

wathonian 71





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EDITORIAL

The temptation to write about the future of our planet or the future of our school or even the future of an institutional (and, therefore, threatened) part of our school life (namely the Wathonian) I easily resist. And I must explain some of the changes, or, if you insist, reversion to type, of this present Wathonian.

Threats have been felt by the Committee. The devil, Money, and the foul vapour, Apathy, have worried us. We have adopted a Godly, thrifty attitude to the devil; and we have turned up our nose at the vapour.

When the committee formed, each member was surprised to find that all the others agreed that the expensive format of recent magazines was unjustified. We adopted the attitude that we should reduce costs and consequently reduce our dependence on advertising. Perhaps even more surprising was the general agreement that a return to the old size of magazine was desirable. Quite simply, each of us concurred in finding the compact format more attractive, less pretentious in this glossy age, more appropriate to the proper aspirations of a school and easier to store. And it is cheaper!

At the time of writing, hopes are still high of publication before half-term. This will mean that we shall catch the Sixth Form before it leaves. It is also the first step in a one-step strategy to establish a magazine for the calendar year rather than for the academic year. Therefore, the next Wathonian will also deal with 1971 - with two terms - and it will probably be shorter on games and society reports.

We share the gratitude of former committees to advertisers. We are, indeed, most grateful to our present advertisers. Our new departure has been to solicit donations from people who might have preferred to advertise, on the plea that the less advertising that appears in a school magazine the better. The response to this apparently unrealistic request has been very generous. Our readers will find that this is a Wathonian which both costs less and contains less advertising. Is this not a good and surprising development? The question is not rhetorical.

We received more than eighty original contributions, from which we have chosen what we hope is an interesting and various selection. We thank the Parent Teacher Association for its support of this magazine and for putting up prizes of £1 to attract entries. We offered a prize for the best entry from each year in the school. The winners were: Form 1, Maxine Dewsnap; Form 2, Adrian Machon; Form 3, C. Howlett; Form 4, Ian McMillan; Form 5, Janina Stachura; Form L6 & 6, Pam Wilkinson.

The limp fumes of apathy (the many tentacled, insinuating beast: genus without genius!) have caused some of us to cough and to splutter the question, "Are the days of school magazines past?" Well, the students on this Editorial Committee do not think they are; nor does the P.T.A., nor do you, if you gladly bought the copy which is just now lulling you to sleep. Please read on!

I shall let you go with one final observation. We often feel that we have objective evidence of the existence of apathy. Is it not, more often than not, true to say that apathy may be more accurately diagnosed subjectively: that is to say, in ourselves? Perhaps we can observe the vapour only when we ourselves exhale it, as we do our breath on a chilly day?

Most days, when we hear the thrilling trilling of the choir, or the drumming of the gym floor; or on particular days, when "Patience" is imminent, or when we hear the pleased reverberations of a Carthaginian win in the House cross country, or when we see the new Wathonian shining its red, white and blue: most days, or some days, we may realize that the vapour was after all, and all the time, merely the perpetual belch of Manvers.

Here endeth the fanfare! Here endeth half the story and, if we care for the future and are lucky, a little more than half!

R.G.B.

SCHOOL NOTES

This year there has been great activity both in and out of school. In school, many more social activities than usual have been arranged - many by the Rugby Squad, ever grasping for more and more funds to support their tour of France. We all join in wishing them the greatest success in Ville-Franche, their base, and trust it will bring to a fitting conclusion a very profitable season.

1st and 2nd Form Christmas parties went off well with the help of the Prefects and Sixth Form; the Sixth Form Social, willingly supported by the Prefects and Sub-Prefects who donated the vast array of refreshments, raised enough money to enable one hundred old people to have a belated Christmas party. These old people would like to express their gratitude to all those who helped, especially those who worked so hard to make their party the success it was.

Thanks must be expressed to the staff, who have worked so hard during the past year and have willingly ploughed much of their time back into the running of the school and its activities, and also to the Head Boy, Bryan Gray, and Head Girl, Rosemary Stott, who have led a traditionally willing, hard working, loyal and altogether extraordinary band of Prefects through this year, without whose combined work the school would be a different place.

Congratulations are due to Mrs. Manchester, Mrs. Kirby, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Thomson and Mrs. Smelt who have brought bouncing babies into the world during the past year. We wish mother, father and child all the best in the future.

The English staff have been busy during the last year, and have travelled to hitherto unexplored fields, with Miss Gray experimenting, apparently successfully, with a trip to Stratford, to see 'The Tempest', for the third form, formerly considered too young for such an excursion. Miss Gray also led visits to three separate performances of the same play, 'Henry IV', at Birmingham, York and Sheffield so that the students could see and compare the varied interpretations of the play. This was considered to be so valuable an educational experience that it led on to trips to three performances of 'Hamlet', at Stratford, Nottingham and Leeds. There have been trips by Miss Marks and Mr. Atkinson to 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' and 'The Crucible'. Mrs. Dobell deserves special mention for bravely escorting eighty juniors to a children's performance of 'Land of the Dragon'!

As usual, during the last year there have been many staff changes. To the sixteen newcomers we wish a long and happy association, and to those who have left, Mrs. Manchester, Mrs. Calvert, Miss Stalker, Miss Kelly, Mr. Watson, Mr. Tiffany, Mr. Lickorish, Mr. Williams, we extend our thanks for the past and best wishes for their future. Also, we congratulate Mr. White, Mr. Needham, Mr. A. Smith and Mr. Sims on their promotion.

MISS BOURNE

After 27 years of valuable service to the school Miss Bourne is retiring in July, 1971, to enjoy, we hope, many years of well-earned rest.

An old pupil of Mexborough Grammar School, Miss Bourne obtained a B.A. Honours Degree at Bedford College in London. She then went on to acquire a Diploma in Education at Sheffield University and a Teachers Training Certificate at Lincoln Training College. Well equipped to start her teaching career, she took her first post in 1938 at Greystones Intermediate School, Sheffield. She remained there for six years and came to Wath Grammar School in February 1944.

She will have experienced many changes here, additional buildings, a considerable increase in the number of students, ever-changing faces among the staff, retirement of colleagues and perhaps most of all new ideas in teaching methods. Some of these ways well have given her cause for regret but, whatever the circumstances, she has always maintained a high standard of discipline and because of her own conscientious attitude to her work has urged on to success even the least linguistic of students.

A school is never able to express adequately its gratitude to a person who has devoted so much time and energy to it but we can at least offer our thanks here to Miss Bourne for all she has done and hope she will take away with her many happy memories.

MR. A. R. ATKINSON, M.A.



With the retirement of Mr. Atkinson this Summer, the School severs its last personal link with the 'old gang' who saw service in the really early days of its history, although even he is too young to have been with us in that confused peripatetic period when we held classes in various buildings all over the village and dined in the Church House. Nevertheless he joined the young teachers who were part of the original establishment and who were well disciplined by Mr. A. T. L. Gear.

After schooldays at Barrow - in - Furness, and university at Durham, Mr. Atkinson had a brief experience of teaching at "elementary" level at Wakefield, and came to Wath as assistant English master in January 1931. It was soon realised that here was someone to take charge of cricket and for many years thereafter W.G.S. was well respected for its cricket among the neighbouring schools. The game was played seriously and much work was put into providing a suitable pitch and, later, maintaining it. In those austere days we had to help ourselves and Mr. Atkinson was to the fore in working on the construction of practice pitches, and also of the tennis courts, which the County were unable to provide. The pitches were soon buried under the canteen, but the courts remain, a monument to the blood, sweat and tears of many Saturday Mornings.

Following the retirement of Mr. Pratt from his Housemastership, the care of Sparta came to Mr. Atkinson, and his zest for long House Outings, sports, and athletics, was equalled by the enthusiasm with which he participated in the junketings of House Parties. There was serious House competition at that time and Sparta had a proud record.

Early too came the formation of the Junior Literary and Debating Society, whose meetings were as lively as they were overcrowded.

In 1939 there was some doubt as to whether anyone could be found to help Mr. Wilkinson at the Scout's Summer Camp. It was M. Atkinson who responded to the Head's appeal and for many years thereafter he continued to join the camps, not, I am sure, solely out of a sense of duty but because he really enjoyed the closer and less formal contact with the pupils. There followed the wartime harvest camps, when, in the company of a perspiring Mr. Black he worked alongside the boys bashing sugarbeet, etc. It was also during the war that, again in the company of Mr. Black, he joined the Home Guard (now re-named "Dad's Army") and lost many a good night's sleep, only to turn out at dinner time the next day to dig in the House allotment.

With peace came trips abroad, now a routine commonplace, then a novel adventure, and as a result the staff room was regaled with nightmare stories of long journeys punctuated with travel sickness, and the occasional disappearance of a boy or, horror of horrors, a girl

Also with peace came the revival of the school magazine and the toils of editorship; the constant drumming up of contributors, the sorting and tidying up of possible entries, and the eternal battle with the printers in an attempt to get the thing published on time.

More recently, with the production of Gilbert and Sullivan operas, Mr. Atkinson has undertaken the task of bringing the

script up to date, a responsible job demanding wit and ingenuity.

Journeys with the old cycling club; the occasional part in the school play; joining in with a choir; all these and many more were activities in which Mr. Atkinson joined in helping to bring success to a lively school. Seldom was so much done with so little fuss.

Leonardo da-Vinci, when applying for the patronage of a prince, once listed his many qualifications - architect, military engineer, poet, diplomat, musician, natural scientist, and so on. He added, "I also paint to no mean degree". So too it must be remembered that Mr. Atkinson taught English to no mean degree. He brought to his subject a freshness of approach, a logic and quiet enthusiasm which made it live. I have seen a rebellious family hushed while one of his pupils (and an indifferent one at that) listened, awed, to a broadcast of "Julius Caesar", all the while explaining the subtleties of the plot as propounded by his Atkinson.

As a colleague, I hope he will forgive the cliché, I think of him as a good companion, helpful when help is needed, silent when required, in argument a wily opponent, in discussion wise.

At times one wonders what is the most important factor in one's background. In Mr. Atkinson's case I often feel that it is the yeoman influence which tells, bringing complete sincerity, insistence on sound craftsmanship, cautious restraint in utterance, and good neighbourliness.

FORTY YEARS AGO

Passengers, arriving at Wath L.M.S. railway station for the first time, are reputed to have viewed the blighted wilderness confronting them with such horror that they turned too late to re-board the train - it had gone. Perhaps it was this view that inspired the school's first headmaster to choose as our motto 'Meliora Spectare' - and British Railways to close the station.

When I first heard of Wath, I asked a Yorkshireman if he knew the place. "Wath-on-Dearne? Yes, I visited it once," he said. Wondering if he implied that his visit was the kind of mistake one never repeats, I inquired further. "Well..... I remember a bridge." That was the sum of my knowledge of Wath when I came for the interview at the school. Later I searched in vain for the memorable bridge. In November 1930, I travelled by

bus in thickening fog to West Melton. As I walked up Sandygate, I heard rather than saw the pupils going home from afternoon school. Less than two hours later I groped my way to the railway station by following the tram lines. After a couple of hours, a train at length carried me out of the fog. Had I known the school motto, I would certainly have approved of its counsel.

Present pupils cannot conceive what conditions were like in this district forty years ago. There was prolonged mass unemployment, widespread poverty and depression. The outward signs of it met one everywhere. The council houses looked scabby where pebble-dash had fallen away, paint was peeling off doors and shrubs were begrimed with smoke and fog. People were ill-clothed, ill-fed, harassed and unsmiling. Many of them resented the influx of neighbouring districts coming to the new school and crowding the trams. They saw children playing games most of the day on the school field but did not see them at work. One evening, as I hurried to overtake two colleagues who were dressed for badminton, two women unaware of my approach stared after my friends and one said, "Ay, theer they go them Secondaries - they play all day and laik all neet". Of course, not everyone was so hostile, but some misgivings among Wath people were natural, for practically all our pupils were first generation grammar school scholars and the great majority came from outside Wath. I believe we of the school should have done more to clear away these doubts. I should add that I personally have invariably met with friendliness from Wath folk.

Whatever the conditions outside, I soon found the School to be a 'happy' one. This was the word repeatedly used by staff and pupils on their return visits. The Headmaster, my colleagues and pupils made my initiation here very enjoyable. I recall my own Form with particular affection, though I admit not all my classes were to prove so amenable. There were to be awkward customers but they were rare. No doubt the knowledge that the dole awaited them unless they achieved worthwhile results spurred some pupils on, but mostly the happy relations between staff and pupils arose from genuine goodwill. Though discipline was strict - silence in corridors, lessons starting punctually, and Saturday morning detentions for misconduct - there was no lack of keenness. Pupils were ready to spend time after school in various societies - Scouts, Guides, Literary Societies, the Choral Society and the Art Club all thrived. The last mentioned, for example, met three evenings a week and on Saturday mornings. The Scouts held an annual camp, the Senior Literary Society produced three plays each year and the Magazine came out each term - at a cost of fourpence a copy! My own concern was chiefly with the Junior

Literary Society. Somewhat jaded at 4 p.m. I would meet from 30 to 90 lively juniors and came out about 5.20 p.m. surprisingly refreshed. Only a couple of years ago I learnt that two members, having no money to pay the fares on the public services, regularly walked home - one to Darfield, the other to Great Houghton. With such support any society was bound to flourish.

The girls' uniform consisted of blue serge gym tunics, white blouses, black stockings and maroon hats, whilst the boys' only compulsory item was the regulation school cap. As the wearing of caps was unpopular, the Headmaster asked masters to wear hats when coming to school. A condition of appointment to the staff was that we must live in Wath itself. Thus we all walked to school and could muster at most four or five cars - ancient jalopies - amongst us. There was no car park and the front of the school was free of oil stains and only busy when the inter-house tug-of-war contests took place there. Inside school, pupils wore plimsolls - the boys brought towels every alternative games day when they had to take a shower. Pens, ink, and rulers were supplied.

Pupils were allocated to Houses, according to districts - Spartans from Wath, Carthaginians from Thurnscoe etc., and, though this gave greater sense of unity to the Houses, it did lead to some inequality. However, much school activity was channelled through the House system (academic work, societies, navvying as well as games). Inter-house matches were played on Saturday mornings - For boys who could not afford to buy rugby shirts in the shops, we housemasters bought shirts wholesale with our own money, and the boys paid for them in small weekly instalments. Football boots and cricket flannels were passed on second-hand. The Inter-House sports began with the House Hundred - in which 45 boys and 40 girls from each House competed. Roughly every five seconds a fresh wave of runners hurtled, staggered and lurched down the track. Other notable House occasions were the Christmas parties and the House Outings, usually walks in Derbyshire and the only excursion beyond Barnsley or Doncaster for many impoverished pupils of those days.

Most Inter-School games were played on Saturday afternoons. One cricket match against Thorne ended in a Wath victory as the church clock struck 8 p.m. Later, talented players like Johnny Wardle wished to play for the local clubs and had to choose between School and club. Eventually more and more schools turned to morning fixtures with inconclusive games, as we found at Hemsworth when at long last we thought we had them beaten but a fourth former, one G. Boycott defied our bowlers until stumps were drawn at 1 p.m.

In 1931, the School consisted of the present Main Block and the so-called 'Woodwork Shop' that is the present canteen C. 600 pupils were already in a building designed for 480. Remember the building included all labs., kitchen, dining hall, and assembly hall (now the upper gym). Similarly, the playing space was inadequate for the original field ended at a hedge a few yards beyond C canteen on the West, and at a wall running towards Fitzwilliam St. from the caretaker's house along the line of the Science Block. There was one small cricket square and there were no hard tennis courts. Each House provided a squad of 'navvies' who dug out rocks and soil or trundled wheelbarrows till they had enlarged the square, and then they levelled the builder's dump, built - with staff help - the retaining walls, and rolled in bricks for the foundations of the hard courts. In spite of their labours, boys were not allowed to play tennis on the courts.

