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Head Girl :

Heather R. Watson

Prefects :

Elizabeth Barker, Eric Charters, Elisabeth Crowther, Rosamund Downey, Brian Durno, Anthony Francis, Elizabeth Hanson, John Kirkham, Joan Lindeman, Joan Sanderson, Antony Thorp, John White, Mary Witty.

Sub-Prefects :

Judith Dallimore, Kenneth Foxton, Joyce Hudson, Beryl Sawyer, David Shaw, Derek Stearman, Jill Waddington.

House Captains :

Carlisle : Antony Thorp, Mary Witty.
Fitzwilliam : Christopher C. Clifford, Elizabeth Hanson.
Holgate : Anthony Francis, Heather Watson.
Willoughby : Derek Stearman, Joan Sanderson.

Games Captains :

Cricket : Christopher Clifford.
Tennis : Joan Lindeman.
Secretaries : Margaret Peniston and John White.

Societies :

Sixth Form Society :	Secretary : Elisabeth Crowther.
Dramatic Society :	Secretary : Heather Watson.
Field Club :	Chairman : Brian Durno.
	Secretary : Jill Waddington.
	Treasurer : Judith Peniston.
Chess Club :	Captain : Barry Marshall.
	Secretary : Michael McGuire.
Guides :	Patrol Leader : Margaret Peniston.
Young Christians Association :	
Chief Librarian :	Secretary : Stuart Bailey.
Dr. Barnardo's Charity :	Elizabeth Barker.
	Mary Witty, Joan Lindeman and Elizabeth Hanson.

The Maltonian

JULY, 1961

No. 116

EDITORIAL

As this edition of "The Maltonian" goes to press an atmosphere of relaxation and release wafts through the school. Shouts and laughter and the clocklike ticking of tennis balls over the net drift across the field. Snatches of "The Tempest" echo from the open-air stage. Blue track suits streak over the grass while some ambitious intermediate toils round and round the running track. Here and there, vivid emerald is sprinkled with the white of open-necked shirts and the pale blue of summer dresses.

The tyrant of the General Certificate has clenched the school once more in his yearly suffocating grip, demanding silence and concentration, and sending cowering candidates in despair before him. The school has borne his oppression. Awestruck children, passing the examination room, have whispered respectfully. Candidates, each morning and afternoon, have made their way towards the silent hall, some striding confidently, some with bitten lips and white fingers clutching trembling ink bottles, and others chattering and giggling, only the strained, staccato note in their voices betraying nervousness. Fewer and fewer now make the short journey. The half-yearly examinations of the lower forms are yet to come, but they cannot compete with a blazing sun and a cloudless sky. Exuberance releases taut nerves and the grass of the cricket pitch has never been greener.

The days slip by, unnoticed, each one filled with relaxed laughter and the crack of ball on bat or strings. But behind these hours of refreshment and ease lurks a question mark for those who consider leaving school this summer. They feel themselves standing and waiting, their hand on the latch of a heavy door, uncertain whether to push into the shadowy doorway or hang back a little longer in the bright, familiar surroundings of the step. The water at the deep end looks clear and inviting, but the biting lash at the fatal leap may throw up panic and tugging difficulties or, on the other hand, may quicken the senses to strike out strongly and smoothly. September may find some confidently entering University, some wriggling in after a struggle to gain acceptance. Others may return hopefully to school, fresh scholastic honours their goal; their fellows may trudge resentfully up the hill feeling they are wasting yet another precious year. As the term begins again some may find themselves far away from school, doing the work they have planned and longed for, exulting in new-found adulthood and a regular pay

packet; others may feel disorientated, despairing of ever finding work. Which destiny will be mine? The question presents itself with varying degrees of clarity to every pupil nearing the end of a grammar school education and, ironically, it rears its head at the long-awaited time of relaxation and release from study.

Patience. Nothing can be resolved until, on a certain day in August, the declaration of results supplies the curt answer. Till then, at least, self-indulgence may be excused. The intellectual yields to the sensuous and physical; sunburn soothes furrows in a wrinkled brow and disguises blue rings beneath tired eyes. Green fields and a cool sea are within reach, and time, for once, is on our side. The future may make exhausting demands but, for the moment, it must take care of itself.

E.B.

SALVETE

We welcome the following:

Form II A:

Penelope Howarth.

Form III A:

Anthony Roger Cadamy.

VALETE

The following have recently left us and we wish them Godspeed:

Lower Sixth:

Veronica Ann Byatt—G.C.E. 60. Nursing in W.R.A.F.

John Rodney Glover—G.C.E. 60. Banking at the Pickering Branch of the Westminster Bank.

Form I Aloha:

James Foulds—Transfer to Redcar.

Form IA:

Rosemary Ann Jennison—Family moved to Leeds. Transfer to Allerton Girls' High School.

RESULTS OF THE ORDINARY LEVEL OF THE G.C.E.

November 1960

Form V:

The following have all passed English Language:

Stuart Bailey, Dennis Bayes, John Bird, Peter Hagyard, Michael Harrison, Peter Jaram, Gillian Lockwood, Margaret Peniston, Laurie Roger, Patrick Youdan.

Form VI Lower (Additional Subjects):

Clifford Benson—Lang., Lit., Geog.

Brian Durno—Maths., French.

Wendy Fox—Lang., Geog., Maths.

Rodney Glover—Lang., R.I., Chem.

Barry Marshall—Lang., Phys.

David Shaw—Chem.

Margaret Ward—Lang., R.I.

Mary Witty—Biol.

Form VI Upper (Additional Subjects):

Christopher Clifford—French.

COMMENTARY

This year sees the fiftieth anniversary of the refounding of the School on its present site. As many readers will already know, the original School was at Old Malton, founded in 1547 by Archbishop Holgate of York. Like so many small Grammar Schools, struggling on devalued endowments, it ran upon evil times in the latter half of the nineteenth century and had to be closed in the final decade.

Appropriately, perhaps, for such a year, we have been a little more in touch with big events than is our custom. As every Maltonian must be now aware, it was old boy Terry Dyson who headed the second goal in the Cup Final, which gave Tottenham Hotspur "the Football double" of Cup and League, a feat unique in our century. And a month later, as all the world knows, the daughter of our Chairman of Governors, Sir William Worsley, was married in a beautiful ceremony at York Minster to His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent.

Only temporarily perturbed by such excitements, the work of the School has gone steadily on. For the seniors G.C.E. is the grand climax, but as yet, of course, we have nothing to report as to their fate. As we write, School exams bear down upon the rest of us and the junior forms must overcome, in their struggles to concentrate, not only the overwhelming heat—Mr. Martindale says "It is warming up nicely"—but also the distraction of lounging fifth and sixth formers. We warmly congratulate Heather Watson on her admittance to St. Mary's College, Durham University, to read in the Honours School of Geography. This amply justified her return for a third year in the Sixth, a practice standard in the majority of our Grammar Schools, but still a rarity here. However, the prospect of a full third year Science Sixth in September, with at least two candidates for Cambridge entrance, promises well for our academic future.

But if academically we look to the August results and beyond, on our sporting achievements we can look back with great satisfaction. The Football XI, though young and largely untried, had the most successful season for many years, good team work being their outstanding feature. The Hockey XI, also, were in good form, particularly at the North Riding rally, where we came second. Cross Country Running bore full fruit from the new lease of life brought by Mr. Lumb. The outstanding performance was by David Thackray, who came sixth in the Yorkshire Under 15 Championship and was a member of the Yorkshire side that won the national trophy. But equally satisfying was the large number of boys now interested in the sport. The Basketball side, inexperienced at first, settled into a winning combination before the end of the

season. Finally, we are happy to welcome the swimming instruction given to Form I in the Norton Baths.

Other out of school activities have been diverse, though we must regretfully say that the support of the Sixth Form has not been as enthusiastic as in recent years. The Dramatic Society, with the aid of three members of staff, presented "Murder in the Cathedral," a fine play, generously received. Now preparations are under way for a junior production of "The Tempest" on the outdoor stage. The Chess Club, reinforced with a large contingent of juniors, had an excellent season, finishing second in the York and District League, Division II. The Field Club has organised several excursions and competitions. The Sixth Form Society, alas, has only met once since Christmas. Of the smaller societies, the Photographic Society and the Guides meet regularly to indulge in their diverse enthusiasms, while the newly formed Christian Union has had several stimulating talks and discussions. Meanwhile, other less formally organised activities contribute to the proper fullness of school life. Pottery enthusiasts put in long hours in the Art Room, the Sixth Form play badminton in the gym, the Library and the Tuck Shop both report healthy turnovers in their respective commodities. As always, school dances have gone, if not with a swing, at least with a very quick quick-step. Social life has flourished, in fact, at all levels. The Sixth Form had an exhilarating round of parties at Christmas—and the Palace has done a brisk trade ever since.

Though not so often as at times past, members of the School, corporately and individually, have ranged far afield. Mr. Mason led a party of seniors to the Lake District for a few days fell-walking and rock scrambling; and a smaller party attended a course in Paris. A student from Hull University, Mr. B. O'Neil, whose term here made a very firm impression upon many of us, arranged a number of visits to places of local interest for groups of varying size. During the summer holidays there is to be a repeat of the successful trip to London of three years ago.

Two innovations remain for comment. First, the institution of transfer from the Modern School at 12+, to be welcomed as one means of helping to remove some of the injustices inevitably associated with the 11+. Secondly, the new summer dresses, equally welcomed, now worn by most of our girls.

THE HEADMASTER'S NOTES

On Sunday, June 3rd, I was able to go to Newcastle-upon-Tyne to attend the Consecration of Miss Goldberg's tombstone. This is an important ceremony in Judaism and Miss Goldberg's relatives were very glad that someone from the School was able to be present. Many of them spoke to me of the kindness which both staff and children here, and the people of Malton in general, had shown to Miss Goldberg; and I, of course, was able to share in their memories of a vital and well-loved person.

To turn to happier things, I was naturally delighted when Dr. Couper pronounced that the latest improvements to Norton Baths had brought them to an adequate standard of hygiene. This year's arrangements for swimming have had to be hurried, and only the First Forms have been accommodated; but in future years we hope to have better coverage and (who knows?) an official instructor. For the time being we shall have been satisfied with brilliantly sunny weather every Tuesday.

