



JANUARY ISSUE

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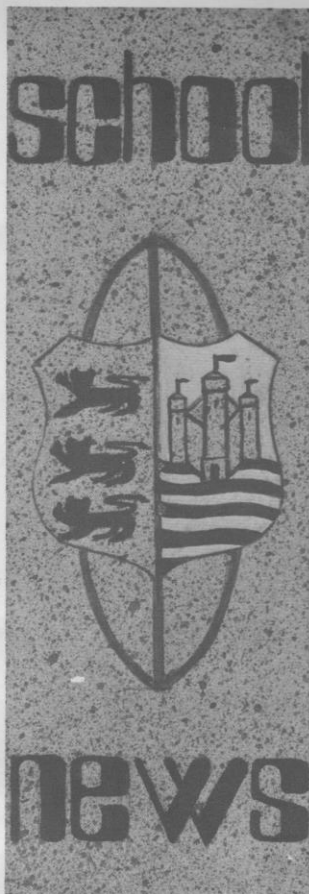
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SCHOOL NEWS

In September the unenviable role of successor to Mr. C. E. Dunn devolved upon Mr. M. H. Cavendish, previously Head of the English Department. One could refer — quite correctly — to his efficiency and fairness in his first term as Second Master, but in many ways his most remarkable achievement was finding the energy to appear in the School opera at the end of it all.

He has been replaced as Head of English by Mr. R. Simpson, who previously taught for six years at Brierley Hill Grammar School in Staffordshire. Two appointments of additional members of staff have been made. Mr. E. Bradley, who has just completed post-graduate studies at Huddersfield Polytechnic, celebrates his first teaching post by embarking on three subjects — Chemistry, Physics and Mathematics — and Mrs. Fryer, who joined the staff on a part-time basis after Autumn half-term, teaches Biology and Sociology in such unlikely locations as the Prefects' Room. Unfortunately, bricks and mortar cannot be persuaded to expand at the same rate as the School population.

Three very significant and welcome arrivals, however, all have permanent bases. These are the non-teaching assistants. The Geography store-room houses Mrs. Burns and the Gestetner machine which she operates with the utmost rapidity when not engaged in guiding the first forms in the joys of creative art. Mrs. Berry's den is the Library, but, as well as her industry and helpfulness there, she also engages in liaison work with libraries and other institutions outside the School. Mr. McClure shares with the rest of the non-teaching staff one very pleasant quality: an air of actually enjoying work. His home is the Wood-work shop, his forte construction work — already an extremely useful man on School productions.

Lest it should appear that little work remains for the teaching staff to do, I must emphasise that the next two appointments are purely temporary: the 'assistants'. Luc Richez, from Chambéry, engages in French conversation with Fifth and Sixth forms. He has shown interest in School sport and established good relationships with senior students. The same love of football and ability to gain the confidence of Sixth-formers characterise the German assistant, Dieter Bachg, from Hamburg, whom we share with the High School. Neither teaches a particularly onerous time-table, but I am sure their presence in the School and involvement in its activities must benefit the School and the students. Conversely I hope Luc and Dieter find the King's School a good place to be.

The only departure is, unfortunately, one of considerable importance. Mrs. Owen is embarking on a business venture with her husband after nearly four years as School secretary. Naturally we wish her well, equally naturally we regret her decision. A school secretary needs a rare combination of efficiency and tolerance of other people's failings. In this Mrs. Owen succeeded without ever appearing other than calmly and cheerfully in control of the situation and herself.



SUMMER 1971

The summer of 1971 saw the fifth form, once their O-level worries were over, going out-and-about Pontefract and district to undertake a wide variety of occupations. Many of these boys went to work in schools, and it is the experiences of two of them that we print below.

Michael Porter — Willow Park Junior School

On arrival at Willow Park Junior School, I was greeted by a member of staff and taken, after the morning assembly, to see the Head, along with three other fifth form members. We got off to a good start to the week when he explained to us what we were expected to do and split us up into the different years within the school. The various tasks set during the week ranged from kite-making to sorting out the school reference library. As the week progressed, so I was left in charge of one or two forms, the teachers leaving it up to me as to what I did with them. The week was a thoroughly enjoyable one, in fact so enjoyable that I returned a week later, having one spare week, and began once more where I left off. I regard this as an excellent insight into junior school teaching and would recommend that the programme be carried on.

Neil Wilson — Purston School

My thoughts on the scheme to give prospective teachers an insight into teaching at primary schools were good: that is, I thought the scheme would be an excellent experience.

Alas, this was not to be. Being told on a cold, windy, Monday morning that the school garden was a disgrace, and that I *could* tidy it up was a let down. The word 'could' was a laugh: I had to, or face the labelling of 'unco-operative'.

After about an hour of horticultural messing, I was greatly relieved by the news of coffee in the staff-room. This was a bit better, but sitting in a chair in the staff-room, being ignored by everything except the kids peering in the window made me feel like a moron. This was terrible. Then someone spoke to me: could he read my 'Daily Mirror?' I was glad someone had noticed that it was mine.

After 'playtime', I received further instructions from the Headmaster: 'Oh, I think you can potter about in the garden a bit. I'm sure there's *something* to be done there'. I felt like hitting him with the gardening-fork, which was, incidentally, primary school size.

The rest of the day was so exciting I've forgotten about it. By now I felt like suicide. 'What a waste of talent', I thought.

The next day brought action. I participated in a maths lesson, to find that the kids had a faster mental ability than me. Anyhow I greatly enjoyed this.

A gerbil cage and some secretarial work later, I managed to scrounge my way into another lesson. This was history, the subject I hated most, but these kids were great to work with, taking a great pride in their work, a lesson about six hundred and fifty people in this School could do with.

Through sports days and cricket matches, my week came to an end, thank God, but I feel that if the Headmaster had attempted to entertain me a little more assiduously, and allowed me into a few more lessons, the exercise would have been a success.

Oh, by the way, I went on a form trip to Mother Shipton's cave. Two kids were sick — you can guess which mug they sat next to.



THE P.T.A.

By general agreement of headmaster and staff, an introductory meeting with a view to finding out the true interest of the parents was held in March of this year. The hall was absolutely full that Wednesday evening, and it was found that the parents were not only interested, but indeed very keen to form a parents-staff association. An interim committee was elected to devise a constitution, with the final result that in October a permanent committee was elected, formed of four members of staff, four parents, the headmaster as chairman and three other parents, Mr. Walker as vice-chairman, Mr. Bullough secretary and Mrs. Hudson treasurer. The constitution of the committee states that its aims are twofold: first, to foster communications and liaison between parents, boys and teachers; and, secondly, to provide the opportunity to parents to support the activities of the School.

Essentially, the main object is to involve parents in the education of their children, as the modern trends suggest as the true way to provide a fuller and more valuable understanding on the part of the pupils. The fund-raising operations are not to be taken in any way as the major aim of a P.T.A. They are very much a secondary activity, which can be of use in two ways, that is, sponsoring School functions which might otherwise not be run and also in that it has a social value, bringing people together with one common object and giving them a real sense of satisfaction and achievement at having done a good job.

Up to date, there have been five main functions, from a speech on drugs in schools by a Dr. W. A. Weston to the Christmas Fayre. There have in addition been a staff-parents cricket match, the Annual General Meeting and a modern languages meeting. In the immediate future a social occasion is planned for the relaxation of the parents, in the form of a dance in the Assembly Rooms.

ADRIAN COOK

Adrian Cook, our School Captain, after six years at King's, left at the beginning of this year with hopes for the future depending on the result of an interview in January. He hopes to do a six month short service spell in the army before going to Reading University to study geology.

His contribution to School life has been varied, playing 1st team rugby, and captaining second team cricket and De Lacy House. His non-sporting activities included various parts in School plays with some entertaining female leads, and he was an active member of the School band.

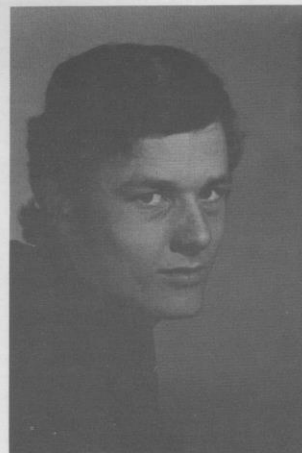
Cook told me that the person who helped him most in his School career was Mr. Hinchcliffe, who at all times gave him his support and confidence.

