

1. Malham Tarn Field Centre 29/03/61



L-R: Michael Cuthbert, Jacqueline Leonard, John Morrissey, Miss. Ward, Norman Hughes, Geoffrey Allen, Roger Toft

On Wednesday, 29th March, the Upper Sixth Geography group, accompanied by Miss Ward, travelled to Malham Tarn Field Centre in N. Yorkshire to spend a week there in studying the geography of the Craven limestone district, along with about forty other sixth form, students from a variety of schools as far a field as Kent and Devon. Apart from the wind and rain, and by no means the least of our troubles, the snow, we spent an extremely pleasant and informative week. No-one, I am happy to report, sustained any serious injury. Miss Ward, however, made a very brave figure as she courageously, albeit somewhat moistly, struggled up Gordale waterfall, amidst cheers of encouragement which re-echoed down the length of the gorge. Perhaps the only other incident of note was Easter Sunday's escapade in Attermire Cave, but from modesty our reporter will not pursue this subject further. In small groups of 4 or 5, we were sent out unaccompanied and unsupervised on Tuesday, in the teeth of a raging blizzard, I might add, to study various geographical problems. The resulting reports which were delivered to the rest of the students and the instructors in the evening were both humorous and instructive. Have you ever tried studying soil creep down mountain slopes in 4 inches of snow?

Geoffrey Allen

Comment:
The Geography field trip to Malham, Easter 1961. At the Attermire Cave a boy from another school dropped his torch and yelled. The HGS group, shepherded by Kath Ward, heard this yell, and Gubby set off to the nearest farm to get help. Before long Mountain Rescue were called. A reporter from the Yorkshire Post appeared, and the incident was resolved. However, in the resulting account, the wording of his story was so poor that it sounded as if it were Gubby who was "stuck". The paper reached Hemsworth before the school party's return. Mrs. Allen read the story and fainted, and you can only imagine the reaction of the Head! Hot phonecalls all round.

Sheila

2. Hockey Visit to London 1962



About forty hockey enthusiasts left Hemsworth by coach on the dismal misty morning of Saturday, March 10th for the International Hockey Match- England v. USA. However, with the prospect of a sight-seeing tour of London before the match, the atmosphere on the coach anything but matched the gloomy Met. Office report, or gave away the secret of the early hour. The juniors segregated at the front chattered unceasingly whereas the interest of the seniors at the back was focussed on a sixth form coiffure. Arriving in Newark, we were surprised at the sparsely populated town, but the early morning workers showed greater surprise at a party of tourists at 7.30 a.m. Then back to the A1 with a mixture of ever-changing scenery, and transistor radios and food to occupy our thoughts. Time passed quickly, and our next stop at New Baldock, only thirty miles from London, saw excitement mounting, especially as for many of the party this was their first visit to the Metropolis. So much to see - the Welsh Guards parading, Westminster Abbey, watches to check with Big Ben, the Houses of Parliament, Trafalgar Square, and pleas to stop and feed the pigeons, disappointment at the waterless fountains, Buckingham Palace (would the flag be flying?), the West End theatres and hotels and the cosmopolitan population with their renowned bowler hats and furled umbrellas.

We reached Wembley Stadium at 1.30 p.m. and the forecast rain presented itself in the form of a persistent drizzle. However, complete with rosettes and programmes, we found our seats and proceeded to voice our exuberance with the help of a military band, song sheet and the other 55,960 spectators. The match started at 3 p.m. The England team having reigned supreme for eleven years at Wembley seemed set in their familiar style as a goal by Janet Ruff set scarves waving madly but soon the small band of USA supporters were able to repeat our procedure and nerves were on tenterhooks as two further English goals were disallowed. USA were to score next, early in the second half but then as England scored twice less than ten minutes from the end of the match we were ahead at last. The USA, however, did not know the meaning of impending defeat, and with only seconds to the final whistle Dunn scored her second goal to make the score 3-3.

Then back to the coach, with damp clothes and hoarse voices, incredulous that it was all over apart from the journey home. We turned once more to our song sheets this time with a member of staff ably taking over as conductor from Ralph Reader. We made a stop about thirty miles south of Newark, not planned but decided quite unreasonably by the front tyre of the coach which punctured and delayed us by an hour. Cold, tired but happy we reached Hemsworth again with time only to stake our claim for a seat on the coach next year. I would like to thank all the staff who accompanied us, and especially Miss Musgrave for making all the arrangements.

