

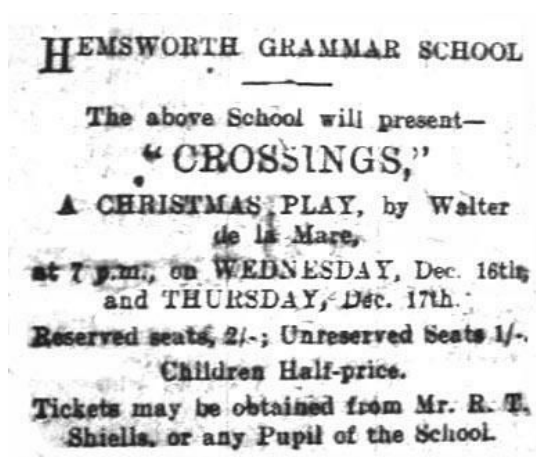
School Notes and News

Since the last School Notes were written the School has enjoyed two fine days for the great events of the Summer Term, Parents' Day and the Folk Dance Festival, both of which attracted a record number of visitors. The term ended on July 30th, and reassembled on September 22nd. Examination results showed some improvement on last year, with 6 H.S.C. and 45 S.C. of whom 16 gained Matriculation. We would congratulate Betty Mulheir on gaining a County Women's Scholarship (of which only two are offered), Clarkson on his Junior County Art Scholarship, an Art Exhibition at Reading University, and a John Pybus Trust Exhibition, Ineson on a County Technological Scholarship and King on a Junior Technological Scholarship.

We welcome Miss Hamilton as temporary Domestic Science Mistress, and hope that she will have an enjoyable time during her stay with us. We are glad to report that Miss Euler is slightly better and wish her a speedy recovery. This term saw an innovation in the form of a full time Physical Training Master. We extend to Mr. Nelson a warm welcome in this new post. Our caretakers, Mr. and Mrs. Manning, who have been here since the School was opened on November 8th 1921, have left this term. An electric clock was presented to them by the Staff and an electric fire by the pupils as a mark of appreciation of their work and of good wishes for their future prosperity. Mr. and Mrs. Cliffe have been appointed as the new caretakers, and we offer them our best wishes for their success.

November 2nd and 3rd formed the Half-term holiday.

Speech Day this year took place on Armistice Day in the Hippodrome. The School assembled for its usual service of Remembrance in the Hall when the Two Minutes were observed and the Head addressed the School on the meaning and lessons of the Day. In the afternoon we had the pleasure of receiving, as our guests of the day, the Lord Bishop of Pontefract and Mrs. Hone. On November 19th., the Osiris Players again visited the School and gave a realistic and enjoyable rendering of "Julius Caesar". We are very sure that our School Certificate candidates are much helped by these annual visits, and that the rest of the School gain much from seeing a Shakespeare Play well acted. Our only lament is that such opportunities come but once a year. The Imperial Airways Company sent their representative to School on November 20th., and from him we received a most interesting and instructive lecture illustrated by fine slides. A party of Sixth and Fifth Form boys and girls accompanied by Miss Griffiths and Miss Shortridge visited Leeds on November 22nd, to see "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme". The School Play this year is De la Mare's "Crossings" produced by Miss Nicholson, and we wish her and all members of the cast every success.



December 11th. 1936

Christmas is in the air as we write and we are looking forward to the holidays which start on December 22nd. We offer our best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Jenkinson, Miss Griffiths and all members of the Staff and School for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. School reopens for the Spring Term on Wednesday, January 13th

Holgate House Notes

Last year, Holgate succeeded in winning three cups: Sports, Hockey and Rugby. We hope the wave of enthusiasm for all House matters will continue. This term, we welcome a large number of new boys and girls to our House. "We would like to impress upon them the need of doing their utmost for their House in work and play. All members of the House must remember that we have a great reputation to keep up, and we can do this by obtaining more stars, less stripes and higher positions in orders. This applies particularly to the Middle School. Nowadays there seems to be a strange dearth of send-ups which are a valuable source of points. Everyone has not the opportunity to represent his or her House in games, but all can do their bit by conscientious work, with our motto: "Cor unum, una via," in view. In conclusion, we wish to offer our thanks to Miss Clifford and Mr. Collette for their untiring service and enthusiasm, and we wish success to our former captain, Emily Cullingworth, who left us last term.