An important milestone was passed this spring when the Education Committee selected our School and the County Modern School as suitable for experiments with a 12+ transfer. As a result we are taking in three new pupils in September, one a brother and one a sister of prominent Sixth Formers. The often misguided attacks on the 11+ examination would never have arisen had there been proper arrangements for correcting the few errors to which any process involving human factors is prone. The 12+ and 13+ transfers will both be used for a short time, but eventually it is hoped that the latter will disappear. The 12+ pupils will join our Second Form and so will not lag behind in any way.

Mrs. Jennings leaves us at the end of this Term. Her husband is a lecturer at York St. John's, and they are going to live in York. Mrs. Jennings' inexhaustible energy and sunny nature have made her a very welcome member of staff. Her English lessons have reflected her vivid personality, and every member of the class has been constantly drawn into active participation; to our games she has devoted time and energy far beyond her formal need. For all this we are very grateful; we wish her happiness and hope that she will often be able to revisit us.

In September we shall welcome to the staff Miss M. Akeroyd and Mr. P. R. Wellard. Miss Akeroyd comes to us from Lady Lumley's School and will teach History, Girls' Games and Music. Mr. Wellard is at present taking his teaching diploma at Leeds University and he will teach English. We wish both of them a long and happy stay with us.

THE ROYAL WEDDING

How proud we were when H.R.H. the Duke of Kent announced his engagement to Miss Katherine Worsley, of Hovingham Hall, for the School has long been connected with the Worsley family. Sir William, appointed as Lord Lieutenant of the North Riding in 1951, has been Chairman of the School's Board of Governors for many years, and has always been ready to help the School in any difficulty which has arisen, and to give his advice whenever it was needed.

Miss Worsley herself, now the Duchess of Kent, also has connections with M.G.S., for four years ago she presented the prizes at Sports Day when her mother, Lady Worsley, was unable to attend. More recently, her red sports car, with her two poodles inside it, was a regular feature outside the School, while she herself took Spanish lessons in the Library.

So well acquainted with the Worsley family, we received the news of the engagement with pride and joy, and our Headmaster immediately sent our hearty congratulations to Hovingham Hall. To this we received a reply from Kensington Palace from the Lady-in-Waiting to H.R.H. Princess Marina.

"Miss Worsley has asked me to write and thank you, the staff and the pupils of Malton Grammar School, for your message of good wishes on the announcement of her engagement to the Duke of Kent, which she very much appreciated."

As the wedding reception was to be held at Hovingham Hall, Sir William very kindly invited 20 of our pupils to stand in the Riding School at the entrance to the Hall. This enabled them to have a marvellous view of the bride and groom returning, followed by the many members of foreign, as well as our own Royal Family. We are extremely grateful to Sir William for this offer and have already expressed our thanks to him.

From an eye-witness in the Riding School:

"Those of us who were lucky enough to stand in the Riding School at Hovingham Hall had a perfectly unobstructed view of the bridal procession, royalty and guests as they passed by to the reception. Shouts and cheers outside heralded the arrival of the new Duchess, but inside these melted into silence and gasps of admiration at the beauty of her shimmering fairy-tale gown. The beauty of the dress neither outshone its wearer nor the other members of the Royal Family who, all perfectly charming, walked slowly so that we could see everything.

Our moment of triumph came as Sir William turned to us and then to the Duke of Edinburgh and the Queen and said, 'These are the people from Malton Grammar School.' We curtsied modestly, but full of pride."

MARY WITTY, Lower Sixth.

All that remains for us to say is that we wish Miss Worsley and her Royal husband a very happy life together, and we hope that when they visit Hovingham Hall they will sometimes find time to visit our school.

ELIZABETH HANSON, Lower Sixth.

EDITOR'S COMMENTS

This is the fifth edition of "The Maltonian" to be produced under the present editorial management. In reply to various enquiries and observations—and even the occasional criticism—we here append a few notes in explanation of "the new look" that the magazine has come to wear.

A School Magazine is unique as a literary form, being a component of newspaper, periodical and literary journal, as well as having its special function of maintaining contact between old scholars and their school. But how often is it dull, tedious and shoddily presented? This is surely because such a magazine, by its very nature, does not have to compete for its market and can therefore neglect the basic tenet of all successful journalism, that the readers must be borne constantly in mind. Those familiar with that classic of school stories, "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's" will perhaps recall the immediate success of the unofficial "Dominican," managed by the shrewd son of a Fleet Street editor, over the stuffy and pompous official publication, completely out of touch with the realities of school life.

Thus it has been our policy, on the one hand, to make the magazine as a whole more attractive in format and content; and on the other to bear in mind the needs of all our readers—pupils, teachers, parents and Old Maltonians. The cover is firmer and brighter than of old, the pages glossier and more finely textured. The use of advertisements permits a much larger magazine, though the financial problem remains our greatest anxiety. We have arranged the magazine in sections, each under the control of Sixth Form sub-editors. Throughout, there is a lighter touch, though we hope we can be serious when the situation demands. Photographs—alas, a most expensive luxury—add meaning to articles and give glimpses of daily life about the school. We have tried to cover all aspects of school life: the pairings-off in the Sixth Form as well as Speech Day orations. By means of the correspondence column a note of friendly controversy is introduced, though inevitably less personal than would be possible in a non-institutional journal. Again, we endeavour to cater for all interests. In the present issue feature articles are prominent, particularly the Sixth Form symposium. A disappointment has been the O.M. section, for which we are necessarily dependent on the efforts of others. For this issue our news items here are so few that we are holding them over for the Christmas edition and are instead using the space for two long feature articles concerning old scholars.

Throughout, we try to remember that this is a school magazine and therefore as much of the onus as possible is allowed to fall on the pupils themselves. We are fortunate in having a large editorial committee, which is now established in a fairly smooth system of

working. Moreover, contributions from lower down the school, if up to standard, are changed as little as possible, for it is all too easy for an editor to forget that he is not just the brandisher of the red pen but rather a master of ceremonies, presenting to his readers the genuine talents of his school.

May we conclude by emphasising how much we welcome the constructive criticisms and opinions of our readers.

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SPORT

FOOTBALL

SENIOR XI:

Captain: Derek Stearman.

New Colours: M. Dixon, K. Foxton, A. Francis, J. Kirkham, P. Bulls,
M. Smith, G. Sykes.

Saturday, Jan. 21st, v Scarborough Technical College (away):
Won 3—2.

Although Scarborough attacked strongly at first, their shooting was erratic, whereas the School forwards moved the ball about well and looked very dangerous against a shaky Scarborough defence. By half-time the score was 3—0 in favour of the School. In the second half Scarborough were continually on the attack and scored two goals, one a penalty. Durno played well in defence.

Saturday, January 28th, v Whitby (home). Won 5—0.

This was a decisive win for the School. The team kept the ball on the ground and passed with great accuracy, producing attack after attack to which the visitors could find no answer. The School continued to dictate play in the second half in spite of continuous rain, with Dixon outstanding at centre-half. The scorers were Stearman (3), and Sykes (2).

Saturday, February 4th, v Huddersfield A.A.F.C. II (home):
Won 6—2.

Huddersfield began with only nine men, and the School immediately went into the lead. After an injury to another Huddersfield player, three spectators were invited to make up the numbers, and by half-time our opponents had equalised. In the later stages, however, the School was greatly superior.

Saturday, February 18th, v Easingwold (away). Won 2—1.

Play was even during the first half, with both defences on top. Easingwold took the lead, but the School drew level just before half-time. The game continued to be closely contested in the second half, but the School forwards looked more dangerous, and 10 minutes from the end Clifford scored the deciding goal.

Saturday, March 4th, v Withernsea (away). Won 7—5.

The School went into an early lead through Stearman and Smith. Withernsea fought back strongly, but at half-time the School were still leading 4—3. Play was very even in the second half, but goals by Smith and Sykes (2) made the final score 7—5.

Saturday, March 11th, v Whitby (away). Won 4—0.

Play was quite even at first, but by half-time the School began to dominate play, and made the score 3—0. With the wind in the second half, Whitby came more into the game, but the defence held out and the School managed to score once more.

Saturday, March 18th, v Thirsk (away). Lost 4—1.

Our opponents played faster football and were superior in the goal-mouth, although the School played attractive midfield football. In the second half the Malton defence was dominant, with Francis and Durno outstanding, but Thirsk broke away to score once more. Smith (M.) scored for the School.

Tuesday, March 28th, v O.M.A. (home). Lost 6—1.

Play was quite even in the first half, but at half-time the School was losing by 2—1. In the second half the O.M.A. dominated play to a great extent.

JUNIOR XI:

January 28th, v Whitby (home) Won 4-3

INTERMEDIATE XI:

February 6th, v Norton Boys (away) Won 4-1
February 18th, v Easingwold (away) Won 2-0
February 27th, v Lady Lumley's (away) Lost 6-3
March 4th, v Withernsea (away) Won 2-1
March 7th, v Castle Howard (away) Won 11-0
March 11th, v Whitby (away) Lost 4-2
March 16th, v Joseph Rowntree's (away) Won 3-1
March 18th, v Thirsk (away) Lost 8-0
March 20th, v Castle Howard (home) Won 7-0
March 22nd, v Malton County Modern (away) Lost 2-1
March 23rd, v Malton County Modern (home) Lost 3-2

HOUSE MATCHES

Holgate 0, Willoughby 4
Carlisle 1, Fitzwilliam 4
Willoughby 3, Carlisle 2
Holgate 0, Fitzwilliam 5
Holgate 1, Carlisle 0
Willoughby 1, Fitzwilliam 3
Winners: Fitzwilliam.

School 1st XI: Critique

D. THACKRAY (Goalkeeper):

Has made considerable progress this year. He handles safely both in the air and on the ground, and his distribution of the ball has improved noticeably. His chief weakness is one of temperament, in that when he does make a mistake, he tends to brood on it, and lets it affect his game.

A. FRANCIS (Left Full Back):

Came into the team for the first time this year and improved out of all recognition by the end of the season. Tackles well and uses the ball sensibly. His chief need now is greater ball control.

B. DURNO (Right Full Back):

An experienced player, he proved himself a real rock in the defence, and contributed much to the team's success. A strong tackler and particularly good with his head, he is sometimes slow in getting his forwards going after securing possession.

K. FOXTON (Right Wing Half):

A strong and persistent tackler, he gets through a great amount of work during the course of a game. A reliable player, who rarely has an off day, his chief shortcoming is lack of speed.

M. DIXON (Centre Half):

One of the youngest members of the team, he is going to be a great asset to school football for the next few years. Distributes the ball particularly well and tackles effectively, but is sometimes caught out of position.