Janet Davies LV1S (Price)

3. Easter Geographical Excursion 1964



The last morning of the spring term this year saw six members of the sixth-form geography groups (Susan Bristow, Ruth Horn, Kay Styring, John Blake, Evison and Thacker) ready to depart for a weekend in North Wales accompanied by Miss Ward and Mr. Minards. The journey was by car, and we made quite good time until - disaster - Miss Ward took the lead, "by-passing" Chester. If we had not overtaken her, and shown her and her fellow-passengers how to read a map, they would probably have arrived at Liverpool instead of Llandudno.

Immediately after we had arrived Mr. Minards stepped into his role as organiser and had us marching briskly along Llandudno Promenade to the Great Orme at the far end. Several hours later we could be seen walking (less briskly) back, after having carefully studied the limestone features to be found on the promontory. From our vantage point on Great Orme we had also been able to distinguish certain coastal features in the vicinity of Conway.

Saturday morning found us setting out, complete with haversacks and packed lunches for a day in Snowdonia. This was to be our day of physical features, glacial in particular. We made several halts for us to sketch and Mr. Minards to photograph interesting characteristics of glaciation. Eventually, however, we reached the trough-end at the limit of Nant Ffrancon valley where the party split up - Mr. Minards taking the three boys up to Wyn Bocklwyd, and sending the girls with Miss Ward around the lower path, deeming it unsafe for us to attempt the climb. As it happened both groups met difficulties, the boys finding the climb tougher than

expected - though I dare not omit to mention that they conquered it - while we scrambled from rock to rock, unsuccessfully trying to avoid a soaking in the soggy ground.

The afternoon saw us, having left Miss Ward with the cars, tramping up the steep climb to the tarn which lies at the foot of Snowdon's pyramidal peak. The tarn was the limit of our trek. We returned to Miss Ward, finding her in an advanced state of shock after being attacked while sleeping (in the car) by a couple of sheep whom she took for Blake and Thacker. That evening some of the group took the opportunity of seeing "Move over Darling" at the local flea-pit.

No day of rest for us on Sunday, we were split into two groups and sent off to survey the Conway Valley at two different points. While the six of us tramped for miles questioning, sketching, taking notes, the older members of the party cruised around in comfort. We saw features of river capture at Conway Falls, and noted settlement patterns, together with the agricultural and industrial activities of the area. A little historical geography was included in Sunday's programme when our group visited a neolithic burial chamber at Capel Garmon, and again next morning when the whole party went to the ruins of the Roman Fort at Conviviam, studying farming on the way. Next stop was in front of Dolgarrog Aluminium Works where we were turned out of the cars, given a series of questions and pointers, then told by Mr. Minards to go and use our initiative to find the answers and any additional information at the works, while he and Miss Ward waited outside. We strode down to the works and were first debating which of the workers arriving for the afternoon shift we would confront with our questions, when we spotted the offices. Whether it was our charm, or simply our honest faces is still a mystery, but we found ourselves taken on a tour of the factory, personally conducted by one of the managers. It was very interesting and we gained all the information we needed.

Throughout the weekend the weather had kept fine during the days, only raining at night. Nevertheless some of us managed to take an evening 'constitutional'. However on our final day, Tuesday, the weather spoilt itself. The rain poured down. We left Llandudno, but before starting our homeward journey, we visited Conway Castle. Fortunately the rain steadied off for a while. At the castle Miss Ward took on the office of guide, having visited the castle previously, and made the tour of the buildings very interesting. The rain soon came down heavily again though, and we were forced to begin our journey home, so ending our weekend. All that remains then, is for me to thank Miss Ward and Mr. Minards on behalf of the group for making our field-study trip so enjoyable.