W. Morley
Gladwyn

Talbot House Notes

At the beginning of a new School year, we welcome many new members to the House. We wish them to put the House first always and to earn stars not stripes. The older members of the House must also realise that stripes are unnecessary. As there are no competitions this term we are relying on all to do their best to gain points by stars and send-ups. We feel that, with all doing their best in this way throughout the year, Talbot should do well. In conclusion we wish to thank Miss Shortridge, Mr. Storer and Mr. Scourfield to whom we are indebted for their help and untiring efforts for the House.

T. Cunningham
Challender

Price House Notes

This term there has not been any great activity in House Competitions. There is however the usual competition in Stars and Stripes. In this respect Price is not doing its best. The boys are the worst offenders, especially the Lower School who seem to think that it is a competition to see who can gain the greatest number of stripes and the least number of stars. This matter of stripes is usually our worst point, so this term let us make a special effort to turn it into our best point. Last year, we won the House Challenge Cup. Let us see if we can do it again. This term, the beginning of a new School Year, we welcome new members to Price House, and we make a special request to them to do their best to uphold the traditions of their House. Finally we wish to thank Miss Kenward, Mr. Austin and Mr. Manning our House Mistress and Masters for their unfailing support throughout the term.

D. Watson
Wilson

Guest House Notes

Guest, this term, has hardly had time to distinguish itself, or otherwise, as the case may be. Therefore we yet live in the hope that a transformation will take place throughout the ranks of our House. So let us breathe into our comrades fresh encouragement and a new hope, that sometime in the annals of the House, Guest may win the Challenge Cup. Why not? We have new blood in the House, who may be spurred on to Great Things. Nay, we might even cease this senseless desire for stripes, and take as our watchword "Stars, Stars and again Stars". For this, then, let us welcome our new members. Let us remind you also that magazine contributions and send-ups all gain points for the House, as do terminal and examination positions likewise. And again, we may excel in the world of Sport, or carry away the Arts Cup. Other Houses have done it, why should not we? Guest, think of these things! To end on a happier note, may we thank Miss Prince and Mr. Shiells for their unfailing encouragement and support.

E. Stamp
Clayton

School Library

This year the School Library seems to have slightly increased in popularity, but even now it is not being as much used by members of the Upper School as it ought to be. Although there are over four hundred pupils in the School, only about one hundred and forty books are taken out each week, and since many people take out two books weekly, there must be a large number, particularly in the Upper Forms, who never take out a book.

The complaint has been raised that the School Library has not enough choice of books. This is a fault which is partly imaginary and partly true, but it lies within the power of the School to correct it. Last term an appeal was issued for more books, and although some Forms responded nobly and generously to this appeal, others merely ignored it, and there are still some empty shelves in the Fiction Section. Surely many members of the School have several quite good books at home, which they have read and no longer want. These are what the School Library needs and all gifts will be most gratefully received by the Librarian. Then to turn to another side of the Library's activities, there are Reference Books in a variety of subjects. These books may be borrowed by members of the Fifth and Sixth Forms, subject to two conditions - the first of these being that if they are taken out at 4 p.m. on one day they must be returned by 9 a.m. on the next; the second that they must be signed for in the book which hangs on the Library Notice-Board for that purpose. Many of these books are of great value to those taking the School and Higher School Certificates, and they are not being used by those concerned as much as they ought to be.

Then I would like to say something about the Library Rules. These are necessary, and it is essential to the smooth running and efficiency of the Library that they are properly carried out. The chief rule is the rule of 'Silence', and this is the one which is most often and most flagrantly broken. It is an essential rule because if this rule is not enforced the Librarian and his assistants cannot carry out their work properly and efficiently. Next there is the rule which states that no one but a Library Assistant shall take books from the shelves. This is essential too because, as some members of the School know, the books are arranged in alphabetical order of authors, and if everyone had the right to take books from the shelves, or to return them thereto as they pleased, this arrangement could never be kept. So you can see that rules are essential, therefore please do your utmost to obey them.

Finally, to everyone concerned, I would say, utilise the Library to its fullest extent, observe its rules, help to provide fresh material for your own and other's enjoyment, and you will begin to realise the true value of a fine Library.