P. ROLLS (Left Wing Half):

Another of the younger players, he possesses a cool head and uses the ball intelligently and effectively. His tackling has improved but is still a weakness.

A. KIRKHAM (Right Wing):

Has quite a turn of speed and always plays with vast enthusiasm. Better ball control would make him more effective.

D. STEARMAN (Inside Right and Captain):

A clever ball player, penetrative in attack, and possessing a strong shot, he has been the backbone of the forward line. He has also been a good Captain and must be credited with a big hand in the team's success.

G. SYKES (Centre Forward):

Has a good sense of position, and possesses quite a hard shot, but is not yet sufficiently direct in attack.

C. CLIFFORD (Inside Left):

Links up well with his half backs and is responsible for many good attacking moves. Weakest in finishing, where his shooting is rather erratic.

M. SMITH (Outside Left):

A clever ball player who frequently beats his man, he is still handicapped a little by lack of weight, which would make him more penetrative in attack.

BASKETBALL.

Captain: C. Clifford

The School Basketball Team had a fairly good season. Only one regular member of last year's team, Chris Clifford, stayed on at school, so it was necessary to re-build the side almost completely. In the early stages, this inevitable lack of experience showed itself in a tendency to over-dribble, uncertainty in passing, and indifferent shooting. As the season progressed, however, most of these weaknesses were eliminated or reduced, and a glance at the results will show how the team progressed. Regular members of the side were: C. Clifford, A. Kirkham, D. Stearman, B. Durno, A. Francis, G. Sykes, J. Bird.

RESULTS

v O.M.A., home	Won 72 - 50
v Pickering, home	Lost 20 - 28
v Evening Institute, home	Lost 43 - 45
v Evening Institute, home	Won 54 - 31
v Archbishop Holgate's G.S., away	Lost 39 - 42
v Easingwold, home	Lost 36 - 61
v Evening Institute, home	Won 59 - 45
v Evening Institute, home	Won 45 - 31
v Pickering, home	Won 32 - 25
v O.M.A., home	Won 43 - 30
v Pickering, away	Won 45 - 44

HOCKEY

Saturday, January 21st, v Mill Mount (home). Won 2—0.

This game was remarkable only because it was played in a snowstorm. Our opponents had two players missing, and the School was without its centre-forward. Nevertheless, the School team played more confidently than in the previous match against Mill Mount, and well deserved its win. Both goals were scored by Elizabeth Hanson.

Saturday, January 28th, v Thirsk (away). Won 3—1.

Sleet and a strong wind made good play very difficult, and the game was abandoned with ten minutes left to play. Scorers for the School were: Wendy Fox, Mary Witty and Wendy Bennett.

Saturday, February 11th, v St. Andrew's (home). Won 4—2.

A clean, fast game with the School on the attack almost all the time. St. Andrew's were perhaps fortunate in keeping the score down to 4—2. The team played well together, with no particular member outstanding. Anne Milner and Elizabeth Hanson each scored two goals.

Saturday, February 18th, v Easingwold (away). Won 4—3.

Another keenly contested game, with the result in doubt until the final whistle. The School took a 3—1 lead in the first half, but soon our opponents drew level and the rest of the game was a bitter struggle for the deciding goal. The defence played well, with Linda Foster outstanding. The scorers were: Wendy Bennett, Elizabeth Hanson, Mary Witty and Wendy Fox.

Saturday, March 11th

The School team went to the North Riding Hockey Rally at Cleveland Grammar School. The results were:

Malton 1, Easingwold 0.

Malton 1, Fylinghall 0.

Malton 1, Scarborough Girls' High School 0.

Semi-Final: Malton 3, Cleveland Technical College 2.

Final: Cleveland Grammar 4, Malton 0.

The Team

G.K. Linda Foster; L.B. Heather Watson; R.B. Beryl Sawyer; L.H. Joan Lindeman; C.H. Wendy Fox (Captain); R.H. Nancy Houlston; L.W. Mary Witty; L.J. Wendy Bennett; C.F. Anne Milner; R.I. Elizabeth Hanson; R.W. Elisabeth Crowther.

Reserves: Ann Byatt, Anne Stead, Susan Coulthard.

Colours were Awarded to:

Linda Foster, Elizabeth Hanson, Joan Lindeman.

Linda Foster, Mary Witty and Wendy Fox were chosen to represent the North Riding at hockey.

House Matches:

Holgate 2, Fitzwilliam 0.

Fitzwilliam 2, Carlisle 1.

Holgate 5, Willoughby 0.

Carlisle 8, Willoughby 0.

Carlisle 1, Holgate 1.

Fitzwilliam 3, Willoughby 0.

The First XI

This year's team, so successful in their season's matches, in the North Riding Trials and in the North Riding Rally, performed together like a well-rehearsed circus act of improbably mixed animals—gazelles, bears, ferrets, wild steers—and one very British bull-dog! At the beginning of the season, when this curious company was assembled, I had doubts that the gazelles would be gobbled by the bears, the ferrets trampled by the steers, and the bull-dog roused by the general mêlée. But I have rarely seen a team perform with such co-operation and inter-dependence. Strength, balanced speed; accuracy, balanced impetuosity; and each performer had something of value to contribute to the whole show.

Among the gazelles, **Elizabeth Hanson** (right inner) retained her dignity and calm, accurate play throughout. One could almost imagine her performing her graceful passes and drives to the waltz from "Coppelia." **Elisabeth Crowther** (right wing) and **Beryl Sawyer** (right back) joined her in the gazelle troupe, displaying a certain winsome grace; but they still showed signs of timidity and nerve strain under the bright lights.

Of the bears, mother bear **Heather Watson** (left back) displayed the most ferocity and strength (although sometimes her natural possessiveness impaired her judgment!). She defended her goal with a shade more zeal than **Nancy Houlston** (right half)—an intelligent, likeable performer, but not yet mature enough to differentiate between resolution and rashness. **Wendy Bennett** (left inner) was a very young bear, a cub, for this was her first season. But she performed with a well-meaning, though often clumsy, verve, cuffing the ball with enthusiastic inaccuracy.

Mary Witty (left wing) and **Joan Lindeman** (left half) were our wild steers, pounding about the arena, displaying a virtuosity of wit, weight and wiliness. Mary in particular had well trained herself in the art of accurate performance at high speed; and both could wheel and check themselves or the ball in full gallop.

Fast and furious, **Wendy Fox** (centre half and captain) and **Anne Milner** (centre forward) were the ferrets of the team. They were creatures of lightning-like speed, vicious attackers, who would snap up impossible shots. Noses down, speed up, they would streak into the attack at the slightest scent—both often overshooting their prey!

Last, and though not least important, certainly least active, was our very British bull-dog, **Linda Foster** (goalkeeper). She would stand, legs straddled, teeth bared, guarding her territory; and she would strike with terrifying ferocity and accuracy when a marauder encroached on her preserves. It is to be hoped she gets even less exercise next year, for bull-dogs should be kept fat and lazy!

I am told that some of the performers are joining other shows next season—we wish them luck, while we are, meantime, frantically hunting for replacements.

P.J.J.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING

The standard of running has undoubtedly improved throughout the school during the past season. Groups of boys—albeit on occasion small—have been out regularly, and from time to time forms of boys (and girls!) have been over the school course during games and P.E. periods. Weekly outings for the football teams were initiated by Stearman, and although this practice was allowed to lapse, nevertheless a good precedent has been set and it is to be hoped that such training will be resumed next winter.

In competition we have run against the County Modern School, Castle Howard Farm School, Lady Lumley's School, Scarborough Boys' High School, and have taken part in the North Riding Cross-Country Championships and in the Grammar Schools Competition.

A very high standard of running has been set by Thackray, who has improved his performance most markedly by continual practice, both in training and in competition. Clifford and Smith M. have outstanding ability and have produced impressive performances on occasion. One of the newcomers to running, Delaney, made a big improvement during the second half of the season; his conscientious training served him in good stead in the Grammar



The start of the inter-house Cross country Championship.

Schools Competition, in which he gained a very creditable place. Lower down the school, support has not been lacking, and it has been particularly enjoyable to see the enthusiasm of a small group of boys in 1 Alpha.

Some of the outstanding individual results are as follows: N.R.C.C.C. held at Whitby: Smith M. second, Thackray third in the Junior Group; Clifford fourth in the Senior Group. These boys all represented the North Riding in the Yorkshire Championships and were awarded North Riding Colours. Y.C.C.C. held at Halifax: Thackray sixth, Smith M. eighth in the Junior Group. Thackray was awarded Yorkshire Colours and was chosen to represent Yorkshire in the National Championships at Peterborough, where he received a National Certificate and, as a scorer of the winning County Team, a winner's medal. Grammar Schools Competition, held at Guisborough: Clifford second in the Senior event. In this race Clifford broke the existing course record. In the Junior Group Jackson seventh and Hull eleventh showed considerable ability and courage under the severe course.

Inter-House Cross-Country Championship

Once more Fitzwilliam were too strong for the other Houses and romped home with a total score of 39 points. Holgate were second, an improvement on last year's position, with a score 62. Carlisle, who scored 76 points, were third, whilst Willoughby were again last with a total of 144.

Keen competition for the individual title was expected, but in the event Clifford had the bad luck to develop a stitch and could manage only third place behind Smith M. and Thackray. Thackray's time of 15 minutes 35 seconds was better by 27 seconds than the previous record, which Smith also beat by 12 seconds.

Individual results:

1 Thackray; 2 Smith M.; 3 Clifford; 4 Jackson, Sykes; 6 Durno; 7 Delaney; 8 Kirkham; 9 Peacock; 10 Marshall, Rolls; 12 Hull, Rynehart, Smith J.; 15 Crosby; 16 Tuke; 17 Foxton; 18 Foster; 19 Hopwood; 20 Hayyard, Bird; 22 Newton, Charters; 24 Hanson; 25 Glasspool; 26 Ruston, Hill; 28 Kirby; 29 Bosomworth; 30 Reed; 31 Dixon; 32 Milner; 33 Varley; 34 Rex. Not finished, Roger. Absent, Farnell.

R.W.L.

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SCHOOL SOCIETIES

THE SIXTH FORM SOCIETY

The Society has fallen upon evil times. Attendance this year has been increasingly small and irregular, speeches too often badly prepared and poorly delivered. The members of staff concerned, and the rest of the committee, finally wearied of the cajolings and promptings that each debate involved, and only one, very short, meeting has been held since Christmas.

