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1974

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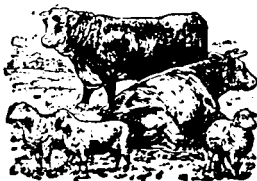


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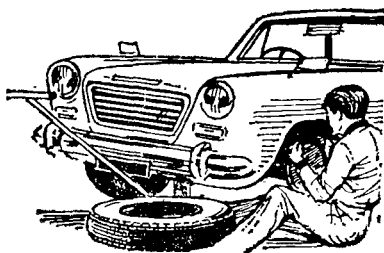
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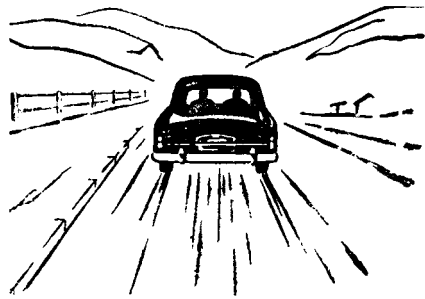
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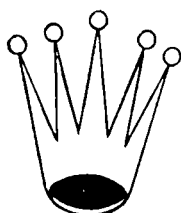
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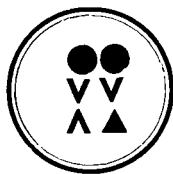


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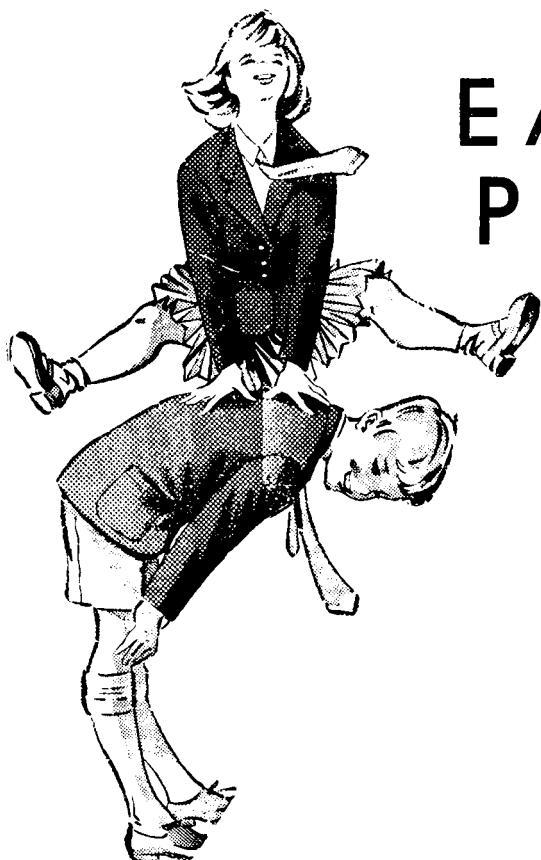
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THE FRESTONIAN

1974

THE MAGAZINE of NORMANTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL

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Diane Powell Mark Sansom Robert Wells

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Cover Design : Malcolm Hawkins, Fourth Year

EDITORIAL

Some 900 souls congregate daily in our School. What a wealth of experience, ideas, opinions, feelings, knowledge, intelligence and imagination. Hoping to draw upon it, we set as our theme this year Shakespeare's Seven Ages of Man.

For the big response we are truly grateful. It was due in part to our powers of coaxing and cajolery and our resistance to rude rebuffs, in part to some coercion from the English Department, and in part to some students who have developed a genuine interest in creative writing (is there an uncreative sort?). The Upper Sixth were notably helpful, the Lower Sixth prolific, and every other year contributed substantially except for the Fifth, who were represented by one girl. Well done that lass.

We have regarded the Seven Ages as very broad categories. The Age of the Lover, for instance, includes not only adolescent longings in the style of "Jackie", but also Les Morgan's robust love of Featherstone Rovers, Rita Newton's love of Nature, and Editor Meikle's feelings for albatrosses.

The Age of the Soldier embraced violence and conflict of every sort. Writing tended to be derivative, and at times the Editors tired of the splat of spilt guts into bloody mire. You would think some boys spent every games afternoon circling in landing craft under shellfire off Jap-held islands — or watching "World at War" on the telly. And on the command "Vietnam" everyone will fall into fashionable attitudes. Is it helpful to deplore war as a bad habit we should give up, like smoking? Margaret Clegg describes her reactions to a road accident with honesty and integrity (her piece achieved a pass in the Optional Test in Creative Writing last summer). Too many others, perhaps, preferred the realms of sensational fiction, a "white light" and "searing agony".

The Age of the Justice embraced not only questions of crime and punishment, but also middle-age, when a man settles in to his profession and tends to conform to conventional attitudes.

Reviewing the material as a whole, after carefully reading every page, however tear-soaked or blood-stained, we were left with a faint feeling of gloom. If, in our temporary office of Editors, we have a duty to speak out fearlessly on the state of the School, our message is this.

Cheer up.

Next year, perhaps our theme will be Happiness, in "The Fun Frestonian". Which brings us back to Instant Gloom, and the question of whether or not there will be a next year. Inflation makes the future of school magazines precarious, and ours may be in its Seventh Age. Do we, in fact, need, or want, a magazine? What is its purpose? How should it be organised (and financed)? The questions should be deliberately debated, and the future not allowed to go by default.

Meanwhile, read on, while you may. Each of the seven sections is introduced by part of a verse-cycle written by Lesley Ann Walters, Upper Sixth. But first we have Judy Frayne's acid comment on the Seven Ages of Man, as seen by a Woman. Are you sitting comfortably, male chauvinist pigs?

SEVEN AGES OF MAN

AS YOU LIKE IT

All the world's a stage
and all the women merely players
and dressmakers, make up artists, hairdressers,
secretaries, telephonists, usherettes,
sticky sweets and ice cream vendors,
lavatory attendants and charladies
who have to push the seats up
and sweep up the popcorn
and the bits of paper
and dead crisps,
and have to drag out soggy paper cups
from under the seat
where the ice cream (coffee flavoured with bits in)
lies in wait
mingling silently with the cigarette ash
which is quite near
to where the bubble gum has stuck,
not yet solidified,
just to the left of the carving on the arm of the seat
which says
"Up Womens Lib!"

Judy Frayne, Lower Sixth.

1. THE INFANT

*I wandered through the realms of light,
Was pleased by all that came to sight:
I traced the rainbow 'round the moon,
And heard the bluebells' quiet tune.
I watched the robin and the hare;
All life was good and very fair . . .
Perhaps my life was far too good
For things all happened as they should.*

MOTHER EARTH

"You cost too much! You eat too much! Leave that alone! Go away!" whines the voice through a cloud of cigarette smoke. Is this really the voice that said,

"Oh let me look; is it all right? I know it's mine, but is it perfect? Is it perfect?" And to the voice, the nurse replied,

"Oh yes, it's perfect, they nearly always are, aren't they? Yes, it's perfect, but are you sure it's yours?"

"You're always in the bathroom! I wait on you hand and foot! I work my fingers to the bone for you!" Was this really the voice that asked "Is it perfect?" and was so fulfilled by "Yes"?

Diane Powell, Lower Sixth.

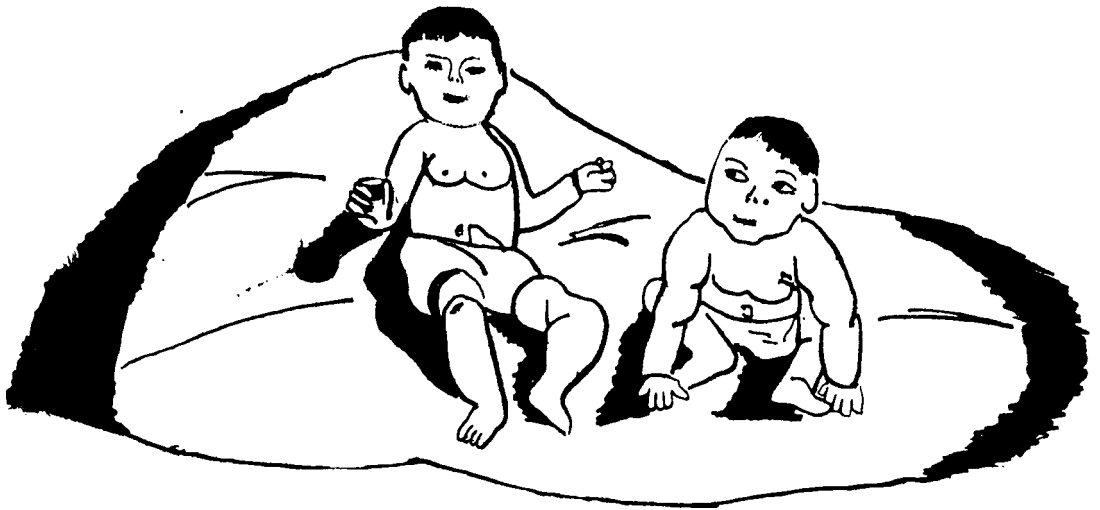


Illustration by Janet Braid

FRUSTRATED EXPLORER

Here I am
Lying in my blanketed, cushioned, tucked in world.
Sucking the end of my rattle
And watching a fly on the ceiling.
While you two stand over me, cooing and gurgling
In a language alleged to be mine
But foreign even to me.
I look at you blankly.
You tickle my hand,
I laugh — you laugh —
I kick to get out of the restricting blankets.
But you persistently tuck me in.
You think that I am too young to understand,
To recognise, to remember.
But in my pram I grow wise.
This padded cradle is not the world.
I want to be free from the blankets.
To touch the shiny vase on the table.
To explore the room
And to play with the flowers.
But you won't let me.
You just stand over me, making funny noises
And persistently tucking me in.

Ruth Harrison, Lower Sixth.

KELLY

Tiny hands hold on tight
for fear that you may fall
off this fast revolving world.
Soft pink mouth smile gently now
for words like hate and war
and death will soon
be on your small moist lips.
Liquid eyes that lightly
linger on the softness of
your world will soon see
the corrupt hovel you
were born to.
Rest now baby, for soon,
too soon, you will wake
into this adult world
with no peace.

Allyson Louise Meikle, Lower Sixth.

A LEADER IS BORN

While I lie here
in your arms
and you poke your fingers at me
and call me 'Leibling'
and smile so kindly,
I wonder if you realise what you have done?
You had the chance to leave me as I was:
tiny and helpless;
but you chose to bring me out,
to encourage me.
And it is you who have given me power.
You can not stop me now.
Don't you see?
My power, like my body, will grow every second.
I shall completely fill and rule your life,
supplying your foolish mind
with all that you believe to be right and good.
And then,
suddenly,
I will break away from you,
cold and indifferent.

I will leave you with nothing
but the long,
agonising,
tortuous,
pain —
quietly, patiently,
tearing at your heart
in the realization of your mistake.

Judy Frayne, Lower Sixth.

THE CONDENSED MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS

Babies are born suckers.

David Buckingham, Lower Sixth.

2. THE SCHOOLBOY

*I don't see the point in talking.
No-one listens to what I say.
I'm about through with hearing
What they've all got to say.
I'm taking a trip ;
Don't know where I'll be.
Don't want to hear you
So don't come lookin' for me.
I don't want any trouble —
Can't you leave me alone ?
My mind's seeing double —
Let me on my own !*

HEAVEN AND HELL or KNOW YOUR TEACHERS



We asked about half of the Staff to give us concise definitions of their personal heavens and hells. The results are published below, with heavenly bliss first, and hellish torment second. See if you can identify the authors. The answers are given below.

Interestingly, most Staff seemed much more familiar with hell than with heaven — perhaps this reflects the nature of the profession.



1. (a) Where I never have to worry about anything, (b) Where I always have to worry about everything.
2. (a) A round of golf with Raquel Welch, (b) Another round of golf with Raquel Welch.
3. (a) Teaching the quick—(b) — and the dead.
4. (a) Aslan's country, (b) A negative class.
5. (a) Skiing downhill on fresh powder snow, (b) Not posting a pools coupon that would have won £100,000.
6. (a) August, (b) Rain, Sunday afternoon, floral teacups, and Mary Whitehouse.
7. (a) Winning, (b) Losing.
8. (a) The display of true excellence in any field — especially by young people, (b) Mindless violence, vandalism, and hooliganism, and abuse of talent.
9. (a) No. 57 on the menu of the Lotus Restaurant, (b) Choosing wall-paper.
10. (a) The Scottish Highlands, (b) Seasickness.
11. (a) A twelve, tenor two tons in D flat, rung to perfect Stedman cinquies, in the country in summer, about 600 yards away, (b) Umpteen Staff absent.

12. (a) When I was six. (b) Stockport 0 Oldham 0.
13. (a) Friends, a good meal, and wine, (b) Hate.
14. (a) Romantic classical music, (b) Slovenly workmanship.
15. (a) Immersion in a two million gallon vat of cherry yoghurt, (b) Tight shoes and a lost toenail.
16. (a) Seven Grade sixes, (b) Six Grade sevens.
17. (a) The top of Malham Cove on a sunny Spring day. (b) Living in a London bed-sitter and not knowing another soul.
18. (a) Beautiful surroundings, with compatible and intelligent people you love; "Here with a loaf of bread beneath the bough, A flask of wine, a book of verse — and thou." (b) "Hell is existing." (Omar Khayam).
19. (a) My family, (b) Loneliness.
20. (a) An endless succession of old Hollywood musicals, (b) The dentist.
21. (a) Waking up on the first day of the holiday to sunshine and a cloudless sky. (b) Trying to cut hard wood with a blunt saw and no vice.
22. (a) Being physically, athletically, intellectually, academically, and socially perfect, (b) Being fat.

Next year; The other half of the Staff Read "The Frestonian"! There's nowt like it, annually.

The Answers

16. Mr. Seed	17. Mrs. Guy	18. Miss Kynman	19. Mrs. Clarke	20. Mr. Long	21. Mr. Ruddock	22. Mr. Finch
8. Mr. Turner	9. Mr. Smith	10. Mr. Marshall	11. Mr. Moreton	12. Mr. Cooper	13. Mrs. Walton	14. Mr. Oldroyd
15. Mr. Booth						
1. Mr. Brown	2. Mr. Jubb	3. Mr. Hadfield	4. Mr. Cook	5. Mr. Fairbank	6. Mr. Higgins	7. Mr. Windle

THE FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL

I walked quickly to school beside my mother. I felt very proud with my new satchel and new pair of shoes, bought especially for school. I did not really understand what school was. To me it was a place where all the older children went mysteriously every morning. I used to wish I could go because I had no one to play with when they had gone.

"Are you coming too, mam?" I got no answer. We just walked faster. I assumed she was so I was quite happy to walk along holding her hand, my satchel banging against my legs as I walked.

We arrived at "school". I was a bit disappointed. It was not a big building with lots of toys but a small old building with lots of people everywhere. We walked into a cloakroom where an older girl showed me my peg. No. 39. It already had my name on it in big black letters. I felt very important having my own peg. I walked into the cloakroom with my mother. That was the biggest mistake of my life; it changed my hours of play into hours of work.

There were children crying everywhere, clinging onto their mothers as they tried to leave. My lip trembled as I began to understand what was going

to happen. "Now be a big girl and don't cry", I was told. My mother then said goodbye and left. I soon joined the other roaring children.

The teacher had a hard time in getting us interested in something else, but we were eventually quite happy drawing pictures of our "partners" whom we had been put beside. My partner was a small girl with long ginger hair, which hung down her back in a plait. She had a pony (which impressed me) and she invited me to see it one day. We were friends for ever after that. We were given new pencils and books and learned how to write those magic words, "Sums", "problems", and "English".

Janice Harrison, Fourth Year.

CONDITIONING

Sleeeee.....ping!

Get up

Go to school

Work!

Go home

Work!

Have a meal

Work!

Sleeeee.....ping!

Reee.....peat!

Ruth Harrison, Lower Sixth.

HAVE WE HAD AN APHORISM BEFORE?

Today,

Tomorrow is the best time to work.

But, tomorrow

It seems that yesterday was better.

Beverley Kerton, Lower Sixth.

GIT INT SLOODGE LUD

This afternoon maister sed wer off ower t'golf couass, it's fair capping what yer can do, by gow ah did run. Ah jumped ower t'beck, ah jumped ower a few times an' nowt 'appened, wi fon a few frogs an' golf balls anall.

Las' jump wer a corker, it fair flumaxed us. Ah tuck a long run up an' ah landed reight in t'sludge on t'other side an' slid back into t'watter. Ah tried to gerrup but ah slid further dahn an' wer up to t'neck in sludge an' watter.

Any road up ah gets up an parted misen from t'watter, iverybody 'ad a reight gud laff at mi, but ah dint stop more than a couple o' shakes afor ah meks mi way back to school.

Ah don't kna wot mi mam'll say when shi sees these 'ere wite pumps an' mucky socks, noa daht shi'll mek mi wesh 'em misen. It teks all t'joy out o' life when tha drives thissen dotty learning to cross country.

John Shearn, Lower Sixth.

MISGUIDED YOUNG

So now you're here
you wonder why you ever
felt the excited twinge
with squeaking satchel
and crisp, white shirt.
You're older now
and see that life has played
each dirty trick with
skilled perfection
till you sink,
or rise, shining, laughing,
oblivious to it all;
and begin to live
your life
alone.

Allyson Meikle, Lower Sixth.

REMINISCENCE ON RUBBISH

Some people collect stamps; some collect match box labels; some collect coins. Me? I collect rubbish! Well, that is the opinion of mater, but I disagree. You see, after much deliberation and thought, and even more rib prodding by parental digits, I decided to tidy-up the corner of the living room bound over for my superfluous possessions. Well, on with the story. The time: 2.20 p.m., the day: Saturday 13th (avast what luck — the omens were against me!) February, 1974. Raising my eyes from the racing page of the 'Daily Express' and my 30p certainty, I set about the task with vigour and enthusiasm (lies, all lies), keeping a careful eye on the box and the ensuing race at Kempton Park. 'First things first', I thought, using my highly logical mind (boast, boast), 'we shall remove the top layer'. And lo, it was done; and immediately undone again, for one does not notice one's pater behind one as one becomes engrossed in a mountain of literature, containing such monumentous works as 'The Kama Sutra; original, unabridged and in original Indian script', 'Dr. No' and 'Introductory Biology' (containing the 'naughty bits' on page 130-131, if my memory serves me right after seven years). Anyway, after the momentary scare, and an offer to my father of the loan of a book, I dived once more into my junk.

Oh what memories! An original J. A. L. Hamilton circular, urging parents that in the ensuing term — Spring '68 — pupils should be much tidier with respect to their apparel. I remember perfectly the way the old boss used to come up to you, tie askew, shoulders bedewed with dandruff, scuffed shoes, vented gown (a contraption of his own invention, caused, so it is fabled, by too much vigour with the cane), and wearing one green sock and one brown, to say "You scruffy boy! Get your hair cut and straighten your tie". Oh, what happy memories!

Now what have we got? A Mikado score — ha, ha, a cue for a song if ever I saw one (cough, cough) 'If you want to know who we are' (30 seconds later, after a shout of 'Chuck a brick at that cat!' back at the old rubbish tip) — a copy of last year's 'Frestonian' with my only previous contribution printed — very fitting for it to be included with the rubbish.

Now what have we, damn and blast me 'orse's fallen! 30p down't drain — form photos from the days of short back and sides and exposed knobbly

knees (which I have managed to preserve) and the most recent one containing the mug shots of the Lower School prefects, and a better bunch tha couldn't ha supped ale wi' anywhere — It's fair bringing't tears to my eyes. I'll have to pack it in and do some Further Maths — no, on second thoughts I'll have a kip on't settee. Oh yes — a tip to all new prefects. Don't just sit in the prefects room during free periods, have a game of cards.

Tony Barker, Upper Sixth.

POLLUTION AND THE OTHER

There was a pink elephant called Bernie
And a yellow bear called Ernie.
They lived in a wood where it was all very good but they
Couldn't keep it clean.

Dedicated to Alison Holroyd, Lower Sixth.

Diane Powell, Lower Sixth.

THE YOUNG ATHLETE

The effort,
So effortless,
The thought,
So thoughtless.
And he
Alas, and he not timeless!

Angela Barrett, Upper Sixth.

PALMOLIVE

Why must I wash behind my ears?
I really want to know.
Why can't I just wash my hands and face.
The places that really show?
When mum finds out what I have done,
I have to go back in.
And wash myself with soap this time.
And it certainly isn't fun.
I waste a lot of valuable time.
Washing in these places.
It isn't as if they're all on show,
Like legs, and hands, and faces.

Lisa Oldroyd, First Year.

ELEPHANT DICK — A TRAGEDY

Dramatis Personae:

Elephant Dick — A famous white hunter.

Khanni Singh

Khanni Ell

— Servants of Dick.

Act I

Somewhere in the Indian jungle. Dick is hunting a rogue Elephant.

Elephant Dick: I can't see a thing in this blasted jungle. Can any of you chaps?

Khanni Singh: Can I hell.

Khanni Ell: What?

[Distantly the sound of an Elephant's trumpet is heard]

Elephant Dick: That's an Elephant's trumpet. How big do you think the blighter will be?

Khanni Singh: Dunno Sahib, never seen an Elephant Trumpet.

Elephant Dick: I thought you told me they went round in bands? Never mind. Khanni Ell, bring the guns up.

Khanni Ell: Can't Sahib.

Elephant Dick: Why?

Khanni Ell: Me never eat 'em.

Elephant Dick: (Savagely kicking Khanni Ell up the Dhoti) Bring them to me you half-baked Pastrami.

Khanni Ell: Punjabi, Sahib.

Elephant Dick: Never mind the food, fetch the guns.

[A pause. Re-enter Khanni Ell with shotguns]

Elephant Dick: (Without looking at Khanni Ell) Has he got the four-tens?

Khanni Singh: No Sahib, him always walk like that.

Elephant Dick: Okay, we'll head this varmint off at the pass.

Khanni Singh: Is he in the right script?

Nicholas Hill, Upper Sixth.

THE CAT'S AWAY

Foolish, schoolish silly pranks,
A drawing pin on a chair,
A rubber, a ruler, a piece of chalk.
Go flying through the air.
The waste-paper basket upon the door
Litter strewn upon the floor,
A silly scrawl upon the board.
You might well wonder how
they dare.
I'll tell you. The teacher isn't
there.

Philip Harper, Second Year.

3. THE LOVER

*My heart-beat quickened
its tired pace.
I felt alive, and in the place
of idle lethargy
Arose a forceful energy —
Too quick to control.
My heart took place
Where head should be.
And all my actions became calamity.
His muscles rippled in the sun,
I watched his back (oh waters run)
He held forth his hand to me,
I leant and took it, and was free !*

UNE MORT INATTENDUE

Debout sur le pont dans mon propre monde,
je pense à toi, à l'histoire de nous deux.
Tu t'éloignes de moi, comme l'eau en dessous
pour ne jamais me revoir, pour ne jamais me rembrasser,
Comme tu m'as embrassée auparavant,
quand nous fûmes heureux dans ce monde.
Tu es là, en-dessous, dans ta froideur,
comme la Froideur de cette eau qui t'emmène loin de moi.

