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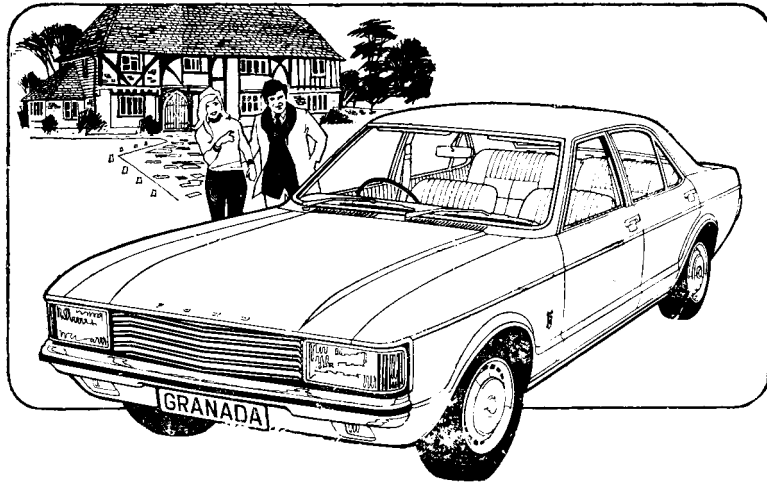
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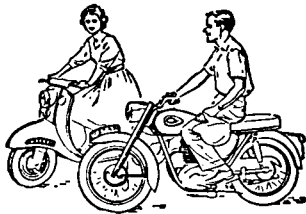
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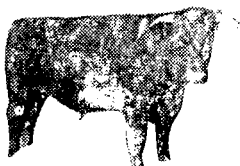
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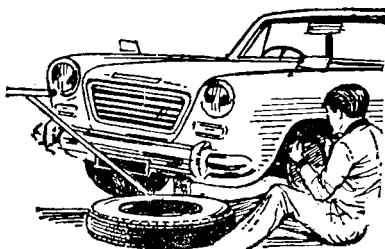
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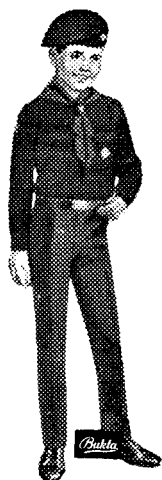
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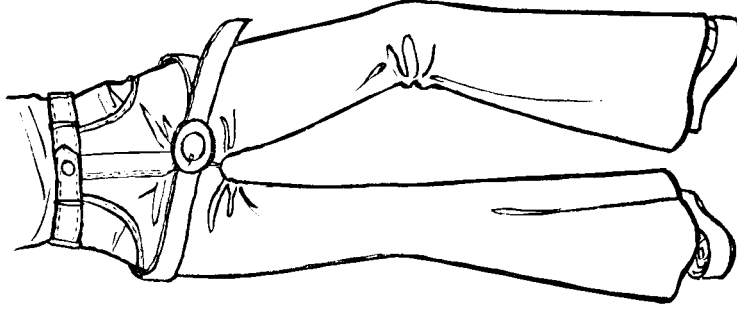
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1976

THE MAGAZINE

of

NORMANTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL

COVER DESIGN BY MALCOLM HAWKINS, SIXTH YEAR.

INTRODUCTION

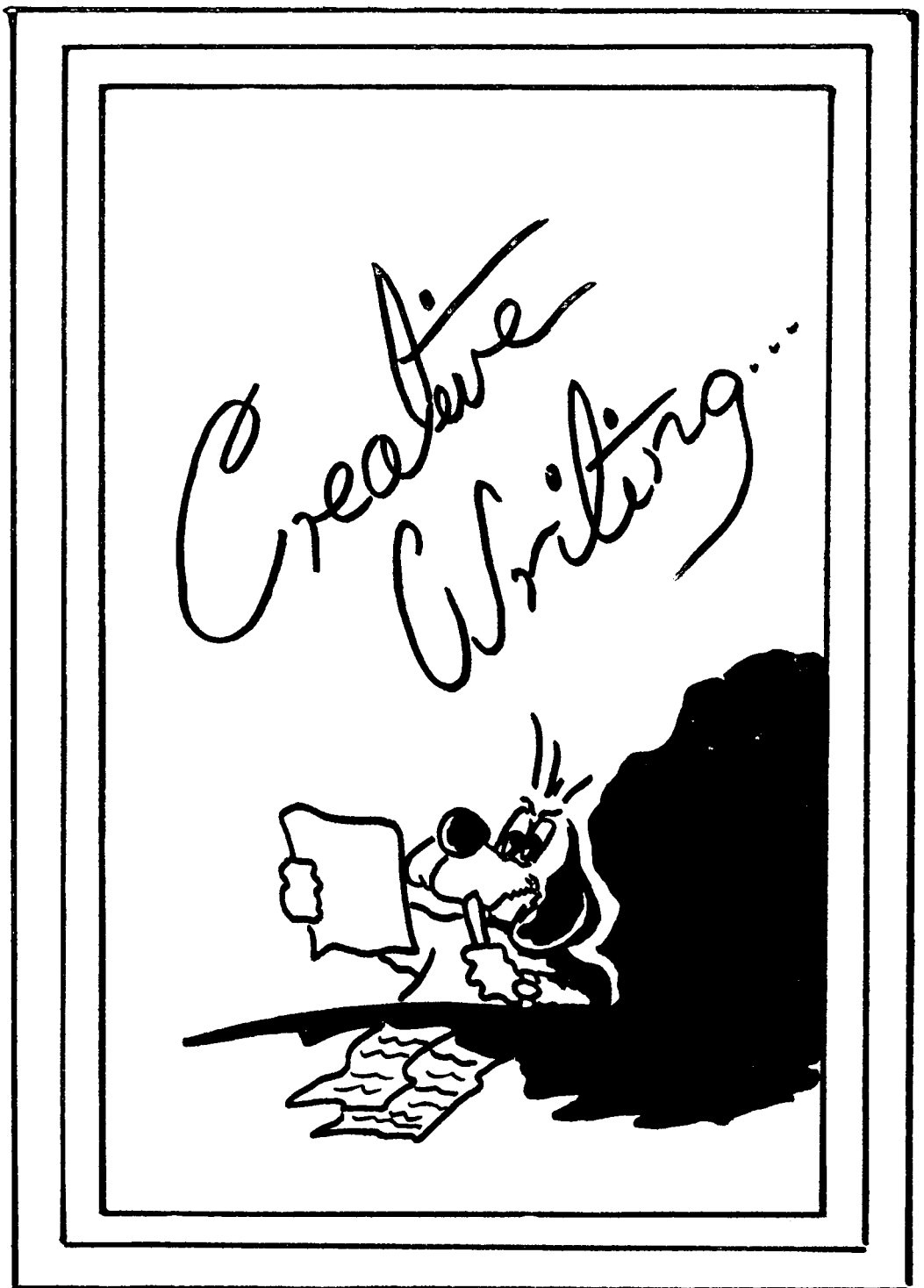
It's a funny business, education. Not only primary and secondary schools, but colleges, polytechnics and even universities are in a state of flux and re-development. Change and re-organisation are the order of the day. Our own future at N.G.S., even now, is far from certain. Comprehensivisation is programmed to take place only a year from now but, after seeing what happened at Tameside as a result of the local elections and with the national government's minority by no means reliable, who can predict with real confidence what is to be the future of education in Normanton?

Because it is so problematical to look ahead, it seemed a good idea in the preparation of this year's *Frestonian* to look back. The editors invited the students to indulge in a little nostalgia, to reminisce, to reflect and occasionally to regret. The result is a collection of creative endeavour which, we hope, is self-justifying without being self-indulgent. Interpretations of the nostalgia theme vary from purely personal, maudlin love poems to a yearning for the years of rock 'n' roll; from a sense of wonder at the world's disappearing wild-life to a sense of awe at the changeless mystery of the constellations.

Besides the uncertain future, economic uncertainties have produced some unavoidable manifestations in the form of fewer articles, briefer coverage of some aspects of school life, and simplified illustrations. It has been our aim to reduce the content of the magazine without impoverishing it. As costs escalate to such an extent that the *Frestonian* rolls off the press at something approaching £1 per copy, its own future is seriously called into question. That we are able to go to press at all is almost entirely thanks to financial support from local businesses whose caring and loyal proprietors and managers buy advertising space — this year, more than ever. So please note the names of the advertisers, support them where you can, and enjoy this copy of the *Frestonian*: it may be your last. In the meantime, reflect with us upon these lines from the School Hymn:

*We kneel where our forefathers knelt,
They trod these courts before us;
Unseen, though near, our hearts have felt
Their blessings wafted o'er us.*

Normanton Grammar School was founded in 1592.



Malcolm Hawkins, Sixth Year

THE RETURN

I sometimes yearn to return
To the days gone by,
To times when school was not the rule,
When on sunny banks I'd lie.

I sometimes yearn to return
To the shores of yesterday,
When boats and yachts and sailing ships
Came floating in the bay.

I sometimes yearn to return
To the days of years ago,
When trains of steam were often seen,
Though very far from slow.

I sometimes yearn to return
To the ages past,
When people tried to keep their pride
In things they made to last.

Richard Birkby, Second Year

MISS BROWNE'S DIARY

Miss Victoria Browne knelt stiffly by the old wooden trunk that stood in the corner of her bedroom, cursing the rheumatism that made her movements so clumsy and painful these days. For a moment, she let her crinkled, dry hands rest caressingly on the carved lid, before throwing it back, with a small smile of expectancy, like a child opening the door to Fairyland. She removed the blanket that protected her things, while the sun streamed kindly in, throwing gold lights on her fine, white hair and on her wrinkled, soft skin. Among the old letters, tied with blue ribbons, and the boxes of brown photographs, there were her five-year diaries, stacked neatly in piles, recording everything that had happened to her, since the day she was eight years old. She lifted them out gently, lingeringly, touching each leather-bound book as if it were an old, familiar friend. For the past sixty-two years she had poured into these books all her life's hopes and dreams, fears and fantasies. Her whole life was written in those diaries.

As she picked up the last diary, it fell open and a pressed flower slipped out. The page was yellow and thin and the large, childish scrawl that covered it was faded now. She smiled reminiscently as she read the entry: "May 10th — my eighth birthday. Papa took us all down to London for the day to celebrate. We went by train..."

She read on and was soon lost in the memories that came fluttering down around her, like petals . . .

Rick, her favourite brother, had been so excited at the thought of riding in a steam engine that he could not keep still and he had jiggled about impatiently on the station platform while Papa paid for the tickets. They had managed to

get a carriage to themselves and the children quarrelled over who was to sit by the window, all except Kate who, being the eldest at sixteen, considered herself above such petty squabbling. Papa had allowed Vicky to sit by the window as it was her birthday. The train had surged out of the station with a great noise of hissing and whistling, leaving a trail of billowing smoke behind them. Vicky could still remember vividly the smell of the padded, leather seats and the sticky feel of them against her hands and legs. The train had raced past the fields and into the city, faster than she thought anything could ever go. When they got off the train, in London, the station was bewilderingly large and noisy and she had gazed around her, wide-eyed. They had almost lost John and Rick there, for they had wandered off to talk to the train driver and came back flushed and excited. Mama had not the heart to scold them for it.

Papa had hired a hackney-carriage and all seven of them had squeezed in ; Mark, the youngest, sitting on Mama's lap whilst Vicky had perched on Papa's, his whiskers tickling her cheek. First of all, they went to the zoo to see the animals and filed past cage after cage of stinking straw and snuffling animals. She had seen an elephant for the first time and the keeper had even allowed her to feed it a bun. The tip of the elephant's trunk was soft and dry against her palm. Rick had been fascinated by the tigers and had gone round for the rest of the day making odd, growling noises and clawing at the air. The children had left the zoo reluctantly but were soon cheered up at the prospect of having dinner at a restaurant. Mama sat very erectly in her chair, watching the children anxiously, afraid that they might disgrace themselves in public and embarrass Papa with their table manners. She need not have worried. They even managed cream cakes without spotting themselves. The afternoon was spent rowing in a hired boat along the river, where the breeze was cool. Mama had twirled her parasol in the sun, Vicky remembered. Rick had almost fallen in once, trying to reach a twig he had dropped in the water. It was a wonderful day and, on the way home, Rick had picked Vicky a wild flower to put in her hair . . .

She sighed. They were all dead now and the memories she had of them were bitter and sweet because of it. John had died only a few years ago ; Mark was killed serving in Africa in the Second World War and Kate, only a little later in the blitz; her dearest Rick had fallen in the trenches in France at eighteen. The aching feeling of loss that she had known, when she had taken the telegram, disbelievingly, from mama's trembling fingers, she still seemed to carry with her, dulled but still there.

All that was past, though. She replaced the flower in the diary and closed it ; a few minutes later, the diaries were all restacked in the trunk. She closed the lid with a snap.

Deborah Bowerman, Sixth Year



Alyson Brice, Sixth Year

DUTCH CHEESE

When Granny was a little girl
They all was prim 'n' proper,
Her mother wore a black silk shawl
And her father wore a topper.

The kids dressed like their dads 'n' mums
There weren't no jeans 'n' sweaters,
They had to sit as good as gold
'Til talked to by their betters.

On Sundays they all went to church
And Sunday School as well,
The preacher there would talk for hours
Of heaven and fiery hell.

The telly standin' in our room
Brings all the world quite near,
Their pleasure then was made at home
'Cos travelling was too dear.

The rich they rode in carriages
The poor had Shanks's pony,
Their boots was thin and feet got sore
The roads was rough 'n' stony.

There wasn't no 'lectricity
Like what there is just now,
'Cos there wasn't no technology
An' no-one knew quite how.

The good old days, is what they say ;
I wonder if they were,
With outside loos and tight-laced boots,
I wouldn't change with 'er.

Virginia Plumstead, Third Year



Platform, Normanton Railway Station.

VICTORIAN DREAM

I lay in my bed, my eyes shut tight,
My curtains together and dimmed was my light,
I curled up tightly, clenched my hand,
Then drifted away into slumberland.

Before my eyes were young, slim girls,
Bouncy, wide dresses and long shiny curls,
They looked at me with a prim little gaze,
I knew I was back in Victorian days.

Elaborate coaches passed me by,
A very smart gentleman winked his eye,
By his side was a lady, pretty and prim
But she turned up her nose and walked off with him.

I looked at the men with medals so bright,
I looked at the children with clothes that were tight,
I looked at the ladies with beautiful curls,
I've often wished I was a Victorian girl.

Heather Emms, First Year

GENESIS

God looked down at the world and sighed. Well, it's all over now. A pity it had to end that way, though. Terra, the crowning jewel of the galaxy, lay bathed in the light of the dying sun, her blue seas shimmering and her woolly, white clouds whirling in the winds on the surface. From such a great distance, you could not see that anything was wrong ; it was only when you peered closer, parting the clouds, that you realised that all was not as it should be : there were great gaping scars in the mountain sides, where iron and coal ores had been wrenched, blasted out of the rock, so that man could make more weapons to fight man ; tall cities lay wrecked and ruined, their buildings leaning drunkenly against each other, till, one by one, they came crashing down, with a noise like thunder, making the dust rise and swirl through the empty streets, again ; most of Terra was brown and barren, wrinkled and pitted ; only here and there, in the remoter places, could you see a splash of hardy greenness, still fighting for its existence in the dry dust. Apart from this there was no life on Terra.

They had done what they had always threatened to do, and God had sadly watched the course of the first, and last, nuclear war, hoping against hope that man would come to his senses in time. He had not; and to spare more pain and chaos, God had regretfully stamped him back into the clay from which he had been first formed, so long ago, back in the Dawn of Time.

God thought, a little nostalgically, of those early times, which had promised so well of the future. The then first man and woman had been content to live in the Garden He had built for them, the place He had called Eden. It was a beautiful garden, filled with wonderful flowers and trees, through which the sun filtered, to dapple the grass and earth beneath, with patches of light and shade. Adam and Eve, greedy for knowledge, had left the garden to go and carve a living for themselves in the world outside. Soon, it had become obvious that His experiment had gone sadly awry. Man had multiplied and covered the face of

Terra, proceeding to build great, ugly cities and towns, that had coughed dirt and smoke into the air; he had poisoned the waters with industrial waste and slaughtered animals for his own satisfaction and pleasure ; he had torn up beautiful places to build more factories; he had sucked goodness out of the earth ; and, he had even, in his savagery, tried to destroy his fellow man, not realising that in doing so he would also destroy himself. It was a great pity, God thought, for there had been signs towards the end that had led Him to hope.

The sun winked out of existence behind Him and, with a slight start, He came to himself. He sighed once again.

“Ah well — nothing for it, but to try again, I suppose . . .”

And God said, “Let there be light”, and a new sun burst into light, in an explosion of heat and colour, and God saw that it was good ; and God separated the light from the darkness. God called the light ‘Day’ and the darkness He called ‘Night’ . . .

Deborah Bowerman, Sixth Year

CHERRY BLOSSOMS

Written on the sign :
'Don't pick these fragile blossoms'
— Does time wait to read ?

Deborah Bowerman, Sixth Year

DEATH OF A FRIEND

Long years ago a donkey knew
A brief and glorious hour,
When on Jerusalem's streets he walked
But still today, with humbler load
He carefully trod the cobbled road.

When at home he laid himself to rest
And woke no more, I sought to sob
Upon his greyish coat of hair, and laid
My cheek upon his head and gently pulled his ears
And closed his eyes with all my loving duty paid.

Thus they say you will not come again,
But I shall always hear your bray
And call you back into the land of dream.
Love is all and deep within my heart
And as we part
I know that we shall meet again.

Christine Hirst, Fourth Year



Corner of Princess Street.

NOSTALGIC SOLDIER'S MESSAGE

Hi you fellows in 'Civvy Street',
Don't laugh when I twitch in the streets.
Don't laugh when I fall to the ground.
Don't laugh when I jump at the bang of a door.
Don't laugh when I cry in my sleep.
Don't laugh when I say I didn't know I was there.
Don't laugh when I die with terror.
Don't laugh or cry when nobody remembers me,
That's life.
But God ! if only you'd been there
You'd have really laughed then.

Christine Hirst, Fourth Year

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE TRENCHES

Horrendous whirr of howitzers.
Groans of blood-drowning victim and
Scratch of vermin 'cross his ashen face.
Squelch as body is sucked into the mire
And click of gun as comrade fills the gap :
The insignia of death.
Contaminating yellow clouds insidiously crawl
As men skulk behind hideous masks.
Others convulse in each poisonous breath as
Pink turns to yellow and khaki clothes
To grey,
The insignia of death.
A command insensately ordered,
"Over the top" is greeted with flailing bullets
That kill.
Men are dismembered in craters and impaled
On treacherous wire.
This is the insignia of death.
Everything is seen through blood-red eyes and
The yellow gas.
Brown, vulgar, glutinous mud and
Contagious, nauseating stench of havoc are
the blanket of these trenches.
Here are the ubiquitous dead,
And death that is vulpine
And black.

Christine Hirst, Fourth Year

AN EVACUEE

I stand on the cold, windy platform with my gas mask strung about my neck, and my old, tatty suitcase. I feel like the brown parcel that I received last year from Auntie Doris, because of the ticket which is hanging around my neck. It says, in large capital letters :

CAROLINE WILLOWS

The teacher in charge, Miss Hattersfield, rounds up the younger children like a dog with sheep. Somehow, in the midst of the bustle and hubbub, I feel lonely and neglected. It is a feeling one cannot describe.