"Miffy" - A helper, Price.

Prefects 1936-37

Boys:

Firman (Head Boy), Allen, Bailey, Binks, Clayton, Fletcher, Gladwyn, Gleave, Mellars, Nuttall, Pointon, Walker, Wilson L.

Girls:

D. Watson (Head Girl), M. Berry, M. Cunningham, B. Goddard, E. Harris, K. Himsworth, M. Ineson, A. Jenkinson, K. Lawton, W. Morley, V. Parkinson, E. Stamp, R. Sterry

Julius Caesar

The Osiris Players came to perform 'Julius Caesar' on November 16th., but somehow their acting was not up to its usual high standard. The whole School attended, and although they enjoyed parts of the play, especially the ghost scene, much criticism was aroused. We publish some of this. Naturally we regret that the audience were not satisfied, but we feel sure that our School Certificate candidates, for whom it was especially done, will have gained more from their discussions and disapprovals than from a passive acquiescence in a good show.

Form II

The scene I liked most was the scene in which the ghost of Caesar appeared. I liked it most because of the beautiful lighting, which helped to make the ghost look frightening and more than ever the way in which he walked in, for a minute or two before he entered, his shadows slowly formed up on the wall at the back. This shows good thinking out on the part of the persons who controlled the lights; I thought it was a good effect.

R.H.

(Ghosts do not usually have shadows, we believe.)

The lighting and effects were fine in the ghost scene, but Brutus was not alarmed enough. If we saw a dead person walking what should we do? Not sit talking to him or her, but rush at them, from them, or shout something.

M.T.

One fault was the person who took the part of Caesar was too weak and old looking to take the part, which really needed someone with a strong and bold face. He had not the voice which had commanded armies, and conquered Britain. Calpurnia seemed too young to have married Caesar. I thought she would have married a better-looking and much younger man. When the servants slept, I think they ought to have gone to a small bed of straw or something. They ought not to have slept in the same room as their master. It indicated a lack of manners.

Form V - School Certificate Form.

Caesar should have had a better figure - mentally and physically in proportion to Brutus. The pictures we see of Caesar show him big, powerful and arrogant. He looked common-place beside Brutus. Cassius was undoubtedly the best of the cast, a sly and cunning man, determined to reach his aims whatever the circumstances. Particularly did I notice Cassius in the murder scene when Antony was speaking over Caesar's body, he was standing clenching the dagger in one hand and the other fist tightened as it rested on his chest - a good and very convincing attitude to the audience.

P. Va.

Julius Caesar himself was not very good and spoiled the whole atmosphere of the play. He did not seem to be a great soldier and conqueror, who had just returned from defeating Pompey. Instead he seemed an old, irritable man, who had never done anything great in his life, but thought himself the best man in the world. His great friend, Antony, was very good. He interpreted the part, as a young man, full of the joys of life until the death of Caesar altered everything. The scene of Caesar's death, after the conspirators had gone, was very real. One could feel the hatred Antony must have felt for the conspirators, and his great love and admiration for Caesar. His great speech, 'Friends, Romans, Countrymen.' was marvellous, the best delivered in the whole play. Antony was much the best character. Brutus too was very good, although at first he seemed rather old, as I had imagined Brutus a young man. But later on, as I became used to him, I thought he was a good Brutus - an honourable Brutus.

E.M. Vb

The pleading of Portia should have been ended in tension by the entrance of Ligarius. Anyone who had not read the play would be under the impression that Brutus told Portia of the plot and that either she did not protest or he did not listen, whereas he never told her.

S.C. Va

The soothsayer, I think, was the poorest character. The fellow when brought in seemed half-afraid and cowed at the sight of Caesar. Should not a soothsayer be a person who is unafraid and used to speaking to society? If he shivered and seemed afraid at the sight of the person to whom he was giving advice, it would not be much use for him to take up that trade.

H.J. Va

Caesar himself was, I think, too old, thin and not at all regal or noble. One would not imagine that type of individual holding great armies in check, and defeating great men such as Pompey. There was not nearly enough emphasis put on his egotistical and overbearing character. He should have been very high and mighty and quite strong looking, in spite of his years. He did not show up very well in the Calpurnia scene. There could not have been a better Mark Antony. He really acted his part as though he were Antony. In the murder scene, and the pulpit scene, he excelled in his emotions for Caesar. But, in the pulpit scene, I do not think he showed his tremendous personality quite enough by merely yelling at the top of his voice. His gestures were very good, and he emphasised 'honourable' enough.