Ruth Horn. L.VI.A

4. Easter Geographical Excursion 1965



Three days before the end of the Spring term, the lower sixth geography group, together with three members of the upper sixth group and two girls from Ecclesfield Grammar School Sheffield, left the school for a week in Scarborough, accompanied by Miss Ward, Mr. Minards and Mr. Collette, jun. During this journey and throughout the rest of the week, the whole party was in the capable hands of Arthur, as our bus driver was affectionately known to us all - increasingly affectionately when he came into sight at the end of each days "gruelling" hike. Although the party was based in Scarborough we travelled to a different area of geographical interest in the vicinity each day. However on the first afternoon we invaded Scarborough itself, in order to study the site and situation of the town from Oliver's Mount, the climb up the steepest slope of which proved to be a true omen of things to come. This was followed by a brisk walk along the deserted beach to study the strata of Castle Cliff.

Tuesday's programme consisted of a walk from Bridlington to Flamborough in the morning, during which we noted the features of coastal erosion, and glaciation. In the afternoon we walked through the villages of Bempton and Buckton, the latter of which is one of the "lost villages" of Yorkshire, while the chief item of interest in the former was a runaway donkey, careering down the main street, with a villager in hot pursuit.

On Wednesday we were faced with the longest hike of the week, which consisted of a walk from Scalby to Ayton over the scarp slope of the North Yorkshire Moors and along the Forge Valley, in order to observe the glacial drainage diversion of the River Derwent and the farming area. By the afternoon this walk had proved too much for two of the party, who shall remain nameless, who retired to accompany Arthur whilst the rest of us battled on foot in the wake of Mr. Minards, who surprised us by being so energetic at his age.

The following morning we visited Whitby, where, in addition to studying the town and the cliff strata, we were given a conducted tour of the ruined abbey by Mr. Collette, who had craftily memorised the official guide book a few minutes earlier. In the afternoon the party was split into groups of four, each group being mercilessly deserted in a small village on the moors and told to survey it before the bus called for them later. These surveys proved to be particularly successful, though the methods by which the information was extracted from the somewhat non-plussed inhabitants have not yet been disclosed and there is at least one taxi driver in the villages who is still waiting for his fare.

On Friday morning we left for home, but adjourned on the way to study the agriculture on the escarpment of the Yorkshire Wolds. Each evening certain unfortunate individuals were democratically elected to give a short account of the geographical features encountered during the day's hike. The lecturettes were generally excellent and as 7-30 approached on Thursday night the pace at which the lectures were delivered increased considerably. After this we were free to "put Hemsworth on the map" in Scarborough in whatever manner we wished providing we had sufficient bravado to brave the groups of lonely Italians who haunted the streets.

Despite the frequent threats of mutiny from some of the more rebellious elements we all thoroughly enjoyed our field study trip and would like to thank Miss. Ward, Mr. Minards and Mr. Collette for making it possible.

K.Sandford.

5. School Visit to London July 1965



A party of third and fourth formers, accompanied by Mr. Hudson. Mr. Minards and Miss Ward, set off on Monday, July 20th for a five-days' holiday in London. Leaving Hemsworth early in the morning we travelled by coach via the M1 to Amersham just outside London. Our home for the week was to be a very pleasant country house standing in its own spacious grounds. The house was very old and we were told on arrival that it was haunted. I might add that no-one saw the Blue Lady, but many strange noises were heard at night. After sitting in and having tea, we spent a very pleasant evening at the Cambridge Theatre, in the West End, watching "Half a Sixpence", but were somewhat disappointed because the star of the show, Tommy Steele, was unable to appear due to illness.

A tour of the sights next day included Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower of London and Whitehall. We were fortunate in seeing many prominent members of the present Opposition party leaving 10, Downing Street. One of the most amusing incidents of the day was when on leaving the Abbey we found that we had managed to lose Mr. Bingley, complete with bus and packed lunches. Lunch cancelled, but undaunted, we continued with our itinerary down river to the Tower and then by tube to St. Paul's where the missing coach was waiting for us. We visited Windsor Castle and St. George's Chapel next morning and after lunch went to London Airport where after spending some time on the roof garden watching the arrival and departure of 'planes, we had a most interesting tour of the airport perimeter.

Our programme for the fourth day began with a tour of the Houses of Parliament where we were met by our M.P. Mr. Alan Beaney, who introduced us to our guide. In the afternoon the party split up, some going to the London Zoo and the others to the Planetarium and Madame Tussaud's. The Zoo proving the more popular excursion.