Christine Peakman, Upper Sixth.

SWEET MUSIC

Softly, gently the refrain tiptoes through the air.
It nears me and I feel its warm golden breath.
I brush aside the twilight veil,
and move closer, curiosity awakened now.
There he is, a quiet man,
caressing his sweet love.
Not a sound does he make as he moulds and forms
the golden sound which trickles through the air.
I stand, enchanted, open, vulnerable,
the sounds swish round my frame.
I feel free, alive, aware —
aware only of this gentle new god.
I Lift my eyes and see a multitude of happy people,
quiet, listening, humble.
I find now what has been lost before —
Music, music, music play on.

Diane Powell, Lower Sixth.

PARTING

"It's over". Two uncomplicated words which managed to break her heart in a very complicated way. The pain was bearable while he stood there for a short time, gazing into her eyes with a cold, unfeeling stare which she had never seen before. His soft blue eyes were glinting even in the subdued lights. But the caring she had once seen there was gone. Instead she saw emptiness. He had only just stepped into the darkness of the shadow from the balcony when the tears began to fall. No sound, only the movement of diamond-like droplets from her eyes. Silently they rolled down her cheeks. Inside, her heart was thumping turbulently. She was sure the whole crowd around her could hear it — but she didn't care. He had gone. With him had gone her whole reason for living.

She would no longer be part of his life. He would no longer be part of hers. The second thought she quickly pushed to the back of her mind. How could she forget him? He had made himself part of her, just by being there. Everything they had done was part of her life for ever now. She couldn't forget the way he kissed her: his jokes which she never understood; the feel of his soft hair; the way he laughed; everything about him.

The only thing she wanted, though, was the peace and quiet of her own room. The room where she had planned everyone of her dates with him. The clothes she was going to wear, the new make-up she would try, how she would do her hair. That room held all her best memories. After he had said good-night she had always gone over the evening in her room, laughing at little things they had done. Now she would go home and think about the events of that night, probably crying over him again. But in the meantime she had to put on an act. Seeing him coming towards her, she forced herself to smile at her friend, grabbed her arm and pulled her onto the dance-floor. She wasn't going to let him see how much she cared.

Beverley Ryan, Fourth Year.

THE MAY 11th MASSACRE

They were losing.
I knew it then.
I knew we had lost.
Conned, tricked, and outclassed.
Humiliated, my team,
the team I love.
Beaten, easily. The
lump in my throat
and the knot in my stomach
hurt. And my anger burned.
Hate for the referee.
Hate for Alex Murphy.
Hate for those Warrington Supporters
Singing their victory tunes.
Rubbing salt in my wounds.
And sorrow for the boys in blue,

Robbed, at the last hurdle
by a team of tricksters
led by a clown who
laughed at me as he
raised the Cup. I could
not help it. I cried.

Les Morgan, Upper Sixth.

"NATURE I LOVED ..."

The summertime brings hazy mist and frosty mornings, dew-showered grass and a breaking shining sun sitting behind clouds. The birds circle and glide smoothly, dipping and diving gently in the endless sky, quick-eyed, strong-winged and opening the curtains on the horizon.

The day is bursting with light and encouragement, fresh new unexplored life, to discover new boundaries, territories, heights and hidden mysteries. There to find is the countryside full of wild flowers and grasses, views stretching for miles of country walls, animals, ponds and busy farmers. On the hilltops the cool breeze blows softly and whistles around your ears. Nature is unspoilt, unharmed, and running with timid creatures. Nature is alive, young and interesting, curiously bobbing around and shyly sheltering from human observation.

Buzzing overhead the searching, inquisitive bees admire flowers, fluttering butterflies dance in the air watched by envious eyes. On the ground creep insects and buried below in the soil wriggle worms, occasionally silently coming to the surface.

All nature is about and awake to its surroundings. How soon it will fade for the winter season, but always returns to delight and intrigue.

Rita Newton, Fifth Year.

MEMORIES

Julie loved to visit her grandma, who lived nearby. Grandma often told her stories about the time when she was a girl. She had an old china cabinet which contained memories of the past, happy ones and sad ones. Julie often begged her to tell some of the tales she knew well. Take the china cabinet, for instance! Every single item in it could tell a story of its own. On this particular occasion, grandma decided to relate the story of the musical box.

"Ah, what a long time it is since I was given my musical box, yet it only seems last week when I visited Amsterdam." Her eyes held a faraway look in them as she remembered her first visit abroad — to Holland.

"It was there that I met your grandfather, a Dutch naval officer. I was in a shop, and I wanted to buy the musical box. But the shop assistant couldn't speak English. Then your grandfather came in the shop, and sorted everything out. He bought the musical box for me, and I've always treasured it."

Julie opened the box carefully, and the song 'Tulips from Amsterdam' tinkled out softly. She waited until the song had finished. The rocking chair was still, her eyes were closed, grandma was asleep.

Cheryl Ellis, Third Year.



"Young Man Regretting Lost Opportunities"
Angela Barrett, Upper Sixth

HAPPINESS

Happiness is a great big smile.
The will to run that extra mile.
Happiness is loving and giving.
All the things that make life worth living.
Happiness is a grateful heart.
Happiness is not wanting to part.
A kindly word, a deed well done,
A smile is happiness for someone.
Happiness should be felt by all:
The old, the young, the very small.
Treat them as you'd want them to you.
And you'll find happiness in them, too.

Hazel Stretton, Third Year.

ONLY BEGOTTEN

I was toiling along this dry, dusty road on the way to seek my fortune (just like in all the nice fairy stories) when I looked up and saw, pinned to the sky, a man, just a man.

His face was exquisitely beautiful and reminded me of a marble statue I had once seen in a . . . a house. But as well as beauty there was something else: Pain, but more than that even. There was sadness as well, a deep, drowning, desolate sadness. Then the pain seemed to ebb away, just like the waves on sand, and left behind the pure, clean marble beauty.

Then people came and took out the pins and wrapped the man in a Marks and Spencer's cotton sheet and carried him away. I had a hot dog and a can of Coke (this is a fairy story, remember?) and went to look where they'd taken him. They hadn't put him in an oven like the rest of us commoners, (anyway, Marks and Spencer's sheets are too good for that) but had hidden him in a hole in a wall and slipped away. Having nothing better to do and having found no fortune that day, I curled up and went to sleep.

When I woke, the sheet was empty and the man was gone. I didn't know who had taken him; it wasn't me. They said he'd got up and gone by himself and I suppose that's quite possible. After all, this is a fairy story.

Diane Powell, Lower Sixth.

REALISATION

I sit here and wonder. Oh what can it be.
What is this thing? What's happening to me?
It isn't the weather, 'cos I'm sitting inside.
And it can't be a secret, 'cos I've none to hide,
I look at the trees, and the stars up above.
I've got it, I realise! I must be in love!

Julie Green, Second Form.

INSPIRATION

Why do albatrosses have to die?
Why do you come into my mind,
beautiful, unfair being?
Unfair, because you cannot stay,
but for a while you'll linger there
in my mind.
I'll cling to it while it lasts;
it soon will fade,
all albatrosses die, in the end.

Allyson Louise Meikle, Lower Sixth.

4. THE SOLDIER

1914-1918

Save our island race.

1939-1945

Smash a tyrant's face.

Kindly watch this space.

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE

We sat in petrified silence as the radio blared out its warning: "Russia has launched a nuclear attack on England. Even now the rockets are speeding towards us. People of Britain we have ten minutes before the end."

Angie, my youngest daughter, began to whimper, "I don't understand, what's happening?"

Sharon tried to comfort her. "It's alright. Oh Dad, what are we going to do?"

I tried to remember what the leaflets 'One In Five' had said. Radiation would kill us and the light would be blinding. "Jane" I turned to my wife. "We'll have to use John's bedroom . . . the smallest, there's only one window, it will have to be whitewashed, to stop the light."

Jane ran to fetch the tins.

"John," I said, "Get all the pillowcases and fill them with sand, earth, anything . . . use Angie's sandpit."

They went.

"Angie, you stay in John's bedroom."

"Eight minutes," said the Radio.

I ran upstairs and started running water in the bath. Everything would be contaminated by the radiation. "Oh please, God, please let us live," I whispered. I covered over the bath, then went downstairs and covered over the food.

Jane had finished. "What shall I do?" she asked.

"Help the children."

"Four minutes," the radio continued.

Then I heard Angie wailing and remembered where she was. I ran into the bedroom with the radio. "Ssh Angie," I said.

Jane and John came in with the sand bags.

"Block up every hole and line the walls," said Jane "Wait though . . . where's Sharon?"

I ran through to the lounge.

Sharon was trying to coax Whisky the cat from behind the settee. "Whisky . . ." she explained.

"Come on, leave him!" I shouted, grabbing one of her arms.

"Wait!" Sharon got hold of Whisky's legs, and dragged him out.

"Get into the bedroom." I pushed her towards the door then I followed her.

"Get the bags!" cried Jane, beads of sweat on her forehead. She grabbed at the pillows. Everyone helped her.

"Two minutes," the radio said.

We lined the door and the windows.
 "One minute."
 "Quick, under the bed, away from the glass." Angie and Sharon got
 under and I threw myself on top of John. Sharon began to cry.
 "20 ... 19 ... 18 ... 17 ... "
 "I want teddy," came Angie's muffled voice.
 "15 ... 14 ... 13 ... "
 "You can't have him."
 "11 ... 10 ... 9 ... 8 ... "
 "I want him!"
 "No!"
 "7 ... 6 ... 5 ... 4 ... 3 ... "
 "Oh God! Here it comes."
 "2 ... 1 ... "
 "Teddy!"
 "Zero!"

Helen Bowerman, Second Year.

MILITARY MARCH

The Grand Old Duke of York,
 He had ten thousand men.
 They went to Northern Ireland,
 And ne'er came back again.

Bill Braham, Sixth Form.

CONFLICT OF CULTURES

Imagine a road. Not just any road but a narrow, winding cart track
 meandering between clusters of wooden huts. The huts are impeccably
 clean and well kept, all have their doors permanently open, everyone trusts
 everyone else around here. A little further down the road children play in
 a field, kicking a battered tin can from one to the other. The sound of laughter
 drifts across. A few hundred yards along the meadow men and women alike
 are wading waist deep in a rice paddy. They smile at each other, laugh, tell
 jokes and discuss yields. Some of the women carry small children on their
 backs as they work. Wherever one looks there is evidence of a sense of
 purpose and fulfilment and an underlying current of quiet happiness.

Now imagine a large mass of steel, glass and concrete, the best that
 the computer-efficient, dollar orientated, consumer conscious American
 society can produce. At the edge of the vast concrete apron sits a gigantic
 steel bird with a wingspan so immense that the wings droop at the ends.
 The B52: The world's largest flying death-dispenser. A computerised, auto-
 mated, mechanised extermination machine, belching fire and brimstone from
 ten miles up. Several million dollars of the American tax-payer's money.

The young flight crew leave the mess building and walk towards the
 bus which will take them across the tarmac to the waiting bomber. They too
 are talking and laughing, but they are not talking about rice yields. They are
 discussing how long it will take to complete the flight and return for lunch.
 None of the crew is more than twenty-five. The young men climb aboard
 their chariot of death and prepare to take off.

The ox turns around and begins a new furrow. The jets thunder into life and the machine begins to move.

The ox snorts with increased effort.

The machine accelerates faster and faster down the tarmac strip. The ploughman laughs at the complaining ox and makes a joke with his friends; everyone laughs.

The massive wheels leave the ground and the machine rises, moving faster and yet faster.

The ox moves on, pulling with all its might, the ground parts easily and the plough is drawn along quickly.

The wheels are now within the body of the silver bird and it rises with incredible speed, until it reaches a height of 40,000 feet then turns North and picks up still more speed.

The ox has now reached the end of the field and starts to turn again. During the time it took to plough this one furrow the machine has moved one hundred and five miles closer. The ploughman is now running into difficulties, the ox has become bogged down and it takes two of the men to free him.

During this time the machine has come another hundred miles, in a few seconds it will be over its target.

The men push the ox out of the mud and set him back on his path. They slap the ox's back and make jokes about the skill of the ploughman. Neither man looks and sees the two slim vapour trails high in the sky. Napalm, fragmentation bombs, spider mines, gravel mines, and dragon's teeth mines detach themselves and fall.

The ox turns at the end of the furrow.

Malcolm Hawkins, Fourth Year.

THE WORLD WE HAVE CREATED

While Hitler danced,
drank wine,
ate bread,
the Jews in the village
buried their dead.
While children sang carols,
were innocent,
felt free,
their parents dug graves
labelled 'Refugee'.
While we sit at home.
Moan at the price of our meat,
an Indian baby cries
for the starved mother
at its feet.
So think of your living
and think of your dead,
do you have a life,
or existence, instead?

Allyson Louise Meikle, Lower Sixth.



"Safe for Democracy"
Malcolm Hawkins, Fourth Year

UNIVERSAL SOLDIER

I imagined riding on a white charger into the sunset, the land beneath me conquered by the truth and honour which I represented. I hoped people would praise me in their folk songs and think of me as their guardian angel.

But I was told that the purpose of the army was to prevent war at all costs even if this meant killing people; I hadn't to mourn for the children I killed, but I must remember my glorious country which was defending them.

I never imagined that I would have to wear a green, shabby uniform, or that I would crawl about on my belly like an ugly lizard. I never imagined the enemy would look like my family, and I wept when bomber planes blasted their lives away and left them like flies squashed on a wall. I never even ate a meal and talked around a campfire, I was permanently cold and hungry, but the politicians at home told me that army morale was excellent when all the time I was silently weeping for a friend after one of our planes had killed him.

I just never imagined that war would be so long and bloody, that I would want to be killed everyday, that I would curse my victorious king and country. The few of us who survived were greeted at the airport by the Prime Minister, who didn't notice our missing eyes and limbs. When they played the National Anthem I was nearly sick.

I couldn't believe that nobody would give me a job because I kept shaking and trembling. I went to see a social worker who thought he understood my problems and I laughed in his face when he suggested I might work in the army recruiting office.

Jane Smethurst, Upper Sixth.

DREAM

I dreamt I lived in a cotton-wool world.
And floated on clouds in the sky;
There weren't any wars —
For there was no cause —
And nobody had to die.

Lesley Walter, Sixth Form.

SOME CIVILIAN CASUALTIES

Deathly silence hangs low over the village except for the occasional cry of some child searching for its mother, lost amongst the masses of dead bodies. No noise is heard, smoke rises slowly to the sky and small flames leap about on the roofs of villagers' ramshackle huts. Most of their livestock lie motionless on the ground in the rickety pens. Bodies of innocent war victims lie scattered on the dusty cart tracks which run to and fro. It is just a big graveyard where whole families have died together; from the young, who were oblivious of the evil world about them, to the old and wise, who knew only too well the evil it held.

War has reached them at last in reality. Before it had just been headlines in the occasional newspaper that they had come across. They were just a village far away from the sounds of gunfire and the evil smell of death

that war brings. But their destruction wouldn't be noticed. They were just a small part of the millions that have to suffer and die in the course of a war.

What of the lucky ones that have survived. Are they really lucky? They have to rebuild their homes. Their fields are devastated. Their cattle, which they have reared and cared for, are destroyed. The whole village is silenced.

The war will eventually be over and the soldiers that survive will return to their homelands. There will be laughter when the bell of freedom rings and peace reigns over the land, but the majority of the people in this village will never hear the laughter and the bells.

Kim Forster, Fourth Year.

WAR FOR SALE

War is a game. It's fascinating to play. The winners get glory. The losers? Death!

Send off to World Wide Misery Incorporated for a free trial, you have plenty of time. The closing date for entries is World Peace Day.

Robert Daley, Second Year.

A TRENCH RAID

The trench floor is muddy, the trench sides are bloody.

Your belly is fasting, your thirst everlasting.

Around rats are creeping, new lads are weeping.

The shells fall more thickly, the lookout calls quickly.

The enemy's turning, machine guns are gurrning.

The bodies are falling, the wounded are calling.

The raid now is over, and sprawled in the clover

Are corpses of men that went off to war.

Stuart Massey, Second Year.

TUNES OF GLORY

The youth sat under a thorn bush. He felt miserable, more miserable than at any other time in his life. He was wet, cold, hungry and scared. He sat amidst the engulfing forest, the trees clawing skywards, like the pillars in a Gothic Cathedral. The ground carpeted with fern, bracken, matted with the short wiry grass that clings to all that venture on it. A fine gossamer spray filtered through the roof of branch and leaf. It was rain that found its way to every dry place. As rain came upon rain, a grey mist filtered up through the fern, subtly obscuring and clouding the youth's vision. It hid the enemy who lurked in the depths of the forest.

He was hungry; fear prevented him eating. The fear, cold and damp, made his limbs weak and numb. Misery and fear had grown until his insides had become screwed into tension.

It was now, and only now, that the youth thought and reflected. "What," he asked himself, "am I doing here? Why the hell did I join?" Raindrops hung on the Summer green and Autumn brown leaves. The youth's mind wandered. It wandered to the parades, the beat of drums, whistle of fife, blare of bugle, the flags, cheers, crowds, girls. Ah yes, the girls! Drink and the recruiting sergeant's stories of glory, loot and . . . "Yes," he thought, "the bastards told us about that, but not about the lice, dysentery, the screams

of the dying, or raddled whores. No, they didn't tell us about that." The youth had grown up in the army. The enemy crept closer.

The youth tried to eat. He nibbled at a crust of dry bread, washing down the lumps with the brackish water from his canteen. He clung to his rifle. The enemy fired. The youth never heard the shot, nor felt the bullet that bored its way into his brain. The thing that had been his body slumped, the left eye splattered, a red hole in its place. Steam rose from the blood that trickled down the youth's cheeks and from his nostrils. The youth never heard the clamour and tumult of the forest battle.

Bill Braham, Lower Sixth.

LIFE AND DEATH

Why the small baby stretched out as he slumbered,
Peacefully dreaming his future untold.

Why the young boy who ran in the sunshine,
Tumbling and stumbling, his future to mould.

Why the young lover so quick and so lively,
Tender and loving, courageous and strong.

Oh! Why did they take him, and make him a soldier,
For now he is dead, and his future is gone.

Julie Dyson, Upper Sixth.

5. THE JUSTICE

*Cold, grey, miserable.
And thinking low.
Wonders at life —
How can it be so ?
Never knowing an answer
Or even having the will —
Doing nothing on your own.
But always trying to kill
The hidden thoughts of poverty,
That have flown
Too far from the vast majority,
To make a difference.
To save indifferent society.*

DON'T CRY

The little girl sat and cried. People hurried past her; they had enough troubles of their own — what could they do to help? A young man with a pleasant grin came and sat beside her.

"Hello, what's the matter?" he asked.

"I'm lost" she sobbed.

The man took hold of her hand.

"Come on, we'll go get you an ice cream."

He lifted her gently off the bench and took hold of her hand. The sobs had now quietened, and she willingly followed him towards the van at the far side of the park.

"Where do you live?" he asked as they sat licking an ice cream.

"29 Crossley Street," she replied. "And I want to go home."

The sobs had returned.

"Don't cry," he said. "I'll take you home. It isn't far."

He took her wet, sticky fingers into his and they walked slowly across the park. They soon arrived at her home.

"There it is," she cried joyfully. "I'll be alright now."

She quickly ran into one of the smart semi-detached houses. On the step she turned and waved goodbye to the young man. The young man acknowledged the wave and then turned quickly towards his own home.

When he arrived there he found that his wife had come back from shopping. He slowly walked towards the living room door. "I can be nice to them," he repeated over and over again. "I can be nice to them!"

He opened the door. His wife sat holding their four year old child he had battered to death half an hour before. It was his turn to cry.

Gillian Winfield, Lower Sixth.

ALBERT

Albert's grave was bleak and bare.
Even the weeds refused to grow there.
On the gravestone his epitaph read,
"Here lies a man riddled with lead.
Here lies a man who was wicked and cruel,
But even so he was a fool.
He robbed the rich and he robbed the poor,
And even then he wanted more.
But even he met his match one day
When a certain gentleman came his way.
This man was a hero, brave and just,
He made Albert bite the dust.
And as he lay there in the dirt
I felt he'd got his just dessert."
The man who wrote this, so people say,
Was found to be murdered the very next day.
So even though he's dead and gone,
Does the evil of Albert still go on?

Susan Skidmore, Third Year.

AN ACCIDENT: TO BE FORGOTTEN

We were driving home seated within the dark enveloping womb-warmth of the car, viewing the world through a lazy glow of contentment as the alcohol took its effect after the exhilarating, noisy, rough-and-tumble of the evening. We sat quietly, scarcely stirring, occasionally giggling inanely.

I leant forward and peered through the window at the black abysmal world outside. It seemed unreal. The only tangible world was the world within this droning mass of vibrating metal and warm plastic; a world of four breathing creatures, each intent upon its own thought. I continued to gaze at this outer world, my eyes gradually growing accustomed to the darkness, the glare of street lights subsiding into a glowing phosphorescence.

A drunk, bellyful of beer, lurched full forward into the glare of the headlights, almost into the path of the car. He flung himself back surprised, hurt, and offended almost, as though the car had personally meant him harm. "Bloody fool," cursed the driver. Everyone in the car started forward, braced as if for a crash. The danger was past. The others leaned back again, sighed, and were lost in private thoughts again.

Courting couples stood in doorways, or were walking home together, glued arm in arm, giggling and whispering pleasant rubbish, soon to be forgotten. We passed a fish-and-chip shop where a gaggle of women with be-scarved heads and raucous voices still lingered after a night's gambling at the mecca of the village — the "Majestic Bingo Palace." Their heads bobbed up and down as they spoke, like hens pecking grain.

The idea of fish and chips, hot, greasy, dripping with vinegar, and sprinkled liberally with salt, roused my companions, reviving everyone's somnolent senses. We resolved to stop at the next fish-and-chip shop. I leant back now, closing my eyes. Someone turned a knob and music piped from a cassette, pervaded my mind until I was part of the music itself, quivering, pulsating, existing for myself alone.

"There looks to be a right commotion outside the fish shop." The voice broke my self-hypnotic state. I opened my eyes slowly and stared out, but

could see nothing. The voice carried on — "I bet it's a fight." I debated whether it would be worth the effort to sit up straight and look out of the window, and decided against it. Fighting has never been one of my greatest interests in life. I closed my eyes and gave myself over to the music once more.

"Ooh! It's an accident!" The voice had risen. It expressed the necessary awe and respect, but the ghoulish curiosity was scarcely disguised. "Wonder if it's anyone we know?" My spine stiffened. I sat alone, frightened amongst people who were aliens; they were untouched by the morbid fear which threatened to overwhelm and engulf me. The terrifying tightening at the throat, the clenching and twisting of stomach muscles; a familiar feeling experienced many times before. A battle raged within me as I attempted to conquer my phobia and regain outward calm.

We reached the fish-and-chip shop and turned into a nearby side street. The actual scene of the accident was hidden from my view by a cluster of dark buildings, but from where I sat I realised that neither the police nor an ambulance had arrived. On the main road there were about five men playing at being policemen. They waved the traffic past with frantic arm actions whilst they all tried to show what calm, useful men they were in an emergency. A group of women were gathered in a crowd, shaking their heads and gesticulating wildly as they explained how the accident happened. But they showed no more emotion than they would at a television play.

