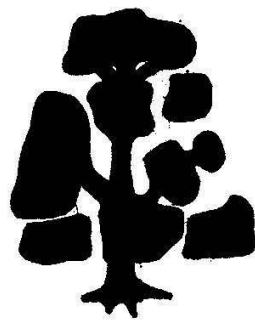


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# ROTHWELL GRAMMAR SCHOOL

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# MAGAZINE

**JUNE 1954**

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# Rothwell Grammar School

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1954

JUNE

1954

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## EDITORIAL

We shall remember the School's twenty-first year for two things. For years, teachers, old scholars and parents had planned and worked to provide a fitting tribute to the pupils who were killed in the war. On 14th May, 1954, our efforts ended in the opening of the Memorial Pavilion.

It was fitting that a few days before the opening ceremony we should have achieved our greatest success on the games field — the winning of the Yorkshire Schools' Seven-a-side Rugby competition at Ilkley. Our congratulations to the team and their trainers on a grand performance!

We have come of age with a flourish.

## TWENTY-ONE

The School is now in the last term of its twenty-first year. We opened with 81 pupils and three assistant staff: Miss Hartley, Mr. Jeffery and Miss Clegg. My own appointment was made at a Governors' meeting in the Robin Hood Infants' School early in March, 1933, while the school was still in course of construction.

Things were different in many ways. Miners were on short time doing two or three shifts a week and making up their incomes by visits to the "dole office," as the labour exchange was then called. There were over 420 applicants for the first science post; two big suit-cases full of forms which took me two whole days merely to read for the first time. Our first school visit to London lasted a fortnight and the total cost, including fares, admissions, trips, etc., was two pounds. First quality English shin beef for school dinners was 8d. per pound. Girls with a good School Certificate were starting work at ten shillings a week. Without a School Certificate it was virtually impossible to find any satisfactory employment. Pupils on the whole worked harder than today.

The first few years were very happy ones with few awkward problems; everything seemed set fair for success. Then war came and nine out of a staff of sixteen entered the Forces. We had a rapid succession of temporary staff, some of whom were transient and embarrassing phantoms; but others were excellent colleagues. The School was the headquarters first of the A.R.P., then of the Home Guard, A.T.C. and W.J.A.C. and even of the Army Cadet Force. The hall floor has never recovered from the drill done on it and its use as a miniature rifle range is still testified by a small hole in the wainscot by the kitchen door.

Our first full inspection was held under amazing conditions in 1940. There was not only a war but also an influenza epidemic and the severe weather left us without water. The inspectors were in the hall for assembly when a vast collection of buckets outside the kitchen door was sent flying by, I think, Mr. Kirby. It was a moment of suppressed hilarity.

Even so the most difficult time followed the war. There was a rapid general post. One member of staff stayed four days after demobilisation. It was impossible to know from day to day what was happening and one year saw no less than five completely new time-tables.

Three members of staff to whom we owe most during the war were Miss Hartley, Mr. Naylor and Mr. Holmes; and during the chaotic times after it Dr. Laybourne was a powerful influence.

The past seven years have seen a gradual restoration of stability. There is not yet that sense of certainty that was ours before the war; but that is due to the general conditions in the whole field of education and of society and not to the school itself. We have never stood still; new developments are continually taking place. The inter-house festival, the field studies camps, the Discussion Group Dinner, our contacts with German Schools, have been some of the new features. Great progress has been made in athletics and in games, and work, too, has been improving.

In these changing times it is impossible to foresee what the future may have in store for us but if we face them in the same spirit of friendly co-operation and of purpose which has marked our story so far, we need not fear the outcome.

E.R.M.

**STAFF NOTES**

Once again we say good-bye to old friends, Mr. H. S. Otter and Mr. J. Lund, who are leaving us this term. We shall always remember Mr. Otter as one of the best actors we have had on the staff. Many pupils, both past and present, were entertained by his delightful playing of the waiter in "You Never Can Tell." His work in founding the Cercle Français has been and will be much appreciated. He leaves with our best wishes for success in his new post at West Leeds G.S. Mr Lund's stay with us has been briefer but he too will not be forgotten. His expanding collection of antique musical instruments has been a source of interest to the musically-minded among us; so too was the brass quartet whom he organised and trained for a Xmas concert.

This summer, Mlle. M. Soubiers returns to Paris. We wish her a pleasant journey and hope she has enjoyed her year at R.G.S.

**IN BRIEF**

We continue to maintain our valuable contacts with two West German Grammar Schools. Eric Hudson is spending the summer term at the Ernst-Moritz-Arndt School, in Bonn, and has settled down very well to his new life. He describes the school as "very big and modern, with more glass than wall in some places. School begins at 8 o'clock, but afternoons are free."

We have been glad to welcome at School Jürgen Klass, who is spending this term with us at R.G.S. as the guest of Kenneth Hardman. Hardman will be spending the summer holidays with Jürgen's family.

On the 21st July 14 pupils between the ages of 12 and 16 will be setting off with members of staff for a three weeks' stay in Unna, near Dortmund, where they will attend the Pestalozzischule until the end of the German summer term, and be received by pupils in their homes. They hope in their turn to entertain their new German friends for a similar period in the early autumn.

During the Whitsuntide holiday, Mr. Manley took a party of twelve boys and two girls cycling in Ireland. There will be an account of their journey in our next issue.

The Discussion Group met several times in the Easter Term and held its second annual dinner.

At the field studies camps this year to be held at Rainow, near Macclesfield, there will be a record number of pupils—about 190, of whom more than 50 will stay for two weeks.

**ATHLETIC SPORTS**

Sports Day, May 19th, 1954

**Final House Positions—**

Livingstone .....	474
Nightingale .....	412
Faraday .....	340
Grenfell .....	311

**Victores Ludorum:**

	Boys	Girls
Senior:	R. Lockwood (F)	E. Connor (N)
Intermediate:	W. Wilcock (L)	E. Robinson (L)
Junior:	D. Stout (G)	J. Johnson (L)

**RECORDS BROKEN**

Rounders Ball, under 13—I. Faulkner (N), 113ft. 4ins.  
 100 yards, Boys, Senior—R. Lockwood (F), 11.0 secs.  
 Shot, Boys, Senior—M. Haley (N), 38ft. 8½ins.  
 Long Jump, Boys, Senior—R. Lockwood (F), 19ft. 1in.  
 Relay, Boys, Senior—Livingstone, 1 min. 34.3 secs.

**WAKEFIELD SCHOOLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION**

The following pupils of R.G.S. gained places in the Association Sports, held on 11th-12th May, 1954:—

**BOYS**

Under 15: 880 yds., T. Cassidy, 1st; 220 yds., C. Shackleton, 2nd, G. Edwards, 3rd; shot, D. Thresh, 2nd, equal; discus, A. Pennington, 2nd; javelin, D. Hall, 3rd; relay, R.G.S., 2nd.

Under 17: shot, C. Todman, 2nd, B. Ward, 3rd; discus, B. Ward, 1st, D. Fox, 2nd; long jump, B. Ward, 2nd; 880 yds., B. Largent, 2nd; 220 yds., K. Hardman, 2nd; javelin, D. Fox, 1st, C. Lumb, 2nd; high jump, P. Harvey, 3rd; relay, R.G.S., 2nd.

Under 19: 100 yds., R. Lockwood, 1st; 220 yds., R. Lockwood, 1st; shot, M. Haley, 2nd; high jump, M. Haley, 3rd; mile, D. Haigh, 3rd; 880 yds., P. D. Longley, 2nd; long jump, R. Lockwood, 3rd; javelin, D. Fox, 1st.

**GIRLS**

Under 13: 80 yds., C. Sykes, 2nd; high jump, J. Johnson, 3rd; long jump, A. Tattersfield, 2nd.

Under 15: 100 yds., E. Robinson, 2nd; 150 yds., M. Whitworth, 2nd; long jump, C. Ridyard, 3rd; discus, M. Walker, 1st; javelin, S. Thackrah, 1st; relay, R.G.S., 3rd.

Under 17: discus, P. Parker, 1st, M. Chappell, 2nd; 100 yds., E. Connor, 1st; 150 yds., E. Connor, 1st; javelin, P. Gibson, 1st; relay, R.G.S., 3rd.

Under 19: 220 yds., G. Archer, 3rd; high jump, L. Willows, 3rd; long jump, M. Wright, 3rd; javelin, J. Cowling, 1st; discus, G. Archer, 1st; relay, R.G.S., 2nd.



