

the pomfretian

FOREWORD

School magazines are highly eccentric publications which seem to thrive on columns of rugby results, headmaster's speeches and Old Boys' reminiscences. Traditionally these are bound together inside a very respectable-looking cover, along with a few photographs—and these of rows of knees and faces—and little colour. A few schools, ourselves included, have attempted to produce a better-looking and more readable version while preserving the identity of the once or twice yearly 'school magazine'.

It is important that a school should have a publication which records its activities, both for the public-at-large and for the school itself. This publication should serve as a focal point for the school's various concerns and thereby help to establish a corporate identity for them. It should also encourage boys throughout the school to produce contributions for its pages. It might be added that, at its best, such a magazine will also provide enjoyment for those who read it.

It is essential that such a publication should not lose sight of these, or indeed any, aims and continue to re-appear year-after-year for no better reason than that it has always done so. Perhaps such a routine operation might be defended by the claim that it provided an annual record of the school's sports results and other achievements. The question is whether such a defence can any longer be admitted when even a modest publication can cost several hundred pounds per edition. A very expensive record—and one that becomes more so as printing costs rise astronomically.

This edition of 'The Pomfretian' is the beginning of an attempt to provide a new type of school magazine. Perhaps 'magazine' is no longer a suitable description since the format is more like that of a newspaper. It is intended that it will appear five times a year: October, Christmas, February, Easter and to-

SCHOOL NEWS

It is becoming increasingly difficult to present an accurate picture of arrivals and departures at the King's School. Last term we confidently announced the end of Adrian Cook's school career and tenure of the captaincy of school. Now, after two months of such dubious greetings as 'What! You still here?', I can say definitely (I think) that he has left, to be replaced as School Captain by Roger Bell, with John Cox as Vice-Captain. Similarly the office has come to resemble the departure lounge at Heathrow. Miss Head has taken over from Mrs. Owen and Mrs. Owen from Mrs. Precious—all very confusing! We hope Miss Head enjoys her stay here and thank Mrs. Precious for her pleasant efficiency . . . I don't quite know what sort of good wishes apply to Mrs. Owen, but we're glad she 'couldn't stay away', as she puts it.



More seriously, two very welcome developments in the school life are now afoot. The School Council is fast becoming a reality, not just something to discuss in Essay Groups. A Committee of senior students and staff is working now to decide on the form that it will take. Secondly, 'O' and 'A' level options are being enlarged next year by the provision of extra courses at Whitwood Technical College. Now the Lower Sixth will have a choice of twelve new 'O' level subjects—in addition to repeats—and a range of twenty-four 'A' levels.

Other school activities continue to wax and wane according to the usual pattern. The railway enthusiasts have temporarily lost their enthusiasm, but the school's stamp collection, penny blacks and all, has emerged from cold storage and Mr. Tempest is reforming the Stamp Club this term. More significantly, the P.T.A. is now making a considerable contribution to the school: its next venture being on 3rd May, an Exhibition of art work by boys, staff and parents.

R. S.

THE TUESDAY ASSEMBLIES

The independent assemblies on Tuesday mornings were more successful during last term than the first term.

In the junior section, participation by the boys has neither been encouraged nor taken advantage of. But they have been pleasant: in the words of one second former, 'Everyone gets a seat'.

The intermediate section has increased considerably in interest, with several boys reading passages and others playing records with subjects from the Creation to American anarchy.

the traditional school magazine. Firstly, it costs considerably less—while overall increasing the amount of space available by approximately one third; secondly, five editions a year should ensure that its reports and results will be reasonably up-to-date and topical—no longer will reviews of the school play appear six months after the play itself; thirdly—and it is on this point that the success of this venture depends—five editions mean that it can no longer be the product of an occasional flurry of activity by a dedicated few: instead, it will require a continuous effort by a large and permanent editorial staff. Which brings us to the inevitable appeal but one that is particularly vital now: we need drawings, photographs, poems, stories, articles on items both within and outside the school. With your support this new kind of publication can play an important part in the life of the school and thereby enhance that life.