C. Va.

The play was acted by seven people. The fact that there were so few actors does not mean that the play was any less successful; nor does the fact that they were all actresses necessarily mean that it might have been better. So few characters appearing at a time rather gave the effect that there were more to come, and the mob which could not be seen was so enthusiastic that there might have been hidden any number, not just five people. The entrance of Caesar was not triumphal enough, he had not an imposing appearance, but made an effort to portray the right spirit although he could not appear young enough, nor was he able to convey that sense of power which one expected of Caesar. His weaknesses were shown up by Antony, who fitted his part better. Brutus expressed more feeling than the others; though he could not have been himself as might the 'noble Brutus' have done. He

portrayed Brutus' altruism and lack of cowardice admirably. He was apt to be moody rather than single-minded, sincere and somewhat obstinate. Indeed, had Antony been Brutus and Cassius Caesar, it would have been better balanced. Caesar might have shown more power and domination (morally and physically). Cassius was so 'human', as Caesar might have been. Cassius did not show his awe of Brutus' moral superiority and did not show his envy of Caesar enough (perhaps because Caesar, the actor, could not inspire envy). Antony, the actor, did not speak ironically enough when he might have done. This play impresses one as worth more skilful interpretation than that which was given it.

M.A. Vs.

A Visit to France.

"The boat train for France via Newhaven and Dieppe leaves at ten o'clock, number one platform." This is what I heard as I pushed my way through the huge crowd at Victoria Station. After being knocked this way and that, I got to the ticket barrier. I quickly passed this and rushed for a seat in the train, which was getting full up although it was only five minutes to ten.

After travelling for two hours we arrived at Newhaven where the Channel Boat awaited us, with steam up, ready for its crossing to Dieppe. Those people who thought they were going to be seasick were sitting near the deck rails with long and haggard faces. When I had passed safely through the Customs, not forgetting to have my passport stamped, I heard a French railway porter shouting "Le train pour Rouen a droite. " I then selected a comfortable seat near the window where I was able to watch the French countryside pass quickly by.

With a screech and a hiss of steam the wheels of the train stopped, I was at last at my journey's end, Rouen, where my friend was waiting for me at the ticket barrier. He greeted me with. "Bonjour monsieur, avez-vous fait bon voyage?" and a shake of the hand. To my surprise I found I had to go on a noisy tramcar which did not go very fast but seemed to be clang-clang-clang all the time. At last I found myself in a very comfortable chair drinking a cup of hot coffee, with my French friends seated round me, asking me hosts of questions.

Every evening at 7.30 p.m. dinner was served. We had soup first, then meat and vegetables, followed by sweets and coffee. Once the rest of the family had snails, which they said were very tasty, but I refrained from trying them. While we were eating this dinner, cider and wine were served and sometimes champagne. During and after dinner, they always discussed politics and events of the day, whilst smoking a cigarette which smelt just like our cigars. At ten o'clock we went to bed unless we went to the Casino or to the Cinema. I thought the Cinema was very funny; there was an afternoon and an evening show. Half way through the picture they had an interval, when everyone present rushed out to drink wine.

The shops in France are very fashionable and on every large step window one sees printed "English spoken". I saw on many windows "English" spelt without a capital letter. I would advise people who eat a lot of sweets not to go to live in France because sweets which would be cheap in England, cost one shilling a quarter in France.

Rouen is a magnificent city. Two of its most famous sights are the place where Jeanne D'Arc was held prisoner and the place where she was burnt. The Cathedral of Rouen is a beautiful building and its stained glass windows are lovely. It has three steeples, all built at different times. One can climb the centre one and get a fine view of the city and the river.

Jean, my friend, told me that he did not like the English Sundays, because there was nothing to do. In France, after early morning Mass, Sunday is a holiday. First you see the women-folk going to market, then in the afternoon the men-folk go to football matches (football matches are only played on Sundays and it is a very crude unskilled game that they play). Their wives, meanwhile, go to the cinema. In the evenings they enjoy themselves in the cafes drinking wine and listening to dance bands playing the latest music.