On Friday we reluctantly packed our bags and said farewell to the lovely mansion which had housed and fed us and provided us with entertaining evenings in the form of snooker, table tennis and croquet. The girls and some of the boys had a shopping spree in Kensington while the others had an extremely interesting visit to the National Science and Aeronautical Museums. A picnic lunch was enjoyed in Hyde Park, and the holiday was rounded off by a visit to the 351-foot-high Shell Building where we had a last long look at London from the viewing gallery on the 25th floor, 317 feet above street level.

The week was most enjoyable and we extend our thanks to the members of Staff who worked so hard to make it such a memorable and rewarding holiday.

John Foster 5A

6. Summer Course for Sixth Formers 1965



“The aim of the course is to encourage the creative and imaginative approach in studies.” A few hundred sixth formers looked uninterestedly at the Principal. Examinations were over and thoughts turned away from the man who talked of study, to the wealth of sports gear which lay where it had been thrown in the well appointed bedrooms of Bretton Hall Teacher Training College. But there would not be much time for play during the next few days. The Principal’s speech ended and we were plunged into main-course work. The work was immediately strange and exciting. The artists fought with wire and cardboard while the mathematicians explored the by-roads of their science. Needles were plied and textiles designed as the musicians discovered the art of the orchestra. Tents were pitched and canoes launched while students of environmental science delighted in the diversity of local materials. Young poets found inspiration in the most alarming ways: one was heard leaving the college at midnight on a large and speedy motor-cycle. He was inspired thus:-

“Rushing nowhere, I am so alone
Even the loudest noise fails to release me.”

No less unusual were the activities of the drama group. Dance-drama proved to be as mentally refreshing as it was physically exhausting and outwardly ridiculous. And so time passed. Hard work was interspersed with large meals of good quality and brief periods of rest. At the end of the day we were served with country-dancing and cocoa, the country-dancing being infinitely more palatable than the cocoa.

The culmination of the course was a display of work in which each group participated. The drama students performed Aristophanes’ “The Birds”. The polish of the production was not marred by the speed with which it was assembled, nor by the fact that the cast had no more than a glimpse of the script. The musicians gave us a lesson in “How to assemble a competent orchestra in four days”, and a recital of poetry - insides being thought provoking - left us with the feeling that, of all the groups, this one had gained lasting benefit.

The buildings of Bretton Hall are very modern but so carefully are they placed amid the lawns which slope down to the lakes and woods that they appear to be as deeply rooted as the trees which surround them. As deeply rooted are the achievements of the course organiser without whose care our lack of interest would never have been replaced by keenness and enthusiasm.

Cole, A. U.6.S.

7. Geography Field Trip to Llandudno - Easter 1966



Gillian Hawcroft



Margaret Beaumont

Undaunted by reports of parties lost in blizzards in Snowdonia, the Lower Sixth Geography Group, together with four members of the Upper Sixth, bravely set off to Llandudno. We were accompanied by Miss Ward, Mr. Minards and Mr. Collette, who brought the sole member of his ‘A’ level Geography Group at Ecclesfield Grammar School. Little did we know what fate awaited us. Each day we were taken by bus to various points to study the geography of the surrounding area, including settlement, farming and landforms, especially glaciated features. At night, after discussing the day’s work, we were free to “copy up our notes”.

On the first day, our feet were broken in (literally) by a brisk stroll round the Great Orme. The purpose of this was to study limestone features and the site of Llandudno. On Tuesday, Mr. Bingley drove us westwards along the coast and up the Nant Ffrancon valley. We alighted from the ‘bus and nimbly climbed up to Lake Idwal above the head of the valley. Unfortunately, at that moment it began to hail and although we sheltered behind some rocks, the storm did not abate and we were soaked to the skin. After narrowly avoiding sending out a search party for a certain member of the group, we decided to retreat to the hotel. In the afternoon, we sallied forth once more to Conway. After Mr. Collette had given us one of his famous potted histories, craftily memorised five minutes earlier from the guide book, we were set loose to question the ‘local yokels’.

The following day we studied the form of the Conway valley, including such features as river capture and rejuvenation. In a vain search for a disused lead mine, we climbed up an extremely steep hillside, the sun choosing that moment to blaze down upon us for the first and last time in the week. We walked along the hillside for a couple of miles and, due to the misguided map-reading of a certain member of staff, failed to find the correct path and had to scramble down a steep, pine-forested slope with only one slight mishap.