Although he recognises it as inevitable, he regrets the move to make the School comprehensive and feels that a little of the 'King's' tradition may be lost. Ideas for the future would be to encourage more responsibility on the part of the third year sixth, and the establishment of a sixth form common room.

He particularly remembers the departure of the two masters, Mr. C. E. Dunn and Mr. Hinchcliffe and he feels it a great pity that he was never taught by Mr. Dunn.

Cook hopes he will not lose touch with people in the School and will return, whenever possible, for School events.

A.G.W.



TUESDAY MORNING ASSEMBLIES

A new system of independent assemblies has been started in an effort to let members of the School participate in them. Despite the promising forecast this has not been the case in the Middle School and so far most items have lacked interest to most School members.

The Upper School assemblies have been better, including an extract from 'Jesus Christ, Superstar'. But the junior assemblies are very similar to the daily ones.

However, the idea of assemblies involving 'audience participation' is an exciting one, so let us hope that in future the time will be used for providing items that are profitable and of interest.

C. Baker

THE VOLUNTARY GROUP

Old age is a disease, with many strange symptoms — pride, independence, irritability, self-pity. Yet often these traits can be a defence against the truth of the situation: that old people need to feel that somebody is interested in them. The form this interest takes is relatively unimportant. Their need is to be remembered in a society which so easily forgets them in its self-centred pursuits.

Along with like-minded organisations in the town we are trying to do something about the situation. And within the School we are well on the way towards a climate in which decorating the living area for an old recluse who nobody else bothers with can be nearly as 'manly' as singing rude songs or getting involved in punch-ups! A climate in which it's not 'soft' or 'greasing' or perverse to go out and help people who need help instead of trying to pretend they aren't our concern.

Our work inevitably goes on all the year round. Four weeks of an intensive Post 'A' Level programme of jobs have been followed by an equally busy Autumn Term. Gardening and decorating jobs filled Half-Term Week and the two occasional days' 'holiday', as well as weekends and evenings. This time is cheerfully given up by members of the Group and helpers from the High School. Regular weekly meetings continue, and this term included a talk by P.C. Dixon on Road Safety. We still receive calls for help with coal-shovelling, and two or three evenings each week have been regularly devoted to the preparation of firewood for our 'customers'.

In all our work the School Minibus has proved invaluable and utterly reliable. And space prevents a detailed

account of all the help and encouragement we have received from all sources; the Headmaster and Staff, teaching and non-teaching, parents, The Girls' High School, Welfare Officers, Councillors, officials, etc., etc. Without their help life would be very much harder for all involved in the Group

The Special Concert

Despite the clash with many other functions for old people on the same day, the special Concert put on for old people at the end of term attracted a large and enthusiastic audience. Mr. Coulthard, the Band and Soloists, the cast of 'Trial by Jury', the masters, senior boys and parents who between them transported over eighty old people to and from the show, the large and willing teams of ushers and refreshment organisers: all made it their business to provide an evening to remember, and each one played a vital part in its success.

Christmas Distribution

At the time of writing preparations are well under way for the Voluntary Group's Christmas deliveries of food hampers, firewood and logs, and Christmas cards to old people in the Pontefract area. This year the time for our appeal was limited, but the generosity of members of staff, the Kitchen and Office ladies, Mr. Tonks and his staff, and all the boys in the School, coupled with the energy of Aiston, Pizzey and their team of helpers, have produced an unprecedented response of over 70 generous hampers of food. The main stores in Pontefract have also made an invaluable contribution, and our debt to them is great.

G.O.J.

THE LIBRARY

During this term the library has put on an amazing variety of exhibitions, started to bring in some more interesting books and magazines and, on a less spectacular level, gone a good way towards putting its house in order with thorough overhauls of the English, Economic and Science sections.

We have been extremely fortunate in the coming of Mrs. Berry, who has taken charge of the day-to-day running of the library. She has quickly impressed everyone with her good humour and efficiency.

Exhibitions have been on: anti-smoking (which included a film shown over lunchtime in the lecture room — at least when the projector was working); packaging and printing; the post office; the Ministry of the Environment; 'The Pomfretian'; I.T.V. (with 'Coronation Street' on tape); B.B.C.; insurance; football, and the National Trust. The majority of these have sprung from the initiative and energy of M. J. Blakey in his capacity as Head Librarian.

New books have been ordered with an eye to their general interest as well as to specialist subject requirements. 'Stamp Magazine', much loved but seldom read, has disappeared to be replaced by 'Punch' and 'Private Eye'. It is hoped that the less readable magazines will gradually all be replaced by others: the drawback is that readable ones don't seem to survive for very long — obviously future policy will have to take this fact into account.

Yielding gracefully to the facts of the situation, we decided that sixth-formers need no longer have a ticket for each book they take out. Up to now the system seems to have worked well from everyone's point-of-view.

P.W.

THE RADIO SOCIETY

Although membership of the Radio Society is smaller than in previous years, the activities carried out have covered a wide and varied field. Junior members of the Society, under Mr. Charlton, are building crystal sets in which the components are widely spaced so that the circuit can clearly be seen.

More senior members of the society have been seeking advice from Mr. Green on many projects. Some people are trying to build a suitable amplifier for crystal sets built in previous years. Other members are investigating the possibility of building far more powerful hi-fi amplifiers. Two boys are hoping to construct a transmitter and receiver for radio controlled models and experiments with a radio controlled model aircraft caused a certain amount of consternation and amusement amongst people testing their crystal sets.

Meetings of the Society are held every Monday in the Physics Laboratory at 4 p.m. and new members are always welcome. The members of the Society would like to thank Mr. Green and Mr. Charlton for their help.

R. Hill.

RAILWAY ENTHUSIASTS' CLUB

The only activity this term has been a trip to the locomotive works open day at Crewe. Locomotives were seen at all stages of overhaul, in addition to which the railway authorities had arranged several exhibitions, including one of recent coaching stock, which we viewed with interest.

We are at present investigating the possibilities of a trip to the works and sheds at Doncaster.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

This is a new society intended for members of Lower School who are interested in French Language and Life. The response to the plea for new members has been overwhelming and at present we are heavily over-subscribed.

The Society aims to develop boys' interest by presenting French in as meaningful a way as possible. Activities so far have included listening to French music ('pop' and classical), playing French card games, and hearing talks on various aspects of France from members who have visited the country.

We hope soon to organise a wine and cheese-tasting session and plans for the future include corresponding with a similar society in a French school and producing the society's own magazine which will be called 'La Cerculaire'.

R.D.C.

'SCOOP' BOOK CLUB

Many boys are taking advantage of the 'Scoop' book club scheme whereby, for every five paperback books bought, which are selected from a monthly booklist, boys are entitled at the end of a six month period to a dividend of one free book.

The scheme operates in the first three years, and the monthly lists provide a wide ranging choice of fiction and non-fiction, selected with the interests and tastes of the age group in mind.

This valuable experiment in encouraging regular reading habits has proved very popular in the opening months.

?

What will it be used for? This is the question on everybody's lips.

'A torture chamber?'

'The headmaster's new house?'

'An extension to the gym?'

Many people have theories; few know the truth.

It stands out like a giant hollow crystal, empty and 'Out of Bounds'. Nobody ever enters this forbidden place, its shelves lay empty, but one day . . . who knows?

The School buzzes with excitement; every new day brings a fresh suggestion as to its use.

A boy in the Lower School even suggested that it was to be a greenhouse.

D. Collins, 5A²

!