I hated them. I hated them all as they revelled at the macabre entertainment. These must surely be the successors of those who used to sit and knit whilst a gory head rolled from the guillotine. And yet I envied them, envied their composure, their seemingly brutal indifference.

The driver got out, returning minutes later bearing the steaming parcel.

"It's a motor bike and a car," he informed us, "bike looks a write-off. I couldn't see who it was though." The car was jerked into life and we drove slowly past the accident. I just wanted to get home and forget the accident, forget my indefinable terror once again. But I was impelled to look, gazing with fearful eyes at what I did not want to see. A crumpled mass of twisted metal, scarcely recognisable as a motor bike, lay pathetically under the wheels of a respectable Cortina, little damaged by the impact. Flung in the middle of the road was a body. A heap of limbs, seeming to have no trunk, just arms and legs and an undistinguishable face surrounded by bystanders.

As we passed I began to weep, easing the painful burden of fear. They began to comfort me as one would comfort a small child whose pet rabbit has been injured.

"He's probably only broken an arm, he'll be all right", "Don't worry, it won't be anybody you know." They were cajoling and jovial. They were embarrassed, not understanding my fear. I was not crying for the injured; I was crying for myself; for the unknown fear that strikes, a fear which I cannot define, and which has no real meaning. I was as brutal and callous as the women sight-seers! Perhaps I was worse. I would not help, I could not have helped in any way as the pseudo-policemen at least had tried to do. I would have turned away my eyes as I have turned away my eyes from Bangladesh, Vietnam, and Ulster, knowing they have no real place in my life. If they are ignored, they can be forgotten with the excuse that I have a morbid fear which cannot be conquered.

Margaret Clegg

MAN, YOU GOTTA GROW

Jaws yawning slowly open,
Slowly revealing the fierce furnace;
flames leaping out to catch the light,
to swallow down the next offerings;
black solid diamonds brought forth by long hard toil,
to feed to this tide of sacrifice,
from where in time it will return
as rock to crunch and crumble,
to further man's own development,
to keep himself alive before his
own self-imposed cull makes him extinct
by his own misuse of his own life-bringers!

Christine Peakman, Upper Sixth.

HOUSEWIFE

And so you slept.
You made the bed
and fed the cat
and slapped the baby
"Don't do that",
you fed the dog
and your husband, too,
but where is your life?
Where are you?

Allyson Louise Meikle, Lower Sixth.

FULL CIRCLE

Long ago, a boy was born, a normal boy, but with one exception. When he came of age he was taken to the priests and they found that he had great wisdom. This marked him out from all the other boys, and so he became isolated and alone. As he grew older, this isolation led him to taking long journeys to where he could think and not be disturbed.

Now at this time the people bowed down and worshipped numerous statues of gods, and they gave sacrifices to appease the anger of their terrible masters. The boy saw this situation and he also saw the priests were fat, the people poor, the priests expanded and the people shrank, and he saw that this was wrong.

In these days the soapbox had not been invented, so he stood on a boulder and told the people that this was wrong. They shuffled quickly away, except for a few young men who had nothing to do, and, like most young men, were violently against tradition. And so the man (for the boy had grown up) gathered round him these other men, and called them his disciples. Finally, the priests heard what the man was saying, and so they killed him.

The disciples mourned, and wept, and cried out that the man had been right. Gradually their cry was heard by the people, and the priests were exiled.

Many years later, the disciples, now old men, were talking about the man. They realised that he had been a courageous man, a kind man and a

great man. And so they built a statue of the man and bowed down and worshipped the man. Many people followed their lead, for they had become leaders in the community, and they were given gold and silver and they grew fat.

Robert Wells, Lower Sixth.

HIDE BUT NO SEEK

Hiding behind the laughs and smiles
Fooling everyone, including herself, with the jokes and false happiness
concealed behind the merriment
is the pain and the hurt of a lonely heart.
"Not a care in the world, always laughing and joking!"
"She's just like a rubber ball — always bouncing back.
Nothing hurts her."
"Yes, always good for a giggle, thats her."
You've heard people say that in every fat man
there's a thin man crying to be let out?
Well remember in every happy man there's another,
crying his heart out.

Diane Powell, Lower Sixth.

THE REVERED MONUMENT

This idol to be worshipped is easy to be found.
It demands due offerings to be paid in full,
every Monday, Tuesday, Friday and Saturday,
every afternoon, every evening of the above.
For this punctuality of payment of sacrifices
it may return the occasional favour
to its disciples in the form of "Jackpots and Flyers".
This idol demands constant attention:
It is a jealous God and forbids the worship
of other Idols such as children and husbands.
It demands the money to be spent on these Idols
should be squandered solely on itself
because, as has been said, this is a Jealous God.
This Idol thou shalt to honour all thy life.
Thou shalt worship in every temple
Throughout all the days of your life.
No matter where you may wander.
This Idol does not like to be treated lightly.
To receive favours from this God
One must be dogmatic in one's worship of it.
And visit it on the above assigned days in its temples.
Should difficulty arise in locating the temple of the God
Thou hast only to look for the building marked in clear letters
"BINGO"
but when the God is of the highest order
"BINGO HALL"

Christine Peakman, Upper Sixth.

CONTRARY MOODS

Loneliness is when nobody cares for you, nobody, nobody loves you, and no-one talks to you, they just don't take any notice of you, and deep down inside of you, you feel nothing but emptiness, no-one to go to when you are hurt, and no-one to enjoy the life around you with.

Happiness is when everyone cares for you, and people always listen and talk to you, everyone likes you and your parents love you, and when you are hurt and upset there is always someone there to help and to comfort you, and there is always someone there to enjoy the life around you with.

Nicola Sansom, First Year.

THE LOCKED ROOM

I looked gazing out of my bedroom window,
Watching the children running by,
Thinking why, why can't I be the same,
Why can't I run and play,
Why can't I jump and skip,
Why can't I.....
Why, Why, Why?

Michelle Stoner, Second Year.

DIRTY DOG

Bob was an intelligent dog. The only trouble was he used his intelligence to the wrong purpose. For instance, when 11b. of best steak disappeared from Mrs Brown's kitchen table, the immediate suspect was Bob. He could get anywhere he wanted to, by fair means or foul.

He was a fairly small, wiry dog with a black coat and one white paw. He belonged to the local policeman which was a laugh. Fancy the local arm of the law owning the worst canine criminal in the neighbourhood.

It soon became unusual for a day to pass without some person or other marching up to the policeman's door holding Bob with one hand and ringing the doorbell with the other and claiming compensation for damage Bob had done.

A few of the tricks Bob got up to were meat stealing, chasing cats up trees (much to the fire brigade's annoyance, for they were the ones who had to fetch them down again), knocking over bottles of milk, and trampling people's flowers. You name it, he's done it.

One day an incident occurred which changed Bob's life. He was taking a short cut through somebody's backyard when he spotted a baby in a pram. Being an inquisitive dog he went over and jumped up at it and tipped the pram over and the baby was on the floor. The mother rushed out on hearing the baby's screams, and when she saw Bob she thought he had something to do with it so she threw the nearest handy thing which was a tin bucket, luckily for Bob she missed.

News travelled fast in that village, and all sorts of stories were about. Most people thought the dog had bitten the child and they demanded that Bob was put down. But somehow Bob sensed this fate and that night he escaped.

Nothing was heard of him for a while but before long he was back with a pack of stray dogs behind him. Together they raided hen houses, poultry farms, the lot. Then they started to worry sheep for fun, and then the villagers got angry. Day after day they organised parties to catch the dogs and day after day the dogs evaded them and caused more damage. Then one day someone managed to hit one of the dogs and from there on they just followed the trail of blood and eventually Bob was caught. It seemed quiet in the village after that, but I'll tell you one thing — I bet the angels are having trouble up there with Bob around.

Kathryn Lingard, First Year.

6. OLD AGE

*Oh misery of thoughtless age.
Imprisoned life within a withered cage -
The joys of youth, are now all spent,
And age takes over its tenement.
The eye, that closely looks
At all the fine print in the books,
Is the same eye as before,
But is tiring now, and feeling sore.
Gladly would the shaking hand
Take the teapot from the stand —
Pouring tea with the same grace
As oft times before in that same place.
Worldly pleasures, faded, die,
And all the senses quickly fly ;
And we are left alone, at last,
With all the glories of our past.*

REFLECTIONS

An old man sits alone and thinks,
An old man sits alone,
He never hears a knock on door,
Nor ring of telephone.

When newborn, as he laid in cot,
Many came to see,
But now he always lives alone,
His time is always free.

When once he was a child of six,
And fell when he had played,
His friends all gathered round him,
Now none comes to his aid.

In teenage time he courted some,
But one int'end he wed,
He was so happy for a time.
But now his wife is dead.

He then became a soldier,
And fought both hard and long,
And friends he made in plenty,
But now they have all gone.

At middle age he worked with will,
And joined the Works Brass Band,
He was always one of the lads,
Now none will lend a hand

When he retired they honoured him,
'A tribute to this man',
His friends said they would visit him,
But it seems none ever can.

Andrea Ward, Second Year.

OLD MAN

He smiles briefly when I enter the room, as though to give himself time to recollect my identity. Then he croaks a greeting.

"Hello Beverley."

"Hello."

He nods, satisfied perhaps, that his memory had not failed him.

I sit and wait.

He moves towards his own chair. Carefully, yet clumsily, because he has grown aware of his unsteadiness but has not yet completely mastered it. He manoeuvres cautiously round a small table which is in his way. Something in his movements remind me of a newly-born calf, so unsure of its stability as it takes its first inquisitive wander round the stall.

(Ironical that the calf, at the dawn of its life, can be compared to a man at the eve of his.)

His wife talks endlessly. I answer briefly when necessity dictates. Then his memory is jarred by some insignificant point in his wife's monologue of the local gossip. He begins to talk, slowly, almost stuttering, but yet emphatically, as though the continuance of his life depended upon it.

She curtly cuts him short with a scowl and an impatient,

"Oh, be quiet . . ."

Did she love him once? Does she love him now? — there is no sympathy, no kindness, no understanding in her voice. It was almost a rebuke such as one might give a child. He is almost like a child in his devotion to her, his dependence upon her.

We continue the conversation. Again his mind is brought to attention on some point. He repeats a previous statement, quite oblivious to its insignificance and to the fact that he told me the same point only minutes before.

I smile, nodding in agreement, though inwardly I cry with pity. He wasn't always this way. Now he doesn't seem to have a purpose in life, life has no purpose for him. He doesn't care — or perhaps he doesn't know. His existence is a dream, larger than the reality of his life.

I leave wondering.

Does everyone become like this?

Beverley Kerton, Lower Sixth..

PENDING

I've nothing left now, it's time you came,
I've suffered enough, where are you death?
Don't make me suffer, as life has done,
care a little for me, come as soon as you can.
Don't make me stay here, in a world I don't care for,
With people who hate me, it's time you were here.
So now you've arrived. I'm ready for going.

Ruth Yates, Lower Sixths

THE FACES OF OLD AGE

Old age has two faces. The brighter
Side is tinged with golden memories
Shared with lifelong friends and filled
With pleasant pastimes there had been

No time for in a working life.
And all the family coming round.
Grandchildren coming after school,
And never feeling out of touch
From knowing all the family news.
Old age has two faces. The darker
Side is full of aching loneliness.
No friends, no family to come around
To do the jobs the aged cannot do.
No company through all the empty hours,
The visitors so few and far between.
But this side of old age need not exist.
It only needs a little bit of thought,
A little time is not too much to spare.
A visit now and then to show you care.

Susan Abel, Third Year.

DERELICT

He appeared as if from nowhere, just standing by the tip all day doing nothing, except watching everyone and everything go by, with a sardonic grin on his lips. He wore a trilby, which he had probably taken from a dustbin, a discoloured Gaberdine, patched grey trousers, and brown sandals; his stockings had no heels, and holes where every other toe would go. It didn't look as if he had a shirt on, just a tie which was faded and shredded at the edges. He didn't have much hair on his head, but he did have a beard. He wore heavy rimmed glasses, and the left side of his face was disfigured probably because he had been involved in a fire. The right eyepiece of his glasses was rusted up, and I suppose he had no eye, or a glass one.

I hated him. He was grotesque from his grubby hat to his worn sandals. He became the subject of the gossip of the neighbourhood. No one could answer these questions, and probably never would. Boys would taunt him, men would jeer at him, girls would giggle at him from afar, women turned their noses up at him. Little children crossed the road when they came to the tip, afraid that he might touch them. Sometimes he would start to talk to someone, but everybody in the neighbourhood had been told to take no notice of him and carry on walking.

He shouted after me the day I took no notice. He shouted again and I kept on walking. He shouted again, but this time it sounded as though he was pleading with me. So I stopped. When I turned around he had caught up with me. I looked straight in his face. I cringed. It was horrible. He asked me to follow him; I didn't want to, but I did. He led me to a shack at the back of the tip; I followed him inside. All there was inside was a bed of straw on which he sat down. A rat scurried away from under him as he began to talk. He spoke in a high, slow voice, and his lips hardly moved when he spoke, but I heard every word he wanted me to hear.

He told me how he had spent his whole adult life wandering from place to place, sometimes driven on by others, sometimes by some restless longing in himself. Now what he had come to fear most was loneliness — if only he could find conversation, companionship, he might settle at last. Inwardly I vowed to visit him often.

But it was a busy time for me. When I went back, eight days later, the shed door was flapping in the wind; the shed was empty; he had moved on.

Martin Craig, Fourth Year.

LITTLE OLD LADY

A white haired lady with a gentle smile,
Who still dresses in the latest style,
She looks so trendy in her Robin Hood hat,
Knee-length boots, and all that,
When I call with my dog, she makes such a fuss,
"You shouldn't walk all this way, you should come by bus,
I don't know what your dad's thinking about,
I've a good mind to give him a clout,
So here's 10p to pay for your fare,
And don't walk again, now don't you dare!
How is school, I hope it's all right,
It should be, you know, because you're bright;
Work hard and study, that's the thing to do,
Take a lesson from your dad, he went to your school too,
But instead of studying when he went to school,
I'm afraid he was always acting the fool,
But those days he has since learnt to regret,
When toiling down the mine all covered in sweat,
So work hard and don't shilly shally,
And always remember the word of your Granny."

Paul Hinchliffe, Third Year.

7. SANS EVERYTHING

*See the sun go down,
Sinking in the western sky ;
Lift your gaze to the sun's brilliant eye,
One day it will go down forever.
Soon as the midnight passes over the sky,
Soon, soon shall I die.
The air is filled with bitter tears:
I feel the age of a thousand years ;
My heart is aching with solemn fear.
I heave a lonely sigh,
And feel my life pass by.*

ONE LIFE: FOUR STAGES

- I The girl stretched herself, her strong young toes forcing her up towards the white sky. She sang of newness while water dripped from trees in the cool green world. A breeze was blowing waves across the grass — the wet, fresh-from-the-womb grass — and birds added to her singing.

She sang a hymn to birth, to the virginity of the new plants, untarnished by the lusty sun. She sang of small blue flowers and bright new buds, that had driven away the death of former days. And as she sang she was so pure, so lovely, that no man might touch her for fear of changing her. And it was spring.

- II The Skylark sang as he rose higher and higher, and finally he began to circle, still singing, far above the woman who was lying in the field below. A young woman she was, with a body fair in form, that was complimented by the bright red poppies that were scattered about in the field in which she was lying.

As she lay in the yellow heat of the summer sun, she listened to the tiny bird singing so sweetly above her, and she knew that his song was a gift from the hot and lusty sun. The gift was readily accepted.

She lay in that field until noon came, and she waited. When the sun reached his proud point in the sky, he blazed her for a few minutes, before coming down to lie next to the woman in the cornfield.

For an hour, the surrounding countryside was blinded by an intense whiteness that made hot and cold one and the same. And as hot and cold were united so were he and the woman. When the hour had ended, he left the field and returned to his duty in the sky, while the woman, burnt by his fingers, walked back home.

- III As the child struggled to leave her, her body twisted and the beauty was torn from her face. Up heaved her body, and then down it fell, like a bough heavy with fruits blowing in the wind, and still the pain continued to rob her of her youth. Druids were sacrificing her on an altar and blood was pouring down to give life to the world, to give birth. And with all her body she was straining to give birth.

Then, the child broke free, the woman lay back on the pile of leaves, and the silence was broken only by the wail of the babe. The mother's face was as wrinkled as the leaves around her, but beneath the superficial lack of beauty the autumnal lady with her fruit had a great dignity.

IV A bare black tree against a cold white sky, a ploughed field — furrows hard and grey with frost. These were the scenery for the old woman's grave. She had died a few days earlier, her end urged on by the cold, and now she lay frozen, in a cheap box of wood under the soil. Inside the box lay a body of wrinkled paper skin holding a collection of brittle bones.

Above the grave the wind was singing, rejoicing in his immortality. The old wind was more powerful than man would ever be. Inside him he had the strength to rip apart the tatty winter world and fling it in the face of humankind. And, as he delighted in his strength, the rain came, and spat upon the woman's grave.

Mark Sansom, Lower Sixth.

ON THE EDGE OF THE DARK

This was a night for star-gazing,
A night to dissolve the flesh and create the spirit,
To delve down, deep deep down,
Down into the damp dark of eternity.
This was a night for truth-finding,
A night to reach out and touch creation,
To feverishly force fantasies
From the forever, the everlasting.
This was a night for soul-searching.
A night to become aware of 'being'.
To ending endless enmity —
Ensuring entrance to eternity.

Lesley Ann Walters, Upper Sixth.

SECOND CHILDHOOD

Grandfather, and infant: eighty years of age between them. And mother must be responsible for both, day after day, week after week. She sees her son grow stronger and more independent, and she sees her father losing strength and becoming more and more dependent on his family.

A cry from the cot means that the baby is ready for a feed or for a change; a cry from upstairs means that grandfather needs help: the newspaper, a bed pot, another pillow, a drink, his dinner or, as on a few occasions has happened, he may have fallen out of bed and be unable to get back in.

At mealtimes both have to be fed. The baby must be first because it can't understand being made to wait. This is only a fifteen minute job, however, but for Grandpa's dinner nearly an hour is needed. His bony, thin hands can no longer grasp the knife and fork. They shake so that he could not possibly hold a tea cup and so the slow process of hand-feeding has to be used.

In a morning the household is woken by the sound of the baby crying. The mother will go and take the child out of its cot and then wait and listen

with apprehension outside the grandfather's door. Usually she can hear his deep, heavy breathing or maybe he might cough, but there have been times when he has been silent, and she has gone in not knowing how she would find him.

When the baby has had his breakfast and has been changed, mother and father resign themselves to washing and shaving Grandpa. Often the bed has to be changed, which means that Grandpa has to be lifted into a chair, and wrapped in blankets whilst his bed is made.

Even though there is so much work to do for him, both mother and father would agree that Grandpa is an easy patient. He is never snappy or cross, he always has a smile for them and a few kind words. His speech is slightly impaired and his false teeth have a habit of slipping if he opens his mouth too wide. He is still interested in everything that goes on around him, although, like a child, he cannot understand most of it. He loves to see the baby first thing in a morning and before he goes to sleep at night. He knows that he is slowly coming to the end of his life, but he keeps trying to be as easy a patient as possible, for the sake of his family who have the difficult job of looking after him.

Janice Fearn, Fourth Form.

PRAYER

This is for her,
The nameless one,
Who climbs the creaky, ancient stairs
To end another sullen day,
And feels, at last,
The peaceful realms of sleep,
And prays to be spared
The torture of the coming day.

Graham Daley, Second Year.

FACE AT THE WINDOW

The nurse glanced up at the stark, empty window and remembered the old man who used to sit there — waiting and hoping for visitors who never arrived. She remembered him sitting crumpled in the decrepit chair, rocking aimlessly backwards and forwards, muttering to himself of happier times when his wife was alive to share his joys and sorrows.

She remembered his wrinkled, worried face looking towards the door of the ward with questioning, sad eyes — why didn't anybody visit him and bring him presents? The nurses were friendly to him, but they went home to their own families and forgot about him; the other people in the ward were merely acquaintances, not friends, and they too lived for their past; pasts which were completely different from his — he lived his meagre life with virtual strangers who could share nothing with him — he was alone.

And alone he died with only his memories — the only things he really cared for and could call his own.

And the nurse continued to watch the window, sadly, even though the face was no longer there.

Jane Howley, Lower Sixth.

YOUTH IN OLD AGE

Someone knocks upon the door,
Thrice knocks, then goes away.
I sit, afraid to answer —
There's no-one due today!

My little garden is grown with weeds,
No-one to tend it now.
My husband kept it beautiful,
But I, I know not how.

Little did I think, when young,
Of old age and its curse —
Crippled and weak — no taste for food,
There could be nothing worse.

Yet though I'm old, my future brief,
My soul screams out of youth.
Body-soul of this inconsistency —
Will I ever discover the truth?

Angela Barrett, Upper Sixth.

A SMALL, DULL ROOM

The old man sat alone in his small room, and stared aimlessly at the four drab walls surrounding him. Only one small window broke the monotony of the fading wallpaper, which concealed damp, cracking plaster and loose bricks. There were no pictures, no photographs of his family, it seemed they had forgotten he existed. The familiar sound of a clock was also missing; time didn't matter any more. In fact it seemed nothing mattered to him, not even his life.

The old, grey carpet, which concealed rotting floor boards, was worn bare in patches — a reminder that once, a long time before, children had played there. The old man himself might have been a piece of the furniture. He was inconspicuous in the dim, fading light. He was motionless, his eyes empty, lifeless and dull. It was hard to believe, looking at the old man and his room, that there was a noisy congested world outside.

He sat there all afternoon, and would have stayed in that same position until darkness filled the room, had it not been for a sound outside the door. There was a noisy shuffle of feet, a pause, and then a white envelope was pushed under the door. Hauling himself up out of the chair, he slowly crossed the room, and, using the door handle, he lowered himself to a level where he could reach the letter. Before sitting down in his dusty, uncomfortable chair, the old man searched through an old and dirty cupboard for his spectacles. His bony fingers fumbled over the envelope, quickly tearing it open.

He read it once, and then again in disbelief. A worried, and then defiant look, came into his face. It was an eviction notice. But he couldn't go, he'd lived there all his life. No, it was absolutely out of the question. Undoubtedly he would be sent to a home. He couldn't possibly endure that.

It seemed like the last nail in his coffin. He preferred death to leaving his room. Small, dull and drab it might be, but it was his home, his room, they would never take it from him.

And he sat, and he looked at the carpet, and the gap under the door, and at his gas fire. And he thought. The letter fluttered from his hand.

Andrew Pine, Third Year.



Design by Allyson Meikle, Lower Sixth

THE MIKADO

This year, the producers of our operetta asked Mrs. Margaret Naylor, a Director of the Leeds Gilbert and Sullivan Society, to pass judgement on their efforts, and we are grateful for her comments.