On Thursday, we were split into small groups, each being mercilessly abandoned in some remote spot in order to survey the surrounding area, using our newly-acquired skills. This was a profitable day for meeting local colourful characters, especially a Welsh Nationalist who, when told by one of the groups that they were doing a survey, replied "Why? You're not going to build another dam, are you?"

Before our departure for home on the final day, we stopped at Colwyn Bay to study the old course of the Conway and the present land use of the valley. After a short stop in Chester, we arrived home, foot-sore and weary, late on Friday afternoon. Contrary to the impression this account may give, we all immensely enjoyed the week and we would like to extend our thanks to Miss Ward and Mr. Minards who made it possible.

Gillian M. Hawcroft, U.6.A. Talbot

Margaret Beaumont, U.6.S. Price

8. 1967 Geography Field Study Course in Scarborough

Three days before the end of the Spring Term nineteen members of the Lower Sixth accompanied by Miss. Ward and Mr. Minards set off for five days in Scarborough, to the envy of our friends who were convinced that we were going for a holiday. Immediately after lunch in a Scarborough hotel, work began. We descended on Scarborough itself to study the site and settlement of the town. In order to get a better view of the town most of us trudged up Oliver's Mount but there were two people who managed to thumb a lift.

The second day was our most gruelling. We had to walk along the beach and cliffs from Bridlington to Flamborough to study coastal erosion and glaciation. Luckily the strong wind was blowing inland from the sea. The afternoon was taken up in studying Bempton and Buckton where the girls found a very pleasant vicar and an equally attractive farmer's son to provide them with all the information they required.

On the Wednesday we went to Whitby and although we were unable to make a tour of the Abbey because of heavy rain, Miss. Ward gave an interesting talk on its history. From there we drove off over the North Yorkshire Moors only to be abandoned in small groups with no means of escape. We had to make our way from Pickering to Scarborough, questioning yokels on the way. The following day was filled by a long hike from Scalby to Flackness, Forge Valley and Ayton. On the way we studied glacial drainage diversions and farming. The day was made more enjoyable by the pleasant weather and there was indeed only one mishap: Dixon's foot suffered a violent blow from a falling rock while he was hunting for fossils.

On Friday morning after climbing a deceptively steep scarp slope and studying the agriculture of the Yorkshire Wolds, we left the area tired but happy. We would all like to thank Miss. Ward and Mr. Minards for their tolerance and good humour in the face of our high spirits.

9. 1967 Hockey Match, England v. Ireland at Wembley



Judith Scott



Gillian Thrumble

On Saturday, 11th March a party of 38 girls, accompanied by three intrepid members of staff, travelled to London to see the International Ladies' Hockey Match, England v. Ireland. We arrived in London at midday and spent our first hour there touring round the city until it was time to set off for Wembley Stadium. Before entering the stadium we all bought our Union Jacks and rosettes. Luckily our view was good and all parts of the pitch could be seen easily. When England scored the crowd made a huge noise and screamed for more goals. Because England scored seven times the noise was deafening and the pitch of that noise so high that it obliterated the sound of the umpire's whistle. A handful of us, including Miss. Jackson, failed to find the coach after the match, but Miss Jackson provided us with hot-dogs until we could make contact with our transport. Eventually we made our way to the West End for a meal. After we had eaten we went on to the Haymarket Theatre to see "The Rivals", a play which we enjoyed very much in spite of the fact that Margaret Rutherford, the star of the production, was indisposed.

We thank Miss. Jackson, Miss. Metcalfe and Mr. Owens for organising and supervising so enjoyable a trip.

Judith Scott and Gillian Thrumble, Normans 4

10. 1968 Geography Field Trip



A FAIRY TALE!

or.... THE GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP

(If you are of a nervous disposition or intend to take Geography at 'A' level, read this story at your own risk.)

Once upon a time there was a very good geography group and its teachers decided to take the whole group on holiday as a special treat. Well, Monday, April 8th, dawned sunny and dry, and twenty eager boys and girls jumped out of bed and thought, "Yippee! To-day we go to Keswick with our favourite teachers to look at the lakes and interview the sheep!" So they went off to school bright and early, with rucksacks full of things they had been told to take, such as pens, paper, 'macs, and 'macs, and 'macs and things they had been told not to take such as flimsy shoes and thin socks. These happy children soon formed a gay group in front of the school, their innocent faces radiating their warm anticipation of the good time they were going to have (at the West Riding's expense, I might add).

