qualities which together made them a devastating force both in attack and defence.

Kevin Gent at full back was not overworked, and in one match against Armthorpe which school won 66-0 Kevin failed to touch the ball once! However, a player who never made any mistakes, he became increasingly adventurous as the season progressed. Against St. Joseph's College, Blackpool, late in the season, deputising in the stand-off position, he showed promise both in attack and defence.

Colin Grinsell at stand-off, although not sharing in the scoring feats very often, was an essential link between forward and threes, and, except for the Roundhay fixture, never had a bad game.

Neil Davies and Alan Seageant, though lacking in size, were keen rivals for the scrum-half position, the former impressing with his long service, whilst the latter the more capable tackler.

The forwards, although not sharing the glory like the rest of the team, nevertheless performed very capably during the whole of the season. Only against Hipperholme did they fail to provide a reasonable share of ball possession for the backs to utilise, and yet on a number of occasions they were up against a physically superior eight. Wing forward Timothy Pell must be singled out, for despite his small size, he showed amazing strength to come out of mauls with the ball. The line-out work was generally weak, but Peter Walker improved in this sphere as the season progressed. Alan Chiltern began to put much needed aggression into his play, whilst Keith Empsall emerged as a work-hungry prop to challenge the established pair of Eric Oakley and Gary Wilson, both solid and dependable. Ian Ellam showed considerable ability as hooker when belatedly tried late in the season, Gary Walker having capably performed this function previously.

Although it is impossible to mention all the players, everybody showed great enthusiasm with twenty or more players turning up for training; indeed the main problem was whom to leave out.

At the end of the season the team entered two sevens tournament at Q.E.G.S. and John Smeaton School. At Q.E.G.S. the team went out in the semi-finals, through weak tackling, after having led Bradford Grammar School 16-4 at one stage. However, they were more successful in the John Smeaton Tournament, beating a huge and colourful Foxwood side in the semi-final with courageous tackling and superior skill. In the final against Roundhay two well-executed tries in the first half saw school ahead 10-0 at half-time, but mistakes in the second half proved costly, and it was only in the last few seconds, after a good passing move, that the team made sure of winning, with Mark Dyson scoring in the corner—leaving the final score at 14-12 to Normanton.

UNDER 12 XV

Although they won more matches than they lost, the Under Twelves had 85 more points scored against them than they scored themselves. This is due mainly to the results of three games. First, against King's School, Pontefract, the team came across a very big centre whom nobody could stop, and their tackling let them down. At Newark, there was snow on the ground that Saturday morning, the first of the season, so four players did not turn up and so we played with an incomplete side. Thirdly, at St. Joseph's, Blackpool, where we have no excuses for this defeat other than that it was St. Patrick's Day, and he must have been on the opposition's side.

The best game of the season was the game at Macclesfield, when, from being 11-0 down, we fought back in the second half, and won 20-11. The bitterest blow

was at Hipperholme when at the end of 25 minutes in the second half we were winning 8-4. The game, however, did not finish for another 15 minutes until the home side had made the score 8-8.

Guiver, the team captain, led his team very well, even from the first game, and often his was the match-saver, with his always-sure tackles. Wood proved his worth with some good goals and a couple of very well-run tries. Carter, who did not join the team until mid-season, played very well on the wing, and in the game against De La Salle he scored our only try, a beautiful solo run from one end of the pitch to the other.

Although the forwards were playing well at the end of the season, it took them a long time to settle down. Earnshaw was making very good progress in running with the ball, along with Smith, a good wing-forward, and Moore, at times an aggressive No. 8.

Mr. Jubb brought his cine camera to Armthorpe and the team won 10-4 with two good tries, one from Earnshaw, his only score of the season, and one from Guiver, which was made by Carter. Wood converted one try. The film was shown to the lads one Monday night and, with the help of Mr. Jubb, they learnt a lot from it.

The season was rounded off by a tour to Blackpool. Unfortunately, the side lost both games—but they did have a good time.

Record: Played 15, Won 7, Drew 2, Lost 6.

Points for, 150; Points against, 235.

		Tries	Goals	Points	Matches
Team :	Guiver	12	0	48	15
	Wood	5	5	30	13
	Mitchel	4	0	16	13
	Kelly	3	0	12	15
	Cowell	2	8	8	13
	Frost	2	0	8	15
	Carter	2	0	8	9
	Webber	1	0	4	13
	Earnshaw	1	0	4	14
	Dunkely	1	0	4	10
	Moore	1	0	4	15
	Clarke	1	0	4	5

Other appearances: Chalkley (6), Daley (6), Ferguson (1), Henson (9), Jones (5), Kew (13), Masters (13), Rogers (6), Scholey (1), Sharp (4), Slack (2), Smith (6), Walker (4).

CROSS COUNTRY

House Cross Country Championships;

Senior House Champions: Dodsworth.

1st, Dobson, L., 14.24; 2nd, Smith, D., 15.39; 3rd, Scuffam, W., 15.59 secs.

5th Form House Champions: Ward.

1st, Wakenshaw, F., 15.28; 2nd, Travis, W., 16.10; 3rd, Spragg, D., 16.38 secs.

4th Form House Champions: Levett.

1st, Cunliff, L., 13.08; 2nd, Smith, P. (D), 13.45; 3rd, Whittam, L., 13.53 secs.

3rd Form House Champions: Ward

1st, Tottey, D., 13.49; 2nd, Hughes, L., 14.04; 3rd, Marsh, W., 14.17 secs.

2nd Form House Champions: Levett.

1st, Grinsill, L., 14.43; 2nd, Wooley, F., 15.02; 3rd, Kerton, F., 15.05 secs.

1st Form House Champions: Freston.

1st, Carter, F., 2nd, Parkinson, F., 3rd, Johnson, F.

HOCKEY

The team started the season excellently, and the results show some outstanding initial scores. Unfortunately, injuries depleted the side, and although it struggled gallantly, it suffered some marginal defeats, before succumbing more comprehensively towards the end of the season. Some matches were cancelled because of bad weather, and lack of regular play further affected form. At the Hemsworth Rally we were unfortunately knocked out after the first heats in which we played Huddersfield, Castleford and Mexborough. In the Wakefield Area Trials in October, A. Sheldon played in the First Team, and A. Carrington and P. McTear in the Second Team.

Team: D. Taylor (captain), A. Carrington (vice-captain), P. McTear, A. Sheldon, P. Davies, S. Lloyd, M. Machin, J. Arandle, S. Machin, D. Wynne, H. Carrington. Also played: A. Brabbs, C. Turtle, P. Hutchinson, L. Bywater, A. Harvey, G. Holmes.

Results :

Castleford High (A)	Won	10-0
Ackworth (A)	Lost	1-2
Thornes House (H)	Won	2-1
Ackworth (A)	Lost	7-1
Pontefract (H)	Won	5-1
Rothwell (A)	Lost	2-3
Thorne (A)	Lost	0-6



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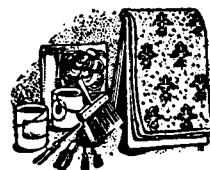
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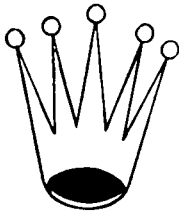
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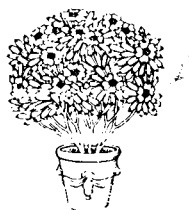
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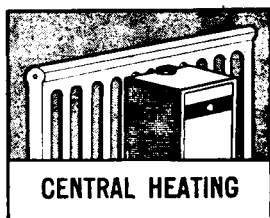
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