A majority of my school-mates treat their journey as an adventure, but I don't. I don't want to leave my family, but it is all because of the war.

There is no-one here to "wish me well" or "hope I have a good journey", because my mother is ill; she was injured in a bomb blast, and my father has to work. For all I know, I may never see my parents again!

Just at that moment, Miss Hattersfield ushers the few strays, including myself, into an over-crowded train. Our destination was a mystery.

"That is all part of the adventure", Miss Hattersfield had said.

Throughout the journey, there was a thought lingering in the back of my mind, wanting to come to the light.

I wondered, would I ever see my parents again? Would I?

Elizabeth Smith, First Year



Interior, Normanton Railway Station.

TOMMY WAS A BAKER

Tommy was a baker ;
Harry painted doors ;
Richard was a milkman ;
Nigel polished floors.

All four joined the army
In 1943,
Were shipped across the Channel
And sent to Germany.

Franz shot Tommy;
Harry was stabbed by Fritz ;
Carl machine-gunned Richard ;
Hans blew Nigel to bits.

Franz was a baker;
Fritz painted doors ;
Carl was a milkman ;
Hans polished floors.

David Elcoate, Third Year

NOSTALGIA

The old man in his rocking chair,
With fingers running through his silver hair,
Thinking of the days gone by,
Remembering his youth with a heavy sigh ;

Dreaming of happy times at play,
Of picnics, and wagons loaded with hay,
The village dance, the long walk back,
Of girls, and drinking the applejack ;

The day he marched away to fight,
Of screaming piercing the night;
Happy days when war was won,
Rapturous homecoming, a job well done.

He sits alone and a little sad,
When thinking of good times he had,
Feeling weary now, nothing but dreams,
And yet it was only yesterday, it seems.

Karen Taylor, Fourth Year

SHARLSTON

The buzzer summons; releases steam :
And innocent men all stop and sigh,
Their only crime being ignorance.
Then armed with yesterday's tea for snap,
March slowly, reluctantly,
Like lambs to the slaughter.

Soon, gaping down the shaft,
The men await the cage
Which takes them to the darkened depths,
And it is here, the demon dust lingers,
With all eternity in which to sentence more victims
To this slow, undignified, living-death.

Eddie Crummack, Sixth Year

PAST IT ?

Posh people said, "Golly, gosh, whizzo, blast!
I can't say this rock 'n' thingy is going to last.
This whole blithering thing is too outrageous;
I can't even turn the pages
Of a book, without taking a look
At a Teddy Boy — well, I think they call them that, my sweet.
Well, there's one going down the street,
With crepe thingys on his feet :

He's going to watch James Dean at the flickers.
When I go to watch Errol Flynn, I always wear my winkle-pickers.
Yes, there he goes, a-snapping his fingers with ease.
I can't do it. It must the grease
He has on his head —
I bet you a farthing he wears it in bed.

1957, my dear.
I am 67, and for a year,
Like you. I've been thinking Presley should be locked in a cage —
The way he wriggles on that stage —
But I suppose it's all the rage.

1960, and just three years gone —
That nice chap. Buddy Holly, has passed on,
And it seems, like him. Rock will fade,
And never, ever make the grade.

1976, and I, myself, am 86 —
The things I've said were one big lie,
BECAUSE ROCK 'N' ROLL WILL NEVER DIE !".

Philip Jones, Third Year

THE GOONS

Sixteen years ago, on the 28th of January, 1960, a unique brand of comedy came to an end, after a nine-year period on the radio. There can be few people of that time, who didn't end up in fits of laughter at the off-beat humour and the special brand of sound effects and voices.

When the 'Goon Show' first started, in 1951, it consisted of four people: Spike Milligan, who was responsible for the scripts (over two hundred) and also for the character of Eccles, a part-time human being, and one of my favourites ; Peter Sellers, who played the part of my favourite character, Bluebottle ; Harry Secombe, who played the part of Neddie Seagoon ; and Michael Bentine, who later left them.

The first 'Goon Show' was 'The Dreaded Piano Clubber' ; but out of all the 'Goon Shows' I have heard, my favourite ones are 'Tales of Old Dartmoor' and 'Dishonoured': both are on a record I have. It was this record which first started me off as a Goon fanatic and, since I first heard it, I have bought a book of Goon Show Scripts and heard several other 'Goon Shows' which were revived on Radio 4. Amongst my favourite jokes are :

Seagoon : "Captain, what's our position in the Med ?"

Captain: "Desperate ! I mean I'll inquire with the navigator. Navigator, what's that object off the port beam ?"

Eccles: "Yes, What is the object off the port beam ?"

Seagoon : "Good heavens ! It's the Albert Hall!"

Eccles : "Oh ! You've been to sea before then ?"

Captain : "What's the Albert Hall doing off Marseilles ?"

Seagoon : "More to the point, what's the ship doing in Hyde Park ?"

Eccles : "Well, the sea's calmer here".

Seagoon : "You idiot! We're four thousand miles off course !"

Eccles: "Well, nobody's perfect!"

and

Eccles: "Land ahoy!"

(Sound Effects — sound of boat crashing against some rocks).

Eccles : "I should have said that sooner, shouldn't I".

Although some 'Goon Shows' have been broadcast on television, they do not capture the atmosphere as they do on the radio. I believe that no other radio comedy show even approaches the humour of the Goons and none ever will do. It was a sad day, indeed, when the last 'Goon Show' was broadcast.

Christopher Pysden, Third Year

MEMORY

Childhood, golden, long.
Filled with blue skies, sun and fun,
Where have you gone ?

Deborah Bowerman, Sixth Year

THE WIND

Brown, yellow, orange and red leaves swirled in confusion,
Then settled gently to the ground, as the wind grew bored.
A small paper bag was hustled along the empty streets,
Until a sudden gust of wind whisked it up in the air,
Carelessly flinging it into a tree.
The wind stealthily wound its way round the corners of houses,
Whistling softly as it crept through windows and doors.
Then it howled, menacingly,
As it rattled letter boxes and door knockers,
Flinging doors and windows into their places.
Chimney smoke was scattered like seeds, by the wind's deft fingers.
The gnarled trunk swayed,
This way and that.
The tree groaned.
As its branches creaked,
The heads of the few remaining flowers
Tumbled to the ground as their stems trembled,
Then snapped.
People hunched themselves and battled against the wind,
Scarves and wraps billowing.
Birds shifted uneasily along the shivering branches,
Heads nestling under ruffled wings.
Then,
All was quiet.

Annette Rogers, ,Fourth Year

YESTERDAY, A TIME AGO

In life there comes a day,
When one reflects on childhood, hours of play,
When we realise that the enchanted forest is just a clump of trees,
And the haunted house a heap of dusty rubble.

Submerge yourself in memories of past years,
They thunderstorm you into tears,
That doll to whom you told your hopes and fears,
Was broken, burnt.

No one sees the world just like a child,
When everything seems more intense,
With age, the magic dies away,
We seem to lose that special sense.

Gillian E. Sidwell, First Year

MY CHILDHOOD FEARS

I never really liked the man across the street. I was playing football in his drive, with his son and a few more of our friends, when he started to back their large van down the drive. The others started to shout and, as I turned, he must have heard them because he stopped. When he came to see if I was alright, I just nodded and then walked off. I never spoke to him again for at least three years and, when he came for the milk money, I would run into the room and hide behind the settee.

I was also scared of the 'Bogey Men' which I thought lived in the 'airing cupboard' and other dark places. If I had to go upstairs I would switch on the landing light, run upstairs as fast as I could, do whatever needed doing and then run down as fast as I could. In my great hurry to avoid the 'Bogey Men' I would often leave the light on and would be then in trouble for wasting electricity.

The last of my fears centred around the 'Dustbin Men' and their lorry. I believed they made a lot of noise to warn people away from their lorry, which had large, revolving jaws. One day, I saw a pair of trousers disappearing through the jaws and was sure that it was the next door neighbour. This fear was proved wrong when she came into our house the next day.

Stephen Lowe, Third Year

DAY DREAMING

She stood before me dressed in blue,
She could have been me, she could have been you,
Tall and graceful with skin so white,
Soft, dreamy eyes and hair black as night.

She looked at me, with those eyes so blue,
And whispered, "Dear child, I am part of you,
I am your day dream, so come with me",
I followed her through woods and lea.

We came to a mountain and started to climb,
I followed my day dream, her hand in mine,
The sun-beams fell on the valley below,
But the mountain above had a cap of snow.

I stopped, she ran on, I shivered in fear,
While into the clouds she disappeared,
My day dream had vanished, my girl in blue,
She could have been me, she could have been you.

Rachel Sheard, First Year

A VISIT TO A SECRET GARDEN

I remember my first visit to my secret garden. It was a summer morning. We walked past cornfields which, from far away, looked like golden pools rippling in the early morning breeze. We walked under big, arching trees which covered the road like a big, green canopy, past a little farm with a red slate roof which was still wet from the early morning dew. A proud duck was waddling around

the farm yard followed by three, wet duckhngs. A cock was sitting on a gate post, his head was high in the air and he looked down upon us as though he was the king of the world. We crossed a very big common with daisies scattered all about. At last we came to a cottage. A man appeared from the porch door and greeted us with a broad smile. We followed him along a gravel path and then we stopped as we reached a high, stone wall. It was covered in ivy from top to bottom. There was only one place where ivy was missing. Here we found a big door painted almost the same shade as the ivy. There wasn't a handle, just a large keyhole. The man drew a large key from his pocket. He put it in the lock and the door creaked open. Inside seemed to be another world.

It was dark in the garden, even though it was light outside. The trees were so high and their branches so long they made a roof of green leaves. The sun glinted through small gaps, like jewels in a crown. The path we were walking on was covered in moss, still damp from the slight dew. On each side of the path were flower gardens. One side was all roses not yet in bloom. On the other side little pink, white, red and yellow flowers grew in clumps. Then we reached a place where the path split and made a 'Y' shape. From here, a big house and town could be seen. I decided to go the other way. Soon, I came to a place where a big chair was embedded in the wall. Above it were the words:

"Wish as you may and your wish will come true".

I climbed on it with a little difficulty because I was only five. I felt like a queen. I plucked some little, white flowers from nearby and put them in my hair, a crown fit for a queen. I sat there, looking around, gazing at the beauty of the garden. It was my garden, my kingdom. It wasn't really but, at that time, I felt it was. I sat for a long time then remembered I must make a wish. I wished I could return here one day.

Then, from the distance, a voice called my name. I ran to where it came from and found myself in an orchard. I was given an apple and told it was time to go. As we left, I gazed around. I didn't want to leave the garden. We stepped out of the garden and I was back in my own world. I would remember the garden, my secret garden, for many years, even though I may never return.

Ann Riley, Third Year

"BIRD OF PARADISE"

Alyson Brice, Sixth Year



OLD FRIENDS

I played with them then,
But now,
Because I don't smoke or swear or smash
Bottles or paint my name on bus shelters or
Throw fireworks at cats or go to the same school,
I'm like a foreigner.

Christopher Sennett, Third Year

CLUBS AND CATERPILLARS

When I was small, we were always founding clubs (we, being my two sisters, a friend called Alison, and I). We were smitten by this odd craze after reading the 'Secret Seven' books. Accordingly, we decided to make our own 'Secret Seven Club'. Unfortunately, there were only four of us, so Rupert, Alison's dog, and Diamond and Tiddles, Alison's goldfish, were promoted to the esteemed position of honorary members. Tiddles, however, met with an unfortunate end when Diamond turned cannibal! So Blackie, our rabbit, joined the club.

To celebrate its foundation, we went down to the tree at the bottom of the hill (the goldfish and the rabbit weren't with us, of course). We took it in turns to jump from a gate post, grab hold of the lowest branch of the tree and swing there for a moment before dropping to the ground.

Alexandra, being only five years old at the time, was not very hopeful about her chances of reaching the branch. After a lot of encouragement, she took the plunge and jumped. Her worst fears were confirmed: she missed the branch, fell on her back in the nettles and broke an elbow.

The club was disbanded.

As soon as Alex's arm was out of plaster, we founded our next club — 'Save the Animals Society'. Our first good deed was to rescue some tadpoles from the nearby canal. We were sitting at the back of the house, inspecting our wards, when Alex charged towards us and, accidentally, knocked the pail over, sending water, tadpoles and weed flying through the air. We were unable to retrieve them and so our tadpoles went to that great lake in the sky.

Our second experiment was to bring in two caterpillars, to put them in a jamjar, where they would be quite safe. Not wanting our caterpillars to get fat and lazy, we built them a racecourse out of 'Lego', on the back door-step. Alexandra opened the door and carelessly stepped out...

Squelch!

Alarmed, Alex stepped back to see what she had done...

Squish!

Our caterpillars went to that great, leafy bush in the sky. We disbanded the club.

Next, we formed the 'Discovery Club', aimed at finding out about our village. Wanting to appear slightly more professional, we decided to adopt "Save the Donkeys" as our fund. At the end of the first week, we had collected twenty-one pence. At the end of six months, we had still collected only twenty-one pence. In fact, that is all we ever collected; it never got to the Donkey Sanctuary, either. I'm not sure where it ended up but I have my suspicions...

And so it went on . . . until the craze gradually died down. But I think I'll remember some of these incidents for a very long time.

Helen Bowerman, Fourth Year

MEMORIES OF MY CAT

Liquid, golden amber eyes
Were staring from the darkness,
Eyes that watched so calm and wise,
Brimming full of kindness.

Her beautiful coat of fur
Was pitch black, then snowy white,
Softly, she gave a greeting purr
Then she vanished from sight.

Alexandra Bowerman, Third Year

THE THINGS IN MY LIFE I REMEMBER WITH PLEASURE

The best thing in my life was a day I shall never forget; it was the day my dad came out of hospital.

He had been in hospital for nine months after having an accident down the pit. One of the supports had given way and a big boulder of rock had fallen on him. My dad was near death for a long time, hanging on by the skin of his teeth. For a long time, my sister and I had not been able to go and see him and, when we did see him, it was not for long. My dad was in hospital on my birthday and the doctors and nurses wouldn't let me see him. This upset me a lot and I couldn't get to sleep at night for the fear of dad dying in my dreams. A few weeks later, we received a telephone call from dad, the first one he'd made since he'd been in hospital. Mum hadn't been too good lately and dad gave her some news that cheered her up a bit. The doctors had given him crutches and he could go home in a few days. We couldn't get it out of mum what had happened, until she stopped crying.

At last, the big day came and we all went to my Auntie Joan's, where our Uncle Jack would take us to the hospital. When we got in the ward, dad was sitting on the bed, talking to all the other men. Carol and I ran to him and we all started crying. It was a long time since we had seen him in his ordinary clothes, not his pyjamas. We had to wait for the nurse to sign him off and get everything up-to-date, so dad started playing with me and our Carol, with his crutches, hitting us on the legs, and shoving us into each other. Then the nurse came back and grandma said she bet my dad could walk as fast as she could. They had a race out of the ward and dad won ; he'd been practising walking on the crutches for a few days. So now, grandma owed him a bar of chocolate. On the way home, in the car, me and my dad were telling jokes and everybody was happy.

Dad had completely forgotten about his crutches. Then the car stopped outside our house and dad had a lot of trouble getting out of the car. He didn't want anybody to help him ; he said he had to master it himself. When we got in, mum put the kettle on and got loads of cups out, more than we needed. Then all the neighbours came in to see him and we had a party with tea and cakes. We were talking for two or three hours and then dad got tired, so everybody went home and dad went to bed.

Linda Newton, Third Year



Paul Bradley.

THE FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL

Up 2, 3, 4,
About turn, sit down.
Gleaming, scrubbed faces,
Smart, shiny shoes,
Immaculate hair,
Spotless clothes.
First day at School,
The hall,
A hymn,
A prayer.
The classroom,
Neat and tidy,
Varnished desks,
Dustless floor.
The register,
Your new books,
Dinner.
Home again.
School for real tomorrow.

Richard Ambler, Third Year

STARTING SCHOOL

"Hello", called my mother to a rather plump lady who had a small child huddled in her arms, whose tears were beginning to stain her face. "Why was she crying ?" I wondered. Perhaps she had been naughty and been hit by the fat lady. But, lots of others were crying, too.

"Why are they crying ?", I asked my mother, who was smiling down at me. "They're afraid of being left alone, but show them you're a big girl".

What did she mean ? They wouldn't be left alone ; their mothers were there. Just then, a tall woman with spectacles on, came over to my mother and me and began a conversation with my mother.

After what seemed eternity, to me, the talking stopped. My mother then kissed my face while the spectacled lady took my hand and told me to say goodbye to my mother. "Why goodbye ?", I thought, then I knew, because my mother began to walk away, looking back and waving as she walked.

Now that I had to face the strangeness by myself, I felt lonely and afraid. I knew now what my mother had meant when she said, "They're afraid of being left alone". I was afraid, and she knew this, so why had she left me ? I saw her in the distance and felt that my only means of protection was gone.

Tears began to fill my eyes as the woman, to whom I had not taken a liking because of her glasses, which frightened me, led me into a room.

The room seemed strange and terribly large and, although its vastness made me afraid, there were things in it which delighted me. However, those toys could not make me forget my deep feelings of loneliness. I began to cry. The woman wearing glasses took me in her arms and began to comfort me and, when I was quiet, she introduced me to other little children, whom I began to play happily with.

From that moment I began to look forward to school. It was no longer a threat because I was no longer alone and the spectacled lady was no longer a stranger but a friend to me.

Noreen Raybould, Fifth Year

FIRST CATCH

I remember it well, the first jerk on the float, just half-an-inch to the side. Then, a quick bobbing. I grasped the rod with both hands as I realised I had a bite. My heart was thumping in my throat as I stared, transfixed, at the float, not daring to blink. It moved slowly to the left, stopped, then nothing else happened.

The float shot suddenly beneath the surface of the water. I jerked the rod tip upwards and felt the line go tight. I started to reel in. The fish fought to get off the hook, but in vain. I lifted the fish out of the water and, instead of the one-pound, fighting perch I expected, I found myself confronted with a feeble, three-inch long roach. I didn't care though, because it was the first fish I had ever caught with a fishing rod and line.

David Holt, Third Year

BIKE

I was about six and on my bike, a small, blue one with large, thick wheels and a bell that went “ring, ding”, to make it look good and make me feel older than I really was.

As I zoomed round the corner the icy air numbed my cheeks and the un-oiled bike chain gave out a high-pitched squeal as I waved to the ‘dinner-lady’ across the road. Everything seemed so quiet and still, until a stationary lamp-post approached with great speed.

While examining my cuts and bruises, in the gutter, with my bike on top of me, the ‘dinner-lady’ soon rushed to my assistance, bombarding me with questions and comments, such as, “You shouldn’t ride as fast as that at your age !” and “Whatever will your mother say ?”

At last, I managed to wheel the bike home and, after using up the last few plasters in the tin in the cupboard, I went outside to inspect the damage done to my trusty steed. It had silver lines where the paint had been scratched and it now had a bell that went “click-click”, and I was just another six-year-old.