ELYSIUM INTERRUPTUS
or: Paradise Not Quite Regained

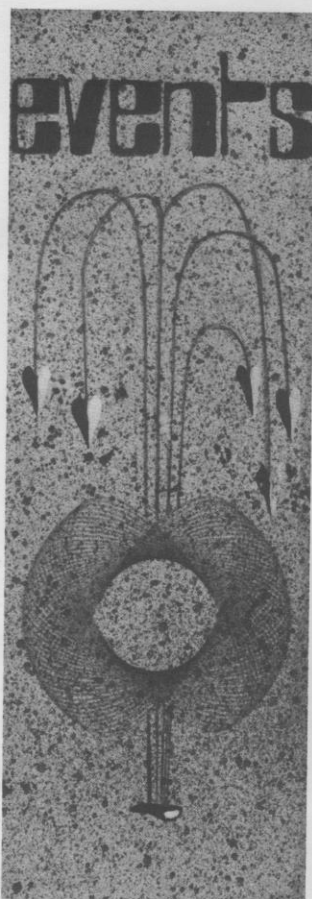
'Let there be created a garden in my sight', quoth the Lord, 'replete with fruits, and the waters of the earth, a haven for the birds of the air and the beasts of the classroom'. And the Lord looked upon the model — and saw that it was good. 'Three weeks shalt thou labour and do all that thou hast to do and for the six weeks thou shalt rest'. And on the first day was created a

trench. And on the second day was created another trench — and the Lord looked upon the trenches and saw that they were good.

But lo! Sloth, the first enemy of mankind, by devious guile gained access to the ears of the labourers in the vineyard, saying, 'Drink ye of the Coffee of Idleness, that ye may be as staff. They

toil not, neither do they spin, but I say unto you, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these'. And the spade did split asunder, nor did the rake progress.

And the Lord looked upon two trenches, one crater, ten stones, one sundial and three park-benches — and saw that it was not good.



FILMS

Three films were shown last term to a total audience of about one hundred and seventy boys. About one hundred and twenty of these, though, crammed themselves into the geography room to see one film — 'Lord of the Flies' — creating an atmosphere of heat and humidity very appropriate to the film itself. 'Billy Liar' and 'The Ipcress File' were the other two titles, the latter of which fought a losing competition with the attractions of bonfire night. Its small audience was a pity since it was in many ways the best of the three.

The films for this term are to be 'Sons and Lovers', 'The Day The Earth Stood Still' and 'The Village of the Damned'. The first is from the famous novel by D. H. Lawrence while the last two are eerie thrillers.

The films shown this year have been something in the nature of a trial, to see whether a film society is worth starting on a more permanent basis. As yet the issue is undecided one way or the other.

P.W.

LEEDS PLAYHOUSE

It is a sad fact that, although theatres run or subsidised by local authorities are increasing in number, the financial support is often insufficient or dependent upon a 'popular' selection of plays. In the light of this the Leeds Playhouse at first seemed to me to be almost the ideal provincial 'civic' repertory theatre. Imagination, experiment and financial generosity were apparent in every aspect of the theatre: a design combining audience comfort with flexibility of staging; a director of productions, Bill Hays, well versed in progressive theatre; the support of excellent guest directors; a varied selection of plays ranging through Shakespeare, 'Toad of Toad Hall', absurd drama, obscure and powerful psychological works and Noel Coward — all in six months.

All School theatre trips this term have been to the Playhouse and early favourable impressions have been confirmed. 'Twelfth Night' was a 'pop' production, intelligent, amusing and, above all, entertaining and comprehensible for 'O' Level students. Later, small Sixth Form groups saw two minor Coward plays — productions of lightness and style — and an inventive, if not ultimately successful, presentation of 'Waiting for Godot'.

Now comes the inevitable news: Bill Hays has been dismissed for too adventurous a policy, too expensive a success. I wonder just how worthwhile a purpose this splendid theatre will be serving by the end of 1972.

R.S.

SCHOOL CONCERT

The Christmas concert alternated between serious music-making and end-of-term romp. This latter mood finally prevailed in a performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's 'Trial by Jury' notable for enthusiasm and invention, rather than precision.

The first half ended on a similar note with Steven Norfolk's 'circus trombone' encore. Before this, however, he had succeeded in persuading us that it is possible to play Bach bourrees on trombone and had further demonstrated his technical accomplishment in Guilman's Concert Piece. Earlier solo performers were Michael Houghton, well in control of a movement from a Haydn piano sonata, and Michael Adams, ably negotiating the complexities of the first movement of Mozart's Flute Concerto. In addition, two short pieces exploited the sweetness of tone produced by the unusual combination of four flutes.

Above all, though, there was the Band, a highly satisfying sound, even if the placing of the instrumentalists, together with less than perfect acoustics, was not in the favour of the brass. Any resulting shrillness in the overall sound was soon forgotten in Berlioz' Hungarian March where the brass effects which finally dominate the attractive melody were suitably hair-raising. The placing of the Dambusters March between the second of two splendid Sousa marches and the Bach bourrees only emphasised that Coates achieved little more than pretentious music to drop bombs by. Otherwise, the selection of items throughout the concert was good, in terms both of the quality of the individual pieces and of the balance of the programme. Performances were not of uniform excellence, but none lacked attack or competence.

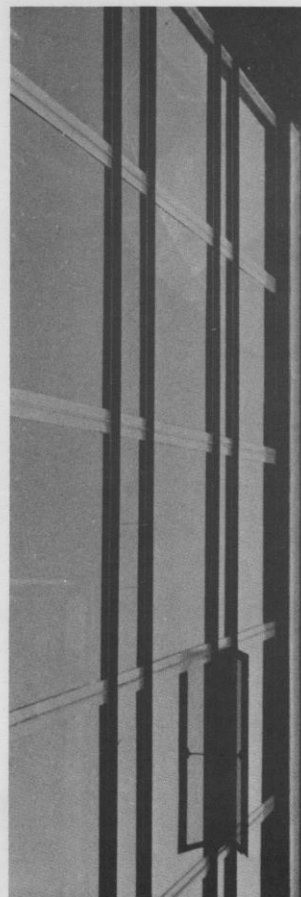
'Trial by Jury' was a strange mixture: boys and staff, boys as girls, achievement and imperfection. Ultimately it was immense fun, but I feel that some per-

formers equated their fun with that of the audience. It is not true to imagine that, because one is enjoying oneself, the audience must feel the same. 'Business' was amusing, inventive — and overdone.

Individually the performances succeeded. Mr. Cavendish's Judge was a model of clarity and contained some neat comic touches; Richard Walker, outrageous as the Usher, shared his amusement with the audience; Michael Adams, in a 'straight' part, managed to register with presence and voice; Michael Houghton, if not convincing as the beautiful Angelina, showed considerable aplomb in coping with serious songs amid the lures and blandishments of an ever-eager Jury; finally, frivolity and responsibility blended perfectly in David Hookham's jaunty Defendant.

'Trial by Jury' is tuneful, infectious and delightfully silly. These qualities came over fully in a highly enjoyable production which remained somewhat frustrating as parts, diverting though they were, became at times greater than the whole. The staging was effective, the costumes opulent, the chorus enthusiastic, while Mr. Coulthard assumed the role of accompanist as successfully as those of musical director, conductor of the Band and organiser of the whole evening's entertainment.

R.S.





FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF K.S.P.

'I felt funny because I had never had a school uniform before . . . butterflies in my stomach . . . I was scared stiff . . . a sudden thought made me shudder . . . My mam said, 'Morning, Mr. Kipper' . . . I got up, had my Weetabix and then I went to school . . . When I neared the school a queer excitement arose inside. I half wanted to turn back but I carried on . . . keeping in a bunch we ventured further into school . . . I was always looking behind me to see if there were any of the bigger boys in the school creeping up behind me . . . I gazed at the large grounds . . . What would our teacher be like? would he be a bully and a tyrant? . . . a hawk-eyed man with a voice like a rusty foghorn? . . . an old bloke with specs on? . . . a burly, sour faced man armed with a few menacing canes? . . . is he an orgre? . . . an unknown teacher came and took us to our classes, in my case Mr. Medway . . . he looked as if he had no teeth in. Later on in the day I changed my mind . . . explained what to do and what not to do . . . first he gave us some of our books . . . we went into the assembly room. It is very big . . . I wasn't at all bothered about the work, it was being chucked down banking . . . At playtime I was a nervous wreck . . . I went straight to the toilets when the bell went to avoid the banking . . . I struggled, but in vain, I was thrown off the nearest banking . . . Next thing I knew I landed at the bottom of the banking . . . the main people to keep away from are the second formers . . . I went out and got thrown down the banking, then after that nothing exciting happened . . . At lunch-time I enjoyed my food very much . . . Monday was a very good day at school because we did not have any lessons . . . we didn't do anything that day . . . It's a great school! . . . I didn't do any lessons, I didn't get lost and I didn't get beaten up!