P. W.

THE VOLUNTARY GROUP

The generosity of everybody—parents, school staff and boys, local shopkeepers and the P.T.A.—produced a response to our Christmas appeal which exceeded even last year's great effort. Weeks of hard work by firewood teams resulted in something approaching 200 boxes of firewood. (Shop prices are about 5p per small bundle!) All this was distributed in one morning by Sixth formers, attendant harems, and members of staff in assorted vehicles—a tremendous effort in which John Aiston (and his 'henchman' Bart!) figured prominently.

Immediately after the spring exams the Group went into action again to make sure that every address on our books was helped, if need be, through the miners' strike and power cuts. The need for fuel and candles in many cases was so acute that time was taken from school to collect and saw up tree-trunks from Brockdale and to deliver sacks of fuel logs where they were most needed. In the course of cutting the wood, D. Johnson showed much more proficiency with an axe than (suprisingly!) the master in charge.

Crisis over, decorating jobs have started up again and some weekends this term have been taken up with painting and decorating—mainly houses, but in one case a very feminine volunteer.

Two lawn-mowers have been acquired chez Willett, and gold-plated spades are to be bought after a very generous gift from the P.T.A.

Plenty has been done but it is never enough. We, like Count Dracula, constantly need fresh blood from the First Year Sixth to replace the worn-out shells like



Miss Head.



Mrs. Precious.

The staff room has been rather more stable than the prefects' room and the office, though the absence of Mr. Coulthard will prove by no means inconspicuous. His replacement, Mr. S. Davies, from King's School, Canterbury, will join the staff in September, and in the meantime Mr. E. Ward is taking over the music for one term.

The office is also the centre of our new telephone system; six extensions and eventually two outside lines. This has already proved a useful practical aid as well as a fascinating mechanical toy. The queues for the office telephone have diminished, internal communication is more rapid—though I wonder if Mr. Cavendish relished the number of calls from the staff room to his office 'just to see if it worked'.

Great events often leave a school community relatively untouched, but during the recent miners' strike this was of course generally untrue. However, we were among the fortunate schools which stayed open, even providing temporary accommodation in the Hall for some forty of the older pupils of Carleton Primary School.



The occupation of the School Hall.

A school, of course, has its own internal problems. Two of these were dealt with in our last issue: the

G. Baker, JAZ.



MR. R. M. COULTHARD

The end of the term brought the departure of a very devoted subject teacher. Mr. Robin M. Coulthard came to The King's School in September 1965 from Clare College, Cambridge, where he had begun by studying classics but changed to music.

His musical ability has been felt and appreciated both in the classroom and in the production of the March and Christmas concerts. The inclusion of items unusual for such concerts has always been an attractive feature, perhaps the best example being last year's production of 'Trial by Jury'.

In 1968, Mr. Coulthard's burden was lightened by the arrival of Mr. Duncan and he was able to help in the teaching of Latin. However, with Mr. Duncan's departure, Mr. Coulthard's activities were again restricted to the teaching of music. It is music which also takes up most of his time outside school: he is organist at St. Giles's Parish Church and Conductor of the Priory Singers. In leaving for Beckenham, Kent, where he will hold the post of Director of Music, Mr. Coulthard most regrets leaving the band. 'It began,' he said, 'by accident and has given immense pleasure wherever it has performed. It has achieved a telling balance between enthusiasm and accomplishment which I consider vital in music and in anything else'.

Mr. Coulthard will be missed by everyone who

EVENTS

FIFTY-TWO YEARS AGO

With the inception of this new concept of a school magazine, it would seem irreverent not to mark the passing of the old.

The Pomfretian has only borne that title since the early nineteen-sixties; previously it had been dubbed with the inspired name of *The King's School Magazine*. However, this unimaginative beginning did not do justice to what was to be found inside. This first issue was spawned in March 1920, and was prefaced by an apology from the Editor for the small size and extortionate price, due to 'the abnormally high cost of printing and paper in these days'.

Evidently the apathy towards this first stumbling issue was as great then as now, and the first leadership concerning the introduction of the first, 'much-needed' prefects to the school was doubtless greeted with similar enthusiasm. The only poetry contribution to this issue was a six-line collection of couplets submitted by a Form I boy on the subject of his birthday.