Christopher Sennett, Third Year

STRANGE DAYS

“She loves you . . . Heads shake over a microphone. To hell with dandruff. Shaggy dogs worry a private bone in a sea of 30,000 souls. Yeah. Yeah. Oh yeah ! Noise. Bedlam. Confusion. Sound system a joke. Hear them ? Impossible. FEEL them. Police fight. Lose. Tidal wave of emotion. Fighting, clawing, throwing themselves at the stage. McCartney says he could be Hitler. Lennon asks, “But what about the music . . . ?” Never mind, John. It’s all a game.

Liverpool out, London in. Tell me, Mick, is Charlie Watts real ? Jagger leaps, runs, points, flounces, wiggles, taunts. “Get your kicks . . .” Keith Richard pumping guitar frenziedly . . . “on route 66”. Manic. Demented street-fighting men playing at revolution. Screams. We love you, Mick. Get your ya yas out. Jumping Jack Flash, he’s a gas. “I just wanna make love to you”. Mothers lament. Don’t let your daughter see such filth. Jagger jeers. Charlie yawns. It’s all a game, after all.

Peter Townsend expounding his theory of Rock as a creative art. “Tommy” not yet conceived. Articulate, pleading. Take me seriously — **Please**. Newspaper tells of guitar-smashing. Anger. Shout it — I’m an artist, damn it ! A musician ! Reporters smile. He’s a one is Pete. Anger. Hate and frustration. Arm rises, eyes glare and you know what’s going to happen before he does. Up. Down. Splinters fly. Rip this joint. Smoke. Noise. My God, the noise ! Guitar

neck forced through speaker cabinets. The audience — my generation — cheer, smile. He's a one is Pete — and, anyway, it's all a game. Isn't it?

On the wall, spray-can tribute — “Clapton is God”. On stage, a tiny figure tries to escape. Shoulders hunched, head tucked in like some hairy turtle trying, desperately, to hide. Face a mask of pain and fear. Turning his back on the audience. Poor old Eric, he never could play really. Always slow, no technique. Yet, the sound ! What's it matter if you play four notes or four-thousand ? Sheer beauty. Each one crying, whining perfection. Never good enough for Eric, though. Critics go to hell. I play how I like. It'll be right when I'm happy. On. Always onwards. Wanna stop ? Take a pill. Wanna rest ? Try a little injection. Go on, it won't do any harm. It's only a game.

An audience of musicians come to see a musician. Old guard to welcome new. In the audience, Townsend and Clapton hug each other. Yeah, oh yeah. Jimi Hendrix plays like he only had a day to live. In the end, not far wrong, a mere three years. Desperate to say something in the little time available to him. Music falling in waves, torrents, rivers of power and emotion. The wind cries Mary. Fear apparent. Never knowing what to play. Never caring. Purple haze over the red house. Jeff Beck telling Pete Townsend : “He smashes his guitar up. You'll have to tell him that's your thing”. He never did understand the rules of the game.

San Francisco. Don't forget the flower for your hair. 10,000 heads sway. Flowing hair, leather jeans. Morrisson in motion. Features of a girl, voice of a titan. “Come on baby, light my fire”. Power. Always power. Strength. Bass voice. Jagger prances, Jim Morrisson sings. “Try to set the night on **fire**”. The last word, rumbling, echoing, so much venom, it's untrue. Speakers tremble. The whole darn world trembles. Change. Sudden and swift. “Riders on the Storm”. Peace and calm. But, look again. The eyes. Eyes a million miles away. Too much life, too soon. Eyes already dead and you know the body won't be long in following. Beginning to doubt. Is it really a game worth playing ?

London '67, Lucy is playing in the sky with diamonds, Mr. Kite turns somersaults and Sgt. Pepper forms the lonely hearts' club band. Months in the studio. Extravagance. Work. Complexity. A day in the life. ‘The Times’ says it's a masterpiece. Lennon's question answered. Rock is respectable. But is it Rock ? The game nears its close.

Their satanic majesties request. Altamont Speedway 1969. The flower children's last stand. Celebrate summer and peace with the Rolling Stones. Free. Love. ‘We love you’.

Sympathy for the devil. “Let me introduce myself . . .” 200,000 people. Jagger in silks. Flier of motion. Violence. Music stops. People moan their discontent. Jagger calls for a doctor. Re-start. Worry now — even Charlie. Mick Taylor, looking fearful. Again motion. Stop. “Brothers and sisters —” pleads Jagger — “You can do it. Everyone please be cool. All right ?” The angels don't want to be cool, all right. Flash of silver. Red. The game ends.

M. W. Hawkins, Sixth Year



"Weird scenes inside the gold mine".

Malcolm Hawkins, Sixth Year

FOR ALL TIMES

I am destruction —
I bring you death
And defile your sacred, sterile cities
With my originality.
I am temptation —
I bring torture to your souls
And break your so-called society down
With my misfitting, maladjusted mind.
I am a saviour —
I bring you revolution
To stop your petty progress
With cries of conservation.
I am your enemy —
By your choice.
I am said to spoil your rat-race lives
But I offer freedom.
I am nothing —
Yet I give you everything I have.
In return I am ridiculed and hunted down
But I am your death.

Alyson Brice, Sixth Year

CONFLICT

Silently screaming, strangling pain
Achingly needing to go there again,
Wondrously wanting, seeing the end
Desperately snuggling, desiring a friend.

Stiflingly stupid, throwing away.
Horribly confusing, not knowing the way.
Softly conversing, asking for help
Slowly remembering, forgetting self.

Miserably enlightened, feeling the cause,
Frightenedly climbing, scared to pause.
Deliriously depressed on reaching the top,
Secretly unsatisfied, not wanting to stop.

Convincingly lonesome, standing alone
Contentedly crazy, hearing a moan
Dubiously descending, envious to see
Searchingly looking, I have found me.

Alyson Brice, Sixth Year



Colin Peachey, Fourth Year

DESCENT OF MAN

He caught her eye ;
She planned his fall.
He fell for her
And that was all.
Her model walk,
Her beguiling eye
Her lovely smile,
Her breathless sigh.
Those feminine charms
Were used with skill
And showed the more powerful
In the kill.
We see the weak
Conquer the strong ;
Unequal, maybe :
But not for long.
Physical strength
Is not the only base :
Intellect counts
In a woman's case.

Alyson Brice, Sixth Year

THE SCARECROW

Rags slowly flapping
He stands with an aimless grin
In a furrowed field.

Deborah Bowerman, Sixth Year

SUMMER

Heat, no breeze, drone of
A lawn mower, smell of grass
And melting tarmac.

Deborah Bowerman, Sixth Year

AUTUMN

Another leaf falls
And a flock of white birds wing
Silently southward.

Deborah Bowerman, Sixth Year

SNOWFALL

Snowflakes drift and swirl
In clouds of brilliant stars,
And melt into dusk.

Deborah Bowerman, Sixth Year

LOST LOVE

Our love was so exciting,
So true and, oh so warm,
What I would give to return to you
To repair the heart I've torn.

But that can never be, my love,
For now our time is lost,
Someone else has filled that void,
And I must pay the cost.

No longer does the moon shine
On our last sweet embrace,
But the sun can see the tears
Rolling down my face.

Melanie Ford, Fourth Year

SUMMER

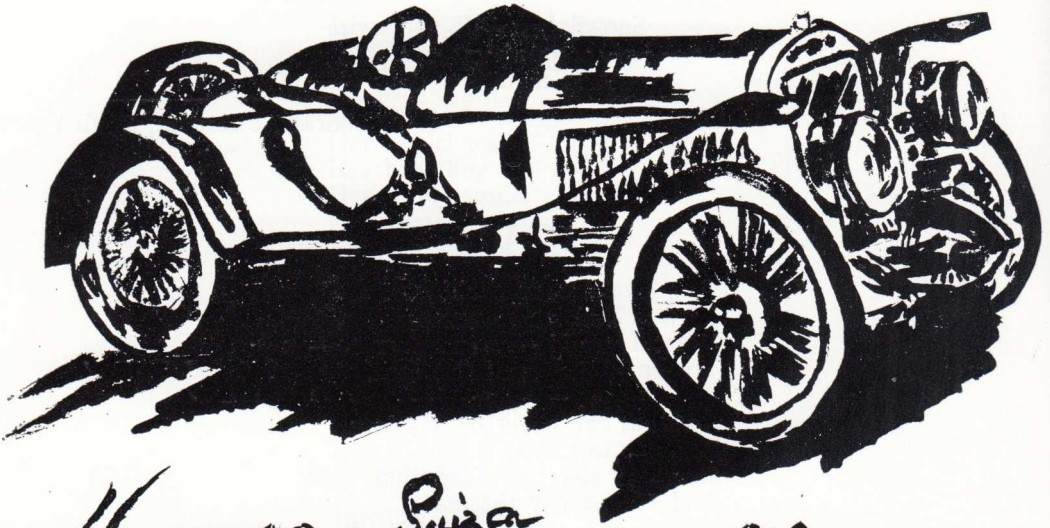
Sitting alone on the beach
And you're out of reach.
The sun shines,
Reminding me of the happy times.
You've gone.
It's so hard to carry on
Without you. With my hand,
Tracing your name upon the sand,
Watching the sea wash it away,
Taking with it my yesterday.

Andrea Barker, Fifth Year

REFRACTION

Sunlight on my ring,
Splintering the light into
A thousand rainbows.

Deborah Bowerman, Sixth Year



Hispano-Suiza
156 Alfonso XIII, 1912



Bentley,
4 1/2 Litre, 1939

Andrew Nash, Fourth Year

WIND

The wind, king of the weathers, rules the earth,
Trees bow as it draws near,
Flowers fall to the floor in respect,
Dust and stones scatter to clear its path.

Sleepless, restless, ceaseless, it goes on its way.
Doors bang and windows rattle,
Foaming rainwater swirls along the gutters,
Litter and leaves are hurried from place to place.

The wind gallops on, jeering at the chaos it is causing,
Riding over the hills, like a ship on the sea.
Thundering over the trees until they fall under its
battering hooves.

Julie Richardson, Fourth Year

THE DAY OF GLORY

In May, 1968, Manchester United played Benfica in the European Cup Final. The teams emerged from the dressing rooms knowing that no other English club had ever won the European Cup. They knew that the whole of England would be urging them on and wanting them to win.

The teams kicked off and nearly one hundred thousand people in the packed Wembley Stadium were shouting for United. Manchester United took the lead with a brilliant, glancing header from Bobby Charlton. The crowd went crazy and they thought that United had won the Cup but they did not know what was to come next. The Portuguese side equalised in the second half and the crowd was stunned.

The score was still one all with seven minutes to go and Eusebio, the Portuguese attacker, made a break. He only had Alex Stepney, the Manchester United goalkeeper to beat. He shot but Stepney made a good save and Eusebio showed his sportsmanship by patting Stepney on the head. The match then went into extra time because the score, after ninety minutes, was still one all.

There was only a few minutes gone in extra time when United took the lead again. George Best took the ball around the defence and then the goalkeeper and he tapped the ball into the net. They clinched the match with another two goals from Brian Kidd and Bobby Charlton.

When the final whistle went, the whole of Wembley Stadium erupted and the players jumped in the air with delight. Bobby Charlton collected the Cup and he held it high in the air, knowing that he had the pride of England with him.

M. Johnson, Fourth Year

ODE TO PATRICK MOORE

The stars are twinkling in the sky
Like port-holes to eternity.

Julian Heaton, Third Year

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THE FRESTONIAN



Malcolm Hawkins, Sixth Year

SPEECH DAY, 1975

This traditional event was held on the evening of 17th July, following the well established pattern by now familiar to all members and friends of the school. One slightly unusual feature, however, concerned the Guest of Honour, Mr. A. K. Yates, M.B., Ch.B., F.R.C.S., who is a Consultant Thoracic Surgeon at Guy's Hospital. He had been invited at the instigation of some of our former pupils who are now themselves students at Guy's. They include Melanie Newbould, Christopher Allen, Gary Brear, Stephen Clarke and Nigel Womack. Their recommendation proved well founded, for Mr. Yates, despite his considerable reputation in the field of medicine and a formidable array of qualifications and achievements, was an engagingly warm and modest personality, whose words of wisdom were delivered with a degree of acceptability which is regrettably uncommon on such occasions. We thank him sincerely for his visit, which was not only enjoyable but also served to strengthen the link between ourselves and Guy's Hospital.

Mr. J. D. Hadfield

THE AUTUMN CONCERT

For Mr. Coar to undertake the preparation of a full length concert during the term of the Opera was an ambitious enterprise which attracted a large, appreciative audience.

The opening "Serenade", by Haydn, was taken at a modest tempo by the slightly nervous Junior Instrumental Ensemble, who gave a competent but uninspired performance. The mezzo-soprano, Brenda Morton, was obviously somewhat ill at ease, too, her voice lacking that power and accuracy we normally associate with her singing. Perhaps the piece — Mozart's 'Say Ye Who Borrow' — was a little beyond her capabilities and, although the accompaniment was clearly helpful, Brenda's "operatic" delivery seemed inappropriate.

The next soloist, Elizabeth Shaw, a relative newcomer to the school, gave a pretty impressive rendering of Kuchler's 'Concertino' for Violin. She produced a rare tone and controlled the tempo well, despite some hesitancy in the quieter passages. By contrast, the piano duet, Andrea Barker and Andrew Parkes, set off well with Debussy's 'Ballet' at a cracking pace, played with a nice balance between the parts. Equally arresting was Christopher Psyden's guitar solo, an anonymous Spanish Folk Song. The only fault in this otherwise strong performance was some loss of tempo discernable whenever the left hand had far to move up or down the fretboard.

The woodwind quintet which followed comprised two flutes, two clarinets and a bassoon. They played the 'Allegro Molto' from Mozart's 'Divertimento Number 8' with a real sense of chamber music style, with some sensitive and eloquent phrasing. This was a particularly commendable performance, considering the youthfulness of the players.

Caroline Green, another mezzo soprano, has developed over recent years into an authoritative performer both in the concert hall and on the stage. Her undramatic, beautiful delivery of Lehar's ever popular 'Vilia' was well-nigh faultless, though her highly evocative interpretation of Le-Grand's 'The Summer of Forty-Two' suffered a little from over-obtrusive piano accompani-

ment. Nevertheless, Caroline fully justified her growing reputation as a gifted singer of confidence and becoming modesty. I only wished she had been gracious enough to give greater acknowledgement to the audience's enthusiastic applause.

The restful second movement of Weber's Clarinet Concerto Number 1 is another familiar piece, to which Lesley Anderson's smooth, fluid style was very well suited. Her roundness of tone was unblemished even during the middle, animated section which called for several pretty ornaments from the solo instrument.

Swiftly and silently, the stage was filled with the members of the Lower School Choir, to perform the 'Jonah Man Jazz' by Chappell. The indisposed Mrs. Schofield's place as conductor was taken by Mrs. Barbara Coar, whose subdued style of conducting belied the sureness of her control. The singing was cheerful, the rhythms exciting and the diction so crisp that the audience could follow the narrative — whether spoken or sung — without difficulty. This was an item which was enjoyable for performers and listeners alike; for me it was the highlight of the evening.

Singing of a totally different kind was provided by five Sixth Form students. Madrigals are notoriously difficult to sing well, as each singer must be totally reliable in his part and consciously balance it against the surrounding voices. In Ford's 'Since First I Saw Your Face', the alto line was slightly heavy and the bass not quite heavy enough, giving a sense of tenuous, fragility which the composer did not intend. 'My Bonny Lass She Smileth' (Morley) was a much livelier affair, however, with some effective shading.

Liveliness was the key-note of Bizet's "Le Bal", which the pianists, Kathryn Pearson and Kathryn Lacy, took at a dare-devil speed. Unfortunately, the piano itself was so badly positioned that the players must have been invisible to at least half the audience.

Last heard on Speech Day, 1975, the next item, from a Flute Sonata by Poulenc, was even better played on this occasion. It was a difficult piece, stretching both player and instrument almost to their limits. But Julie Bradley was more than equal to its demands and sailed through it all with admirable grace and musicianship.

Karen Exley gave us two songs by Richard Rodney Bennett, whose modernity is intrinsically difficult for the average audience to assimilate. Karen sang with individuality, confidence and, in 'The Lark', even with a flair of flamboyance.

After a protracted and amusing tuning-up session, John Parkinson and his piano accompanist did full justice to the rousing, assertive mood of Stanley's 'Trumpet Tune'. The quicker passages were not without some moments of anxiety, but the piece ended strongly and harmoniously.

Julie Bradley (flute), Lesley Anderson (clarinet) and Caroline Green (piano) returned to the platform to play two Waltzes by Shostakovich. The first had a lilting rhythm, reminiscent of a barcarolle, while the second, after a firm introduction, proved to be very light and gay evoking a swinging ball-room atmosphere. The flute and clarinet parts chased each other around the dance-floor with agility and grace. It was a thoroughly delightful piece which held the attention of even the youngest listeners.

The young pianist/composer Christopher Sennett enchanted us with a work of his own, 'Theme and Variations in E'. The Mozartian Theme was elaborated upon with a variety of ornaments, the first light and sparkling, the second heavier and more roughly hewn in shape, and the third a clever com-

bination of both styles ; this was a musical gem whose weight was carried by the left hand part while the right provided the glitter.

Initially Christopher's playing of Chopin's Waltz in E flat lacked panache, and some of the rapidly repeated notes were blurred. Yet control of tempi and the accuracy of the left hand rhythm were conspicuously good. As the piece progressed, the player's confidence grew and there was some intense colouring to come. Christopher's highly sensitive performance indicated that his musical career should be well worth watching.

Performing last this evening was the evocatively named Military Band but, if anyone had expected scarlet tunics, striped trousers and gold epaulettes he was likely to be disappointed. Indeed, their opening piece, a Czech Polka, by Strauss, had rather a bucolic than military character, due mainly to the stridency of the clarinets. The players did full justice to the polka rhythms and the lively dance drew with increased rapidity to an exciting close. Finally came 'Bossa Nova' by Walters. Despite its Latin-American nature, this was reminiscent of some Glen Miller in style, though the rhythm section, especially the maraccas, was a little too emphatic in places. It was a boisterous, jolly affair, though, and provided a really rousing finish to an evening of excellent entertainment.

Mr. J. D. Hadfield

"PRINCESS IDA"

For weeks the school was witness to intense activity as the opera took shape and typed lists of rehearsals showed us that the birth was imminent. The Sunday prior to the first night was taken up by a long rehearsal at which a frustrated Mr. Coar waved his baton at an orchestra struggling to co-ordinate with the cast, and Mr. Hadfield became increasingly annoyed at mistakes and lack of concentration on the stage.

Perhaps, like hanging, the first night of an opera concentrates the mind wonderfully, for what a difference as the curtain rose on Wednesday evening. The first impression was of a stage full of life and colour as the chorus awaited the arrival of King Gama. The pomposity of King Hildebrand was perhaps out of place in one of such wisdom, but any criticism was forgotten on the arrival of Gama's vanguard, his three sons. Their clanking entry and cumbersome movements immediately revealed them for the oafs they were, Guron especially backward as witnessed by his 'L' plate. When their father followed them, we saw at once that he really was a 'most disagreeable man'. Ian Stevenson produced a leer which displayed to the full his lack of teeth and the harsh, cracked voice with which he sang added to both clarity and character, the whole being rounded off with a nose of enormous proportions.

