

Pontefract

SCHOOL NEWS

The school is at present undergoing its annual change of character. Examinations, parents' evenings, sporting events and assorted trips replace the routine of much of the year's work. Staff basking, if not in the sun, at least in the unwonted number of free periods, plot the downfall of the Parents at cricket. By half-term the Staff had already played two cricket matches, losing to Ashfield School Staff and defeating Pontefract Young Conservatives' a hat-trick for Mr. Cavendish serving as early warning for the Parents.

The growing importance of the P.T.A. is indicated by the fact that this year the Staff-Parents match is to be only one of the features of a Summer Fayre—on Sunday, 2nd July. Other recent Association activities have been a Jumble Sale in March—possibly under-publicised, but still successful to the extent of £40—and the Art Exhibition in May.



Examinations are formidable, even to the best prepared . . .

The lure of summer has even dragged Mr. Hargreaves from the study of catalogues and dreams of vast profit from the projected school shop. As well as accompanying Mr. Leaver and enormous quantities of food on a Third Form camp at half-term, he has been taking groups of students canoeing at Nostell. The three canoes in use are the result of the industry of the Woodwork Department.

However, summer has its own routine outside the field of outdoor pursuits. A fire-drill in March, in which the school was cleared in six minutes—rather longer than at 3.55, I suspect—was the start of a series of novel interruptions of lessons: photographs, medical inspections, dental inspections. Many of us are still amazed that the teeth of an entire form can be examined in ten minutes. Our admiration for such efficiency is somewhat tempered by the fact that boys who were absent for the inspection were discovered to have the same molar deficiencies as those who attended. At least it's a tribute to our pupils' alacrity in opening their mouths!



. . . for the greatest fool may ask more . . .

A more welcome break in the conventional timetable was provided by Mr. Keith Blair who entertained the Lower School with a puppet show on 24th May. Mature young gentlemen of 12 years old who thought it would be 'babyish' were pleasantly surprised to be instructed in the making of various types of puppets and in the history of puppetry.

Meanwhile opportunities for the normal extra-curricular activities continue. Many of the Fourth Year saw a rather odd production of 'Macbeth' at Bretton Hall, the Photographic Society has been reformed, and, after a short break the Railway Enthusiasts are once more turning their attention to Doncaster Locomotive Sheds.

The Voluntary Group, of course, continues: gardening, collecting fire-wood (including Mrs. Burns' gates—Mr. Johnson claims that she gave permission), even using the school bus to assist a family move house. The next major project is the post-'A' Level work in collaboration with the High School: mostly decorating old people's houses. One of the most valuable of out-of-school activities, the group now needs further recruits to replace the many stalwarts leaving this term.



. . . than the wisest man can answer.

Just as the Voluntary Group makes the school a part of the community, so the outside world makes its impact from time to time on school life. The school gymnasium was used as a polling station for the historic municipal elections held in April, historic for the rather sad reason that the Borough of Pontefract is to be absorbed into a much larger administrative area. Among those elected for the last Pontefract council was Mr. Eric Tonks, the school caretaker and representative of the Tanshelf ward.

The visits to hospitals, industry, the armed services and schools planned for Fifth-formers after 'O'-Levels also remind us that there is a world outside,

visit to Harrogate in May: some of our pupils were members of an orchestra which performed on that occasion.

Unfortunately, the impression of summer as a time of cricket, canoeing and fire-drills is only part of the truth and many will be receiving this magazine in the intervals between compulsory incarceration in the Hall in the company of G.C.E. papers. I hope the experience is sufficiently painless for them to approach August with equanimity. R. S.

THE MARIONETTE GROUP

As the term draws to a close more and more frantic efforts are being made to bring to fruition the long-promised performance of Jean-Paul Sartre's 'Huis Clos'.

During the Spring half-term, hectic rehearsals enabled the recording of the sound-track to be completed, and for their considerable part in this the group is indebted to Janice Hollinworth and Lynn Jordon of the High School.

After the strain of these next few weeks it will be almost a pleasure to resign oneself to the task of creating three complete rod-puppets and preparing for the strenuous rehearsals which will inevitably follow.

To relieve our burdens a recruiting campaign has been carried out among junior boys in the hope that a basis for a permanent group at the school might be formed before the few remaining members leave in a year's time.

We intend to perform 'Huis Clos' at school towards the end of July and another performance will probably be given at a Wakefield College in the final week of term. G. Kirkham, 6A2.

EXHIBITIONS

Exhibitions this term have been varied and informative, adding colour to the otherwise drab surroundings of the Library. Among the exhibitions were: Rover; Photography; King George V; Fire Prevention; Droodles.