However, happily this situation had been remedied in the short space of three months. In the second issue one could savour a Chaucerian skit on school life:—

'Yet in the passage ordere is correcte
For childe shivers when he sees prefecte'.

It would appear that the novelty of their prefect system had not worn off. These early issues provide an excellent insight into the school's history—where the birch was still used and obituaries were printed for boys who died with startling regularity, actually at school. It is hardly surprising when it is considered that the school was housed in what is described as 'a converted dungeon'. Money for equipment and even new buildings had to be raised by private subscription, according to the extensive history of the school that is contained in issues one to three. Al-

FILM SOCIETY.

The geography room doubled as a cinema on three occasions last term and accommodated a total audience of about one hundred and fifty. Although the horror of 'The Village of the Damned' was somewhat dated, the story of this strange, alien invasion was still fascinating. Unfortunately, the second film, 'Sons and Lovers' was a pathetically weak attempt at the book which only served to demonstrate why it was fifteen years before the filming of another Lawrence novel was attempted. '1984', inevitably perhaps, managed to preserve the characters of Orwell's book while almost completely losing that side of the book which is an exposition of the logic of power and authority.

There will be no films for the summer term and the future for next year is undecided as, overall, audiences have been no more than modest. Perhaps the unattractive environs of the geography room are much to blame for this: in which case we must hope that rumours of a new school projector and black-out for the hall will soon become fact.

P. W.

THEATRE VISITS

Our three theatre visits last term were all to Leeds Playhouse and all, in different ways, very worthwhile. The Lower School had one of their rare opportunities for a night at the theatre when we saw an inventive production of 'Toad of Toad Hall' in which the pupils became happily involved. In addition 5R saw 'Romeo and Juliet', their 'O' Level Shakespeare, and a small party of Fifth and Sixth formers enjoyed John Osborne's 'The Entertainer', possibly the best of the productions we have seen this year at the Playhouse.

R. S.

'ICE CREAM AND CRISPS'

It seems that the fried wafer-thin carbohydrate—with or without added preservatives—has been readily received into the school, and, with a range of flavours to tempt our palates, there is no wonder that the average weekly consumption is 1,000 packets or 320,000 calories.

The demand for such snacks can be seen if one watches—from a safe distance—the vultures descend upon the dining hall at 10.45. Ice-cream, another

THE ANNUAL MARCH CONCERT

Something old, something new, something borrowed, something completely different—that is the only way to describe the 21st Annual Concert, held in the School Hall on 22nd March. Old favourites were here in profusion—the Band opened the proceedings with the March from Vaughan Williams' Folk Songs Suite and the Farandole from Bizet's L'Arlesienne Suite. Michael Lodge and David Jakes proved admirable flautist and accompanist respectively in the 3rd Movement from Malcolm Arnold's Sonatina, which was well received. We were then entertained by something new. Geoffrey Lee played a Folk Tune Medley on bagpipes, something of an innovation, and certainly an entertaining experience. The First Form Choir coped admirably with the Soldier's Chorus by Verdi, 'The Trout' by Schubert, the Finale from Mozart's 'Il Seraglio', and the famous Stephen Foster song 'O, Suzanna'. The Wind Octet followed with an accomplished performance of Gabrieli's 'O Magnum Mysterium'. No less impressive was Michael Adams who played the entire Flute Concerto in D by Mozart, proving yet again what an able and talented soloist he is.

After the interval, the Band played the Finale from Dvorak's 'New World' Symphony, followed by Something Completely Different. This was, without a doubt, a highlight of the concert. Richard Walker, Michael Porter and David Hookham proved a talented Folk Group, playing and singing two folk songs, and inviting the audience to join in a third. Messrs. R. Telfer, D. M. Buckroyd, J. M. Burke and A. B. Skiera, clothed in red cassocks, walked down the aisle on to the stage to the tune of 'Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring', and proceeded to sing to an Anglican Chant the School Rules for Dress and How Not to Save the School in Event of Fire. They were then joined by Mr. P. Whalley in the role of Archbishop, with 'Leeds United' emblazoned upon his mitre. The Bachelors' 'I Believe' was borrowed, and a very good comedy routine built around it, with Mr. Whalley proving, in a remarkably lifelike performance, what strong lungs he must have had as an infant.