The university run by Ida was the setting for the second act and at once the characters emerged again. Lady Blanche revealed the dominant, ferocious character that would terrorise a son-in-law, whereas the Lady Psyche was far more human. The first sight of the principal, Princess Ida, showed Caroline Green displaying the bearing, intelligence, and in Ida's case, prudishness of character whilst lecturing her attractive audience. 'Minerva' was sung with an authority that stamped the whole of her performance.

A complete article could be devoted to the trio of Hilarion, Cyril and Florian as they broke into the academy. Having seen them on the previous Sunday, it was hard to believe that the same three were performing. Their co-ordination, clarity and humour worked together to produce a piece which

deserved the encore demanded by the audience. Once inside the university, the performance continued with Cyril, happily pickled, giving away secrets to Ida who, in her anguish, disappeared over the back of the stage into the moat. Before turning to the third act a mention must be made of Melissa's performance. When she came onto the stage, the whole opera seemed to take on a new enthusiasm. Her joy at finding a 'man' and immense energy seemed exactly in keeping with the colour and life that was Gilbert and Sullivan's mark. The act closed with the reappearance of Hildebrand and the chorus and all the audience must have been impressed with the skill with which he wielded his sword, and the speed with which thirty or more people rushed across the stage without colliding.

As the university prepared for war, Ida failed to arouse her troops with the inspired leadership necessary but then made up for it by singing what I felt was the best solo in the opera — 'I built upon a rock'. It was the three sons of Gama who stole the third act. Having heard their father, once again grumbling and grouching with conviction, they prepared to fight the three young heroes. Arac sang impressively but one of the loudest laughs of the evening was given to Guron when he failed to remove his armour smoothly, but improvised with the dignity of such a prince! The opera closed as it had begun, with the chorus singing the finale to end a memorable performance.

It would be impossible to single out every character for special mention, since not only the actors and singers but also the stage hands, administrators, set designers, electricians, make-up crew and of course the orchestra all contributed to the success of the performance. I am sure, however, that they would not mind my picking out some performances from the minor characters especially Hilary Armitage, assisted by Celia Harding, Alyson Brice and Janette Cooper, who had the unenviable task of interpreting the music in dance and did so with both grace and confidence. Finally, all who saw the opera must wish to express thanks to Mr. Coar and Mr. Hadfield for the production. It was the first one I have seen at Normanton, I only hope that I have not been spoilt.

Mr. P. D. Allan

THE DRAMA

Adjudicator: Mr. G. Allan, Drama Adviser

First to entertain the Upper School pupils on the Monday morning of the Competition were Freston with "The Wages of Sin" by Andrew Sachs. Rousing interest and laughter from such a bunch at such an hour is a task not to be envied, but Freston seemed to achieve this goal with a considerable degree of success.

The scene for this melodrama about a wronged husband and an unfortunate butler was set with a well-delivered introductory speech from Rita Newton acting as the Chairman. The use of idiot cards, held by Paul Kemp who was dressed effectively in navy uniform, was an idea of the producers of this play, who were to be praised on their idea as it was very successful in involving the audience in this performance.

The characters were quickly introduced as the farce began. The definite favourite of this play was Jasper, the ancient butler, played by Paul Bradley. His size complemented the part and in the adjudicator's words, "He really belonged to the household. His performance was splendid." The perfect gentleman, Lord Peregrine Fortune-Mint, was played by Kevin Grayson with confidence and just the right amount of affected eloquence and politeness.

His wife, Lady Priscilla, played by Kay Gibbons, was, as described by her husband, pure, angelic and modest. All three characters knew their lines well and delivered them with clarity and volume. Kay Gibbons had a particularly difficult task in transforming from the modest Lady Priscilla to the seductive Mrs. Brown. Her attempt at this was praiseworthy and she certainly caught the attention of the Upper Sixth males in her second rôle.

Mr. Brown made an arresting entrance, though many thought that he could have been even more villainous than he appeared to be. The duel between Mr. Brown and the adulterous Lord Mint was typical of this melodrama and was well appreciated by the audience. Probably the cleverest part of this play was the manner in which Jasper managed to carry off the bloody corpse of Mr. Brown; it raised roars of laughter and only added to one's admiration for the butler. He was certainly the star of "The Wages of Sin". The play ended with an excellent dying speech by Lady Priscilla after being shot in an incredible manner.

Some of the intendedly amusing effects of this play were a slight let-down as they were not always apparent to the audience, but on the whole the performance was highly entertaining and amusing. The set was original and the producers made good use of lighting facilities and incidental music.

Levett were next to take the stage with "Terry" by Alan Plater. Although this play was written ideally for television, where special effects are a great asset, Levett's performers and producers managed very well with the resources available; they were slightly ambitious in attempting this play but utilised a split stage and effective lighting commendably.

The performance was accepted very well by the audience as it was the story of an everyday situation which entailed comedy, interest and a natural feeling of ease. Alan Mitchell, who played Terry, gave a really good performance which flowed with calmness and confidence. His lines had been learned well and the colloquial phrases and exclamations which he added were very successful. He kept the play running smoothly and communicated well with the audience throughout. The adjudicator thought his performance highly commendable, with a good soliloquy.

Terry's mum and dad, Sandra James and Michael Smith, acted very well together and showed excellent characterisation as the typical nagging wife and vaguely interested husband. The adjudicator commented that these two acted naturally together as if they had had previous experience. How true. They have always been capable of performing together with ease and confidence. Sandra's high-pitched voice was very effective but it was not surprising that Terry had to leave the house so often.

The Manager and the Clerk had small parts which they acted as well as the script permitted. Maitland, the pestered Youth Officer acted well and tried to keep calm throughout. Perhaps he was a little too placid at times. Indeed, requests for jobs such as whittling pew ends aren't exactly commonplace.

Terry's "bird", Janie, was unfortunate in having to act a part which was very colourless and showed no real character. She was badly positioned and did not involve herself in the performance. Perhaps a little ad-libbing would have brightened up this character. Dave acted his small part well as Terry's mate as this demanded nothing far removed from his natural behaviour!

This play finally sent out a message on the importance of being happy and ended on a serious note.

Some thought that the continued switching from one set to another made the play slightly drawn out with the risk of losing the audience's attention,

but I must again commend Terry himself for holding the stage and capturing all interest whenever possible.

After a short interval in which the adjudicator made a few constructive comments (are you listening back-stage!), Dodsworth presented "The man who wouldn't go to Heaven" by F. Sladen-Smith. This was a play centred around a more serious theme and which demanded good portrayal of some strong characters. Dodsworth achieved this to such an extent that their efforts earned them first place in the Drama Competition.

The curtains swung back to reveal a very simple yet effective setting and the play got off to a sudden start; the required atmosphere was created immediately. The first character to be seen was Thariel, the angel, who sat at the entrance to heaven. He sat quite calmly checking the entrants' names and enjoying his duties before finally losing his temper with a troublesome customer. Paul Whitaker played Thariel with ease and sincerity but just could not understand why the audience sent up roars of laughter when he revealed his legs! (Don't angels have legs?).

Richard Alton, the man in question was played by Reece Dinsdale who was nothing short of brilliant. He played his part with involvement and conviction and delivered his lines (often lengthy speeches) with confidence and sincerity. Occasionally, his lines were slightly repetitive, but some members of the audience thought this only strengthened his character and definite beliefs. Another outstanding performance was given by Raymond Goodman, who played Timothy Toto Newbiggin. This character had little to do or say as an idiot but he was dressed perfectly and retained an expression of simplicity and innocence throughout. Sitting at the front of the stage playing "Snap", he occasionally drew the audience's attention by making simple yet meaningful remarks. I enjoyed this character immensely and thought his part a great asset to the performance. Mrs. Muggins, who was the adjudicator's star of the morning, was a housewife delighted to be going to heaven. She fussed and chatted her way through the performance very well and even acted when the focus was elsewhere, essential in all good performances. She kept a good balance in the play, continually trying to calm the furious Alton. Dodsworth were extremely fortunate in having these three excellent players.

Derrick Bradley, H. R. Strenham, Sister Mary Theresa, Margaret and Mrs. Bagshaw were all relatively small parts, all of which were played as well as the script allowed and which showed promise for future productions. Each character was well dressed for his or her part and adopted the right attitude for the play. The constant emergence of these characters held my interest through this rather long play. I must give a special mention to Stephen Jones, who played the Reverend McNulty admirably and made a brave attempt at the Scottish accent. For me, he was the character who brought a touch of humour to the play and he seemed to enjoy his part. I highly suspect that Philip Lunn, as Bobby Nightingale, was press-ganged into this part as he seemed totally uninterested in his character. His acting lacked sincerity and it was fortunate that this was outweighed by the other good performances.

The producer utilised effective lighting and although the performers' stage-craft was sometimes slightly imperfect, the excellent acting of the majority of characters was a pleasure to watch; I found they made a marvellous attempt at a rather uneventful play.

Finally, Ward took the stage with "The Crimson Coconut" by Ian Hay. I found the plot for this play about spies and explosive coconuts humorous and entertaining even if slightly incredible. Their setting was realistic though I thought it could have been slightly better arranged. Unfortunately, the positioning of some of the props, and the characters clashed and faces were hidden, thus muffling lines and actions.

Michael Webber played Robert, the owner of the grubby little restaurant. He showed highly commendable characterisation and the adjudicator thought his performance was "Tremendous". Michael is an experienced actor and Ward were fortunate in having his talents available. He learns lines well, delivers them clearly and can act comically with great ease. His frequent conversation with the cook via the dumb waiter looked very natural though I found the constant crashing of plates rather lost its effectiveness after the first half a dozen times. For me, Robert held Ward's performance together.

This production was an example to future producers in that it showed the great importance of choosing a play to suit the actors and actresses available. Ward were very unfortunate in not having a male to play the part of Jack Pincher, as a boy was essential for this part. Leigh Toddington took on the part but was unsuccessful in carrying off important lines. I believe this was a last minute arrangement and it proved a great let-down to this performance.

Mr. Jabstick, the rich old boy who came to dine with his daughter at the restaurant, was played by Dean Henson who was aptly dressed and thoroughly enjoyed putting over his high-class accent. Indeed, he seemed to enjoy his part so much that he had a problem keeping a straight face! His daughter Nancy, played by Beverley Smith, acted her small part well. Nitro Gliserinski was very amusing and I thought Tony Parrish fitted the part perfectly. He can be amusing without saying a word. He tried hard to keep up the Russian accent but even when it fell, it was no great disaster as it only made the audience laugh more. His comrade, Madame Gliserinski acted her part extremely well and I found Susan Cotton's performance very enjoyable. She had a marvellous accent and involved herself in the play. She was confident of her lines and was a pleasure to watch.

The story was rather unusual but held the audience's attention with its humorous incidents and comical lines.

Naturally, these performers were very disappointed at their result, but they seemed to enjoy themselves nevertheless. I felt some of their performances lacked the professionalism and flair that the adjudicator was looking out for, but perhaps after more experience, Ward will match up to the very talented actors and actresses of the other houses.

To end the proceedings, the adjudicator came onto the stage to give his remarks and decision. He made some very constructive and fair comments which I am sure will prove very valid for the future. I am glad to say he enjoyed watching our display of talents in this field. He did remark that he should like to come again and I am sure he would be very welcome.

The majority of the audience agreed with his decision but I would not have envied his task.

1st Dodsworth; 2nd Freston; 3rd Levett; 4th Ward.

Elaine C. Sharp, Fourth Year

THE LOWER SCHOOL ARTS FESTIVAL, 1976

This year. Music made a welcome return to the Lower School's Arts Festival, presenting a very catholic selection of items both vocal and instrumental, a nice blending of ancient and modern. The unenviable task of beginning the proceedings fell to Ward House, and a large, well-turned out choir launched straight into "Food, glorious Food" from Lionel Bart's "Oliver". It may

have been the early hour of the morning, but one felt their faces could have shown a little more enthusiasm for the subject matter, which is not to say that it was not well sung. Their diction was excellent, and the staccato passages came over very effectively. They followed this up with Michel Legrand's very tuneful and catchy "Sweet Gingerbread Man". In both pieces, the choir were ably assisted by the spirited accompaniment of Caroline Green. The two-part choir then gave us Arthur Benjamin's "Linstead Market" and "Dream Seller" by E. Markham Lee. Both songs were competently performed and there was a good blending of voices. For the instrumental solo, Jonathan Willis gave us a virtuoso performance of two cornet pieces, an extract from Handel's "Royal Fireworks" Suite and Purcell's "Trumpet Tune". Both came over loud and clear, with a good tonal quality. Heather Emms sang the vocal solos. John Ireland's "Alpine Song" had little to commend it and wasn't really her type of song. But the splendid "Close Every Door" from "Joseph and the Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat" restored the balance and enabled her to give of her best.

Ward's Own Choice involved David Adams and Jonathan Willis on the cornet playing the theme from the film "The Summer of '42". Their harmony playing was particularly good. The string solos were performed by Caroline Lowe on the violin. She recaptured beautifully the lilting Irish melody "Star of the County Down". In the "Minuet" by Purcell, however, one felt she was rather out of her depth, although she struggled gamely through it. The Vocal Ensemble sang "Bobby Shaftoe" (arranged by Leslie Woodgate). They did not really rise to the occasion with this one and it was a rather mediocre performance. The Instrumental Ensemble consisted of four recorder players who gave us two pieces by Brian Bonsor. The "Beguine" was a rather undistinguished piece, but the "Hoe Down" was highly entertaining. This bouncy tune, with its touches of humour, was very well played and set many feet tapping.

Ward House then gave way to Dodsworth. A large and very happy looking choir formed up on the stage. The boys of the front row were almost bursting with pride and pleasure at being able to sing for their house in public. Their two unison songs, "Come, here is adieu to the city" (Westrop) and the "The Wizard" (Jenkyngs) were performed with great gusto and enthusiasm. "The Wizard" was particularly enjoyable, although one would have preferred it to have been sung a little slower. The two-part choir gave us "Bobby Shaftoe" (arranged Rowley) and "Dance to your daddie". Neither of these songs is easy to sing, but they tackled both well and did justice to them. There was some fine accompanying to these by Christopher Sennett, and it was nice to see boys and girls enjoying what they were singing. James Taylor then got to work with his bassoon and treated us to "Pavan" by Ticcianti. Both the piece and the performance were almost beyond reproach. For the vocal solo Catherine Beal fought a valiant battle with her nerves and put over the delightful song "The Fairy Taylor" (by Michael Head) with great charm. Dodsworth's own choice enabled Christopher Sennett to demonstrate his virtuosity on the piano. Two contrasting pieces were played, Scott Joplin's rhythmic "The Entertainer" and a sonatina by Kalabevsky. Both were performed with great skill and style and if, as the adjudicator pointed out, there were one or two wrong notes in the first piece, one would have had to get up very early in the morning to find them.

Christopher Pysden, complete with classical guitar and serious demeanour, then gave us "Courante" by Michael Praetorius. It was a skilful and restrained performance, but it had great atmosphere. George Gershwin's "Summertime" from "Porgy and Bess" is almost operatic in scope and unless performed well can be rather wearing. Unfortunately the vocal ensemble didn't quite bring it off. Their performance was rather strident and did not

fall particularly pleasantly on the air. Their second piece, "Frère Jacques" was a considerable improvement. Dodsworth house rounded off their contribution with a very rousing Samba performed by quite an array of instruments. Somewhere in the middle was composer James Taylor who, although still in the Second Year, has already established himself as a musician of some promise.

After the interval it was the turn of Levett House and the House Choir began with two unison songs. "The Seeker" by George Dyson was sung with great enthusiasm and was followed by a zestful "Joshua at the battle of Jericho". "Joseph and his Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat" has long been popular with young people and the two-part choir of girls gave us the hit song "Any Dream will do". They followed this with "A funny fellow" by Michael Head. Lyn Charlesworth's flute solo was "Andantino from Three Airs" by Robin Milner, a competent performance spoiled only by poor tuning. For the vocal solo Beverley Fox gave us "The Handsome Butcher" and "Someone came Knocking". Both are very pleasant songs and Beverley sang them with great self-confidence. The songs of the Beatles are currently enjoying a revival and it was not altogether surprising to find that Levett's own choice was a Beatle's Medley played by Lee Thompson and Martin Howes on guitar, and Lyn Charlesworth on flute. Generally speaking, nothing is so stale as yesterday's "pop" but these beautiful songs sounded better than ever. Numbers like "Yesterday" and "Nowhere Man" will last forever. The flute playing was especially effective. Lee Thompson also provided the string solo, a very professional performance on guitar of "Andante" by Carulli which evoked visions of hot Spanish afternoons. Levett's vocal ensemble sang Dvorak's "Gipsy Song". This is a difficult piece and although they tried hard it all rather fell flat. In conclusion we were treated to two pieces by the American composer, Leroy Anderson (no relation). In his day Leroy Anderson wrote many excellent short pieces of light music. Unfortunately his music is not heard so much today. The two pieces "Blue Tango" and "Forgotten Dreams" were beautifully performed and I found them (dare I say it?) very nostalgic. The ensemble was mainly woodwind but the xylophone and bongo drums made an important contribution.

Freston House rounded off the festival. Their huge choir began with a rousing and heroic rendering of "Drake's Drum" by Stanford. Their two-part choir followed this with another period piece, Edward German's "Rolling Down to Rio", without which no school music festival would be complete. I have heard this piece many times and in many places but never, I must confess, have I heard it sung at such a breakneck pace. The inhuman speed at which the armadillo was required to "dillo in his armour" was more than enough to bring the armadillos out on strike. It was a nice touch to give us Lennon and McCartney's "Michelle" in French. By the time it finished even the most benighted of French students must have realised that "Je t'aime" means "I love you". Julie Teasdale's instrumental solo was "Tango", by Albeniz, played on the clarinet. This gave me particular pleasure as I have a recording of this by Gigli which I used to play over and over again. It is called "Quisiera Olvidor tus ofas", but I never did find out what it meant. Julie gave a very sensitive performance of this fine tune. For her vocal solos Susan Gaw donned scarf, bonnet and basket. She looked very pretty but "I'm called little Buttercup" from "H.M.S. Pinafore", was not really a good choice. She was much more at home when, complete with mirror, she sang "I feel pretty" from "West Side Story". Freston's own choice was a tribute to a donkey and (if you will pardon the pun) thereby hangs a tale. Composer Rudolf Friml adapted it from one of his piano pieces for the 1937 Hollywood film "Firefly". For most people the highlight of the film was Allan Jones' rendition of "The Donkey Serenade".

It became an overnight hit and the recording of it was the third largest-selling record in U.S. history. Preston's rendition of it came over as fresh as new paint. It was nice to be able to recognise every word and every note. The interesting accompaniment owed a lot to the clarinet of Julie Teasdale. Jane Harris was rather dwarfed by her cello for the string solo. I preferred the "Serenade" by Maria Dare, to Timothy Baxter's "Sailor's Dance". It is good to see the younger students taking up the challenge of these cumbersome and difficult instruments. By way of contrast the vocal ensemble then gave us the lively and well-known Israeli folk song "Tzena". The last contribution for Freston was "A Suite for Four Clarinets" by Stewart. This was a stylish performance and it had some interesting touches to it.

Our adjudicator was Mr. C. M. Hewitt from Minsthorpe High School who gave a very penetrating critique of the morning's proceedings with many helpful suggestions for improving the performance. He declared Dodsworth House the winners, followed by Levett, Freston and Ward. It is important to remember, however, that there were good performances in all the houses and that their contributions made the arts festival 1976 into a most worthwhile and enjoyable event.