Form 1M

MY SCHOOL LIFE

I started school two days after my fifth birthday, and already had the notion that I wouldn't like it.

My first year was spent in the annex, a linoleum-floored building that smelt of carbolic and some substance I couldn't identify.

After asking me if I was a good little boy and if I brushed my teeth after every meal she told my parents that she thought I would be all right now. For the first few days I played on rickety slides and lost pieces out of jig-saw puzzles. We soon started to learn to write, and because I already knew how to read I was given the best set of crayons as encouragement to others to learn.

My teacher smelt of peppermint, boot polish, and that same unidentifiable smell. I later learnt that the locked drawer of her desk contained stout, and she was sacked some time later, I wasn't sorry to see her go.

Each Xmas we had the ritual of the visit of Father Xmas to the school. His arrival varied over the years: once by helicopter, once down the headmistress's chimney, and once on his sleigh, though I found no tracks afterwards. The unfortunate man was the caretaker in a red-dressing gown, sporting a glued-on cottonwool beard, which I managed to pull off one year. The boys got a dumper truck, the girls a stencil set, and the janitor a sore chin for days later!

I well remember junior school. My first teacher was a balding man who went to school with my father, and I towered over him by four inches. He wore a tweed jacket and smelt of dried sweat. He said he came to school by sledge and many of us believed him.

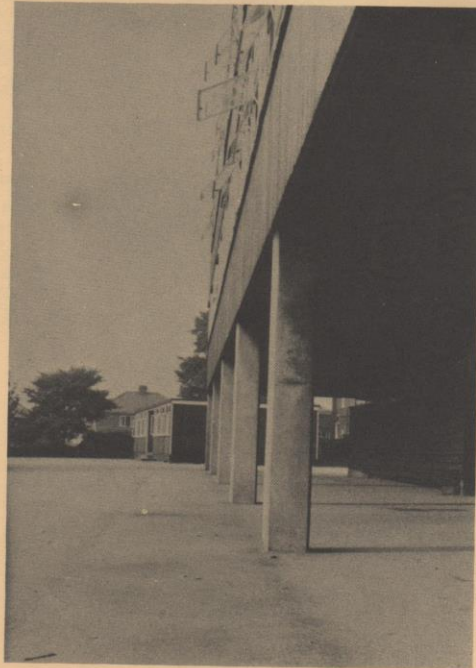
At junior school it was compulsory for the top ten in a class to enter a Cadbury's competition. You submitted an essay on the evolution of chocolate and the prizes were tins of chocolates. I won every year except one, when I was violently ill with gastro-enteritis, and consequently missed the class trip to Whitby. It rained and hailed all day, so I was told.

Eleven plus was an experience and we swotted like hell to pass it. Our teacher had once got thirty-two boys through and he was determined to get a repeat

performance. His favourite pastimes were cricket, swearing at the secretary, and making us sit with our hands on our heads all afternoon.

When I got to the King's School, I found to my surprise that some boys were taller than I was.

Secker, 6A'B



COUNTRY & COAST

Coverdale, Yorkshire.

A family of town-dwellers, we awoke to the silence of this delightful dale. The morning was damp and Great Roova Craggs carried a mantle of cloud. The children, undeterred, visited the local farm and returned damp but very happy for breakfast.

During our early morning walk, patches of blue sky spread from the horizon. Soon the entire valley, from the Whernsides in the South to Wensleydale in the North, was bathed in sunshine. Most of the trees were still green, but the redness of the bracken collected in a farmyard for bedding and of the Virginia Creeper on the houses, revealed the season.

A guidebook enhanced our appreciation of the dale. The long since ruined St. Simon's Chapel near East Scafton, sited beside the Cover, is approached by a rarely trodden footpath through a wood. Centuries ago a hermit, appointed by the monks of Coverham Abbey, lived at the chapel and tended it.

A little further on the way to Coverham the road crosses a steep sided ravine, now dry, but which must carry a raging torrent feeding the Cover below, when snow melts on the hillsides. Hidden from the road, Ulla bridge crosses the same ravine. It began life just wide enough for a single packhorse but was added to later. Its different structures are clearly visible from below. Above it is completely overgrown, the years when it carried the road long since forgotten.

As lunchtime approached we returned to our temporary home entranced by the beauty of this unspoilt dale and by its fascinating past.

M.W.C.



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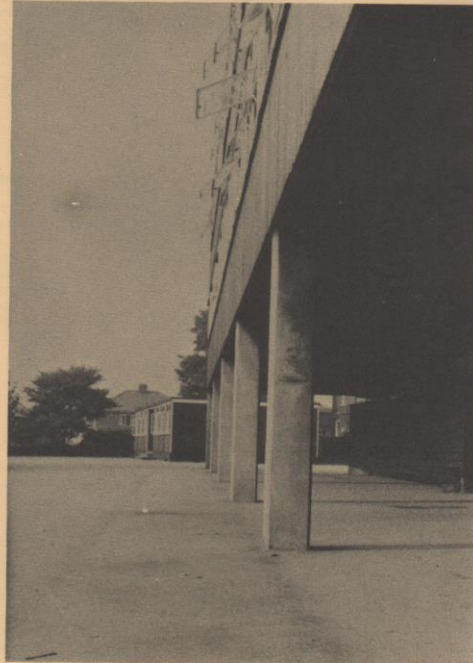
At junior school it was compulsory for the top ten in a class to enter a Cadbury's competition. You submitted an essay on the evolution of chocolate and the prizes were tins of chocolates. I won every year except one, when I was violently ill with gastro-enteritis, and consequently missed the class trip to Whitby. It rained and hailed all day, so I was told.

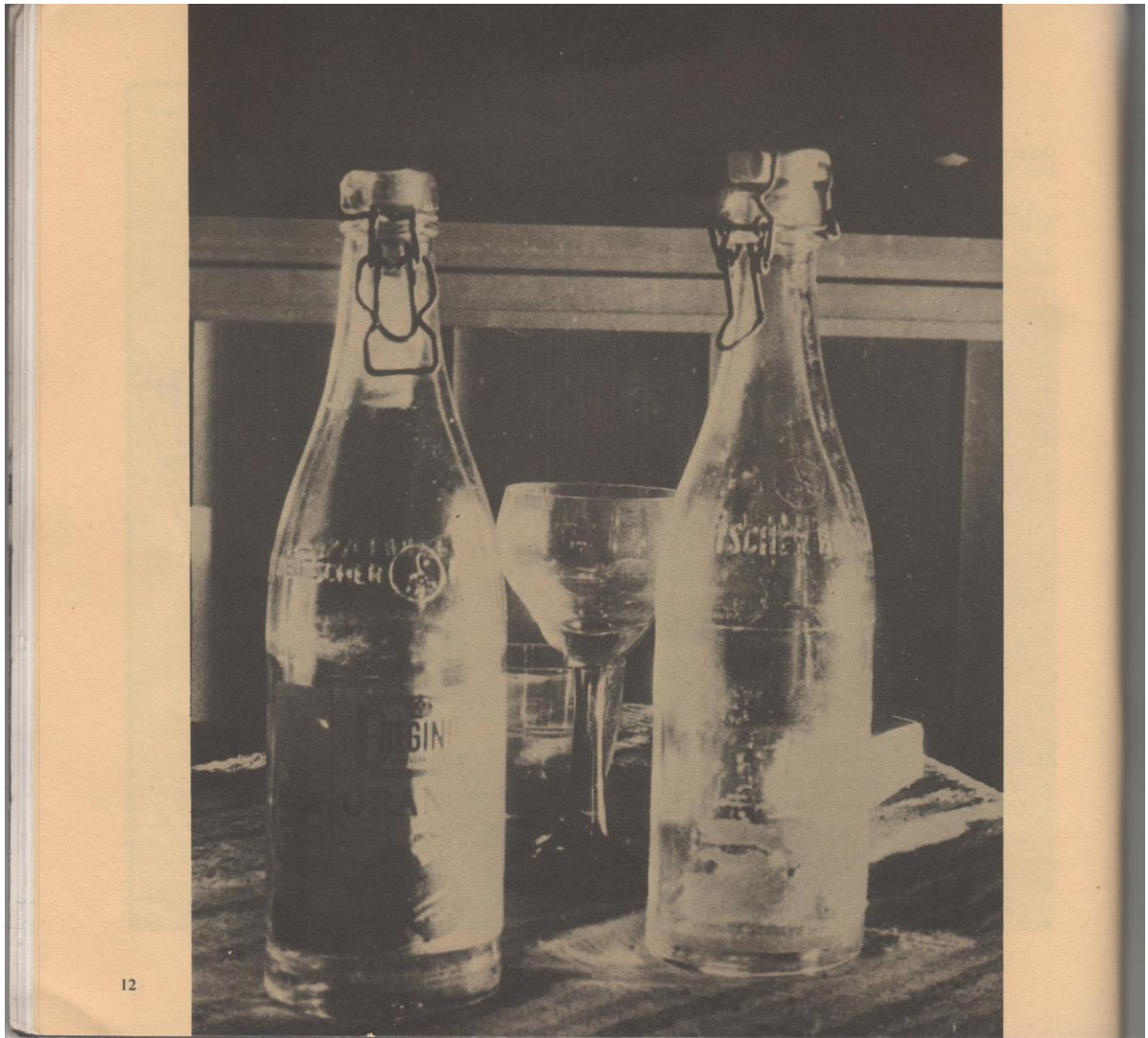
Eleven plus was an experience and we swotted like hell to pass it. Our teacher had once got thirty-two boys through and he was determined to get a repeat