If members of the Sixth Form consider that the imbibing of sufficient facts to pass three 'A' level subjects is the sum and total of their Sixth Form education, then there is no need of such a Society as this. But if they want to prepare themselves for the public speaking that so many careers involve, and if they wish to train their minds by argument on the issues of the day, then such a Society has a valuable part to play in school life, as is the case in the great majority of reputable grammar schools in Britain today, very frequently the Society being entirely organised by the Sixth Formers themselves.

It is very much to be hoped that next year's Sixth Form—particularly the Upper Sixth, from which any initiative should come, will show a more positive approach in this matter.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Under the watchful eye of Mr. Bratt, the Photographic Society has made steady progress during the past year. Due to the fact that some of the ten members had had more experience than others, it was decided to split the Society into Junior and Senior sections, meeting alternate weeks. This has proved most successful. At present there are no girls in the Society, and therefore there is very little scope for portraits. During the year we had many competitions, the prizes being bought with the Society's funds.

All processing takes place in the preparation room of the Biology Laboratory, by kind permission of Mr. Reed.

SIMON REED, 3A.

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The Dramatic Society is in a most flourishing condition and a large number of staff take an active interest in its productions. It is unfortunate, however, that none of the mistresses feel able to take on responsibility for the costumes, which are now in the charge of a Prefect.

At Christmas we produced "Murder in the Cathedral" by T. S. Eliot, a very difficult and ambitious undertaking. An innovation was the use of members of staff in the leading roles, which was made necessary by the dearth of experienced male actors in the Upper School. But there was no idea of establishing a precedent. The production was a success and we thank Dr. Heap, of Pickering Dramatic Society, who himself played Becket in a production of the play for that society by Mr. Lawley, for his very generous review.

At the moment preparations are being made for "The Tempest," to be performed at the end of term on the outdoor stage, provided the weather co-operates. The cast is drawn from the Middle and Lower School. The production will continue the long tradition of pastoral plays presented by the School on its outdoor stage and will help to train new actors who will eventually take their places in senior productions. Another full-scale production will take place in the autumn, but the choice of play has yet to be made.

We should like to thank Heather Watson, who is leaving this term to go to Durham University, for the outstanding part she has played as the member of the casts of many plays and as secretary of the Society for some years. We hope to hear of her acting whilst she is at Durham.

JOAN LINDEMAN, Lower Sixth.

"MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL"

by T. S. Eliot

Archbishop Thomas Becket	Mr. R. W. Lumb
Four Tempters (and Knights)	Mr. V. A. Martindale, David Thackray John Kirkham Mr. D. J. Lloyd Brian Durno
Three Priests of the Cathedral	Anthony Thorp Kevin Delaney
A Chorus of Women of Canterbury:	Heather Watson
First Voice	Elisabeth Crowther
Second Voice	Joan Lindeman
Third Voice	



The Archbishop's Sermon in "Murder in the Cathedral".

Fourth Voice	Anne Hewitt
Fifth Voice	Elisabeth Hanson
	Elizabeth Barker, Joan Sanderson
	Margaret Fraser, Rosamund Downey
Attendants	Stephen Boak Anthony Kirby Rodney Glover
Produced by Mr. Leslie W. Lawley.	
Choral chants composed by Mr. P. T. Taylor and sung by Christopher Clifford, David Shaw, Gerald Sykes, Peter Thorp and Mr. Taylor.	
Stage Manager	Mr. P. G. Mason
Electrician	Mr. J. B. Greaves
Set Construction	Mr. A. Dowding
Make-up and Costumes	Mrs. P. M. Jennings
Wardrobe	Mary Witty
Prompt	Joyce Hudson
Front of House Publicity	Mr. J. F. Reed
Refreshments	Miss K. M. Dawson
Treasurer and President	Mr. R. B. Rolin
Programme cover designed by Judith Dallimore.	

The Dramatic Society's choice of play for its December production was most praiseworthy. "Murder in the Cathedral" is in every sense a fine play; as a literary work, as an example of imaginative and beautiful use of language, and as the conveyor of a message of faith for all people in all time, it is difficult to match.

An ambitious choice, too. Ambition is a laudable virtue, but to bring success it must be wedded to ability, a capacity for taking pains, and a willingness to work. Happily these qualities were there in good measure, and the Society is to be congratulated, not only on its choice of play, but on the satisfying and polished performance it gave of it.

I understand that the inclusion of masters in the cast was an innovation. It was a most successful one. The play needs the maturity and weight which the masters gave it. Particularly does it need to be dominated by the figure of Thomas, a man of authority and one used to power. E. Martin Browne calls the play "a study in the making of a saint." A saint is no weak and pliant recluse. He is a man of powerful spirit, who, recognising the power of evil, is not content to turn from it, but is prepared to face and combat it. Mr. R. W. Lumb certainly gave us this impression of Becket. From his first entrance he established himself as a man destined for greatness, and this sense of inner power and fixity of purpose was sustained throughout an exacting role. If one might be allowed a criticism it would be that he used too many hand movements, and many that were studied and repetitive. There was no need of this, the quality of his voice and his fine delivery would have sufficed with the minimum of gesture, as they did in the sermon, and again, at this, his finest moment, when he stood motionless, calm, and steadfast in purpose before his murderers.

With so strong a Thomas much of the impact of the play would have been lost if the knights had not matched up to him. This combination of two masters and two pupils was particularly effective. The immediate change of atmosphere, and the feeling of impending violence created by their first entry, was very marked, and they never allowed the tension to drop. Their obviously well-rehearsed teamwork was seen to best advantage in their final speeches of explanation and self-excuse, a difficult part of the play which was very smoothly produced and performed. They did not seem quite so convincing in their capacity as tempters. In one or two instances one felt that their characterisation was at fault. However, this is perhaps a personal view on interpretation which could be argued.

There can be nothing but praise for the chorus of women of Canterbury. This was first-class choral speaking, expressive and well orchestrated, backed by good acting and mime, and responsible for much of the atmosphere and emotional tension of the play. By his skilful direction of movement and grouping the producer exploited to the full their role of a vital link between audience and

stage, so that one felt that the chorus was speaking for us, and that through them the audience was identified with the action of the play, the acid test of true success in drama. Such success, however talented the players may be, can only come from good production. This cast was particularly well served, and the producer is to be congratulated on the manner in which he created the atmosphere so necessary to this play, an atmosphere not easy to obtain in the ordinary theatre. The play's impact is greatest when performed in a church, the setting for which it was designed, and its successful translation to a proscenium stage is a great test of a producer's talent. Mr. Lawley's obvious understanding of the issues of the play, his imaginative use of lighting and, above all, the simplicity and force of his direction, set the seal on the play's success. His contribution to a memorable experience cannot be over-estimated.

K.L.H.

GUIDE NOTES

At the beginning of the year the Guides attended a "Thinking Day" Ceremony at St. Andrew's, "Thinking Day" being the birthday of both Lord and Lady Baden-Powell.

Two Guides went to Pickering on a first-class hike and each took two Guides with them. They were fortunately favoured with fine weather.

There has been a Training Course to prepare Guides for their first-class. Four of our Guides were able to attend this.

We have again been able to have our Guide meetings out of doors on Saturday afternoons. This enables us to get on with outdoor work, as we are competing for a shield.

MARION DARLEY (Patrol Leader).

CHESS CLUB NOTES

The team has had a very successful season and was finally placed second in Division 2 of the York & District Chess League. Nunthorpe were first with 22 points out of 24, and we had 18. The match with Nunthorpe, which was not decided when our last edition went to press, was finally lost by two points to four. The results of our other matches were as follows:—

January 13th, v Archbishop Holgate's G.S. (home)	Won	4-2
January 19th, v St. John's College II (away)	Won	4-2
February 7th, v Clifton Hospital II (home)	Lost	2½-3½
February 16th, v York 'B' (away)	Won	4-2
February 21st, v Rowntree's II (home)	Won	3½-2½
March 15th, v Nunthorpe G.S. (away)	Drew	3-3

We played two friendly matches against Scarborough Boys' High School, which has 90 members in its Chess Club. We drew the away match but lost the home match 3½-2½.

The Second Team has played some friendly matches in which valuable practice was gained.

Next year we hope to enter the First Team in the "Sunday Times" Knockout Competition. Hill and Reed went in for the York Club Lightning Tournament, Hill coming second in the junior section and 11th in the overall placings. In the British Boys Championships at Aberystwyth Marshall is entering in the under 18 section and Hill in the under 15 section.

Chess has been recognized as one of the school sports, and all four pupils in the First Team have been given colours. Club Room Tournaments have aroused much interest. Marshall won the prize for the School Ladder Competition and for the School Knockout Competition. C. Walker (Form II) won the prize for the best performance by a junior in the Knockout Competition. A Junior Swiss Tournament was won by P. Carr (Form I) and Walker. Pamela Inman and Hornsey (all Form II) and Macbeth (Form I) were also well placed.

Marshall and Hill have played regularly for the Town Chess Club and Reed has also represented them occasionally. All three have done well and Hill is also in the first three of the Town Handicap Tournament.

We hope to do even better next season and have a good chance of being first in our division, as our team will remain unchanged.

M. McGUIRE (Secretary), 4A.

FIELD CLUB

Chairman: Brian Durno

Secretary: Jill Waddington

Treasurer: Judith Dallimore

Committee Members:

David Greaves

Antony Hare

Peter Deane

There have been numerous club activities during the last half-year. A film, "Game Harvest," which described incidents in the daily life of a gamekeeper, and which was shown during the Christmas Term, was well supported and proved to be most entertaining, as did a somewhat unusual trip to the Woodend Museum.

Scarborough.

Both the Easter hike from Thornton-le-Dale to Lockton, and the Whitsun Hike round Goathland, were also highly successful, even the weather remaining fine.

The most recent excursion, however, was that made to the Bishop Burton Agricultural College, which, to mark the Commonwealth Technical Training Week, was holding an open evening, and although the College was catering largely for the older students, even the youngest members found much to interest them.

Plans for the Summer Term include an Angling Competition, a trip to Askham Bryan and another hike.

Below, some of our more literary members have recorded their impressions of our various excursions.