One very regrettable feature of our ever-crowded state is that we have too easily come to accept untidiness. The North side of the school has always been bleak and sunless. Though the tennis courts have replaced the raw rubble-strewn builder's dump, the area has become increasingly squalid - a miniature landscape like that seen from Wath L.M.S. station - and not in keeping with our motto. This school has much to be proud of. It should show it in the face it presents to outsiders. The real test of a school's success, however, is not visible to the eye but depends on what its former pupils achieve in their careers. By this test the school should be content to be judged. In the learned professions, industry, business, both armed and Civil services, in sport and in every quarter of the globe, there are distinguished Old Wathonians who have not only seen but done these better things referred to in their and your school motto - 'Meliora Spectare'.

A. R. Atkinson

HOUSE REPORTS



ATHENS

Athens lost the valuable services of Mrs. Manchester last Summer, sabotage from another house is suspected. The agent provocateur, said to be a master of hirsute disguise, is describe as C---H-G-N--N. We were very pleased to hear of her continued good work and the first suggestion for a present for her baby Stephen was an Athens rugby shirt. It was decided to postpone this particular present for a while, especially as there is already considerable competition to get into the Athens teams. The last junior rugby match started with sixteen of our players on the field, which seemed a little hard on the opposition, especially as they only had eleven!

The last school year was probably the most successful ever in Athens' history. We won the Winter Games Cup, Cross Country Cup, Deek's Trophy, Summer Games Cup and the Inter-House Athletics. We have several star performers but a more important factor in these successes was the widespread keenness to join in and do one's best; for example half the boys in the House played in the rugby or soccer teams and most of the rest can claim some of the credit for successes elsewhere. A much smaller number of the girls were in the sports teams, but those who were matched the enthusiasm of the boys and very many of the girls took part in some section of the Deek's Trophy. The Work Cup eluded us, due mainly to the fact that a few of our members love their school so much they cannot bear to leave it on Tuesdays and Thursdays at four o'clock. Perhaps this year we can add the Work Cup to our list of successes, but that is still in the future.

In this year's Winter Games Cup we started where we left off last year. The boys have played 18 rugby or soccer matches and out of these 16 were won, 2 drawn and none lost so far. Out of a possible total of 36 points we have obtained 34. Troy, however, are still at our heels with 27 points so we cannot afford to relax at all.

In the Deek's Trophy as a whole we are second at the moment behind Carthage. The production of Christmas Cards was more conspicuous by numbers than quality, although some were good - mainly among the juniors, and Lawrence, form 15, won one section. We achieved the two highest scores in the five

weeks of quiz competitions but despite this still lost the vital match against Sparta, who won this section, leaving us equal second. A final thought is that we came from behind to win the competition last year!

It is, I think, a pity that there have not been more spectators; they have missed much. I shall long remember the senior rugby match where Frodsham, the smallest player on the field, ran more than half the length of the pitch to score the first try. The quiz competitions did attract more spectators, who were not usually disappointed. The piece I liked best here was as follows. Question - Who was the husband of Eva Braun? Answer - George Braun. (It should have been Hitler).

Finally, thanks and congratulations to our officers and to all who have helped in any way, and there have been many who were ready to take up responsibilities right down into the junior part of the school. Well done! Best wishes to Mrs. Dobell, who has taken over where Mrs. Manchester left off, for a long and happy association.



CARTHAGE

In spite of (or because of) cacophonous Athenian cries of "We wuz robbed!" and "Sabotage", Carthage have claimed a number of prizes for themselves this year. Whether this has been the result of (in Athens, at least) the removal of certain feminine inspirations or the Promethean relief of the unchained Carthaginian housemaster is a matter of some debate, and when the dust has finally settled, the issue eventually resolved, it will be discovered that the facts are these.

At the time of writing, Carthage are the holders of the Work Cup and are leading the Deek's Trophy; are the outright winners of the Inter-House Cross Country competitions; and are rapidly disproving one of the oldest fallacies in the argument of those who would abolish the House System, the easily understood but mistaken view that few people are remotely interested in House affairs, let alone actively participate in them. I wish to thank and congratulate Carthage for their efforts in attaining long-lost glories and the odd piece of school hardware, but I hope I will not offend Carthaginians if I say that it is the fallacy-bashing that has given me the greatest pleasure.

Let us challenge a few assumptions. For years the anti-House lobby have held these truths to be self-evident: that the House system is dying of apathy; that the most considerable lack of interest lies in the middle forms of the school. Is this the case? The Carthaginian answer (and I believe that of Troy also) is definitely not. Just under 70% of the population of Carthage have taken an active part in some House activity or another this year; and 54% of Carthaginian middles have participated in House games or Deek's Trophy events. These figures I find pleasantly surprising and a real sign of willingness to help the system work.

Work the system can if we stop pronouncing death on a body merely lying dormant. Work the system can when we all realise that if a thing is worth doing it is worth doing badly. Work the system can when given the support of willing volunteers, who have raised Carthage to a new eminence and helped to make this a rewarding year.



ROME

The effort made and co-operation shown by the majority of Romans has been steadily growing since September. Our past strength lay in sporting pursuits, but it is evident from results so far that individual effort in more academic activities has achieved better results than teamwork efforts on the sports field.

The juniors are, as always, eager, willing and generally more able to join in House activities than the Seniors and Middles. However, individuals in the Senior and Middle sections of the House are setting a very good example for the Juniors to follow, and to these, Rome House is grateful.

As in the past, Romans have been working exceptionally well in lessons, earning good effort marks, and thus ensuring an excellent position in the Work Cup.

Efforts in the Deek's Trophy competition have been disappointing. However, the quick wit and alert minds of our quiz team ensured that we finished in a high position in that section.

Denise Malyan, one of Rome's strongest pillars for a number of years, has left to join the forces and we all hope that she enjoys the success that she deserves. Her loss is a great one and very regrettable, but her place is being more than ably filled by Frances Bowes.

Unending praise and thanks from all Romans must go this year to Marshall, the boys' games captain, Frances Bowes, Denise Malyan and to all Roman staff for their diligence and support.



SPARTA

Certain House activities have raised some enthusiasm amongst Spartans this year; most notably the Inter-House Quiz which once again was dominated by the infinite wisdom of the Spartan team. When Kelso of the 5th year was absent from school, Woods of Form 14 took his place and succeeded in answering questions which his housemaster was unable to, despite his great wealth of knowledge.

In the Christmas Card Competition the great ability of Spartans was once again demonstrated when Spartans took two individual prizes. Unfortunately there was not enough support to make use of these results.

The boys have not distinguished themselves on either the rugby or soccer fields; the senior rugby team losing two out of three matches, the middles team losing two, drawing one and finally winning one. The juniors completed the disgrace by not being able to turn out a team. They fared little better on the soccer field with the juniors and seniors both losing two and winning one, and the middles producing slightly better results by drawing both their matches.

At the time of writing this report, the girls Winter Games have not been played but it can only be hoped that they do something towards regaining the House's pride.

It only remains for all Spartans to thank the House Masters and Mistresses for their help and guidance throughout the past year, especially Miss Bourne who is retiring at the end of this year.



TROY

If 1970/71 has not been a year of infinite glory for Troy it has not been one of abysmal failure. After taking second place in the Winter Games Cup last year, at the time of going to press, Troy lies second in the Winter Games Cup: and who knows, we may still aspire to first place as the girl's hockey matches are still to be played.

Praise is due to the Trojan girls for although Troy came third overall in last summer's athletics competition, the Trojan girls were first in their section.

Last year hopes ran high of winning the Deek's Trophy Competition, as at one time we were in the lead. However, we finished in third place at the end of term. At the moment Troy are in second position in the Deek's Trophy competition, after coming second in the Christmas Card section. The Drama Competition is awaited with some enthusiasm by Trojans as success in this field has been absolute; out of the three competitions, Troy has taken first place three times.

The House offers its congratulations to Richardson, Logan and Whittingham upon their selection to play for the South Yorkshire under 19 XV, and also Makin upon being selected as a reserve for the Under 15 South Yorkshire XV.

We feel that the co-operation and enthusiasm shown by the Sixth Form, which in turn shows itself in the younger members of our House, is worthy of note. Perhaps there is in Troy a spark of the "old House spirit" which used to exist in the earlier days of the school, which we hope, in the future, can be re-kindled to gain even greater successes for Troy.

Finally, thanks must be extended to all Trojan House staff, especially Mr. Deeley and Mrs. Smith, for their constant advice and assistance.



THEBES

1970/71 has been a year of continued misfortunes for Thebes. Neither on the games fields nor in more academic pursuits has our true potential been realised and it is to be hoped that this general lack of interest in House activities, particularly among senior members, will soon end.

At Christmas we found ourselves bottom in the Work Cup; although 'the regulars' seem to be improving in avoiding detentions efforts marks must improve considerably to boost the points. The results of the Deek's Trophy were as inspiring, the best result being second in the magazine entries competition.

On the games field the senior boys excelled themselves by winning the senior cricket competition, thanks to the reliable batting of Hargreaves and Barlow. This flash of brilliance was soon overshadowed when we managed to come last in the Inter-House sports, a fact partly due to the loss of several of the best athletes. There was a very good response from non-athletes who, although often dragooned into taking part, showed enthusiasm and 'had a go' against heavy odds. Both senior and junior rugby teams have done very well and the senior football team was an excellent side winning all their matches, except one which was drawn. The senior girls, however, have proved themselves unreliable as far as hockey is concerned and failed to turn out full teams for both their matches. The juniors, enthusiastic as ever, managed to field a full team, with reserves, but unfortunately were eliminated in the first round by a good Carthaginian team. It is clear from this report that Thebans must make a more determined effort to remedy the present situation by ensuring that everyone participates in some House activity instead of leaving it to the trustworthy few.

THE DEEK'S TROPHY : Thoughts on the House System

The Deek's Trophy was revived three years ago in an attempt to further House Spirit and give an opportunity to people who felt that sports were not their vocation and who could show their talents in other ways.

In its first year it was accompanied by a wave of House System renaissance, and the Deek's Trophy rode on the crest. Great things were forecast, and expected, yet they have not blossomed or borne fruit. Instead the Trophy has withered in most people's minds and has become a symbol of the absurdity of the House System as it now stands.

The reasons for its decline are varied. Some say that the rot started with the abandonment of the Tutor groups. It was stated that when staff were able to get at small groups of people they could coax them into entering various competitions much better than when they had to address complete House assemblies. However, some of the staff failed in their duties as regards the Tutor Groups and instead of being interested they merely went through the motions. It is true that many students felt self-conscious at the meetings, but this would have been overcome in time and perhaps with a little more effort and given a little longer the Tutor Groups might have worked.

Other reasons given were lack of originality in the competitions, although few people appreciate how difficult it is to think up new ideas. Today's packaged entertainment was another reason offered, the argument being that television and radio shows are so varied and readily available that people do not want to give up their spare time making dolls or model aeroplanes as they used to.

The main reason, however, lies in the attitude of some, though not all, of the staff and the students. Indeed, many from both sides have done sterling work in connection with the Trophy, but their numbers in relation to the masses are pitifully few.

Obviously, neither party is completely innocent or to blame.

The staff for their part, as has been said before, should have shown a more willing attitude to the System and the Trophy; and although some really tried their best they have been badly let down by their less motivated colleagues.

The students too reflect this tendency not to participate, and all too often the same twenty or so in each House are left to do everything, which defeats the original principle of the Deek's Trophy. Student non-participation may be due to the lack of original ideas in competitions, though students have been invited to make suggestions. But it may also be due to the

fact that, especially in the middle school, participation is regarded as an acceptance of the establishment and as such is frowned upon by the spineless buffoons who consider themselves "Leaders" of the Rebellion. Therefore some, who would otherwise support it, refuse to do so.

However the fact remains that in its first year there were at least six competitions; and this year, to date, there have been only two. So, in order to save both the Deek's Trophy and the House System, a massive shake-up is required.

A massive shake-up of both staff and student thinking. As too many from both factions are content to sit on their fat back-sides caring damn all about anyone but themselves.

Martin R. Taylor, LVID

Editorial Note :

The committee draw your attention to an apparent disagreement between this article and the Carthaginian House Report. We invite debate.

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ISN'T SYLVESTER REVOLTING ?

Sylvester Higenbotham went to concerts. Not pop music concerts where, so Sylvester supposed, everyone ran around naked and smoked pot to the rhythm of meaningless music blasted out from the stage by hairy nitwits who needed two years in the army to make them see sense. Oh no! Sylvester went to classical concerts, invariably the monthly ones given by the Yeovil Symphony Orchestra (conducted by Reg Trelawney) where everyone sat around naked under their clothes, and smoked leaves wrapped in paper to the rhythm of soft, but meaningless, music cranked out by bald nitwits who had been senseless when they slouched into the army, and senseless when they marched out two years later.

Anyway, every month Sylvester sat in the almost empty concert hall, and clapped loudly at the end of each piece. He had been clapping for almost twenty years at the end of various concerts, and for almost twenty years he had been trying to think of a different way of showing his appreciation. He had contemplated clapping in the middle of the piece, bursting balloons, and shaking maraccas, but all of them seemed almost as pointless as clapping. Then, one night, while he was having a bath, he had the really marvellous idea of standing up at the end of the concert, and, instead of clapping, shouting "BLAM". He was so excited that he jumped out of the bath (I suppose that if he had had any sense of occasion he would have shouted "Eureka") and slipped on a bar of soap, struck his head on the floor and was knocked unconscious.

On the day of the concert Sylvester told his son, Ishmael, about his plan to revolutionise applause. Ishmael laughed and called his father a dropout. Sylvester did not understand this, as he thought that a dropout was a position in rugby. However, he felt sure it was a compliment, so he pressed ten shillings into his spotty son's hand. (Actually, Ishmael's life was a misery because of his spots, especially at Christmas time when people came up to him and said in loud voices, "Merry Eczymal")

Sylvester presented his ticket and walked into the concert hall. He noticed that the hall was full and turned to his neighbour, a scoutmaster, and asked him the reason for this. The scoutmaster gesticulated to a crowd of intellectuals in spectacles who were sitting in the centre of the hall, "Oh, it's a crowd of very nice boys from Cheltenham, duckie. They booked the whole centre block of seats, and all we regulars had to move out. Still, they were very friendly about it. They've come to listen to a performance of a work by that very nice composer Rabbi Ernest Oaks, they're all members of the Cheltenham Fine Arts Society" he said, returning his gesticulating hands to his lap. Sylvester noticed that he was wearing shorts.

Sylvester liked the performance, even though it was very experimental, with car horns and conga drums and policemen's hats instead of conventional instruments. After a long solo on a policeman's hat, there was a long pause. Actually it was a false ending, but Sylvester thought that it was the end, stood up, and shouted, "BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM". The false ending ended, and the conga drummer and the table drummer ripped into a duet.

No one had noticed Sylvester spitting in the face of convention, no one had heard his quiet revolution. The mass of the audience were not on their feet shouting "BLAM BLAM BLAM", they were sitting down, jigging to the music. He was not the new messiah of applause, he would not be mentioned in 'Who's Who' as the inovator of the Blam Method. He began to cry; the scoutmaster noticed this, and put his arm around Sylvester, "I'm lonely too, duckie," he crooned, "We're all lonely. Look, why not come back to my place and we'll talk about it, get it off your chest"

Sylvester, almost sick with revulsion, fear and disappointment, ran from the hall. Just as he reached the main door and collapsed into the cold air of the street, the piece of music ended and the audience began to clap.

Ian McMillan, F40

TWO - TIMER

Adoration — Jim,
Dreams of — Jim,
Thoughts of — Jim,
Love — Jim,
Boyfriend — Davel

Susan Clarke, F30

THE MIRROR CRACKED

Pobble-eyed and hairy legs,
Skinny-ribbed and teeth like pegs,
Hair like straw. Who can this be ?
I'm forced to admit, this creature is - MEI

Susan Kemp, F30

ACCIDENT

I was the first to reach him, and I thought he was dead until I saw the pulse beating in the side of his neck. Blood flowed from his many wounds, and was already drying on his skin. I took off my overcoat, rolled it up and placed it under his head. Above me, I heard a voice, "I've 'phoned t'ambulance, guv'." I nodded, and he went on his way. The man opened his eyes, spluttering and vomiting blood as he tried to speak. I said that I thought it would be better if he didn't try to speak, but he shook his head.

"Must I've got to speak." - the effort showed in his face - "Will you tell my parents? I'd rather you than a policeman."