My holiday seemed to pass very quickly, for there was always something new to see and learn. One of my greatest thrills was coming from Rouen to Dieppe travelling in the auto-railway. This is a streamlined train driven by electricity which travels at 90 miles per hour all the time. The sea was very calm for both my channel crossings. I arrived home safely after eighteen hours' travelling. I am now eagerly awaiting my next visit to France.

" Micky ", Price.

Holidays

Holidays nowadays can be much more varied and interesting than they were twenty years ago, and, on the other hand they may be duller and more stereotyped than the working-day. Thousands of people, crowded together in popular seaside resorts, miss the true recreation gained in more secluded places. They miss the thrill of achievement experienced by the climber as, at last, he tops the mountain and looks down on the valley below. They miss the primitive joys of camping which compensate, to some extent, for the bonds of civilisation, that hold us so firmly the rest of the year. They miss the exhilaration of watching a raging sea alone, or of lying peacefully in sunlit rocky coves. But the sixteen-year-olds, at any rate, seem to be catching some of these joys. Let Vs speak for itself.

A

"It was not long before the foot of the mountain was reached, but we could not see the top because of a mist which was hanging over it. Slowly we made our way up the slope and very soon we reached the top. The clouds were low and an exhilarating wind, was blowing them along past us, almost sweeping us away too. On account of the mist, the view was not too clear, but we just managed to see Scotland very faintly in the distance. We stayed as long as we could, looking at the neighbouring hills and very soon made our way down. We next explored Sulby Glen, a delightfully natural place, but not for people who have difficulty in getting about, because there are some steep hills to climb. There are lovely trees and mosses, and it has a quiet, peaceful atmosphere, different from the bracing air of the mountain, for not a thing seems to be stirring. We wandered about for a while on

the grassy slopes on which a few sheep were grazing. Everything was peaceful, there was not a house in sight. After resting for a short time we made our way back. We managed, after walking for a long time, to reach the spot where the bus was waiting to take us back, up a narrow rocky road, to where we should catch a tram for the town."

B

"We set off on Sunday morning at 11.00 a.m. George said he would be ready at 9.30 but then, he never was very punctual. It was a fine day, almost the first we had had up till then, so we were very lucky. We were going on George's tandem which, when we set off, looked like an ironmonger's and tailor's shop rolled in one. Our first stop was to be at Markham, a tiny village in Nottinghamshire, where fortunately, another aunt and uncle lived. We trundled along steadily through Doncaster with plenty of traffic to keep us company. Unfortunately the back tyre went flat and we heard the bumping metallic noise which all cyclists, I am sure, must detest. This stop delayed us but we landed at Markham in the late afternoon. You can be sure that when we went to bed we slept soundly."

C

"In Malvern, the roads twist through the town and glide between green fields passing by the tiny black and white cottages. Thick woods cover some of the hills, and boulders others. Encircling the brow of the Herefordshire Beacon are the lines and entrenchments of a British camp. When the sun sets behind the ragged stones, who ever lies in the shadow cast by it, is doomed to die that same year. One longs to reach the highest pinnacles to gaze onto the plains: to see the Severn (a gleaming silver ribbon) winding its way through the towns and villages: and Bredon Hill, and beyond, the Cotswolds, rising out of the plains, the clouds piling up behind them like active volcanoes. Almost every cottage owns an acre of land or more, and each one has an orchard. In the open fields there are often groups of fruit-trees, or stray 'egg-plum' trees in the hedges. We were very sorry to leave the little timber cottages and blue hills for the grimy atmosphere, tall brick chimneys and black pit-tips of England further North."