1. Hike from Thornton-le-Dale to Lockton

On the hottest day of the Easter Holidays seven keen members of the Club gathered at the bus station, anticipating a pleasant stroll in the Yorkshire countryside. I knew that it was four miles from Thornton-le-Dale to Lockton, so when my feet said "Four miles" and we were still deep in woods, I asked Mr. Reed if he was lost. He said he was. Two miles further on we stopped for a rest and Hare climbed a hill to see where we were, to return with the news that there was no habitation in sight. A mile further on we saw a field and my spirits rose—but it was completely surrounded by trees. We descended into a valley, climbed out of it, and dropped down into another. I got wet by crossing a stream by means of a log that was rotten; and later, higher up, we could see a bridge. But at the top of this second valley we discovered a main road with Lockton near at hand. But there was one more disaster—I had to pay full fare going home.

DAVID EVANS, 3A.

2. The Goathland Trip

On the 26th of May a small party of Field Club members and their supporters left the station at Malton on a small hike round the Goathland area. After buying provisions for the trip, we set off.

Soon the little band was gaily stumbling down the steep path to Mall-yon Spout, the supporters seeming to lag behind. At the waterfall we proceeded to cross the beck, the ladies doing so with great alacrity. As we munched our dinners and drank our "pinta's" the younger members of the party took a strange delight in watching the efforts of rather improperly dressed tourists to cross the stream.

The jumps back across the stream were not so high or athletic, everyone being full of dinner, and moans of displeasure greeted our ascent up to the road. Mr. Hanson gaily broke into a trotting ascent but soon came to grief on a tree root.

About an hour and a half later we reached the Roman road, after having walked along the edge of Wheeldale, and then, after a less eventful journey back to Goathland, we returned home earlier than was expected, eating our teas in the Whitby train, to the amusement of our fellow passengers.

ANTHONY HARE, 4A.

3. A Trip to Bishop Burton

One evening in June, Mr. Reed took ten members of the Field Club to an exhibition on farming methods at Bishop Burton Agricultural College. We had hired a Mini-bus, which we boarded in the Market Place, picking up members en route.

We saw many interesting things, including feeding cows on bicarbonate of soda, and revealing demonstrations on chicken plucking and trussing. The return trip passed uneventfully apart from getting lost in the winding roads of the Wolds.

DAVID GREAVES, 3A.

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EXCURSIONS

VISIT TO THE LAKE DISTRICT

Readers of this august journal will perhaps recall that two years ago a small party of geographers—myself included—journeyed to the Central Pennines in eager pursuit of their studies; and that last year a similar party visited North Wales. This year we again set out, with the Lake District our destination. Although I have now forsaken Room 9 for the higher studies of folio, kitchen and Bible, I was allowed to go along for the moral support of those still firmly wedded to map and compass, to sooth the sweating brow of our budding Hillaries and to steer them through the mountains. However, I was not alone, for, unlike previous years, our leader, Mr. Mason, was a non-geographer—he had very kindly consented to come along in place of Mr. Lloyd, who was, for the happiest of reasons, obliged to stay at home.

The journey was uneventful. We sat back, ate sandwiches, played cards and proudly told each other that we were going through the Tyne Gap. The only fact we could recall about the Lake District was its high rainfall, a fact amply borne out on our arrival at Keswick. The hostel lived up to our expectations by being closed even to our haversacks. These we left at the station, and we had to spend the afternoon exploring the town and district, Kirkham leading a small party to see the Lake (another non-geographer who came along for the fun of it).

Bleaberry Fell was the first day's objective. We set out in swirling mists but returned, by steamer, in lovely sunshine. This was indeed the Lake District of the poets. The dismal spirits of the early morning—damp feet, cold hands, and slightly fraying tempers—dissolved with the mists themselves; and the day was in fact a perfect one. Looking back, I remember how, lost in the midst of the austere mountains, we ate our sandwiches, trying to be cheerful, and how suddenly the mist lifted to reveal the lake and the town of Keswick in the valley, and we laughed to think that we had been walking in circles. Again, the relief and wonder experienced by all when, after climbing the sheer slopes of a comparatively low mountain, we were once more faced with the breathtakingly beautiful Lake District scenery, remains in our memories. The evening was a quiet one but, in most cases, made a perfect end to a perfect day.

Sunny weather again favoured us on Friday and our spirits were high as we set out to conquer Helvellyn. The climb was long and arduous, especially for the less energetic of us. However, endless "ligs" and corny jokes did much to lighten the journey and we all eventually reached the summit. The same ones followed the beaten track but those who were tired of living blazed a trail up a precipitous scree-covered slope and preferred to plough their way through vast snow fields at the top (they were at least three yards

square and two feet deep). Kirk was bitten by a dog . . . it looked such a sweet little thing, too, but our efforts—and hardships—were again amply rewarded. I remember experiencing a tremendous awe at the grandeur of the works of Nature as I looked out across the mountains, and a sense of achievement to think that at that moment we were above even these. My moment of glory was soon over . . . I made the fateful mistake of referring to the well known corrie, Red Tarn, as a "lovely little pool." CLANG!!x?! The descent was rapid and terminated in a soothing bathe for our aching feet in an icy cold mountain stream.

Saturday did not seem like Saturday when spent in the Lake District. Most of us felt that we ought to be playing either football or hockey as we left the Keswick hostel for Buttermere, where we were to spend the night. Here I feel that I must thank our boys on behalf of all the girls for being perfect gentlemen throughout the holidays: not only this day, but at every possible opportunity, they carried our haversacks and aided us in any way they could. I am sure we were all most grateful.

The morning, interesting and enjoyable, was spent walking over road, rough grass covered hills and stony tracks, our destination White Side. A very refreshing shandy provided the only excuse for a rest—it was agreed by all that the delay was justified! The sun was beating down and sapping our energy, but determination (and obligation) kept us on the move. A "squeaky duck" bought by one of the members of our party for his beloved niece, was the cause of much hilarious laughter during the day, as it would insist on making the most curious noises at the most crucial moments!

Again, the view from the heights of White Side exceeded even our wildest hopes. To me the great thing about the Lake District is its unspoiled beauty, and the infinite variation of its scenery. Barren rocky mountains, glistening blue lakes, bronze bracken-covered hills and green pasture are seen together as if on an artist's canvas. The vastness of it touched us all, and the efforts commanded from us previously were soon forgotten. Another incident outstanding in our memories is our miraculous descent of a precipitous 2,000 ft. drop endangered by scree and beastly-looking rocks. Here two of us at least were proud and thankful of our "rings" which proved most useful on the slippery rocks: I am sure that without them and our boys, who were again invaluable, I for one would have been there still!

The Buttermere Hostel was reached before nightfall and made an immediately favourable impression upon us: the food was very good, the hostel clean, and we all had more privacy than before. There was a little misunderstanding between some of the party and the warden (as several will remember) but, apart from this, the stay there was a happy one.

Sunday, the last day of our holiday, arrived only too soon. Our plans to return to Keswick via Great Gable were, to the relief of

the less adventurous, abandoned because of an unexpected break in the weather, and the morning saw us trudging cheerfully along the road to the accompaniment of Thack's mouth-organ. The journey through Honister Pass and "home" was relatively uneventful. I remember us sitting on a gravel heap at the side of the road trying to eat our sandwiches in the pouring rain. Heather and Bullet got the giggles and affected the rest of us—all except one—he went off in a huff! We slowly followed suit, minus the huff. We reached Keswick earlier than usual but agreed that the day had been an anti-climax after our adventures during the previous days.

The following day we had to be off early and so after a rather difficult scene with the warden, we managed to get an early duty. We were up in good time and had our things packed and ready by eight o'clock, the set time for our duty. Because two of the girls were going to be a few minutes late and because it would finish the duty more quickly, some of the boys volunteered to help us to make the packed lunches. At last the swelling flood of differences between us and the warden burst its banks. There was an argument during which Bullet was told "Keep out of this, it's none of your business," and the Head Girl was referred to as an "IMPUDENT HUSSY"!!!!. . . . Once more the good name of Lloyd was disgraced (we were, according to the record, in Lloyd's party).

After breakfast (we certainly got short rations) we bid our fond farewells to the warden and to the Lake District and set off somewhat reluctantly on the first stage of our journey home.

MARY WITTY, Lower Sixth.

PARIS IN THE SPRING

On Friday, March 24th, at about 6-15 p.m., five very tired M.G.S. girls, Elizabeth Barker, Joan Sanderson, Margaret Fraser, Elisabeth Crowther and myself, arrived in Paris. Our journey had begun at 12-30 a.m. the same day when, after tearful farewells had been said, various vehicles set off carrying representatives of this school to York Station. The journey from York to London was uneventful and at 8-30 a.m. we met the rest of the party and boarded the train for Paris. Apart from the crossing we all spent most of the rest of our journey in a very sleepy condition, so I am unable to describe the French countryside we passed through.

Our purpose was to reach the Lycée Michelet, where the British Institute's Easter Course for Sixth Formers was to be held under the direction of Professor Desseignet, a wonderful old Frenchman, who kept everyone amused. The intention of this

course was to increase our knowledge of French and to show us Paris, and this it certainly did.

The Lycée Michelet was built in the 17th century and was originally a hunting lodge. We slept in rooms for two. The floor was of bare boards except for a tiny square of linoleum near our plugless washbasin. (By the way, did you know that a round tablet of soap in a polythene bag is an excellent plug?). The furniture consisted of one wardrobe (in most cases locked), two iron bedsteads, two chairs, two tables and one waste-paper basket. The monotony of our room was relieved by an L.P. sleeve pinned high above our heads by a solitary drawing pin.

On the 26th we visited Chartres, stopping on the way to see the Chateau de Rambouillet. Immediately after lunch we went to the Cathedral and paused for a while to admire the head-dresses of the lacemakers who were sitting at their stalls in a nearby square. Our guide was a very quietly spoken French priest, who first of all told us the history of the spires and then talked at great length on the statues adorning the west door. This left little time for exploring the rest of the cathedral, especially as he discussed the rose-windows at great length, but it was most interesting to notice the increasing amount of glass used in the later windows. Even so, the earliest window was very beautiful. I especially remember the story of the temptations as shown in a section of a window. The devil tempting Christ gradually became redder as he was repeatedly rejected. Even though there were so many beautiful windows, the cathedral itself was still dark. This was also true of Notre Dame, and gave them a mystic atmosphere utterly unlike that of an English cathedral.

This visit to Paris was certainly not all play, for we had to work for about 2½ hours every morning. This time was divided into two lessons of 50 minutes each and a lecture lasting 45 minutes. In the first two lessons we did literary appreciation, conversation, tape recordings, phonetics or translation, one notable passage for translation being written by "Compton Mac Sir Kenzie." For these lessons we were divided into 27 groups, but we could choose which lecture we attended. The lecturers, however, told us little about our books that we had not already learned, and at times were very boring. The only ones we really enjoyed were a series on French Art illustrated by coloured slides.