performance. His favourite pastimes were cricket, swearing at the secretary, and making us sit with our hands on our heads all afternoon.

When I got to the King's School, I found to my surprise that some boys were taller than I was.

Secker, 6A¹B





DAY BREAKS

Day breaks:

Amidst a fiery burst of life
The sun is born again; a child in robes
Of steel blue cold, now innocent, will live
For one short day, a hostile sky to rove.

Noon is:

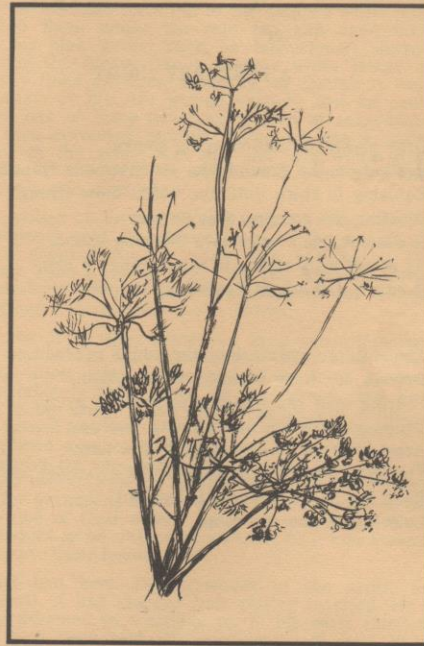
Dry, crust cracked earth bears all the pain
Of stoic sun which will no mercy show
Though scorching mountains, thirsting rivers pine
For life which noonday sun will not allow.

Dusk falls:

The shrivelling sun grows weaker now,
And bathed in blood dies down from whence it came.
Time passes, soon its ebbing crimson glow
Is lost forever, buried once again.

Night shrouds:

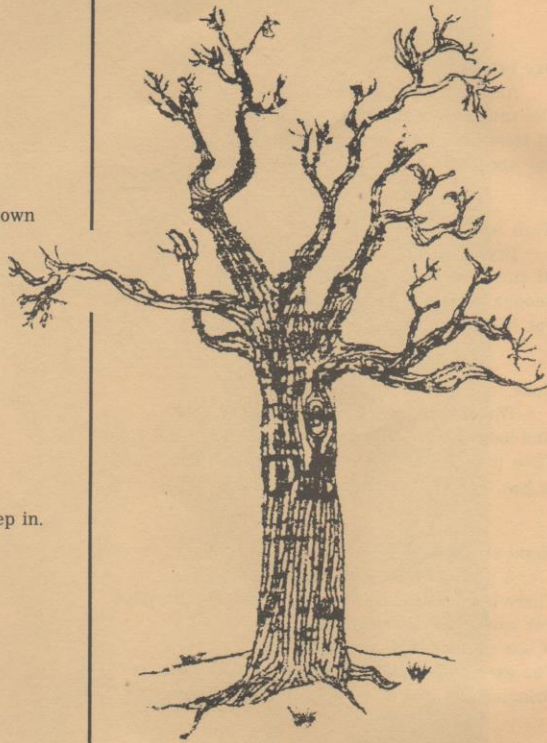
A guilt stained dark envelopes all,
There is no moon; no stars shine bright with hope
For sun or us. Eternity must tell
If our cold sun will rise again to stop
The executioner's gloves which we had worn
Bringing the axe down on our fading morn.

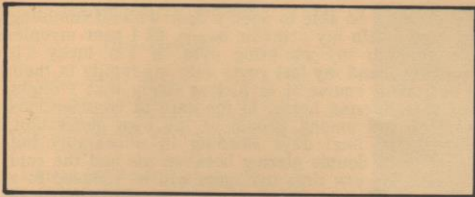


A FEBRUARY NIGHT

Grey green fog like sleeping smoke,
Resting on the ground like an enormous eiderdown
Refusing to shift, until the winds blow strong,
Gloating like an ogre, over its prey.
It deepens your voice to a booming sound,
As if you were trying to talk through a gag,
It cuts out the light deadening the day.

The children are restless, the adults get mad,
Drivers are wary because of the gloom,
Peering over the wheel with anxious eyes,
Drops of moisture on hair and clothes
Are left after a walk through the lane.
The shop windows are dulled: the mysteries creep in.
Even my own little street does not
Look like home any more.

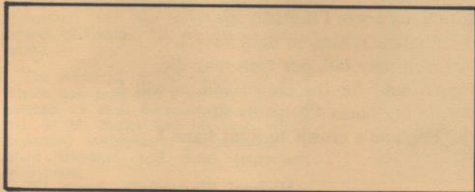




COMING HOME

A groaning rumble shuddered through the carriage
As a gentle jerk started us off,
And slowly the station slipped away.
The station slipped away.
Then through the smoke and grime of the town
And into the country bright,
With a click and a clack
And a clack and a click
We gently rumbled on and on
We gently rumbled on.
Over the bridge and through the tunnel
Past the meadow
High then low
By the hill
And by the road
I'm coming along on a train to home.

Michael Wadsworth, Form 1P



TOM

Tom's alarm clock clattered at seven o'clock in the morning. He woke immediately, as was his habit, rubbed his eyes, and lay for a few minutes. Then, stiffly, he got out of bed and limped to the bathroom. He took his false teeth out of the chipped white mug, washed them under the cold tap and fixed them into his pink gums. Then he labouriously shaved, rubbing the cream into a creamy white lather on his dry lined old face, carefully, as though it were the elixir of life. He wished vaguely that he could afford one of those new-fangled cans of spray-foam, but then corrected himself. When he was a young fellow in the army, him and the lads would have laughed at the idea. He washed and went back into his room and dressed.

He pulled on his old, ragged vest, his long, woollen underpants with the elastic loose in the waistband, and a checked woollen shirt with patches on the elbows. Then a pair of baggy old suit trousers, a pair of carefully darned knee-length socks, and an old fisherman's jersey, also much darned.

In the army, they made you keep yourself smart, that was where they should put these long haired young idiots who never washed or tried to look respectable in their lives. He was proud that he'd been in the army, it had given him a sense of discipline, turned him from a wild bloke to a respectable and disciplined man, or so he liked to think. He'd learnt to respect his superiors. Hell, it made him angry to see the two long-haired horrors that his sister Thelma had for grandsons be so openly contemptuous of the army and of their elders. By, if he was their father, he thought as he walked downstairs, he'd knock some sense into their heads.

That had been the drawback of the army, he supposed, it had stopped him getting married. He'd never dreamed of marriage up to his early thirties, then he'd been seriously considering it, he'd been transferred to the Far and Middle East for nine years. He'd come back to England aged forty-two, overweight and drinking too much, not over attractive to the fair sex. So he never got married, and now he was wishing he was.