I nodded, and he smiled. "Mum'll like that. Very religious, is Mum." He paused for so long that I thought he was unconscious again, but then he continued again. "Mary. She'll have to know as well. Do you think ... could you tell her as well?"

I nodded again. "Of course."

After a while, he said "Feel in my coat pocket. No, the other one." I did so, and took out a beautiful, and obviously very expensive, diamond engagement ring. "Give that to Mary for me. I'd like her to have it." He paused. "I was going to ask her to marry me today. She would have, too." He sighed, and closed his eyes. I pocketed the ring and began to search for some clue to his identity. I found it in his inside pocket in the form of a letter addressed to him from Mary, which gave me both addresses. After noting them in my Bible, I returned the letter to his pocket. He began to murmur, and I tried to make out what he was saying, but it was mostly rambling, delirious talk, which made very little sense. He seemed over and over to be re-living the few moments before his accident. He began to sweat a lot, and the sweat followed the same course as his blood, and mixed with it. I took out my handkerchief, and began to clean his face. His nose and his mouth had both bled a lot, and the area around was covered in blood, while the whole of the left side of his face was caked in blood from his ear. In addition, his extravagant hair was red at the tips. I looked up anxiously, wondering where the ambulance was, for though it was evident that it would do the young man little good, it would be a great relief to me. No ambulance came. The young man opened his eyes again. "Still here, Father?" he croaked.

"The ambulance will be here very soon, and then we'll get you to the hospital," I said. He didn't reply, but stared straight upwards. He began to cough again, and his breathing became spasmodical.

The sound of sirens intruded on my prayers. I looked up as the ambulance stopped, and two men jumped out, carrying a stretcher over to the victim. I moved out of their way, and they put him on the stretcher and carried him to the ambulance in their efficient and business-like way.

"Will you be riding with him, Father?" asked one of them. I hesitated for a moment. "No, I don't think so."

I watched long after the ambulance, before continuing on my way.

Gary S. Benfold, Form 54

MEMORIES OF AN AGE

A small piece of paper floats down into the street. Silence. A gasp of wind stirs the fragment into motion and it flutters away, dancing gaily over the uneven cobblestones. That scrap of paper knows freedom.

Identical streets stretch away into the glimmering haze. On either side dreary houses lean against each other, like soldiers on parade weary after a march. The filthy exteriors are relieved only by sparkling white scoured door steps, worn with the ceaseless rubbing of proud women. The monotony of the endless streets is broken only by the interception of another endless street. On the corner sits the ubiquitous corner shop; a worn but discernible "Colman's Mustard" sign inevitably clings desperately to the wall, defying the sultry climate to rot away its enamelled body.

Why should men be the creators of this decadent environment, while but a few miles away over the sprawling city rich men snore like contented pigs, their stomachs filled with good food, their numerous chins trembling in harmony and their ample frames nestling in their swan's down beds? No need for them to stumble out of bed at five o'clock in the morning, pull on trousers almost stiff enough to support themselves, and make a rude meal consisting of a few thick rashers of bacon with two unbuttered wedges of bread to absorb the oozing grease. No need for them to go to work in search of a meagre wage, hardly enough to support a wife, and family born through ignorance.

It is early in the morning, and the city awakes from its slumber; doors open and cheerful greetings give no evidence of the miserable times. A faint clanking sound disturbs the stillness of the awakening, and in the distance can be seen a train of

coal wagons crossing an ugly viaduct, silhouetted against the rising sun. Elijah Spurr hurriedly collects his packed meal, quits the house and strides down the street, his hob-nailed boots clattering against the flagstone pavement.

The sound of railways grows louder as he approaches the engine yard, and sooted walls further advertise his nearness. Elijah turns into the yard under the scrutiny of William Bull, the yard foreman. Bull, whose name is really quite apt, is a giant of a man, his over ripe stomach flowing carelessly over the restrictions imposed by a thick leather belt; the width of his trousers is equalled only by the width of his bulky legs, and his hair is cropped short giving the impression of an irate hedgehog. "Late again!" he bellows, glaring at his pocket watch with such an expression that it was surprising the fingers dared to rotate. He makes a mark with his stubby piece of pencil and stalks off, his huge paunch leading the way.

Elijah makes his way to where his engine is quietly simmering basking peacefully in the prickling sun. A small skinny man is shovelling coal into the gaping firebox with unusual dexterity for his sparrow-like frame. "Mornin' Arthur", ejaculated Elijah, "Nearly ready?" "ay", replied Arthur timidly, "Nearly". Elijah inspects the engine and runs his hand affectionately over the curved wheel splashers. He mounts the cab, wipes clean the grimy window with an even grimmer cloth, nods to Arthur and eases open the regulator, The engine moves forwards and then, with a penetrating clatter that cuts the air, skids violently on the slippery rails. She eventually finds grip and lurches alarmingly over the points protecting the main line.

Arriving at the city's station the engine backs tentatively up against a waiting rake of coaches destined for some distant place. A shrill whistle is blown by a portly guard, the signal arm unhesitatingly rises to attention and the train moves off, with Arthur nimbly feeding the cavernous mouth with shovels full of coal.

Ahead of the two men and the galloping beast stretches out mile after mile of glistening steel, enveloping the countryside like some gigantic spider's web. The fat men in their princely offices may have security and plenty of money, but these men have something undefinable; they have power encased in the hulk of metal speeding through the towns, through the countryside, through the rough moorland, climbing hills gracefully, like a wayward comet.

As darkness descends over the country a dirty engine returns to the city. Two men trudge slowly to their homes, exhausted after the day's work. Elijah turns into the same old street, all is quiet. Darkness shrouds the street save for the heartening glow of a solitary gas lamp. A scrap of paper flutters to the ground where it remains, motionless. Silence.

Bryan M. Gray, VID

THE PATTERN OF LIFE

Glistening lights on tall green trees,
Leaves agliding in the breeze,
Faces showing love and sorrow,
Seen today and gone tomorrow.
And the baby grows.

Little butterflies on the flowers,
Fluttering around for hours and hours.
Cats and dogs with wagging tails,
Painted boats with snow white sails.
And the child grows.

The echoing cry of football crowds,
A noisy 'plane amongst the clouds.
The monotonous sound of a diesel train,
The painful bite of a teacher's cane.
And the young boy grows.

The softness of new minted notes,
Conversation over people's votes.
A woman's smiling happy face,
The softness of wedding lace.
And the youth grows.

A painted house both neat and cosy,
Two little boys both bad and nosy.
Choking smoke from soot-black buildings,
The security which money brings.
And the man grows.

A droning creak of a rocking chair,
Burnt tobacco fills the air.
The contemplation of the past,
And all is peace and quiet at last.
And the old man dies.

Adrian Machon, F24

I'll tell you Lord,
What I think,
And listen
Listen good,
Cos I don't love you,
Like I should,
I'm a sinner Lord,
A self-made sinner,

Because,
I hate Lord,
I hate this country and this world,
I hate because I'm here,
HEREI Lord,
Not in an office in New York,
Or a movie in Sixth Avenue,
I'm here in Vietnam,
Where no-one talks,
They just die
Thats all
Not talk

And because,
I'm sick Lord,
I'm sick of the stench of the bodies in the street,
And the rice balls that taste like vomit,
I'm sick of the jungle that stinks like a sewer,
And the Yard women who say they're pure,
And I'm sick of living,
And I want to die,
But I can't die,
Because,
God Dammit! . . . mom's back home,
And she'll cry,
So I can't think of death,
Only hate and feel sick,

Because,
I'm eighteen Lord,
And I'm here.

Janina L. Stachura, F56

DAYBREAK IN THE PROVINCES

The train steals silently
Into the night, like a
Long, sleek snake slithering
Across those twilit expanses.
These homely lowlands know no end;
Their open meadows peopled
With cattle grazing on
The evening pastures, bathed
In the moon's silvery light.
A ghostly shape suddenly rises
And a faint prick of light
Strives to pierce the outer darkness

RUGBY



Back Row l.-r. Mr. Rhodes, Swift, Boreham, Richardson, Bishop, Woffinden, Corns, Laing, Mr. Deeley
Centre Row l.-r. Webster, Taylor A., Morris, Harding, Whittingham, Bradwell, Taylor M., Hamshaw, Coughtrie, Lawson
Front Row l.-r. Clayton, Nicholls, Goddard, Price (Capt.), Logan, Telling, Howson

But is quelled; and then is gone.
The hours pass; miles unfold,
As night unfolds her shady limbs
To herald rosy-fingered Dawn,
Who stirs to wake her
Slumbering realm.
The farmer starts to work upon
His fields in the gaining light,
Tending the seeds he has sown
In the womb of mother earth.
These seeds will grow and
Change with time.
 Seed to plant
 Plant to seed —
The eternal orb which turns night to day.
Behold! the beginning of another day.

Christine L. Wilson, VIA

ZOISMIC POEM

What shall we call the child?
Said he, looking at her in expectancy.

 Call it Kindness, she said;
 Hope that it thrives,
 And, while it lives,
 Hope that it moves
 Among those men who
 Stand like trees,
 While saplings fall,
 And call; hope too
 That it will aid
 The man alone;
 And help the man of stone
 To help the man of water made.

He looked the child right in the face,
And marvelled at its strength and grace.

Ian McMillan, Form 40

RUGBY REPORT 1970 - 71

By far the main event of the season, as far as the 1st XV squad is concerned, is the tour of France at Easter. The touring party, consisting of 23 players, 7 members of staff and their wives, and the headmaster, is going to Villefranche, near Toulouse. The money needed to finance the trip has been raised in various ways, including collecting newspapers, running weekly disc sessions and selling crisps. We have raised the £750 needed to pay for the travel, accommodation and insurance for all the players. We would therefore like to take this opportunity to offer our deep thanks to everyone who has helped in any way to make this wonderful adventure possible.

The high standard of rugby played this season promises to bring success against somewhat unknown opposition on the tour.

The 1st XV have have played the most attractive rugby seen at Wath for many years.

P	W	D	L	F	A
15	13	0	2	420	100

As the results table indicates, we have lost only two of our matches, one narrowly and one a very big, though enlightening, defeat at the hands of Rothwell; enlightening because it pointed out our main weaknesses, which we have now tried to rectify.

The average score in the matches won is 32-3, as expected, most of the points being scored by the backs, who combine to give enough flair and all round skill to rate them the best combination in South Yorkshire.

The backs' strength lies in their ability to improvise in most conditions and situations, their weakness being inconsistent tackling, the ability to kill the ball and the general lack of punch in their play.

The forwards, although lacking somewhat in size and weight, do not lack the skills needed to produce an efficient, mobile pack. This is borne out by the fact that no less than seven were present at the final South Yorkshire Trial, four of these being selected to play. Their weaknesses being similar to the backs' in that their covering and secondary possession could be improved.

Previously, coaching was just on a team basis but now, as well as this, Mr. Rhodes concentrates on coaching the backs, and Mr. Deeley concentrates on the forwards to produce a team of players who now think much during the game, consequently producing a better class of rugby.

The 2nd XV has had few fixtures this season, and enthusiasm has adequately made up for their lack of skill. They have drawn four of their matches proving to everyone that they can produce effective rugby even when they are losing.

The U15's, captained by Wainwright, have not done too well this season owing to a lack of enthusiasm by both players and members of staff. They have only won four matches, and of these none were crushing defeats; they will have to try much harder if they are to make any impression next year. Richards played for South Yorkshire earlier in the year, but at the recent trials Hallat was the only one to be selected, being picked as reserve flanker.

After a shaky start to the season, the U14 team has settled down. This, allied with the thorough training of Mr. Fisher, has brought the results which the team failed to get in the U13's. Several of the players have had the experience of playing at U15 level. Of these, Machin is the outstanding player in having been selected as reserve for the South Yorkshire U15 group. If the team continues to improve and play aggressive rugby it will develop into an excellent team.

Although the U13's have only won a third of their matches, their team is splattered with talent. With the help of Mr. Ardron's dedication and skill, they will, combined with the U14's produce a very good 1st XV in years to come.

It only leaves us now to offer our thanks for the now internationally famous menu provided by our refreshment staff.

Stephen Bishop, LV1D

Quentin J. M. Richardson, VID

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HOCKEY REPORT

Not only did bad weather conditions affect the number of matches played, but when any South Yorkshire matches were being played, the 1st XI immediately cancelled their fixture, due to the fact that out of the whole 5th and 6th forms, only thirteen girls were interested in forming a senior hockey team.

The juniors, ably captained by Kay Hardy, make up for the senior school's lack of interest and they all worked hard to gain a place in one of the junior sides. Both junior teams made an improvement on last season's efforts, the 2nd U15 winning 5, losing 6 and drawing 1, whilst the 1st U15 won 7, lost 6 and drew 1.

The 1st XI made a great improvement this season, losing only 2 of our matches. With much help from our now well-established coach, Mr. Dobell, our system was changed to a 4-2-4 formation and the emphasis laid on attack, although we had a fairly stable defence (which, incidentally, still weighs over a quarter of a ton even though some of us have dieted). Throughout the season, the 1st XI have practiced hard and we would like to thank all the members of staff who have so willingly come out to practices and helped to develop the team's talents.

Credit must be given to Carole Hartley for turning out to play when we have been short of players, and also to Margaret Lawrence for deputising for Denise Ackerley in goal.

The school had great success in the South Yorkshire trials, Rosemary Stott, Denise Malyan, Frances Bowes and Stephanie Richardson all being chosen to represent them. Going on from there Frances was also chosen to represent Yorkshire, with Denise as reserve. Congratulations to all of them!

As the season has not yet come to an end, the 1st XI has not attended either the Hemsworth or Sheffield Tournaments, but we are hoping to gain some success at both.

Weather conditions caused 9 matches to be cancelled, 6 of which should have been played in the space of 7 weeks, although other matches had to be cancelled to enable members of the team to attend area trials.

Next year, the 1st XI will certainly have a difficult task in fielding an efficient team, as 7 regular members of this year's team will be leaving, and therefore let us hope the senior girls show more enthusiasm towards school hockey.

It only remains for us to thank Mrs. Sheppard and Miss Moore for their help given to the hockey teams and also to Mr. Dobell for the coaching, advice and comfort he has given to the 1st XI.

1st XI Results

Played 12 Won 10 Lost 2 Goals for 45 Goals Against 14

SOCCKER



Back Row l.-r. Robinson, Roddis, Newrick, Marshall, Willis, Barber
Front Row l.-r. Martin, Symcox, Draycott, Macbeth, Prendergast, Webster

HOCKEY



Back Row l.-r. I. Dorchester, J. Bramham, S. Burrows
Centre Row l.-r. R. Stott, E. Lysons, S. Baxter, S. Richardson
Front Row l.-r. M. Atkinson, D. Ackerley, F. Bowes

SOCCER REPORT

1st XI

Taking all things into consideration this has been an unlucky season for the 1st XI - at times the team has produced some good football but this has not been reflected in the results. Injuries to key players and the unavailability of others has meant that it has been a rare event when the same team has been fielded on consecutive Saturdays. The team was more successful before Christmas; in the English Schools' Cup we defeated Worsborough 3-2 in a replay after being 0-2 down only to lose to Swinton in the next round, also after a replay. The 1st XI's best win was the 10-1 away win at Wheatley Hills.

If the team can stop giving away silly goals then perhaps the full potential of its players can be realised. The core of the team will be available next season so better things can be expected.

Mention must be made of Robinson who represented Yorkshire.

U15 XI

It has been a mixed season for the U15's who have won about a half of their matches. Craven P. and Butt (captain) have turned in consistent performances whilst Weeks has been a regular scorer. If the team is to be successful, more teamwork will be needed to supplement the individual talents of players in the side.

U14 XI

The U14's have shown promise and had a reasonable season, winning more matches than they have lost. One of their more memorable matches was a Cup match against Mexborough which they finally lost 6-4. Players deserving mention are Markham, Short and Barlow.

U13 XI

The second most successful side in the school, one of their best achievements was the defeat of Mexborough. Players to note are Marshall, Senior and Kerley.

U12 XI

The most successful team; at the time of writing the U12's have lost only two matches, drawing two and winning the remainder. Outstanding players are Short and Towing, the leading goal scorer.

CRICKET REPORT 1970

1st XI

The 1st XI enjoyed one of their best seasons for many years losing one of their matches, drawing one, and winning the rest by a comfortable margin.