Mr. A. R. Long

FRESTON FOUNDATION RECITAL

Despite some initial forebodings there was a large and appreciative audience for the Janet Smith Dance Group who were invited to the school on the 14th May for the Freston Foundation Recital.

For me the highlight of the evening was a dance listed in the programme as "Cranes in their Nest", a superbly executed solo performance from Janet Smith who managed to capture the beauty and delicacy of the young birds as they take their first tentative look at the vast world beyond.

The audience was pleasantly surprised to find that humour played a prominent part in their repertoire and the school hall was filled with laughter during "A dance about nothing at all" and "Machine and Butterfly". We were disappointed to be told that "The Courtship of the Yonghy-Bongy-Bo" was to be omitted but were entertained delightfully by a dance called "Washing Up", no doubt prompted by occasional sounds from Mr. Allen and his helpers in the kitchen.

The closing dance, "Some thoughts on the Paintings of L. S. Lowry", with music from the Salvation Army Band and Fairground music, was a colourful and hilarious spectacle which, from the enthusiastic applause, was a fitting climax to a most unusual and thoroughly enjoyable evening.

Mrs. S. Hatton

MUSIC AT THE LOWER SCHOOL

The past year has seen increased activity and some interesting innovations in the musical world of the Lower School. In our "Sing-Alongs" we have endeavoured to learn new hymns, including some modern ones, and to adopt new tunes to the more well-known. Christopher Sennett has taken over more of the piano accompaniment in our Assemblies and this has freed Mrs. Schofield to join us in the body of the Hall where she has been able to put her

not inconsiderable vocal talents to greater use. A concert of music and singing, in which a large number of Lower School students participated, was held in the Upper School Hall last October. This was well attended by parents and friends of the School and was a great success. What has been particularly significant this year has been the emergence of a group of talented young performers from among the ranks. They play a variety of instruments and have given performances at Assemblies in both Upper and Lower Schools. Not content, however, with hiding their light under the proverbial bushel they have ventured forth and, under the aegis of Mrs. Schofield, have taken their musical skills to a wider audience, beyond the confines of school. Concerts have been given at the Normanton Baptist Church, the Normanton Church of England School, the Normanton Methodist Church Hall and at Crigglestone Methodist Church. All were very well attended and much appreciated. These occasions have provided opportunities for young musicians to perform in public, which is very useful experience, and to develop confidence and find pleasure in performing. In addition to giving enjoyment to the listeners they have also demonstrated the wide range and variety of musical talent to be found in the school. Items have ranged from Christopher Sennett playing Brahms on the piano, to Jonathan Willis giving "Hello Dolly" on the cornet. They have proved that our emphasis on quality and excellence is not confined to the written word and the games field. Such events, however, do mean extra work and effort, involving practices and the giving up of evenings. It is to the credit of all concerned that they are prepared to give their time. It is, perhaps, invidious to pick out names but one ought not to leave out such stalwarts as Christopher Sennett, Jonathan Willis, Christopher Pysden, Lee Thompson, Martin Howes, James Taylor, Sally Lewis and Lyn Charlesworth who have never been found wanting. Upper School students Karen Exley and Michael Jennings have given us singing of a high standard and the Barber Shop Quartet have always gone down well with audiences. Finally, one must pay tribute to the efforts and inspiration of Mrs. Schofield, to whose skill, dedication and unruffled calm her students stand indebted.

A. R. Long

THE LIBRARIES

We are fortunate indeed in having been rescued from the worst perils of inflation by a generous increase in the amount of money allocated for our use by the Frestonian Foundation. We take this opportunity publicly to express our gratitude. Though still necessary, economies have been less severe than was feared. We have attempted to level off the rising cost of newspapers and periodicals by reducing their number without sacrificing their range of coverage and appeal. The weighty 'Sunday Times', for example, has replaced the 'New Statesman' and 'The Spectator', but nothing else could have won the popularity enjoyed by 'Punch', 'Vogue' and 'Rugby World'.

The Upper School library continues to be well used, though the present Lower Sixth is perhaps less studious than one would hope. Prefects, librarians and staff have given willingly of their spare time to supervise private study, breaks and lunch hour. Particular thanks are due to Mr. Cooper, who resigned his lunch-time duty at the end of last session, and to Mrs. Thompson who has taken his place ever since. Mr. Coar is still to be found behind the desk every break.

Mrs. White battles on cheerfully at the Lower School, preparing exhibitions and other materials for the teaching staff, who very much appreciate her reliable assistance. She has made the library at that end a lively and colourful place for either study or quiet recreation.

Mr. J. D. Hadfield

CHESS CLUB

Captain: A. Mitchell

Vice-Captain: R. Marsh

The team has once again (for a change!) been unfortunate in that winning six out of eight games we only finished as runners-up in the league. This disappointment was in no way alleviated by the fact that we failed to retain the Chess Jamboree at Wakefield. However on the whole the season was much enjoyed and a special mention must be made to A. Sargeant who was once again selected to play for Yorkshire, and A. Mitchell who was chosen to captain the area team.

At school the usual competitions were run with the results printed below:

League Results:

Q.E.G.S.	won	$6\frac{1}{2}$	—	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Ackworth	won	7	—	1
King's School, Pontefract	drew	4	—	4
Pontefract Boys	won	6	—	2
Ossett	lost	$3\frac{1}{2}$	—	$4\frac{1}{2}$
Thornes House	won	5	—	3
Silcoates	won	5	—	3
Airedale	won	$7\frac{1}{2}$	—	$\frac{1}{2}$

Senior House Competition:

1. Freston
2. Levett
3. Dodsworth
4. Ward

Junior House Competition:

1. Dodsworth
2. Freston
3. Levett
4. Ward

Handicap Champion: R. Marsh

School Champion: A. Mitchell v. A. Sargeant

The team is also unfortunate in losing Mr. Oldroyd who has run the Chess Club so successfully that the school has rarely finished out of the top three places in the league. He has dedicated so much time to the Chess Club from the first years to the upper sixths that it seems so much a pity that we failed to win the league, the only title that has eluded us. The team are however looking forward to seeing Mr. Oldroyd next year, when we hope to play his Wakefield Girl's High School chess team.

A. Mitchell and R. Marsh, Sixth Year

STAFFROOM INFORMATION

During the course of the session, we have already said goodbye to Mr. J. Wheeler, Art Master at the Lower School, and to Mr. N. G. Sherwood, of the French Department, who will both be sadly missed. However, their places have been ably taken by Mrs. C. Herbert and Mr. J. M. Pygott respectively. Mrs. Herbert has involved herself in an Art Club and she is giving the valuable benefit of her experience to several interested students. Mr. Pygott has assisted in many things, including the preparation and presentation of this magazine. His help is much more appreciated on finding out that he is an old boy of the school.

After Miss Forth's return to her native Buckinghamshire, Mr. K. Birch took over the R.E. Department and has arranged many interesting assemblies. Unfortunately Mr. Birch cannot replace Miss Forth in the field of the Country and Morris Dancing! As we go to press, we have just heard with mixed feelings of the departure of Mr. K. Birch at the end of the session to rejoin the Methodist Ministry. His fluent and relaxed eloquence will, we are sure, find adequate outlet in the Methodist circuits; our loss is their gain, and we wish him well in his renewed vocation.

Another newcomer is Mr. G. O. Kelly, who took over from Mrs. H. Flory and who has invaluable experience in Nuclear Reactors. He teaches Physics and, besides building some splendid sets for the Opera in his first term, has also made his presence felt in Lower Sixth General Studies lessons as one of the 'Prophets of Doom'!

Mrs. Sisson who has taken a year's sabbatical leave, has been ably replaced by Mrs. J. Hammond, Mrs. Hammond takes a vigorous and energetic part in Games lessons, besides providing interesting recipes and instruction for her cookery pupils. We regret that she is leaving at the end of this term to go to a Pontefract school.

Miss V. J. Rehak, who has been with us since 1973, is leaving to join the staff of Brigg Comprehensive School, South Humberside. Besides running her Needlework department, she has given valuable assistance with costumes for various stage productions. No doubt her colleagues on the staff will bemoan the loss of her wine and cheese evenings at Kirkthorpe Hall.

Mr D. K. Cooper, who is held in much affection by the school as a whole for his dry witticisms and humour; is leaving us after six enjoyable years. His many achievements include reorganisation of the Stocks in Room 5, various hilarious assemblies, the transformation of this magazine into what is it today, the organisation of theatre trips, and he originally held Mr. Cook's job of keeping order backstage during the Opera and caring for the props. Apart from this, he has been involved in the Drama Festival for Ward House (on both these occasions, Ward has won) and has carried out the fantastically heavy duties he bears as Head of the English Department. (Do you know there are 175 periods of English taught per week?) He has organised the 'O' and 'A' level English Language and Literature exams for the whole school, as well as the internal exams. This is quite an achievement since every pupil in the school does English. He has also organised such things as the Reading Competitions and the Governors' Essay Competition. Being in Mr. Cooper's 'A' level English set, we know how much he will be missed and we hope he will be very happy in his new position at Bishop Vesey's Grammar School, Birmingham.

Mr. R. D. Oldroyd is also leaving, after 17 years of service, to become Head of the Maths. Department at Wakefield Girls' High School, where we are sure he will be as highly valued as he is here. He has been intimately involved in running the Maths. Department, with Mr. Ruddock, and has been only too willing to help solve any administrative problems that might arise. He has supervised the dinners with a watchful eye and organised the time-tables, from the general to the private, right down to the last detail. Mr. Oldroyd, himself an accomplished chessman, founded the present-day Chess Club, which is thriving so successfully. Also, on the side, he has run a non-profit-making Fruit and Vegetable wholesaler store from the boot of his car, where on a hot June day, you can buy a refreshing peach or a bunch of grapes! We are sure he will be very much missed by the school, and congratulate Wakefield High for winning such a valuable addition to their staff.

Another departure was that of Mrs. L. Y. Philips, a teacher of the Maths. Department, who left in December 1975, to join the staff of Thornes House after two years of much appreciated service.

The last two arrivals are people who are rarely in the pupils' gaze, but who are very necessary. They are: Mr. W. Parkin, who arrived in November 1975 to take up the post of Term-time Laboratory Technician, and Mrs. P. Clayton, who is a part-time secretary at the Lower School. Mrs. J. Backhouse, Lower School secretary, who joined us in 1970, is leaving at the end of term to go to Bretton Hall College of Education to study Environmental Studies with the intention of becoming a teacher.

We thank all the arrivals for their invaluable help throughout the year and hope that the leavers have found schools as happy as Normanton Grammar.
J. Graham and D. Bowerman, Sixth Year

MRS. J. GUY

We sadly record the death of Joan, on 16th June, 1976. She will be remembered with affection by colleagues and students alike.

NEWS FROM OLD STUDENTS

AN ACCOUNT OF OXFORD LIFE

from Mr. A. K. Whalley (left N.G.S. 1974)

Norman, my staircase scout, began my day in the centuries-old Oxford tradition of waking me with a cheery good-morning and a guide weather forecast as I tried to fight off the attractions of another half-hour in bed. As befits a Saturday in the middle of May my friends and I had planned a punting trip up to the local riverside pub on the Cherwell, the 'Victoria Arms'. However, the sun which had greeted me as I drew the curtains gradually gave way to dark clouds and, regrettably, our punting trip had to be cancelled. As a result I am sitting down at my desk to write my first piece of prose since 'A' levels.

Mathematicians escape the routine of writing essays, but it must come as no surprise that the group as a whole possess the unenviable reputation of being notoriously bad at communicating with non-Mathematicians. Indeed, many firms have now adopted the procedure of asking candidates to write an essay at their interview.

At the present time mathematicians are in great demand for the expanding fields of statistics, computing and operations research and in the established professions of accountancy and banking, and in management. Furthermore, the educational world is always in need of mathematicians to teach all levels and age groups.

Maths, at a University is in itself both interesting and intriguing and a subject which is fascinating and enjoyable to study. Admittedly the first year course is fairly mundane and even (dare I admit?) boring, but once the initial hurdle of 1st year examinations is cleared, maths, becomes more and more interesting. Anyone who enjoys 'A' level maths, could, I am sure, enjoy an approach to the subject which a University can give.

The actual teaching at Oxford is done in three ways:

1 by lectures, the average number per week being about eight or nine, though some subjects do have fewer;

2 by practicals, which all scientists except mathematicians attend, and

3 by the tutorial, the teaching method common only to Oxford, Cambridge and Durham, and in which the personal contact with your own tutor supplies the opportunity for any questions you may have about work or other topics. The tutorial lasts an hour, during which you read and discuss an essay of ten to twelve sides (or work of comparable length) which you have prepared. My own schedule is two tutorials each week, though some subjects entail only one.

This is an excellent system which gives you the freedom to plan your own work within the given deadlines whilst having the advantage of a close relationship with your own college tutors to whom you can take any problem on any subject. I would say that a fair amount of work per week on the average would be forty hours, although some weeks you can afford a rest and others you will be overworked and experience the familiar "work-crisis"!

On the other side of the coin, Oxford's social life is far too varied to describe in detail, in which clubs and societies range from the political groups, the Oxford Union Society's debates, folk clubs, music societies, numerous choirs and many other social gatherings. Sports of all kinds are catered for by University Clubs, aimed specifically at the competent. Nevertheless, individual colleges organise teams for rugby, soccer, hockey, rowing, athletics, cricket, tennis, squash, badminton, darts, table tennis, croquet and even tiddlywinks at all levels of competence. On the other hand, there are always numerous plays, concerts, films and other shows to go to if one prefers to watch rather than partake, and possesses that valuable commodity, money! As is usual in any big city, Oxford possesses its fair share of discotheques, night clubs and pubs.

Obviously, one's basic problem at University is finding a satisfactory balance between academic work and pleasure. This is something which comes with practice and by your second year you know exactly how much time you need to spend on your work. Please note that it is you who set this standard since your tutor is quite prepared to let you do nothing if that is what you want to do! If you do not do any work, however, you are simply wasting the facilities available to you and your own time, hence most people do work conscientiously even if they do not like admitting it. It takes time to adjust to University life and your tutors, realising this, do not descend on you too hard if your work is not up to standard for the first term or so.

Oxford life has changed little in the last twenty or thirty years, which is hardly surprising. What could be more enjoyable than obtaining a good academic degree whilst pursuing your own interests and indulging in the 'typical' Oxford pastimes of punting, rowing, croquet, formal dinners with real silver on the table and the magnificent Summer Balls which start at nine o'clock in the evenings and go on until six o'clock in the mornings? You dwell among a profusion of imposing buildings, live in 17th century rooms, dine as famous people have dined through the ages, receive the best tuition available and can still pursue your own interests.

I would advocate Oxford, especially University College, to anyone interested in applying. These are possibly the most enjoyable and most formative years of your life, whatever subject you decide to do, and an experience to be remembered for the rest of your days.

A LETTER FROM BISHOP LONSDALE TEACHER TRAINING COLLEGE

Dear Folks,

I remember when I was at N.G.S. I was always bored sick reading the well versed, well balanced, well written, well — you know accounts of college or university life from past students.

Of course, going to College is a very serious business. Once you wave goodbye to your own garden gate you get the most terrible empty feeling in your guts. No matter how much you hated your home life or school all you want to do is get out of that car and run back home.

You can't. You're on your way and that's that. The first week is lousy — in fact don't expect miracles until the first term's over. Don't expect anything and you won't be disappointed. Once inside that vast emporium of education you're on your own. So many first-years enter a college expecting a huge aura of warmth and friendliness to meet them. Wrong! You'll be stared at like a cod on a slab for at least a week.

When you go to college, you will be readily accepted into all circles of life if you're prepared to walk right into it at the start. On this basis friends are quickly made and for the first few weeks you'll meet more people doing different jobs than ever before.

I also think I ought to tell you not to expect too much of college life. I know I did and once I'd settled in I found it quite a drag. In fact, my particular course is quite like being at a grammar school again! I go into schools, of course, for observation and bits of teaching experience. At the moment I'm in a huge comprehensive where most of my upper sixth group are as old as I am almost! Kids tend to build up an image of what they believe college to be like — wild booze-ups, dances, late nights — of course there are, but after a while it's all ordinary and sometimes all you want to do is collapse into bed and go to sleep after a day of long lectures or of being in a school!

Having read this, Mr. Turner will probably strike me off the school records for setting a bad example — I do work, Mr. Turner, lots of juicy B.Ed. stuff, and I reckon I'm doing N.G.S. proud!

Speaking of N.G.S. — to end on a rather stuffy and patriotic note (for the benefit of the staff of course, but mainly the students) from what I've seen, heard and experienced of other schools I'd like to say that Normanton Grammar not only sets a high standard, but achieves it and maintains it and, believe it or not, once you leave there you'll be proud you were once a student in that school.

Allyson Louise Meikle,
Bishop Lonsdale College, Derby

GRADED GRANTS MAKE FINER FLANS

At the end of the fifth year both Paul Grant and I went through a period of chronic disillusionment. I, for various reasons, recovered. Paul didn't and ended the term with a set of exam grades which even my extensive four-letter vocabulary cannot adequately describe. He did know the work and we really did expect him to pass the exams. He didn't. Since then he's been working very hard and is soon to descend upon the world as a chef. Of course he will have to qualify first, but this time I know he will — for two reasons (a) he likes his work and is good at it; (b) if he fails again I am going to kill him.

Malcolm William Hawkins, Sixth Year

We arrived at school relaxed. I realistically expected to have passed three or four of my 'O' levels and was quite eager to know the results. However, I was informed that I had failed every single exam. The news was not pleasant and the journey home was rather more subdued, being distinguished by severe self-criticism and Hawkins' habit of scowling at the passengers. We were not pleasant company.

My thoughts at home were mixed and a great deal of time was spent staring at the ceiling. My future wasn't very encouraging with such lousy results. Hawkins disappeared with a careers book and a bottle, muttering darkly. Just as well I couldn't hear him. After a bit he reappeared still muttering insult, but now smiling (or as near as he ever gets to a smile). He told me I was going to be a chef. I told him he was a drunk. No, he said, a chef. I liked doing things in the kitchen — I could even cook. I'd enjoy it. Anyway, he pointed out, think of the waitresses.