D

"That night, we decided not to cook our own meals, so we bought fish and chips, and retired to bed for a good night's rest, or so we thought. We had scarcely settled down, when with surprising suddenness the wind began to rise and clouds of sand began to rattle on the canvas: it became worse and worse, and under the driving gale the sand made a continuous crackle on the tent side. Every now and then the wind, got underneath the tent and made it crack like a whip, much to our consternation, but we were to be very much more concerned before the dawn broke! The wind by now was a continuous howl and, we were wondering how our little store-tent was faring, so I looked outside the tent flap and was immediately met by a hail of stinging sand full in the face, so shutting my eyes, I strained to see if the other tent was safe, and thank heaven it was! As if the wind was not enough, it began to rain, and rain it did, in one solid sheet! It drove through the tent flap, and we had to rig up a spare ground-sheet to stop it, then the aluminium pegs at the edge of the tent pulled out and a regular cascade of sand piled in, and that night we ate sand. How ever we survived that night I don't know. Next morning we got up early expecting to have a good breakfast of ham and eggs, but alas for our hopes, the gale was still raging. In spite of using a box of matches and all kinds of ingenious arrangements to shield the stove it was blown out immediately, and so instead of a warm breakfast, we had bread and marmalade".

E

"From Kendal, through delightful scenery, green and brown mottled hills, with touches of purple, we made our way to Windermere. At Windermere we turned down old grey streets, with a tree here and there, to Bowness. When we reached Bowness, we left the car and boarded a steamer (of sorts) and sailed across Windermere. The scenery from the lake was impressive, wooded slopes stretched upwards to the sky; hills could be seen behind these, with their summits wreathed in clouds, the green of the trees was broken by grey rocks bespattered about the hillside. At one point, close to the lakeside fluttered a Union Jack, standing proudly over a Scout Camp, while further along were boat-houses built in the shelter of overhanging trees. At the lakeside we had a meal, and then went back along the lake to Bowness".

F

"By this time we were nearing Flamboro', and when we looked either to the left or right we could see the sea, but looking straight forward we could see what looked like a very old whitewashed tower; actually it was what had once been Flamboro' lighthouse. After we had passed this tower we caught our first glimpse of the important-looking modern lighthouse. We walked over the cliffs to the lighthouse and then we went inside it. There seemed to be hundreds of stone steps to climb to the top, but eventually we did land there; to get into the very little room at the top, however, where the lamps were, we had to climb about half a dozen steps which were practically perpendicular. The marvellous view which we had, more than compensated for the climb; one could see miles out to sea and amongst other landmarks, which we could make out, was Scarborough Castle. The oil lamps inside the lamp-room of the lighthouse were half a million candle power, the light flashed every three seconds and could be seen for twenty miles out at sea. There seemed to be hundreds of glass prisms which reflected all the colours of the rainbow, and everything was spotlessly clean and shining bright."

G

"When we are on the North-East Coast we always spend a day at Thornwick Bay. It is hidden away among the cliffs which stretch from Dane's Dyke, past Flamborough, past Bempton, right on into Scarborough. We reached the Bay as the tide was on the ebb. The two men of the party, my brother and myself, climbed up onto the rocks above the water, and watched the waves dash along the cliffs and break into millions of pieces. Across from us was a small island, which was joined on to the main "terrace" below the water level. The high waves broke on the island sending spray about sixty feet into the air. As it fell back, it rushed through the narrow channel between the main cliff and the rock and formed a magnificent waterfall. We watched this gorgeous pageant of waves dash madly up to the rocks and finally roll up the pebbly beach, for ages it seemed. We waited until the water was a little farther out and then we went across and sat on the lowest terrace we dare, so that the sea came up beneath us, often splashing us, which of course we enjoyed."

H

"There were six of us in two tents, and as we had plenty of room, so that there should be no quarrelling everybody took his turn in cooking the meals. Two prepared breakfast, another two prepared dinner, and the remaining two the tea, and if you did not have any supper in town you had to get it for yourself at camp, or go without. We mostly kept together or in twos. There was one boy who could not resist the temptation of the fairgrounds. Every evening or nearly every evening, he went to the fairgrounds, and there he spent no end of money. The last day he spent ten shillings on amusements alone. Another of the party had a mania for rowing and boating. Every morning he went rowing on the lake, and every afternoon he went on the sea. As for myself, I had no special pleasure, and went first with one and then with another of my friends. The five days seemed to go in no time, and before long we had scrambled into 'bed' (if I may use that word) for the last time, and realised that our holiday was over for another three hundred and sixty five days. What a wait!"

(We are inclined to agree - Ed.)

Contributors in order of appearance (so to speak):- Alice Rogerson (Holgate), Moore (Price), Margaret Austin (Price), Williamson (Talbot), Park (Price), Mary Sykes (Price), Audrey Jenkinson (Price) and Robinson (Holgate).