The Band then played Sousa's famous (or infamous) Liberty Bell, Benjamin's Jamaican Rumba, and that old warhorse, Osterling's 'Bandology'.

The Headmaster expressed his thanks for a very good concert, adding that it was regrettably Mr. Coulthard's last before leaving to take up another post. He paid tribute to the unstinting effort that Mr. Coulthard gave all the year round to the musical life of the School. Mr. Coulthard added that he was indebted to the professional musicians who taught the men-

graphic Society that held displays of photographs including some of the R34 airship in full flight. 'Le Cercle Français'—announced as a new society in the very recent past—has in fact made sporadic appearances since 1920.

The magazine became a glossy in December 1923, although the gothic script of the headings lingered for a year before being replaced by futuristic black capitals.

Although a fair proportion of the magazine was devoted to societies, the articles submitted were of great profusion and variety. Pieces in Yorkshire dialect became a vogue in the twenties and thirties, with:—

'T'assembly at T'King's Schooil' with 'T'Head-master cumming dann t'sey t'prayers'.

The comment of 'such self-sacrifice is sublime' was the epigram that accompanied the reprint of the Yorkshireman's motto:—

'See all, hear all, say nowt,
Eat all, sup all, pav nowt.
And if ever tha does owt for nowt,
Do it for thyssen.'

Contributors seemed to be in the position of being constantly amused by their own Yorkshire accents—although such contributions disappeared later as the editors were in the enviable position of having a surplus of material.

Visits of 'educational interest' seem to have been a favourite diversion, visits to coal mines every term, canals, the famous Simon's Seat, and a ribald account of a visit to Roall Water Works where the intrepid students were lowered 'in a box suspended by drains'—to see the water.

The editorials, up to the end of the nineteen-thirties, seized upon Empire Day to relate the speeches which were invariably concerned with 'Responsibility, Self-sacrifice and Duty'. The speakers on these occasions were always 'heartily cheered'. Such patriotism lived on even until the Coronation of the present Queen when not only a gothic script foreward headed the editorial notes but a commemorative Church service and extra holidays were part of the fare.

Unfortunately, however, even though the magazine had increased its size to 7 in. x 10 in. and to eighteen pages, the dreaded death-watch beetle of apathy had taken hold. The name, *The Pomfretian* was adopted, along with a new cover featuring the school crest, in 1962, but even this did little to prevent the publication becoming the chronicler of results and little else, just three pages from twenty-four being given to contributions.



'THE ROYAL ASTROLOGERS'

This year the Junior plays were cut down to one: a long comedy by Willis Hall based on a simple plot with plenty of weak jokes, puns and the like—not a terribly good play. The plot was simple—two down-and-outs, Father Mole-Cricket and his son, decide to earn some money by hiding some of the villagers' oxen, then, setting themselves up as astrologers, they inform the villagers where their precious animals are to be found—for a small fee. Inevitably the plot back-fires and the two fake astrologers find themselves working for the Emperor who has set them the task of finding four chests of stolen gold for him; the punishment for failure, death. By a quirk of fate the thieves are found, but they themselves have lost the gold to pirates. Eventually the chests are found on a pirate ship and are handed back to the Emperor, who gives Father Mole-Cricket the job of Royal Astrologer and his son the present of his daughter's hand in marriage—a doubtful reward!.

By the very nature of the plot and the characters in it the play was difficult to produce. Luckily there were excellent actors available from the Lower school, and Mr. Tempest is an experienced actor and producer.