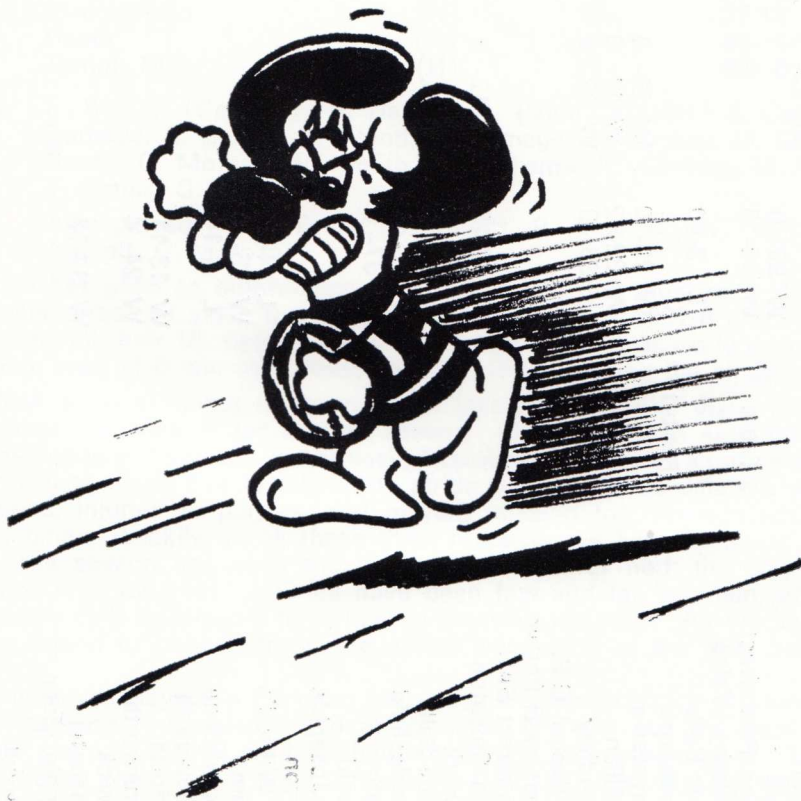
The afternoon was spent in the library with him forcing me to read everything they had on the catering industry. Technical college, it was decided, was the place to be. I was to study such gems as nutrition, diet, and food science. It was an easy life with little discipline but I was still unsettled. In November I took and passed 'O' level Biology, a result which pleased me a lot as I had greatly enjoyed Mr. Brown's enthusiastic and enjoyable treatment of the subject. He had really made me want to pass the subject and do well. Better late than never.

In February 1976, I decided it was time to begin my chosen career as a chef. We discounted my first choice of the Grand Metropolitan group because my lack of experience meant I would fail the practical section of the 'O' level. For once, however, I was lucky. (For once? You should see him play pool! — M.H.) I found an advertisement for a trainee chef at a local restaurant and rang immediately for an interview. The manager was impressed, he said, by my enthusiasm and knowledge of the industry. The same afternoon he 'phoned me to say I had got the job. Hawkins was jubilant. Next came the buying of Chef's whites, an event which caused him no end of amusement.

The first day of work, and within ten minutes, I know that I am going to be happy. I also realise the stupidity of my classroom education. Theory is all very well but I learnt more in that first day than the whole of the preceding three months. I couldn't help but think of all that wasted time trying to learn such things as simultaneous equations and the Dreyfus affair. The work is hard and the hours are unsocial, but I enjoy myself — which is more than I could say of school. I may not have a paper certificate, but I can slice a cucumber in eight seconds. Soon I begin a two-year sandwich (?) course at Sheffield Polytechnic and after that a period of specialisation, probably in sauces. Still further ahead I can look forward to virtually certain management experience. Who knows — if Hawkins can be persuaded to actually do some work, we may be able to set up a place of our own.

Mr. Paul Grant (Left School July 1975)

INTE



Malcolm Hawkins, Sixth Year

Opponents	1st XV	2nd XV	Colts XV	U14 XV	U13 XV	U12 XV
St. Michael's						
Garforth		L 22- 6	L 8-12	W 60- 0	W 48- 0	
Airedale	See		W 22-16	W 20- 4	W 12-10	
Ossett					W 4- 0	
Wath		W 90- 0	W 22- 7	W 72- 0	W 58- 0	Not
Kings Pontefract	Team	W 38- 0		L 6-32	W 60- 4	Available
Sowerby Bridge					W 28- 4	
West Park	Report	L 3-10		L 19-46	W 28- 8	
Armthorpe					L 22-24	
Ermysted's		W 23-10	W 26- 0	L 4-36	W 56-12	
Rodillian		W 32-12	W 11- 0	W 18- 7	W 86- 4	
Roundhay		W 36- 0	W 32- 0	W 50- 4	W 40- 6	
Hartlepool G.S.					W 40- 6	
Crossley & Porter					W 22-12	
Pontefract Sec.				W 14- 8	W 38- 0	
John Smeaton		L 7-15	W 12- 6	W 44- 0		
Newark		W 49- 3		L 4-62	W 42- 0	
De La Salle		W 10- 9		W 15-12	W 20- 6	
Macclesfield		W 22- 4			L 0-14	
Heath		W 37- 0		W 14- 4	W 66- 4	
Arnold					L 6-22	
St. Joseph's					W 14- 6	
Darton		L 14-25		L 4-20	W 28-26	
St. Wilfred's		W 75- 0			L 4-24	
Thorne		L 4-14				
Hipperholme				W 12-10		
Willowgarth		W 13-11				
Garforth		W 24- 4		W 29- 4		
Hemsworth				W 24-10		
Adwick						
Doncaster		W 37-18		L 0- 6		
Temple Moor						
Record						
PLAYED	18	18	18	18	22	19
WON	14	12	6	12	18	6
LOST	4	6	12	6	4	12
DRAWN	0	0	0	0	0	1
POINTS FOR	520	163	409	409	632	
POINTS AGAINST	147	430	267	267	202	

1st XV 1975-76

RECORD: P—18, Won—18, Points For—667, Points Against 76

RESULTS:

St. Michael's	(H)	W	34- 8
Morley	(A)	W	50- 3
Thorne	(H)	W	38- 0
Wath	(A)	W	42- 0
Doncaster	(H)	W	37- 0
Pontefract	(H)	W	22- 3
Hemsworth	(H)	W	66- 0
West Park	(A)	W	11- 0
Roundhay	(A)	W	23- 6
Ermysteds	(H)	W	40- 3
Rodillian	(A)	W	26- 3
Brinkburn	(H)	W	37- 3
Newark	(H)	W	24- 6
Hipperholme	(H)	W	25- 7
De La Salle	(A)	W	39-10
Macclesfield	(H)	W	37-12
Heath	(A)	W	52- 6
Temple Moor	(H)	W	68- 6

TEAM: T. Barker (Captain), R. Davenport (Vice-Captain), T. Carter, J. Burnage, B. Barley, A. Wood, S. Burnage, A. Hughes, M. Craig, V. Smith, C. Morgan, M. Smith, K. Williams, K. Chelton, M. Dyson, T. Gittins, G. Robinson.

Also played — S. Evans, S. Jowitt, R. Moorby, N. Timmins, P. Arandle, P. Morgan.

This has been an outstanding season and one that must rank alongside two other unbeaten sides the School has produced, in 1967-8 and 1969-70. In winning all their 18 matches against schools they never really came close to losing, their 11-0 win over West Park, St. Helens, being the closest.

With a lot of talent remaining from last season's XV, there was little doubt that we were in for a good season. The target and ambition of an unbeaten season, however, is not easily achieved. It requires a consistency of performances which has to take in its stride such things as different weather conditions, injuries to players, and players missing for representative trials and matches. Luckily, in all these three respects we have had luck on our side. The season has been the driest we have ever had; the only match cancelled was for frost. Injuries have been few and far between, and representative calls on players have been a blessing for once. As we had such a large squad to choose from, the actual weakening of the side was only marginal.

The senior players in the team have been a splendid bunch of young men. Their keenness, enthusiasm and ability have brought out the best in the younger players, so that we have had a large and dedicated squad. The biggest problem was always whom to leave out of the side, but this was eased somewhat by the mature attitude of players dropped, who either watched from the touchline or readily turned out for the Second XV.

The splendid morale of the side was not only attributable to the senior players as a group, but to the Captain, T. Barker, in particular. To have all that talent and good spirit available was wonderful, but to have a Captain



"LEFT-WING GORILLA"

Malcolm Hawkins, Sixth Year

like Trev.' almost made 'the cup brimmeth over'. He worked on and off the field with tremendous enthusiasm and fully deserved much of the credit for the unbeaten season and the sevens successes. His work-rate on the field was fantastic, and one of the problems we never solved was how to minimise the gap between him and the rest of the pack in getting to the breakdown of play. This is not to decry the other forwards, but just to emphasise Barker's anticipation, fitness and determination. The remarkable thing was that while he was working so hard on his own game, he was simultaneously urging on his team, and leading them by example, as a good captain should.

In Barker's absence Russell Davenport took on the role of captain and also showed good powers of leadership. In a free-scoring side like this one there is little tackling for a full-back to do. As this is his particular strength, I think he did not get as much out of this season as in previous ones. Nevertheless he has done a wonderful job over the last three seasons, in his strong attacking play as well as in defence, and in doing so he has given the team a sense of security knowing he was behind them.

Good support has been a feature of the forward play, the outstanding individual being Clive Morgan. How he got to some of the positions on the field from lock forward has amazed everyone, and once in possession his strong determined running was a joy to watch. His lock partner, Vince Smith, claimed less of the limelight but he was a very consistent worker. Lest I forget to mention it elsewhere, let it be recorded that he scored a 70 yard try in the semi-final of the Halifax Sevens to put us through to the final.

In the front row Mick Smith, Kevin Williams and Kevin Chelton all played consistently well. Although we felt Mick did not use his strength and weight to full advantage, he was nevertheless a formidable prop to scrum against, and no mean performer of football skills, particularly useful near the front of a line-out. Kevin Williams looked well in what was usually a smaller pack than the opposition's and, although beaten occasionally, over the course of the season he won more possession than he lost, and played a sound game in the loose. Kevin Chelton at loose head prop worked extremely hard in the tight and was particularly outstanding in the loose play round the front of the line-out. His accurate throwing-in helped us win a lot of ball we might otherwise have lost.

Completing the scrum positions we had Tom Gittins at blind side and Martin Craig at No. 8. Tom only earned his place in mid-December, but never looked like losing it thereafter, with some hard-working displays in the loose, and also producing some good line-out ball near the back of the line. Martin Craig gave some excellent performances prior to his being injured in November. He made a lot of useful breaks from the back of the scrum and also won much good line-out ball. He played a very sound role as prop in the sevens team.

With a lot of good ball from tight and loose, the backs have been able to show their skills. Outstanding players have been the Burnage twins, Stephen and John. Both have considerable speed and skill and this has shown particularly on the sevens field where they have had space and time to develop their talents. Stephen has been a prolific points scorer, amassing 233 points this season from 17 tries, 66 conversions and 11 penalty goals. In his three seasons in the first team he has scored 421 points. Another record to add to this formidable list is that he has not missed one game in two seasons in the side. John has increased his speed again this season and, once put away, has shown a clean pair of heels to the opposition. He has scored 22 times

this season to add to his 18 previous ones over the last two years. Stephen's versatility showed in the positions in which he was asked to play: scrum-half, fly-half and full-back.

Alan Hughes, who took over the role of scrum-half when necessary, played some very courageous football. He just has the tendency to go into trouble when the pass should have gone. His accurate pass and sound kicking will prove very effective in next season's XV which Alan is to captain. Also coming into the side as a replacement and then playing too well to be dropped again was Graeme Robinson. He has a lot of skill, in particular his kicking, and he should also be one of the key figures in next year's side.

We have had three contenders for the right wing position, Trevor Carter, Alan Wood and Mark Dyson. All three have been able to play in the back row of the scrum when required, which was useful for the team, and the players themselves must have gained some knowledge and insight regarding forward play. First choice when fully fit was Trevor Carter. His determined running and tackling, and his evasive swerve were his greatest assets, the latter bringing him 20 tries for the season. Alan Wood is also a strong runner and tackler, his hand-off making him very difficult to tackle, while the way he kept the ball available with his right hand was very useful to supporting players. Mark Dyson is also a strong player all round, and one hopes as he matures he will avoid the tendency to cut inside, and instead develop the ability to beat his man on the outside.

The last player for a mention is Bryan Barley. Still only a Fifth Former like Mark Dyson, he has come on splendidly throughout the season. To say that he is one of the strongest tacklers in the side is rare praise indeed. While his attacking play is very sound, he has a tendency to run across while passing. When he irons this out and acquires more speed he will be a very accomplished player. His flair for interceptions has brought several tries.

Representative Honours

Hearty congratulations to Trevor Barker, John Burnage and Stephen Burnage who represented Yorkshire (19 group) in their matches over the Christmas period. Also to Mark Dyson and Bryan Barley, who not only played for Yorkshire (16 group), but went through a series of gruelling trials and were both eventually selected for England.

Colours

Congratulations to the following who have been awarded their colours this season:

B. Barley, A. Wood, A. Hughes, M. Craig, V. Smith, K. Williams, K. Chelton, M. Dyson, T. Gittins, G. Robinson, N. Timmins, P. Morgan.

Seven-a-Side Rugby

We entered nine competitions this season and won six of them. This is a new record for the School as the previous best was 5 wins and a plate competition win in 1973. We had to withdraw from the Manchester University Sevens as six of the squad had 'flu. This was the week-end before Roehampton. Although we did well to reach the last eight in this National Competition, I feel we might well have done better fully fit.

Results:

PONTEFRACT

Wins over St. Wilfreds 42-6, Blackpool 10-7, Minsthorpe 34-3, and Newark 28-0. West Park beat us in the final 20-16.

MANCHESTER G.S.

We beat Arnold 12-0, Stockport 18-0, Leigh 26-6, Lymm 12-0 in the pool. Then Pontefract 30-3 and Roundhay 22-16. In the final we beat West Park 33-8.

NEWARK

Pool wins, Spalding 25-10, Carleton 36-0. Then Oakham 12-6, and a semi-final which we won with a last minute conversion against Loughborough 16-14; this after trailing 10-0 early in the game. In the final we beat Hartland 30-8.

MIDDLESEX

Another semi-final with Loughborough provided our hardest game again which we won 16-4, after beating Gayton 14-4, Bishop Douglas 32-0 and Campion 20-12. In the final we beat Sherbourne, not too impressively 22-6.

ROEHAMPTON

First Round we beat St. Dunstons 22-0, then King's, Macclesfield 13-0 and Birkenhead 16-10. In the Quarter Final we lost to St. Benedicts 10-16.

OXFORD

We beat Tiffin 22-0 in the first round and lost to Llanelli G.S. 16-10 in the second.

The season finished with wins at the last three events, with very good sevens technique shown.

HALIFAX

Cardinal Hinsley 10-0, Heath 16-12, Hipperholme 10-4, Leeds G.S. 10-8, with a victory over Blackpool in the Final 20-10.

FYLDE

Group wins: Marple Hall 24-0, Sedburgh 30-16, Hipperholme 32-0. Then in the rounds proper, Marple Hall 22-18, Q.E.G.S. 36-4, Cardinal Langley 14-8, and in the Final, Widnes College 22-18.

ILKLEY

This was our second successive win at Ilkley and our third season in the Final. Our form here was most impressive, and at no time did we look in danger of losing the title. Group wins: Stockton 24-4, Thorne 24-4. Then Q.E.G.S. 36-12, West Park in the semi-final 24-0, and Leeds G.S. in the Final 30-6.

Squad: T. Barker (Capt.), C. Morgan, M. Craig, S. Burnage, R. Davenport, J. Burnage, G. Robinson, B. Barley, V. Smith.

Also played: A. Wood, P. Morgan.

2nd XV 1975-76

The record of having won 13 and lost only 5 games must be counted as an excellent achievement for a young side (at one game 13 of 15 players were 5th formers) and one that had to bear the brunt of 1st XV injuries as well as its own.

Their strength was a real determination to win. Against Doncaster, it turned a hard game into a comparatively easy win, and at De La Salle, it rescued a situation that looked lost for most of the game. Most of the credit for this spirit lies with the captain, Paul Morgan. His verbal lashings created a hatred in the side that could only be relieved on the opposition. His defence was always sound and his runs from full-back often proved the most effective move from the backs and improved as the season continued.

Dividing the team into backs and forwards for the sake of convenience, both gave erratic performances. The frequent changes at half-back made this crucial area very unsettled. Alan Hughes found the slower pace of the 2nd XV very much to his liking, giving him plenty of room to employ his tactical kicking to good effect. David Machin took advantage of the same factor. His strong running and unwillingness to part with the ball resulted in a lot of points but one felt that a more effective opposition back row would have exploited this to the full. Paul Arandle played consistently well until an injury at Christmas meant a long lay off. It took several games for his confidence to return. His defence was particularly strong, the one mistake being to commit himself too soon, thus leaving a gap. On the wings, David Hastings consistently showed what an elusive runner he could be, while on the other flank Philip Kerton was both aggressive and fast. Ironically one of the best performances on the wing came from Garry Wilson who, dragged out of bed twenty minutes before the kick-off, played extremely well — to spend the rest of the season in the pack!

In the pack, it is almost sufficient to say that there were three of the senior pros. Steve Dedross, Neil Timmins, and Chris 'Dixie' Dix. Steve Dedross's liberal interpretation of the rules included tackling an opponent about to take a 22 metre dropout and caused consternation to the whole side, but his aggressiveness in the loose and strength in the tight scrums was too often marred by a failure to believe in his own strength in the loose. In the penultimate game, there was the unforgettable sight of him thundering down the pitch with just a very apprehensive full-back to beat (or run over) when he punted the ball! The third Neil Timmins fully deserved his colours for his enthusiasm and great improvement in all round play which he showed all season. As hooker Ian Ellam established a regular place, but his ability in the open field was equally apparent, although if he is to continue throwing in the ball, some practice is necessary! Behind the front three, a variety of players fought for places. Peter Walker dominated line outs and Dave Griffiths proved fiery in the extreme. Too often, though, he displayed one of the weaknesses of the pack, namely a reluctance to part with the ball, thus destroying much potentially good play. Steve Jowett, coming in as pack leader half-way through the first term did a really good job and we can only hope that he leaves Saturday free next year. The back row played consistently well. Roy Moorby at number 8 consistently belied his small stature by his great enthusiasm, skill and work rate. As flanker Garry Walker played his best games towards the end of the season, although once again, he displayed the fault of losing himself in the attempt to become involved in the play. Finally, mention must be made of the peripatetic Keith Empsall. Playing every position in the scrum except

hooker he was especially effective in the loose, although his tendency to poach and let the rest of the pack do the real work in the loose must be faulted.

If there is any criticism to be made of the side as a whole, it was their inability to learn from the mistakes of one game and rectify them in the next. No pattern developed. One game in which the pack played well would be followed by one in which all their skills and teamwork were thrown to the winds. Similarly, in the backs, the play was erratic.

We cannot ignore our faithful supporters Mr. Arandle and Mr. Hughes, Mr. Arandle particularly for providing the oranges, for his vocal efforts, and his creation of a record: the only supporter to be spoken to by the referee one week, and taken to hospital due to injury the next. We doubt if words could have any effect on the points total, he would have scored as well!

There is no room to mention individually the multitude of players who turned out for the team during the season. I would like to thank them for playing and in making this a successful and enjoyable season. Their support was vital and without them we could have achieved nothing.

Teams from: P. Morgan (Capt.), D. Hastings, P. Arandle, G. Sherwood, P. Webb, P. Kerton, A. Hughes, G. Robinson, D. Machin, K. Gent, C. Ward, A. Wood, K. Chelton, T. Gittins, N. Timmins, C. Dix, S. Dedross, K. Empsall, P. Walker, G. Walker, G. Wilson, R. Moorby, D. Griffiths, A. Cass, S. Jowett, I. Ellam, K. Williams, M. Guiver, J. Slack, P. Earnshaw.

Mr. P. D. Allen

RUGBY COLTS XV 1975-76

Team from: A. Moore, M. Webber, P. Walker, M. Chalkley, D. Cowell, R. Daley, G. Daley, A. Scholley, M. Kew, T. Smart, R. Clayton, P. Earnshaw, N. Dunkley, M. Guiver (Capt.), M. Wood, J. Slack, M. Hodgson, A. James, P. Lowe, I. Sharp, S. Smith, R. Kelly, I. Frost.