A. Murphy, 5R

OLD AGE

I often imagine Life to be similar to the burning 'life' of a candle. The candle begins smooth, fresh, tall and unstained likened to, perhaps, youth. Innocence, naivety, purity and especially life abound, as the flame of life begins its downward journey through the years. The youthful flames bounce and burn brightly showing no sign of fatigue, nor indeed of corruption, as the virgin smoke whirls upwards.

Gradually signs of wear appear, as they inevitably do in life, and crease-like wax trickles from the flame and scars the pure body with wrinkled lines. The flame, however, accepts this and no spiritual life is lost from its gay flicker. Only the tell-tale marks can be seen on close scrutiny of the candle's material form.

Eventually Old Age begins to eat at this one time perfect outward form and the flame no longer bounces brightly, and energetically, but now it strives pathetically to stay alight even against the slightest zephyr of the wind of ill-fortune. Old Age now represents a spent candle, deformed and wizened, flickering to an end with the meagre flame of life, barely warm enough to melt the surrounding columns of life's tangible gifts now twisted and decrepid. The shadow cast by the faltering light on the darkening, surrounding walls, projects images of senile, hunch-backed men, as the light plays with the remaining spindles of wax. Even the candle itself loses all sturdiness and its one time rigidity, and becomes a shapeless mass of knobbled wax, the wick of which is bent and black with decay. That's often how I imagine Life's journey to be like — a somewhat sudden and perhaps horrifying transformation, horrifying in the sense that as we get older, life is slowly being sapped, not only physically but the mind becomes slower too. Perhaps it's because I look at Old Age from the objective point of view or out of context, that it appears so terrible. I shouldn't doubt therefore that as I live the years up to the time I become slower and older I will have learnt to live with material decay and unavoidable loneliness.

Perhaps my biggest loss will be my youth, no longer will I be able to run, or think quickly, or indeed for myself, as I take on the habit of second childhood. No

longer will I be able to open a door without fumbling nervously with my arthritic hands, as I peer myopically through my squinting eyes. If I'm lucky I'll probably spend my last years with my family in their care, but of course it is just as likely that I might end in a nursing home, in the care of conscientious matrons and among people of my own generation, passing the final days sleeping in unbearably hot rooms, with double glazing between me and the cold exterior. My one time liveliness will be reduced to a slow shuffled gait, my hearing will be greatly impaired and my body will fall to ruin in a hunched twisted manner.

But, perhaps it will not all be so terrifying because it will give me time to reminisce and remember my younger life comfortably as I anticipate the end.

P. Mullins, 6A1

BATTLE GROUND

When I come home from this great war,
I may have less I may have more,
But on my horse I'll gladly die,
For England's rights to fight have I.
I'll win this war myself alone,
For in these years my strength has grown,
But on my horse I'll gladly die
For England's King to fight have I.
Our men may fail, our men may die,
They'll fight for the crown and so will I,
But on my horse I'll gladly die,
For England's crown to fight have I.

Michael Wadsworth, Form 1P

'UNDER MILK WOOD'

by
Dylan Thomas

'Under Milk Wood', a 'Play for Voices', was commissioned by the B.B.C. as a radio play. Thomas's most popular work, this has also achieved great success on the stage.

I found it difficult to attune my ear to the dialects being used by the Voices, obviously intended as Welsh. However, once the ears had adjusted, or the dialects been lost, I found the magic of the verse and the poet's affectionate satire sifted through quite well. All credit must go to the Voices who had a difficult task in the play keeping continuity. (Roger Bell, Gary Kirkham, and Edward Crofts).

Since this was intended as a radio play, use of the stage must have presented serious problems. Numerous entries and exits were bound to prove troublesome but the effect of these was minimised by very skilful stage direction and lighting. All credit must be given to all involved in make-up, lighting and costume for the very effective results on stage. Admittedly, once or twice, attention was centred on a group of actors leaving the stage with chairs when an amusing quick scene was missed, but with better lighting facilities and greater scope for stage development, so much more could be achieved.

I should like to compliment the whole cast on its performance, but I particularly enjoyed the characterisations of Mr. Pugh and Mr. Beynon, by Richard Walker; the contrasting roles of Polly Garter and Mrs. Pugh, by Joanne Brammer; and the touching reminiscences of Captain Cat by David Hookham.

The standard of the production as a whole was good and a splendid rapport seemed to exist between the director, Mr. J. M. Burke and his cast, which produced enthusiastic performances, a good standard and most important, enjoyment.



MARIONETTE GROUP

Although activities within the School have been minimal during the past 18 months, the group has been thriving outside School.

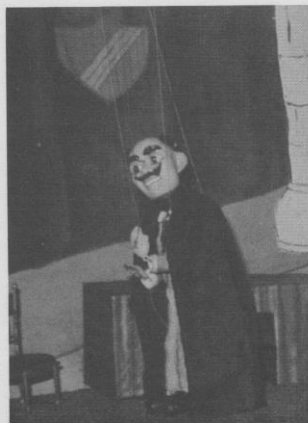
1970/71 has been a very good season, the group performing at several Christmas parties, including many at other schools in the local area. Towns visited by the group last Christmas are Knottingley, Castleford, Ferrybridge, and even Featherstone. The main item 'Jack and the Beanstalk' a pseudo-pantomime, was very well received everywhere, and when the final performance was given in October, 1971, the entire cast was sorry to see it go.

Its place has been admirably filled, however, by 'The Dragon who loved Music'. This masterpiece incorporates two dimensional cut-outs as well as the traditional marionette puppets; it had its premiere on December 15th, and went down very well with the young audience.

A full schedule awaits us for the 1971/72 season, with shows at Castleford, Batley, Roscoe, Featherstone and Knottingley, and we look forward to these with enthusiasm and confidence.

Activities within the School will increase towards the summer of 1972, when the dark cloud that hangs over us all will have finally burst, and it is hoped that a performance of Jean-Paul Sartre's 'Huis Clos' will be given to the Sixth form, for the first time using rod-type puppets. With this, we hope that misguided opinions that puppetry is for children will be dispensed with.

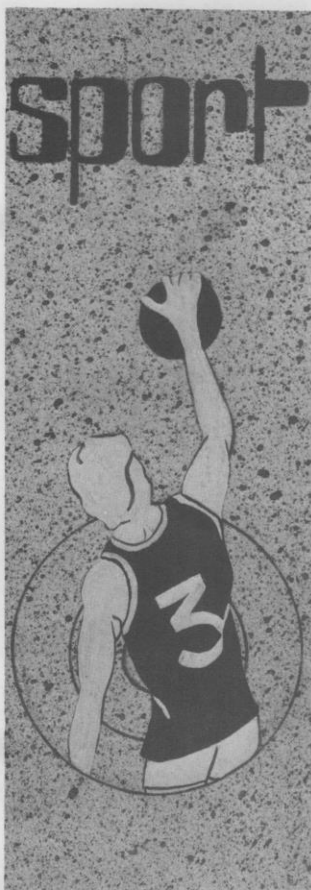
M.B., 6A²



Cast:

Roger Bell, Gary Kirkham, Edward Crofts, Robert Willet, Leslie Bullough, Michael Porter, Richard Walker, Andrew Whiteley, Leslie Hughes, David Hookham, Jim Conlon, Rebecca Schofield, Brian Watson, Ruth Gould, Hilary Bowes, Jane Horsfall, Kevin Walker, Caroline Simpson, Jeremy Bowes, Joanne Brammer, Bernard Vickers and Gillian Blackburn.

D.C.M.



RUGBY

The rugby term has been the best from the weather point-of-view that I can remember. Muddy conditions have not existed and this has been reflected in the high-scoring and open rugby which we have seen at all levels of rugby in the School.

The great majority of last year's first XV left School in the summer and the prospects for the term were a matter for some speculation. In the event, the first XV has had an excellent season and has put up some fine performances, culminating in a decisive win over a strong Old Boys' side.

The third XV, in terms of results, has not had a good season but the boys involved have given of their best and have played with enthusiasm in spite of being on the losing side many times. The remaining sides have all achieved excellent results which makes the prospects for the future of School rugby look very good. At the same time, it becomes evident as the years go by of the increasing number of boys who are capable of playing in School sides but who choose not to do so for a variety of reasons.