During the interval of the 'Mikado' I was told by an acquaintance that previous productions had been far better. This surprised me, as up to that point I had considered the company to be doing quite well. With the exception of the encore (which I personally did not like) of the three little maids, whose antics went down very well with the audience, it was all pretty much as written and recognisable, something not always so with amateur, and particularly school productions. The reactions of the audience in the second act explained the reason. They had been waiting for the comedy and were going to judge the performance by the number of laughs raised. This was a pity, as so much that was good went entirely unappreciated. It is so much easier for the comic characters to get their parts over than for the straight actors. Ko Ko proved this. Pooh Bah, The Mikado, and particularly Katisha did not receive the applause they deserved. Katisha, a most difficult part, was played with considerable aplomb and composure by a girl so young. I was pleased with the fan work, the principals and ladies chorus used their fans to good effect. Perhaps more attention could have been given to timing the entrances and exits. The mens chorus were a little too slow sometimes both in coming on the stage and in going off. Quite a bit of the action, gaiety, and sparkle was lost because the tempo of some of the music was too slow. This made some of the solos difficult for the principals to sing, and gave time for Ko Ko and Pish Tush to overact and fill in. One of the most difficult things to do on stage is to stand still, appear at ease, do nothing and wait for a cue.

Having said this, I must add that I thoroughly enjoyed the evening and can honestly say that the performance compared very favourably with some I have seen. It was obvious that a lot of hard work had been done. To all concerned my congratulations: well done!

THE ARTS FESTIVAL

THE PLAYS

Four very vigorous productions were provided for the entertainment of the Upper School on Monday morning, April 8th. Thirty two actors were involved. All acted with enthusiasm, many of them with considerable skill, and were rewarded by the evident enjoyment shown by the audience. Pity the poor adjudicator. What a thankless task to try to put these spirited offerings in an order of merit! Heated arguments in the staff room after the event indicated the interest it had promoted and the wide variations in assessments of the plays. Here, for what they are worth, are my own views on them.

"Sordid Story" presented by Dodsworth was the most ambitious production. It is set inside a man's head during and after the killing of his girlfriend. The start was slow, chiefly because "Memory" was rather inaudible at this stage at the back of the hall. Later he spoke out more clearly and was revealed as an accomplished actor. The tempo increased and the form of the play became apparent when "Jealousy", "Anger" and "Fear" began to express very convincingly their respective points of view. The tension increased during and after the murder, although the reporting of "Eye" was generally more vivid and convincing than that of "Ear". Nigel Cooper made us see the lips and the blood at appropriate times but Beverley Chalkley as "Ear" might have persuaded us more effectively that we were hearing the voice of a girl about to be killed. The part of Operator was less dramatic than the other roles. It was performed effectively by Stephen Dean. I realised at the end that I had become absorbed by this grim story in spite of its unconventional setting. This was a very complicated production and if "degree of difficulty" weightings had applied, as in Diving Championships, then Dodsworth would on my score sheet have scored the highest marks.

Freston presented "Here Today", a play about the opening of a new urban development scheme. In the early scenes Rita Newton gave us a well-modelled caricature of the Guest of Honour with just the right amount of exaggeration. Philip Tyrell's Vicar similarly was amusing without being overplayed. Kevin Grayson as the Mayor delivered his lines with confidence and good timing, but I found his cherubic face rather unmayoral. His appearance made it too easy to remember that he was a fourth former playing a part — as did his tendency to grin hugely with a pleasure that the Mayor was unlikely to be feeling. All this was highly amusing, but the play really came to life when Diane Powell, as the Woman in the Crowd, came on the scene. Diane's strong personality was ideal for this role of the voice of reason and common sense. Her clear diction and composure contributed to the impact she made. Diane qualifies for my award of the "best actress". Leslie Morgan must have been close to the "best actor" award. His reaction to the woman's attack was skilfully done as he became increasingly defensive and apologetic. One became more and more sorry for the poor official and quite forgot the dynamic revolutionary who was playing the part. Susan

Leake completed the cast. I felt in the end that Freston House had clearly got over the message of the play.

"Who is Bobby Valentine?" staged by Ward House was another ambitious production. Bobby is a day-dreamer whose fantasies are reconstructed on stage. Robert Newton in the title part certainly worked and sounded authentic in the scenes where he was not dreaming. He acted in a naturalistic fashion which was quite appealing, but I felt that he missed some opportunities for varying his characterisation. Bobby visualising himself as a tycoon might have imagined himself as a more dignified, imposing leader of men. The most skilful acting of the morning, however, came from Mark Sansom as the Headmaster. He had to adapt his personality to fit the various roles which Bobby imagined for him, and this he did with much subtlety. One can imagine Mark making a tremendous impact in the future in some role which really challenges his abilities. The rest of a large cast performed with enjoyment and enthusiasm. The effect was amusing but all the time I was conscious of the pupils who were acting the parts. They did not create for me the illusion which the two earlier plays had achieved. The play moved at a good pace and the producers did well to handle the numerous changes of scene very smoothly.

The last play, "George", put on by Levett House, resulted in the morning's entertainment finishing on a note of high hilarity. The scene is set in a hospital ward where Mr. Smith has lost his memory. Michael Smith is a natural comedian with a warm personality and, without much resort to acting, he effortlessly created one comic scene after another. This last comment does not really do Michael justice however. Towards the end Mr. Smith now thinks he is George. Michael made Mr. Smith, in his other ego of George, a very smooth and sophisticated character in marked contrast to the rather coarse, jovial fellow he had first been. The rest of the characters were rather dim planets orbiting round this star. Their chief function seemed to be to feed Mr. Smith lines. But in this they all did very well. Their timing was very good and the play moved along slickly and smoothly. One felt the producers Anthony Barker and Pamela Oakley had chosen a play that was easier to stage than the others and they had done a very good job.

The adjudicator, Mr. Clive Marshall, Drama Teacher at Hemsworth High School, spoke in a very relaxed and friendly manner to the pupils at the end of the session. His criticisms were very clearly explained, as was the reasoning which finally led him to the allocation of marks which placed Ward House first, followed in order by Levett, Freston and Dodsworth. The vigorous private arguments which followed were a reflection of the very high standard achieved by each of the four houses.

The glamour of performance on-stage has always to be supported by much hard work elsewhere. The producers of all four plays are to be commended for achieving the highest average level of performance to date in this event. Lighting, costumes and sets were contrived and managed with skill and contributed greatly to the final effect. And, in his endless diplomatic journeyings round strife-torn centres of rehearsal, Mr. Higgins again performed successfully his annual imitation of Dr. Kissinger.

Mr. B. Windle.

THE MUSIC



When I was told that the musical performances in the Normanton Grammar School Arts Festival had been produced and directed by Sixth Form students, I was immediately interested. I had not, before, experienced this kind of festival and so I came with a completely open mind, and no preconceived ideas.

As the performances progressed, I became more and more impressed by the way the Sixth Formers were handling their tasks. The choirs and instrumental groups were well disciplined and presented their music with almost military precision.

The strongest criticism I would level against the choirs would be that they tended to shout in some of the louder passages. Always avoid shouting, it can so easily ruin a good performance. The intonation was generally good, especially from the two houses which scored most points, but it did slip occasionally in the part songs.

Some of the solo singers seemed to be hindered by nervousness, but nevertheless, stood the test nobly. A little more facial expression would have helped enormously. Instrumental items were well chosen and provided the right contrast to make the overall programme most enjoyable.

It was obvious that a lot of hard work went into the festival. Many congratulations to all those concerned. The result was splendid.

Mr. Alan Simmons.

LANDINI CONSORT RECITAL

Anyone who came to this year's Freston Foundation Recital expecting to be quietly bored must have gone home disappointed. The Consort dispelled the myth that "serious music" is not to be enjoyed. The concert arranged by the Sixth Form Union was culture with a difference — The music was easy to listen to, yet had never been heard by most of the audience.

The Landini Consort is a group of six musicians — four male, two female — who play medieval, renaissance and baroque music. This early music was revived in the late forties and it is now well established. The instruments played were authentic replicas of originals, and carried exotic names such as a rauschpfeife and crumhorn. The music is as different from "classical" music as the latter is from "pop".

The first half of the recital consisted of "Music at the courts of Maximilian I", German music dating from the Crusades to the mid 16th century. It opened with the counter-tenor, Richard Hill, whose voice caused a slight stir at first. Later on he talked a little about his voice, and informed us that he was not a freak. The second half of the recital was devoted to music from the Spanish Court and the court of Henry VIII. The latter was very well received — as everyone could understand the words.

Throughout the recital the various members of the consort talked about the instruments they played. These included the rauschpfeife — a loud reed instrument, crumhorns, also reed instruments, a portable organ, which was placed on a piano stool, and the shawn, another reed instrument, that was brought back from the East by the Crusaders. Also from the East were the relsecs — a family of bowed string instruments. Other string instruments were the lute and the viol. At the end of the recital the audience were invited to come and try the instruments out, and the stage was quickly swamped with children and adults.

Much to the delight of the back row of the hall there was a very interesting example of double entendre from the court of Henry VIII. This song was superficially about hunting in the forest, but like many such songs, carried an easily recognised second meaning. This received very loud applause from all the audience.

Finally, thanks to everyone who helped to arrange this recital, and many thanks to the audience.

Mark Sansom, Lower Sixth.

THE CHRISTMAS OCCASION

Over the last few years, what used to be a traditional carol service has undergone a course of cosmetic surgery from which it has emerged with a new look and a new name: the Christmas Occasion. This year the essential carol service had been all but excised so that the event appeared to have more of a sense of occasion about it than the spirit of Christmas.

A large number of students took part, assisted by a handful of staff, although the congregation — or rather audience — was from time to time permitted to stand and sing a traditional carol.

The theme, appropriately enough, was kingship and the two hour proceeding was divided into related subsidiary themes consisting of various readings punctuated by vocal or instrumental music.

To review the whole evening, item by item, would be an undertaking which I have not the temerity to essay, so I will confine myself to comment on these items which were in some way outstanding.

It should be pointed out at the start that, owing to the fuel crisis (also traditional at this time of the year?), the Occasion took place not in the Parish Church but in the School Hall. The opening verse of the processional carol, "Away in a Manger", was beautifully sung by fifth-former Caroline Green, whose rapidly maturing contralto voice has a rich ecclesiastical ring. However, it did seem a trifle odd to retain the procession itself, which moved rather pointlessly to the back of the hall — and then forward to the front again, to mount the stage and re-join the rest of the choir. At least in the church the procession is rather more necessary as a means of transferring choir and clerics from the vestry to the chancel.

Then came the first batch of readings. Biblical, Shakespearean, and various others purporting to give "student's views on the joys and sorrows of Christmas" of which there were a great many. Five Upper School girls then gave a finely balanced reading of Britten's "Balulalow". The congregational carol "Once in Royal David's City" concluded this section, entitled "The King and the Kingdom".

Part two, "The Homeless King", dwelt on man's failure to live up to the Christian ideal, a feature of the human condition admirably summed up in one of the readings, "Five ways to Kill a Man" by Edwin Brock. A somewhat inharmonious "Brass Quintet" (Haydn) nevertheless succeeded in reinforcing the theme, as did the next, more concordant carol "It came upon a Midnight Clear", with its disturbing, and moving reference to "Two thousand years of wrong" and "man, at war with man".

The next three sections all bore on the Epiphany and reached an unforgettable climax with the junior choir's performance of C. Hund's "Jolly Wat", a kind of musical marathon in which singers and audience competed to stay awake. The choir won — despite the distraction to the audience of a piece of gratuitous mime which was going simultaneously.

Thanks to the characteristically energetic direction of Miss Penrose, the choir's performance, and that of the recorder players, was highly competent to say the least, but the wisdom of including such a lengthy item in an already overloaded programme is more questionable. However, Julie Bradley's playing of Naudot's Flute Sonata at the end of these three sections was a pure delight.

The final section, "The Growth of the Kingdom" concluded the evening on an appropriate note of optimism sounded by the choral item "Look up. World!", and closing items were similarly uplifting.

Taken as a whole, the Christmas Occasion was a mammoth event entailing mammoth organisation by Miss Forth and Mr Coar in particular and by the Headmaster in general, and all credit is due to them on their achievement. Yet I for one, cannot help feeling just a twinge of nostalgia for the simple service of nine readings and carols, which seems to me to encompass all the emotion and reverence, all the joy and humility of the real spirit of Christmas.

Mr J. D. Hadfield.

REDS UNDER THE HEADS

On the Friday afternoon before the General Election of February, 1974 the Sixth Forms assembled in the Upper School Hall to elect their own "political representatives". There were four candidates, who were allowed ten minutes each for their opening addresses. Then followed a short session of questioning, during which the candidates were supported by their agents, and finally polling took place. Only students voted; Staff were held to belong to another constituency.

Keith Marshall (Labour) painted a sombre picture of a Great Britain sinking lower than Manchester United. He promised no easy solutions, but felt much could be achieved through sundry investigations, legislation, and nationalisation, with free family planning thrown in. The Health Service and pensions would be improved: the Polaris bases closed; and the terms of entry into the E.E.C. renegotiated. The Community as it stood was a device for enriching French farmers and depriving us of our sovereignty.

Nicholas Hill (Liberal) betrayed a certain whimsical self-mockery that invited a frivolous response, despite the splendour of his golden tie and rosette. He sought the middle ground between brutal bosses and selfish unions, and offered to exert a moderating influence that would restore balance to British politics. There were no sinister connexions between his Party and union funds or company profits. Liberal motives were above suspicion.

Leslie Morgan (Communist) appeared in proletarian shirt-sleeves, to make it "perfectly clear" that he was not associated with any of the unpleasant versions of Communism; he mentioned Bolshevik Russia and Mr McGahey. He saw in society a minority exploiting a majority, a 10% of property owners holding 80% of the national wealth. He would abolish all private property, and ensure equal pay for women.

Paul Haytack (Conservative) met with easily the most hostile reception, and maintained an icy composure before launching a vigorous counter-attack. His offer of blood, sweat, toil and tears was followed by some strictures on the unions and a warning against the Communist menace. As for the miners, they had already been offered all that was fair and necessary — a brave thing to say to such an audience.

After the questions, polling took place, and the results were declared: N. Hill (Liberal) 18; P. Haytack (Conservative) 26; K. Marshall (Labour) 29; L. Morgan (Communist) 44. This radical outcome was greeted with loud applause, and a section of the electorate was heard enquiring when it would get its beer. Morgan accepted "office" in an effective little speech in which

he urged those who had taken part not to regard the proceedings as a game, but as the beginning of an enduring interest in political principles. I suspect Morgan had been thinking and caring about politics for some time, and that (rather than the beer) is why he won. Hastily thinking up reasons to justify one's inherited prejudices is not the same thing.

Every election has its eccentric minorities. Eight ballot papers were spoilt. It is a sad reflection on the intelligentia of a Grammar School Sixth Form when it cannot put a cross in a box without turning it into a Union Jack, or adding the word "Duck" after the candidate's name "Donald". One paper was quite unmarked, as if by this means politics could be made to go away. Three girls in my tutor-group wore expressions of such venomous hatred during one of the speeches that I was reminded of a passage in Sholokov where Russian peasant women tear an unhorsed Cossack to pieces with their bare hands and carry off the choicest parts as trophies. The candidate wisely stayed on the platform. The Headmaster (who really deserves a separate paragraph, for he is not an eccentric minority) chaired the proceedings with nicely judged authority: an effective policy of firmness with fairness, you might say. Two Sixth Form girls spent the morning bitterly protesting that the whole affair was a monstrous waste of time, and their misgivings were shared by some of the staff. I hope the exercise was worthwhile: it was if it dispelled some apathy, cynicism, or disillusion. We do not have to go back to the Greeks to recall a time when the great majority found involvement in political activity a significant and enriching part of personal experience.

Mr D. K. Cooper.

OAKWOOD HOUSE

Voluntary Service Week 1973 came as a great relief after the pressures of the "O" Level Exams which had dominated much of the Summer Term. I regarded this venture as a time to leave academic work behind, and engage in some form of service to the community. Since I was only a Fifth-former at the time, the opportunities open to me were limited, but with a little persuasion from Mrs. Armitage, I agreed to undertake a week's service at Oakwood House, the Old People's Home in Royston.

I was a little apprehensive about undertaking this task, as my dealings with old folk had been few. However, I was soon to realise that all my fears were groundless, when, on entering the Home, I was met by a very friendly Matron, and a host of smiling faces which really put me at my ease. A quick tour of the building soon made me feel at home.

Before this occasion, I had never realised the complexity of organising such a community of old people, and during my week's stay at Oakwood I had many and varied duties to perform, which ranged from serving meals, to fetching prescriptions, and helping the residents maintain their own garden. However, the most enjoyable feature of the week was the social activities which were organised. These ranged from games of bowls and putting for the more energetic, to simply sitting and chatting to residents confined to wheelchairs, who if the weather permitted, I took outside into the grounds of the Home.

Perhaps it was the friendly atmosphere at Oakwood that made working there for a week so enjoyable, and the age gap between the residents and myself was soon bridged when we got engaged in long and detailed conver-

sations about the First World War. All the old people seemed to get on very well with each other, although the occasional argument had to be settled by the ever-patient Matron. It was not only working with old people that was a pleasure; I also made great friends amongst the kitchen staff, nurses and gardeners at the Home, who guided me through the week there.

As I now look back on my week at Oakwood, I realise how much I really did enjoy it. The week was a great and indelible experience. I learnt a great deal about old people, as well as about myself, and I can honestly say my week's Voluntary Service was a week well spent.

David Turton, Lower Sixth.

KEEPING IN TOUCH

It was drizzling as I pulled up in the car and was invited to park anywhere. The building was small, although it had recently been doubled in size. An atmosphere of music surrounded it. The drizzle grew tired and stopped.

"Better use my key," said John, "don't want to disturb them."

A fumbling for keys by John, a shrug from me as a drip insinuated itself between my neck and my collar, and then we were in.

"And a good morning to you . . .," announced a loudspeaker.

I might add, at this point, that it was eight-thirty on a Friday evening. My face must have betrayed my confusion.

"That's Chris recording the Sunday Show," reassured John. "We'll wait until he's done and then go in."

In a few moments the friendly chat ceased. An inclined head from John, and in we went. The friendly sound of a Glenn Miller number ushered us into another room.

"Meet Chris and George, and that's the gear over there."

My eyes lit on a rather forlorn looking tape recorder that wasn't being used. As I scanned the room, my eyes lit on the two turntables that were being used, took in the small pile of discs, and then followed a skein of wires to a very interesting and complicated tape machine that was silently turning. Glenn Miller was still busy with his String of Pearls, and Chris was fiddling with a record and a pair of headphones. I was just about to ask a question of John when an imperious gesture from Chris silenced me. Another greeting from George to a patient in Ward 3, a cheery rejoinder from Chris and another "oldie" was transcribed from disc to tape. All this activity would eventually be poured down the studio end of a G.P.O. land-line to emerge through the earphones of the patients in Ackton Hospital. This was the broadcasting studio of "Radio Ackton".

Earlier that evening I had gone round Pontefract Infirmary collecting the request cards from the patients. These cards were even now being sorted, and in due course the recordings would be selected from the three thousand-plus titles available at the studio. This was the preliminary to a live broadcast from Ackton to Pontefract on Sunday morning. There was certainly a lot of work involved in that one broadcast.

As the next greeting came to an end and a rather lively pop number tore at my eardrums, the technical details of how George was able to provide a live commentary on Featherstone's home matches competed for my attention. These land-lines cost upwards of £100 a year to maintain.

Six shows a week from these humble premises, each involving a considerable sacrifice of time from the relatively small staff. I suddenly have a new respect for these volunteers; this takes more than just sustained effort.

I learn that a recording of the week's programme from the Wakefield Theatre Club is made available to the studio. Concerts by local and visiting organisations are recorded for later transmission. Yes, the School production of "The Mikado" and other celebrated offerings by Messrs. Coar, Hadfield, Gilbert and Sullivan have winged their way down that G.P.O. cable from the small room in the corner of the grounds of Ackton Hospital.

I raised the question of finance.

"It's all voluntary you know. We have a lot of expenses but we manage. We get donations and records, not as much as we could do with, but, as I say, we manage."

And plans for the future? Again an enthusiastic chorus. I learn that the building has just been enlarged. The studio is to be furnished so, and the equipment is to be positioned thus. The other room (the old studio) is to become a reception area. More details follow. The only complaint I heard during my visit concerned a fuse someone had either hidden, or walked off with. Seems I've heard similar complaints backstage at NGS. Must be an occupational hazard, fuses!

A few people working overtime to keep patients in hospital in touch with the world outside. That's what Hospital Broadcasting is all about. While at the hospital I did ask one of the patients what he thought of the efforts of these amateur broadcasters, and the smile on his face and the glint in his eyes conveyed his appreciation in a way words could not. (Thinks: Must see if I can scrounge an invitation from John Oakley, Nick Lyons, Keith Jones and Tony Barker to their programme, Monday Special. Should be lively. Hmm!)

Mr W. P. R. Brown.

DON'T BE VAGUE — ASK FOR THE HAGUE

The journey across the Channel in the hovercraft was quite an experience and it was on the hovercraft that one of the most suspicious disappearances of the holiday occurred. It was executed by Mr. Best. He returned quite a while later to say, "No I wasn't." — wasn't what, sir?

We emerged thirty minutes later, carrying our "Sealink" sick bags, just in case, to be greeted by our friendly driver, Andy. Calais, where we landed, bore a remarkable resemblance to an English Industrial town — had we taken the wrong turning? Our opinion of Calais was further marred by the obnoxious odour from a titanium dioxide plant and the frequency of horse meat shops, which Herr Best delighted in pointing out.

We settled down for the long journey across France and Belgium into Holland. Valkenburg looked very exciting and mysterious at 9 o'clock at night. Even more intriguing was the instruction from the hotel staff, "Do not sit in the wash basins". (Say this quickly in a thick Dutch accent)

On the first day in Valkenburg, we visited a grotto. There were numerous wall paintings and figures carved out of the limestone, some dating back as far as Roman times. The guide carried a light above his head, as we fell over stones, boulders, and each other. The guide, seeing our difficulties, told us that if anyone was brave enough they could explore the grotto alone. We said goodbye to the intrepid explorers, fearing we would never see them

again. We had walked a few yards further when when we heard a sound — could it be some poor soul, lost for years in the maze-like grotto — no, it was the brave adventurers back from their arduous journey around the other side of the limestone column.

That night, we discovered Little Peter, or rather Little Peter discovered us. Little Peter was not the friendly neighbourhood gnome, but the owner of a chain of gift shops. He could be guaranteed to pounce on every English tourist in Valkenburg. He claimed to come from a long line of Little Peters as he owned the oldest shop in town. He sold everything from Delft plates, made in Birmingham, to cows milk jugs with self-destructing tails for handles.

On the second day we travelled into Germany and visited Bonn to see, among other things, Beethoven's birthplace. We then went to Konigswinter and boarded a Rhine steamer from which we saw the Seven Sister Mountains. We travelled by coach to Cologne, the house of Kolnisch Wasser (eau de Cologne). The Cathedral towered above the shopping centre, the streets were filled with people, including members of the Krishna cult and street musicians, two of whom had collected a large crowd and were working themselves into a frenzy as they played tunes on their decrepit fiddles. On Sunday afternoon we visited the picturesque village of Monschau, also situated in Germany.