1975/76 proved to be only a fair season for the Colts XV, as the playing record shows. With good possession, the team always looked dangerous, however, the one big failing was defence. As a team, the tackling could only be described as atrocious and at times non-existent. Three notable exceptions were Martin Guiver, Philip Earnshaw and Jeremy Slack, without whom a great many more points would have been scored against us. Tackling is all about mental application and I'm afraid this was sadly lacking at times.

The season began with two wins and two defeats; this team narrowly losing to St. Michael's 8-12 and Thorne 6-14. Good wins even achieved against Garforth 22-16, and Ossett 22-7.

The team went through a very bad patch during the next seven weeks losing all their games, due mainly to glaring defensive lapses. However, this team spirit pulled the side together and a pleasing 32-0 win over Roundhay put us back on the winning path. Victories over Ermysteds 26-0, Rodillian 11-0 and John Smeaton 12-6 followed, Martin Hodgson showing his finishing potential, collecting twenty-four points from the last four games.

Of the eight games after Christmas five were cancelled for various reasons, ranging from the pitch being frozen at Hipperholme to Darton not being able to raise a side. The three games played: Newark, De La Salle and Macclesfield were unfortunately lost.

Amongst this team there are players with a tremendous amount of potential which is not fully utilised. Next year I hope to see this potential used

to the full, with individuals believing in themselves, none more so than Mark Kew, whose strength and speed could be invaluable to any side. Both Robert and Graham Daley gave one hundred per cent all season, as did Peter Lowe, who ran with strength and aggression on the wing. Nigel Dunkley adapted well to scrum half and put in some sound performances. Nigel also deserves special mention for not missing a match all season including sevens.

Colts '7-a-Side'

Team from: D. Cowell, P. Earnshaw, I. Sharp, M. Hodgson, D. Lowe, A. James, P. Walker, J. Slack, M. Guiver (Capt.), N. Dunkley.

Doncaster

This tournament was organised on a group basis — four groups, the winner of each going through to the Semi-Finals.

The first match was Armthorpe 'A' and, as is often the case in the first match of a 'Sevens', the standard was extremely low, and we ended up losing 4-12. The next game against Newark was a vast improvement and after losing 52-0 at 15's it was especially good to win 8-4. Silcoates proved no problem in the next match, which was won 20-0. This meant that both us and Newark had won two out of three games and on the rules of the competition Newark went through to the Semi-Finals having scored more points even though we had beaten them. This only goes to demonstrate that at 'sevens' you cannot afford a 'warming-up' game.

Minsthorpe

In the first round the team played a strong St. Michael's seven and did well to win 13-10. St. Michael's went on to win the losers competition. In the second round Foxwood 'A' were beaten 12-0, Mark Kew scoring two tries. In the Semi-Final against Q.E.G.S. 'A' we made two mistakes, a missed tackle and a dropped pass from which Q.E.G.S. scored both times beating us 10-0. Another important '7's' lesson was learned — mistakes meant tries.

Halifax

In a howling gale the team beat Huddersfield New College 'A' 10-8 in the first round. In the second round Kings Pontefract 'A' proved to be too strong and with Jeremy Slack cracking a bone in his arm and unable to tackle properly Kings ran up 36 points to our 6.

Riley

Riley 'Sevens' was again run on a qualifying group basis. In the first match Nanthorpe 'A' gave us a close game which was eventually won 8-6 thanks to a late try by Nigel Dunkley. In the next game Willowgarth 'A' played very well in the first half, scoring virtually all their points during the first seven minutes. In the second half Normanton scored two extremely well constructed tries through Martin Guiver and Andrew James before eventually going down 18-8 at full time. Willowgarth went on to win the tournament. In the third game against Hymes 'A' the team drew 10-10 finishing equal second in the group.

Mr. J. Gill

U14 RUGBY

Team from: Oakley, Deakin, Asquith, Walker C., Walker M., Walton, Vaile, Ambler, Orr, Ashton, Holt, Wood, Rodley, Barraclough, Sharp, Valantine, Buckingham, Birkinshaw, Jones C..

Only an average season for a team that could have done much better. There is a lot of individual ability in the year and this has been demonstrated by some very large victories. However, there was a reluctance by a substantial number of the team to want to train in preparation for matches and for a smaller number it was a big effort to turn up for matches. The result of this was that very little team training could be done and the general attitude caused a lack of competition for places which made it difficult to raise the general standard.

In spite of this there were some very good wins particularly against De La Salle and Pontefract C.S.S., and a number of players did establish themselves during the season. Sharp developed into a very able scrum-half, Asquith displayed unexpected ability at full-back towards the end of the season, and Deakin showed increasing maturity in the centre. The forwards were usually out-matched physically by the opponents but nevertheless continued to win their share of the ball. They lost two of their biggest members Holt and Birkinshaw who were drafted into the backs early in the season, but Oakley and C. Walker always worked very hard to rally the remaining forces.

This team could still be a very formidable one if the majority of its members decide this is what they want. It will mean that some will have to change their priorities and put the school team before their other outside interests—the school is not large enough to manage without them — nevertheless the potential is there.

A. L. Finch

UNDER-13 XV 1975-76

Team: L. Thompson (Capt.), S. Bayliss, G. Hampshire, G. Cowell, S. Brown, M. Golding, A. Golding, I. Dyson, P. Jukes, B. Smith, C. Lowe, A. Coney, J. Williamson, T. Shepherd, T. Atkinson, C. Bale, A. James, S. Bennett, D. Crawshaw, P. Wilkinson, C. Schofield, M. Stevens, A. Birkby.

The Under 13 XV proved themselves the best of the school's junior sides in winning eighteen out of twenty-two matches played. The enthusiasm, team spirit and not least, the level of play on the field, was of a high standard.

At the beginning of the season, Garforth and Airedale were strong sides who gave us a close game but we were not playing as a team at that time. The King's fixture saw the team in its best form of the season. The opposition were a good side but were completely destroyed by the fine handling and penetrative running of the backs whilst the forwards gave an aggressive and enthusiastic display.

Unfortunately two weeks later the side relinquished their unbeaten record in a close, hard fought fixture with West Park. The opposition had one or two useful players but we should have won. We were the more skilful side, but poor defensive play allowed the Lancashire side too much scope whilst on two occasions we threw away try scoring opportunities by hanging onto the ball, instead of passing to a colleague on the overlap.

After West Park the next hard fixture was against Crossley and Porter. They were not very skilful, but enthusiastic and had some tough, aggressive forwards. Our pack were no pushover in this situation and stood up well to some preventive tactics.

A number of hard fixtures were encountered in the second half of the season. Macclesfield, as usual, were good. A vociferous and partisan home crowd made the task more difficult and we never settled to play our normal game. They had a superior drilled pack but bad tackling and marking by our wingers allowed them to score two simple tries, whilst two tries we should have scored were thrown away by failure to exploit overlap situations.

A similar pattern marked our defeat in the tour game at Blackpool against Arnold. A better organised and hard working pack created good ball for their packs who, however, were less impressive, and again our centres, cutting inside, instead of passing to the wing lost us a good chance of two tries. It must be mentioned that on this short tour, a flu bug had left us with only fourteen players, so that our defeat of St. Joseph's the following day was creditable, particularly as we had lost the same fixture last year.

The Darton end-of-season game was entertaining. Despite the closeness of the scores Darton were much inferior in teamwork, though they had an aggressive and superior back row who scored a number of fine tries, aided by weak tackling. In this fixture we were under strength due to the persistence of flu and this also left us without four key players against St. Wilfred's. St. Wilfred's surprised us however, by their size, skill and organisation and inflicted an emphatic defeat upon us.

A number of players made great progress during the season, notably P. Jukes, C. Lowe, S. Brown, C. Schofield and G. Hampshire whilst two newcomers, A. Birkby and M. Stevens had promising debuts at the end of the season. L. Thompson was a forceful captain and did a very capable job but needs to improve his tackling and line out play. S. Bayliss was the best back in the first half of the season but lost form after Christmas. Hooker G. Cowell was the smallest member of the team but proved a most capable hooker and worked busily and effectively in loose play. P. Jukes was the most versatile player and though he missed a number of matches due to illness he played at full-back, centre or in various back row positions always with telling effect.

Too many wingers and too few centres provided the main selection problem throughout the season. I. Dyson has produced consistently good performances at centre but other backs contesting this position have shown various deficiencies in tackling, passing or handling and it is to be hoped that this situation will be improved next season.

The highlight of the season undoubtedly was the winning of the Q.E.G.S. sevens late in March. Under strength because of flu, the squad did better than expected. Keen tackling rarely allowed the opposition much scope although in their first three games the team made their task somewhat harder than was necessary by being tackled in possession and losing the ball to the opposition. However this mistake was not repeated in the final when fine running, passing, and backing up led to four excellent tries and a most deserved victory of 20-8 over Bradford Grammar School.

Mr. D. Fairbank

UNDER-12 XV

RECORD—Won 6, Drawn 1, Lost 12.

Team from: V. Lisle, M. Williams, D. Walker, D. Austerberry, M. Scott, N. Carter, L. Roberts, P. Joyce, M. Allen, G. Gibbons, N. Moss, N. Smart, A. Whittam, M. Wheatly, S. Garfitt, M. Armstrong, M. Illidge, S. Brighton, J. Jubb.

This season has seen the effect that reduced numbers have had on our rugby. There were 36 boys to choose a team of 15 from. The above record shows that in the respect of winning matches, the season was not a successful one. However, this is not the only measure of success, for at this level, it should be measured by their enjoyment of the game, their attitude and the amount of effort the lads put into improving their rugby. Hence, on the whole, it was a good season.

The forwards suffered the usual Normanton complaint of being physically very small. However, despite their age, they have shown much courage in their game. Their main weakness, until right at the end of the season, was their failure to set up the ruck and mauls, and thus get the backs away. I think they have learnt now that against good opposition, they could 'go it alone'.

The backs were the main strength of the team, but again they failed too often to set the wingers away. Many tries were missed because of their failure to look for the 'overlap', preferring to go alone and this tactic stopped short of the line. However, in the last match, they heeded our advice, gave the wings plenty of ball, and we won comfortably.

The season culminated in our tour to Blackpool. Both games were lost, very heavily, to Arnolds, but a much closer game against St. Joseph's. The lads really enjoyed the hotel (!) and the games, and this is what makes it all worthwhile.

Mr. L. Cook

Opposition	U14 XI	U12 XI
Garforth		School: 19-8; Opp: 18 all out Won by 2 wkts.
Kings Pontefract	School: 38 all out. Opp: 156-7. Lost by 3 wkts.	School: 40-7; Opp: 38-5 Won by 3 wkts.
Q.E.G.S.	School: 43 all out; Opp: 88-9 Lost by 1 wkt.	School: 76 all out; Opp: 89-4 Lost by 6 wkts.
St. Michael's College	School: 62-6; Opp: 44 all out Won by 4 wkts.	
Willowgarth	School: 29-9; Opp: 30-4 Lost by 6 wkts.	
Temple Moor	School: 57-4; Opp: 59-4 Lost by 2 runs	
Goole	School: 44 all out; Opp: 46-6 Lost by 4 wkts.	
Ermysteds	School: 28 all out; Opp: 32-2 Lost by 8 wkts.	
Pontefract S.S.	School: 100-3; Opp: 76-9 Won by 24 runs	
Doncaster	School: 89 all out; Opp: 67-7 Won by 22 runs	
Kings Pontefract		School: 41-4; Opp: 93-4 Lost by 52 runs
Q.E.G.S.		School: 48 all out; Opp: 89-4 Lost by 6 wkts.
Record		
Played	9	5
Won	3	2
Lost	6	3
Drawn	—	—

U-15 CRICKET

RESULTS:

Garforth won by 66 runs
St. Michaels' won by 54 runs
Willowgarth won by 52 runs
Stanley Outwood (Cup) won by 16 runs
Ermysteds won by 5 wickets
Q.E.G.S. won by 48 runs
Kings won by 148 runs
Royds (Cup) lost by 12 runs
Doncaster won by 5 wickets

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

Team: Moorby (Capt.), Deakin, Ellam, Barley, Davies, Oakley, Sherwood, Locke, James, Young, Clark, Empsall; also played; P. Walker.

As can be seen from the results, the team has enjoyed a very successful season. It was unfortunate, however, that on the one occasion when the team as a whole did fail, it should have been in the Brumfitt Cup match where we were defending the trophy.

The opening bowling was done by Moorby and Deakin whose averages were 6-0 and 4-8 respectively, and the first change bowler when required was Ellam who returned with an average of 7-25 from 34 overs. Davies and Locke contributed the occasional slow bowling, the latter taking 7 wickets for 10 runs against King's Pontefract. The four main batsmen were Moorby averaging 25-9, Deakin (23-6), Barley (21-6) and Sherwood (21-0). Clark was fifth with 15-8.

The fielding, with the acceptance of the occasional lapse, was adequate. Sherwood kept wicket very competently, securing eight dismissals (five caught and three stumped) and Deakin took four catches in the field.

A. L. Finch

UNDER-14 CRICKET TEAM

Team: Jeremy Slack (Capt.), Ian Frost, David Cowell, Martin Guiver, Philip Smart, Mark Chalkley, Chris Mitchell, Mark Johnson, Richard Kelly, Mark Carter, Dean Henson, Michael Masters.

Our 1975 season was marked by good weather and plenty of interesting and enjoyable cricket. The team's results, however, were to put it mildly, unsensational. We began with a comfortable win against St. Michael's Headingley. Thereafter, unfortunately, the gods ceased to smile on us. A jinx descended on our efforts and we faced five defeats in a row. A boost in our fortunes came in the match against Pontefract Secondary School. We finished the season, however, with two more defeats. It could have been a dispiriting season but morale remained high because of the team captain, Jeremy Slack. He is one of those fortunate people who "can meet with triumph and disaster and treat those two impostors just the same". On the odd occasion when he was in danger of becoming too gentlemanly, Ian Frost was always on hand to supply the necessary iron. Jeremy and Ian proved good batsmen, as did David Cowell. Some skilful and accurate bowling was in evidence from Mark Chalkley, Philip Smart, Jeremy Slack and Ian Frost. Martin Guiver was a more than competent wicket-keeper.

Batting Averages

	Innings	Not outs	High't Score	Runs	Av.
Ian Frost	9	1	36 not out	120	15
Jeremy Slack	9	1	35	110	13.7
David Cowell	9	0	38	78	8.6
Martin Guiver	6	1	14 not out	33	6.6

Bowling Averages

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Av.
Mark Chalkley	39	2	125	18	6.9
Philip Smart	14	1	39	5	7.8
Jeremy Slack	50	11	115	12	9.5
David Cowell	16	5	44	4	11.0
Chris Mitchell	12	1	34	3	11.3
Ian Frost	32	3	95	8	11.8

A. R. Long

U12 XI CRICKET REPORT

Enthusiasm was in abundance in this side last year and there were good turn-outs for practices. However the players must learn the names of fielding positions and pay greater attention to the finer details of the game. Batting and bowling is only part of the game and too often players let the side down by lack of concentration in fielding with, for example, failure to walk in as the bowler runs up, lack of backing up and general untidiness in throwing the ball back to the wicket-keeper or bowler. Good fielding wins matches and the captain needs to play an active part in keeping the side 'on its toes'. A smart and alert wicket-keeper can also set a good example to the fielding side and C. Walker needs to improve in this respect.

As far as individual performances were concerned, M. Chambers was the most successful bowler with a particularly good display against Garforth, whilst S. Bennett and T. Shepherd showed promise. The batsmen after a poor start against Garforth showed better form as the season progressed, particularly K. Newsom, A. Powers, C. Walker and P. Jukes. Finally a mention must be made of G. Cowell who made some very good catches close to the wicket.

Mr. D. Fairbank

ATHLETICS 1975

v ST. MICHAEL'S (at home)

U14—74½; St. Michael's 59½

M. Hodgson 100/200 (12.3/26.8); P. Earnshaw 400/800 (60.9/2m32.8)
P. Whittaker Hurdles (13.8); P. Lowe 1500 (5m 19.7); N. Bruce H.J. (1.33); A. Moore Javelin (32.83); M. Kew Shot/Discus (10.98/31.94);
Relay Team (53.0).

U13—82; St. Michael's 52

N. Birkinshaw 100 (12.6); G. Buckingham 200 (29.0); N. Radley 400/
Hurdles/H.J./Triple (63.4/12.7/1.32/9.45); R. Ambler 800/1500 (2m 32
/5m 18); D. Vaile Javelin (24.05); R. Oakley Shot/Discus (9.95/26.42);
Relay Team (54.9).

U12—57; St. Michael's 76

M. Golding Triple Jump (8.63), Shot (9.20); T. Atkinson Discus (22.98)

v HIPPERHOLME & ST. WILFREDS

SENIOR—Normanton 112; Hipperholme 71; St. Wilfreds 68

J. Burnage 100m (11.5), 400m (55.3); T. Barker 800 (2m 20.3); A. Whittam 1500 (4m 49.4); N. Walker LJ. (5.57); S. Burnage High Jump (1.60); R. Davenport Javelin (43.48); Relay Team (48.5).

U15—Normanton 116½; Hipperholme 95½; St. Wilfreds 57

M. Dyson 100 (11.9), 200 (26.5); P. Kerton 400 (59.5); P. Arandle Hurdles (12.0); P. Walker High Jump (1.50), Triple Jump (11.33); Discus (35.26); Relay Team (50.2).

U13—Normanton 111½; Hipperholme 95; St. Wilfred's 62½

N. Birkinshaw 100 (13.2), 400 (63.5), Long Jump (5.16), Javelin (29.31).

G. Buckingham, N. Radley equal 1st Hurdles (12.5); N. Radley High Jump (1.35); Relay Team (55.2).

Overall Results: Normanton 340; Hipperholme 261 i; St. Wilfreds 187

TUESDAY, MAY 13th v GARFORTH COMPREHENSIVE

U15—Normanton 82; Garforth 51

P. Arandle Hurdles (12.2), Javelin (38.2); M. Dyson 100 (11.8), 200 (25.9); B. Barley 800 (2m 25.4); D. Woolley 1500 (4m 55); P. Walker H.J. (1.58), Triple (11.16), Discus (32.70); Relay (50.3).

U14—Normanton 60; Garforth 74

P. Whittaker Hurdles (13.2); P. Earnshaw 800 (2m 26.8); M. Hodgson Long Jump (5.44); P. Whittaker Triple (9.87); M. Kew Shot (11.36).

U13—Normanton 61; Garforth 66

N. Birkinshaw 100 (12.6); R. Ambler 1500 (5.20); N. Radley H.J. (1.50); R. Oakley Discus (25.90).

U12—Normanton 70½; Garforth 63½;

Overall Score: Normanton 273½; Garforth 244½

FRIDAY, 9th MAY, 1975 v DONCASTER G.S. (away)

SENIORS—Normanton 63; Doncaster 62

J. Burnage 200 (24.3), 400 (58.0); S. Burnage 400 (equal 1st 58.0); M. Smith Shot (12.27); S. Harvey Javelin (42.66); Relay Team (47.0).