**RUGBY**  
**Results—1st XV**

Jan. 16	Sandal .....	Home	Won	29—3
Jan. 23	Sandal .....	Away	Won	44—0
Feb. 27	Roundhay .....	Home	Won	9—6
Mar. 6	Hemsworth .....	Away	Won	8—0
Mar. 13	Huddersfield .....	Away	Won	29—0
Mar. 20	Otley .....	Away	Won	16—0
Apr. 12	Old Boys .....	Home	Lost	3—14

The first XV won 20 of their 21 matches, scoring 524 pts. against 100.

**Scorers**

Tries: H. Tolley 24, R. Lockwood 23, P. Longley 20, C. Lumb 16, P. Harvey 11, I. Taylor 10, G. Smith 9, G. Hattersley 9, N. Whitmarsh 7, D. Haigh 3, B. Ward 3, R. Jenkinson 3, B. Longley 2, E. Abbs 2, M. Haley 1, E. Caines 1.

Goals: D. Haigh 63, G. Hattersley 11, H. Tolley 3.

**2nd XV**

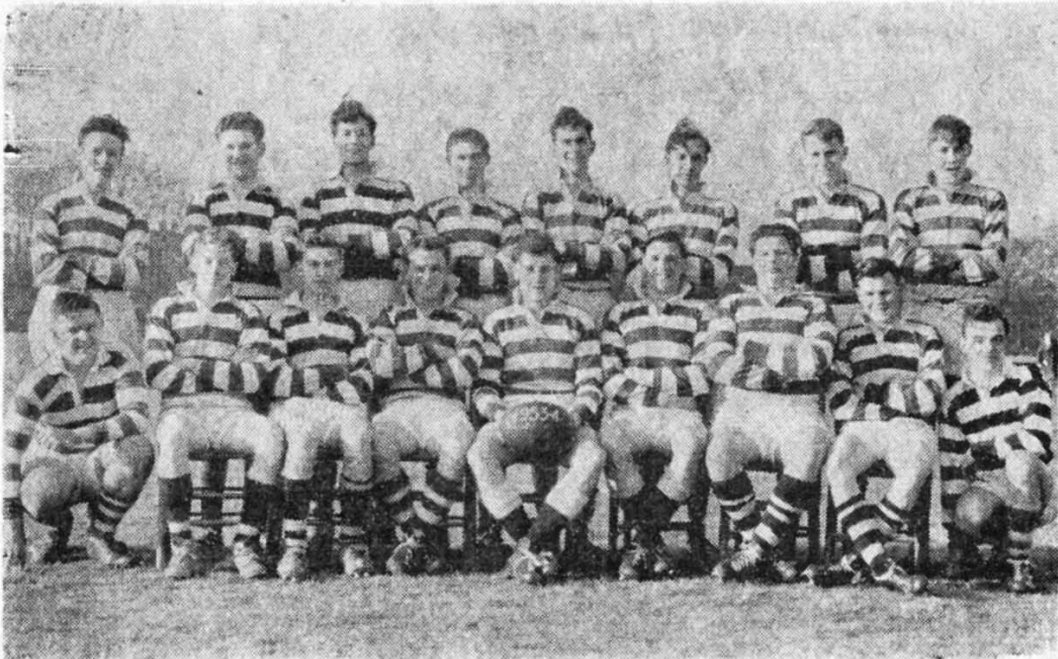
Jan. 16	Otley .....	Away	Lost	5—9
Mar. 6	Roundhay .....	Home	Lost	8—11
Mar. 20	Otley .....	Home	Draw	0—0

**Colts XV**

Jan. 23	Silcoates .....	Away	Lost	6—11
Mar. 13	Cleckheaton .....	Home	Won	22—0

**Under 14**

Feb. 27	Roundhay .....	Away	Draw	3—3
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Front row: B. Storey, C. Lumb, N. Whitmarsh, D. Haigh, H. Tolley (capt.), P. Longley, E. Abbs, B. Longley, P. Fulton.  
Back row: P. Harvey, B. Ward, R. Jenkinson, R. Lockwood, I. Taylor, G. Smith, M. Haley, E. Caines.

**ILKLEY "SEVENS," 1954**

The Ilkley Rugger Club's Seven-a-side Tournament has come to be an event to which we look forward not only as the end of the rugby season, but as one of the great sporting occasions of the school year. For four years we have entered teams, have hoped for great things, and have been disappointed. 1954, however, will be a year on which the school will look back with considerable satisfaction and which those who were at Ilkley will never forget. With an unbeaten and experienced XV to select from we always felt that our chances were good, but so many things can happen in seven-a-side football.

Saturday, 10th April, was dry and sunny, well suited to fast open rugger, and it was by this that we hoped to succeed. Against Wath-on-Dearne G.S. in the first round, quick passing and backing up soon put us into the lead, but a susceptibility to the high punt up the middle of the field reduced our advantage and at one time gave cause for anxiety. Two well-taken tries in the second half, however, carried us through.

Round two brought us against old rivals in West Leeds and a dour struggle it proved to be. From a rugger point of view this was perhaps our poorest game. A raggedness crept into the play, which fortunately, was eventually overcome, but only just in time, for with two minutes to play West Leeds were leading. A try by Taylor took us into extra time and after consistent attack for three or four minutes he scored again and we were through.

As a result of having to play extra time in the second round there was less than half an hour before facing Crossley and Porter School in round three and as they had achieved two convincing wins it was feared that our extra efforts against West Leeds might tell against us. In a quiet first half there was no score, though Crossley and Porter might well have kicked two fairly easy penalties. In the second half we in turn profited by the long kick ahead which had earlier given us trouble. Twice, long kicks by Smith were followed up by Lockwood who outpaced the defence to score. One was converted, and we were in the semi-final.

The semi-final against Leeds Grammar School produced some excellent football from both sides. After we had established a ten points lead the game seemed well won, but Leeds fought back in the last few minutes to make the score 10-6 in our favour.

We were in the final and becoming more confident, for as each round went by our football improved and the seven were giving ample proof of the high state of fitness they had achieved. To those watching, the delay between semi-final and final was a nerve-racking period. Could we do it? For to achieve our ambition meant beating Heath G.S., winners in the three previous years and a big, powerful side. As it turned out we were soon to know, for from the moment, very early in the game, when Smith took an awkwardly bouncing ball, head high, at full speed and raced through to score under the posts, everything went according to plan. Those present were treated to as fine an exhibition of rugby football as could be wished for. A high percentage of possession, thanks to excellent hooking by Haigh, was turned to good effect by precision passing coupled with fast running and backing up. P. Longley (3), Lockwood (2) and Tolley crossed the Heath line and Haigh kicked four good goals. On the few occasions when Heath broke away first-class tackling and covering, particularly by Haley, who seemed to be everywhere, drove them back and defence was switched once again to attack. All credit was due to Heath, who fought to the end, but they could do nothing to stop the onslaught, and a final score of 29-0 was a fair reflection of the game.

D.G.M.

Team: H. Tolley (capt.), P. D. Longley, D. Haigh, M. Haley, R. Lockwood, G. Smith and I. F. Taylor.

#### Results

1st Round	v.	Wath-on-Dearne .....	Won	16—10
2nd Round	v.	West Leeds .....	Won	11—8
3rd Round	v.	Crossley and Porter (Halifax)	Won	8—C
Semi-final	v.	Leeds .....	Won	10—6
Final	v.	Heath .....	Won	29—0

#### CROSS COUNTRY, 1954

1st, Livingstone; 2nd, Faraday and Grenfell (tie).

#### First three positions

Junior: 1st, Wilcock (L); 2nd, Stout (G); 3rd, Womack (L).

Intermediate: 1st, Hardman (L); 2nd, Cassidy (G); 3rd, Thresh (L).

Senior: 1st, Haigh (F); 2nd, Slack (G); 3rd, Lockwood (F).

The time for the senior run, 18 minutes 41 seconds, is believed to be a record.

**HOCKEY**

Jan. 16	Cockburn .....	A	1st XI	Won	1—0
	Cockburn .....	A	2nd XI	Won	4—0
Jan. 23	Morley .....	H	1st XI	Won	6—3
	Morley .....	H	2nd XI	Won	2—1
Feb. 27	Cleckheaton .....	A	1st XI	Drew	3—3
	Cleckheaton .....	A	2nd XI	Won	5—4
Mar. 6	Batley .....	H	1st XI	Drew	2—2
	Batley .....	H	2nd XI	Won	3—1
Mar. 13	Hemsworth .....	H	1st XI	Lost	3—2
	Hemsworth .....	H	2nd XI	Drew	2—2
Mar. 31	Thornes House ...	H	1st XI	Lost	4—1

Colours were awarded to J. Cowling, E. Conner, P. Gibson and M. Wright, and re-awarded to C. Sidebottom.