The Library has acquired a collapsible display board which has proved invaluable owing to its versatility. Material from the exhibitions has been utilised to form information dossiers, which have proved justly popular among members of the lower school, as any librarian on duty can testify.

It is hoped that, despite disruption due to 'O' and 'A' levels, a fair number of exhibitions will be mounted in the latter half of the Summer Term.

However, the librarians have no wish to monopolise this area of the school's activities and space will be very happily given to anyone, from any year, who would like to stage his own exhibition. The topic can be—almost—anything. N. I. Secker, 6A1

THE CHESS CLUB

The Club has continued to enjoy considerable success—notably the selection of the team captain, I. Brusby, to play for Yorkshire in the Under-18 team. In the *Sunday Times* Competition the team did well in reaching the quarter finals of the East Yorkshire Zone; they were defeated by Bridlington School. The eventual zone winners were St. Michael's College, Leeds.

For the second year in succession the first team won their league—by the narrowest of margins—one board.

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
8	1	1	2

The second team were unlucky not to win their league. The fact that they had to 'field' a weakened team on two occasions lost them the league by half a point.

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
10	7	1	2

D. Northwood won the Wakefield and District Schools' Under-16 Championship. The school monopolised the event with M. Green and A. Osiecki winning second and third place respectively.

In the Junior School Competition, M. Barratt of 2R has again won the trophy and is emerging as an outstanding player, having played ten matches for the second team and not lost a single game.

The Club depends for its success in competitions on the support of a small group of competent players—people like I. Brusby, who must rate as one of the keenest and most consistently successful players the Club has known. My thanks go to him for his support and captaincy of a successful team, and to J. Aiston, another stalwart, who is leaving in July, and to all team members who have given of their time to support the Club. J. H.

After a series of fluctuating attendances, the Society now seems to be fairly well established. Meetings this term have been quite frequent and activities have included a game of French Juke-box Jury, a fully illustrated talk on the school trip to Belgium given by Wallbank (2R) and Greaves (2A2), and a tantalizing French quiz devised by Watson (1M) and Braham (2A2). Next term we plan to have a wine and cheese tasting session and to perform some one-act plays. R. C.



A new role for the gym.

THEATRE VISITS

Two very rewarding visits to Leeds Playhouse have taken place this term. A very small party saw 'Close The Coalhouse Door' in what was only the second professional production of this amusing, exuberant and at times extremely moving story of the Georgie miners' struggle for justice over the last two hundred years. The play was made topical by the recently-ended Miners' strike—in fact, the production had been updated to deal with this latest action by the addition of a new scene.

The second visit, to see Ben Jonson's 'The Alchemist', was made by a larger party. The bawdy humour of this comedy was much appreciated, seeming to go down well with a modern audience as it must have done with those who originally watched the play in the seventeenth century.

Despite the fact that by-and-large the transport for these visits is provided by members of the English Department, this does not imply that they are limited to people studying English. Everyone is welcome to take advantage of these most enjoyable theatre visits. K. Murphy, 6S1.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

Editors: Ian Secker, Stuart Wild.
Committee: Clive Baker, Roger Bell, Martin Blakey, Timothy Brindley, David Collins, Gary Kirkham, Geoffrey Pearce, Stuart Tarrant, Andrew Ward, Robert Willott.
Photographs: Andrew Ward.
Graphics: Brian Watson.

Summer 1972.

EVENTS

PONTEFRAC T MUSIC FESTIVAL—SPEECH AND DRAMA SECTION

This year's turn out from the school was generally lower than usual—although this seemed to be the case throughout the whole festival. It is a pity that such a well-organised festival should be so pathetically attended. Nevertheless, the standards of the performances did not drop, and again The King's School distinguished itself in this section.

Several people are worthy of special mention: Cusworth and Revell entering in the under-15 Duo logue class, obtained a mark of 82 for an excerpt from 'Treasure Island', which they performed well, receiving the trophy for the duologue class.

A commendable effort on behalf of 1M—making a change from the usual apathetic attitude of the lower forms to this event—won them the mime section with a mark of 80.

This year, however, two people 'stole the show': Richard Walker and David Hookham. Both entering in several classes showing themselves to have a truly professional outlook on acting. Perhaps their best performance together was in the Shakespearean Duologue where they performed an excerpt from 'Henry IV', part 1.