On our last day in Valkenburg we went to a model coal mine. The coal mine was constructed in a disused limestone quarry (damned clever these foreigners). The guide carried a tape recorder and stick and the voice on the tape explained everything whilst the guide pointed to the object in question and was occasionally heard to utter the only English word he knew — "this". The repeated reference to the "muck and dirty stuff" on the floors of British mines caused giggles and sniggers, which did not amuse the solemn faced walking-stick holder.

With much reluctance we left Valkenburg and the friendly hotel staff, who waved goodbye to us, and we waved goodbye to Little Peter.

In Bruges, a very picturesque town, we were able to see the beautiful, old buildings on the canal banks. We then proceeded to the Hotel Cosmopolite, where we were greeted by the manager, who concealed his ferocity beneath a superficial nicety — could it be that Goering was alive and well in Belgium? That night the three of us got very little sleep because the rooms were so cold and damp. Alison took the drastic action of sleeping fully dressed, even so far as wearing her raincoat. We spent most of the night brewing tea, nibbling biscuits, and sorting out cases, with the result that the room closely resembled the "swamp" in "M*A*S*H".

We left Bruges the next day. At Boulogne we sadly bid farewell to Andy and the bus and apprehensively boarded the hovercraft. The return journey was less eventful than the outward one and we all arrived safely at Westgate Station. We feel we must thank the three members of staff who showed remarkable courage and restraint in the face of great adversity. Mr. Best, Miss Kynman, and Miss Rehak — Thank You!

Helen Eaton, Sally Smethurst and Alison Holroyd, Lower Sixth.

SNOW GO

At Hinterglemm we were greeted by the Inghams Travel Representative (from then on called Mrs Inghams) who assisted us throughout the week. She escorted us to our hotel. We trudged with our suitcases half way up the

side of a mountain, along an ice covered road which inflicted casualties, heralded by a cry in the dark followed by muttered curses. The Pension Zwolferblick consisted of two Tyrolean buildings straight off a picture post card. We were housed in the outbuilding where our natural Yorkshire flamboyancy could be expressed without annoying anyone. The rooms were ancient, cramped, but adequate. Our first meal set the style: watered down soup, hard potato, green stuff that resembled water cress, and rubber meat. The food will be immortalised in the phrase "gruel, grass and grizzly". By the end of the week we were all desperate, yearning for egg, beans and chips and undecided whether to mutiny or lynch the cook.

Skiing began early on Monday morning with our instructor Helmut, who spoke good English but could only understand where we came from in relation to its distance from Newcastle, although he was familiar with Leeds United. Throughout the week he maintained the patience of a saint under trying circumstances. For the majority it was our first time on skis and we caused havoc on the crowded nursery slopes. After a little practice we were able to stand up and ski quite easily, but had no idea how to turn or stop. Passers-by marvelled at our kamakasi techniques. The juniors maintained a regular attendance at skiing classes all week and became quite capable. Mr. Ruddock, who was very keen to master the sport, started from scratch and progressed with remarkable proficiency to a creditable standard by the end of the week. Mr. Fairbank, who is an accomplished skier, tackled the mountain slopes each day. I believe on his next holiday he intends to ski down Everest on one foot. By the Thursday our experienced skiers, Derek Hirst and Kevin Plant, gained the confidence to try the mountain slope. Stephen Stoney, Alan Micklethwaite and I settled down to play dice for their belongings, quite confident they would never be seen again. Both returned, resembling the original abominable snowman, but triumphant. Kev prudently retired from the rest of the week's skiing while he was winning and still in one piece. Most of us at some time took the chairlift to the main mountain peak. This was a memorable experience. The view and the fresh air were magnificent. We spent the main part of three days sunbathing bare chested on the hotel balcony watching the experts on the adjacent ski slopes.

Most evenings were spent in the bowling alley or the fine swimming pool. The behaviour of the juniors throughout the week was extremely good, obviously encouraged by the example of the five prefects. Staff and Sixth Form had a fine Tyrolean evening entertained by local dancing and yodelling. By the end of the week everyone in the party was exhausted from combating that accursed hill six times a day which, after a night out, was quite an obstacle. The holiday concluded with the presenting of medals to the best skiers in each year. The winners were M. Paver, J. Parkinson, E. Walker and D. Hirst.

It was a thoroughly enjoyable trip for all concerned and I would like to thank Mr. Ruddock and Mr. Fairbank.

Stephen Dean, Upper Sixth.

THE STAFF ROOMS



Since staff changes were last recorded in the magazine, we have said goodbye to Miss B.M. Jacques, who left to marry; Miss M. U. McManus, who has joined the Forces; Mr. R. Wennington, now enterprisingly managing a hostelry in Scotland; Mrs. J. E. Martin, who left to devote herself to her family; Mrs. A. Jubbs, who has taken up a full-time post in Crofton; Mr. A. Lyman, who is working locally in adult and further education; and Mr. Scott, who is working abroad. At the end of this term we shall lose Mr. D. Sanderson, who has contributed so much to School games and athletics; he is to be Head of Physical Education in a comprehensive school in Richmond. Mrs. M. J. Smith, who has been teaching Physics here, as well as conducting various trips and excursions, is also leaving as her husband's work takes the family into Derbyshire. Mr. B. Higgins, our sympathetic and successful teacher of English and promoter of the Drama, will become Head of English at Framlingham Secondary Modern School in September. The retirement of Miss K. A. Penrose is noticed elsewhere in the magazine, as are changes in the Lower School Library and Resources Centre

We have welcomed a number of newcomers. Mrs. C. M. Willott, a graduate of Manchester University, has come from Kettering Girls Grammar School to teach Classics throughout the School. A vicar's wife, she claims to be doing two full-time jobs, but still finds time for badminton. Mrs. L. Y. Phillips, who trained at Bretton Hall, has come from a post in North Featherstone to teach Mathematics throughout the School. Miss V. J. Rehak also trained at Bretton, and taught needlework in Dewsbury before joining us. Although pursuing an Open University course in Sociology, she also helps the disabled, and travels. Mr. L. W. E. Cook was at Bradford and Southampton; he teaches Maths, manages the Under 14 Cricket and the Rugby Under 12 XV, helps with athletics, is involved in a Church Youth

Club, and enjoys popular music and watching soccer. Miss D. L. Stephenson trained at Neville's Cross College, Durham, and assists in all spheres of girls games and athletics, as well as doing some dance-drama. She describes herself as "just a home-loving kid" who reads, cooks, and throws the discus for Wakefield Harriers. Mrs. S. M. Thompson, who teaches English throughout the School, is a graduate of Leicester University, and taught in a Market Bosworth High School before joining us. Her interests include tennis, and fighting the rust on her car. Mr. M. J. Wheeler, the new incumbent of the Lower School Art Room, trained at the Polytechnics of Birmingham and Coventry. He teaches throughout the school, tells us he is happy here, and has an interest in old motor cars. The Editors respectfully draw his attention to the note on Mrs Thompson.

MISS KATHLEEN PENROSE



Interviewing such a character as Miss Penrose is a risky and disconcerting business — it is easier, if less enjoyable, to rely upon second hand information, than to cope with the genuine article. But really, it was a joy to interview Miss Penrose whose effervescent character sparkled as much as ever.

She said she was nervous about the presentation later in the afternoon to mark her retirement. There must inevitably be a little sadness also in leaving the school where she has taught since 1945. At that time there had been only twelve teachers to some three hundred pupils, all force-fed with knowledge in a strictly authoritarian atmosphere. However, her vivacity undiminished, she took part in practically everything, but especially in music — her Girls Choir had taken part in the Pontefract Music Festival, and in Speech Days. She had also been an integral part of the Barnado's organisation in the School.

Miss Penrose, far from being daunted by amalgamation, found it gave her a new lease of life — but since she had regularly taught 'A' level music to Grammar School boys before amalgamation, she regarded herself as a pioneer of it. The joining of the schools had been made easier by the impeccable manners of the masters, although Miss Penrose skilfully avoided quoting specific examples.

Miss Penrose firmly proclaimed the joy of teaching young boys and girls and watching them grow into adults. Her twenty-nine years in Normanton have been deeply rewarding. It was fitting for her to leave as the approach of Comprehensive Education heralded the end of another epoch. Now she looks forward to days in her garden, and tours through dales and moors in her newly acquired caravan. For ourselves and for those of her pupils before us, we thank her for her service, and wish her joy.

David Buckingham, Lower Sixth.

THE LIBRARY AND RESOURCES CENTRE

The new year saw a change of occupier in the Lower School Library/Resources Centre, when Mrs. Sylvia White took over the duties of Mrs. Pamela Curry, who now pursues her creative activities with undiminished vigour in the more peaceful environment of her own private studio at Sandal.

Mrs White is proving to be no less energetic than her predecessor in producing, at the request of members of staff, a steady stream of colourful and informative displays on a wide variety of subjects, ranging from Chinese Communism to Medieval England.

Something like thirty Lower School students readily lend their assistance in making models for these exhibitions, as well as indulging their interest in such crafts as soft-toy making and collage, paper-sculpture and macrame. Mr. C. Best of the French department has proved especially adept in this sphere and spends many a lunch hour imparting his skills to a group of eager apprentices including several members of the Upper School.

Local government reorganisation seems to have complicated our dealings with the former County Library but essential services such as the bi-annual book-exchange are continuing much as before. Provided the perennial problem of inflation can be contained, we can look forward to another year of both academic and creative endeavour.

Mr. J. D. Hadfield.

THE ACADEMIC YEAR

1973—74

The tendency for the majority of our Sixth Form Students to move on to Further Education or courses of professional training after leaving school, continued last year. Sixty-three members of the Sixth Form gained admission to degree or teacher-training courses in Universities, Polytechnics or Colleges of Education. Eight went into employment — in banks, Civil Service, accountancy, Hospital Services or nursing — in almost every case involving further periods of study to obtain higher qualifications. Kevan Pawson spent a year in the laboratories at Hickson and Welch, Ltd., Castleford, and will be going on in October, 1974, to a degree course in Pharmacology at Manchester. Kevan experienced considerable difficulty in obtaining a University place, as he came from Canada, without any G.C.E. 'O' level qualifications. We congratulate him on his perseverance and on his excellent 'A' level performance, and wish him success in his new career. Russell Pearson, despite gaining very good 'A' level results, was unsuccessful in gaining admission to Medical School in 1973. He decided to return to school, and we are very pleased that he has now secured a place to read Medicine at the London Hospital Medical College, commencing in October, 1974. Stephen McNicholas, who chose to spend a year away from academic studies before going to read English at Sussex University, had an interesting year in a variety of occupations ranging from that of fitter, checking and repairing machinery at Paton and Baldwin's, to violinist with a group sponsored by the Arts Council of Great Britain.

In our last magazine we were able to congratulate Richard Levitt on gaining a place to read Classics at University College, Oxford. We were delighted when, following the 'A' level examinations, David Dobson was accepted by Churchill College, Cambridge, to read Mechanical Engineering. David achieved outstanding results, with 'A' grades in Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry and General Studies, and has also been awarded a sponsorship by Rose Forgrove, Ltd., Seacroft, Leeds, to whom we extend our thanks for their generous co-operation.

This year we are pleased to congratulate Keith Marshall and Alan Whitley, the Head Boy of Upper School, both of whom have gained places to read Mathematics at University College, Oxford.

Melanie Newbould won the Governors' Leaving Exhibition for Girls last year, after achieving excellent 'A' level results, with grade 'A' passes in Biology, Chemistry, Physics, Mathematics and General Studies, and grade 1 in the Biology and Chemistry Scholarship papers. She is now reading Medicine at Guy's, London. The Governor's Leaving Exhibition for Boys was awarded to Robert Short, who obtained grade 'A' passes in Mathematics, Physics and General Studies, and a good grade in Further Mathematics. Robert is reading for a degree in Civil Engineering at Manchester University.

The Head boy of the Upper School, David Smith, has gone on to read Physics at Nottingham University. The Head Girl of the Upper School, Julie Robert, and the Head Boy of the Lower School, Alan Woolley, are both at York University, reading Biology and Chemistry and Education respectively. Margaret Wilkinson, the Head Girl of the Lower School, hopes eventually to follow a career in the Social Services, and is at present working at Pinderfields Hospital.

Although the competition for University places in Languages and Arts subjects remains keen, and the grades demanded are generally high, the students who opted for these main subjects showed commendable determination, in most cases exceeding the standards required for the courses they selected: Timothy Booth (German at Aberystwyth), Lesley Maddox (French at Liverpool), Grahame Newton (History at York), and Margaret Clegg (Arts General at Newcastle). It is always especially pleasing when a student who is initially disappointed in the Autumn applications for highly competitive courses shows the courage and persistence to try still harder. We were consequently delighted when Lynne Bywater, after obtaining high grades in English and History, gained a place in Clearing for the Combined Arts degree course at Manchester University.

Jacqueline Wood, whose solo pianoforte performances gave pleasure at many school concerts and Music Festivals, gained an 'A' grade in Music, and was awarded a well-deserved place to study pianoforte at the Royal Academy of Music in London. We take this opportunity of thanking Jacqueline for her charming contributions to the school operas, choir and orchestra, and for her loyal service as accompanist to the Nomanton Arts Choir, and wish her success and happiness in her musical career.

In addition to the Mathematics and Science Students already mentioned, several others achieved commendable results and are now following a variety of courses at University or Polytechnic: Sheila Davison and Philip Smith are studying Pharmacy, Sheila at Bradford, and Philip at Manchester. Ralph Bradley is reading Chemistry at Durham University. David Walsh is following a combined degree course in Biology and Chemistry at Manchester University. Robert Smith has gone on to read Mathematical Science at Birmingham. David Arnold is studying Accountancy at Leeds Polytechnic. Stuart Allatt is following a degree course in Civil Engineering at Bradford University, and James Adams in Geography (Science) at Manchester University.

Economic and Social Services continue to attract many of our Sixth formers. Students who achieved success in Economics include Andrew Northrop, who is reading Economics and Social Studies at Manchester University, Ian Ferguson and Michael Walker, the former studying Economics at Manchester Polytechnic, and the latter at City of London Polytechnic. Mark Senior gained an 'A' in Economics, and is following a degree course in Social Science at Bradford University. Elaine Kellett is studying Sociology at City University, London.

With the advent of B.Ed. courses, the admission requirements for Teacher-training at Colleges of Education have risen, many of the Colleges now seeking Candidates with two 'A' level passes, and many requiring an 'A' level pass in the main subject of study. We congratulate the following students on meeting their several requirements and send them good wishes for their years in College: Lynne Archer (Alnwick), Catherine Cheetham (Matlock), Joan Cotton (Derby), Ann Davison (Ilkley), Anne Dyson (Totley-Thornbridge, Sheffield), Diane Taylor (Berkshire), Elizabeth Walker (All Saints, London), Clare Williams and Neil Ferguson (Bishop Lonsdale), Timothy Butler (Bishop Grosseteste, Lincoln), Barrie Smith and Steven Bridgewater (Alsager), Judith Camp and Timothy Thomas (Coventry), Janet Willox, Gillian Holmes and Keith Banks (Madeley), Geoffrey Tinker, Martin Beedle and Richard Scuffam (West Midlands), David Timmins (Didsbury), Neil Fieldhouse (Margaret McMillan, Bradford), Michael Kirby, Brian Lomas and David Lomas (Chester). Helen Fellows has gone to St. Martin's College,

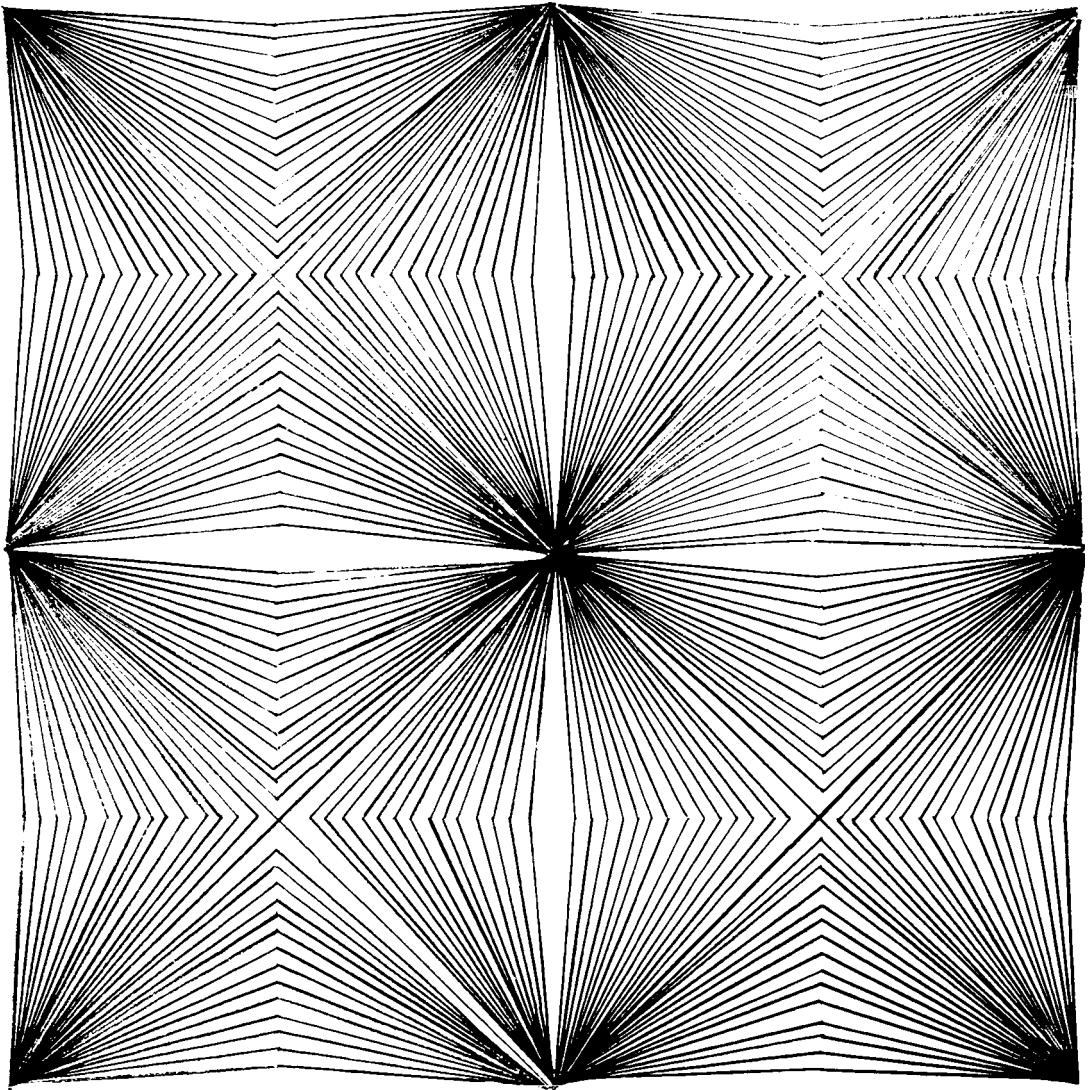
Lancaster, and in dealing with her applications it was a pleasant surprise to find ourselves in correspondence with 'Old Frestonian' Gerald Tordoff who is now Registrar at St. Martin's. Helen Connington is training as a teacher of Mentally Handicapped children at Matlock College of Education, a demanding and rewarding career in which several of the present Upper Sixth Girls are hoping to commence their training in October.

From time to time we have a student who feels a need to seek different and wider experience, to offer a period of Voluntary Service in England or abroad, or to pursue studies relevant to his subject in a different milieu, possibly overseas, before proceeding to Higher Education. Of particular interest to any student wishing to attend a course at an approved place of learning abroad before going on to Higher Education, is the recent offer by the Foundation Governors of an 'Overseas Study Award', to enable one student following his or her final year of the Sixth Form, to follow a course of study of about sixteen weeks at an approved place of learning abroad. Applicants are asked to produce a proposed programme of study for scrutiny by the Foundation Governors, including such details as the aim of the period of study, where the course will be taken, and other relevant information about the course, and giving an estimate of the costs. The money granted to the student would help towards meeting tuition fees for the course, living costs and travelling expenses. Applications should be forwarded to the Governors through the Headmaster by October 24th in the final year of the student's 'A'-level course. For students wishing to undertake a period of Voluntary Service, we would also recommend the Careers Research and Advisory Centres booklet 'While you Wait', which gives details of Voluntary Service with the Cheshire Foundation Homes, Christian Aid, Community Service Volunteers, the Sue Ryder Foundation, the United Nation Association and other organisations, as well as information concerning study courses available abroad. Many of the language courses last for three months, and provide opportunities for those with a good knowledge of French or German to spend a term between School and University as a pupil in a lycée or gymnasium, living for the three months in the home of a local pupil.

Finally, in the current Upper Sixth, the Freston Scholarships of Anthony Barker, Keith Jones, Keith Marshall, Barry Thewsey, Alan Whalley, Jane Arandle, Debbie Dinsdale, Judith Fisher, Susan Pygott and Susan Winterburn were continued. In the Lower Sixth, Scholarships were awarded to Tony Blakeway, Leslie Dolby-Glover, William Braham, David Buckingham, Mark Sansom, Robert Wells, Coleen Smart, Beverley Kerton, Janet Inness, Alison Holroyd and Sally Smethurst.

Mrs I. V. Armitage.

SOCIETIES



Design by Angela Barrett, Upper Sixth

THE SIXTH FORM SOCIETY

In any school, the division between the Sixth Form and the rest of the pupils is not merely one of age, uniform or the standard of the courses taken, but is due in part to the measure of self-determination the Sixth Former has used in choosing his Sixth Form Advanced courses. After entering the Sixth Form, he is at Normanton not because he has to be there, but because he wants to obtain qualifications to help him in his future career. He is

working, not for a teacher or a parent, but for himself, and he will succeed or fail according to the amount of work he puts into his studies.

But this very freedom of choice brings its own problems and responsibilities. No longer can a member of staff be expected to do all the decision making, preparation and organisation of activities which were taken for granted lower down the school. Guide lines will be drawn, but the actual decision making must be done by the individual. The problem is what to decide on, and how?

The answer, we hope, is to some extent, provided by the Sixth Form Society, which tries to give the Sixth Form a chance to see what it wants to see, and to hear whom it wants to hear. Trips are arranged to concerts, and talks, and film shows on any interesting subjects are given by pupils, members of staff, or guest speakers from various organisations.

Publicity is looked after admirably by the Sixth Form art students, who design, print, and distribute posters advertising forthcoming attractions, with, on special occasions, two different colours on the same poster, no expense being spared!

The talks are staged in room 30, and last about an hour, after which the room is tidied up, to placate the local deity, Mr. Cooper. The Upper Sixth retire to the prefects' room, while the Lower Sixth, feeling out of it, go home. The Upper Sixth triumph lasts only five minutes, however, when they are forcibly ejected by the cleaning staff.

The trips were exclusively to classical concerts, to give Sixth Formers a chance to hear classical music, as opposed to pop music which could be heard every day. These went surprisingly well, and turned out to be one of the most successful experiments.