School Visit to the Engineering Works

On Saturday, December 5th., 1936, some hardy members of the Sixth and Fifth Forms, braved the cold, the rain, and the snow, and cycled fourteen miles to Chapeltown. Some (dare we say) less hardy members of the School went by car. At Chapeltown we were shown over the very extensive works of Messrs Newton Chambers and Co. The works include vast pattern-making, machining and moulding shops, a coal mine and a blast furnace. The firm produces its own gas and electricity, and employs about six hundred men.

In the pattern shop we saw cunning operations performed on wood with a speed and accuracy that astounded us. We pictured ourselves laboriously performing similar operations with key-hole saw and file. In the machine shop, gigantic lathes, drilling and planing machines were observed. One boring machine, costing four thousand five hundred pounds, was almost human. In the casting shop it was intensely interesting to see the molten metal being poured into moulds, also to see the very heavy castings being picked up as easily and delicately as if they were one pound weights. (Here, we thought we were going to lose Turner, as a moulder attracted by his merry face, called him over to him, and appeared as if he wanted to adopt him).

The hundred feet Blast Furnace, with molten iron pouring from its tapping hole, was an object of thrilling interest. Most of the slag was drawn off via the Slag Hole, but when the level of the iron fell below the Slag Hole, the slag had to flow out with the rest of the iron, but was prevented from flowing into the 'pig' beds by a sand barrier. The molten metal flowed along long channels into special sand beds, where they formed 'pigs' about four inches in diameter, four feet long, and weighing about one hundredweight. The ore used came chiefly from Lancashire and yielded about twenty seven per cent of iron. The proportion of ore to coke in the furnace was about four to one, with a sprinkling of lime. Conveyors took this load to the top of the furnace and deposited it round the bell. The bell was lowered by a lever below, so that no man was required on the charging platform. Instruments showed that the 'blast' pressure was about fifteen pounds per square inch, and the temperature of the air entering the furnace was eleven hundred degrees Fahrenheit and air leaving at the top three hundred degrees Fahrenheit. The hot furnace gasses heated the hot air to the blast. Gasses given off, chiefly carbon monoxide, were used to drive the huge double-acting, four thousand horse power electricity producing plant, and for heating boilers for steam engines. The furnace went for seven years continuously without going out. It then needed re-lining. It produced seventeen hundred tons of iron weekly.

We were pleased to learn that the firm was full up with orders. In fact men were working on night shifts and Sundays. Most of the men were on piecework, and, without overtime, appeared to be able to earn about four pounds weekly.

Letter received from old pupils

We, that is the draft of seven, left Southampton on October 29th and after passing down the Solent were soon leaning over the side watching the lights of several seaside resorts glide slowly by in the night. The first night out we ran into a storm, the old boat rolled, and once it started it never ceased until we were passing through Port Said harbour. The first two days' sailing were quite uneventful, but we were just going to bed on the third night when we had a scare. Spanish seaplanes were flying overhead and at regular intervals they dived down on the ship to find out if she belonged to the rebels. When the seaplanes flew off we saw in the distance the light from Cape Finisterre. For the next thirty-six hours we saw many famous places such as Cape St. Vincent, Cape Roca, Cape Trafalgar and last but by no means least the Rock of Gibraltar. We did not call at Gibraltar, but carried straight on to the North of Malta, and then sailed straight to Port Said where we were for about eight hours. We left Port Said at about seven in the morning so that we passed through the Suez Canal in broad daylight.

The canal was quite interesting as there were many sights to see such as the memorial to the soldiers who fell in the Great War. All along the canal there are stations, which are really signalling bases, and if there is a boat on the canal between that station and the next, the boat going the opposite direction has to wait until the canal is clear. It took our boat thirteen hours to get through although the distance is only one hundred and five miles. After leaving Port Tewfik we sailed for a couple of days in the Red Sea before disembarking at Port Sudan. At Port Sudan we only had to wait ten hours for the train which runs once a week. It took thirty hours to do the train trip, all we saw was sand and more sand. Khartoum is not as big as I thought it would be; the junction of the two Niles is a fairly large affair but the thing that strikes one most is the size of the surrounding towns. Omderman is about six times the size of Khartoum but it is never marked on a map. Last week I went on a trip round the Sudan. We had to take the American Naval Air Attache in London round the Sudan. We visited Sorras Malakal, Voladi, Dilling and El Obeid. This trip was well over eleven hundred miles, and it took two days. The routine here is quite different from the English routine, we rise at 5.00, go to work at 5.15; work continues until 8.00 when we adjourn for breakfast. At 9.00 we return to work until 11.30 when we finish for the day. It is quite warm here, although it is only winter the temperature often rises to one hundred and five degrees.