From the start of rehearsals the cast and producer worked hand-in-glove, and it was obvious from these rehearsals that there was an unusual amount of professionalism in the actors themselves—perhaps the

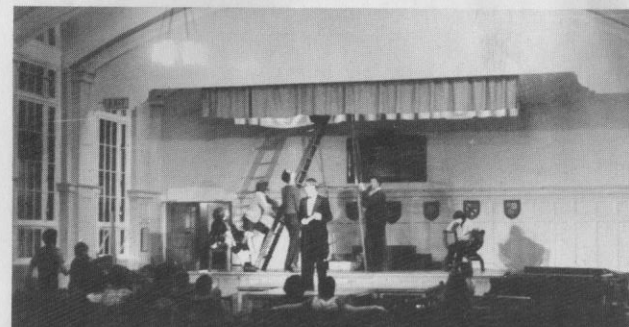
a lack of confidence in everything else.) The first dress rehearsal was effectively broken up by the lighting 'heavy gang' who converged on the stage in mid-scene. Mr. Tempest's official comment on the rehearsal was, 'God, it was rough . . . !' or words to that effect. That was on Monday night, with the first performance on Thursday.

The apron stage was used as a means for the 'thrust' presentation of the play—to great effect. It is a pity that the lighting did not match up to the high standard of acting, as, as usual, the lights were used to very little dramatic effect and in some instances retarded the actors.

The actors' professionalism has already been mentioned but cannot be emphasised too strongly. J. N. Revell as Father Mole-Cricket gave a commendable, polished performance. He was helped in this by his 'son' in the play, Master Mole-Cricket, D. T. Osiecki, who, making his stage debut from the first Form, showed a remarkable flair for acting, and much promise for future productions. The Emperor and The Chancellor—D. J. Cusworth and C. W. Newlands—were also excellent, the former giving the full verve that the Emperor's part demanded, and the latter skilfully guiding the audience through the whole plot. Also to be mentioned is P. J. Hollow, who played the Emperor's daughter with such visual attraction that it was rumoured that someone proposed to him—a good second to Danny La Rue.

All-in-all an excellent finished product. It is, however, lamentable that so few people were there to see one of the best junior plays performed in The King's School—a 50 per cent audience is easy to improve upon. Those who did not go missed a very enjoyable and inexpensive night's entertainment.

M. Blakey, 6A2b.



C ONTRIBUTIONS

PONTEFRACT

By the time one has passed through Darrington one has the pleasant misconception that Pontefract is Britain's answer to Beverley Hills. . . The town of Pontefract is made up of a few old, dirty-faced shops separated by narrow streets where the shoppers perform like bullfighters dodging the cars and delivery lorries . . . Living in Pontefract becomes drab and boring . . . I remember when we had a craze on betting and used to study the papers in the Public Library on a Saturday afternoon then place our bets at the Turf Accountants along Salter Row . . . If you are seeking enjoyment in Pontefract there are always the pubs, and the pubs, or there are the pubs . . . Who wants to live here? We do. This is our home, our town. The grime, the dirt is ours, we all share it. The smell of smoke from the Glasshoughton coke ovens, the ever-familiar pit-heaps of the 'Prince', Glasshoughton pits, the very contrasting smell of Dunhills where our beloved and famous Pontefract cakes are made. . . the slag heaps, the black smoke from the chimneys and the smell of charred wood-shavings and the unmistakable smell of the bone-yard . . . Up past the chippy; voices from within as they start up another day. Along Ropergate where old people gossip the day away and men pip horns impatiently when a lady has trouble in getting out of her parking place. A hold-up at the end, where a car has got only halfway across the main road, 'Woollies' and 'G. T. Smith's' doing a roaring trade, and frustrated people at the bus stop glancing at the Church clock. A walk down to the Park to feel the dusty air run through your lungs and to see the coke ovens belching out smoke and the pit wheels turning. For a row on the black surface of the lake, counting the number of dead fish you can see.

6 Essay Group.



SATURDAY IN PONTEFRACT

Everyone is pushing. Everyone thinks he has the right of way. Faces I have never seen before, some smiling, some glum, some dark, some light, old people, young people, fat and thin people, in worlds of their own, living separate but the same life as me, going about their own hurried business with no care for me, who I am, what I'm doing, where I'm going. For them I don't exist apart from the fact that I might be blocking their way and I am part of the society in which they exist.

Pontefract is always busy on a Saturday. It is market day and everyone is pulled by some addictive force or maybe out of necessity, out to town to get in the provisions for the week and perhaps pick up some sort of bargain at one of the rickety market stalls in the Buttercross in the shadow of St. Giles's.