At the beginning of the season it appeared likely that all would depend on the batting of Hargreaves and Barlow, and the bowling of Kelso; Hargreaves scored 68 in the first match against our local rivals Mexborough. However, this was not to be; as the season progressed the all-round ability of the team became evident as McArdle and Boreham turned in figures of 7 for 21 and 4 for 15 respectively against Aston Woodhouse and Ecclesfield.

The season had its humorous highlights, both of which were supplied by Prendergast, who against Mexborough managed to get 31 runs hit off his two overs. The other incident against Dinnington occurred when a high ball was hit over the bowlers head. Kelso, the bowler, ran at full speed after it, head in the air and arms outstretched. Prendergast, seeing that he too might be able to catch it, set off at full speed and they collided, falling on to the ground in a crumpled heap. Prendergast stood up immediately but poor Kelso was rolling in agony on the floor and had to go to hospital - so much for the ability of Prendergast!

It must be mentioned that Hargreaves, Kelso and Barlow played for South Yorkshire, Hargreaves going to a final Yorkshire trial and being unlucky not to be picked.

U15 XI

The under 15 team had a very successful season, having the same record as the first team.

Their most interesting match was against Oakwood; the school needed three runs to win from the last ball of the match, they scored two and the match was tied at 87 runs each.

The most successful batters in the side were Berresford and Kenworthy, the bowlers to note being Grant and Fawthrop.

U14 XI

The under 14's had a less successful season than the other two teams winning less than half of their matches. Their most noteworthy game was against High Storrs when the school were set 76 runs to win, they achieved this task largely due to a good score of 46 by Barlow.

ALL LOSING GAME — BUT ITS THE SPIRIT THAT COUNTS

Seven games played, seven games lost was the best we could do this season, although we still have games in hand. These results, I must add, were not due to the lack of enthusiasm, for practices were regularly attended by all members of the team, (although only the really dedicated players did not fail to attend!)

Our team was strong but in every opposing team there seemed to be at least one 6 foot, 13 stone rugby type player, who preferably played goalkeeper. (Some girls not only looked like rugby players but played like them too!), but spirits were kept high and we took defeat nobly.

The goal margin was rarely great, but each goal against us really counted, especially in important matches, and, because of the hard work done by all team members, it would be wrong to single anyone out for special mention.

I would like to thank Miss Moore for giving up her leisure time to coach us and we will try to do more, and better, for her next season.

Diane Tolley, F55

NETBALL



Back Row l.-r. D. Cooke, D. Law, C. Waring, M. Holmen, D. Richardson
Front Row l.-r. K. Ibbotson, D. Tolley, R. Chase

CROSS COUNTRY REPORT

This has been a disappointing season so far with lack of support and enthusiasm leading to the cancellation of two Saturday matches and poor turn outs in two others.

The seniors started well by winning 3rd place medals in the Wakefield Hamers Schools Relay, but a week later Queen Elizabeth's, Wakefield, had given us a sound thrashing with Peter Neal the only Wath winner. The return match at Wakefield, which included Stonyhurst College and Lancing, was one of the races we had to withdraw from and so the chance of revenge was lost.

Since then matches have taken place against Abbeydale H.S., Adwick H.S., Armthorpe H.S., Don Valley H.S., Hemsworth G.S., Spurley Hey S. and Maltby G.S. and the first year proved very successful. The seniors also took part in the St. John's York Schools Championships.

Captain Nigel Donaldson has set an excellent example by dedicated training, and already has three match victories to his credit. Peter Neal has yet to be beaten in his own age group this season but deserves more support from his contemporaries.

Kenworthy deserves mention for his victory at Hemsworth in his sole appearance this year.

The points competition stands at present—

1st Year		2nd Year	
1 Crookes	176	1 Walker	139
2 Harper	161	2 Newman	84
3 Hardwicke	125	3 Cottam	76
3rd Year		Seniors	
1 Neal	122	1 Donaldson	284
2 Sinclair	60	2 Fuller	87
3 Corbishley	56	3 Rixham	51

Charity Run

A cold day, 'flu' and cancellation rumours reduced the 3rd Annual Charity run held on January 31st to twelve hardy souls, but Mr. Brown and Graham Longley (now at St. John's York) set a new record of 1hr. 45mins. for the 20 miles, and over £20 was raised for the following charities, with Stephen Law's (F17) £7.25 the highest single contribution.

The Life Boat Institution	£6.80
School Sports Fund	£6.80
Cancer Research	£2.78
Doncaster Gate Hospital	£2.42
Oxfam	£1.28

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PARENT TEACHER ASSOCIATION

On the 6th of November 1969, the Parent Teacher Association came into being. This apparently caused consternation amongst certain pupils despite the main aim of the exercise - to foster better relations between parents, students and staff.

During our first year we held an Inaugural Dance to provide an initial stimulus necessary to break the non-participation tradition previously established amongst the majority of parents. Despite the disappointing attendance from a potential of over seven hundred members, the dance was well received. A primary function of the Association is to deal with problems affecting school, and for this purpose an "Any Questions Session" was arranged. The difficulty experienced by the panel in concisely answering the questions, the absence of the Headmaster due to illness, and the once again disappointing attendance detracted from the possible success of the discussion.

The highlight of the year was undoubtedly the Summer Fête and Folk Concert, held in the first week of July; a tremendous amount of preparation and planning ensured a most enjoyable and entertaining afternoon. One aspect of the event which went virtually unnoticed was the duplicate arrangements made should the weather have been unfavourable. Fortunately the afternoon was bright and clear, with the exception of inter-

mittent showers above the heads of many masters who braved the Sixth Form Patent Wetting Device! Major attractions were provided by the Fire Service, Army and National Coal Board, a large number of stalls and side shows completed the layout.

The arduous work necessary to make the Fête a success was seen to be well worthwhile when the final profit was announced as being in excess of £340. Now that we had a respectable bank balance, efforts were made to help the school and its students.

Members of the Association helped with the school's production of "The Mikado", by Gilbert and Sullivan. Three took principal parts while others were involved in the chorus and provision of refreshments; the ladies of the committee are now becoming expert caterers for the varied activities held in the hall.

As an introduction to school life a Social was arranged, at the beginning of the present school year, for the new First Form students and their parents. Everyone enjoyed themselves, especially the parents, who willingly participated but were unable to keep up with their energetic offspring.

So far this year we have staged a talk by the police on Teenage Problems, two further dances, and formed a Dance Club. On behalf of the students we have purchased several items of sport equipment and records for the physical education department. We have also obtained new public address equipment for P.T.A. and school functions. Every effort will be made to continue this help where it is most urgently needed.

It has been much appreciated that increasing numbers of students are giving freely of their time and skills in supporting P.T.A. activities. Perhaps with a little persuasion from those concerned more interest could be aroused in reluctant parents.

In conclusion the committee sincerely hope that the Association will continue to flourish and that a more varied programme can be arranged in the coming months. We are always open to suggestions, and if communication proves difficult, the secretary is always willing to accept ideas to be discussed by the full committee at its frequent meetings.

CAREERS REPORT

A full programme of careers work has been maintained despite staff changes. Mr. Davies and Mr. Rhodes have replaced Mr. White and Mr. Whale in the careers team, whilst Mr. Kilner has joined with responsibility for 4th year leavers. The excellent liaison with the Area Careers Office staff has been continued and three careers officers attend regularly. This year Mrs. Teasdale has taken over from Mrs. Aylward as careers officer responsible for students who intend to enter Higher Education.

By the end of this session all members of Form 4 and L6 and, where necessary, members of form 5 and 6 will have been interviewed by the school careers staff, and all 4th year leavers and those in forms 5 and 6 requesting the service by the careers officer. There will also be interesting talks for Form 3 in the Summer term.

We have maintained our annual programme of fortnightly talks and discussions led by visiting speakers from the world of work. This session the programme has been interesting and lively with the emphasis where possible on relatively young speakers. The subjects have included Choosing a Career, the Army, Institutional management, Computers, G.E.C., Personnel Management, Polytechnics, a panel of recent school leavers, Law, Accountancy, Garage work, Commercial design and Architectural Draughtsmanship. Undoubtedly the quality has been the best so far, but whilst numbers have been usually satisfactory for a voluntary activity, we would like to see a much bigger response to what is such a vital service.

One new feature that should take place during the Summer term, and will do so next year if negotiations break down, is regular visits by panels from the Wombwell and District Rotary Club to 6th form general studies groups.

In conclusion, I have no doubt that careers guidance is one of the most important services we can give, yet, whilst I believe that we do much more than many schools, there is still much more to be done. There is also need for the students to use the service more, however, it would seem that at least they are beginning to use the Careers Room and Display Areas.

It is gratifying that in days of economic difficulties, in this area we do not have an unemployment problem with our students who do not proceed to Higher Education. For this, I can have nothing but gratitude for the many hours of voluntary work done by my colleagues in the Careers Team and the ever-willing response of our friends in the Area Careers Office.

R. Hilton, Senior Master

THE "WATH MUSIC TRADITION", and OTHER OBSCENITIES

In the beginning there was silence, and Aunt Barbara said, "Let there be singing". And Lo, there was singing. And Aunt Barbara saw that it was not good, and She said, "You miserable peasants, I want sixty times more sound than that". And that was how work began on Haydn's "Creation" for last year's Summer Concert which was, of course, a resounding success with the orchestra excelling even itself with a performance of Rossini's "Semiramide Overture".

In October we took the Blackpool Festival by storm with the orchestra winning their class and the string soloists coming first, second, third, and fourth in their class. We left Blackpool with the glorious name of Wath imprinted on its memory.

The Carol Concert last year took a more traditional form than in previous years with the accent on carol singing, the highlight of the evening being the performance of "A Ceremony of Carols" written by Dr. Gordon of the Sheffield Philharmonic Society.

Meanwhile, back at the Musician's Union H.Q., the massed bands and choirs of Wath Storm Troopers were preparing an assault on Huddersfield, to be more specific, the Mrs. Sunderland Festival. Alas, Huddersfield being made of sterner stuff resisted heroically and we had to be satisfied with numerous second places.

Now to this year's Big Happening when Mr. Dobell and Master Happs Do Their Thing and Mr. Godber, being of a more Conservative nature, tries hard not to. Yes, it's the annual Rave-Up disguised as the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera "Patience", of which much was required. (The rumour that a well known opera company is offering a substantial sum of money for the removal of Mr. Dobell's tonsils, voice-box, or even Mr. Dobell, is totally unfounded.) The choir, orchestra and P.T.A. will be taking the entire blame for this production. All complaints must be written on the back of a five pound note and addressed to :

The Musician's Union,
Backstage,
Wath Grammar.

Before finishing mention must be made of the invaluable addition to the music department of Jones-the-scarf, B.A.

Carol A. Beaney, VIB

ANGLING CLUB

The activities of the Angling Club last season were limited because of lack of members. However, two fishing trips were arranged these were to Hatfield Fish Ponds and the river Till.

The first trip was to Hatfield. When we set out it was a wet foggy day, but the sun shone on us when we arrived at the ponds; we were hoping for a good day's sport. When we started fishing Mr. Cox was eager to show his skills, but he was unable to do so, only two piscators*, Haigh and Guest, caught fish, the rest, down hearted, waterlicked and cursing were left dangling their worms in the water.

The second trip to the Till was more exciting than the previous trip. When we arrived at the bank it was pouring with rain. The heavens smiled on us and the rain ceased; down to some serious fishing (Ha Ha). Cox the Bream King proved his skills by landing a stone loach and a silver bream. Richardson, not wanting to be outdone by the 'king', caught a bigger silver bream and put in a claim for the crown. By now Cushing was beginning to show signs of stress at not catching anything, when he suddenly snatched a $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Roach from under his rod tip, thus taking the honours of the day. The 'bus driver netted a $8\frac{1}{2}$ lb. pike which no doubt made a tasty meal. This was a happier trip than before.

This season it is hoped to run several more trips during the Summer and early Autumn. The members of the club would like to thank Mr. Cox (king) for his help and patience without which the trips would not have been possible.

*anglers

Jack Pike

FOLK CLUB

Yes, there really is such a thing. A school Folk Club, what a good idea you might think. So did we, and the few people that eventually joined and support the club agree.

The initial response from the fifth and sixth forms was terrific, but then Pam, the courageous chairwoman, mentioned the dreaded five letter word, money. Immediately the masses of interested, eager folk fanatics gasped and shrank back in their seats. But our obviously affluent friend Mr. Barnett uttered his famous last words, "This is what we find", and everyone was at their ease or was it on their knees? The more wealthy of the

folk fanatics, who it seems are all pesimistic paupers, eventually got as far as spending the 25p on a year's membership. With the the rich rewards of twenty membership fees we booked an artist, and with tongue in cheek and strong knicker elastic we arranged a meeting.

John Coy, our star attraction, succeeded in drawing a dozen members and half a dozen hippies who heard the music and actually paid to get in. I am sure our kind, free-thinking broad-minded onlookers, Miss Cooley and Mr. Luff, were pleased to see these hippies parading in and eventually singing(?) for us. But they persevered and we would like to thank them warmly for their help on this and other occasions, especially Miss Cooley who did not have her bottle opener returned for several weeks.

Our next guest was Eric Presley (yes Eric). Eric is a great chap and has performed for no money several times, along with Richard Clements (Clem). At all meetings guests have been supported by Pat (Better than Mary Hopkin) Earnshaw, Paul (sticky fingers) Barnett, Janet (Wath Nightingale) Day and Janette and Carol of 'Sloop John B' and 'Michael row the boat' fame. With the occasional aid of John late of the 'Hillians' and Diane, late of 'Sloop John B'. Often our faithful friends have performed before five willing but unable members of the committee, which is not much of an audience.

The one really Big Happening, The Folk Festival (with Alan Taylor and Al Jones suported by the school Folk Club), was a great success with over 450 people present. At this point we would like to thank Mr. Hilton who, with the P.T.A. made this event possible. By the time this literary epic goes to print, we will have attended and performed at a Rosehill P.T.A. Supper, for which we are actually going to be paid with real money. We hope that with this financial boost we will have gained members, regardless of the fact that the strongest drink in the school is, wait for it, 2% proof shandy!

Well, with thanks to Miss Cooley, Mr. Luff, Dr. Humphreys, Mrs. Addey and Dr. Saffell and Miss Clegg for their kind encouragement, I will close this report with one last remark—

Folk fanatics you may be, but I wish you loved folk more than your money or your beer, but if you like being pesimistic paupers we will laugh at you when we have Tom Paxton and Joni Mitchell to perform for our fifteen, or was it five, faithful members!

STAMP CLUB REPORT

Attendance of the Stamp Club started off well this year with about a dozen philatelists attending. Discussions and quizzes were held regularly and collections were exhibited. An album competition was also held, the winners being Bacon (33) and Fawthrop (54).

Talks on their collections were given by Bacon and Drury, whilst Hutchinson gave a talk on "People on British Stamps". Various other talks were given on French Art stamps, stamps as an investment, and stamps in general. Notaphily was also discussed on one occasion.

A recognition competition of French stamps was held, meeting with a limited success. However two films were presented, each meeting with a large attendance, one being on the Queen's collection and the other on the mechanics of stamp collecting.

New members are always welcome to attend, meetings being held weekly in L12 at 1.15.

N. Hutchinson, F33

G. Bacon, F33

THE ART DEPARTMENT

Since our days in the First Form, which revolved around plant pots, bottles and pieces of wood, the Art Department has developed to cover as many angles as possible, including three dimensional work in the once two dimensional syllabus.

Over the last two years, after much persuasion by members of staff, materials for the formation of a pottery club have gradually appeared in the school. Although we have produced no budding Bernard Leach yet, we can always hope for the future.

The production of soft sculptures proved an interesting venture last year to those who took the time and trouble to make them, as one was accepted in the National Children's Art Exhibition.

It was the first time for many years that pieces were sent to this exhibition, but it proved successful as three items were approved and were on display at an exhibition in London.

A sad loss to the Department was the departure of Mrs. A. Calvert, who devoted much time to the development of Art at this school. We wish her the very best for the future.