Well within an hour the horse and trap full of the happy family was well past Kinsley. The children were light-hearted because only one teacher was going to travel to Keswick with them. In next to no time the pony and trap had stopped in Settle, where the children were allowed to stretch their legs, and before you could say "Mr. Parkin" it was on the cart-track again. Soon the kiddies began to unpack their soggy sandwiches and pour their coffee (often down their friends, as the cart-track was bumpy you see). The Sun was still shining in the afternoon when the pony and trap entered Keswick. The children looked at the buildings, with no cement in their dry stone walls and hoped that their hotel was not of that same design.

The driver soon found the right street, but the children were very upset when the trap emerged at the other end without anyone seeing the hotel. But the situation was saved when, on the second time down the street, a familiar figure (who could mistake it?) was seen in front of the hotel. You could tell how pleased the children were to see this man, their loveable teacher, by the joyful looks on their faces. Mr. Minards, for that was the name of the mentor, held the pony steady while everyone clambered down from the trap.

Ten minutes later everyone had either a half or a third of a room, and within half-an-hour the happy family had gathered outside the hotel, attired in traditional anoraks and boots, with pens poised, ready to set off to study the site, situation, form and functions of Keswick. And so the adventures began The jovial mentor acting as a guide conducted his charges around the area while they in turn inscribed his wise words into the pages of their notebooks. Dinner soon called the party back to the hotel and after a well-deserved repast two lucky children were chosen to tell all the others about the afternoon's findings And so the evening passed.

Next day the children did not seem so bright and eager as they had been on the Monday. Nevertheless, armed only with maps, notebooks and pens they were scattered in small groups at villages around Keswick, and left to face the locals ALONE! Their adventures are too numerous to recount in detail, but they all managed to fill their notebooks. One group had a nasty skirmish with a village postmistress, but even she was persuaded to volunteer some information, after the purchase of two four-penny stamps and a pencil. On returning to the hotel flagging spirits soared when the children remembered that on that very evening their geography fairy godmother was joining them along with Mr. Collette Jnr. And soon the looked-for two arrived in a little red car, the fairy godmother having driven there in a record two-and-a-half hours. (The children noticed with glee that Mr. Collette's hair was still on end.)

On Wednesday Mr. Minards, with devilish glee, led the whole party on a tour of waterfalls, deltas, ribbon-lakes, hanging valleys and lead mines. The brawny kiddies innocently followed their masters over many a field and glacial overflow channel. The day wore on and soon it was noticed that the elderly mentor himself was finding the going too much for his frail constitution. However, with a mighty and noble effort he laboured on and survived the walk to Watendlath Tarn, and even recovered sufficiently to conduct the evening discussion. But Fate's heavy hand fell hard on the party that night. One poor child was found to be covered with spots and the fairy godmother diagnosed GERMAN MEASLES! Everyone had to undergo a rigorous inspection before the fairy godmother, to the children's regret, set off the next morning with the spotty one, heading for home. In that way Miss Ward's day in the Lake District was brought to a close.

The children managed to cheer up on the next day when they had a special outing to Upper Borrowdale. The family split up at Seathwaite, the boys climbing Sourmilk Gill and the girls walking to Buttermere via Honister Pass. (Mr. Minards set off with the boys, but by dinner-time was jogging along with the girls.) Before the parties met at Buttermere, they had studied glacial features in detail and visited a slate quarry. The children's notebooks were beginning to wear thin. Thursday evening was again spent in the metropolis where some lucky kiddies attended a local picture show. They were interested to see that the Pathe News was dated 1966. What poor communications the Lake District has!

Friday morning came all too soon, and the tearful children left for their last trip. After seeing Castlerigg Stone Circle and summing up the historical background of the settlement in Cumbria, the family set off on its last ascent. Before long all the children were sitting on the summit of Latrig in the sunshine, remembering the last week spread out before them like a dream. Down again into Keswick where the pony and trap awaited them. Mr. Minards waved goodbye and the children gazed wistfully after him as they faded and merged into the horizon.

And they all lived happily ever after . . . well, at least until their 'A' levels!

Louise Armitage, L6A.