Half-colours were awarded to M. Walker.

**CHOIR**

The Senior Choir have had a very successful and enjoyable term, and must be complimented on their greatly improved singing. Two concerts have been given in Wakefield and one in Lofthouse and a section of the choir has given entertainments to patients in St. George's Hospital.

The choir was awarded the Bellamy Shield for choirs under 19 years at the Rothwell Musical Festival. Individual successes at the Festival were:—

Open Vocal Duet—1st, Pauline Buckley and Irene Ingle.

Under 16 Duet—2nd, Jean Banks and Barbara Strangeway.

Under 18 Girls' Solo—1st, Pauline Buckley.

Local Girls under 16—1st, Margaret Naylor; 2nd, Jean Banks.

Barry Booth has given excellent support as accompanist throughout the term. J.B.

**THE CHESS CLUB**

The Chess Club has expanded its activities during the Spring Term and has played two games, against Wakefield Grammar School and Thornes House. Although we were beaten rather heavily in both games, the experience gained should be invaluable to those who stay on next year.

A knock-out competition was organised in connection with the House Festival, and after some interesting games the winner was D. Newell (Va), with Hepworth (V) second, and Thompson. (Va) third.

In the first year since its re-formation the Chess Club has been quite well supported, but I would like to see more members from the Lower School next year. Only in that way can we put out a team strong enough to compete equally with other schools in the future. L.H.



#### HOCKEY TEAM

Front row: M. Walker, J. Cowling, C. Sidebottom (capt.), B. Pickup, H. Barrick.

Back row: J. Moss, G. Archer, M. Wright, J. Hirst, P. Gibson, E. Conner, M. Emmerson, Miss Silvester.

#### MEMORIAL PAVILION

On Wednesday, 14th May, 1954, the Memorial Pavilion was opened after a simple ceremony held in the School Hall. The Headmaster took the chair at half-past seven. The Rev. N. Chattoe, Vicar of Lofthouse, gave an address and lead the assembly in prayer. N. Kale (Form IV) recited the psalm "I will lift up mine eyes."

Then Mr. T. Wilson, of the P.T.A., who arranged and supervised the erection of the Pavilion, handed the key to Mr. L. W. K. Brown, M.A., Deputy Education Officer of the West Riding, who addressed the assembly. He said that in opening a memorial to the Rothwell Old Scholars he felt he was paying tribute at the same time to his own colleagues and pupils who died in the war.

Mr. R. Atkin, Chairman of the O.S.A., handed over the plans of the Pavilion to County Councillor Mrs. L. Cook, J.P.

The ceremony ended with votes of thanks and a recitation of Rupert Brook's "The Soldier," by Margaret Naylor (Form I).

Mr. Brown then opened the Pavilion, which was inspected by many Old Scholars and parents.

**SIXTH FORM PLAYS**

On March 3rd, 5th and 6th, the Sixth Form presented two plays, produced by Mr. Manley.

**MURDER ON THE SECOND FLOOR**

Hugh Bromilow .....	Michael Canham
Lucy .....	Janice Wilson
Sylvia Armitage .....	Barbara Foulstone
Joseph Reynolds .....	David Free
Mrs. Armitage .....	Irene Ingle
Miss Snell .....	Janet Firth
Mr. Armitage .....	Derek Newton
Jam Singh .....	Ronald Davies
P.C. Rogers .....	Derek Fox
The Inspector .....	Robert Gregg
P.C. Williams .....	Derek Firth
P.C. Thompson .....	Neil Whitmarsh
The Man with the Box .....	Brian Williams

As a departure from the more usual choice of school play, the cast was given the interesting, if exacting, task of putting over a "who dun it" murder story. It succeeded remarkably well in sustaining the required tension.

The transformation of a set of ordinary people into a collection of rascals was done very well, largely because of the high standard of the individual portraits. This change was most striking in Mrs. Armitage (Irene Ingle), while Miss Snell was excellently caricatured by Janet Firth. Michael Canham (Hugh Bromilow) led the cast well, and ably painted the conventional picture of a writer. Janice Wilson maintained throughout the accent of the Cockney maid, no mean feat in a part which is now expected in a school play. These characters were well supported by the remainder of the cast, ranging from a rather slick Police Inspector (Alfred Gregg) to a bewildered Mr. Armitage (D. Newton) and a language-conscious Jam Singh (R. Davies).

Messrs. Shaw and Leach must be congratulated on producing the "landing" set.

M. Haley (Form VI Arts).

**THE BENNETS**

Jane Bennet .....	Lois Willows
Charles Bingley .....	Kenneth Appleyard
Lydia Bennet .....	Linda Waller
George Wickham .....	Barry Booth
Elizabeth Bennet .....	Pauline Buckley
Mr. Bennet .....	Kenneth Chattoe
Mrs. Bennet .....	Mary Emmerson
Tom Darsey .....	Ivor Bellas

The Bennets, a "divertisement" by Mr. Manley, depicting Jane Austen's famous family in a contemporary setting, served its purpose well in whetting the appetite for the chief offering of the evening. Owing to the fact that the play was on situation rather than on forthright action, we looked to the cast for realistic character portrayals, and in this we were not disappointed. Mary Emmerson, as Mrs. Bennet, was particularly adept in extracting humour from her very limited opportunities, and another noteworthy feature in this category was the intelligent manner in which K. Chattoe (Mr. Bennet) and B. Booth (George Wickham) interposed their shafts of wit at precisely the correct moment.

Ivor Bellas, as Mr. Darsey, cultivated the same aloofness for which his predecessor was noted, and Pauline Buckley, in the part of Elizabeth Bennet, made full use of her role at the climax of the play with telling effect. Whilst being too deeply engrossed in each other to impress their presence forcibly upon the audience, K. Appleyard (Charles Bingley) and Lois Willows (Jane Bennet) were extremely competent, and Linda Waller, as Lydia, an excellent foil to Elizabeth, left us with delightful memories of her impulsive possessiveness and impetuosity.

E. Caines (Form VI Arts).

### THE DAY'S DELIGHTS

I love the way the sweetness lingers  
Of these that follow:  
Soft, rustling autumn leaves,  
Dry twigs snapping underfoot,  
The earthy smell of acorns,  
Streams rippling, gentle mellow  
"Moos" from cows, and long, white fingers.  
I love the heather, purple on the hills,  
The firm crackle of dry-brown bracken,  
Young fresh green peas,  
Daisies not quite wakened,  
The water streaming by the mill.  
I remember the sun on rocks,  
And how it burned my feet,  
The cries of seagulls over ships,  
The hum of engines,  
The foaming wake gleaming in morning sun,  
And many other things I love, I see  
Before the day's full run.

K. H. Hector (Form IVa).

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**HOUSE FESTIVAL, 1954**
**Final placings:**

1st, Nightingale; 2nd, Grenfell; 3rd, Livingstone.

**House Choirs:**

Joint 1sts, Nightingale (conductors, P. Buckley and I. Ingle) and Faraday (conductor, G. Archer).  
3rd, Livingstone (conductor, M. Wright).

**House Play:**

1st, Grenfell (producers, J. Jenkinson and P. Downing).  
2nd, Nightingale (producer, C. Sidebottom).  
3rd, Livingstone (producer, J. Firth).

**House Quiz:**

1st, Faraday; 2nd, Livingstone; 3rd, Grenfell.

**Accompanists' Competition:**

B. Booth, M. Stubbs and M. Walker (tie).

**Pianoforte Classes:**

Junior: S. Brown, M. Fox, P. Sykes.  
Intermediate: M. Stubbs, M. Walker.  
Senior: B. Booth.

**Vocal Solo:**

Junior boys: P. Sykes, G. Broadbent and J. Mellor (tie).  
Senior boys: C. Bates.  
Junior girls: A. Callaghan and M. Naylor (tie).  
Intermediate girls: M. Stubbs, M. Tingle, B. Strangeway.  
Senior girls: M. Wright, I. Ingle, P. Buckley and J. Archer (tie).

**Vocal Duet: Junior:** B. Strangeway and D. Naylor.

C. Ridyard and J. Mellor.

Senior: P. Buckley and Irene Ingle.

M. Tingle and M. Stubbs.

**Verse Speaking:**

1st Forms: J. Firth, S. Atkinson, M. Chattoe.  
2nd Forms: P. Audsley, M. Wigglesworth, R. Russell.  
3rd Forms: D. Gebhard, M. Walker, S. Robinson.  
4th Forms: K. Hector, M. Stubbs, M. Chappell.  
5th Forms: P. Downing, R. Jenkinson, P. Gibson.  
6th Forms: R. Bowles, H. Tolley, J. Firth.