Viv Marsh, VIC

Margaret Lawrence, VIC

THE POLITICAL SOCIETY

The Political Society has been in existence for two years, and despite its so-called limited appeal, for EPA and British Constitution students, there have been quite adequate numbers at the various meetings, due to attendance by other interested members of the Sixth Form. The Fifth and Fourth form groups are, by contrast, rather apathetic.

So far this year, there have been four meetings, Mr. Hinchliffe, who represents the North Ward on Barnsley Council, spoke on his work as a councillor. Another member of staff, Mr. Deere, discussed Spanish politics, and together with Mr. Barlow, the above mentioned gentlemen defeated a school team in the Christmas Quiz.

This term, Mr. Peter Hardy M.P., who was elected for Rother Valley at the General Election, and is an ex-Governor of the school, gave up valuable time to talk about his first impressions of Parliament. Still on the theme of election, the complexities of agency were explained by one of the most experienced agents in the country, Mr. R. M. Flemmington.

The Committee would like to thank those members of staff who participated in meetings, and who helped to make them a success; finally we hope a varied future programme will attract more regular interest from those for whom the Society is primarily intended.

Committee

Margaret Atkinson	Chairman
Andrew Taylor	Secretary
Stewart Hardy	
Ian Macbeth	

SIXTH FORM SOCIETY

The opening of the Youth Centre two years ago provided a reclusory for the Sixth Form during their lunchtimes, a previously absent and long since needed provision. Unfortunately the provisions of these facilities has caused stagnation, as no attempt has been made to make full use of the new premises. A wide range of activities could have been attempted, but so far the potential has not been realised.

The new committee, ambitious and full of ideas, was determined to try and provide activities to arouse the interests of the hard working but slightly apathetic members. The year has been an experimental one in which new ideas have been tried out to assess the way in which members wish to spend

their lunch break. The first venture was a series of films, but the necessity of an admission fee and the unfortunate technical difficulties resulted in a declining audience and consequently the idea was shelved. Despite the problems of arranging matches, a bridge competition is at present being played and it is hoped that a soccer tournament may be run in the near future. A more varied selection of refreshments has, we hope, been appreciated and staffing of the bar by committee members has improved this service.

Further ideas were discussed with a view to widening the scope of the Society, but lack of support by many members has effectively prevented any further experiments. We find that the films have been the only real success as a communal activity and conclude that the source of entertainment of the majority is centred on small groups of people. The main source of income of the Society is money raised from subscriptions, very little profit being made by the sale of comestibles. Many members of the Sixth Form have failed to renew their subscriptions each term, yet are still making use of the Society's facilities. This practice sadly illustrates the fact that some people are abusing the system by which the Society endeavours to function; a consequence is inadequate funds and reduced benefits.

Recently a new series of films is being shown during Wednesday lunchtimes, and a more modern selection together with the discontinuation of an admission charge should prove popular.

It is a pity that a small proportion of the Sixth Form are unco-operative and are restricting the possible scope of the Society. The success of the Society is dependant upon the co-operation of its members and without this support it cannot operate effectively. We wish the new committee success and hope that its actions will prove to be more favourable with the Society's members.

Committee 1970 - 1971

Co-Chairmen	Bryan M. Gray and Rosemary Stott
Treasurer	Quentin Richardson
Secretary	Susan Farmery
Sally Baxter	Michael Tunnicliffe
Denise Ackerley	Michael Swift
Wendy Ward	Philip Goddard
Margaret Lawrence	Barry Harding

PREFECTS 1970 - 71



P. Moxon, D. Cameron, D. Twaite, K. Wake, J. Ambler, F. Barber, D. Prendergast, R. Boreham, B. Lawson
G. Tart, J. Nugent, R. White, D. Martin, S. Bishop, B. Harding
Carol Beaney, Pam Sherratt, Viv Horsley, Margaret Atkinson, Stephanie Richardson, Hilary France, Mollie Rich, Christine Wilson
Karen Earnshaw, Ann Marriott
Susan Farmery, Angela Younge, Margaret Lawrence (Deputy Head Girl), B. M. Gray (Head Boy), Rosemary Stott (Head Girl)
Q. Richardson (Deputy Head Boy), Pam Wilkinson, Linda Jarvis, Sally Baxter

PREFECTS 1970 - 1971

Head Boy

Bryan M. Gray

Deputy Head Boy

Quentin J. M. Richardson

Prefects

J. Ambler

F. Barber

S. Bishop

R. Boreham

D. Cameron

B. Harding

B. Lawson

D. Martin

P. Moxon

J. Nugent

D. Prendergast

G. Tart

D. Twaite

K. Wake

R. White

Head Girl

J. Rosemary Stott

Deputy Head Girl

S. Margaret Lawrence

Prefects

Margaret Atkinson

Sally Baxter

Karen Earnshaw

Susan Farmery

Hilary France

Vivienne Horsley

Linda Jarvis

Ann Marriott

Mollie Rich

Stephanie Richardson

Pamela Sherratt

Pamela Wilkinson

Christine Wilson

Angela Younge

Sub Prefects

J. Adams

M. Bailey

A. Bartram

R. Binns

T. Binns

R. Bowley

J. Bradwell

D. Elliott

D. Facer

P. Goddard

J. Good

P. Goodwin

A. Griffiths

G. Jackson

S. Keightley

E. Morris

A. Price

J. Saynor

R. Siddall

M. Swift

A. Taylor

M. Tunnicliffe

F. Ward

S. Williams

Sub Prefects

Pamela Braithwaite

Judith Bramham

Susan Burrows

Alison Smith-Chappell

Shirley Clarke

Shirley Cousins

Anne Croft

Linda Dale

Pat Earnshaw

Barbara Kay

Rhoda Kinnell

June Markham

Viv Marsh

Aileen Middleton

Janet Onions

Anne Palframan

Susan Palframan

Jane Parker

Margaret Tomlin

Jessie Vickerage

Val Wall

Jennifer White

NIGHT OF ANGUISH

It was a long, black night. And it would get a lot blacker before their wait was over. He felt as if he could restrain his impatience no longer.

"Smith!" he whispered.

"Sir?" came the reply.

"Any sign of anything yet?"

"Not a bloody thing, sir". Smith could not help but allow a note of contempt for his superior's impatience to creep into his voice, but he steadied himself and went on, respectfully, "They're not due for another hour yet, sir."

He grunted. This waiting was more than he could bear. He fidgeted like a child, nervously, peering out into the inky blackness for the boat that he would not be able to see even if it were there.

By the shielded light of his torch he checked that his revolver was in order, for the eleventh time. At least, he pretended to do so: in reality he just gazed at it stupidly as if it were the first weapon he had ever seen - which, for that matter, it very nearly was. It was a short, stubby weapon, with a two inch barrel so that it would slip easily into his mackintosh pocket, and it was so old that he reckoned that the eight notches on the old-fashioned, sharp-angled butt probably stood for Zulus. He could not for one minute imagine why they should have been ordered to come on the mission armed, but if arms were necessary, then they should have at least have something with a little stopping power.

He ceased his fidgeting and yawned loudly. Thrusting the pistol back into his pocket, he clicked off the torch and stared out into the blackness once more. Suddenly, a sound caught his ears; it was a dull, repetitive chugging, just like the noise of the boat they had been told to expect. Could they be here so early? Was he merely imagining it? He craned out all the more keenly. A vague shape seemed to loom at him out of the darkness. He turned back to Smith.

"See anything?"

"No, sir - wait.....no - yes! I can hear something, sir!"

He looked up again, out towards the spot where he thought he had seen the blur. The shape seemed to have disappeared, but the chugging grew perceptibly louder. All the men ringed round the creek must surely hear it now. He hesitated for a moment, then raised his torch, fingering his revolver in his other hand. As the beam flashed out across the water he cried,

"In the name of - " but his words were cut short by a sudden harsh, staccato rattle that put all rational thoughts out of his head. A couple of fireflies danced about in the distance. "Machne-guns!" he thought. My God, they had machine guns! Why had they not been told?

He still had the torch stupidly pointed towards the location of the noise, making him a perfect target for every sniper within miles. He had been lying like that for a full two minutes when a violent hammer-blow landed full on the glass, knocking back his wrist to an impossible angle and sending the instrument flying. Then a searchlight flashed on the bridge of the launch, and began to sweep the whole perimeter of the cove. Within seconds, a lucky shot from one of the rifles of the men deployed along the upper ridge had put it out again. Instantly, the noise of the chugging assumed a new note, and the fireflies seemed to recede. The noises of sporadic firing continued. He suddenly felt very tired. Through a small but critical omission in the information they had received, an opportunity had been lost that would probably never be repeated.

Robin L. Atkinson, F50

THE SKY — A GLIMPSE

Look to the sky, and consider
The things that have gone, and those yet to come.
An infant is born.
In the distance shines the future,
A glimmer of light, appearing and vanishing.
Hope shines down to meet the gaze,
The thoughts of one who looks, and sees.
Uncertainty is evident, but a brighter day will dawn.
Look back; now the sky is clearer,
A vision of a time gone by, happiness.
A glimpse of a forgotten age, sadness.
Memories linger and the infant grows older,
A smile on the face of one who knows,
All is revealed if you know where to look.
The infant will never die, his life is a story,
An eternal passage in the history of time.
The sky grows cloudy but one still sees,
The infant looks, and considers.

Bryan M. Gray, VID



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A BLACK MADONNA

The street was deserted, no smoke rose from the rows of staring chimneys, the houses all had one thing in common; they were condemned to the hands of the demolition worker.

No faces were visible at the cracked and dirty window panes, until, as if longing to be freed from some terrible oppression, a small black form pressed its nose against one of the bare panes of glass.

I was once more reminded of the harsh facts concerning my presence in this ghostly place. I had been appointed to evict the tenants of number twenty six so that the demolition of this street could go ahead. My conviction weighed heavily upon my conscience. This negro family had no prospects of another home; they could get no work in the city, and the council had refused them another tenancy.

The cobbles crunched gloomily underfoot, and the atmosphere of this forgotten place became more sinister every second. With every step I took my task became more inhuman. I longed to return to the comfort of my warm office to relieve my terrible depression, but I knew that if I did not complete my assignment I would lose my job.

I climbed reluctantly a flight of stone steps which terminated at the door of number twenty six. There stood before me a young coloured woman carrying a small child in each arm. Her dress was tattered and covered in filth, and she stared at me with large melancholy eyes. I could tell that she knew who I was and the purpose of my visit there.

"I know why you are here," she said at last, "Don't worry, we will cause no trouble. My children and I are ready to leave. Just give us time to collect our things and then we will go."

I entered the house and sat down on a hard wooden chair, the woman followed me and stood by the window, still clutching her silent children. "We have not led a very happy life in this country," she began, "ever since we came here we have been isolated in one way or another. We have been laughed at and rebuked by our neighbours, and looked upon with scorn by people we pass in the street. "Go home blacks!" they cry. Why should we go through all this suffering just because of our dark skin? We are no different in our hearts from other people, but we can never get away from the fact that our skin is black. Because of this we will always be hated and we will never be able to lead a normal life!"

She walked towards the door and picked up a brown shopping bag, out of it she took a scarf and wrapped it around her two children.

She did not say goodbye, but walked down the dark passage into the street. It was now raining heavily, and the biting wind howled and whistled through the empty houses.

Here she turned towards me and smiled.

I was speechless; her eyes were full of warmth and forgiveness and I realised how wrong I had been all my life. Apart from her skin she was no different from myself. She was a human being, she had conquered all the hatred towards her, and she was ready to forgive.

Overcome with emotion, I turned back into the house and looked out on to the street through the dirty window panes. I watched her as she trod diligently away. Her loving voice echoed in my ears. "We are no different in our hearts from other people." The words resounded about me, and the vision of her eyes filled the room with a warm light as I watched her departing in the distance. A black madonna with her children, treading the never ending road in search of love and pity.

Paul S. Clerehugh, F54

THOUGHTS OF THE FUTURE

Today, 1971; today I live, I laugh, I love life but tomorrow, 2000, 2010, 2020 what then, will I have rhythm, energy, the will to live one day and look forward to the next and the next after that. Or will I desire death, release from life become a burden. What then of the friends I have known of the times I have enjoyed, of the life that is now within me, bubbling to be free, will I love as I love now, will I meet people without fear and suspicion or will I be bitter; bitterly old, wary; warily old and weary sapped of the freshness that is the spring of my life and my emotions, becoming a husk, an empty shell, peering at a life that is passing me by, shrinking deeper into myself into gloom and mustiness, into the aura of old clothes stored for a life-time in drawers, protected by moth-balls.

Will my life run its course and end hanging in the wardrobe of my own introversion protected by my own suspicion and caution.

The Spring of my life is now, the Summer I look towards happily, of the Autumn of my life, I have no fear but the Winter, when I am old, the end of my journey - tomorrow. What then ?

Pam Wilkinson, VIB

SMALL SAM AND HIS STRUGGLE AGAINST THE SYSTEM

Samuel Smith was a fortunate boy to pass his eleven plus and go to a grammar school, or so everyone told him. It was proudly proclaimed that, "A grammar school is the rock on which great futures are built". The grammar school was made out to be a paragon of learning; a blameless tool to be used by the pupils. It seemed the responsibility to do well was placed firmly on Sam's small shoulders.

Sam's first day was spent nervously, acquainting himself with a set of school rules. From these Sam gained the impression that the school's general purpose was to crush personal freedom and individuality, the clear message was: conform. Character, it seemed, was formed by the playing of an antiquated and dangerous pastime called 'ughby', or some such thing.

In the next few weeks Sam was introduced to homework, which he grew to hate with all his heart. Homework, to Sam, was nothing but an exasperatingly time-consuming chore; consequently, he rushed it and did badly. Learning in the school was a dull mechanical process: facts were produced by the teachers and dutifully digested by the pupils. Interest and the use of imagination are uncommon factors in the traditional grammar school teaching methods. Then came the examinations: awe-inspiring tests of mental stamina. Sam swotted and sweated for three solid weeks. His handwriting was poor, the time was limited, Sam's intelligence was not the 'play-back recorder' type. He did badly. His results were mediocre or poor and he ended up near the bottom of the form.

Sam was disappointed and disheartened: he began to consider what kind of a job he could get when he left. In following examinations the pattern was painfully familiar: bad results, poor form positions. Sam was stuck in a rut. Discipline antagonised him and he rebelled: he smoked, did no homework, disregarded rules. The school tried to punish him and succeeded in alienating him even more.

Sam left the school at sixteen, a failure, a disappointment to his family. He drifted aimlessly from job to job. It was only then that he realised the value of knowledge, knowledge meant more money. But it was too late to turn back: the system grinned victoriously when Sam wanted to return to school, the system does not give pupils a second chance.

Bucknell, F42

REFLECTIONS

In firelight
I sit, I gaze, and I dream.
My soul flies free with the flickering flames,
The moving shadows stir my brain
And visions gleam before my eyes-
Memories of what is past,
Or a glimpse of what is to be,
Who knows?
My fantasy world dances on
As I feel the fiery rhythm.
But the light grows dim,
The fire burns low, and my fancies dwindle
And disappear as the white ash forms.
My dreams are at an end,
The reflections are gone.

Mollie Rich, VIA

MY DREAM

The perfect dream would seem to me,
Like galleons sailing on the sea,
Armada or the Spanish Main,
Jack Frost's patterns on the window pane,
Watching the smugglers with my eye very keen,
Singing a solo in front of the queen,
Told off by the teacher, but I got my say,
Travelling to London the Permanent Way,
Flying away in a super jet plane,
Sailing by boat when I come home again,
Riding a camel going lump, lump, lump,
Then waking up with big, big BUMP!

C. Howlett, F32

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH

Probably not many of you who read this will have much idea of what scientific research is and what it involves, so perhaps I can write a little about it. It is understandable that pupils taking science subjects will be more interested in this subject, but it is to be hoped that non-scientists will not ignore it. Whether you like it or not, science does and will affect your lives greatly, and furthermore in the future, you will pay your share towards research costs.

As to what research is, we could bluntly say that it is work which has not been done before. This would however be only a naive summary of what is a very extensive and diverse field of endeavour. Research is often in fact a more careful re-examination of what has been done already. This is because results are not always explained correctly or fully in the first instance, and it is important that they should be as far as possible, so that future work can be channelled in the right direction. Research tries to answer not only the questions "what?" and "how?" but also "why?", and this is the most difficult question of all.