A word about the adjudicators who are so important to the success of the festival: a Mr. Gerald Lomas and a Mrs. Stella Sizer-Simpson. The former poured cold water on everything, giving destructive criticisms and generally being arrogant and superior—it might have done him good to come down from his ivory tower and actually look at the people who were performing in front of him, so as he could speak to them in his adjudications—rather than at them. Mrs. Sizer-Simpson was excellent, offering constructive criticism, chatting to the competitors and showing all the skills of a good adjudicator—an excellent example to Mr. Lomas.

Thanks must go to all who supported the event, especially as it was cup final Saturday. Congratulations to one and all involved!

M. Blakey, 6A2.

THE ART EXHIBITION

After a brief introductory speech by the Headmaster on the important place that Art holds in the school, the Art Exhibition got fully under way on the evening of Wednesday, 3rd March.

The cramped atmosphere in the lecture room was forgotten as parents were fascinated by an illustrated talk from Mr. Myers on English architecture, during

which some particularly beautiful colour slides were shown. Parents were then allowed either to be considerably impressed by the display of senior talent in the hall, charmed by the first attractive, if somewhat faltering, steps of the junior boys' attempts, or mercilessly hypnotised by a 'mechanical spherograph' which functioned almost ceaselessly throughout the evening.

On the whole, the Exhibition enjoyed great success and, although one feels that better use might have been made of the spot-lighting in the hall, stimulated and impressed every one present. However, parents were no doubt less stimulated and impressed by having to pay for their refreshments, a strangely ungenerous demand when free refreshments are so readily available on other occasions.

G. Kirkham, 6A2.

FIRST FORM WELSH VISIT

Early on a bright morning in April a party of first formers were heading for Wales. Charlie the driver had tried over the radio to explain one or two educational points, but we were too excited or didn't want to know.

After a quick but cold stop at Manchester Airport we moved on to Chester, to, as Mr. Medway put it, a 'Posh' restaurant, Brown's. After a 'posh' lunch, we sped through the North Wales seaside all afternoon and arrived nearly half an hour ahead of schedule.

SCHOOL SUBSCRIPTIONS

This term the subscriptions went up to 40p per term, and there were moans and groans around the school such as 'Not again!' or 'Where's it all going to?' So in answer to these questions an investigation has been carried out to see just where all the money does go to. The balance-sheet for the school subscriptions we are using is last term's—when the subscription was 35p per term, and assumes that this would be the constant rate of the subscriptions throughout this year. The 5p recent rise was due to inflation and did not in any way increase the 'spending power' of the school.

Every boy in the school pays 35p per term in subscriptions (unless he has a brother in the school). This amounts to £1.05 per annum per boy. So the school scoops an income of approximately £230 per term—that is £690 per annum—from its pupils.

A large chunk of the subscription is used for the printing of the school broadsheet, which comes out five times a year—this costs 10p per broadsheet—that is £360 per annum. This figure used to be higher, as when we changed from magazine to broadsheet, not only did we make more printing space available, we also made several economies. Every boy in the school obtains a copy of the broadsheet, and is entitled to enter any contribution for printing in it. Also all members of the sixth form are invited to be on the Magazine Committee and have a chance to shape the magazine into virtually any form.

BELGIUM: EASTER 1972

Take one full coachload of trippers, of all ages from 11 to 18, add three masters old enough to know better and a bluff driver with a Jackie Stewart complex, and point the lot at Belgium, which is, by now, happily well used to invasion. This was the recipe for the most unusual and ambitious History Trip so far, a tour of First World War battlefields and medieval cloth cities. Organised by the 'old firm' historians and some gone to seed, and others, it must be said, keener to taste the forbidden fruits of the mysterious Continent.

This was a trip to satisfy most moral and legal tastes. No complaints of having nothing to do—quite the reverse, as time would not expand to allow each town and battlefield the attention it deserved. Strong Francophiles wept silently as French cafés rushed past the coach windows like a jet-propelled frieze. The itinerary brochure said 'Full day sight-seeing' against most days, and it was no exaggeration. But certain places and incidents do stand out in the memory.

At Ghent the massive castle of the Count of Flanders contrasted with the delicate model of the medieval town in the Cloth Tower—Son et Lumière in miniature. In Bruges, sadly, there was time only to savour the fragrance of a canal trip (at 'high tide'). Everywhere the size and frequency of immaculate military cemeteries overwhelmed the senses. And Vimy Ridge still has First World War tunnels

and trenches incredibly preserved in a forest of pines, each tree representing a missing Canadian soldier.

Certain questions have yet to be answered. Why did a Belgian bachelor throw an impromptu champagne party for the whole group when our coach chanced to park outside his flat? Was the caged mastiff at Tynecot standing on stilts to impress outsiders? Have wild football chants replaced 'Alouette' for ever? And how many Cockney footballers does it take to try the patience of a Belgian hotelier?