I like it very early on a Saturday morning when

MONODIALOGUE

No! you can't have this pen!
I don't care if you can't do your physics homework,
even if it is Mr. Auty's.
It's not my fault you swallowed it,
you shouldn't have been using it as a peashooter in the first place.
Well, use a pencil then.
It's not my fault the lead broke,
and before you ask, I haven't a pencil sharpener.
What on earth do you want a cut-throat razor for?
What? No you can't,
It's no use using a bread-knife.
Well done, the elastoplasts are in the medicine cupboard.
No, not the castor oil,
the elastoplasts.
Why not?



Death of a River

The green grass grew
By the riverside
Where the birds all flew
And the horses used to ride
On the morning dew.
People walked alongside
But the people were few.
Some came to abide
With ideas that were new
And with these as a guide
Set the countryside askew.
Then by the riverside
The people grew
In the new countryside
No birds flew
And no horses used to ride
On the morning dew.
People walked alongside
And their numbers grew.
Now there was no countryside
Only buildings grew
And the river cried
As industry grew.

up with stone and shouting and swearing at one another, and all the traffic is just beginning to move about. Even now people are getting their shopping done before the rush.

But it can't really be called a rush because the town only fills up slowly, then at eleven o'clock when all the pubs and fish shops and betting shops are opening, the town is really full. Everyone seems to be in such a hurry. The cafés and pubs start to fill up with people 'stopping out to lunch', wanting their steak and kidney pie and chips, and egg and chips, and beefburgers and chips, and ham sandwiches, and cheese sandwiches with a pint of bitter to wash them down with.

Outside the Red Lion an old man is selling boot-laces and further on one is selling razor blades. In the market somewhere a man is selling a china tea-set for 'only 25 bob to you moi love'.

At about four o'clock the pubs shut and all the men have to leave them, a lot of them drunk, some sober most smelling of ale. Some go home to watch sport on T.V. and see if they have won the pools; some go to cafés; some just walk about and sink or go to the betting shops to collect their winnings.

The town begins to empty: people go home and the shops start to close. Seven o'clock at night is another time I like. The pubs are just opening again and there are a few people walking about. It is dusk now, all the lights are on in the shops and in the streets. There is an air of quietness. The quiet before the storm. By the Buttercross the 'Green Final' man is shouting? In the market place now there are no stalls, just the cabbage leaves and scraps of paper being blown about and swept up by the Corporation dust-men.

I. Jack 6A'A.

Shoe-Brain

I came to the end of my journey
And my shoe stopped.
I willed it to move
But it would not go
Its mind was set on staying put.
For an hour I stood there,
For an hour I waited
While my shoe sat and looked at me
Right in the face.
What can you do with a shoe that won't move?
And a foot you can't use?
The sole ambition of that shoe
Was to sit still.

it's to stop your mother taking them.
No, she isn't a hypochondriac.
She just likes the taste of medicine and pills.
Don't talk about your mother like that lad,
Why not?

Because I said so, that's why not.
No you can't have the telly on,
I don't care if nuclear physics is educational,
you can't have it on, I said.

Don't use that language with me my lad,
I'm on strike because the Union says lad,
You'll learn when you grow up.
Because the country can't do without us lad.

No I didn't vote conservative,
I voted labour,
I always vote labour.

No, there wasn't,
Charlie Brown voted labour as well,
So did Tommy Booth,
What do you mean he can't read?
He never had the opportunities you had my boy.
You don't know how lucky you are,
What do you mean, 'Here we go again?'
It isn't only the fourth time today.

Do your homework,
You haven't found the elastoplast yet?
I said put that triangular bandage back.
No, you can't put a sling on the cat.
Don't let the blood drip all over the paper,
I haven't read it yet.

Because I like the *Daily Mirror*, that's why
Right,

now put the breadknife back in the drawer,
I don't care if your mother does use it to carve
her Sunday joint,

wash the blood off it first.

No you can't have the radio on,
Because we haven't got one
that's why.

No,
the pawn shop's closed now.
To get some money of course you idiot!
Because I'm on strike of course.

Don't you call me a vagrant,
I don't know what concave means,
Because you had better schooling than me that's
why.

Because I like Jackanory,
Now shut up.