**Prose: Junior:** P. Audsley, R. Russell, J. Firth.

Intermediate: N. Kale, M. Stubbs, M. Chappell.

Senior: J. Hirst, C. Sidebottom, E. Caines.

**Impromptu Speaking:**

Junior: M. Wigglesworth, A. Newbould, M. Chattoe.  
Intermediate: M. Stubbs, M. Chappell, D. Gebhard.  
Senior: E. Caines, M. Wilson and R. Cannon (tie), P. Downing and J. Moss (tie).

**German Verse Speaking:**

Junior: P. Heaton, C. Ward, S. Ward.  
Senior: M. Bower, B. Hartley, E. Marshall.



**French Prose Speaking:**

Junior: M. Walker, S. Robinson, H. Oakes.

Senior: E. Caines, L. Willows, J. Hirst.

**Mathematical Puzzle, etc.:**

Junior: D. Raine, C. Smith, H. Haigh.

Senior: D. Naylor, M. Canham, E. Hepworth.

**English and History:**

Junior: C. Ward, J. Howell, M. Musgrave.

Senior: E. Caines and B. Watson, K. Hardman.

Essay: M. Tingle.

**Geography:**

Junior: B. Robinson, J. Dobson and M. Fox, M. Musgrave.

Senior: B. Skidmore, P. Watson and P. Robinson, P. Briscoe.

**Handwriting:**

1st Forms: J. Mcleod, M. Holmes, E. Richardson.

3rd Forms: C. Ward, M. Brown, M. Beveridge.

2nd Forms: J. Birkenshaw, D. Mattinson, K. Brown.

4th Forms: K. O'Donovan, A. Dack, D. Butterfield.

5th Forms: M. Wilson, R. Naylor, E. Hepworth.

6th Forms: M. Emmerson, E. Morton, J. Hirst.

Science: Senior: G. Webster, B. Watson, M. Canham.

Drawing: Junior: L. Appleyard, F. Thackeray, S. Ward.

Senior: J. C. Boulton, M. Wright, M. Hall.

Painting: Junior: J. Mellor.

Senior: J. C. Boulton, M. Wright, M. Hall.

**Model Aircraft:**

Junior: M. Womack, M. Edwards, B. Hall.

Senior: C. Bates, C. Stott, N. Kale.

**Photography:**

Box Cameras: J. Calvert, H. Chandler, D. Burton.

Portrait: R. Westmorland, I. Taylor, C. Sheard.

**Embroidery:**

Junior: D. Hartley, G. Dixon and C. Wild (tie).

Intermediate: M. Ellis.

Senior: G. Archer and L. Holdway (tie).

**Needlework:**

Junior: D. Pearce, G. Broadbent, J. Howell and G. Dixon (tie).

Intermediate: M. Ellis.

Senior: C. Sidebottom, S. Ward.

Knitting: C. Sidebottom, M. Emmerson, J. Townsley.

**Cookery:**

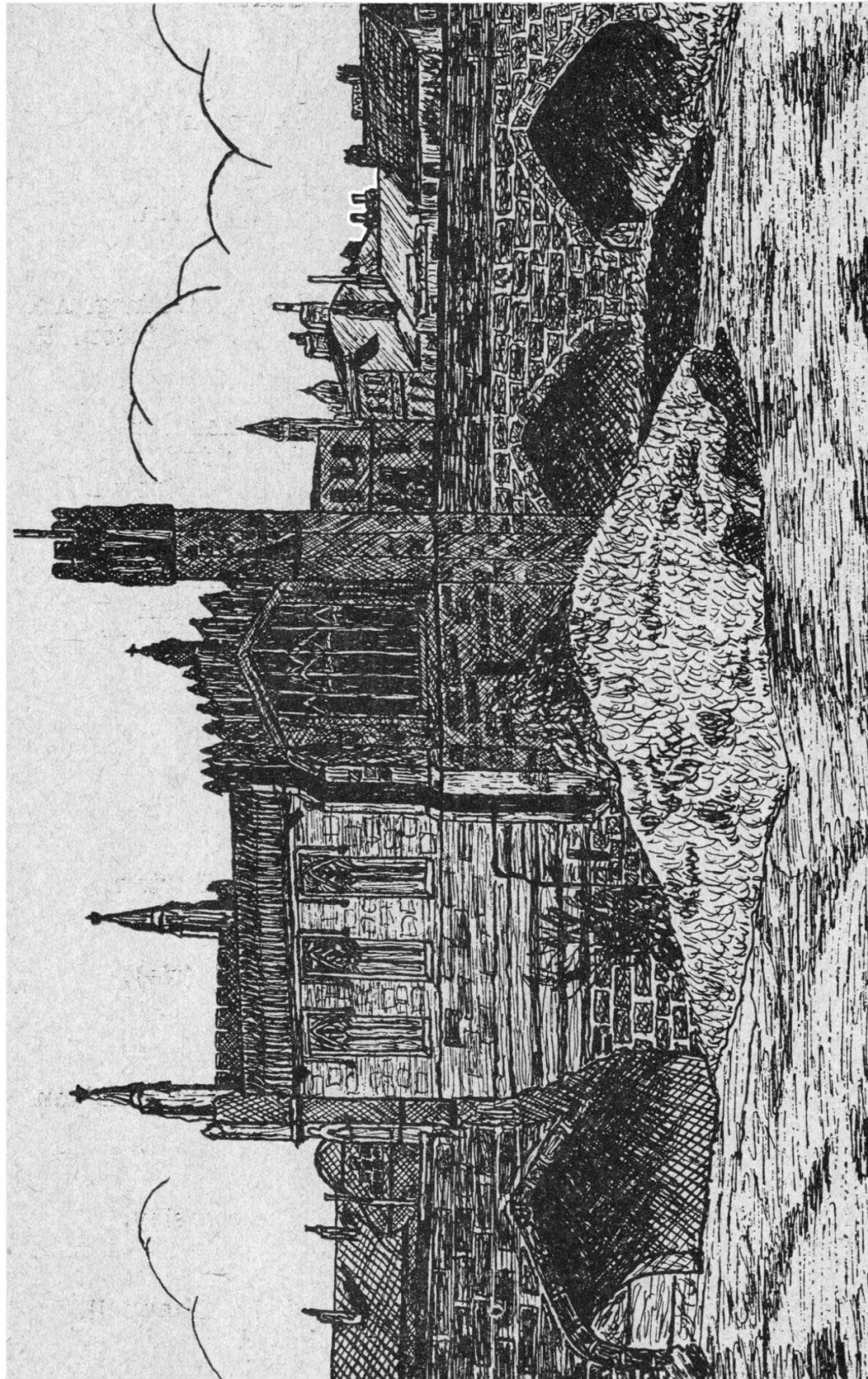
Junior: P. Shirley, M. Fox, C. Sykes.

Intermediate: J. Scanlan, D. Gebhard, M. Chappell.

Senior: L. Holdway, J. Cowling, S. Ward.

**Chess (knock-out competition):**

D. Newell, E. Hepworth, A. Thompson.



J. C. Boulton (Form IVa)

WAKEFIELD CHANTRY

### CERCLE FRANCAIS

Recent meetings here generally have been rather poorly attended but the enthusiasts have enjoyed the informal conversation at tea-time and the entertainment of play-reading, singing and various competitions and games.

A considerable gathering, however, was attracted to a lecture by Mr. F. A. Booth on the eccentric French musician and composer, Erik Satie. Illustrated by records, scores, documents and photographs and related with great resources of anecdote and biographical detail, this was a most instructive study not only of a strange bohemian character and his often grotesque but sometimes very affecting music, but also of a period and a milieu in which originality and novelty were almost "de rigueur."

One of the earliest of René Clair's films which Satie helped to produce and in which he appeared was accompanied by Satie's piano duet written for the film and played by Messrs. F. A. and B. Booth. This "tour de force" was quite an exceptional experience, concluding a notable entertainment for which we were all most grateful.

### WALKS IN WHARFEDALE

On three occasions during the school year, various members of the fifth and sixth forms have enjoyed accompanying Mr. Otter on excursions into Wharfedale. The first walk was rather poorly supported owing to the initial discouragement of thick fog, and only Nattress and Skidmore turned up. This was fortunate for them, as after walking via Beamsley Beacon and the Strid to Barden Bridge and returning to Ilkley by way of Bolton Abbey, they were invited to tea by Mr. Cresswell. The second outing, embracing Adel, Harewood, Almscliffe Crag and Otley was made in much more pleasant weather and was well attended. Recently, a party of eight went by train to Pool and, in excellent weather, thoroughly explored the delightful scenery of the Washburn valley. The route described a figure of eight, and as far as was possible followed paths and tracks through woods and fields. We visited Leathley, Timble, Blubberhouses and Farnley and thus made a varied survey of this pleasant district. This, I think, was the most enjoyable trip, but our thanks must go to Mr. Otter for arranging all three. There were, of course, a number of memorable incidents and observations, and in these we were fortunate in having with us Nattress, a ready source of apparently accurate information on all sorts of curious flora and fauna.