The trip certainly broke new ground, and lessons were learned for future reference, by the driver as much as anyone. We found out, for instance, that three circular tours of Brussels are not really essential, that Belgian museums have either just closed or will be opening soon for the high season, that Nieupoort lies round every corner of the Belgian coast, and that the Belgian authorities solve the population explosion by hiring out promenade go-karts to the sons of English gentry.

The tour illustrated the achievement of Belgium—that it has managed, in spite of the ravages of a turbulent history and two devastating European wars, to preserve its cultural heritage in towns like Bruges and Ghent. It retains a pride in past sufferings and past glories which is now overlaid with a certain complacency about its present commercial and economic affluence. There was also proof, if proof be needed, that Mr. Davidson can still take a drink while standing on his head. But we are still not convinced that it tastes better that way.

G. O. J.



The pavilion clock—not just a pretty face! The generosity of Mr. C. E. Dunn has made possible its return to time-keeping duties.

After a rather soapy tea we set off to sample the delights of Llandudno and a rather upper-class cinema, 'The Palace', and then to sleep. The next morning we arrived chanting on Anglesey and our visit to Beaumaris had to be cut short, although when we reached Holyhead, our makeshift destination, Mr. Medway defied all four winds and stalwartly had his picture taken on top of a six-foot rock.

We had lunch in a restaurant at the foot of Snowdon and moved on to Caernarvon. All of us had just one complaint, we had to walk at least 20 miles of spiral staircases. After tea, which was improved, 90 per cent went up the Great Orme and the remaining 10 per cent, ahem, got lost in town.

Conway Castle and town proved to be a pleasing experience and the smallest house in the world was a scene of great interest. After lunch we visited Chester Zoo, and a certain boy had to rescue a bush hat from the ape house.

C. Blackburn, 1P.

THE RUGBY SPONSORED WALK

On Sunday, 21st May, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., 112 boys from The King's School and girls from The High School (incentive?) walked around a mile course set up on the field as many times as possible, in an attempt to raise money for the Rugby Club. In this period of time 2,235 miles were walked, an average of 19.1 miles per walker and 'a substantial amount of money raised'. It would be folly to say how much, as the money promised has not yet all been collected in—and inevitably not all money will be forthcoming.

Nevertheless, Mr. Leaver—to whom the credit of organising such a successful event must go—hopes that there will be enough money to finance a tour abroad for The King's School rugby teams. If this is achieved it will be a break-through in the school's sports history.

M. Blakey, 6A2b.

SCHOOL TELEPHONE

This term the school has installed a new telephone system. In the old system there was only one line (which became excessively used) and only a couple of extensions; now the school has two lines and six extensions.

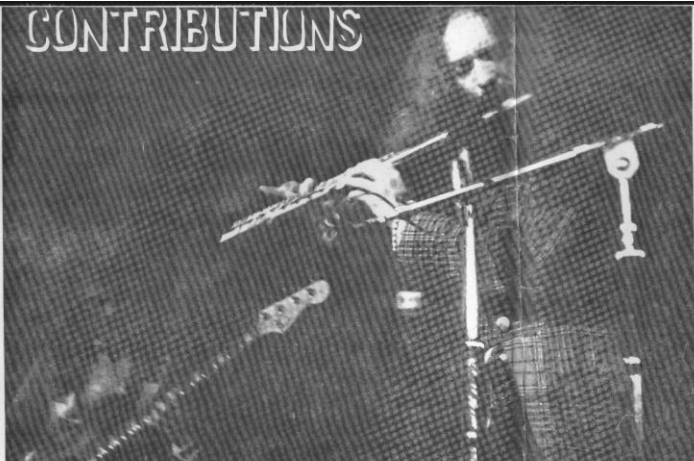
This piece of school news serves as a useful leader to a more interesting proposition. What are the possibilities of installing a coin-operated call-box with a spherical acoustic hood for use by the pupils of the school? The situation at present is that emergency phone-calls can be made from the office, other calls from a telephone booth some 100 yards away from the school. The cost of installing such a booth—after some initial research to find out whether there was enough demand to support a call-box—would be £37 installation fee (£24 if the West Riding County Council had it installed as they have a contract with the G.P.O.), and a quarterly rental fee of about £8. This charge would be made to the school regardless of how many calls were made from the call-box. The school would, however, make one-third profit on all calls made from its coin-box. So, if enough calls were made the school would actually make a profit on the box.