By far the most popular trip, however, was the proposed visit to Tetley's Brewery. With 49 seats on a Wallace Arnold bus, the Upper Sixth allotted themselves all 49 within five minutes of the trip being arranged. The Lower Sixth were a bit peeved at this, and said so, the air only being cleared when Tetley's wrote back sadly to say they could not fit us in.

The last event before the Easter Break was the Grand Quiz between the cream of the Upper Sixth and the dross of the Lower.

After a close contest the cream were declared the winners, while the dross slandered the completely impartial scorekeeper, who was celebrating with the cream.

The climax of the Society's year is still in the future, it being the now annual Freston Foundation Recital. This year the Landini Consort, a sextet specialising in the performance of music from spectacular European Courts before 1600. This promises to be interesting and enjoyable.

Invitations are extended to any interested persons, clubs or societies in the Normanton Grammar School catchment area, and are free of charge, due to the generosity of the Freston Foundation Trustees.

Throughout all of this year's programme of events, few of the ideas put forward would have got out of the planning stage if it were not for the time and effort put into the society by Mr. Atkinson for which, more often than not, he received little credit, and less thanks. Without his enthusiasm and help, the society would have floundered and sunk long ago, and so on behalf of the committee, I thank Mr Atkinson for all that he has done to create the Society as it is today.

Keith Marshall, Upper Sixth.

THE CHESS CLUB

Captain: A. Mitchell

Vice-Captain: R. Marsh

The chess team is rapidly taking over the old role of Leeds United. For the second season in succession it has finished in second place in the Schools League despite winning 11 and drawing 2 of the 14 fixtures. The one defeat which cost us the league title was at the hands of our old enemies, King's School, Pontefract, and should never have happened as the return fixture showed when the result was a $7\frac{1}{2}-\frac{1}{2}$ win. The team consisted entirely of students from the Fourth Year and below, so it must remain a very powerful force in the league for many years to come. Our Captain and Vice-Captain often found themselves facing Sixth Form opposition but played steadily and always gave a good account of themselves thus setting a good example to the younger members of the team. Mitchell on two occasions obtained a draw when most players in his position would have resigned (one was particularly enjoyed since it was against his elder brother at Q.E.G.S.) and in the last match of the season his opponent resigned despite little apparent disadvantage. You are invited to play through this game and see the implications of his later moves.

White (A. Mitchell)

Black (A. Mawson)

Thornes House

1 P — K4
 2 N — KB3
 3 P — KN3
 4 P — Q3
 5 B — N2
 6 O — O
 7 B — N5
 8 R — K1
 9 P — B3
 10 R — K2
 11 N — R3
 12 N — B4
 13 N — K3
 14 N — Q5
 15 P — QR3
 16 N x N
 17 P — KR3
 18 N — K3
 19 R — B1
 20 R — Q2
 21 B — B4
 22 B x P
 23 B x P
 24 P — Q4
 25 QR — B2
 26 P — Q5
 27 R x P
 28 N x R
 29 Q — R5
 30 R — Q2
 31 B — K3

P — QB4
 P — Q3
 N — KB3
 N — QB3
 P — KN3
 B — N2
 O — O
 N — Q2
 Q — N3
 R — K1
 Q — R3
 P — N4
 R — N1
 R — N2
 N(Q2) — K4
 N x N
 P — K3
 R — B2
 N — B3
 P — R3
 P — N4
 R — Q2
 R(K1) — Q1
 N — K4
 N — B3
 P x P
 R x R
 B — K3
 Q — R5
 K — R2
 Resigns

1st Team Players: A. Mitchell R. Marsh A. Sergeant G. Sherwood
B. Clarke I. Ellam R. Moorby D. Jubb T. Ambler C. Mitchell

The second team has matched the first in success, winning 6 out of its 7 fixtures and giving the following players a chance to represent the school:
S. Smith C. Pysden S. Massey P. Lowe D. Westmoreland
C. Sennett M. Grievson G. Thomas T. Butterfield A. Gaw

R. Marsh and A. Sergeant were joint runners-up in the U16 section of the Wakefield Primary Schools League and we produced both finalists in the U16 individual championship of the Wakefield and District Schools Senior League, A. Mitchell and G. Sherwood.

A. Mitchell, R. Marsh, A. Sergeant and G. Sherwood all represented the league in inter-league fixtures, and A. Sergeant eventually made the Country U15 Team playing against Lincolnshire at Boston.

Internal competitions gave over 50 students the chance to play for a team or to try and win a trophy with the following results:

Senior House Champions: Levett 14½ points

Runners-up: Dodsworth 8½ points

Junior House Champions: Levett 14 points

Runners-up: Dodsworth 10 points

1st Year Champion: C. Pysden

2nd Year Champion: G. Thomas

Senior League Champion: G. Sherwood

Handicap Champion: A. Sergeant

School Champion: R. Marsh v. G. Sherwood

Mr. R. D. Oldroyd.

BARNARDO'S HELPERS LEAGUE

Another very successful year has enabled us to send Barnardos £500 — a record for us. Of this, £253 was raised by the box collection and the rest was from efforts. A special feature of the latter was a Sponsored Spell in English and French, which I hope proved an educational as well as a financial success. The staff recipe book "Frestonian Pantry" also proved popular, and raised £35. The Country Dancing Display was very well attended and raised a record £23.

This year Miss Penrose, who did so much for Barnardos, retired. Her teas in the library on bazaar day were always a delight, and she worked hard to encourage her tutor groups to great activity. We wish her happiness in her retirement.

There have also been some changes in the administration of the League within the School. Miss Kynman, who has been treasurer for many years, has resigned. She has been most conscientious and we thank her for all the hard work she has put into the job. Mr. Seed has now taken over this position, and (in the Lower School) he is going to be helped by Miss Williams.

Mrs. J. Guy.

JUNIOR COUNTRY DANCE CLUB

Both sections of the Club have continued to meet regularly during the year, the Scottish dancers after school on Wednesdays, and the various groups of English dancers after School on Mondays and during the lunch hour on Mondays and Wednesdays.

We were glad to welcome, in September, quite a number of beginners from among the first year and were also pleased that several members of the second and third years continued to support the Club. Some of the dancers are, at present, working for their Guide badge in Country Dancing.

After teaching the basic steps and figures to the beginners, we are all

now starting to practice hard for the various events which will take place at the end of the Summer Term.

The Scottish Dancers will be taking part in the 21st Festival of Scottish Dancing to be held on Saturday, 13th of July, 1974, at 2 p.m. in the grounds of the City of Leeds and Carnegie College. This is an annual event which is organised by the Leeds Scottish Dance Club and, given good weather, is always a very enjoyable occasion.

On Thursday, 11th July, at 7 p.m. in the Upper School Hall we shall, again, be holding our own evening of Country Dancing and Music. All groups within the club will combine to provide a varied programme of Scottish, Country and Highland Dancing, English Country, Maypole and Morris Dancing, as well as musical items. We are very pleased that Mrs. Schofield has agreed to help us in this last respect. We should like to take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude to Miss Penrose, who has willingly helped us in the past. Our thanks are also due to everyone who has supported us and helped to make this occasion such a successful one over the past few years.

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

AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY

The Society has not been very active this year for many reasons. We are now hoping to change this situation in order that the society may continue next session despite the absence of the Upper Sixth students.

Several members have passed the necessary examination in radio theory and have acquired transmitting licences. They are:

D. J. Lockwood G4CLI

A. Barker G8HTB

P. A. Walters G8HAN

Mr. K. Williamson G8IJL

Our congratulations to the new licencees and best wishes to aspiring (or perspiring?) candidates.

David Lockwood, G4CLI, Upper Sixth.



Mrs. Clarke and Mrs. Shelley take advantage of an unusually peaceful moment to consider a point in the Upper School office.



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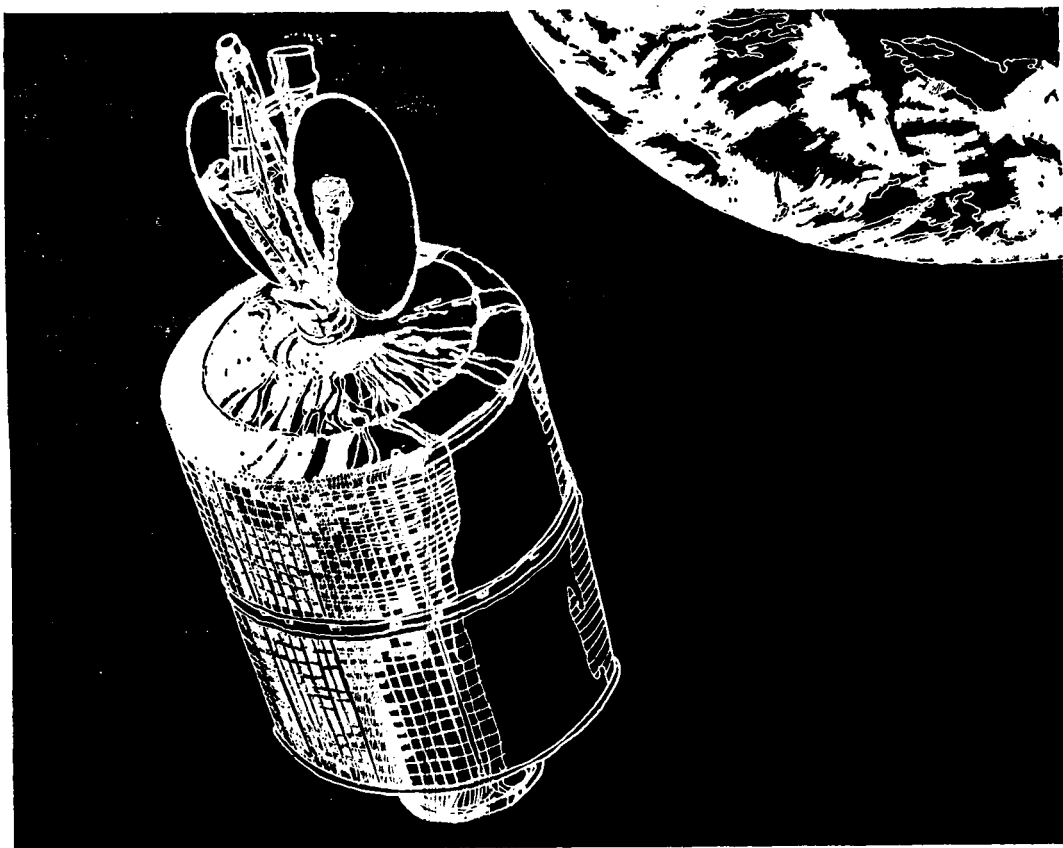
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CRICKET 1973

1st XI

Team: Captain: D. Timmins. Vice-Captain: K. Plant. S. Dean, D. Dransfield, I. Westwood, R. Smith, M. Grace, S. Stoney, D. Hartley, M. Beedle, D. Walsh, S. Burnage, J. Burnage, P. Morgan, T. Barker.

The XI has enjoyed a successful season under the captaincy of D. Timmins, who showed a responsible and thoughtful attitude both on and off the field. The team spirit was good and this was reflected in the generally high standard of fielding.

The main weakness of the side was in the batting, and when Timmins or Plant failed to come off, the team was usually in trouble. R. Smith showed early promise, but this he failed to fulfill. While strong on the front foot he lacked a sufficient range of shots to score off short-pitched deliveries. S. Dean was disappointing in that he too often allowed the bowlers to gain the initiative — half volleys were very often played back to the bowler instead of hit hard past, and at other times when playing accurate bowling, singles were missed through lack of alertness. M. Beedle, it was hoped, would score more runs this year but limitations in his technique were revealed — he plays every shot off the back foot and this makes him very vulnerable to the ball moving around and well up to the bat. D. Timmins was a very consistent opener, combining careful defence with aggressive driving and leg side play.

The outstanding innings of the season was played by K. Plant at Sowerby Bridge. Chasing 118 to win, there seemed no chance of reaching this target when School were 56 for 6 with fewer than 10 overs to go. However, Plant, with magnificent attacking shots, hit an unbeaten 59 containing three sixes and five fours, and it was unfortunate that he should find himself at the wrong end in the last over when only 5 were required to win.

The bowling was accurate and generally penetrative, but lacking in variety. There was no slow bowler in the side, and when the quicker bowlers failed to maintain their grip, this proved a handicap. This was evident in the matches lost at Sowerby Bridge, Doncaster and Temple Moor. The most impressive bowler, with 38 wickets, was S. Stoney, who bowled inswingers with deadly effect. Particularly noteworthy were hat tricks in successive matches against Rothwell G.S. and Thornes House. K. Plant with left arm medium pace, took 20 wickets. One wonders, however, whether he might be better bowling slower and concentrating on moving the ball more, in the Derek Underwood style. He has a very good action, but his slight physique handicaps his ability to become a really effective pace bowler. D. Walsh was very fast but erratic though he produced, every so often, a really good ball. With improving rhythm in his run-up to the wicket and better co-ordination in delivery he would achieve greater consistency. D. Hartley, in his first full season, bowled too short early on but improved in later matches. Unfortunately he has now left and his enthusiasm for the game will be missed in the coming season.

Wicket-keeper R. Smith performed creditably, though he was not tested up to the wicket. Although displaying a lack of agility with balls keeping

low, he did produce the finest catch of the season when, against King's, he made a full length diving catch to dismiss Kelsey, a Yorkshire schools' player.

The season was notable for the number of close finals — Sowerby Bridge, Kings' Pontefract, and Castleford were all very exciting affairs, but perhaps the most nail-biting was the Staff fixture. This was a notable victory for the School, since the Staff had won this fixture for at least the last seven years. It was a memorable match, no doubt, for Ian Westwood, who rescued the School from a desperate position on a difficult wicket. Chasing only 37, School were 2 for 3 when he came into bat, but by careful application and with one or two lusty blows the score was raised in 10 overs to 28 before he was out. Even then, with 7 wickets down, the game was not won, but D. Hartley showed a cool head for the situation and School emerged Victors by 2 wickets — a fine victory indeed achieved by teal teamwork and determination. I. Westwood, with 17, was the only player from either side to score double figures. It is, despite increased efforts from the Staff and our groundsman, Mr. B. Farrow, proving increasingly difficult to bring the Dalefield square up to the standard we would like. This is because after school and during the holidays it is used as a football pitch by local youths and boys. Roping off the square has proved to be futile as this equipment is soon removed, whilst keeping the field as private property for school use is apparently frowned upon in local circles. So it is unfortunately a situation one must learn to live with. Continuing on a sad note, one has to record the disappearance of the rather quaint Dalefield pavilion. Even five years ago this was in good condition and regularly used for changing accommodation, for scoring and for teas. It also provided shelter from the elements and created a reasonably attractive setting for a cricket match. Well, thanks to young vandals and lack of action, its condition deteriorated rapidly, until last year it was unsafe and had to be pulled down. One hopes that a brick-built structure for use by athletes, as well as cricketers, will be provided in the near future.

However, it is not all gloom — we now have the new cricket square at Dalefield available during the coming season. Mr. B. Farrow and some of the Colts and First XI cricketers have been hard at work fertilising and rolling it. Mention must be made of M. Smith's hard work here. The new square is flat, much better than the main square in this respect, though its grass texture is not yet as good. An easily transferable cricket net has been acquired through the Parents' Association and it is planned to use this on the new square, whilst one or two junior matches will also be played there.

During 1973 K. Plant and S. Stoney were selected for the Yorkshire Schools Trial at Harrogate. They did not achieve selection for the County, but gained valuable experience and have been invited to net trials in May of this year at Leeds Grammar School. The Bowling Award for 1973 went to S. Strong, and that for Batting to K. Plant.

1st XI RESULTS

(venue first)

Sowerby Bridge 117 for 9 (Plant 4 for 30)
School 115 for 7 (Timmins 26, Plant 59 not out)
School lost by 2 runs

School 88 for 4 (Timmins 26)
 Danum 66 for 9 (Stoney 6 for 38)
 School won by 22 runs

School 33 for 3
 Rothwell 32 all out (Stoney 6 for 18, Plant 4 for 10)
 School won by 7 wickets

Thornes House 26 all out (Stoney 5 for 5, Walsh 3 for 5)
 School 117 for 4 (Timmins 62 not out. Plant 37)
 School won by 91 runs

Hemsworth 48 all out
 School 49 for 3 (Plant 29 not out)
 School won by 7 wickets

School 67 for 6 (Timmins 32, Dean 18)
 King's School Pontefract 66 for 7
 School won by 1 run

Staff XI 37 all out (Plant 3 for 3, Stoney 3 for 10)
 School 39 for 8 (Westwood 17, Fairbank 5 for 8)
 School won by two wickets

Doncaster 105 for 7 (Marsh 47, Stoney 3 for 20)
 School 56 for 6
 Match drawn

Temple Moor 107 all out (Stoney 4 for 15, J. Burnage 4 for 35)
 School 88 all out (T. Barker 31 not out)
 School lost by 19 runs

School 66 for 9
 Castleford High School 67 for 7
 School lost by 3 wickets

Played 10; Won 6; Lost 3; Drew 1.

UNDER 15 XI

Team from: T. Barker (Captain), S. Burnage (Vice-Captain), D. Betts, S. Bray, J. Burnage, C. Dix, S. Evans, N. Green, M. Jennings, C. Morgan, P. Morgan, M. Nott, M. Smith. Also played: M. Hampshire.

It was another successful season for this keen side, who last year lost only one game in nine. This year they have lost only two out of thirteen. The highlight of the season was probably the winning of the Brumfitt Cup on the last day of term. This is a magnificent trophy, but for this strong school side, none of the qualifying matches posed much of a problem.

The bulk of the bowling was done by J. Burnage: 89 overs, 36 wickets for 123 runs; and T. Barker: 87.4 overs, 44 wickets for 196 runs. The runs came from: S. Burnage, 159 at an average of 19.8; M. Smith, 159 at an average of 15.9; and J. Burnage, 92 at 13.1. The fielding showed an improvement on the previous year. M. Smith took the most catches in the field with 6, followed by P. Morgan with 5. S. Burnage claimed 22 victims behind the stumps, of whom 12 were caught and 10 stumped.

T. Barker, J. Burnage and S. Burnage all played for the Rothwell District XI, and S. Burnage was in the Yorkshire Under Fifteen squad for the second year running.

UNDER 15 XI RESULTS

(venue first)

Crofton 11 all out (Brumfitt Cup Match)

School 12 for 1

Won by 9 wickets

School 21 for 1

Thornes House 20 all out (Barker 8 for 4)

Won by 9 wickets

School 22 for 4

Garforth 21 all out (J. Burnage 4 for 4)

Won by 6 wickets

Morley 44 all out (Brumfitt Cup Match)

School 46 for 5

Won by 5 wickets

Q.E.G.S. 73 for 5

School 72 for 5 (20 overs) (P. Morgan 28 not out)

Lost by 5 wickets

Danum 48 all out (Barker 6 for 18)

School 80 for 9

Won by 32 runs

School 77 for 2 (S. Burnage 48 not out) (Brumfitt Cup Match)

Rothwell 44 all out

Won by 33 runs

Kings 12 all out (J. Burnage 4 for 2, T. Barker 5 for 3)

School 113 for 5 (J. Burnage 26, M. Jennings 23, Barker 21 not out)

Won by 101 runs

School 80 for 5 (20 overs) (M. Smith 29, J. Burnage 26)

Temple Moor 81 for 8

Lost by 2 wickets

Pontefract Sec. 39 for 7 (20 overs) (T. Barker 5 for 26)

School 42 for 6

Won by 4 wickets

School 56 for 5

Willowgarth 42 all out (J. Burnage 5 for 2)

Won by 14 runs

School 41 for 0 (S. Burnage 24 not out, M. Smith 17 not out)

Q.E.G.S. 40 all out

Won by 10 wickets

Stanley 10 all out (J. Burnage 6 for 7, P. Morgan 4 for 2)

School 53 for 3 (Brumfitt Cup Final)

Won by 43 runs

Played 13; Won 11; Lost 2; Drew 0.

UNDER 14 X1

Team: C. Cooke (Captain), G. Howden, M. Hampshire, G. Robinson, M. Craig, S. Hall, P. Webb, D. Machin, A. Mitchell, M. Lythe, R. Dinsdale, A. Vwood.

With fine weather prevailing for the third year in succession, almost all the arranged fixtures were completed. Although the playing record does not indicate a very successful season, nearly all the matches lost were by very narrow margins.

The side showed a nice balance in batting and also in bowling. P. Webb and G. Howden were attractive batsmen with plenty of shots, whilst M. Hampshire provided an anchor role. The pace bowling was spearheaded by C. Cook who had a fine season, taking 37 wickets at 4.6 runs apiece. M. Craig, although providing support in this department, bowled too erratically — a shorter run up with better rhythm would improve his length and direction. M. Hampshire, with slow off-spinners, showed promise and gave the attack more variety.

The specialist position of wicket-keeper proved to be the main problem with three or four players trying their skills but achieving no great success. However, towards the end of the season A. Wood began to emerge as the best candidate, with a good eye for the ball and the ability to be nimble on his feet. There was considerable enthusiasm and team spirit in the side, which was capably captained by C. Cook.

UNDER 14X1 RESULTS

(venue first)

Q.E.G.S. 56 for 8
School 55 for 6 (Craig 15)
Lost by 2 wickets

Garforth 52 all out (Cook 6 for 15)
School 71 for 7 (Cook 17 not out)
Won by 19 runs

School 68 all out (Hall 18)
Batley 72 all out (Cook 4 for 11)
Lost by 4 runs

Danum 30 all out (Cook 4 for 4, Lythe 3 for 8)
School 59 for 9 (Hampshire 20 not out)
Won by 29 Runs

Pontefract Boys 51 for 9
School 73 for 7
Won by 22 runs

Kings 48 for 9 (Hampshire 6 for 13)
School 47 all out (Hampshire 19 not out, Craig 15)
Lost by 1 wicket

Temple Moor 54 all out (Hampshire 5 for 23)
School 71 for 3 (Howden 24, Robinson 20, Hampshire 25 not out)
Won by 17 runs

School 57 all out (Howden 17)
Q.E.G.S. 61 all out (Cook 4 for 28)
Lost by 4 runs

School 64 all out (Howden 26, Hampshire 22)
Willowgarth 65 for 4
Lost by 6 wickets

Castleford 64 all out (Cook 8 for 22)
School 115 for 2 (Webb 75 not out, Robinson 22)
Won by 51 runs

Played 10; Won 5; Drew 0; Lost 5.

UNDER 13 XI

The eleven fulfilled this season much of the promise that they showed last year. Overall it was a fairly successful season, culminating in the winning of the Brooch Shield knock-out trophy.

All of the matches played were of the limited over type, and this has not suited all of the batsmen. B. Clarke has continued to develop into a very stylish batsman but made only one reasonable total. G. Deakin is as stylish as Clarke, and scored consistently. I. Ellam grew in confidence and frequently scored well. R. Moorby, who captained the side confidently and enthusiastically, recorded some good scores. Impatience is his weakness. B. Barley has proved invaluable to the team on many occasions, showing the bowling little or no respect, and scoring well. The other batsmen would do well to learn from him in this respect.