The usual half-term tours took place in October when the Under-13 XV and the Under-14 XV visited old and new friends in Lancashire, and the Under-15 XV and the first XV explored new ground in the North-East and Scotland. Both tours were enjoyable and successful occasions.

For the second time, the King's Sevens took place in late September this year with an increased entry of sixteen schools. Again we were favoured by good weather, and the competition, won by Roundhay School, was enjoyable and successful. Next term the School will take part in sevens competitions at Hipperholme, Ilkley, Rosslyn Park, Llanelli, Loughborough, and for the first time the Hyde Sevens.

I should like to express my thanks to the many members of staff and parents who have shown an interest in School rugby and who are always ready to help. In particular I wish to thank Mr. D. D. Porter, Mr. G. H. Hall, Mr. M. A. Jones, Mr. P. Dunne, Mr. D. M. Buckroyd and Mr. P. A. Hargreaves, who have been in charge of the School sides.

Colours and Distinctions:

First XV colours were reawarded to D. Matthews and awarded to the captain, S. W. Hodgson, the vice-captain, J. Simpson, and to P. Muscroft. Congratulations go to M. Ward of the Under-15 XV on his selection to play for the Yorkshire Under-15 XV at No. 8 forward.

A.J.L.

RUGBY RESULTS

First XV

H	Sir Wm. Turner's Sch., Redcar	L	14-19
H	Goole G.S.	W	41- 3
A	Heath School	W	31- 7
A	Ripon G.S.	W	36- 6
H	Rothwell G.S.	W	29- 9
A	Archbishop Holgate's G.S.	W	26- 6
H	Ermysted's G.S., Skipton	W	22-12
A	Normanton G.S.	L	6-51
A	Dame Allan's Sch., Newcastle	W	80- 0
A	Kirkcaldy H.S.	W	18- 0
A	King Edward VI Sch., Morpeth	L	6-22

A Castleford H.S. W 16-6
 H Keighley School W 15-4
 A Hemsworth H.S. W 10-6
 H Bridlington School W 14-0
 A Doncaster G.S. W 17-10
 H Roundhay School W 12-7
 H Old Boys W 26-12

P 18 W 15 L 3 D 0
 Pts. for 419 Agst. 180

Second XV

H Sir Wm. Turner's Sch., Redcar W 27-9
 A Goole G.S. W 87-0
 H Heath School W 65-0
 H Ripon G.S. W 70-0
 H S. Wilfrid's H.S. W 33-0
 A Rothwell G.S. L 6-10
 H Archbishop Holgate's G.S. W 56-3
 H Normanton G.S. L 3-18
 H Castleford H.S. W 37-0
 A Keighley School W 4-0
 H Hemsworth H.S. W 68-3
 A Bridlington School W 20-0
 H Doncaster G.S. W 38-10
 A Roundhay School L 4-7

P 14 W 11 L 3 D 0
 Pts. for 518 Agst. 60

Third XV

A Minsthorpe H.S. L 3-31
 A Airedale H.S. L 6-64
 H Bradford G.S. L 0-20
 H Ermysted's G.S., Skipton L 6-14
 H Minsthorpe H.S. L 0-33
 H Keighley School L 8-19
 A Bradford G.S. L 0-58
 H Leeds G.S. W 20-0
 A St. Wilfrid's H.S. W 36-6
 A Selby G.S. L 6-26
 H Leeds G.S. W 10-6

P 11 W 3 L 8 D 0
 Pts. for 95 Agst. 277

Under-15 XV

H Sir Wm. Turner's Sch., Redcar W 50-4
 A Goole G.S. W 64-0
 H Heath School W 67-0
 A Ripon G.S. W 52-0
 H St. Wilfrid's H.S. W 76-3
 H Rothwell G.S. W 54-8
 A Normanton G.S. L 7-21
 A Dame Allan's Sch., Newcastle L 16-19
 A Kirkcaldy H.S. W 26-3
 A King Edward VI Sch., Morpeth W 31-18

H Castleford H.S. W 22-6
 A Keighley School W 54-0
 H Leeds G.S. L 0-36
 A Bridlington School W 28-8
 A Doncaster G.S. W 37-4
 H Roundhay School W 44-0

P 16 W 13 L 3 D 0
 Pts. for 628 Agst. 130

Under-14 XV

A Wakefield Cathedral H.S. L 14-24
 H Goole G.S. W 74-0
 A Heath School W 62-0
 H Ripon G.S. W 60-4
 A St. Wilfrid's H.S. W 34-0
 A Rothwell G.S. W 92-4
 H Archbishop Holgate's G.S. W 34-4
 H Normanton G.S. L 13-47
 A Stonyhurst College W 12-10
 A King Edward VII Sch., Lytham W 54-0

A West Park G.S., St. Helens W 35-4
 A Castleford H.S. W 68-0
 A Leeds G.S. L 14-30
 A Ermysted's G.S., Skipton W 24-12
 H Hemsworth H.S. W 42-0
 A Bridlington School W 18-0
 H Doncaster G.S. W 88-0
 A Roundhay School W 38-4

P 18 W 15 L 3 D 0
 Pts. for 776 Agst. 143

Under-13 XV

A Wakefield Cathedral H.S. W 37-0
 H Goole G.S. W 50-0
 A Heath School W 21-0
 H Ripon G.S. W 51-3
 A St. Wilfrid's H.S. W 42-0
 H Rothwell G.S. W 33-4
 H Archbishop Holgate's G.S. W 18-6
 A Normanton G.S. L 0-4
 A St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst L 4-20
 A King Edward VII Sch., Lytham L 4-14

A West Park G.S., St. Helens W 25-0
 A Wakefield Cathedral H.S. W 10-4
 H St. Olave's Sch., York W 20-10
 A Ermysted's G.S., Skipton L 7-22
 A Bradford G.S. L 0-4
 H Bridlington School W 30-4
 A Selby G.S. W 23-18
 H Roundhay School L 4-11

P 18 W 12 L 6 D 0
 Pts. for 379 Agst. 124

First Form XV

A Archbishop Holgate's G.S. W 16-4
 (B XV) L 0-7
 H Normanton G.S. W 30-4
 A Wakefield Cathedral H.S. W 32-0
 H St. Olave's Sch., York D 4-4
 H Bridlington School W 10-4
 A Selby G.S. W 44-0
 A Roundhay School W 8-7

P 7 W 6 L 0 D 1
 Pts. for 144 Agst. 23



FIRST XV:

Back: M. S. Willoughby, S. W. Chase, M. G. Athorne, A. Dixon, M. R. Fish, D. J. Wood, P. Hewison, D. Matthews, P. Muscroft.

Front: B. T. Allen, D. Close, R. E. Johnson, J. Simpson, S. W. Hodgson (Capt.), J. Cox, R. L. Insall, A. R. Cook, R. E. Evans.



FIRST FORM XV:

Back: P. Brown, D. A. Ward, D. Hill, G. Widdowson, D. Dobbing, N. Broadbent, P. Lakin, D. Ward, P. Bewley.

Middle: N. Cheney, S. D. Arwish, P. Blackburn, D. Lythgoe, K. MacDonald (Capt.), A. Boyd, P. Gray, N. Woolford, J. Beevers.

Front: S. Hill, M. Wright, M. Huddie, J. Chambers.

BASKETBALL CLUB

Activities this term have been centred round the two Senior teams, Royals and Aurics, playing respectively in the First and Second Divisions of the Wakefield and District League.

Royals have made an excellent start in Division One, having won 6 and lost 1 match at the halfway stage of the season. Colin Walker, the captain, and Kenny Glendinning have shouldered most of the burden of scoring points, but overall it has been an excellent team effort, with John Barber, Roger Bell, Les Bullough, Jeff Clarke, Jim Conlon, Keith Morton, David Porter and David Wood all playing some high-standard basketball.

All the Aurics players are in their first season of playing basketball, and under the conditions have done well, winning 3 and losing 4 of their matches. Players who have represented the team have been Barry Allen, Neil Carmichael, Jeff Clarke, John Cox, Alan Dixon (captain), Ralph Fish, John Frankland, Peter Hargreaves, Denis Medway, Michael Porter, Keith Senior, Peter Tate, Mark White, Robert Willett and Kevin Woollard.