This would be a great facility to the school if it could be arranged—a matter perhaps which the newly-formed school council could deal with?

M. Blakey, 6A2.

M. Blakey, 6A2.

CONTRIBUTIONS



FEAR

Lights flashed. Cars raced by, the noise and fumes were almost overcoming. East Side, New York, 1961. Sean walked along the muddy wet causeway following in the footsteps of many that had gone before him. He saw the blacks, like himself, dressed in their Saturday-night suits. Faces, which all the week bore the dark frown of oppression flashed into the happy welcoming negro grin. Big gaudy rings, with huge false stones flashed in the neon light. Shoes gleamed. All the bars and shows were packed. This was Sean's part of town. He walked openly down the street, smiling, stopping every so often to talk to one of his friends.

Yes, tonight was a Saturday like any other Saturday. But for Sean it was different. Tonight was his big test. He was going to Aimson's.

For weeks now he had prepared himself for this night. He was tired of being trodden down into the earth. It was not so much physical pain, but the thought that every white person he passed regarded him automatically as inferior. He could see it in the face of every rich white he passed. They were the plantation bosses and he was the slave. He knew most of them could see him kicked to death by a mob and not think twice; indeed they would probably savour the

quarter. Slowly the gaudy dress of the negroes was being replaced by the more subtle, refined suits of the white people. True, a few black people were still to be seen, but these were the 'respectable' ones, the ones who had sold out to white society. There were the people to be despised most of all. Given the chance, they would probably sandpaper off their black skin and paint it white. He passed a policeman. Their eyes met. There was a question gaze in the cop's eyes.

'What's scum like you doing in a place like this?' it said. Sean walked on. There was still a mile to go. Rounding a block Sean came upon a group of white youths. They looked about seventeen years old, maybe less. Sean was twenty-two and walking straight towards them. Involuntarily he moved towards the edge of the pavement and made to cross it. Pride forced a decision, then or me? Sean carried on in a straight line.

'Stop nigger'

Sean walked on. He glanced downwards just in time to see a steel toecap send electric vibrations of pain coursing through his left shin. Sean stopped and turned. A burly blonde youth stood before him dressed in a denim jacket liberally laced with glittering studs.

'You're a long way from home, boy. I'd let you clean

my boots but I don't want them to get dirty.'

The crude simple joke provoked a roar of laughter. The boys laughed, not at the joke, but to ridicule Sean. Sean realised this and was not antagonised by the joke.

The boy produced a small bronze coin from his pocket.

'Here nigger. Grovel and kiss my boots and I might give you this dime to take home to your fat wife and sixteen kids.'

Another scream of laughter.

This roused Sean, anger welled up inside him, there was a flash-point coming. He wanted to snap the white boy's back. To feel the vertebrae bend, crack and then snap. Fear. Sean consciously felt the emotion inside him. He did not hit the boy because he feared the mob's reprisal. Fear.

Sean turned away and walked on.

Ten minutes later Sean was in Aimson Street. Two hundred yards away stood the famous club, a glaring insult to every black in New York.

Another cop! Sean's confidence was flowing away from him. Fear superseded pride. Sean tried to hide in the shadows. Furtively he stole down the street. It was no use, the cop had seen him.

'Funny place for a person like you to be at this time of night.'

Fear.

'I'm just passing through, thought I'd have a look at the bright lights.'

Sean could not bring himself to call the man sir.

The cop's eyes narrowed. His hand caught the leather grip of his truncheon. Security.

'You're lying.'

Fear.

'I'm sorry if you take it that way, sir.'

The cop's grip tightened on his truncheon but then relaxed as if he thought better of reducing this man to a bleeding pulp.

'Alright. But get out of this part of town.'

'Yes, officer.'

Sean slunk away like a scolded puppy. Fear now overwhelmed him, he seemed so conspicuous in the mass of white faces around him. There was no hiding. His eyes searched the bustling city street. One more policeman and he would certainly have run off and most likely have been shot. Bullets, truncheon, blows, shattered teeth, broken legs and fractured skulls. What was his pride worth against these.

Another hundred yards saw him standing outside the famous nightclub. His skin ached where he had been kicked. With one last mental effort Sean gathered himself. He felt for the thirty dollars in his pocket. The faint light of optimism dawned on the dark night of fear. Perhaps it would be alright now. He had visions of himself and a circle of admiring white friends. A string of girls pleased to be seen in town with him. With confident mincing steps Sean walked up the steps. He pushed open the door. The smell of spirits came to his nose, not the cheap potato whisky he knew, but real malt Scotch. He looked inside.