N. Wilson, 6S'B.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

Editors: Martin Blakey; Geoffrey Pearce.

SPORT

SOCCER 1972

Because of the dark evenings and severe weather in the early part of the Spring Term, many teams had great difficulty in achieving any effective and worthwhile training with only the gymnasium available. This was reflected in the results which were generally poor at the beginning of the season, but which improved towards the end.

The change-over to Saturday morning soccer can, on the evidence of this season, be judged a success: spectators, always few in the cold months of January and February, were as numerous as in previous years; no home matches had to be cancelled which might have been played in the afternoon; and, lastly, the move met with approval from our opponent schools.

The 1st XI again had a successful season, based on team-work, continuity of method and approach and some exceptional individual play: the goal-scoring ability of Stephen Chase, the authoritative defensive play of Kenny Glendinning and the example of Barry Allen as captain. An early sequence of four successive wins was ended by St. Michael's College, Leeds—always a strong side. The highlight of the season was the fine match against Adwick High School who had reached the final of the Yorkshire section of the English Schools' Trophy: this game was fast, skilful and exceptionally clean, with the 1st XI snatching the winner in the last minutes.

Like other teams, the 2nd XI found it difficult facing opponents who had been playing together since September, but, as the term progressed, the team's reliance on individual skills gave way to team-work based around the able captaincy of Peter

SOCCER TOURS 1972

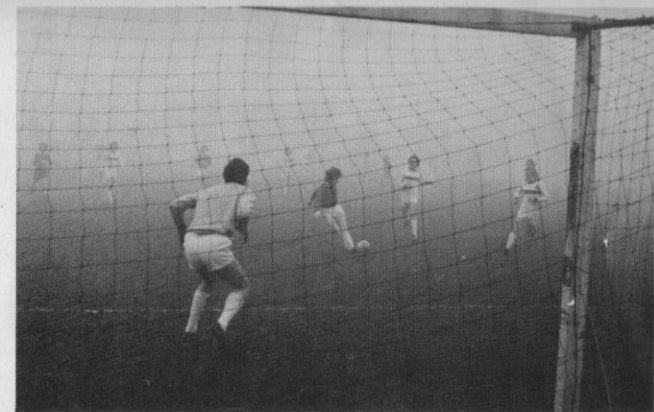
On the morning of Monday, 19th February, forty-two boys and two masters (a third was picked up en route) left Pontefract bound for Northumbria in search of wine, women, and the occasional game of football. Newcastle was reached without mishap and we found our first port of call, St. Cuthbert's Grammar School, with comparative ease. The 1st XI lost a hard, undistinguished game by the only goal and, as the 2nd XI and the Under-13 XI also lost, the coach was full of complaints and excuses as we made the short journey to Whitley Bay. On arrival the juniors were deposited at the Craigmore Hotel, with the remainder being taken to the Aberfeldy Hotel. The latter's dart board provided cheap entertainment for some, but the same cannot be said for the hotel's bar where many pence were spent (on shandy). Most retired willingly after an exerting day, but others needed a little more persuasion before bedding down for the night.

Tuesday morning was left free and on the beach the 1st XI captain, Barry Allen, failed a late fitness test. Meanwhile a light drizzle had started, but this did not forewarn us of the conditions to be experienced in the afternoon. On arrival at Bede Grammar School it was raining heavily and a freezing wind was blowing in from the sea. The 1st XI pitch was a rectangle of mud under several inches of water and we managed to lose a 3-0 lead in an infinitely long second half during which all sense of time (by the referee) and warmth were lost. The 2nd XI came back magnificently after being 4-0 down to draw 4-4, whilst the under-13 XI game was abandoned at half-time because of the conditions.

Cold and bedraggled, we arrived back at Whitley Bay to be greeted by a power cut. Packs of cards were brought out and games ranging from bridge to snap were played by candlelight.

After lunch next day, we left our hotels for the last time and made, once again, for Newcastle to play the tour's final games, the 1st XI versus John Marley School, and the second XI and under-13 XI versus Walbottle School. Undeterred by untranslatable directions from the local natives, we subsequently found both schools. A very tired 1st XI finally succumbed in the second half, on a heavy pitch, to a talented opposition and lost 0-3. The other two games were also lost. Thus the teams returned to Pontefract without an actual (but with many a moral) victory.