B. Williams (Form VI Science).

**ROTHWELL GRAMMAR SCHOOL  
COMING EVENTS**

---

6th October—

A Lecture by Wynford Vaughan Thomas.

10th November—

Speech Day.

10th November—

A Lecture by Colonel Spencer Chapman, D.S.O.

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**AGNES OF IIIB**

Agnes never stops talking. She is standing talking now to a group of girls. In her hand is a barley sugar stick at which she gives an occasional lick. I think eating is her hobby. There she goes again, dipping her hand in someone's packet of crisps. Although she is always eating, she never seems to grow.

During the day the staff have to tell Agnes countless times to stop "gassing." She must have been vaccinated with a gramophone needle. At last, Agnes has stopped talking. She is looking at her drawing, which she calls beautiful. I must say she is very, very good at it.

Oh dear! it looks as if I am going to be pestered by the nosy little girl.

"Hiya, pal," she yells at me, as she treads on my toe.

"Hi," I yell back at her, "get off my foot!"

"Sorry, but I meant it," she answers, in a "don't care" fashion. "Aren't you going to give me a sweet?"

Quickly I reply, "How do you know I have any?"

"I don't, I just guessed."

"Here you are, then."

"Thank you," she says, skipping away with a handful.

Jean Roberts (Form IIIB).

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## NO ENTRY

My mother, auntie and two uncles were standing a little way from the hospital gates, wondering how all four of them could enter to see my father when they had only two tickets.

One of my uncles said, "The only thing is for us two men to try and slip in unseen by the gatekeeper, while you two women use the tickets."

They all agreed on that and Uncle Alan was the first to slip through, but unluckily the gatekeeper spotted him and yelled, "Stop that man, stop him!"

Uncle Eric was quick on the uptake and cunningly he realised how he could enter.

"Hold on, mate!" he said to the gatekeeper, and with that he whizzed up the drive in pursuit of his friend, my uncle.

This was too much for my mother and auntie and they collapsed with laughing. They gave their tickets to the gate-man and, still chuckling, walked up the drive and round the corner where my uncles were standing, looking very innocent, as if nothing had happened at all.

Christine Gibson (Form IIIa).



### THE ECCENTRIC GENTLEMAN

At first it was only a rumour, but now everyone knew old Josiah Sykes had passed away. The older inhabitants of the village remembered the pleasant visits to his home and the tales he told of his adventures and experiences in the first of the steam ships in which he had served. He had brought home many curios from other countries.

At the death of his parents Josiah withdrew from society and hardly ever visited the village. He never opened the door to anyone and it was often wondered how he managed to live, as no-one knew how he bought his food and other necessities. The grounds of the old house, which had been beautiful, were now overgrown, and gateposts and gates were falling down as no repairs had been done for years. Visitors became fewer and even the vicar, who had been a close friend, found that his visits were unwelcome. But, strange as it may seem, the vicar received a cheque annually from Josiah.

But now he had died. The police, along with one or two willing helpers from the village, were clearing out the house. Newspapers were piled high and dust had been allowed to settle everywhere. It was evident that Josiah had made no attempt to clean the house. Amongst all the rubbish, beautiful ornaments, some very valuable, were found, cleaned and sold. Many things had been hoarded away and it seemed that since his parents had died he had become eccentric.

M. A. Hopkins (Form III).

### THE LOST LAND

The wind that raged all through that stormy day,  
And seemed still stronger by the fire that night.  
It blew and blew the trees with all its might—  
I thought that all the world would blow away.  
Then suddenly the wind went on its way  
And left things peaceful, such a happy sight  
Beside the bright blue sea. I think it quite  
The best sight that I ever saw. So gay,  
With little children everywhere at play.  
I saw a boy who had a great big kite,  
But could not get it up to any height  
For all was calm. It was the month of May,  
So warm. And now I'm sad because it flew  
Away, and where it went I never knew.

P. Audsley (Form II).

### LIBRARIES

What dull, dismal places some public libraries are! As soon as you open the door, the silent and stuffy atmosphere rushes out to meet you, and the stodgy-looking people reading magazines take their noses out of the book to see who's "come in."

You walk over to the children's corner and begin to look rather hopefully for the book you especially wanted to read. Of course, no such book can be found, so you look through the shelves to find one that, perhaps would do instead.

Then who should come along but Auntie Sally with that rather tiresome little boy from next door who will persist in crying his head off every time Auntie tries to say how Uncle's rheumatics are. Oh, why can't they have another room with a few playthings in for mothers to leave their squalling children?

Now that old gentleman at the corner table is looking slightly annoyed. And I don't wonder, for by now two other small children have joined in the chorus. What a pity there isn't also a room just for people who want to spend the afternoon reading.

Outside the sun is shining hotly, and inside the atmosphere is getting stuffier every minute. But why couldn't there be a few more windows open, and ventilators to keep the room cooler?

At last I find a book which looks all right, so I join the queue and wait to have it stamped. After about five minutes my turn comes, and I start towards the door. As the door is opened the cool, fresh air rushes towards me. How good it is to be out in the bustling street, and freedom again.

C. Ward (Form III).

### THE LIGHTHOUSE

See that tower on yonder headland,  
How it stands so firm and bravely,  
Sending out its flashing beacon,  
Guiding vessels safely onward.  
Never does that brave light falter,  
Always shining through the darkness,  
Marking out the rocks and sandbanks,  
Warning sailors of their peril.  
Thankful are the hearts of seamen  
For this light which is their guidance.

J. R. Firth (Form I).

**THE SKINFLINT**

I strolled down the road, glancing occasionally across to the other side where old Mr. Stiggins was walking. His back was bent and his shoulders slumped forward as a great gust of wind blew open his ragged old coat. In pity I watched the old miser, with his wrinkled face and long white beard blowing in the wind. He brushed aside his grey hair and his ear twitched rather oddly. He had spasmodic attacks of coughing and after each attack he wiped away a tear with his frayed coat sleeve that had once been black but now was going green with age. People passed by him but he never noticed them as he glared fiercely ahead.

He went into a shop and I followed him. "A loaf, please," he grunted.

Mr. Barlow, the baker, asked, "A cut one or an uncut one?"

"What's the difference in price?"

"The cut is a halfpenny dearer."

"I'll take the cheaper."

"I suppose you need some butter, too?" said Mr. Barlow, smiling.

"Good gracious, no, it is far too great a luxury," the miser replied.