The bowling during the season developed commendably. Ellam, Deakin and Moorby can be a penetrating pace attack, particularly Deakin, whose length and direction are very consistent. R. Davis gave valuable support with his spin bowling, turning the game in our favour on many occasions. K. Locke has also given invaluable support.

G. Sherwood has kept wicket well, but is inclined to be a little 'wooden'. Fielding is not one of the team's strengths and this can be fatal in limited over cricket. The team's main weakness is that it lacks confidence in batting. I am sure the away matches at Q.E.G.S. and Kings School, Pontefract, could have been turned in our favour if each batsman had gone in determined to score. The loss of early wickets has often guaranteed a small total.

Throughout the season the team has shown an excellent spirit, particularly those people at the tail end of the batting who turned up regularly for net practice and for the games.

UNDER 13 XI RESULTS

(venue first)

Garforth 17 (Deakin 4 for 3, Davies 3 for 7)

School 18 for 0

School won by 10 wickets

School 43 for 7 (Moorby 21)

Roundhay 44 for 8 (Deakin 4 for 13)

School lost by 2 wickets

School 46

Q.E.G.S. 50 for 4

School lost by 6 wickets

Pontefract Sec. 16 (Deakin 3 for 6, Ellam 4 for 2)

School 39 for 5 (Moorby 26)

School won by 23 runs

Q.E.G.S. 65 for 7 (Deakin 4 for 20)

School 45 for 9 (Barley 24)

School lost by 20 runs

Pontefract 35 for 4

School 32 for 6

School lost by 6 wickets

School 92 (Ellam 58 not out)

Pontefract 71 (Ellam 7 for 17)

School won by 21 runs

BROOCH SHIELD MATCHES

1st Round

Crofton 26 (Davies 6 for 9, Ellam 4 for 5)

School 47 for 1 (Ellam 17*, Deakin 20*)

School won by 21 runs

2nd Round

Bye

Semi-Final

School 96 for 9 (Ellam 20, Barley 22*, Oakley 14)

Morley 45 for 9

School won by 51 runs

Final

School 72 for 4 (Clarke 20, Ellam 21)

Rothwell 69 (Davies 5 for 25)

School won by 6 wickets

Played 10; Won 6; Lost 4; Drawn 0.

UNDER 12 XI

Team: M. Guiver (Captain), M. Chalkley, C. Mitchell, R. Kelly, I. Frost, D. Cowell, A. Parish, J. Slack, A. Swift, C. Skidmore, R. Archer, S. Clarke, P. Lowe, P. Smart, S. Jones, D. Henson.

The side played only two matches; two others were rained off. There was plenty of enthusiasm amongst the boys, but talented players were few in number. However, cricket is a game where one can overcome a lack of natural ability and still turn out to be a very good player. This does though, need a great deal of determination and hard work in eradicating faults and building up a successful technique. One hopes that the members of the side will overcome their deficiencies by adopting this approach.

Batting was the main weakness and both technique and ability to hit the bad ball hard must be improved. The bowling was stronger with M. Chalkley having two good matches against Q.E.G.S. The side was efficiently captained by M. Guiver, who also proved a capable wicket-keeper.

RESULTS (venue first):

Q.E.G.S. 71 for 6 (Chalkley 3 for 22)

School 27 all out (Archer 15)

Lost by 8 wickets

Q.E.G.S. 65 all out (Chalkley 6 for 28)

School 11 all out

Lost by 54 runs

BOYS ATHLETICS 1973

In the away match against Pontefract Secondary School, the first years lost 27 — 43, though excellent baton changing achieved a good relay win in 60.7 seconds. The Under 13's won overwhelmingly 76 — 44, with individual winners in nearly every event, as well as taking the relay. B. Barley had a double in the 800m. in 2m. 33.5s., and the long jump with 4.72m. Other doubles were recorded by M. Dyson in the 100m. in 13.5s. and the 200m. in 29.4s; R. Moorby, Shot 9.95m. and Discus 23.51m.; P. Walker, High Jump and Triple Jump. P. Kerton took the 400m. in 66.8s. The relay team romped home in 57.5s. The Under 14's just lost the relay to go down narrowly 58 — 62. A. Wood took the long jump with 5.44m. and the triple jump with 10.83m. Overall we emerged winners by 161 — 149.

In the triangular match at Doncaster against the Grammar School and Wath G.S., the Under 14's and Under 16's were victorious in their sections, whilst the Under 19's finished second. Normanton were overall winners.

Entertaining Garforth Comprehensive at home, the School won all the sections. In the Under 12 division, individual winners were P. Whittaker, Hurdles (13.4s.); M. Guiver, Discus (52ft. 10in.); A. Moore, Javelin (71ft. 2in.) and Shot (27ft. 8in.). Under 13's: C. Grinsall, 800m. (2m., 44s.) and 1500m. (5m. 1.7s.). Under 14's: A. Wood, 100m. (12.5s.) and 200 m. (25.8s.). Under 15's; M. Smith, Shot (44ft. lin.). Normanton were overall winners by 286 — 227.

The School also recorded a clean sweep in the next match, against Ossett Comprehensive School, with an overall score in our favour of 217 — 206, and in the triangular match at Pontefract against King's School and Hipperholme. M. Carter took Triple and Long Jumps for the Under 12's, with M. Hodgson (100m.) and M. Wood (200m.) also contributing to a one point victory in that section. Of the Under 13's, B. Barley took the 200m. (27.3s.); C. Gainsill, 1500m. (5m. 16.6s.); R. Moorby, shot (10.80m.) and Discus (24.0m.); P. Arandle, Javelin (116ft. 6in.); B. Barley, Long Jump (4.59m.); and the relay team, 1st in 54.7s. Of the Under 14's, A. Wood took the 100m. (12.5s.), 200m. (25.8s.), and the Long Jump (5.11m.); C. Robinson, 800m. (2m. 33.6s.); M. Hawkins, Discus (34.50m.); J. Hepworth, Javelin (118ft. 11 in.); and the Relay Team 1st in 52.9s.

Competing against Ossett Comprehensive, Penistone G.S. and Holme Valley G.S. in the Fartown Meeting, the School won in all three age-groups and took the Overall Shield. The seniors did particularly well since some key athletes were unavailable because of examinations. Individual junior winners were P. Kerton, 400m. (64.1s.); P. Arandle, Hurdles (12.4s) and Javelin (27.78m.); P. Walker, High Jump (1.30m.). Intermediate; J. Burnage, 100m. (11.7s.), 200m. (24.4s.), and High Jump (1.53m.); M. Smith, Shot

(12.63m.); P. Watson, Discus (36.11m.); S. Burnage, Hurdles (12.0s.) — a new record — and the relay (48.0s.), also a new record. Of the seniors: A. Fisher established a new record in the Hurdles (13.7s.) and won the 400m. (52.9s.); M. Lindley equalled the record in the 100m. (11.4s.), and added the 200m. (23.9s.) and Long Jump (6.10m.). The Senior Relay team won in 47.1s.

In the return match against Pontefract Secondary School the Under 12 and Under 14 teams reflected their improvement over the season by avenging their earlier defeats, and again the school achieved a clean sweep. For the Under 12's, M. Hodgson won the 400m. (71.1s.) and Long Jump (4.43m.); A. Moore, Shot (8.68m.); Relay Team (59.3s.). Under 13's; B. Barley, 200m. (27.4s.), 800m. (2m. 35s.), Long Jump (4.84m.) and Triple Jump (9.34.); M. Dyson, 100m. (13.1s.); P. Kerton, 400m. (64.6s.); C. Grinsall, 1500m. (5m. 19.2s.); P. Walker, High Jump (1.32m.); Relay Team 1st in 54.1s. Under 14's: A. Wood equalled Barley's achievement in winning four events—100m. (12.4s.), 200m. (26.1s.), Long Jump (5.40m.) and Triple Jump (10.33m.); S. Saberton, 400m. (60.9s.); J. Hepworth, Javelin (40.12m.); M. Hawkins, Shot (36.80m.); M. Craig, High Jump (1.36m.); Relay Team 1st in 51.8s.

The Under 15's provided the winners in all their events, J. Burnage alone taking four: 100m. (11.9s.), 200m. (25.5s.), High Jump (1.42m.), and Triple Jump (11.41m.). S. Burnage took the 400m. in the excellent time of 56.4s., R. Cunliff brought off a double in 1500m. (4m. 44.2s.) and 800m. (2m. 20s.), and other winners were P. Watson, Discus (36.98m.); R. Davenport, Javelin (49.56m.); M. Smith, Shot (12.24m.); T. Barker, Long Jump (5.28m.); and a win for the Relay team in 50.00s. Final overall score: School 273, Pontefract 199.

In the Yorkshire Junior Championships at Middleborough, Stuart Allatt won the Javelin with a throw of 46.73m. In the Yorkshire Schools Championships at York, J. Hepworth won the Junior Boys Javelin with 37.32m. In the Intermediate division S. Burnage took the 100m. Hurdles (15.0s.), with D. Kirk third in the Pole Vault. For the Seniors A. Fisher won the 400m. Hurdles (57.2s.) and D. Smith the Pole Vault (3.35m.). S. Allatt was second in the Javelin (47.62m.). A. Fisher and D. Smith went on to represent their county in the English Schools Championships at Babbington.

SENIOR SPORTS: RESULTS

	Senior	Under 15
100m.	M. Lindley 11.6s.	J. Burnage 11.9s.
200m.	A. Fisher 23.5s.	J. Burnage 25.1s.
400m.	I. Westwood 59.0s.	S. Burnage 57.1s.
800m.	M. Stabler 2m. 17.4s.	R. Cunniff 2m. 15s.
1500m.	R. Davies 5m. 07.3s.	R. Cunniff 4m. 36.1s.
Hurdles	A. Fisher 14.2s.	S. Burnage 12.0s.
Relay	Dodsworth 48.8s.	Freston 50.6s.
High Jump	A. Fisher 1.45m.	J. Burnage 1.43m.
Long Jump	M. Lindley 5.84m.	A. Wood 5.37m.
Triple Jump	M. Lindley 12.92m.	J. Burnage 11.92m.
Pole Vault	D. Kirk 2.90m.	S. Burnage 2.50m.
Javelin	S. Allatt 49.80m.	R. Davenport 48.69m.
Discus	B. Banks 102' 5"	R. Watson 129' 1"
Shot	M. Smith 39' 4"	M. Smith 45' 9"

Individual Champions

A. Fisher 15 points	J. Burnage 16 points
M. Lindley 15 points	

House Champions

Dodsworth 58 points	Freston 55 points
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Overall Totals

1st Freston 88 points	2nd Dodsworth 80 points
3rd Levett 71 points	4th Ward 62 points

JUNIOR SPORTS: RESULTS

	Under 14	Under 13	Under 12
100m.	A. Wood 12.5s.	M. Dyson 13.1s.	M. Wood 14.1s.
200m.	A. Wood 25.7s.	B. Barley 26.2s.	M. Wood 30.3s.
400m.	C. Saberton 63.1s.	P. Kerton 64.0s.	M. Hodgson 71 .0s.
800m.	G. Robinson 2m. 27s.	B. Barley 2m. 33s.	P. Earnshaw 2m. 40.3s
1500m.	G. Robinson 5m. 6.8s.	C. Grinsill 5m. 20.2s.	M. Johnson 5m. 45.6s
Hurdles	M. Graig 14.1s.	P. Arandle 12.3s.	P. Whittaker 12.4s.
Relay	Ward 53.7s.	Ward 58.1s.	Ward 57.9
High Jump	S. Evans 1.43m.	P. Walker 1.35m.	G. Daley 1.18m.
Long Jump	A. Wood 5.48m.	B. Barley 4.89m.	M. Hodgson 4.38m.
Triple Jump	A. Wood 10.76m.	B. Barley 9.75m.	M. Hodgson 9.00m.
Pole Vault	A. Hughes 2.20m.	D. Jubb 2.10m.	M. Webber 1.65m.
Javelin	J. Hepworth 40.03m.	P. Arandle 33.78m.	M. Wood 22.25m.
Discus	M. Hawkins 115' 7"	R. Moorby 76' 5"	M. Wood 56' 8"
Shot	M. Hawkins 36' 1f"	R. Moorby 35' 1"	A. Moore 28' 1"

Individual Champions A. Wood (16 points)

B. Barley (16 points)

M. Wood (16 points)

House Champions Ward (54 points)

Freston (61 points)

Ward (67 points)

Overall Champions

1st Ward 162½ points
3rd Levett 94 points

2nd Freston 136 points
4th Dodsworth 68 points

RUGBY 1973-1974

RUGBY 1973-74 — THE SEASON'S RECORD

OPPOSITION	1st XV	2nd XV	COLTS XV	U14 XV	U13 XV
St. Michael's	(1) W. 14-3 (H)	(2) W. 80-0 (H)	(1) W. 10-6 (A)	(1) W. 40-4 (H)	(1) L. 0-16 (A)
Thorne	(2) W. 44-0 (H)		(3) L. 3-27 (A)	(3) W. 72-3 (A)	(3) W. 16-4 (A)
Bridlington	(3) W. 47-0 (H)		(5) W. 62-0 (H)	(5) W. 36-12 (A)	(4) W. 22-15 (A)
Doncaster	(4) W. 52-3 (H)	(3) W. 76-4 (H)	(6) W. 18-6 (H)		
Pontefract	(5) W. 11-0 (H)	(5) W. 68-4 (A)	(7) L. 12-24 (A)	(7) D. 18-18 (A)	(6) L. 0-26 (H)
Hemsworth	(6) W. 23-3 (H)	(7) W. 44-0 (H)	(10) L. 0-62 (A)	(10) W. 32-0 (A)	
West Leeds	(7) W. 42-0 (H)		(11) W. 52-6 (A)	(11) W. 43-0 (A)	
Roundhay	(8) W. 50-0 (A)	(8) W. 10-9 (A)	(12) L. 4-23 (H)	(12) L. 7-14 (H)	
Wath	(9) W. 14-3 (H)	(6) W. 58-4 (A)	(8) W. 108-0 (H)	(8) W. 90-0 (H)	(7) W. 40-10 (H)
Emmysteds	(10) W. 50-0 (H)	(9) W. 24-0 (H)	(13) L. 10-38 (A)	(13) W. 28-20 (A)	(10) W. 10-0 (H)
Macclesfield	(11) L. 10-16 (H)	(10) W. 42-3 (H)	(14) L. 6-30 (A)	(14) L. 8-35 (A)	(11) L. 0-40 (A)
Newark	(12) L. 8-15 (H)	(11) W. 48-3 (H)	(15) L. 10-26 (A)	(15) W. 17-10 (A)	(13) L. 0-30 (A)
Hipperholme	(13) W. 15-0 (H)	(12) W. 44-6 (H)	(16) L. 8-11 (A)	(16) L. 4-12 (A)	(14) L. 12-14 (A)
Goole	(14) W. 13-10 (H)	(13) W. 64-0 (H)	(17) L. 10-18 (A)	(17) W. 18-4 (A)	(15) Abandoned (A)
De La Salle	(15) L. 0-4 (A)	(14) D. 6-6 (A)	(18) L. 8-14 (H)	(18) W. 31-6 (H)	(16) D. 6-6 (H)
Acklam Hall	(16) W. 21-0 (A)	(16) W. 8-6 (A)	(19) W. 38-8 (H)	(19) W. 12-0 (A)	(18) L. 4-6 (H)
Heath	(17) L. 8-22 (A)	(17) W. 26-0 (H)	(21) W. 42-16 (H)	(20) W. 34-0 (H)	
Temple Moor	(18) W. 14-0 (H)	(1) W. 17-6 (A)	(20) W. 12-4 (A)	(21) W. 45-13 (A)	
Garforth 1st		(4) W. 76-0 (H)			
John Smeaton 1st		(15) W. 3-0 (A)			
Middlesbrough Junior Colts		(18) W. 13-6 (A)			
St. Wilfred's 1st			(2) W. 24-18 (H)	(2) W. 30-4 (A)	(2) W. 26-10 (H)
Garforth			(4) L. 11-22 (A)	(4) L. 10-24 (A)	
Kettlethorpe			(9) L. 3-40 (H)	(9) L. 23-26 (H)	
Cwm Tawe			(22) W. 18-12 (H)	(22) W. 18-0 (H)	
Willowgarth				(6) W. 24-8 (A)	
John Smeaton				(23) W. 29-12 (H)	
Darton					(23) W. 21-0 (H)
Ossett					(5) W. 44-4 (H)
Ossett					(19) W. 16-10 (A)
Armthorpe					(8) W. 36-4 (A)
Armthorpe					(17) W. 10-4 (H)
Holmfirth					(9) W. 40-0 (H)
Holmfirth					(20) D. 8-8 (A)
Sowerby Bridge					(12) W. 50-0 (H)
Arnold School					(21) L. 8-22 (A)
St. Joseph's					(22) L. 12-16 (A)
RECORD					
Played	18	18	22	23	23
Won	14	17	10	17	12
Drawn	0	1	0	1	2
Lost	4	0	12	5	8
Points for	426	707	483	669	381
Points against	79	57	415	225	245

RUGBY 1973-74

FIRST XV

Team: M. Lindley (Captain); J. Bridges (Vice-Captain); S. Dean; B. Banks; I. Westwood; A. Whalley; S. Bailey; N. Hill; A. Short; T. Barker; R. Davenport; C. Morgan; N. Cooper; C. Williams; D. Kirk; S. Tarpey; M. Johnson; J. Burnage; K. Wood; T. Blakeway.

In a season of rather mixed fortunes, we made one of our best-ever starts, scoring 347 points in the first ten games without conceding a try.

The first game with St. Michael's was rather scrappy, except for a grand blind-side try by S. Burnage; but after this the side soon developed a rhythm, and high-scoring wins over Thorne, Bridlington and Doncaster followed. The win over Doncaster was particularly gratifying as they had been the only side to lower our colours in 1972-73.

In ensuing weeks, three teams gave us close games. Pontefract played an extra back and succeeded in keeping the score down. Unfortunately we were unable to exploit their weakened back row. C. Williams scored two good tries. The score against Hemsworth hardly reflects the closeness of the encounter. Excellent tackling all round, and by full-back R. Davenport in particular, kept our line intact, and we scored four good tries, one by K. Plant, who had a courageous debut at scrum-half.

The Wath match was unexpectedly hard. Their large pack monopolised possession, especially at the back of the line-out, but with scant ball, match-winning tries were scored by M. Lindley (2), and B. Banks. Our tenth game was unusual as we had to play on a small pitch because a gale had blown the posts down on the main pitch. Fifty points were scored against a rather weak Skipton side, but the game took its toll. In scoring his first try of the season S. Bailey broke and dislocated his shoulder, causing him to miss the next six games. Martin Lindley had earlier injured his knee and in fact only played in eight games all season.

These and other injuries caused a dilution of the team's strength, and it was hardly surprising to find our confidence declining and our winning streak halted. Macclesfield were the first side to beat us, in a closely fought game. Again an injury to T. Barker just before half-time set us back, and playing up the slope second-half was too much of a task with only fourteen men.

The first game of the Spring Term brought defeat at the hands of Newark and we were faced with an uphill task to the end of the season. We beat Hipperholme to restore some confidence, and then had the usual hard game with Goole. Their large pack could have eaten us, and nearly did! Two early tries by M. Johnson and C. Williams and a penalty and conversion by S. Dean gave us a lead that looked unassailable. Goole, however, hit back with forward tries, and only some desperate tackling, with M. Johnson outstanding, saved the day.

The De La Salle game was played in atrocious conditions and should really have been postponed. A draw would have been a fair result, but a last minute try gave them the verdict.

The only other game we lost was at Heath. A first minute collision between R. Davenport and T. Blakeway necessitated hospital treatment for both, so we played the whole game with 13 men. However, some good football was forthcoming, and we were unlucky to lose 22 — 8.

Martin Lindley had a most unfortunate season. In the eight games he played, he scored fifteen tries, and he would undoubtedly have had an outstanding season. Selected for England (19 group) he had to withdraw. He is now making steady progress after an operation on his knee and we all wish him luck for a full recovery to so that he can take part in the England Tour to Australia in the summer.

Congratulations also to R. Davenport and B. Banks who played for Yorkshire in all their three matches, and additionally to Davenport who gained his England cap when he played at Twickenham against Australia.

There are nine players who will be leaving this term, and all have given good service to School Rugby. J. Bridges took over the Captaincy and played willingly at either back row or scrum-half — and organised some enjoyable dances. S. Dean was also a versatile player, either at full-back or on the wing, and he has kicked a lot of prodigious goals. I. Westwood had some excellent games, his best being against the Luddites, but he lost some form later in the season. C. Williams only played senior rugby in his last year, but his fine turn of speed brought him 14 tries.

Front row forward A. Whalley has given excellent service and his leadership of the pack was an invaluable asset. Alongside him S. Tarpey and S. Bailey have both made the grade and developed into good forwards. N. Cooper played in all the games except the first, and was a keen, hard-working forward. N. Hill never quite realised his full potential, but when he did find form he was a player very difficult to stop and he had an astute football brain.

As to the future we have a lot of promising players who played in the 2nd XV to add to the stalwarts who remain like B. Banks, A. Short (both of whom played in every match, as did I. Westwood). So the future is pretty bright, and we look forward to seeing and playing some exciting rugby next season.

On congratulations on the award of colours go to B. Banks, I. Westwood, A. Short, S. Dean, S. Bailey, N. Cooper, C. Williams, S. Tarpey and K. Plant.

SEVENS

Pontefract:

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1) W. V. Blackpool 12-4 | 2) W. v. Pontefract 16-3 |
| 3) W. V. Roundhay 7-4 | SF) L. v. Q.E.G.S. 6-20 |

Manchester G.S.:

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------------|
| 1) W. V. Lymm 22-0 | 2) W. v. Cheadle 14-4 |
| 3) W. v. Wigan 14-0 | 4) L. v. Blackpool 10-12 |

Newark;

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1) W. V. Spalding 16-0 | 2) W. v. Grantham 14-10 |
| 3) L. V. Goole 12-13 | |

Windsor:

- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1) W. v. St. Dunstan's 22-0 | 2) W. v. Warwick 8-4 |
| 3) L. v. St. Benedict's 6-28 | |

Manchester University:

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1) W. v. Bolton 12-4 | 2) L. v. Rydal 6-14 |
|----------------------|---------------------|

Roehampton:

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1) W. v. Hampton 22-10 | 2) L. v. Reigate 0-18 |
|------------------------|-----------------------|

Fylde:

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1) L. v. Stockport 6-10 | 1) W. v. Hexham 34-0 |
| 2) W. v. Bradford 16-12 | 3) L. v. Kirkham 4-18 |

Minsthorpe:

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1) W. v. Minsthorpe 24-0 | 2) W. v. Pocklington 18-6 |
| 3) W. v. Foxwood 14-0 | Final) W. v. Sedburgh 16-12 |

Ilkley:

- | | |
|--------------------------|---|
| 1) W. v. Holgates 14-12 | 2) W. v. Thorne 20-0 |
| 3) W. v. Worrall 20-4 | 4) W. v. Brinkburn 10-6 |
| SF) W. v. West Park 18-6 | Final) L. v. De La Salle
after extra time, 10-14 |

SECOND XV

Team from: K. Plant (Captain), N. Gibbons (Vice-Captain), N. Cooper, S. Tarpey, I. Cusworth, J. Boyle, J. Burnage, S. Gamble, K. Wood, M. Hayward, M. Smith, P. Graveling, J. Shearn, J. Ramsden, R. Wells, P. Tarpey, N. Walker, N. Stackhouse, D. Kirk, T. Carter, R. Davenport, C. Morgan, M. Johnson, S. Harvey. Also played: S. Bean, S. Burnage, T. Blakeway, P. Morgan, R. Davies and N. Hill.