In the afternoons we went on "cultural outings" to places of interest. We saw the beautiful stained glass of the upper storey of the "Sainte-Chapelle" which many of us found just as impressive as that of Chartres, the cells of Marie Antoinette and Robespierre, and the wonderful treasures of Notre Dame. Montmartre was fascinating, especially Painters' Square, but Sacré Coeur was rather disappointing because all the statues were covered for Holy Week. However, we had an excellent view of Paris from there. Versailles, too, was disappointing because there was very little furniture and workmen were busy in the Hall of Mirrors. Nevertheless the chapel

and Marie Antoinette's rooms were very beautiful. Our visit to the Louvre was much too hurried to see much, but "Winged Victory" impressed us all, as did the sword of Charles IX. But for the girls the highlight of our stay was the visit to the fashion houses. Some of us went to Balmain, others to Nina Ricci. We very much enjoyed this outing but, as one of our group afterwards complained, "The models all had figures just like Kirkham's!"

ROSAMUND DOWNEY, Lower Sixth.

HOMILY

On looking through an old Bible I found the following list:

- If dispirited, read Psalm 27.
- If your pocket-book is empty, read Psalm 37.
- If people are unkind, read John, chapter 15.
- If discouraged about your work, read Psalm 126.
- If losing confidence in men, read Corinthians I, chapter 13.
- If you can't have your own way, keep silent and read James, chapter 3.
- You will feel much better if you follow these wise old instructions.

DEREK BAYES, 3A.

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ABOUT THE SCHOOL

DANCES

Six official Dances have been held since our last edition :

Christmas Term

Junior Party. As always, a noisy and hectic occasion, leading up to the traditional grand climax, the Roger de Coverley. The little girls were more or less unrecognisable in party dresses. Evans senior had a field day with the games. Voted the finest staff present was a pair of running shorts for Mr. Lumb, inscribed 'Running In.' Other presents received included a bib and a sugar pig.

Senior Party. A more sedate and dignified evening. The buffet supper, rather than the traditional sit-down meal, was a pleasant experiment. The festive spirit was everywhere in the air.

Easter Term

A Post-Exam Dance. Well earned relaxation for the Fifth and Sixth. The Head Girl arrived from Durham, similarly jaded. Perhaps by way of reaction many boys were a little riotous, perhaps due to recent encounters with a freakish animal. Mr. Dowding attended with his daughter.

Half-Term Dance. The customary Valentine Dance. A very gay and lively occasion.

End-of-Term Dance. Although several Sixth Formers were in Paris, this too proved a pleasant occasion. So much so that the Football Captain missed his taxi home and had to return hither on the Tennis Captain's bike, only discovering it had three speeds on the outskirts of Slingsby. Mr. Lowe, O.M., attended and returned to former haunts.

Summer Term

Whitsun Dance. Over 90 tickets were bought, a record for some time past. Miss Kirby expressed her interest in science in an emphatic way.

Note from the M.C.s

The members of staff responsible for dances note the changing customs :

1. That dances are now generally much quieter than of yore. The gay whoops of the Kirk-Rolls-Stephenson era are no more, nor even the gentler whispers of a Schubert or a Lomas (Miss).
2. That programmes are less varied. In the old prefab. days Military Twosteps, Gay Gordons—even the Cokey-Cokey—were the order of the evening, with more sedate steps in between for cooling off. Now it is quick-step, quick-step, quick-step, with the occasional waltz; and, if Mr. Martindale has his way, the very rare slow-foxtrot.

Such is the wind of fashion; the student of ladies' hats or of the buttoning of waistcoats must have had similar thoughts. What, one wonders, are the forces that bring about such changes. An ideal subject, no doubt, for those helpless characters who, on being asked for a magazine article, spinelessly whine, "I don't know what to write about."



Sixth-Form Arts Students in the Library

LIBRARY NOTES

After a particularly progressive and active half-year, which brought extensive reorganisation of shelving and the establishment of a new careers section, the Library has settled down since Christmas to reap the benefits. The amount of careers material, mostly in the form of attractive, gaily coloured leaflets, has steadily increased and the small, metal wall stands are found to be practical for advertising it, and also for brightening the room. The periodicals stand becomes more and more crowded, the lives of most of the magazines now being preserved by smart, transparent plastic covers. Crossword puzzlers, who lamented the disappearance of the "News Chronicle," now find the "Daily Mail" an equally pleasant challenge, although copies frequently disappear to the Prefects' Room. Private studiers, hindered before Christmas by bulbless and switchless reading lamps, find the elegant new ones, which are fixed to the wood panelling above each cubicle, both attractive and convenient.

The number of books on the shelves has steadily grown, specially welcome additions being the complete set of Children's Britannica and fourteen volumes of the Shakespearean Survey.

As usual, thanks must be given to the Lower Sixth for all their help with accessioning and lettering. Indeed, thanks to the large number of arts students among them this year, they have proved the most efficient and hard-working helpers for some time.

ELIZABETH BARKER, Upper Sixth.

PREFECTS' ROOM NOTES

During the past weeks the Prefects' Room has been a place of quietness, even desolation. The Upper Sixth had retreated before the oncoming cloud of examinations to pursue their scholarly activities at home. Occasionally a member of the Lower Sixth would drift aimlessly into this deserted corner of the school to collect a book, gaze sadly round at the empty chairs and tables and recall happier hours when the little room rang with elegant laughter, the rattle of coffee cups and the hum of intellectual argument. Even our contemporary work of art threatened to fall off the wall. Only one stalwart of the Upper Sixth remained, guarding his radiator and absorbing chemistry while gazing in the direction of Slingsby.

Now, as the tortures of the examination room become a more and more distant memory, life in the Prefects' Room returns to normal. The list of debts to the Tuck Shop mounts; the "Daily Mail" is regularly abducted from the Library; and, once more, music and the sound of light-hearted gambolling drifts out of the open window. The inhabitants again begin to take an interest in their material surroundings and find that a carpet is even more urgently desirable on which to practise off-breaks, for the oilcloth won't take spin. A cocktail cabinet also would be welcome, for experimenting with organic chemistry.

Whereas in the colder weather the radiator, often draped with sodden games kit, was the focal point of the Prefects' Room, now the wireless, emitting Test Match commentaries, becomes the centre of attention. A morbid interest in England's defeat confused certain members of staff to such an extent that for the moment they forgot the luxuries of their own room and temporarily invaded us. As further proof of our hospitality we even entertained a golden hamster recently, in spite of its delight in nibbling fingers and exploring the Head Boy's clothing. Nevertheless we keep an ever open door and are ready to extend a welcome and, if by some miracle the washing up has been done, a cup of coffee to all who may care to call.

ELIZABETH BARKER, Upper Sixth.

CLASS-ROOM TALK

(with apologies to "The Observer")

Social life has blossomed this spring, as any Saturday night film-goer, rich enough for a balcony ticket, must be well aware. But even an impecunious schoolteacher, aghast at such extravagance, can keep abreast of the current situation. Not even attendance at the last waltz of a school dance is necessary. A mere inspection of the after-lunch parade, twice round the cricket square, will provide the basic information. Whilst a news-bulletin from Nottingham will soon fill in the gaps. "See how the little victims play," mutters the staff-room cynic, swinging his binoculars across the wide, but not so open, spaces. "Gather ye rosebuds whilst ye

may," retorts his arm-chair-ridden colleague. "Ye Rosamunds, you mean," chortles a teacher of the Upper Sixth—and puffs up tobacco smoke to deaden the company's groans.

One young lady, our correspondent in the Prefects' Room reports, notorious for her good humour, is steering her man where'er she will with all the science of true domestication. But even she is not so joyous as that sturdy young rugger player from the Wolds, nor as crowing as that ardent fisherman whos patience, trained on many a river bank, is unperturbed by the maternal irregularities of the West Yorkshire Bus Company. A fellow scientist, not disillusioned with the canine world on account of a recent encounter with the law, eagerly barks encouragement. But none are so energetic as our champion long distance runner who, entering the home straight after a long run over the heather, cries out impatiently: "What's on?"

Life is not all play, however, for the Maltonians of today. Shopping in Woolworth's on Saturday afternoon will reveal some half-dozen of our senior girls displayed behind the counters. Early in the term a party of senior boys could be seen distributing race cards at a local point-to-point, whilst a visitor to Castle Howard on a summer Sunday is very likely to receive his tea and sandwich from a white-aproned Malton prefect.

STAFF-ROOM TALK

Talk of strikes and salaries are much in the air. The staff are divided on the ethics of striking. But all are grateful to those members of the Middle School who assured them of their full support should such action be thought desirable.

New means of transport are all the fashion. The Senior Master, by command of the masseuse of Malton Hospital, has taken good-heartedly to his bicycle and tells of mammoth expeditions into the nearby countryside. Miss Dawson and Mr. Bratt have new cars and Mr. Mason has Mr. Bratt's old one, which is rumoured to be regretting the change. Mr. Lloyd also aspired to a four-wheeled vehicle but not, alas, mechanically propelled. Mr. Lumb's veteran model baffled its critics by surviving the new road safety tests. But the Headmaster, we regret, had less happy experiences—and for some weeks was walking to school in consequence.

Bridge continues to be a favoured pastime, though not, as yet, on the school premises. Messrs. Martindale and Mason, Miss Simpson, the Headmaster and his wife, have all achieved success in the Malton Bridge Club tournaments. Frantic efforts to enlist new members—particularly Mr. Reed, who is adjudged to be "the right type"—have been to date unsuccessful.



Sixth-Form Scientists in the Chemistry Laboratory

TUCK SHOP NOTES

The prosperity of the Tuck Shop has continued relentlessly despite biscuit-less periods when the suppliers omitted to call. Since Christmas a total of £128-4-0 has been taken, 3,684 packets of crisps have been sold and although the "Dinky Mallows" are now mysteriously roasted, vast amounts of biscuits are being consumed—as far as we can tell, about 13,057 in 2½ terms.

Thanks to the generosity of the Management, credit continues to be given to members of the Sixth Form. The Head Boy is particularly eager to avail himself of this privilege.

The establishment is now adorned by a solitary Mackeson bottle (empty), the presence of which is hard to explain.

Grateful thanks are extended to those who have sacrificed their morning break to help with serving or lining up the squirming mass of hungry Maltonians.

ELIZABETH BARKER, Upper Sixth.