J.R. Jacques

R.A.F., Cranwell.

Butler and I are training as Wireless Operator Mechanics and we know it! We have eight hours per week at Morse (sending and receiving) and we have nine hours on Square (Drill). We begin rifle drill on Monday but our N.C.O's are very good and not at all like the cartoonist's idea of a fire-eating Sergeant Major! We have no Sergeant Majors in the Royal Air Force. We have a colour hoisting parade every Monday and Wednesday, and a wing parade on Saturdays.

R. Armitage A/A.

We get quite a lot of School here but it is of a different type to that which we obtained at the old School. We get seven hours per day School but the only subjects we get are Mathematics, Mechanics, Science, English and Morse. I think Armitage has told you we get eight hours a week Morse Code practice, so there is no need to dwell on that subject. There is one subject which we are not unduly sorry to miss, and that as you may guess is French, but we are sorry to lose the Chemistry lessons we enjoyed so much with Mr. Shiells. Life here is very different from that the magazines and papers would have you believe, the N.C.O's and officers work with you instead of constantly chasing you about.

H. Butler A/A

Hockey Notes

The 1st. XI began the season with five new members, so that consequently their record has not been quite so outstanding as last year's. However, the team's combining has improved, greatly, and we hope for more victories. We have this season a new hockey captain, Beryl Goddard, and many thanks are due to her for the able way in which she fulfills her duties. The 2nd. XI has been entirely reorganised and is shaping very well, aided by their captain Dorothy Whincup. It will be perceived by the following table of results that play has, if nothing else, been satisfactory.

	Played	Won	Lost	For	Against
1st. XI	8	4	4	22	23
2nd. XI	4	2	2	8	4

In conclusion we wish to thank Miss Harrison for her enthusiastic help and encouragement, and also Miss Shortridge, who has so often given her valuable time and services as coach and referee.

Cricket Results held over from last term

Date	Played at	Opponents	School
May 9th.	Normanton	Normanton 128	Hemsworth 106.
May 16th.	Hemsworth	Castleford 89	Hemsworth 100 for 6.
June 6th.	Wakefield	Thornes House 85	Hemsworth 25.
June 10th.	Ossett	Ossett 100	Hemsworth 58.
June 27th.	Castleford	Castleford 59	Hemsworth 51.
July 4th.	Hemsworth	Normanton 68	Hemsworth 100.
July 18th.	Hemsworth	Thorne 43	Hemsworth 50 for 2.
July 22nd.	Hemsworth	Parents XI 79	Hemsworth 81 for 6.
July 25th.	Ackworth	Ackworth 75 for 1	Hemsworth 74

Rugby Notes

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against
1st XV	7	3	4	-	93	77
2nd XV	6	2	3	1	74	85

We, as a team, heartily thank Mr. Manning for his loyal direction of our rugger affairs in the past, and welcome Mr. Nelson whose unflinching enthusiasm is a notable feature. Owing to several members of last year's team leaving School, we have had to try several rather 'raw' enthusiasts. We have however found everyone eager, so that with practice and consistency we hope to show good results by the end of the season. What we feel most in need of at present is a better field and more supporters; everyone knows that 'cheers' may change the result of a match.

Calendar

Jan. 13th. (Wednesday)	Spring Term begins.
Feb. 1st.	Marks and Orders.
Feb. 19th.	General Knowledge Examination.
Feb. 22nd.	Mid-term holiday.
Feb. 23rd.	Marks and Orders.
Feb. 23rd - March 3rd.	Forms VI and V Examination,
March 11th,	Pontefract Choir Competitions.
March 15th.	Marks and Orders.
March 17th, 18th.	Staff Play
March 22nd.	Inter-House Dramatic Competition.
March 24th.	Term ends.
April 15th. (Thursday)	Summer Term begins.