U15—Normanton 58; Doncaster 67

M. Dyson 100 (12.2), 200 (25.6); P. Arandle Javelin (39.66).

Overall Score: Normanton 121; Doncaster 129

SENIOR SCHOOL SPORTS RESULTS

	SENIORS	UNDER 15
100m	J. Burnage 11.2*	M. Dyson 11.6*
200m	N. Walker 24.2	M. Dyson 25.9
400m	J. Burnage 55.4	P. Kerton 59.8
800m	T. Barker 2m 14.4	P. Kerton 2m 21.6
1500m	A. Whittam 4m 40.5	P. Woodward 5m 5.6
Hurdles	S. Burnage 14.5	P. Arandle 11.7*
Relay	Freston 48.0	Freston 49.4
High Jump	S. Burnage 1.70	P. Walker 1.65*
Long Jump	J. Burnage 6.04	P. Kerton 5.20
Triple Jump	S. Burnage 12.50	P. Walker 11.19
Pole Vault	M. Ward 2.55	N. Dunkley 2.40
Javelin	R. Davenport 47.75	P. Arandle 31.96
Discus	V. Smith 29.39	M. Dyson 29.95
Shot	V. Smith 11.67	M. Dyson 11.11

* Record

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP

SENIOR 1st—Freston 52pts.
2nd—Ward 41pts.
3rd—Levett 35pts.
4th—Dodsworth 19pts.

UNDER 15 1st—Freston 66pts.
2nd—Ward 47pts.
3rd—Levett 29pts.
4th—Dodsworth 8pts.

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONS

SENIOR J. Burnage and S. Burnage, 15pts. each
UNDER 15 M. Dyson, 16pts.

JUNIOR SCHOOL SPORTS RESULTS

	Under 14	Under 13	Under 12
100m	M. Hodgson 12.3=*	N. Birkinshaw 12.8*	C. Schofield 13.6*
200m	M. Hodson 26.8	N. Birkinshaw 28.1	A. Coney 29.5
400m	P. Earnshaw 60.2	A. Deakin 62.9	P. Jukes 68.6
800m	P. Earnshaw 2m30.4	R. Ambler 2m 34.4	C. Bale 2m 43.7
1500m	P. Lowe 5m 15.8	R. Ambler 5m 6.4	M. Golding 5m 39
Hurdles	P. Whittaker 13.5	G. Buckingham 12.8	B. Smith 12.5
Relay	Ward	Ward 57.4	Freston 58.8
High Jump	N. Bruce 1.40	N. Birkinshaw 1.40	A. Golding 1.30
Long Jump	M. Hodgson 5.26	G. Buckingham 4.63	B. Smith 4.41
Triple	P. Whittaker 10.56	G. Walker 10.05	M. Golding 9.09*
Pole Vault	N. Dunkley 2.40	D. Vaile 2.10	S. Brown 1.75
Javelin	P. Earnshaw 36.17	N. Rothwell 27.53	S. Bennett 23.63
Discus	M. Kew 28.29	R. Oakley 23.13	J. Chambers 24.80*
Shot	M. Kew 11.59	R. Oakley 10.29	M. Golding 8.23

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIPS

1st—Ward 60pts.	1st—Ward 59pts.	1st—Levett 41pts.
2nd—Dodsworth 35	2nd—Dodsworth 47	2nd—Dodsworth 40
3rd—Levett 29	3rd—Levett 37	3rd—Ward 34
4th—Freston 26	4th—Freston 7	4th—Freston 33

* Record

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONS

U14—P. Earnshaw and M. Hodgson, 15 points each
U13—A. Buckingham, 14 points
U12—M. Golding, 13 points

WEST YORKSHIRE CHAMPIONSHIPS AT CLECKHEATON

Stephen Burnage (400 hurdles); Peter Walker (High Jump) and Paul Arandle (100m Hurdles) all came first in their event and are to be congratulated on their performances. Peter Walker and Paul Arandle represented West Yorkshire in the English Schools Championships at Durham.

HOUSE CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIPS 1976

Individual

	1st	2nd	3rd
Senior	A. Whittam 13.13	C. Dean 13.54	P. Smith 14.06
U16	D. Woolley 13.56	D. Wormald 14.00	J. Moon 14.35
U15	N. Dunkley 14.20	M. Johnson 14.24	C. Peachy 14.26
U14	R. Ambler 13.43*	A. Woodcock 13.49	D. Holt 14.13
U13	C. Bale 14.28*	P. Jukes 14.45	L. Thompson 14.54
U12	D. Austerberry 14.26*	N. Carter 14.37	A. Whittam 14.43

* New Record

HOUSE TEAM RESULTS

	1st	2nd	3rd	4th
Senior	Levett 178	Ward 181	Dodsworth 192	Freston 212
U16	Freston 50	Ward 101	Levett 105	Dodsworth 182
U15	Freston 134	Dodsworth 137	Levett 200	Ward 218
U14	Freston 166	Ward 187	Dodsworth 196	Levett 286
U13	Levett 130	Ward 227	Dodsworth 229	Freston 263
U12	Dodsworth 41	Levett 72	Freston 91	Ward 104



“REFLECTIONS”

Photo by: Andrew Nash, Fourth Year

1st XI HOCKEY

TEAM: G.K.—S. Stevenson; R.B.—A. Brabbs (Capt.); L.B.—P. Hutchinson;
R.H.—K. Banks; C.H.—D. Barker; L.H.—J. Price; R.W.—J. Harding;
R.I.—A. Arkell; C.F.—L. Toddington; L.I.—R. Hancock; L.W.—W.
Milner; Res.—F. Burgess, S Hirst.

Normanton began the season well with a good victory over Ossett, the score being 3-0. The team showed great promise this early in the season, and were eagerly looking forward to a full fixture list. However, other schools found it difficult to raise full teams owing to the lack of interest, and many of our matches had to be cancelled. In the remaining matches the team has a pleasing record — losing only one out of the five. This defeat was away against Thorne. The most outstanding game of the season came next, against Wakefield who are always a hard team to play. We played well against these powerful opponents, the sides being very equally matched, and it was fitting that the result was a 1-1 draw. The school went through their remaining matches without a defeat, with wins against Rigshaw and Rodillian, and in the last match of the season we met our rivals Thorne again, this time at home, the team winning comfortably 2-0. All this was despite the loss of some good players who had left school and found jobs, namely Pauline Hutchinson and Jane Harding.

The following players were sent to the area trials: Diane Barker, Alison Brabbs, Jane Harding and Leigh Toddington. Leigh gained a place in the 2nd

team, whilst Diane, Alison and Jane succeeded in gaining places in the first team to go to the West Yorkshire trials, in which Alison was selected to play for the 2nd XI.

Alison Brabbs (Capt.)

U15 XI HOCKEY

TEAM: G.K.—L. Newton; R.B.—J. Hardwick; L.B.—A. Rogers; R.H.—S. Jordan; C.H.—C. Hirst; L.H.—G. Golding; R.W.—C. Bostwick; R.I.—D. Ward/A. Riley; C.F.—L. Coletta; L.I.—JJ. Hyett; L.W.—C. Jones.

At the beginning of the season goals did not come easily because of having third and fourth years in the team, who had not played together before. The first few games were slow because the people in the team had to learn to play together.

However, after our convincing win against Hemsworth, who were rather slow and weak in defence, the team became more organised. The following week we played our most enjoyable match of the season, against Aireborough. Our forwards were fast in the muddy conditions, and attacked frequently. Once the forwards had broken through the defence, the goalkeeper had little chance in the wet, muddy goal-mouth.

When we went to Pontefract, we expected a hard match, but they were off-form, also the goal-keeper often left the forwards with an open goal. Of the many shots that were made, only four resulted in goals.

The highlight of the season was beating Wakefield 3-2. The ground was very icy and this allowed the ball to be moved around from wing to wing.

Our next match was against Thorne. We had already played them and had drawn 1-1. Their defence had difficulty in holding our forwards, who used to advantage the breaks they created.

Our last match of the season, against Kettlethorpe, was rather disappointing. Although we did not have our normal team, there were no excuses for us. Kettlethorpe played hard and well deserved to win 5-2.

All in all, it was not a bad season after losing only two games out of nine. We only had 10 goals scored against us and 32 goals for.

Shirley Jordan, Capt.

U14 XI HOCKEY

TEAM: G.K.—H. Stratham/J. Jones; R.B.—D. Clarke; R.H.—H. Birkby (Capt.); L.B.—D. Thompson/E. Davies; C.H.—S. Coupe; L.H.—C. Lindley; R.W.—A. Riley; R.I.—K. Stallibrass; C.F.—L. Ackroyd; L.I.—A. Shepherd; Res.—J. Westwood/L. Garbutt.

This year's team comprised several U13 members. They had the disadvantage of firstly working with people that they were not accustomed to, and secondly, playing against more experienced players.

After a shaky start, the team began to work well together. Playing a match against Aireborough in appalling weather conditions and being defeated 8-0, the team were not disillusioned. They did in fact beat Brigshaw 6-0 the following week.

We ended the season having won six of the twelve matches played.

Helen Birkby, Capt.

U13 XI HOCKEY

TEAM: G.K.—A. English; R.B.—M. Corbett; L.B.—D. Thompson; R.H.—M. Seddon; C.H.—J. Bowman; L.H.—D. Peckett/C. Sweeting/C. Lindley (Capt.); R.W.—H. Cheetham; R.I.—D. Machen; C.F.—K. Hinton; L.I.—T. Ward; L.W.—J. Jackson

The team played four matches this season. The away matches were against Aireborough and Wakefield Girls' High School and we lost both 1-0.

The home matches were against Rodillian and Aireborough. We drew 1-1 in the first match, and lost the next one 2-0.

There have been two goalkeepers who have played in alternate matches. Towards the end of the season they had to compete with a third keeper, this was Alison English, who has improved a great deal. The team managed to keep up with the other teams, but found it difficult to score goals. Many of the members played for the U14 team as well.

Christine Lindley, Capt.

U12 XI HOCKEY

TEAM: G.K.—L. Charlesworth; R.B.—C. Lowe; L.B.—A. Davies; R.H.—D. Ellis; C.H.—S. Watton (Capt.); L.H.—C. Derbyshire; R.W.—B. Fox, R.I.—J. Caswell; C.F.—A. Holt; L.I.—R. Sheard; L.W.—C. Waring; Res.—C. Smith, M. Squire.

In March we had our only matches of the season. The hockey match against Crofton Secondary School, was very interesting. The score was 4-0 to Normanton Grammar School, all of the goals being scored in the second half. Both teams played well, but Normanton won due to their shooting and following up attempts at goal.

The second game was against Wakefield Girls High School, and was a much harder and equally balanced game. After an exciting match the result was a 0-0 draw.

Susan Watton, Capt.

U14 NETBALL TEAM

TEAM: G.K.—Karen Bayliss; G.D.—Karen Knowles; W.D.—Alison Hillkirk/Deborah Hemmings/Tracy Wilson; C.—Deborah Ward/Angela Smith; W.A.—Claire Richardson; G.A.—Julie Westwood; G.S.—Jennifer Jones/Alison Masters.

This was the first year that the team had been involved in match play. Consequently, they had difficulty in adapting to the conditions to which their opposition were already accustomed.

Results were:

Knottingley High	10-10	(D)
Rodillian	8-11	(L)
Normanton Sec.	7-12	(L)
Pontefract High	9-15	(L)
Rodillian	6- 3	(W)
Airedale	10- 8	(W)
Knottingley High	6- 1	(W)
Wakefield High	2- 5	(L)
Ossett	2-12	(L)

Julie Westwood, Fourth Form

SCHOOL SPORTS ?



Left to Right: Julie Gill, Jane Silcock, Sharon Leigh.

Photo by : Andrew Nash, Fourth Year

U13 NETBALL TEAM

TEAM: G.K.—Elizabeth Davies; G.D.—Christine Lindley/Michelle Blakey; W.D.—Mandy Corbett/Jayne Bowman; C.—Debra Packett; W.A.—Lorraine Ackroyd; G.A.—Karen Walker/Jayne Bowman; G.S.—Sandra Coupe/Julie Jones

Over the term we played a number of school teams, we lost 5, won 4 and drew 1.

The highlight of the season was the first game we played, this was against Knottingley High School. They scored a goal, then we scored one and this went on all through the game. This match was very exciting for us.

The hardest match for us was against Crofton; they seemed to move a lot quicker than us and spaced out better than we did.

The finale of the season was entering the first Castleford and District Netball Tournament. We played the seven other schools that entered the Tournament and came fourth.

The scores were as follows;

Pontefract High	4-0	(L)
Castleford	7-3	(L)
Pontefract Sec.	5-2	(W)
Airedale	5-2	(L)
St. Wilfreds	4-1	(W)
Featherstone	10-0	(W)
Normanton Sec.	5-2	(W)

Karen Walker, Capt., Third Year

U12 NETBALL TEAM

TEAM: G.K.—Caroline Lewis; G.D.—Heather Emms; W.D.—Carol Thatcher;
C.—Diane Stretton; W.A.—Jane Hampson/Alexandra Holt; G.A.—
Deryn Lethbridge; G.S.—Elizabeth Smith (Capt.)

At the beginning of the season the team was full of confidence and enthusiasm and proved this by winning the first fixture which was against Rodillian. The score was 6-3.

The next game was against our greatest rivals from Normanton Secondary School. We were determined to beat them and so we did ending with a score of 7-1.

Our first game in March was against Pontefract High School. It was an easy game which we won 15-0. I think we could have scored several more goals, but we were a little careless.

We won the next two games, the first at home against Rodillian and the next against Crofton Comprehensive School.

After our good record we were finally defeated by Wakefield Girls' High School, 5-3.

However, our spirits were not dampened and we won the last game of the season against Ossett, the score being 6-4.

All, except our first, games were played at home which I think boosted the confidence of the team. A definite advantage was gained from the support we received from the members of our school.

Elizabeth Smith, Capt.



"A one-legged yeti on crutches will confuse the hell out of those explorers !"

Mark Finney, Second Year

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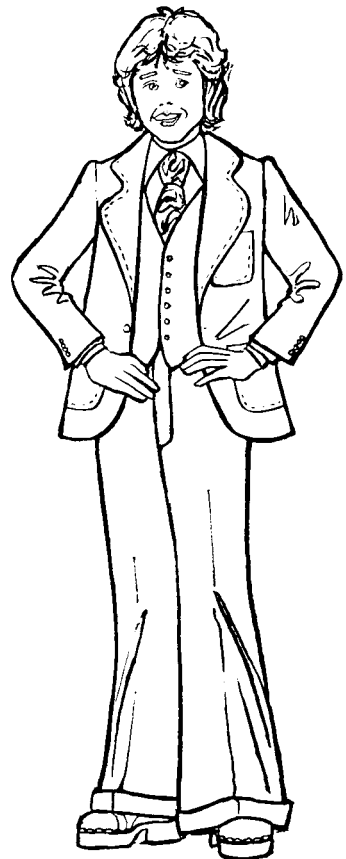
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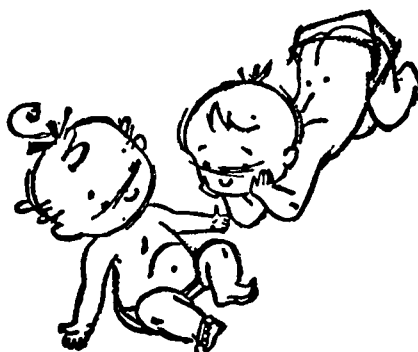
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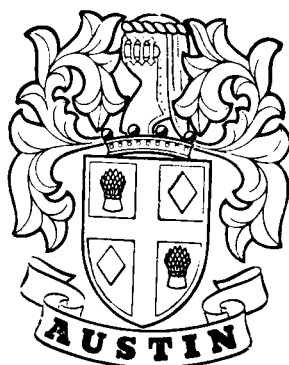
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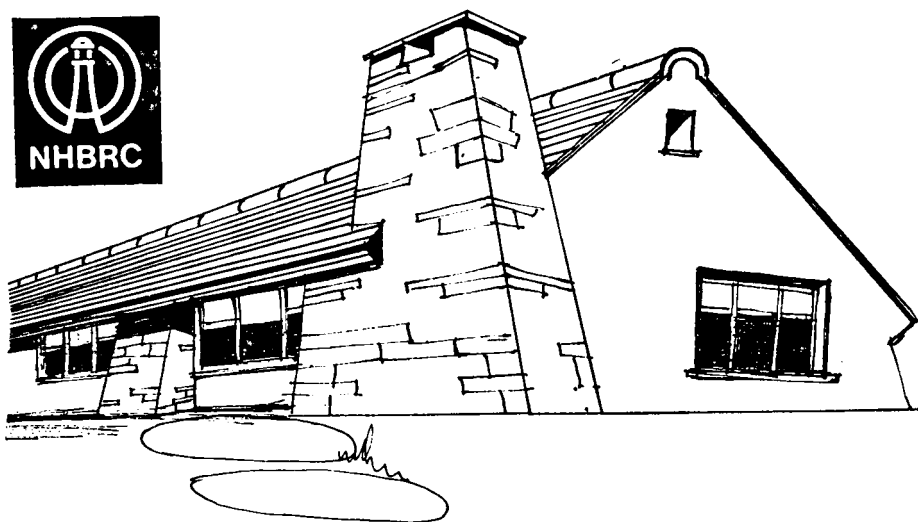
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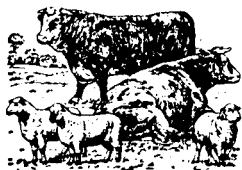
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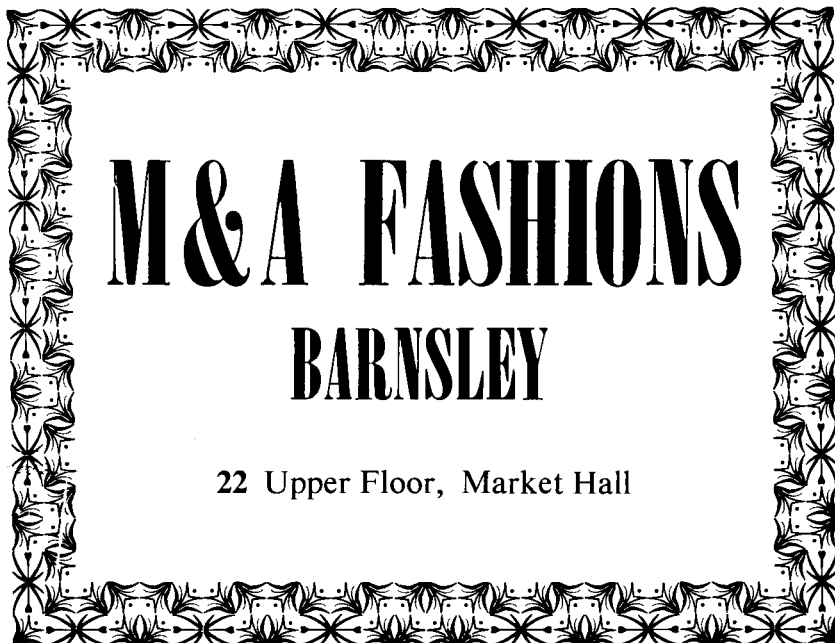
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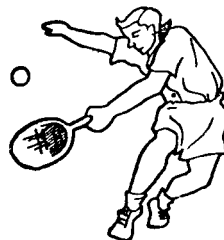
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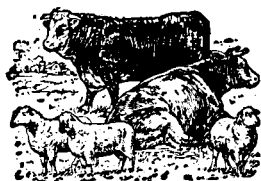
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