The team had a particularly successful season, winning 17 out of 18 games, and drawing the other. A season unbeaten is an achievement — especially when rugby of quality was played throughout.

We began with a difficult match against Garforth 1st XV. The usual first-match mistakes were in evidence, but team-spirit saw us through to victory, 17-6. A series of three easy matches followed, against Thorne, John Smeaton 1st XV, and Doncaster. Then came the annual needle-match against King's School, Pontefract, in which two players received their marching orders. However, we settled down to play rugby and run our opponents into the ground, 68-4.

Two more convincing wins brought us to Roundhay, whom we brushed aside with consummate ease before arriving at "The Battle of the Roses" against De La Salle of Manchester. Success had bred a high team-spirit, and everyone knew that this was the match we had to win to go through the season unbeaten. We arrived to find the pitch under water, and our hopes sank. However, life-belts were provided, and we waded out. Winning the toss, we decided to play against the tide, and soon put our opponents under pressure to go ahead 6-0. However, De La Salle equalised just before half-

time, and during the second half the heavens opened and both teams begged the referee to blow no side. When he did, we were soaked to the skin, and still unbeaten.

We played the following match against Middlesborough Junior Colts with our boots still wet from the previous Saturday. Defences were on top in this game, and the only score came from a lucky penalty from Dextrasol Dean, "The Professional".

And so to our last match of the season against St. Wilfred's 1st XV. We had heard they were a set of tough guys, so it did not surprise us to find them changing behind bars. However, we kept our cool, and beat them by playing rugby that was a credit to us.

So we had finally done it: 18 matches undefeated. It would be invidious to pick out individual performances, because everyone contributed to the team's success, with the forwards, so often smaller than their opponents, giving the backs ample good ball with which to show their individual flair.

Finally, we should all like to thank Mr. Ruddock for the skill and enthusiasm with which he has managed the team's affairs.

COLTS XV

Team: G. Robinson (Captain), A. Wood (Vice-Captain), C. Cook, M. Craig, I. Greateorex, S. Johnson, P. Webb, P. Grant, A. Mitchell, K. Chetton, P. Tyrell, M. Lythe, S. Jowett, D. Griffiths, K. Grayson, D. Machin, M. Hawkins, A. Pratt, M. Hampshire.

Quite a number of good players in the 4th year, who had played in previous seasons, decided not to make themselves available, and this threw an extra burden of responsibility on the 17 players remaining to form the squad. Luckily few injuries were sustained. It is to be hoped that those who did not play this season will come back to play with renewed vigour and enthusiasm, for they are talented players and it is a sheer waste of ability for them not to play.

The team made a very indifferent start to the season, with no real spirit or zest being apparent in their play. Two quite useful wins to start the season were quickly followed by two disappointing displays, and defeats, against Thorne and Kettlethorpe. It was apparent by this time that they were going to find it difficult in the forwards, for they were a very small pack, and the defeats were a direct result of lack of possession and inability to take opposition forwards on physically. During the first term the three heavy defeats against Hemsworth, Cum Tawe, and Macclesfield were sustained because the opposition forwards steam-rolled their way through our defences. There was no real consolation either in the victories they gained, after the first two games, for they were extremely weak opposition as the 108-0 victory over Wath and 62-0 win over Bridlington show. So there was nothing really to get enthusiastic over in the first term.

The second term saw a spirited revival in the standard of play, even though their first four games were defeats. They were very closely contested games, something we had not seen much of during the first term. It was

pleasing to see the team playing well as a unit and showing far more maturity in its approach to the game, for it was finally getting through to them that it wasn't so much the result that mattered as the way they played. It was only a matter of time before they had success, and the finish to the season brought with it five wins, the most notable being over Willowgarth, who had four South Yorkshire players in the pack and one in the backs. It was unfortunate that they had not started the season the way they finished, for the overall results of played 23, won 11 and lost 12 is not really a true reflection of the team's ability.

All the players deserve a mention for the way they have stuck to the task of making sure we fulfilled our commitments in having a full side out for every game. Graham Robinson has captained the side well, and at times was an inspiration to the rest of the team. He is a player of ability and was in my opinion unlucky not to go further in the Yorkshire Trials, but he will have another chance this year with the raising of the age to Under 16. The real scoring strength of the team was on the wings, with Martyn Craig (30 tries), and Alan Wood (20 tries). Martyn is a very powerful and direct runner, not the fastest winger in the world, but one of the hardest. Alan is a very fast and elusive winger, and he too was unlucky not to get to the final trial for Yorkshire. Kevin Chetton, who returned to the side this season, after a serious injury, has very ably led the pack, especially by example. Stephen Jowett at lock has probably been the most improved player over the season and will be a very useful acquisition to the 2nd XV next season. Chris Cook has played consistently well all season, and has lots of potential, and will develop his skills tremendously over the next two seasons. Finally, a word to all the team, for it applies to all. It is that they must have more faith in their own ability, for they have more than they care to show. To stamp more of their authority on the game they will have to develop much more self-assurance and determination.

COLTS VII

At Minsthorpe, the seven squad of G. Robinson, A. Wood, C. Cook, B. Bailey, M. Craig, S. Jowett and D. Machin beat Armthorpe 26-0, Kings Pontefract 26-12, Cardinal Hinsley 20-18 and Hemsworth 16-4, to win the tournament. The team played excellent rugby and the win in the final over Hemsworth was especially rewarding for it did a lot to restore some of the self-confidence which had been lacking during the season. The victory was achieved through an all-round display of hard, fast rugby and on the day they were by far the best side playing.

At Newark, S. Burnage, J. Burnage, M. Johnson, C. Morgan, S. Harvey, M. Smith, K. Wood and P. Morgan beat Wolfreton 28-0, Magnus G.S. 9-6, Hemsworth 15-3, and Loughborough G.S. 12-4, to achieve another tournament win. The team played well throughout, and put on some brilliant displays of high-speed rugby, even though they were restricted somewhat by the short duration of games, only 5 minutes each way. It would really be unfair for me to say any particular player brought about the victory for it was a good team performance, but really a lot was owed to the possession that the forwards won. This tournament was a good build up for the big one, the Oxford Under 16 Sevens.

Here we were represented by S. Burnage, R. Davenport, T. Barker, C. Morgan, J. Burnage, S. Harvey, M. Johnson, K. Wood and P. Morgan. The

path to victory in the final came about at the expense of Reigate 28-0, Llanelli 10-0, St. Benedicts 32-0, St. Edwards 9-0, and in the final Woolverstone Hall 16-6.

An excellent victory for the team, and in my opinion, thoroughly deserved for they had trained hard and set about winning the tournament with a very determined and workmanlike approach, leaving very little to chance. This was a very talented side and I think the best Under 16 side we have ever had. The team was a good balance of speed, skill and strength. As with the other successful teams we have had in this tournament, they possessed excellent defensive skills, as shown by the fact they scored 85 points and only conceded 6, an indisputably great feat. I congratulate them all for the way in which they played. It was a pleasure to be associated with such a willing and enthusiastic team.

UNDER 14 XV

Team and appearances: I. Ellam (Captain) 22, R. Moorby (Vice-Captain) 22, B. Barley 22, M. Dyson 22, K. Gent 22, P. Arandle 21, T. Pell 20, C. Grinsill 19, G. Walker 18, P. Walker 18, C. Wilson 17, K. Empsall 16, E. Oakley 16, D. Hastings 14, C. Moss 13, C. Ward 12, P. Kerton 11, A. Chilton 10, C. Sherwood 8, A. Sergeant 6, N. Daines 5, B. Clark 4, M. Carr 3, C. Daley 2. Leading Scorers: Dyson 156 points; Arandle 136 points; B. Barley 114 points.

The team is potentially a very strong one and although its record was not as good as in the previous year, it is now probably better equipped to cope with the higher standard that will be expected at higher age groups. From the outset the strength has been the backs and particularly on the wings, but the older they become, the more difficult it is for wingers to score tries without definite overlaps having been created. More variety has therefore been required in the approach to the game and it is necessary that the forwards can act as try scorers in certain situations. To this end Moorby has moved from centre to number eight where his strength has been a big asset, and later in the season Sherwood joined the forwards to add more mobility. One of the drawbacks of a successful team is that it spends the majority of the time in possession of the ball and therefore has little need to undertake much tackling. Their lack of experience in this respect was soon evident at Kettlethorpe, where, faced with forwards who were prepared to go through on their own, they allowed themselves to be easily knocked aside. Tackling has been the main weakness throughout the season and this was again critical at Pontefract where they allowed the opposition to score three times in the last five minutes. Arandle has since moved from wing to centre and in partnership with an ever improving Gent has tightened up the middle considerably. Hastings took over on the wing and when he has the ball in his hands, he is a fast and elusive runner. Barley, perhaps the most naturally talented player, has set a tremendous example to the rest of the team by giving a hundred per cent effort in every game and by illustrating the effectiveness of the crash tackle. Moving to stand-off during the season he is quickly learning to read the game. A number of scrum-halves have been tried and all have had weaknesses. Grinsill has showed individual ability, but his service has sometimes been uncertain.

The forwards have often been outmatched physically by the opposition, but have used their skill to minimise the disadvantages. They have used set moves effectively, but must realise that in subsequent years the opposition

will not "buy" them so frequently. Ellam has hooked successfully and the propping has been done by Wilson and Empsall or Oakley. The latter's skill at throwing in the ball from touch has compensated to some degree for his slowness in the field. Moorby, Pell and G. Walker have been the first choice loose forwards, but Kerton, whilst lacking in size, was playing well towards the end. P. Walker, Moss, Sherwood, and Chilton have all done work in the second row and their rucking technique is progressing well.

The size of the squad numbered nineteen at the end of the season, but twenty-four players have been used. The biggest problem has often been whom to leave out for a particular match. This says much for the enthusiasm of the squad and will ensure a degree of success in the future.

The sevens side was drawn from I. Ellam (Captain), B. Barley, P. Arandle, M. Dyson, C. Grinsill, R. Moorby, C. Sherwood, and C. Ward. With only one competition in this age group at Q.E.G.S., the potential of this side was not really developed. They lost their first match in the qualifying tournament 4-10 to a strong Hipperholme side and therefore did not go forward to the semi-finals. In the next game they beat Garforth 12-10 and then beat Silcoates 36-0. By the third match they were looking much more assured and competent, and with more experience should do well next year.

UNDER 13 XV

Team: M. Guiver (Captain), M. Wood, I. Frost, M. Carter, C. Mitchell, I. Ferguson, M. Kew, M. Walker, I. Daley, G. Daley, D. Cowell, G. Earnshaw, M. Chalkley, A. Moore, R. Kelley, S. Jones, I. Sharp, S. Smith, D. Henson, N. Dunkley, M. Webber, R. Clayton, A. James, A. Parism, G. Thomas.

The team had a very enjoyable, if not particularly successful, season. Team spirit has been good and the side has regularly trained with enthusiasm and determination. The main difficulty with the side has been lack of speed and strength in the backs — notably inferior when compared to past years. However, the boys can hardly be criticised for not possessing attributes which only nature can provide, and in fact they are to be congratulated upon the way they applied themselves to the task when the going was hard. Particularly pleasing was the way the team performed in the Newark fixture. Here they were up against a faster and bigger side on a huge pitch and they conceded seven tries, losing 30-0. However, at no stage of the game did their spirit weaken, and school played better in this game than in many of the matches they won. Similarly, against Hipperholme, a resilience of character was shown. School led 12-0 at half-time in this match, playing with a considerable slope and a strong wind. In the second half three tries were conceded so that the side were behind 12-14. Far from being discouraged, the team fought its way up the slope so that for the first time in the game play took place in the top quarter of the field. For the last five minutes school hammered away at the Hipperholme line, having a try disallowed and going close on a couple of other occasions. Fine stuff indeed, but the game would have been sewn up at half-time had M. Guiver and M. Wood used overlap situation to advantage.

M. Guiver was, however, a fine captain, constantly urging on his team mates and showing good understanding of the game. He was also the out-standing back, impressing with his copybook tackling and skilful ball play.

Other members of the back division who gave good performances included M. Webber with determined and powerful running on the wing until an injury just before Christmas caused him to miss the rest of the season. M. Wood, when he put his mind to the game, showed speed and determination, but was too moody and unpredictable.

Wingers A. James and G. Thomas were new recruits to the squad and can look back with satisfaction on their displays which progressively improved.

I. Frost and C. Mitchell, despite being handicapped by size, were great triers and none in the team showed greater enthusiasm.

The forwards, though not physically big, were the stronger half of the team and in no game were they outplayed. Unfortunately the backs were unable to make good use of the possession provided. Most impressive forwards were A. Moore, strong, mobile, always trying and funny, G. Earnshaw, the strongest runner in the team, Daley, who showed great strength in the mauls, D. Cowell, a fine hooker and skilful in the loose, N. Dunkley, an aggressive tackler and runner. S. Smith, R. Kelly and M. Walker were also solid performers in a pack which can feel pleased with its generally high standard of play.

Six games during the season were particularly exciting affairs. Against Bridlington in October the side showed no ill effects from a long bus journey and built up a useful early lead. As the match progressed school found it difficult to maintain their advantage as the Bridlington fly half began to reveal his considerable ability, in creating and scoring tries.

The narrow 'Birds' field at Pingle produced two very close games in February — against De La Salle 6-6 in a forward dominated game, and against Heath, which resulted in a defeat 4-6. Inevitably on a pitch of this size it is the side making the fewest number of mistakes which wins, not the team playing the best rugby. So it proved in this case, when Heath were allowed to take advantage of a situation in which School failed to kick the ball 10 yards when play started at the beginning of the second half. The Birds field does not produce good rugby and it is to be hoped that next year it will not have to be used once the new playing fields are in operation.

At Holmfirth, Normanton tackled the match with less than the necessary enthusiasm and determination, perhaps because of a heavy defeat inflicted upon the opposition, or possibly because of the bitterly cold weather which the hardy Pennine youths may find less uncomfortable than lowland lads from Normanton. It was, however, a transformed Holmfirth side compared to the first fixture, and though the pitch was narrow, which did not suit Normanton's greater skill, the usual spirit was lacking. School drew 8-8.

Also very exciting was the season's penultimate match against St. Joseph's at Blackpool during the tour weekend. School losing 4-0, playing against a strong wind, had defended well until, in a spell five minutes before half-time, three tries were conceded. This was unfortunate, for without this lapse School would have won a remarkable victory. Remarkable because they were beaten by over 50 points by the same side a year ago. As it was, School lost 12-16 with M. Kew scoring a fine scissors try, one of the season's best, in a second half dominated by Normanton.

The side suffered three heavy defeats against King's Pontefract, Macclesfield, and Newark. King's and Newark were just too good for Normanton, even though we played quite well. Against Macclesfield it was

difficult to play well. This was because certain players failed to turn up, leaving the team one short and causing the coach to be delayed so that only by going break-neck speeds, around twisting Pennine roads and upsetting everybody's stomach in the process, could the coach reach Macclesfield on time. Needless to say most of the players looked, and felt, distinctly delicate when they stepped on to the field. They also played as if they were. Then M. Guivcr, after 10 minutes, was carried into the conveniently situated hospital next to the school. Fortunately, the injury did not turn out to be serious, but all in all — a day to forget.

On the credit side, big wins were achieved against Ossett, Wath, Armthorpe, Holmfirth and Sowerby Bridge. Ossett was the most impressive of these as it was a very wet October afternoon. The side took twenty minutes to adjust to the conditions and size up the opposition and then proceeded to display remarkable teamwork with good backing up and ball handling, carving out some beautifully worked tries and making a mockery of the conditions.

UNDER 12 XV

Team: D. Orr, N. Birkinshaw, N. Rothwell, A. Deakin, A. Sharp, G. Buckingham, A. Valentine, D. Holt, R. Oakley, C. Jones, S. Asquith, A. Fellows, N. Mellor, D. Vaile, P. Jones, M. Ashton, R. Ambler, Woodcock.

It has been an excellent season. The playing record speaks for itself. Two games were drawn, and all the others were won. This apart, the most impressive and encouraging aspects of the play was the team's tremendous spirit and its determination never to give up. Indeed, it was apparent that the only effect the opposition had in scoring a try was to spur us on to play harder.

In the early part of the season it was soon apparent that one of the team's strengths was to be in its wings. G. Buckingham and A. Sharp both have a very good turn of speed, Gary being very direct and strong in his running, whereas Andy, of much smaller build, has become a past master at the swerve and dummy. Both were invaluable to the team in many close games, and they should develop into very useful wing threequarters.

The backs too, showed much promise. Their handling of the ball is of an exceptionally high standard for their age. P. Jones started off as scrum half, and produced a lot of good balls for the backs. Unfortunately illness took Philip out for much of the middle of the season and G. Walton stepped into his place. Glenn's game developed as the season went on and he became a very able scrum half. D. Orr at fly half handles the ball well. The two centres, N. Birkinshaw and N. Rothwell, both show exceptional promise reading the game well and loving nothing more than going forward, looking for and creating openings. A. Deakin at full back was not overworked in every game. However, when he was, particularly in the game against St. Joseph's, Blackpool, he showed by his kicking and calmness under pressure, what an intelligent player he is.

The Forwards developed as the season went on and began to produce more and more ball for the backs. In the scrums much of this was due to Valentine, who is an exceptionally good hooker. Oakley, Jones, Halt, Fellows and Asquith also developed well. All are very courageous, particularly the hooker Valentine, in trying to drive through the opposing pack. This probably is one of their main weaknesses. They have still not learnt properly to work as a pack, creating the mauls and the rucks, laying the ball off, and support-

ing each other. They improved considerably towards the end of the season, but there is much work to do in this respect.

The highlight of the season was the visit to Blackpool. This produced the two closest games of the season, which the side did well to win, particularly the game on Saturday against St. Joseph's. It was in these games that their tremendous fighting spirit brought them through to victory. An excellent season in every way.

CROSS COUNTRY 1973-74

Senior Champions: Dodsworth

1st, R. Davies, 13.22; 2nd, C. Travis, 13.52; 3rd, S. Tarpey, 14.14; 4th, J. Coy, 14.46.

5th Form Champions: Freston

1st, R. Cunliff, 13.34; 2nd, A. Whittam, 13.40; 3rd P. Smith, 13.53; 4th, R. Whiteley, 14.07.

4th Form Champions: Ward

1st, S. Tottey, 14.00; 2nd, A. Wood, 14.34; 3rd, A. Hughes, 14.36; 4th, M. Hampshire, 14.40.

3rd Form Champions: Levett

1st, D. Woolley, 14.45; 2nd, P. Woodward, 14.52; 3rd, D. Wormold, 15.09; 4th P. Kerton, 18.41.

2nd Form Champions: Freston

1st, P. Earnshaw, 15.00; 2nd, M. Carter, 15.14; 3rd M. Johnson, 15.32; 4th, J. Parkinson, 15.57.

1st Form Champions: Dodsworth

1st, R. Ambler, 14.49; 2nd, A. Valentine, 14.56; 3rd, D. Orr, 15.24; 4th, P. Taylor, 16.00.

Overall Champions:

1st, Levett, 18; 2nd, Freston, 16; 3rd, Dodsworth, 15; 4th, Ward, 12.

HOCKEY 1973-74

Despite a full fixture list at the beginning of the year, the teams managed only about ten fixtures. Many schools are unable to raise enough enthusiasm for Saturday matches so a few fixtures were cancelled. Some games were played on nearly waterlogged pitches, and one in a gale force wind. We have been unable to field a 2nd XI due to Saturday jobs enticing team members away from hockey, but the Under 15s gallantly played at a 2nd XI at Wakefield. October 6th found most of the 1st XI on the M62 doing a Christian Aid walk so the school's honour was left to the juniors who all managed to win. The Under 13s played two fixtures and emerged undefeated. In spite of bad weather, we managed to win as many as we lost. The under 15s had a wonderful season, losing only one game as an Under 15 team.

The Hemsworth and Garforth Hockey Rallies were both cancelled due to bad weather.

Thanks go to Miss Hankins and Miss Stephenson for the hours put in after school time, and for arranging the annual trip to the Wembley Hockey International, which was enjoyed by all.

Could we please have more support this season?

1st XI Team: Anne Carrington (Captain), Janis Watson, Pamela Davies, Alison Brabbs, Susan Machin, Wendy Machin, Patricia McTear, Sandra James, Jane Garbutt, Jacqueline Taylor, Jane Arandle. Also played: Pauline Hutchinson, Jill Price, Alison Holroyd, Susan Guy, Jennifer Dowding, Christine Griffin, Gillian Gush.

Under 15 team: Diane Barker (Captain), Pauline Fearnley, Kathryn Turner, Pauline Hutchinson, Beverley Ryan, Jill Price, Carol Brooks, Deborah Allchurch, Diane Sharp, Lynette Russell, Leigh Toddington.

Under 14 team: Sally Moore (Captain), Karen Banks, Karen Hughes, Gillian Fairhurst, Liz Short, Julie Greenway, Noreen Raybould, Ellen Bates, Suzanne Hirst, C. Wilkin, Francis Burgess.

SEASON'S RECORD

Opponents:	1st XI	Under 15	Under 14	Under 13
Wakefield (A)	1-4 (L)	1-2 (L)		
Pontefract (H)	7-0 (W)	2-0 (W)	0-2 (L)	
Wheelwright (A)	0-1 (L)	0-0 (D)	0-0 (D)	
Ossett (A)		4-0 (W)	1-0 (W)	9-0 (W)
Hemsworth (H)	1-0 (W)	4-0 (W)	3-0 (W)	
Batley (A)	2-1 (W)	2-1 (W)	3-0 (W)	
Ackworth (A)		3-0 (W)	0-6 (L)	
Batley (H)	0-3 (L)	1-0 (W)	3-0 (W)	
Ossett (H)	0-3 (L)	0-0 (D)	2-0 (W)	
Rothwell (H)	3-1 (W)	2-1 (W)	1-1 (D)	0-0 (D)
Played:	8	10	9	2
Won:	4	7	5	1
Drew:	0	2	2	1
Lost:	4	1	2	0
Goals for:	14	19	13	9
Goals against:	13	4	9	0



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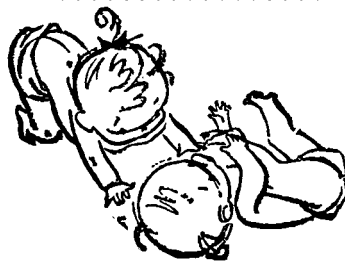
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