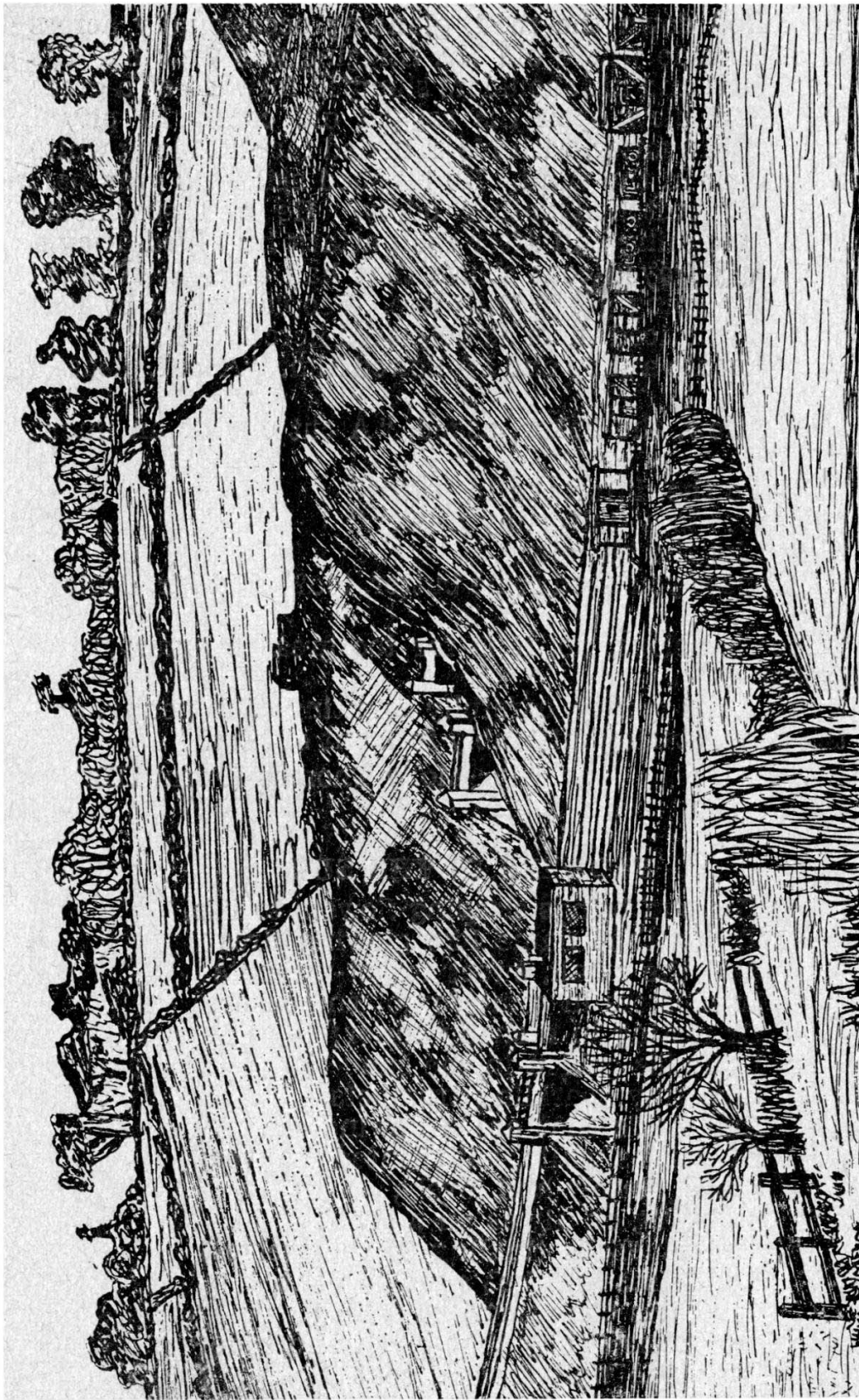
He paid his money, carefully counting each penny, and left the shop, staring miserably in front of him.

Molly Thomas (Form IIIa).

**FLOWERS IN THE SUN**

The sun brings sleeping flowers to life,  
Tulips that flame like glowing fires  
And the small, sweet forget-me-nots  
In clusters in some forgotten corner,  
Or resting in a shady bower;  
Daffodils golden in the sun  
Like tiny sparkling trumpets,  
And fields that are a flowing sea  
Of daisies white, with tinted mauves;  
Pinks, stately and lovely,  
Standing on air as on a shelf,  
And bluebells tinkling to themselves;  
And irises too that seem to float,  
Each iris changing like a bird,  
And pansies shy that blush and hide;  
Even the wall-flower's coat  
Is purple, dyed by the glowing sun.

H. Barrick (Form IV).



LOFTHOUSE PIT

J. C. Boulton (Form IVa)

**IMPRESSION OF AN EXAMINATION ROOM**

An involuntary groan escapes my lips as I read the choice of essay subjects for this examination. I groan to think that I have had to come back to this compulsory question. As I sit at my desk racking my brains for something about which to write, my pencil taps out "a happy tune, so no-one will suspect." From the gymnasium, the examination room itself, comes the occasional clatter of rulers on desks, the crackle of paper, the banging of desks and intermittent coughs, all dismal noises to distract my attention. From outside comes the half-hourly peal of the bell, tolling me on towards the end of the examination. With the sound of the milk-bell at half-past eleven the "two-hour people" put down their pens with a sigh of relief and sit back in their chairs to leer at us "two-and-a-half-hour people," still writing away or gazing into space in search of a solution. Five minutes later, the rest of the school begin their break, causing more distraction. The happy, cheerful sounds of people rushing about, the excited cries of first-formers, who have just completed a particularly easy Geography paper, and the snatches of strains from a current hit-tune reach my ears, reminding me of their momentary cheerfulness and my present dismal occupation.

There, again, the bell! The same dismal, dull sound of the bell that has dragged me through hours of examinations, both this year and all the years which I have spent at this school, and which now draws me to an end. There, again, the noise of feet and all the other sounds which distract my attention during an examination! It seems odd, but these disturbers of the examination room have been silent during the last hour and instead I heard the banging of doors at break; the strains of "Answer Me" from the lips of a poor whistler and then, again, the bell.

B. Longley (Form V).

**DREAMS**

The firelight in the darkened room  
So cosy and so warm,  
I dream of sailors on the sea,  
Their ships torn by the storm.  
The lashing wind, the teeming rain,  
The lightning overhead,  
How I am glad that I, to-night,  
Can safely go to bed.

J. B. McLeod (Form I).

### A STREET CORNER SCENE

As I wended my way through the streets thronged with people, I was brought to a sudden halt on a corner by a stream of traffic just released by the changing of the traffic lights, and as the hum of sports cars, saloons and convertibles increased in volume, I began to take heed of my surroundings.

I suddenly became conscious of a newsboy bellowing his slogan in the doorway of somebody-or-other's chambers. He was thin and weedy and although his voice had surprising volume and depth it was easy to see by the bloom on his otherwise pasty cheeks the exertion which the projection of his voice required of him. His sunken grey eyes peered through rime-covered lashes, seeking prospective customers amongst the milling crowd.

He was suddenly half-obliterated by a huge pile of newspapers sailing out of the door of a passing newsvan which shot round the corner and past a new building site across the road. The lean girders pointed skyward to the sullen clouds, submitted to the indignity of being sealed up in brick, mortar and concrete. The already glazed windows framed the heavy sky and the workmen of antlike proportions who busied themselves with the great task under way.

An electric trolley 'bus whined past a tall, slender lamp standard where a repair wagon was stationed whilst the lamp was being mended. Between the grim, straight, businesslike slats of the tower could be seen the gentle curves and flowery ornamentation of some artist's brainchild, standing bowed and submissive to the treatment of fog, smoke and general grime bestowed upon it through the medium of that great troublemaker, smog.

Then the lights changed to red and I crossed the road with hardly a thought for the scene which I had just left. Instead, I thought of home, tea, the fire and a book.

N. Kale (Form IV).

### FLOWERPIECE

One day a Dillenburg of mine  
Shot up and up all through the spray  
Of early morning dew and rain,  
And withered 'neath the sun.

T. Kelly (Form I).

### A RESCUE AT SEA

February, 1944. We had received orders to escort a convoy of oil tankers to Malta and had been at sea now for three days without any trouble apart from a fire in one of the holds of a cargo ship, which was soon dealt with.

Now, on the fourth night, a brisk, cold wind had settled in and the once gentle sea was a curling, choppy, dark mass with, now and then, white crests leaping high into the black sky, as they crashed against a breaking wave. We had been warned of two German U-boats in the vicinity and were to learn very soon that they were nearer than we had expected. It happened all at once. There was a deafening explosion and an unbearable flash like lightning and then flames and thick, black smoke leapt and billowed into the flashing sky.

Automatically I pressed the alarm bell and ordered, "Full steam ahead," as the blazing tanker was about a mile away. Meanwhile two rescue boats were prepared and lowered into the oily sea, with four men in each. We could do nothing but wait and hope as the two small boats pulled away. Each man on the destroyer stood, fingers crossed, looking into the glowing mass, and suddenly there was another explosion, this time scattering the tanker's bridge.

It was an hour, an hour of anxiety, since the rescuers had gone, and it was not until we heard the coughing and sobbing of men, that we dared to uncross our fingers, as one small boat pulled alongside. I ordered the scramble net to be dropped and then began the evacuation of ten sick, frozen men. The other rescue boat had not survived that last explosion.

T. Firth (Form IIIa)

### THE SILENCE OF THE DEAD

The church clock had just struck eleven as I entered the graveyard. The moon gave a pale eerie light which showed up the ancient gravestones in an awe-inspiring, deathly way. The few crosses and figures that had been erected at the heads of the graves cast long, dark, shapeless shadows, which, incapable of making a noise, gave the impression that ghosts were indeed a real, silent terror of this world. The graves, in daytime plain stones covered with moss and weeds, now seemed to move with every movement of mine, and yet there was no sound. Here was a kingdom, a kingdom ruled over by silence. I hardly dared to breathe lest I should break the silence of the dead.

Dennis Naylor (Form III).

**SPRING IN TOWN**

When you have been thoroughly wakened up by the crush in the 'bus you suddenly notice that something has happened overnight. The fat, buxom, old lady, who squashes you every morning and usually wears the stodgiest old clothes, is gaily bedecked in a flowered print dress, obviously new, and the greatest monstrosity of a hat that you have seen since the photograph of Great-Aunt at Grandmamma's wedding:

The younger women are all wearing their new summer clothes, mostly in beautiful pastel shades, whereas yesterday they were still dressed in their woolly coats and jumpers. Even the little mouse of a man, Mr. Smith, has left his old tattered raincoat at home, and quite a few men are wearing smart buttonholes.