Set before him were about twenty tables, with white linen table cloths and gleaming silver cutlery. Groups of people sat down or stood around, drinking the

best spirit set on the great white table brought round.

Affluence.

Sean stopped dead. He tried to force himself to make the simple physical movements which would take him into the room. He couldn't. He would be a boil on a beauty queen's face.

Fear.

Sean turned away and walked down the street. He wanted to die. N. Buchanan, 5R.

BROADLAND

Hidden waterway beneath the willows,
Tiny finger of Thurne's hand.
Where none but coot and moorhen drink.
Calls of snipe, redshank, curlew
Weave chorus on fresh misty morning.
Rolling over fen from beyond lowing
Rusty fenland cattle.
Walk along Ant's banks at the
Fourth hour of new day,
Swan folded over nest of rushes,
Heron sentinel for Hereward's rebirth.
Potter Heigham, Wroxham bridges,
Rough brown brickwork, pocked and pitted,
Ferryman's stand long since deserted,
Warming smell of malt at Stalham, with
Country market, auction and cattle.
Salhouse—vast expanse of shimmering blue,
Wooded dream-isle in profusion;
Rolling mists and boom of geese
To mallard playing descent.
Coot and moorhen dart along river-bank,
Water leaps in ebb and flow
From elusive coypu's lair.
Sharp grebe dives below the waters
Leaving fast expanding ripples.
Swan and cygnet brave the mist
And search for weed from Malthouse' hand.

N. I. Secker, 6A1.

THE RAPID STREAM

'Members of the R stream are not snobs and people who look down on others and think they are lesser beings. . . To loaf around in lessons and spend life in a council house on the dole is all right if you like that sort of thing. If you, however, want a good job and you want to work hard for it, then the R stream will cater. . . the R stream does create social barriers. . . this is rubbish as the last things boys are bothered about at that age is their social position. . . when you first get into 2R you can get a bit big-headed and go around boasting which is not a wise thing to do. Or you could get beaten in. . . it is not easy to make friends with people who do different work to you. . . if you're in the rapid stream every day is vital unfortunately. . .

in an ordinary form the pressure on a boy is not as great. . . my father says that I'm not getting enough homework and keeps threatening to phone Mr Peck. . . I go to sleep dreaming. 'Work comes before play, work comes before play'. . . there's no time to spare for hobbies. What's a hobby? . . . None of our form ever study all the time. . . I wake up in the morning to hear my brother and sister squabbling and telling my mother that I haven't cleaned their shoes. I tell my mum it's because of all the homework we get in 2R and so I didn't have time.

Form 2R.

SUNSET KILL

He hangs in the sky, motionless.
Soaring half a mile aloft;
His feathers shining in the rays of the sun
With wings outstretched he reaches out,
Reaches for the heavens.
His eyes glint, fixed on the ground below,
Held up by the rays of the sun;
Nailed to the clouds.
Nibbling gently at the young heather,
A hare tucks of fur as a roving life
Over the moor.
His brown coat blending with the wet peat;
Now he runs for the sheer joy of living;
But not for long.
He is being watched from above,
By a speck in the sky.
Suddenly, the eagle dives.
Folds his huge wings;
And plummets like a stone.
Down, down, swooping through the cool air,
Dropping onto his prey.
A thunderbolt from the sky, a flash of talons.
A few tufts of fur as an epitaph.
Heavy-laden, he returns to his eyrie.
Food held in a grip of steel.
Red blood dripping through the blue sky.
A quick way to go; just a brief struggle.
Now he drops his load; alights on a crag.
Tears viciously at his meal.
He re-mounts the wind, soars again.
Outlined against the reddening sun.

I. Dedic, 2R.

THE POSTAGE STAMP

I am the world's greatest traveller. I've journeyed from pole to pole, and all the climes between. . . by dogsled, camel and horseback, by every land, sea and air conveyance; even by submarine and rocket.

I am the world's greatest art and portrait gallery. The heroes and heroines of mythology pose in my borders. I portray the greats and near-greats of all time; kings and queens, pharaohs and presidents, princes and princesses, poets and patriots, emperors and explorers, athletes, architects, aviators, artists and adventurers, tribal chieftains, inventors, moguls, musicians and martyrs, dramatists and novelists, sultans, saints and sinners. Even the vanished forms of the phoenix, dragon, centaur and unicorn appear on my face.