You may find it hard, especially when faced by large text-books full of factual material, to imagine that there is much work which has not been done. I assure you that there is a great deal. The work which you will be taught at school, particularly up to fifth year, is largely only groundwork for the type of work which is done in scientific research today. An analogy might help - it is as though you are learning how bricks fit together to make a wall, and how you can make them do so by proper use of cement, but you have as yet no idea of what tremendous and intricate structures can be built from those bricks. So, for example, the preparation of a simple gas bears only a slight resemblance to the investigation of the structure of an antibiotic or a protein. On the other hand, you could not perform those investigations without the knowledge gained from simple chemistry. I would hate to have my house built by someone who could not properly build a three-foot wall.

I can find three major reasons why we research. One is that scientific research has on balance been beneficial to mankind, and with proper handling should continue to be so (though you will find many people to disagree). The second, and I suspect more cogent explanation, is that man has an insatiable curiosity, an urge to understand, and make others understand. The progress of many great men of science, such as Galileo and Darwin, can be ascribed to this, and of course it has played a large part in mankind's conquering of many diseases, finding new territories, and now venturing into space. The

curiosity of pupils in our schools should certainly be encouraged, and some of the more sensible trends in education recognise this. Do you realise that the questions put to your teachers in your early days of learning science sometimes are questions which are being researched, and intriguing some of our best modern scientists? For example, why should protons and neutrons exist together in the nuclei of atoms, and not wander apart? You will not find the answer in your text-books, as the particles and forces existing in nuclei are still being investigated. (This question was put by a third-form pupil).

The third reason why we research is the reason of profit. Research carried out for ulterior fiscal motives is often regarded as sordid in academic circles, but it is a fact of life that research costs a huge amount of money nowadays, and is very likely to cost far more in future. It is really only medical science which can expect a large outlay of money without prospect of financial returns in future. Let me stress however that there is a large amount of valuable progress resulting from industrially-sponsored research.

At present, you will probably know only the major individual sciences, by which are meant chemistry, physics, mathematics, and biology. The trend in research is now away from these sciences, and towards the "intermediate" sciences - biochemistry, biophysics and so on, but the major sciences are still vital. I have heard it said that we have had the golden age of physics, we are in (still) the golden age of chemistry, and the golden age of biology is just beginning (try telling that to your physics teacher).

If you are a science pupil, I urge you to research if you can, or at least to have a look at what goes on. It can be fascinating, profitable and useful. If you are not, I still urge that you keep all the interest you can by looking about you, in the newspapers, on television, and radio. Events really do move quickly in the modern scientific world, and you will be better off if you can understand or appreciate something of this huge area of human achievement which will affect your life so much.

P. Humphreys

THANKS FOR THE 'TIP' I

Few of us can still be aware that last year was European Conservation Year—a year that promised so much and produced so little. Conservation was discussed continually, defined and redefined; but practical measures were notably absent. Such apathy, of course, was not to be tolerated in a go-ahead community such as Wath, and with this in mind a number of sixth form biology students last October embarked on a project in experimental land reclamation, the land in question being an N.C.B. colliery tip on Station Road near Wath North Station. The work is part of a long-term project with the co-operation of Mr. Philip Edwards, a lecturer at Salford University.

Our work was begun on the site on 17th October by a party under the supervision of Mr. John Holtom and Mrs. Addey (who, with Mr. Swift and Mr. Garford had taken part in previous work on the site at Easter). Form VIE formed the nucleus of the work force, ably assisted at times by Mr. Whale and by the male members of Mrs. Addey's family. All launched enthusiastically into the stern business of digging trenches, sowing experimental seed plots, and laying turf. The slopes of the tip were set with tree seedlings (obtained by permission of Wentworth Estates from Wath Wood) and plant growth was encouraged by the sowing of grass seed and the liberal application of sewage sludge.

All this was completed by late afternoon (with a break at lunchtime, when the labourers partook of a little light refreshment). Further work has been done on subsequent days, and tests on the shale for acidity, phosphate content etc. have been attempted with moderate success - thanks here to Mr. Davies.

The project has great potential for development, and it is hoped that it will be represented at the Sheffield Science Fair this Summer. Also, a group from the Society of Friends will be instructed in methods employed at Wath and will then work on a spoil heap at Monk Bretton. Next year, the work will be continued by the present lower sixth form. After results of this year's work have begun to appear in the Spring, a report will be sent to Mr. Edwards to be used in conjunction with results from a similar project at Radcliffe, in Lancashire. The information thus obtained will be useful for large scale reclamation work on spoil heaps, an aspect of conservation which is becoming increasingly important in this country.

David Cameron, Jonathan Nugent, John Ambler, UVI

LIFE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF BRISTOL

As yet, I have scarcely experienced life in Bristol as it apparently normally is. When we arrived in September the council workers strike was already in operation and the dustbins had not been emptied for several weeks. This situation soon got worse with the staff in hall being affected. All the cleaners came out on strike and so, every morning after breakfast, out came the dusters. The scene at meal-times was quite remarkable, 180 girls lining up carrying their own plate, mug and cutlery. We also had the task of serving the food on a rota basis, and each washing up our own plates. The Socialist Society, with its grand total of 60 members, picketed the buildings daily urging us to join a demonstration in support of the strike and "bring our own banner!" Some departments closed, but the study of classics which has endured some 2000 years was not to be affected by such a trivial matter as no dinners or porters - we soldiered bravely on. Since then we have had the 'illuminating' experience of the power go slow. In the morning people wandered round the corridors with torches and we have dined by candlelight - rather a pleasant experience as we could no longer see the food. When we had a power cut during our end of term Greek examination we were offered the opportunity of stopping for half an hour but we nobly carried on, eager not to prolong the agony. Since our return after the Christmas vacation, we have felt the effects of the postal strike, conversation at breakfast being somewhat strained without letters to read.

I think I can safely say that life here is invigorating; all the women's halls of residence and university buildings are situated on hills - fortunately, it is mainly downhill to lectures. The men not only have hills to contend with, but also have to negotiate a great expanse of open country commonly known as 'the Downs'. On arriving at the main university building for a lecture I have 104 steps to climb to my department on the third floor and I am relatively fortunate, the German department is five floors up. There is only one rather antiquated lift, the use of which is a priveledge granted only to staff.

Meals here are usually informal, but in the men's halls 'formal' meals are fairly frequent. These entail the wearing of gowns and suit. On these occasions one must bow to the warden and high table before leaving. Perhaps the one advantage is the obvious improvement in the food. At times the food here almost reaches the same depths as that in a certain educational establishment in Yorkshire. We regularly savour the delights of 'chocolate cement', goulash and 'mince and shortcake'.

There are many societies and clubs to join within the university ranging from the Chess Club to the Winnie the Pooh Club. The

Student's Union here is a new building, about six floors high, incorporating its own swimming pool, two bars, television rooms, common rooms etc., yet except at lunchtimes it is practically deserted.

In most departments the amount of work you do is left entirely to you. In our department, however, written work has to be handed in regularly, although lectures are not compulsory. I have 17 hours of lectures each week, but, for the Faculty of Arts, this is quite unusual - 9 or 10 hours is the average. The scientists, however, would plead that they are much busier, having practicals most afternoons. There are always plenty of books to read, of course.

Thus life here is energetic, to say the least, yet Bristol has one advantage over Yorkshire - its climate. We have hardly had one really cold day all winter! I have also discovered in my two terms here that in a department which is predominately male the only possible topics of conversation are cricket and football. Although my first year here is not yet over, school days at Wath seem a very long way away, 'A' levels seem relatively unimportant and school uniform is now a thing of the past.

Jane France, University of Bristol

BLAXHALL — 1970 — BIOLOGY FIELD COURSE

Early on the morning of Wednesday, September 23rd, a party of frozen Sixth formers, under the very able supervision of Mrs. Addey, stood on the platform of Doncaster Station, anxiously awaiting a train bound for somewhere in the region of Ipswich. I say 'anxiously waiting' because the sooner we were on our way, the further away from the perils and hard struggles of school we should be.

The leader of the party, Mr. Swift, had set off even earlier than the rest of us and had driven down to Blaxhall in his car, taking with him all the necessary Biological equipment.

We eventually arrived at a small side-line station in the late afternoon and had to face a gruelling three mile walk to the Youth Hostel, laden with ruck-sacks and sleeping bags.

We found Blaxhall to be a typical Suffolk farming village, and it took us quite a long time, plus many embarrassing moments, before we could understand the dialect of the country yokels.

On Thursday we began our field course. Fully equipped with notebooks, pencils and stout walking shoes, we made our way to the salt marsh of Iken. Unfortunately, Mr. Swift's Geography and map reading are not quite as good as his Biology, (however this may be due to the fact that Mr. Whale had very kindly supplied us with North Sea Gas maps). Eventually, after many hours of walking, we reached our planned destination.

Iken salt marsh is found at the estuary of the River Alde, and we then proceeded to make a general survey of the marsh, noting the different species of flora present and their distribution.

We later made our way back to the Youth hostel where Staff Nurse Addey administered First Aid to many boots full of blisters.

The following day featured a visit by bus to Aldeburgh salt marsh. The journey proved rather unusual as the driver of the bus would frequently stop the bus, get off, and deliver the mail.

The marsh was found to be covered with extensive mud flats. Our work on the marsh involved making a general species list, taking quadrants and line transects on the different areas of the marsh. After a hard day's work, the more valiant members of the party braved the extreme cold of the sea.

The next day was spent on Blaxhall Heath, where, after splitting the party into three groups, the fauna and flora (vegetation and animal life to the uninitiated) were studied. Each group carried out their own detailed studies of their particular area. Again, line transects were made and the height of all vegetation noted. Pots were set up along the length of the transects in the 'hope' of collecting any fauna.

On returning to the Youth Hostel, we proceeded to record all our results, in the laboratory. Although rather small it proved adequate and provided us with all the necessary materials.

Sunday, our promised day of rest, dawned but the only resting done was while watching the annual gorse jumping championship! The much coveted first prize was finally awarded to one Barry Harding, who made a most spectacular effort. Also arranged was a spider gathering championship. However, not all the members proved very co-operative.

We spent the following day studying a fresh water stream at Langham Bridge. Here several members of the party, including Mr. Swift, braved the perils and mud of the river to perform a much closer examination of the fauna of the stream. This day

ended as the others with several hours hard work in the laboratory after which we laid our weary heads on the pillow. The final day at Blaxhall was spent on the Heath where our studies were continued. Many pairs of unwilling hands were set to work digging soil profiles to reveal distant horizons. Knowing that it was the season for elephant trapping, it was unanimously decided to fill in these mammoth pits!

Unfortunately, the smallest and most insignificant member of our party (it should be stated that David Cameron wishes to remain anonymous) was accidentally interred up to the 'er' knee caps!

As regards our final night at Blaxhall it is sufficient to say that Mrs. Dispiron did get her Addey (courtesy of Mr. Swift) and normal service was resumed as soon as was soberly possible. The morning of our departure was strangely quiet, perhaps this was due to some other reason than nostalgia. We did in fact leave Blaxhall with some misgivings about our forthcoming return to school, and to the writing of the dreaded essays, kindly promised by Mr. Swift.

Finally we would like to extend our sincere thanks and gratitude to Mrs. Addey and Mr. Swift for their unfaltering support and guidance in all our escapades and under whose supervision this proved a most enjoyable and enlightening field course.

Angela Younge, Jennifer White, Barry Harding, 6E

SPEECH DAY

On the afternoon of Thursday, 18th March we held our Speech Day. A Speech Day is an occasion when a school stands up and offers to be counted: a day of white shirts and blouses, of flowers, of smart rows of parents and students in restrained contrast to a Nuremburg rally, of files of prize-winners and certificate collectors, of speeches. Most Speech Days in most schools have these ingredients. Self-congratulations and complacency are common sweeteners. At Wath Grammar School, congratulations are tempered with criticism and a hard look at things as they really are, everyday in our school, in its old and scattered buildings and its uneasy and ambiguous relationship to the educational future. As Speech Days go, Wath's is an unusually balanced meal - heavy, but not sickly.

The Chairman, County Alderman Cutts, began by expressing disappointment that Mrs. Bradshaw, our guest speaker's wife, had been unable to attend and present the prizes. She had been obliged to stay at home with one of her children who was ill.

Mrs. Cutts very kindly agreed to step in and deputised charmingly. Mr. Cutts claimed a reputation for brevity, and lived up to it by introducing the Headmaster's report.

Any resemblance between the Head's report and a Joe Frazier fight is partial, having to do with a comparable frequency of blows more than with comparable expectations of remuneration. Most of us in school, and, in fact, many people in a wider area, have some idea (it might be more vague than we assume) of Dr. Saffell's opinions about the comprehensivisation of schools and some of the currently fashionable notions about the means and ends of education. When Dr. Saffell states that it is his opinion that "bi-lateral" has become a dirty word (of the two-letter variety, perhaps?), we at Wath have a peculiar qualification to understand his remark and the local press knows that its next headline is made. But Dr. Saffell does not content himself with throw-away, disposable generalisations. He examines closely our situation. How much more he tells us than any politician!

Beginning with a scornful reference to the idea that comprehensive schools provide grammar school education for all, the Head went on to make a careful and persuasively full analysis of several year's intakes. He avowed the impossibility of making objective comparisons between different years; but from his separate analyses, implicit comparisons emerged. He examined in particular the particularly poor intake of 1964, making an exception of 6th formers present at Speech Day. My interpretation of the Head's several analyses was that it is now rather easier to get onto the so-called "selected" list than it was in the years before the introduction of a comprehensive programme into this area.

The Headmaster's general view of Wath's record since becoming a comprehensive school seems to be that, on the whole, we have done all that could be expected of us in the given circumstances. However, he laid down that we have simply failed to absorb a sufficient proportion of what we still call Park Road into extra-curricular activities. That is to say, surely, that we have, in at least one important respect, failed to become a comprehensive school?

On the subject of the last G.C.E. results, the Head expressed particular satisfaction with the "A" level results, which "was one of the best 'A' level results we have had from several points of view". The 'O' level was "not quite" the outstandingly good result "expected; but Dr. Saffell observes that "there was no general deterioration and both last year's Fifth and this have produced or seem likely to produce a highly gratifying crop of Sixth Formers".

The composition of this report is an occasion to offer some personal impressions. When one has observed the panache with which Dr. Saffell makes his stand, one becomes aware of

his enjoyment of the fight. He would not deny that he relishes the label 'reactionary élitist', the badge of opposition in this unusual situation in which the established and predominantly 'official' ideas are also the new ideas. But is the ground of the Head's stand pessimism, or lonely, last-ditch optimism that we shall some day realize the error of our ways? With all his concern for the realities of our situation, here and now, is there not a sense in which we may feel so isolated that we must consequently feel unreal. A teacher (at least, this teacher) finds it difficult to pick himself up after absorbing the Head's punches and to return, next day, to teach. The Head's report, on a Speech Day, in 1971, is so unexpectedly substantial, so straight and in so many ways unusual, that it enhances for me a feeling of unreality rather than the respect for reality which it deserves to increase. Perhaps Dr. Saffell is fighting a battle which is already lost?

Our guest speaker, Mr. D. C. A. Bradshaw, the Principal of the Doncaster College of Education, was bravely concerned to map the likely field for the continuing battle for the survival of the human race. Mr. Bradshaw proposed to define the central importance of higher education in this field as one of the most significant theatres of war. (The military metaphors are mine: our speaker presented a gentler front). My point is that the problem is too wide and that the future is much more a closed book than recent practitioners of the predictive social sciences have us believe. I admire Mr. Bradshaw's courage in attempting difficult prognoses over a wide range of possibilities, but I found his attempt not entirely convincing. In this, he is in a fast-growing and often distinguished company.

In my experience it is common, the rule even, for guest speakers at Speech Days to speak more generally, and often more vaguely, than the occasion allows. It is my opinion that speakers, who are almost invariably people who have achieved distinction in a particular sphere of work and service, should speak from and of their own experience. It should not be felt that to speak thus is unsuitably unadventurous. A Speech Day involves, by definition, a lot of young people who are, more or less, eager for and in need of information and advice about the big wide world and the various opportunities it holds and, if we are not careful, too often withholds. Mr. Bradshaw could have told us a good deal about the field of teacher training, about which we all feel we know a little and about which we probably, in fact, know next to nothing.