Apart from league matches there have been two School games against Leeds Grammar School, when the Senior team lost by 51 - 58, and the Under-15 team won by 20 - 18.

Perhaps the highlight of the season was the Royals' performance in the first round of the Yorkshire Cup against Doncaster Panthers, who can boast one Great Britain and four England Youth players. The team lost by 52 - 123 in a thoroughly entertaining match which was appreciated by some 160 spectators.

Besides team performances, two players, Colin Walker and Kenny Glendinning, were selected to play for the Wakefield Area team in the Yorkshire Inter-City Tournament.

League Results

Royals

v. Morley Mustangs (H)	Won	59-48
v. Barnsley Y.M.C.A. (H)	Won	70-54
v. Pontefract Gazelles (H)	Won	74-68
v. Wakefield Tech. Coll. (A)	Lost	42-48
v. Bridon (H)	Won	61-53
v. Leeds Dodgers (A)	Won	56-42
v. Bridon (A)	Won	82-65

Aurics

v. Altofts 'B' (H)	Won	31-25
v. Altofts 'A' (A)	Lost	26-37
v. Crofton Cougars (H)	Won	51-29
v. Woodkirk Wasps (H)	Lost	38-47
v. Batley (A)	Lost	34-46
v. Thornhill Youth Club (A)	Lost	37-40
v. Normanton (H)	Won	41-34

R.R.

THE BADMINTON CLUB

This term, the Club had a strong enough nucleus of players for fixtures to be sought, but teams of a similar standard to ourselves have proved hard to find and just the three matches have been played. Each one was closely fought with the result being in the balance to the very end, the School pulling through to win on each occasion.

v Burkin Badminton Club H	won	6-3
v Q.E.G.S.	A won	5-4
v Q.E.G.S.	H won	6-3

Our thanks must go to Mr. M. Bird who has continued coaching 2nd and 3rd form boys on Tuesday evenings and also to Mr. Brooks without whose enthusiasm and organisation the club would cease to function.

J. Cox. 6Sc2M

OLD POMFRETIAN'S ASSOCIATION

President: The Headmaster, J. G. W. Peck, M.A., J.P.

Vice-Presidents: A. E. Lovett, C. E. Dunn.

Chairman 1971-72: G. F. G. Townend, 35 Westfield Avenue, Pontefract.

Secretary: J. Williamson, 57 Barnsley Road, South Kirkby, Pontefract.

Treasurer: C. Wood, York County Savings Bank, Pontefract.

Object: 'to promote a continuance of interest in the School by Old Boys, to be of service to the School, and to provide opportunities for Old Boys to meet together from time to time'.

Membership is by payment of a single subscription of £1.25 — which is inclusive of the cost of the Association Tie (School crest on dark blue background).

All enquiries should be addressed to the Secretary.

Committee

The Committee met in the School Library on the 21st October, 1971.

The Secretary reported that 26 applications for membership had been received since the introduction of the new basis of membership.

It was unanimously agreed that Mr. C. E. Dunn be invited to become a Vice-President of the Association and Mr. Dunn expressed his consent.

Consideration was given to the feasibility of holding a Re-Union Dinner in late June or early July, 1972. Members agreed to 'look around' to assess possible support and to report back at the next Meeting to be held on the 27th January, 1972.

The Committee was pleased to learn of the recent formation of a Parent-Teacher Association and expressed a desire to co-operate in any way possible in the interest of the School. Mr. Leaver agreed to keep the Committee informed.

SHORT STORY

THE BLACK ARTS

'And now, with the time coming up to nine o'clock on B.B.C. 1, we hand you over to the newsroom and Robert Dougall'. Simon reached over and switched the set off with a controlled savagery that betrayed tension. A quick twitch of the fingers, a click, and it was finished. If only life were that simple. He sat watching the blue dot fade away into the infinity of that blank, yet staring face. It symbolised his mind. There was a cure, it took one whirling high amid thoughts and sounds, at the height of this escapist parabola one could look down and sneer at the world. For how long? An hour later would see him back in his pit of despair. Should he use it? Simon pondered. One side of his mind pushed against the other. Good versus Bad, God versus the Devil, Black versus White. Despair and rage welled within him. Kill! Burn! Maim! Destroy! Smash! Bite! Kick! The blank green face stared at him. It's deep all-knowing serenity mocked him. It mocked his life, his fraught ambitions, his despair.

Simon picked up the heavy brass paperweight which lay on the coffee table beside him, weighed it in his hand, and threw it. His arm became a projection of his mind giving vent to his terrible anger.

There followed the inevitable harsh splintering of the screen. Simon fell back in his chair, exhausted. He dozed. The sounds of an animal in pain brought him to reality. The grunts and shrieks came from the television set. Simon stared frightened.

After a while the screams subsided and were replaced by a constant low hum which soothed Simon's nerves.

'Rationalize, rationalize' he muttered, 'It's just a fuse or something'.

His trembling hand slithered cautiously towards the main switch of the television set. Another inch . . .

'Don't try it'.

It was the sort of thing one expects to find in infants' cartoon programmes. 'Teddy the Talking Television'.

Fear enveloped Simon, sweeping over him in all engulfing waves. The adrenalin surged in his bloodstream. His fingers lashed out in a desperate attempt to press the switch.

The television crackled into life again.

'All we ask is your co-operation in a few simple tests which may have unfortunate repercussions on your life-style, but if you comply with our requests we may be able to soften the blow'.

'What repercussions?'

'They will become evident later. Now, stand up and position yourself directly under that light bulb'.

Simon felt the grip of the chair loosen slightly, a decision had to be made. To stay put was to die, Simon knew that, but, under that light one might find a fate worse than death. He badly wanted a cigarette. Suddenly an unseen force propelled Simon out of the chair and sent him sprawling onto the carpet. The voice of the television sounded once more.

'It is imperative that you co-operate!'

Glass tinkled over by the television. As if it were a film being played backwards the screen was repairing itself. Pieces of glass animated by some unknown force flew back into position. It was too much.

'From our investigation it seems that your brain is in many ways superior to ours. We must ask a great sacrifice of you'.

The electric voice paused for a moment.

'Carry on, carry on, what is it?'

'Your son'.

Simon had not yet thought about his son John. In fact in all of his two years of life he had not thought about John. Up till then, John had been 'a mistake' to be tolerated. Now nothing seemed more important than that bundle of flesh and bone sleeping upstairs.

'Oh God stop them, stop them!'

'You fool Simon, don't you see that I'm your God now. Your society has reversed life and morals. Good is now Bad. Money is more than Faith. God is the Devil, the Devil is God'.

'Then take me instead', Simon's voice pleaded.

'No, your brain has been perverted by your own existence. John is still pure and uncorroded'.

At that moment, John himself appeared in the room. His infant face showed confusion and astonishment. His only words were 'Where's mama, where's mama?'

The television broke in. 'You do have a choice Simon'.

Simon clutched at the straw. 'What is it?'

'You can watch him die'.

Simon wrestled with this terrible dilemma. This thing, force, power or whatever had practically admitted it was the Devil. He could lead his son into a life of eternal death.

'Come on Simon, decide. Commit, can't you, commit, commit!'

'Shut up, damn you!'

Seconds later the fridge door swung open.

'Come on Simon'.

Simon wept, he wished Doomsday would come, anything, anything to avoid this decision.

Suddenly the television lost patience. John flew through the air. The fridge door snapped shut. Locked. 'Dadda, dadda', the screams of his infant son

came to Simon's ears. He heard the strenuous rasping efforts of his son trying to draw breath as he slowly suffocated. His frail muscles beat against the sides of the fridge in a vain attempt to free himself.

'There's still time Simon, still time'.

'All right, take him, take him'.

It was as though in the middle of a great tug-of-war someone had cut the

rope. Simon reeled mentally. Reality still prevailed though, and he leapt to the fridge freed of the paralytic chains. He flung the door open. Nothing. He turned around.

There on the television screen was the small curled up image of his son, fast fading into the green void.

N. Buchanan, 5R.

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