I am the world's greatest picture chronicle and miniature encyclopaedia. I map communities, countries and continents, and reveal views from every strange remote corner of the earth. I depict mountains and valleys; oceans, rivers, lakes, waterfalls, geysers, harbours, bridges and dams; native canoes, sailing ships and modern ocean liners; monuments and statues; castles, cathedrals, churches, minarets, mosques, temples and ruins; and every type of locomotion, from automobiles to zeppelins and steamboats to space ships. I delineate all manner of sports, handicrafts, customs, sacred rites and ceremonies; and almost every variety of bird, animal, fish, fruit, and flower.

I frame the horrors of war, the blessings of peace, the hardships of emigration, the plight of indigence, and the blight of famine. I reflect the symbols of art and culture, of natural resources and industry, of trade and commerce, of agriculture and architecture, and of all human endeavour. I commemorate the expeditions and voyages, and the inventions, discoveries and creations that make life worth living.

Millions of men, women and children are fascinated by me. Through my infinite variety they find boundless pleasure, relaxation and enchantment.

P. Erakovic, 2R.

SPORT

BASKETBALL

After winning the Wakefield and District League Division two title in 1970-71, the school first team entered the First Division of the same league this season, and took the more glamorous name of K.S.P. Royals. At the same time the second team was entered in Division Two as K.S.P. Aurics, which, for the uninitiated, means 'golden' and denotes the colour of the vests.

The season began in October with the Royals, full of confidence, winning their first three matches; whilst Aurics, still finding their feet in league basketball, lost four of their first five games. However, by the end of the season the records of the two teams were very similar and showed a shared success:

Royals: played 14; won 9; lost 5; position 1st.

Aurics: played 14; won 9; lost 5; position 2nd.

The tie for first place at the top of Division One made necessary a Championship play-off at Wakefield Technical College between Royals and Leeds Dodgers. Indifferent shooting led to the game being won by the Leeds team by 60 points to 40, and so both school teams had to be content with the 'runners-up' position; it could be said that we 'did a Leeds United'!

In a team game it is hardly fair to mention individuals, but two players in each team have been outstanding and deserve a special mention. In the Royals team, Colin Walker and Kenny Glendinning scored 248 and 233 points respectively, achieving second and sixth positions in the First Division Scorers List. In addition, both were selected for the Wakefield and District Senior Team and played in the Yorkshire Inter-town Tournament. For the Aurics, Alan Dixon, the captain, and John Frankland were top scorers with 151 and 132 points in their first season of basketball.

One particularly pleasing aspect of the season has been the way that the teams have been amalgams of sixth-formers and staff.



The Royals at practice.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

This season the school junior teams played six matches, winning them all. Both the Under-15 and the Under-14 teams improved considerably during the season and show great promise for the future. Next season the Under-15s will form the nucleus of the Aurics teams in the Wakefield League Division Two, and should benefit greatly from the experience. Much of this season's success has been due to the very able coaching of Mr. Barber.

D. D. P.



A. P. Thompson, one of two brothers who both swam most successfully throughout the evening.

THE SWIMMING GALA

Once again the School's annual Swimming Gala provided a great amount of excitement and entertainment for the more than usually small audience. However, this did not in any way detract from the amount of noise which was generated.

Records were not abundant, about five in all, but two record-breaking performances were worthy of high praise. J. Simpson, the Atkinson House Captain, broke the Captain's Medley record by over one-and-a-half seconds and similarly R. T. Turnbull, of De Lacy, broke the backstroke record by the same amount. Many thanks must also be given to the members of staff who helped, without whom the Gala would have been a washout.

The evening ended in splendid style with J. Conlon receiving the winning trophy on behalf of King Edward, from Mr. P. Thompson the oaths super-intendent, with Atkinson a close second, and De Lacy just beating Lyon for the honour of finishing last.

B. Marshall, 6A2.

SPORTS DAY, THURSDAY, 18th MAY

The decision to fix the date for Sports Day before the external exams resulted in a greater number of competitors, especially in the senior events, and consequently a higher standard of performance. The situation of the finishing tape in the bottom corner of the field was also seen as an advantage, particularly by the 200m. runners; P. Muscroft, profiting from the downhill slope and prevailing wind, to set a new senior record. This also caused problems and on the very rough, uneven finishing 'straight' several runners were seen to fall or badly lose their stride. Combined with the transfer of the javelin competition from the terrace to a section of the field immediately outside the Headmaster's house, this has had the salutary effect of concentrating the events into a smaller area, a fact which Mr. Harnell used to his advantage in the positioning of his ice-cream and crisp stall. Mr. Burke very competently replaced Mr. Coulthard as announcer (despite the billing in the programme), and Mr. Buckroyd marshalled all the track events with his usual aplomb. The weather failed to provide a suitable crowning glory—although the sun only broke through at the very end, it was nevertheless pleasantly warm all afternoon.