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FEATURES

A MURAL DISCOVERED AT RILLINGTON

Although Rillington Church is very old in itself, being of Early English design, an even greater curiosity has been discovered within it. This is a wall painting, of about the year 1230 A.D., which has been found to be very rare and valuable. The painting itself has been known about for a long time now, but no-one knew, until very recently, that it had any value. It is situated at the top of the south wall of the Vestry and is about six feet high by four feet wide. Although it is very faded and scrappy in places, parts of it can be clearly seen. An expert on such paintings has said that it would take two of them two months to restore it to anything like its former state. The work of restoration will cost £200 and it is to be done in the autumn. Although the painting is disfigured and dirty, it is clear that there are three pictures in tiers.

The bottom picture is the smallest and not very clearly defined. It has been ascertained, however, that it shows the Virgin Mary with the builder of the Church kneeling at her feet. This picture is probably hard to distinguish because it was the nearest to the stove, which used to be situated beneath it.

The middle picture is slightly larger than the lower one, and very much clearer. It depicts a bishop, in red robes, consecrating the Church, when it was built. The Church is coloured yellow, and it has no spire, as this was added later. This picture is the clearest of all three, mainly because most of the plaster still remains on it.

The top picture is, like the bottom one, very much disfigured. On it is shown either a bishop or an archbishop, again in red robes, instituting the first vicar of Rillington in 1230. The archbishop is fairly easy to make out, whereas the vicar is very hard to distinguish.

It is thought that there may be another painting to the left of the first one, but this is by no means certain. Whatever happens, however, this painting is very important to Rillington Church and Rillington.

BRIAN NEWCOMBE, 4A.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF MALTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL

I never saw before an English school except on photographs. When I was learning English, I was in a hurry to see one and it was a surprise to me.

At first I found the buildings very beautiful and pleasant. I found the clean lawns, walls and roofs very nice, and what a difference from the black walls of my school! I went into the school a little afraid, like a very small boy who is going to school for the first time, but I forgot quickly this feeling of shyness when I felt the teachers' kindness. Very quickly I felt that boys and girls could be happy in such schools. I was surprised that there were flowers and that the boys do not destroy them. Everything is fitted up for a good, healthy development of body and spirit. I felt that it was a good education which is not too severe to make the boys revolt, and not too loose which would soon bring "hulabaloo."

The friendship between all the pupils is wonderful. I was surprised by the green field, the tennis courts, the science rooms and the library. I found all these things quite interesting. Sports practice allows for the development of willing, fair play and muscles. It was the first school at which I saw girls and boys mixed.

The life of Malton Grammar School is very pleasant and interesting, because after school is over, many activities take place. There are theatre, arts and music. It gives me much pleasure to listen to the lessons. I am sure that the boys and girls like their Grammar School very much from the bottom of their hearts.

I found the system of prefects very good for the boys and girls of 16 or 17. The responsibility is surely good for them in the future.

The great difference from our French schools can be found in the sane atmosphere. I think that in France we learn too many useless things and that is the reason why a few boys don't like to go to school very much. The teachers of the Grammar School have the very beautiful duty of educating the boys and making them into gentlemen.

I want to thank all the teachers and pupils very much for their kindness. They show a very good education to me. I am sure that with such boys and girls England, along with France, will keep its reputation for the head in culture and civilization. Every boy and girl who wears the Malton Grammar School badge can be very proud because it is a legitimate proudness.

JOSUE PHILIPPE.

[Philippe first visited Malton last summer as the guest of Mr. & Mrs. Taylor and has returned this year for a second visit. He comes from Clermont-Ferrand, in Central France. We have printed this article exactly as he wrote it.]

SIXTH FORM SYMPOSIUM

The idea of this inquiry arose from a dispute about an overdue essay. It was decided to send out questionnaires to a wide range of people connected with academic life. Whether any light was thereby shed upon the matter it is up to the reader to decide.

The letter and questions distributed were as follows:

Dear Sir,

We are conducting a symposium for our school magazine, "The Maltonian," in a subject which has been causing some controversy in the school—the amount of time potential university students should be prepared to spend on academic study and on wider reading.

We realise that estimates of time are difficult, but we and our fellow pupils would very much appreciate your views on this matter.

We are approaching a wide range of opinion—University Staff and Scholars, Headmasters and Teachers—in a variety of schools.

We hope very much that you will help us.

Yours faithfully,

ROSAMUND A. DOWNEY.
JILL C. WADDINGTON.

Assuming University requirements remain as at present:—

- (a) How many hours per week out of school should a sixth-former, desiring to enter a University, spend on academic work?
- (b) How many hours should such a sixth-former give to general reading, either connected with his own subject or other intellectual and artistic topics?
- (c) Which type of newspaper should a sixth-former read?

We have tried to prepare a summary of the main conclusions drawn by our correspondents, but where they did not choose to risk a firm estimate we have extracted from their letter the phrase that seemed most clearly to outline their opinions. Secondly, we have written for each question a summary of the views and attitudes expressed, and we preface these with a review of the reception our inquiry received. May we make clear at the outset, however, how clearly we are aware of the difficulties involved in giving a precise reply. Our purpose was rather to stimulate discussion and debate, than to arrive at any final answers, which will obviously vary tremendously with the individual.

General Reception

The whole purpose behind our symposium was neatly tied up by a university graduate who suggested that the problem before us was:

"How to produce—or attempt to produce—people who can think rationally on any wide issues and who can enjoy at least some of the intellectual riches of a civilised society."

The endeavour was well received in some quarters, for a Headmaster writes:

"I am delighted to be asked your questions and I can think of nothing more stimulating than the symposium you are having."

We were, however, slightly discouraged to find that the majority of our correspondents agreed with the University Lecturer who wrote:

"My dear young ladies,

You ask very simple, direct and unanswerable questions."

Though perhaps more than one of them, with yet another of Mr. Lloyd's inexhaustible supply of acquaintances, would have liked to answer the questions orally, feeling that they really called for a day's debate. One most genial and rather satirical TV enthusiast, drawing a parallel between the too highly and very specialised University entrant and the more individualistic candidate, said:

"We are very familiar at this University with the potential undergraduate washed whiter than white; but Brand X, who manages to have one or two general interest barnacles sticking to him, is often the preferred product."

In our opinion, however, the best advice given on this topic was that by a teacher of psychology, who says:

"Live it all, including the jiving and pop records, with intellectual aliveness."

Question (a)

Here there was much controversy, but nearly everyone agreed with the University student who pointed out that:

"It would be impossible to give a straight answer to this question."

However, among the people prepared to commit themselves was a Headmaster who claimed that 25—30 hours out of school was a good average, a Professor who firmly suggested 22 hours, and a University Lecturer who considered 8—10 hours quite sufficient. Most people, however, gave 15—18 hours as a happy medium. One Sixth Form Master made an interesting distinction between the hours necessary for an Arts course, where much of the work was of the nature of the reading of biographies, works of criticism, etc., and the time needed for Science studies, where work was more regularly taxing and difficult.

A useful piece of advice was that of a Hull undergraduate, who said:

"Try and find out about your mind, how it works best and how much it can take at a time."

Question (b)

There was a general emphasis here on the danger of over-specialisation and a plea that reading outside one's specialised sub-

jects should be as wide as possible. Criticism of the specialised scientist is strong, but no less so than that of the arts student, condemned for his lack of practicability and for his inadequate knowledge of modern science. In fact, both are in great danger of becoming:

"Mental mechanics, the distressing result of an overspecialised education."

A rather depressing point of view, supported by a University Tutor, who, defying all conventional patriotism, flatly states:

"The English nation has only a very recent contact with education in its broader sense."

However, to every struggling sixth-former came words of wisdom and good advice, for many correspondents urged for general reading:

"As many hours as possible."

One headmaster, however, pointed out that much of one's reading was at least indirectly connected with one's academic subjects, and that 3—5 hours weekly was the most that could be expected for really "general reading."

Many correspondents made the point, though not always strictly relevant, that the important thing was the allocation of one's time between specialist studies and other academic topics such as the arts, current affairs, religion and a foreign language. Many felt that at least one third to one quarter of one's time, in and out of school, should be given to such pursuits. This leads to the third question, the reading of newspapers.

Question (c)

On choice of newspapers, unanimity was greater. A Headmaster struck the common chord with:

"A sixth-former should read as many types of newspapers as possible, covering all shades of opinion."

Such wisdom is disputed by none of our correspondents. A responsible newspaper is considered essential reading, i.e.

"One which sets a real value on accurate factual reporting and avoids sensationalism or editorial bias."

But views inevitable differ as to which papers measure up to such a standard. Nearly everyone advocates "The Guardian" and the "posh Sundays," i.e. "Observer" and "Sunday Times." "The Times," surprisingly perhaps, comes in for criticism. "Too dull," says a University Lecturer; "too large" adds an Oxford Scholar; "read because he has been told that top people take it," acidly comments the Oxford Tutor. And one Headmaster scorns such an easy option with a rather pompous: "My boys read the 'Financial Times'! There is debate, too, on the 'Daily Telegraph.' Many pass it, if with reluctance. But one Headmaster exclaims: "NOT the 'Daily Telegraph.'"

Let not our readers, however, consign their Mirrors and

Expresses to the nearest refuse bin. These, too, have their place in a sixth-former's education:

"A taste of Mirror, Herald, Express or even Worker might be useful for a good laugh or for examples of deliberate misinformation."

After all, it is attitude that counts. Be critical, think for yourself: these are the golden rules for tomorrow's educated citizens:

"I favour the habit of reading the news with which the leading article is particularly concerned, studying the leader and then re-reading the news in order to form one's own opinion."

Or again:

"Find out why the Express takes the idiotic line on foreign and Commonwealth affairs that it does."

And on the same theme:

"The type of newspaper read by a sixth-former should be one which has good editorials. This is essential, for they encourage one to think about current affairs, etc., instead of merely absorbing the facts. Furthermore, they can teach clarity of expression and close, condensed reasoning."

The serious weeklies and monthlies were urged by many of our correspondents. "The Spectator and New Statesman" was most warmly recommended; but also "Encounter," "Punch," "New Scientist," "Time and Tide," "The Listener" and "The Atlantic Monthly." Again it is the approach that matters. If this is truly critical and inquisitive, let Odhams do their damnest and none shall go astray—for such is the inference of our psychologist, who writes:

"Look at the women's magazines, too, and consider what contribution they are making and have made to English social life and manners, habits of hygiene, of entertainment, of dress, eating, courting, etc. Do you think they play any part in decreasing class differences? What do you think is their effect on the status of women? What is the reason for their complete ignoring of any kind of political or serious current affairs matters? What about making an analysis of the kinds of stories they publish, in terms of the attitudes towards marriage, careers for women, coloured races, child upbringing, politics."