As you alight from the 'bus the flower shop catches your eye. "What a beautiful, colourful display of flowers!" you think, and as you gaze fascinated at them you notice the shy young man hovering uncertainly on the threshold, wondering whether he dare go in and ask for a large bunch of tulips.

And again your eye is arrested by the gay butterfly ladies walking up and down. Then suddenly the clock strikes, everyone rushes to his work, leaving the streets to the housewives and old ladies shopping. They stand gazing into shop windows at the fine displays of sports outfits and wedding clothes or the swimming suits which remind them of the long, lazy holidays they enjoy by the seaside or in the country. But one can almost believe oneself there already with a cloudless blue sky to be seen even above the grime and dirt of a town such as this!

Wandering into the park you see all the little children running gaily up and down and the dogs yapping and barking, and the ice-cream man doing a roaring trade. What a difference there is between yesterday and today! The trees glow green and the flowers wave and dance in the breeze. Everyone is so gay and happy-go-lucky—why! the world seems to have been born anew. Everything is once again alive and racing along, not creeping at the sluggish pace of winter. Even if there are no new-born lambs in this industrial beehive, or fluffy new chickens or ducks, one can still see that spring has "come to town"!

M. Walker (Form III).



### HOUSES

On one side of the river stood sedate houses with roofs of dark tiles. The windows were adorned with heavy grey curtains, not even a flower showing to the outside world. The gardens were divided by gloomy privet hedges, each painfully cut to shape. The prize carnations and pinks stood in martial order behind the stocks, and in front of the sunflowers. The lawns were cut very short and neatly trimmed round the edges, places where no small daisy may raise her head. Through the poplar trees at the bottom of the garden the sun shone on the opposite bank.

Here were small white-washed cottages with thatched roofs. The tiny windows were wide open, and pretty chintz curtains flapped in the breeze. Round each garden were hedges of flowering hawthorn, with birds flying in and out of them. The flowers were like the crowds at a football match, all shapes and sizes and colours, in any odd corner. The green lawns were decorated by dainty daisies, and the grass strayed in many places to join the flowers. Old trees leaned towards the houses, tapping on window panes with their branches, calling to mischievous children to descend by them and go for midnight frolics. The river between the gardens rippled over stones and pebbles, falling noisily down into the mill pond.

M. Ellis (Form IIIa).

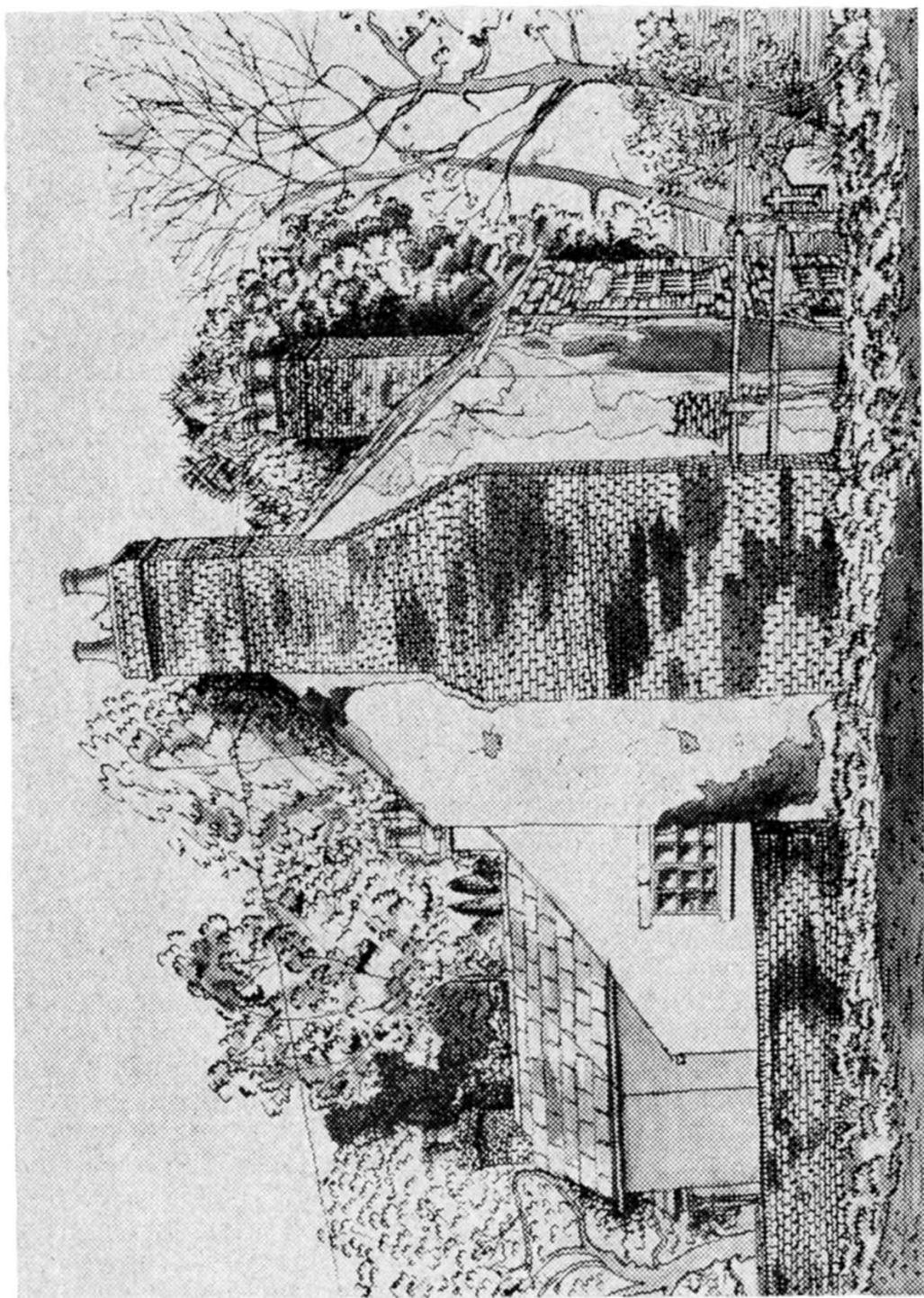
### THE MAGIC IN A FOREST

It was like walking through a fairy palace, with leaves and branches intertwining to make the walls, and underfoot a soft grass carpet, patterned with flowers of every hue. Above through the closely woven branches, came a glimpse of the blue sky. In front lay a glistening lake with trees and flowers reflected on its shimmering surface.

At the far end of the lake a waterfall tumbled gaily over a rocky shelf, sending up spray like dainty pear blossom. Below, a tiny, narrow stream danced and bubbled over the pebbles on its bed and wound in and out of the trees. Sometimes it came to a small inlet where it moved as though weary. Then it would begin to gurgle over the pebbles again.

Up above, in the branches of the trees, the birds warbled sweet melodies to which the flowers seemed to sway. Wild roses blossomed forth among the bushes, looking as though they were blushing. Then as the fiery sun sank in the west the forest stilled as though marvelling at its glory while the birds sang a sweet anthem to its splendour.

C. Walker (Form IIa).



B. Ward (Form Va)

HOME, SWEET HOME

**"PLANT IT AND SEE"**

There are many different types of catalogues for seeds. Some specialize in vegetable seeds, others in flower seeds, whilst others combine the two.

In the catalogue, the art of growing seeds is a thing of no importance. You just plant them—and presto! a beautiful garden springs up before your very eyes. But alas! in real life this is, unfortunately, not so. On purchasing a catalogue, you see the advertisement for "‘Loveliness’—very showy, large, rosy-pink, bowl-shaped flowers." As you read this, your mind wanders away in a reverie, dreaming of a heavenly garden, in which grow flowers of a lovely, eye-catching, perfect shade of rosy pink—irresistibly attractive and ethereal. This, you think, will set the whole town talking. The garden of the Smiths' will be better than the Jones's this year.

So you send for the seeds. On receiving them, you again fall into a dream. You hold all the world in those tiny brown beads in your palm—or so it seems. You have visions of a monument being erected to you, the man who put your village on the map. You think how the tongues will wag and how your old school pals will point you out as "the famous rose-grower with whom I used to go to school." The fact that the flowers you have received are not roses is of little or no consequence.