However, my own personal and general views on the subject aside, we must humbly thank Mr. Bradshaw for accepting what must surely be the least attractive kind of invitation which a distinguished person can receive. I have not quarrelled with his careful definition of real problems: I have simply doubted,

when the definitions have been laid down on such an ambitious scale, the possibility of real or credible solutions.

Our excellent choir punctuated the proceedings, breathing fresh air into them: songs are the kiss of life. I enjoyed particularly "Blow the wind Southerly", and I wondered if I was alone in thinking that Speech Day was the right occasion for a "good tune" rather than for more difficult pieces chosen for the reason, among others, that they demonstrate the skill of the choir. I found the presentation, by the choir and the Sixth Form Music Group, of "We love the place where Thine Honour dwells" from Brahms's Requiem admirable as a performance. My own feeling is that the music is something lacking and that Speech Day was not an occasion when one could hope to make the right efforts on the music's behalf. (Is not Brahms lost when he moves too far away from Beethoven, as he does in his Requiem?)

The unaccompanied Madrigal Group sang two refreshing pieces: silver sound, now with a rosy reflection on its surface, now cool; now clear and straight, now delicately and intricately worked in over-lapping voice parts.

Mrs. Cutts presented the certificates and awards in a friendly and concerned manner; and the smart walk to and from the stage by a long succession of successes went smoothly until Christopher Walker, with a rapid gesture of the spine and knees, threatened to fall back to his place and apparently communicated this ambition to Eric White, who stumbled in reaction as he followed.

The Head Boy, Bryan Gray, and the Head Girl, Rosemary Stott, proposed and seconded a vote of thanks to Mr. Bradshaw. Their speeches were well received being amusing and brief. Gray commented, in quite some descriptive detail, how the school hall had been transformed rapidly to its present degree of shining smartness, bedecked with flowers, and how it would quickly return to a scruffier normal (I quote not)! He thanked, speaking for us all, Mr. Bradshaw, Mrs. Senior, Miss Clegg and the P.T.A. and he made frequent references - amazingly frequent in so brief a time - to "Patience" and the Rugby Tour to France at Easter.

Rosemary expressed gratitude to Mrs. Cutts for her timely intervention and expressed the view that everything was "grand". She also, most politically, requested Mr. Bradshaw to recommend to Dr. Saffell a day's holiday on the grounds that his staff were going grey and prematurely bald.

We concluded with a stirring rendition of "Jerusalem", which was a timely reminder that "England's mountains green" and "pleasant pastures" have also gone grey and prematurely bald. However, our hall full of white shirts, flowers, blushes and song was a haven amongst the "dark satanic mills" of South Yorkshire.

R.G.B.

Form 6**GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION (ADVANCED) 1970**

The numbers represent passes gained in 1970 only and do not include passes gained in previous years.

Form Upper 6

Bailey, Philip (1)	Moore, Geoffrey D. (2)	France, Jane L. (1)
Caddick, Roland (1)	Smith, John C. (1)	Hargreaves, Lesley (3)
Charlesworth, David G. (3)	Swallow, Alan G. (3)	Lang, Karen M. (2)
Frodsham, Peter R. (1)	Teasdale, Joseph J. (2)	Marshall, Lynn E. (3)
George-Kelso, Andrew (3)	Welburn, Peter J. (2)	O'Donoghue, Roberta (2)
Hargreaves, Neil G. (3)	Whiting, David N. (2)	Woodruff, Pamela J. (1)

Form 6A

Boreham, Ray J. (3)	Twaite, Douglas (4)	Horsley, Janet K. (4)
Burnham, Nell A. (4)	Carle, Gillian M. (3)	Horsley, L. Vivienne J. (3)
Hepworth, Idris M. (2)	Croft, Anne (4)	Rich, Mollie (4)
Jackson, Kevin (3)	Dixon, Janet (1)	Wilson, Christine L. (3)
Moyes, Malcolm R. (3)	Earnshaw, Karen (4)	Winstanley, Elizabeth (3)
Sherwood, John (1)	France, Hilary J. (4)	Woodhouse, Sandra I. (3)
Taylor, Wilfred H. (1)		

Form 6B

Bolton, Richard A. (1)	Scargill, Stephen L. (3)	Beaney, Carol A. (3)
Goldsby-West, Keith (3)	Sykes, Philip (3)	Cox, Gillian M. (1)
Haigh, John L. (3)	Turton, Michael D. (3)	Holland, Margaret A. (2)
Hall, Martin (3)	Walker, David (1)	Raeburn, Sheila M. (2)
Kerr, Robert B. B. (4)	Williams, Kevin (3)	Revill, Jacqueline (2)
Markham, John (2)	Yeats, Richard A. (3)	Whitaker, Janet (3)
Moxon, Paul G. (3)	Allen, Janet (3)	Whitfield, Lesley P.

Form 6C

Coupland, Stephen W. (2)	Longley, Graham D. (2)	Sennitt, Susan (3)
Dragovic, Ian (2)	Watson, David M. (2)	Shutt, Pauline (3)
Fisher, Philip (3)	Newey, Jeannette (1)	Sugars, Lesley (2)
Lane, Dennis A. (3)	Palmer, Adele (1)	Taylor, Linda M. (2)

Form 6D

Aldred, James R. (1)	Hawley, Brett (3)	Windle, John C. (4)
Dainty, Robert A. (4)	Rimington, Nicholas M. (3)	Corbishley, Susan (1)
Griffiths, Alan (4)	Saynor, John C. (4)	Stott, J. Rosemary (4)
Hallsworth, Ian D. (4)	Staniforth, Graeme (4)	

Form 6E

Ambler, John (3)	Lenton, John A. (3)	Moseley, Stephen C. (3)
Cameron, David M. (3)	Lewis, Gwilym (3)	Nugent, Jonathan H. A. (4)
Fletcher, David E. (1)	Marshall, Terry E. (2)	Richardson, Stephanie E. M. (3)
Hatfield, Glyn M. (3)		

Form 6F

Fisher, Ian (1)	Moreton, Peter (4)	Teal, Michael J. (2)
Hall, Kevin R. (4)	Morley, Roger M. (2)	Aird, Gail (3)
Hebbs, Andrew (3)	Ord, Nigel A. (1)	Atkinson, C. Mary (2)
Mooney, Christopher (1)	Spencer, Anthony J. (3)	Gough, Katriona R. (4)

G.C.E. SUPPLEMENTARY CERTIFICATES — ('O' LEVEL)

Adams, John P.	Askew, Wendy L.
Ambler, John	Atkinson, C. Mary
Barber, Francis	Baxter, Sally A.
Barlow, John M.	Bowes, Frances
Binns, Ronald	Braithwaite, Pamela J.
Bishop, Stephen	Burrows, Susan
Boreham, Ray J.	Clark, Shirley A.
Bowley, Robert	Cooper, Julia L.
Broadbent, John L.	Crabb, Denise A.
Cameron, David M.	Cuthbert, Pamela A.
Coupland, Stephen W.	Dale, Linda S.
Cunningham, Stuart L.	Drewery, Patricia L.
Dodson, Neil F.	France, Hilary J.
Dragovic, Ian	Freeborough, Hilary M.
Elliott, David T.	Gill, Christine A.
Facer, David J.	Gill, Judith
Fisher, Gordon S.	Grainger, Teresa L.
Fisher, Ian	Hall, Fiona E.
Frost, Harry	Hirst, Pamela
Good, Richard J.	Hopkinson, Felicity
Goodwin, Peter S.	Horsley, L. Vivienne J.
Grant, Stuart W.	Hospodyniuk, Anna

G.C.E. Supplementary Certificates — 'O' Level (Cont.)

Gray, Bryan M.
Harding, Barry
Hardy, Stewart R.
Hatfield, G. Martin
Hebbs, Andrew
Hill, Alan C.
Holmes, John
Jackson, Graham
Keightley, Stephen
Lashmar, Leslie D.
Lawson, Barry P.
Longley, Graham D.
Marshall, Terry E.
Martin, David P.
Milnes, Jeffrey
Morris, Eric
Moxon, Paul G.
Nugent, Jonathan H. A.
Ord, Nigel A.
Oxley, I. Paul
Prendergast, David A.
Richardson, Quentin J. M.
Rixham, David B.
Scargill, Stephen L.
Siddall, Roger D.
Smith, Alan
Staniforth, Graham
Tart, Geoffrey
Tunncliffe, R. Michael
Wain, Michael
Wake, J. Keith
Watts, Christopher L.
Williams, Steven
Woffinden, Douglas R.

Hunt, Odette
Jarvis, Linda M.
Kinnell, Rhoda M.
Lawrence, S. Margaret
Markham, June
Marsh, Vivienne L.
Middleton, Aileen
Munir, Qamar
Nowell, Susan
Oates, Kathleen M.
Palframan, J. Ann
Palframan, Susan
Potter, Marilyn Y.
Palmer, Adele
Rich, Mollie
Richardson, Stephanie E.
Sennitt, Susan
Shutt, Pauline
Smith, Jane A.
Smith-Chappell, Alison
Steer, Suzan A.
Taylor, Julie
Thanki, Aarti
Vickerage, Jessie
Wall, Valerie
Watson, Gillian
Whitaker, Janet
White, Jennifer J.
Wilkinson, Pamela
Wilson, Christine L.
Woodhouse, Sandra I.
Younge, Angela C. M.

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PASSENGER CARRYING FROM 1907

Form 5

The number of passes obtained at G.C.E. 'O' level are shown in figures and include passes obtained in the Fourth Form. Subjects other than those passed in G.C.E. and in which a Grade 1 pass was awarded in the Certificate of Secondary Education, are shown by an asterisk.

Four or more passes in G.C.E. and C.S.E. Grade 1**Form 50**

Farmery, Neil (5)	White, Eric (7)	Parker, Jane (8)
Logan, Adrian M. (7)	Armstrong, Carole (8)	Randerson, Margaret N. (7)
Mower, Richard (6)	Baines, Patricia E. (8)	Rawlin, Lynn (3)*
Robinson, Alan D. (7)	Barron, Barbara M. (7)	Smith, Kay (8)
Simmonds, Neil (5)	Bradley, Julie M. (8)	Stables, Christine A. (9)
Symcox, Andrew J. (6)	Bramham, Judith A. (5)	Walker, Patricia A. (8)
Taylor, Andrew J. (8)	Dobson, Anne E. (8)	Ward, Wendy (8)
Taylor, Martin R. (8)	Jobling, Kay L. (8)	Welburn, Jean M. (7)
Walker, Christopher J. (5)*	Lumb, Susan (8)	

Form 51

Baxter, Neil A. (3)***	Airey, Jayne E. (6)	Lenton, Susan (4)*
Hendley, David A. (3)*	Baines, Victoria F. (6)**	Paton, Dorothy A. (5)
Macheth, Ian R. (4)*	Goldthorpe, Margaret (5)*	Sanders, Avis J. (7)*
Rodway, Graham (3)*	Hill, Susan (7)**	Wilburn, Joy (6)*
Taylor, Philip S. (6)**		

Form 52

Ellis, Philip (4)	Price, Anthony A. (5)*	Scott, Christine (5)
Goddard, Philip (4)*	Roddiss, Peter A. (6)**	Till, Marilyn (5)
Hanstock, John S. R. (8)	Birch, Elizabeth A. (6)*	Wilkinson, M. Lynne (6)

Form 53

Allott, Glyn (6)	Dyer, Keith (5)	Jackson, Colin (7)
Bailey, Martin (9)	Edwards, David C. (8)	Robinson, Colin (2)**
Banham, Kevin G. (1)***	Fuller, Steve E. (8)	Tinnion, Brian P. (3)*
Barnett, Paul R. (3)*	George, Terence W. (2)**	Beardshall, Anne M. (9)
Binns, Timothy R. (10)	Haywood, Robert A. (7)	Coles, Dorothy A. (9)
Caddick, Stephen J. (7)	Howson, Derek R. (6)	Roebuck, Pamela A. (8)
Donaldson, Nigel H. A. (8)		

Form 54

Bellwood, Neil (8)	New, Roger (9)	Bedlington, Julie E. (4)*
Bradwell, John M. (9)	North, Ian R. (6)	Gennard, Carol (8)
Clegg, Michael D. (6)	Platts, Gary (7)	Hale, Margaret O. (9)
Griffiths, Kevin J. (7)	Porthouse, Ian R. (6)	Hargreaves, Janice (8)
Laing, Stephen D. (6)*	Race, Stephen (6)	Marsh, Susan K. (4)
Lee, Robert (9)	Swift, Michael (7)*	Wraith, Carol (8)
McArdle, Charles H. (9)	Webb, Christopher (3)**	

Form 55

Bell, Philip (3)*	Wilson, Stuart (3)**	Sanders, Alison P. (4)**
Kilner, Andrew (4)*	Bamforth, Lynda (4)	Senior, B. Jane (7)
Nicholls, Christopher (4)**	Bell, Maureen H. (3)*	Sokell, Wendy J. (3)*
Waterhouse, John F. (5)*	Nelson, M. Claire (3)*	

Form 4

The following pupils passed one or more subjects at G.C.E. 'O' level, three being the maximum number of subjects for which any fourth form pupil was entered. No fourth form pupil entered for the C.S.E. Examination.

Form 40

Baker, David (1)	Evans, Margaret J. (2)	James, Susan (1)
Webster, John (3)	Fletcher, Coral (1)	Norton, Rita A. (3)
Dalton, Christina (2)	Harding, Kathleen (2)	Sixsmith, Jane (2)
	Hudson, Carol A. (2)	Thacker, Jeanette A. (1)

Form 41

Everatt, Andrea M. (2)	Goldthorpe, Catherine (2)	
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Form 42

Worth, Valerie (2)		
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Form 43

Blakeley, Paul W. (2)	Hamshaw, Gary (1)	Nutton, Ivor J. (3)
Coughtrie, Alan M. (1)	Hayes, Peter (1)	Parkes, David E. (2)
Gill, Stephen (3)	Hill, Nigel P. (3)	Youel, Peter (2)
Guest, Gordon (1)	Kenworthy, Richard (3)	Milnes, Jane (2)

Form 44

Burrows, John A. (1)	George-Kelso, Simon (2)	Cleary, Kathryn (3)
Clayton, Roger W. (3)	Oliver, Kevin J. (3)	Hargreaves, Pauline (1)
Clerhugh, Paul S. (3)	Smales, Mark (1)	Illsley, Jane M. (3)
Cooper, Michael R. (1)	Addey, Jane E. (2)	Markham, Irene E. (1)
Ellis, Christopher R. (1)	Beaumont, Alison D. (1)	Norton, Jane G. (1)
Fawthrop, Nigel P. (3)	Brown, Gillian M. (1)	Selwood, Margaret (1)

Fewer than Four Passes in G.C.E. and C.S.E. Grade 1

Form 50

Draycott, James (3) Birks, Ann (2)
Groves, Christopher J. (2) Scott, Jane (1) *
Acott, Cherry (2)

Form 51

Braisby, John (2) * Brown, Sheena I. (1) Haigh, Sandra (3)
Bristow, Keith (2) * Doolan, Denise (1) Hartley, Carole A. (2)
Rice, Glenn (2) Farmer, Janet (2) Winder, Anne M. (1)
Wilson, Michael J. (2)

Form 52

Corns, Stephen (2) Rothnie, Gordon D. D. (1) ** Dyson, Alison (1) *
Eades, Kevin G. (3) Stables, Glenn P. * * Hulley, Janice (1) *
Edwards, John T. (1) * Burrows, Yvonne S. (1) Lawrence, Hellen (2) *
Hellewell, Philip (1) Clarke, Rosalind (3) Williams, Jean (2)
Morgan, Dennis (1) **

Form 53

Cooper, Paul (1) Lane, Toni R. (1) ** Ackerley, Denise (3)
Fretwell, Martin (1) * Ormandroyd, David C. (2) Manfren, Barbara (1)
Ingman, Paul (3) Telling, John (2)

Form 54

Banks, Stephen G. (3) Lowrie, Charles (3) Batty, Edna (1)
Dawber, David W. T. (2) * Whiting, Michael G. (1) ** Field, Yvonne L. * *Griffiths, David * *