However, playing three of the country's strongest football schools on successive days was no easy task and the players should benefit from the experience



First XI under pressure.

THE STAFF MATCH

This year's Staff Match was notable for Clive Kelsey scoring for the Staff, Mr. Simpson playing for the 1st XI and the Staff winning (if only by an unflattering 1-0 margin). The first of these was accidental, the second the result of Mr. Telfer's careful planning in failing to provide the 1st XI with a substitute, the third, in view of the present standard of staff soccer, inevitable. The Staff wish to apologise to the school in general for failing to provide the usual amusement, but hope that the sight of Mr. Revie on the line for next year's fixture will be adequate compensation.

THE SQUASH CLUB

The squash team this season has consisted of five boys from the second year sixth—Gill, Dixon, Church, Sidwell and Applegate. We have had three fixtures to date and managed to lose them all. We play under the permanent disadvantage of not having a court of the proper dimensions, thus finding that our shots are short or that we are left standing baffled at the area of court to be covered.

The three fixtures have been against Doncaster Grammar School, and recently a game against the Assistant Governors on an eight month staff course at Wakefield Jail. We have been invited to Wakefield for another fixture next term, where their standard is close to our own and we look forward to another evening of both singles and doubles against a very sociable group of adults, willing and able to explain the prison service at first hand. We are hoping for a fixture against Trinity and All Saints College in Leeds and possibly Church Fenton R.A.F. Station.

appointing in view of the excellent start, two very convincing home wins. An exception to the rule in that results deteriorated during the season, the Under 15 XI were unlucky to lose several matches by the odd goal.

The Under 14 XI, on the other hand, improved from an indecisive and unsuccessful start. The tightening of the defence and the increased penetration of the attack were due to the introduction of new players and the skill and determination of Close, Mann and Shorthouse.

The best performances in a moderate season for the Under 13 XI were produced against Airedale High School and Hemsworth Kinsley Middle School. That the team-spirit was good, even on the half-term tour when all matches were lost, was partly due to the non-stop efforts of Gott, the captain.

Unfortunately, only half the Under 12 fixtures could be played and this, of course, had an adverse effect on the team. However, victories in the last two games and the performances of players like Bewley and MacDonald augur well for the future.

R. T.

SOCCER RESULTS

1st XI:

Garforth Comp. 6-2; Danum G/S 3-2; Tadcaster G/S 3-2; Nunthorpe G/S 5-2; St. Michael's College 1-2; Castleford H/S 4-2; Airedale H/S 2-1; Abbeydale Grange 4-2; De La Salle, Sheffield 2-4; Hemsworth H/S 1-2; Adwick H/S 2-1; Old Boys 6-2.

Played 12, Won 9, Lost 3, Goals for 39, against 24.

2nd XI:

Played 7, Won 3, Lost 2, Drawn 2, Goals for 18, Against 16.

3rd XI:

Played 2, Lost 2, Goals for 5, Against 9.

U-15s:

Played 11, Won 4, Lost 4, Drawn 3, Goals for 22, Against 17.

U-14s:

Played 9, Won 2, Lost 7, Goals for 15, Against 37.

U-13s:

Played 8, Won 2, Lost 2, Drawn 4, Goals for 24,

made the tour—a most enjoyable one—possibly.

J. Cox, 6Sc2M.



Mr. Simpson sending off the entire second team. . . ?

of the team—he is just beginning his fourth racquet.

B. A. D.

THE BADMINTON CLUB

The Spring Term was very congested with exams and many sporting activities taking place. Thus with players and time rarely available just two matches were played. The first of these was against the Staff who showed rare fight and promise for the future before losing by 7 matches to 2. In the second game the School lost for the first time this season against Castleford High School. Castleford pulled through at the very last period to win, due to their all round strength, by 5 matches to 4, after the school had led 4-3. It is hoped to stage a return match at home next term.

I would like to thank Mr. Brookes for arranging a trip to the inter-county badminton match between Yorkshire and Essex at Leeds.

J. Cox 6Sc2M.

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