Eventually, after much elaborate "fiddling about," you timorously plant the seeds. In the catalogue, the flowers are portrayed as glowing, vivacious, tall, graceful blooms. So, every day, you scrutinise the catalogue with a feeling of pride in a great achievement. You peer longingly at the spot of ground destined to bring a rare specimen into the world. Ah! at last a green shoot appears. The feeling of suspense mounts—but for several days you do not look; I speak from experience, for I know that you dare not when you are a professional grower, as I am.

Several days later, you return, expecting to see a work of art, but no!—what you see is not a work of art, for the flowers you see are not graceful, glowing, tall, beautiful. All that is revealed to the human eye is several dog-eared, dirty, drooping, wilting pods on faded, crinkly stalks. When you recover from the shock, you think it a great pity that you are not destined to become an eminent grower of flowers—oh! but talking of flowers, I must go now—I have to water mine; they're in a window box in the back yard.

Maureen Tingle (Form IVa).

**SCHOOL FEVER**

I must back to my books again, to my dreary books and  
my work,

And all I ask is a brief break to ease my writer's jerk,  
From my pen's scratch and my brain's whirl and my ink's  
dip blotting,  
From tiresome work at my scholar's desk and endless  
swotting.

I must back to my books again, for the call of the master's  
voice

Is a loud call and a harsh call that leaves me not a choice.  
And all I ask is a little time before my brain's a-racking,  
To read my books and learn my notes and find what I'm  
a-lacking.

I must back to my books again, to the plodding learner's life,  
To the swot's way and the teacher's way, where the slackers  
in ceaseless strife.

And all I ask is time to chat with a laughing fellow  
shirker,

And a free life and happy dreams, when I become a  
"worker."

B. Thackrah (Form IV).

**TO MATHS**

Art thou weary with monotony  
Of adding  $x$  to  $y$ , and dividing three by two,  
Plodding unknowingly

Among the sums that you can never seem to do  
And ever finding, like a luckless game  
That two answers never come the same?

B. Bridges (Form IV).

**SEA CAVE**

The sea was smothered in a suffocating darkness by drab, grey clouds, which loomed treacheriously overhead. Rain beat down on an angry sea, making its rocking waters swell even more. All was noise and tumult, great waves rising high like huge precipitous mountains, welling up from nowhere only to crash down into the depths with a roar like a hungry lion about to pounce on its prey. Suddenly, a massive roller leapt from the turbulent waters higher than any before and sped across the vast expanse of boiling foam to bring down its mighty weight with full force into a spacious cavern, the hollow sound echoing and re-echoing. Inside the cavern all was calm, the clear blue waters making gentle lapping movements. In the transparent depths brilliantly coloured fishes swam gracefully along the golden sands. Embedded in the chalk from which the cave was hewn, layers of glistening quartz stained with shades of green and purple scintillated like polished jewels in the half light. Abruptly the harsh howling of the wind and the thudding of the waves ceased, pools of sunlight streamed into the cave. All was quiet, the storm no longer raged, peace had come at last.

J. Thackeray (Form IV).

**FLOWERS**

Last week we bought some daffodils,  
For Mothers' Day, you know.  
My auntie had her wedding then,  
And she had Kings of Snow.

Last week the Spring she came again  
To make our flowers grow.  
I planted some actaea bulbs;  
They came up in a row.

The tulips with their hearts of fire  
All bowing in the breeze—  
I thought I'd planted "Queen of Night,"  
But found some "Fantasys."

I was not very sad at all,  
Because they looked so gay:  
I wish that spring would never go,  
But always with us stay.

D. Wild & Co. (Form I).

### P.T.A. NOTES

On the 26th of November, 1933, in the presence of a mere handful of parents and staff, the R.G.S. Parent-Teacher Association was launched upon its career. As we approach the date of its coming-of-age we can look back upon the successful fulfilment of past hopes and forward towards fresh achievements in this vital field of home-school relationships.

The formal opening ceremony of the Memorial Pavilion on the 14th of May this year by L. M. K. Brown, Esq., M.A., in the presence of a representative body of parents, scholars and staff, past and present, symbolised the valuable part our organisation plays in the life of the School, for the P.T.A., working in close collaboration with the Old Scholars' Association, provided much of the inspiration—and the necessary hard cash—which assured the final success of the venture. Thus it was a parent, and a member of the P.T.A., Mr. T. Wilson, who drew up the plans for the building and who devoted many months of hard work to its eventual completion. One noticed in the congregation many old friends whose efforts in past years, through the medium of the P.T.A. and its ancillary Memorial Committee, made possible this modest tribute to the memory of the School's first generation of scholars. Our Association, and the School in general, can look back with pride upon this harmonious partnership between family, school and staff.

This same partnership was much in evidence at the "Family Social" on the 19th March, when a Beetle Drive was held, followed by dancing and a Talent Contest for Scholars. This latter proved a most enjoyable feature, and all entrants are to be congratulated on their skill and confidence as entertainers. The first three prizes were awarded to P. Sykes (Form I)—vocal and instrumental solos; K. Newbould (Form IIb)—imitations; and the Maher Brothers—accordion duets. During the evening Mrs. F. Smith raffled boxes of biscuits and chocolates which she very kindly provided, and proceeds from this, together with a substantial profit from tickets, etc., were later transferred to the Memorial Fund.

"At Home's" were held as usual during the Spring and Summer Terms, and both were very well attended. On the 21st January the function took the form of a "Careers Evening," several speakers prominent in various professions and industries being invited to speak to parents and older scholars on their chosen calling. Afterwards, many children and their parents took advantage of the opportunity to discuss careers informally with the visitors. For some time

afterwards members of the teaching staff noticed a gratifying sharpening of academic interest in the Senior School, although some of them cynically adduced the advent of the February exams. as a possible reason for this. In any event, much valuable work has been done on the subject of careers, as was shown by a further meeting under the ægis of the P.T.A. on the 29th April, this time of Third-formers and their parents. We are grateful to Mr. Vaughan in particular for arranging this function. The "At Home" on the 4th May also owed much of its success to Mr. Vaughan's ministrations, being a performance of some of the winning items from the recent House Festival contests. Our thanks are due also to all those scholars who came along and put themselves to the test for the second time.

Our social calendar for this academic year is now complete, our thoughts as we go to press being directed towards the imminent public examinations. But "to everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose"; by the time these words appear in print we shall already be working out the Agenda for the Annual General Meeting in September, when officials and committee for the year 1954-55 will be elected, and our tasks and hopes begin anew. We know we can continue to rely on your support.

May I, in conclusion, add a personal word of thanks to all colleagues, officials and members of committee who have helped to make my duties so pleasant.

J.A.P.

### THE PARK

One side of the park was a scene of joy and happiness. Children were playing cricket, leap-frog, ball, and lots of other joyful games. Others were picnicking on the slope which seemed to disappear into the lake, brilliantly blue with the reflection of the sky. Children were bathing, and others shattered the smoothness of the surface as they dived deep into the coolness of the water. Then a boy struck a ball which landed at the other side of the lake. This side was dismal, with big trees grabbing at the blue sky. All was quiet and shady, and the cool wind blew around the trunks of the giant trees. The grass seemed darker here, and a few old people were sitting in the shade of branches which towered above them. A boat chugged along the lake and the noise of the engine mingled with the shouts of the children who ran to the bottom of the hill to await its arrival.

A. Johnson (Form IIIb).

**OLD SCHOLARS' ASSOCIATION****Births**

To Mr. and Mrs. R. Hardwick (née Enid Riley), a son.  
 To Mr. and Mrs. Jack Holmes (née Sheila Menzies), a  
 daughter, Melissá, born December, 1953.

**Marriages**

G. B. Howe (1943-50) to Jean Wilcockson, 13th February,  
 1954.

John Lister (1943-49) to Nancy Kilburn (1942-49),  
 3rd April, 1954.

Victor B. Shaw to Margaret Rhodes (1944-49),  
 27th March, 1954.

D. C. Firth (1943-48) to Edith M. Scanlan (1942-49),  
 19th April, 1954.

**Engagement**

Doreen Wilkinson (1939-45) to Denzil Webster.

**Death**

Sybil Hartley (née Pickup), wife of Douglas Hartley,  
 died in February from a disease contracted while living in  
 Nigeria.

**NEWMILLERDAM**

The dam, its placid surface skirt about with trees,  
 Their green leaves shading into purple hue,  
 And there, a floating speck of dazzling white  
 As the great swan hove into view  
 On this May even.  
 What more beauteous could there be than waters still  
 and calm,  
 Save for the leaping fish in shimmering armour clad  
 From head to tail?  
 And as one sees the Cross one sighs,  
 'The Cenotaph,  
 To those who died to save  
 This little paradise.

R. Grainger.



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