Sports Day sights.

The order of events followed very much a well-established pattern, starting with the 100m. sprints on the terrace, followed by a general drift down towards the track, jumping pits and discus and shot putt circles. Competition was fierce all afternoon amongst the more serious athletes, and suitably light-hearted amongst the less gifted. With excitement mounting as the afternoon wore on, P. Hewison set up a new record for the senior 800m, and a senior shot putter broke a world record, until someone checked and found he had inadvertently used a junior shot!

As ever, the afternoon reached its climax with the relays, at which juncture it was already quite clear that De Lacy had gained a deserved victory. Between the leading two houses in the competition, only the much publicised tug-of-war remained to be settled. Hidden in the middle of a large crowd, the hundred lighter it technically superior Atkinson opponents in two pulls.

The afternoon was rounded off in the old tradition with the presentation of certificates on the pavilion steps, and we are indebted to Mrs. Walker—a keen supporter of all school events—for presenting the awards. The afternoon on the whole belonged to De Lacy, with only Atkinson's success in the cross-country preventing their total monopolisation of all the cups.

R. J. H. Bell, 6A2.



More Sports Day sights.

RUGBY SEVENS

Towards the end of the spring term the School entered a number of the ever-increasing Sevens competitions. The under-13 and under-14 groups both played an undistinguished part in the Queen Elizabeth Grammar School competitions, failing to get through their sections.

The under-15 group took part in competitions at Doncaster Grammar School, Roundhay School,

CRICKET 1972

In writing a short account of the Cricket Season up to half-term, the thing that stands out most of all is that, in spite of such poor weather, none of the matches has had to be cancelled on that account. Several matches have been directly affected by rain but all have been started and in some cases play has continued in very poor conditions.

The School continues to turn out six teams at 1st, 2nd, U15, U14, U13, U12XI levels, and with the possible exception of the 2nd XI all have a reasonably full fixture list; in fact, this year's programme has the greatest number of fixtures in it of any previous year.

As far as results are concerned, they cannot be said to be more than moderate: of the 28 games played so far, 9 have been won, 12 lost, and the remainder drawn. The First XI has been the most successful team, having won four out of seven with one drawn. The team is potentially good, but the batting has shown a certain brittleness especially when the team has been batting second and one or two wickets have fallen early. This was very clearly shown in the game against Rothwell G.S. in which a moderate Rothwell side was dismissed for 60, but the School could only manage 10 in reply; wickets fell in the first over and the side never recovered. On the other hand, on the following Saturday, batting first against Archbishop Holgate's G.S., the team declared at 146 for 5, with Inshall scoring a magnificent 96 not out. I hope that in the second half of the season with eleven matches still to play we might see something of the side's true potential.

The second XI have drawn all four of their matches and so technically remain unbeaten but one feels that in some cases they hung on for the draw; however, spirits are high and the cricket has been much enjoyed.

All the lower School teams have won a match or two and have played with great enthusiasm and enjoyment, and when matches are resumed after half-term one hopes to see a little more success as they learn the arts of the game.

We were all very sorry to learn of Mr. Rhodes's illness and we have been without his services since the beginning of the season; we have seen only too clearly how much we rely on him for the preparation of pitches and we wish him a speedy recovery. P. C.



The great crowd-puller of the afternoon.

Hipperholme Grammar School and, for the first time, at the Llanelli Sevens. At Doncaster and Roundhay they failed to qualify for the final stages, and at Llanelli they were quickly eliminated. Their best performance was at the Halifax Schools' Sevens where they reached the semi-final and lost to Hipperholme.

The senior side took part in five competitions and achieved a fair measure of success. At Halifax they put up their best performance when they lost in the final by 26 points to 10 to the very strong Normanton Grammar School side. This is the third year the school has reached the final at Halifax.

Our first visit to the Fylde Sevens, where we failed to win the group, was disappointing. At Ilkley we were not able to field our strongest side because of the clash with the Soccer Sevens; in spite of this, we reached the semi-final of the Losers' Plate, where we lost to Bradford Grammar School.

At Rosslyn Park the School lost narrowly to Emmanuel School by four points to nil and in the Plate competition they did well to reach the semi-final where they lost to Morley Grammar School by ten points to nil. At Llanelli the side went out in the first round to St. Edward's College, Liverpool, but in the Losers' competition for English schools they reached the final before losing to Belmont Abbey School, Hereford.

A. J. L.

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