Form 55

Bardsley, Graham P. (2) Teasdale, Robert (3) Malyan, K. Denise *
Bratley, Christopher K. (2) * Willis, John C. B. (1) * Scothern, Anne M. (2)
Goodridge, Howard (2) Winder, Stuart (3) Spink, Susan A. (2)
Marsh, David (3) Whitlam, Mary (1)

Form 56

Dunnill, Janice M. * * Foulstone, Rhona (1) Swift, Christine *
Ellor, Sally (1) * Sturman, Carol A. * * Wood, Pauline *

Form 57

Beadsley, Robert * Hanson, Derek * * * Scattergood, Colin S. *
Clegg, John S. *

PRIZES AND AWARDS

Deek's Memorial Prize for English Literature:

Karen Earnshaw
Lesley Hargreaves

John Ritchie Memorial Prize for Science:

J. Rosemary Stott

Pratt Memorial Prize:

T. R. Binns

Black Memorial Prize For Most Distinguished Contribution to School Sports:

Neil G. Hargreaves

Prendergast Memorial Prize for History:

Douglas Twaite

Best Results at 'O' Level 1970:

Headmaster's Prize: Martin Bailey
 Timothy R. Binns
 Roger New

Senior Mistress's Prize: Susan Lumb

The Winifred Cooper Award, 1970 to 1971:

The Head Boy: Bryan M. Gray
The Head Girl: J. Rosemary Stott

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE ENTRANTS, 1970

Aldred, James R.	Lanchester Polytechnic
Ashford, Ian	London University
Bailey, Philip	Newcastle University
Burnham, Neil A.	Bradford University
Caddick, Roland	Tees-side Polytechnic
Charlesworth, David G.	Liverpool Polytechnic
Clarke, Ronald A.	St. John's, York, College of Education
Dainty, Robert A.	Portsmouth Polytechnic
Dragovic, Ian	Loughborough College of Education
Fisher, Ian	St. John's, York, College of Education
Fisher, Philip	Manchester College of Art and Design
Frodsham, Peter R.	Oxford University (St. Peter's College)
Frost, Harry	Barnsley College of Art
George-Keiso, Andrew	Ealing College of Technology (Sandwich Course)
Haigh, John L.	University of Wales (Cardiff)
Hall, Kevin R.	Oxford University (Merton College)
Hall, Martin	Portsmouth Polytechnic
Hallsworth, Ian D.	Bradford University (Sandwich Course)
Hargreaves, Neil G.	Liverpool University
Hatfield, G. Martin	Manchester University
Hawley, Brett	Southampton University
Hebbs, Andrew	Loughborough University
Holland, Robert L.	University of Wales (Cardiff)
Jackson, Kevin	Salford University
Kerr, Robert B. B.	Liverpool University
Lane, Dennis A.	Sunderland Polytechnic
Lenton, John A.	Sheffield University
Lewis, Gwilym	Nottingham Polytechnic
Longley, Graham D.	St. John's, York, College of Education
Markham, John	Liverpool University
Marshall, Terry E.	Huddersfield Polytechnic
Mooney, Christopher	Sheffield Polytechnic
Moore, Geoffrey D.	Reading University
Moreton, Peter	Lancaster University
Morley, Roger M.	Portsmouth Polytechnic
Mosley, Stephen C.	Leicester Polytechnic
Moyes, Malcolm R.	University of Wales (Cardiff)
Rimington, Nicholas M.	Portsmouth Polytechnic
Scargill, Stephen L.	Manchester Polytechnic
Smith, John C.	Manchester University
Spencer, Anthony J.	Manchester University
Staniforth, Graeme	Loughborough University
Swallow, Alan G.	Bradford University
Sykes, Philip	Lanchester Polytechnic
Turton, Michael D.	Hull University
Walker, David	Bristol Polytechnic
Welburn, Peter J.	Edinburgh University
Whiting, David N.	Birmingham University
Windle, John C.	Ulster University
Yeats, Richard	Bradford University
Aird, Gail	Lincoln College of Education
Allen, Janet	Bingley College of Education
Atkinson, Christine M.	Trent Park College of Education
Carle, Gilliam M.	Leicester University
Cox, Gilliam M.	Saffron Walden College of Education
Dixon, Janet	Salford College of Technology
France, Jane L.	Bristol University
Gill, Judith	St. John's, York, College of Education
Gough, Katrina R.	Nottingham University
Hargreaves, Lesley	East Anglia University
Hull, Janet L.	Illinois State University, U.S.A.
Lang, Karen M.	Newcastle University
Marshall, Lynne E.	St. John's, York, College of Education
Morris, Susan M.	Birmingham University
Nelson, M. Claire	Sheffield Polytechnic
Newey, Jeanette	Rotherham College of Art
O'Donoghue, Roberta	Manchester University
Palmer, Adele	Alsagar College of Education
Randerson, Linda M.	St. John's, York, College of Education
Revill, Jacqueline	Nottingham Polytechnic
Sennitt, Susan	Manchester College of Art and Design
Shaw, R. Ann	Bristol University
Shutt, Pauline	Leicester College of Art
Sugars, Lesley	Kingston-on-Hull College of Education
Taylor, Linda M.	Manchester College of Art and Design
Thanki, Aarti	St. John's, York, College of Education
Whitaker, Janet	Ealing College of Technology (Sandwich Course)
Whitfield, Lesley P.	Dudley College of Education
Winstanley, Elizabeth	Lincoln College of Education
Woodruff, Pamela M.	Leeds Polytechnic

OTHER PUPILS ENTERING FULL-TIME TRAINING OR COURSES IN FURTHER EDUCATION

Braisby, John	Mexborough Junior College
Broadbent, John L.	Granville College of Further Education
Brown, Rosalind	Mexborough Schofield Technical College
Brown, Sheena I.	Mexborough Junior College
Carter, Jean	Pre-Nursing Course
Chilton, Carole A.	Mexborough Schofield Technical College
Clarke, Rosalind	Pre-Nursing Course
Field, Yvonne L.	Mexborough Schofield Technical College
Hawke, Diane E.	Mexborough Schofield Technical College
Holland, Margaret A.	Harrogate Technical College
Holmes, Linda S.	Mexborough Schofield Technical College
Hospodynuk, Anna S.	Nursing/Pre-Nursing Course
Hunt, Odette	Ballet School
Jones, Linda M.	Mexborough Schofield Technical College
Swift, Christine	Mexborough Schofield Technical College
Till, Marilyn	Mexborough Schofield Technical College
Whitlam, Mary	Pre-Nursing Course
Williams, Jean	Mexborough Schofield Technical College
Wilson, Elizabeth J.	Mexborough Schofield Technical College

OLD WATHONIANS' ASSOCIATION

The 1971 Re-Union will be held on Saturday, April 3rd at 7.15 in school. The Guest Speaker at the Dinner will be Mr. Ian de Stains, an Old Boy of the school, now working with the BBC. We hope there will be a large number of Old Wathonians present to make the evening a success.

In November a small party of Old Wathonians and friends spent a happy evening at a dinner at the Brecon Hotel in Rotherham. This event is in addition to, not in place of, the Easter Re-Union.

We have been very sorry this year to know that Mr. Cooper has been very ill again, but we are pleased to hear that his health is improving at last. Flowers were sent to him and Mrs. Cooper with the best wishes of the Old Wathonians.

The Secretary is often in touch with the Rev. A. T. L. Grear and other ex-members of staff, all of whom still take a lively interest in the school and the Old Wathonians and always send their good wishes.

'Old' Old Wathonians will be interested to know that Mr. Atkinson is retiring in July after more than forty years of service to the school. How many 'Old Boys and Girls' there must be in different parts of the world who think of him with respect, affection and gratitude for all he has taught them, which has not just been his subject of English!

Miss Bourne, too, is retiring in July, after many years of service to the school. Some of us have only known her at Re-Union but we have been touched by her faithful support, year after year, of the Old Wathonians' Association. She has always been interested in all Old Scholars, not only those she has known in school.

We all wish both Miss Bourne and Mr. Atkinson a long and happy retirement, and hope that later in the year we shall have a further opportunity of expressing our appreciation and good wishes.

Subscriptions to the Old Wathonians' Association are payable at the Re-Union or may be sent to the Secretary, Miss K. Clark, 19 Claypit Lane, Rawmarsh, Rotherham.

Life membership is £3.15

Life membership paid by the first Re-Union after leaving school is £2.10

Annual Subscription is 25p

Annual Subscription to include the next year's Magazine is 40p

The Committee would like to point out again that a supply of Old Wathonians' ties is always kept at school, price 62½p.

The secretary is always pleased to receive news of Old Wathonians and their achievements.

NEWS OF OLD WATHONIANS

Mr. Edward Petts is head of Elsecar Church of England School.
Chief Superintendent Rufus Winstanley has retired after nearly forty years of Police service.

Pauline Boulton has taken up a teaching appointment at Highgate J.M.I. School.

Jacqueline Hawken is working at a rehabilitation centre in Ontario, Canada.

Keith M. Hodsoll has taken up a teaching appointment at a new comprehensive school, in charge of physics.

Carol Holland has a post with the Industrial Relations department of Ford's.

Veronica James is teaching in Thetford, Norfolk.

Michael Venables was a member of the Comex III Expedition to India in 1969.

Robert Venables at Merton College, Oxford, has been awarded the Chancellor's Prize for Latin Prose and a Harmsworth Major Exhibition.

Paul Michael Kemp is in the Metropolitan Police and is on duty at Buckingham Palace Gates and also in the grounds.

Charles Graham Beutham has accepted a post in the Town Planning and Transportation Department of the Greater London Council.

R. A. Kitson M.A. is Chairman for 1971 of the Incorporated Association of Assistant Masters in Secondary Schools.

Alec Lazenby became Vice-Chancellor of the University of New England, New South Wales in August 1970. He became acting Vice-Chancellor in March 1970. On April 28th he escorted Prince Philip round the University.

Harry Knutten has been promoted to the rank of Major General -Director General of Weapons.

MARRIAGES

Barry Leaver B.Ss. (WGS) to Jennifer Wood (WGS)
John Philip Oxe (WGS) to Rosalyn Marsh
Bernard Haigh (WGS) to Diane Wardman R.D.S.A.
Rodney Highley to Judith Margaret Leeson (WGS)
John Bent to Gail Pugh (WGS)
Dennis Skinner to Doreen Margaret Smith (WGS)

Martyn Howard Norton R.N.R. (WGS) to Susan Margaret Smith (WGS)
Christopher John Irish (WGS) to Janet Downing (WGS)
Thomas Roy Palframan B.Sc. to Joan Cutts (WGS)
Ian Mitchell (WGS) to Vanessa Noel-Tod
Keith Waller (WGS) to Diane Mary Dawson L.L.B.
(living in Spain)
Thomas Charles Harrison B.A. to Annette Senior B.A. (WGS)
Barry Swales to Michele Serdet (WGS)
Linda Cox (WGS) to Paul Oxley (WGS)

BIRTH

Mr. and Mrs. C. Martin - a second daughter.

DEATHS

We record with regret the deaths of

Joseph Simpson
Bert Aram
John H. Dickinson

DEGREE SUCCESSES

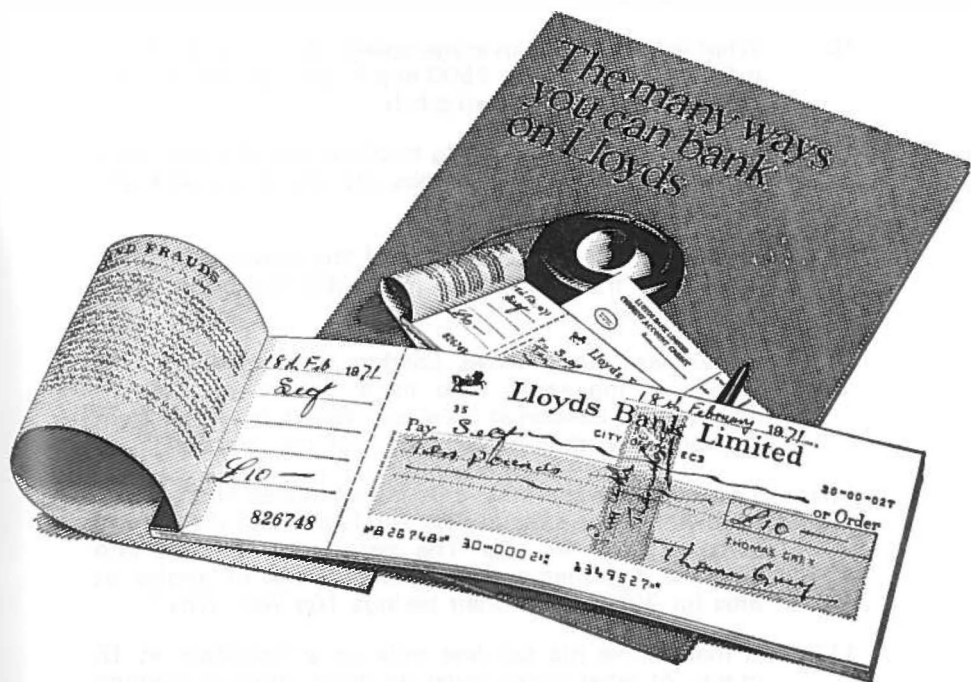
Granville Beaumont, B.Sc., Rugby Polytechnic
M. Ruth Campbell, B.A., Ealing College of Technology
Dianne M. Dawson, LL.B., Birmingham University
Alan Dobson, M.A., Manchester University
Michael F. Gardner, B.Sc., Leeds University
Michael Hall, B.Tech., Bradford University
Martin E. Happs, B.A., Oxford (Merton)
P. Michael Hargate, B.A., Oxford (Merton)
Jack Harris, B.A., Oxford (St. Catherine's)
Jacqueline Hawken, Licentiate of College of Speech Therapists
Susan M. Hebbs, B.Sc., Manchester University
Keith M. Hodsoll, B.Ed., Doncaster College of Education
Carol Holland, B.A., Hull University
Paul N. Ibberson, B.Sc., Leeds University
Valerie C. Knaggs, B.Sc., London (Royal Holloway)
Steven John Lawson, B.A., Manchester Polytechnic
Barry Leaver, B.Sc., Nottingham University
Annette Senior, B.A., Leicester University
Kenneth Taylor, B.A., Liverpool College of Commerce
Graham T. Ward, B.A., Bradford University
Tony Wilcox, B.Sc., Salford University

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IS MATHEMATICS MAD ?

Can you get 1010 out of 1010 ?

- 1 My grandfather clock takes 5 seconds to strike the six o'clock. How long will it take to strike twelve? (No-not 10 seconds!)
- 10 What would be the average speed of Concorde 002 if it flies to New York at 1500 m.p.h. and returns at 1000 m.p.h. (No - not 1250 m.p.h.)
- 11 How long will it take a frog to climb out of a well 30ft. deep if in each hour it climbs 3ft. and slips back 2ft. (No - not 30 hours!)
- 100 A bottle of scent costs 51p. If the scent costs 50p more than the bottle how much did the bottle cost. (No - not 1p!)
- 101 An express train leaves London for Sheffield at 70 m.p.h. at the same time as a goods train leaves Sheffield for London at 30 m.p.h. Which is farther from London when they meet? (No - not the express!)
- 110 Two market women have 30lbs. of apples each to sell each week; one sells at 2lbs for 10p whilst the second sells at 3lbs. for 10p. The next week they go into business together and sell their 60lbs. of apples at 5lbs for 20p but find their takings 10p less. Why?
- 111 A man drove his car one mile up a mountain at 15 m.p.h. At what speed must he drive down to average 30 m.p.h. for the whole two miles? (No-not 45 m.p.h.)
- 1000 Which would you prefer when you start working - a rise of £30 yearly or a rise of £10 every six months?
- 1001 A man once married his widow's sister. How was this possible?
- 1010 Three men had lunch together and the bill was 50p. They each paid 20p and the waiter took the 60p and brought 10p change; they each took 2p and gave a 4p tip to the waiter. They therefore paid 18p each, $3 \times 18 = 54$ and 4p to the waiter = 58p. Where did the other 2p go?

A small prize will be offered for the first correct solution submitted to L5.

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