But surely it is a Headmaster who, perhaps a little cynically, must have the final word:

"They could do with reading as many newspapers as possible and must mistrust them all."

Summary of Answers on (a) and (b)

University Staff:

Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford: (a) Who is to say? (b) For pleasure and profit under your own steam.

Dean of Selwyn College, Cambridge: (a) A matter for individual choice.

(b) As widely as possible.

Director of Education, Oxford University: (a) 15 hours. (b) 5—10 hours.

Professor Education, Hull University: (a) 22 hours. (b) 12 hours.

Lecturer in Psychology, Birkbeck College, London: It's the proportions that matter. Don't think about hours, think about things that interest you, and, always, always, always, go round asking WHY.

Lecturer in Education, Hull University: (a) 8—10 hours. (b) Both within

and without your specialist subject, to keep your mind alert.
Principal, Teachers' Training College: (a) 15 (+ 30 hours each holiday).
(b) At least 3.

School Teachers:

Headmaster, large and flourishing boys' school: (a) 12—15 hours. (b) 3—5 (but not to be imposed from above).

Headmaster, large boys' Grammar School: (a) 18 hours. (b) 10.

Headmaster, very successful small Grammar School: (a) 20—25 hours. (b) A quarter of spare time.

Headmaster, County Grammar School: (a) Doesn't know. (b) More than at present.

Headmaster, boys' Boarding School: (a) 15 hours. (b) 8—10 hours.

Headmaster, Public School: (a) 15 hours. (b) Can't say.

Headmaster, Army School abroad: (a) 18 hours. (b) 12 hours.

Headmaster, Primary School: (a) 17 hours. (b) 8 hours.

Senior History Master: (a) Arts more than Science, work generally less gruelling. (b) Some, but practical activity more important.

Senior Science Master: (a) 20 hours. (b) 6 hours.

Students:

Open Exhibitioner, New College, Oxford: (a) 18 hours. (b) 8—10 hours.

Open Scholar, Pembroke College, Cambridge: (a) 20 hours. (b) As much as possible.

Third year student, Hull University: (a) 15 hours. (b) As much as possible.

Recent graduate, Leeds University: (a) 15 hours. (b) 10 hours.

MY DOG

I had given up all hope of ever owning another dog after the first one I possessed had decimated a farmer's flock of laying pullets and caused a rather embarrassing situation by cornering the dustbin man. However, recently a search began and after several false starts with poodles and pedigree champions at astronomical prices, I at last found myself near Pocklington looking for an elusive gamekeeper's cottage, to which I was finally directed by a country son of the soil who described it as:

"That thear spot wi' t' 'ens an' that."

I chose the best looking, blackest and most ferocious Labrador he had and carried it back to Malton in triumph.

We made a solemn resolve that this dog should be no despoiler of poultry, and should live at peace with all dustbin men.

A neighbour cheerfully assured me that the black fellow would grow to be three feet high and weigh 60 lbs., so it was decided that the coveted position by the fire should not be his. To this end he was given his own cot mattress in a corner, and, as if this was not bad enough, it had many imaginary lumps and bumps in it which could not be dug out.

I determined that if he was to be an obedient dog his training should begin early in life, so the commands were introduced. Firstly "Come here!", then "Sit" and soon the dreaded summons "Heel." He has developed a few subterfuges to escape obeying orders. When called he will go jauntily on his way, pretending to be deaf, or carry out half the command and conveniently forget the rest. As a last resort he will just look coy and apologetic.

He is now becoming a fine retriever, having retrieved two big, black baby rooks which he probably imagined to be his cousins, a baby robin, and two partridge eggs. So soft mouthed is he that he did not harm the birds and brought the eggs to hand unbroken. In spite of my efforts, however, he has not yet learned to fetch eggs from a neighbour's poultry house.

DAVID GREAVES, 3A.

GEORGE WOODALL

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CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Sir,

I would like to know why it is that on a hot day in summer we are usually given hot dinners, such as stew. When we do get a cold dinner, such as salad, it is often a cold day. I cannot understand this, as it would be just as easy to give us cold dinners on hot days as it is to give us hot ones.

Yours faithfully,

MARION BURROWS, 2A.

Dear Sir,

For some time the Governors of the School, the Headmaster and many parents have been concerned at the lack of suitable swimming facilities in Malton and Norton districts.

This concern is always heightened when tragedy strikes and some family loses a loved one through inability to swim.

Now that the North Riding Medical Officer has approved the recent improvements carried out by Norton Urban District Council to the Swimming Baths, it has been possible for the Headmaster to include swimming instruction in the school curriculum, and I am very happy to know that such instruction has already begun.

It is hoped pupils will welcome the opportunity now afforded to learn to swim, and that parents will give every encouragement.

I look forward to the day when the School will be in a position to enter a swimming team in local swimming galas.

Yours sincerely,

A. HARE (Parent).

Dear Sir,

I am writing in appreciation of the girls' new summer uniform. This is something we have been in need of for a long time, and I am sure all the girls will be proud to wear it. It is sure to be a great credit to the School.

Yours sincerely,

GWEN BAKER, 3B.

Dear Sir,

I think if the Sixth Form are allowed to stay in when it is very cold and windy, why can't other forms?

Yours sincerely,

ELIZABETH METCALFE, 1A.

Dear Sir,

I think that we should be allowed the whole day off on Malton Show day. In past years we have had to carry our books around the grounds with us, and this is very aggravating. All the other schools have the day off, so I do not think there is any excuse for us only having the half-day.

Yours sincerely,

DAVID PINKNEY, 3B.

Dear Sir,

This letter is in reply to a letter from a girl in 2A, in the last edition of the magazine. The girl stated how terrible it was to "tax her energy" by standing up in assembly, and how easy it would be for the boys to put out a few chairs. Surely if the girls want chairs to sit on they must be strong enough to carry their own chairs, and not to depend on the poor old boys.

Yours sincerely,

T. MALT, 3A.

Dear Sir,

Nowadays, many teachers are going on exchange visits with teachers from the Commonwealth, U.S.A. or the Continent. This means they have the experience of a term's teaching abroad. Surely this could be applied to the pupils: older ones, of course. Those who are going to teach French could go to a school in France for a term; those studying Agriculture and Engineering could visit U.S.A. or Canada to learn their methods. This

would be a useful experience for all concerned.

Yours faithfully,

JOSEPHINE SINCLAIR, 2A.

Dear Sir,

As a member of the Parents and Teachers Guild Committee I would welcome more support from the parents and staff for the Guild Meetings arranged and held on their behalf. During the past 12 months the attendances at these meetings have shown a steady decline, which points to a lack of interest on both sides.

Yours faithfully,

E. W. SAWYER.

Dear Sir,

The way this School is run is terrible. For instance, on a cold day the radiators are not on and everybody is frozen. But when the day is reasonably hot all the radiators are on. I hope something can be done about this.

Yours sincerely,

SHEILA BRIGHAM, 3A.

Dear Sir,

I think something should be done about the clocks in this school. Ever since Mr. Taylor announced that the master clock was slow, the clocks in the school have gone haywire. The clocks in Room 7 and in the Dining Room are 10 minutes fast, while the one in Room 2 is 5 minutes fast. The classrooms in the new building have not been provided with clocks and the clock in the hall was shattered by one blow from a basket ball and now leaves an ugly gap in the wall which nothing has been done about.

Yours faithfully,

KENNETH REX, 3A.

Dear Sir,

In the last magazine a girl protested about girls wearing hats. She said they spoilt their hair styles, and as a result the girls were excused wearing hats. I think boys should be given the same privilege, because we have hair styles as well as the girls, and I think wearing hats should be optional.

Yours faithfully,

G. YOUNG, 1 Alpha.

Dear Sir,

The milk that we drink at break is often too warm. This is because it is kept in front of the kitchens in direct sunlight. I therefore think that the crates of milk should be placed in the shade, where they will keep cool.

Yours faithfully,

D. DEAN, 2A.

Dear Sir,

I would like to complain about the system of homework in the School. Some nights we get no homework, and some nights three or four subjects; we should only have two subjects. There is a homework timetable, but some teachers do not bother to keep to it. Cannot something be done about it?

Yours sincerely,

ROSEMARY TAYLOR, 2A.

Dear Sir,

I do think this school lacks social activities for its scholars in the evening. Malton itself badly lacks activities for its teenagers. There are, from what I hear, a few inadequate Youth Clubs, generally poorly organised, and a notorious rock 'n' roll club. The Grammar School could help the situation by running some social activities for its pupils. May I suggest country or barn dances once a week or fortnight? No doubt the Parents Guild could help here.

Yours faithfully,

CAROL SMITH, 2A.

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THE ISLAND

The island stands in the Southern Seas,
Nursed by the wind and the gentle breeze,
And birds sing sweetly on the rocks and trees,
And a humming melody comes from the bees.
And always the lull of the pretty white waves
Echoes mysteriously in the caves.
The beach is as golden as sand can be,
And curious fish swim by in the sea,
And creatures are roaming spritely and free,
And monkeys swing from tree to tree.
And always the lull of the pretty white waves
Echoes mysteriously in the caves.

SARAH FISHER, 1A.

THE POPPIES

A great gash has been made in the ground,
It seems, and the blood is pouring all around.
The blood red poppies in the wind do sway,
And the blood of the wound seems to flow away
With poppies.

With their heads held proudly to the sun,
They dance about and leap and run
Until night overtakes, and bids them sleep,
Then the moon, from behind a cloud, doth peep
At poppies.

I watch over them night and day,
They always send a smile my way;
I am the scarecrow, and from hour to hour
I watch through gale or sun or shower
My poppies.

And when at last they begin to die,
My turnip head will not let me cry.
Through the long winter, I stand alone,
Wishing again for my very own
Poppies.

SUSAN CORNER, 2A.

THE TIME MACHINE

Would that I had a time-machine,
With which I could amuse,
To go right back to might-have-been,
When history books confuse;
And muddle dates, and places, scenes,
In volumes one to five,
And list the names of Kings and Queens,
And all those who survive
In name alone through history.
With battles, plots and deeds;
Each cloaked in time and mystery,
Until my gadget speeds,
To open each and every page
Of knowledge of each bygone age!

SIMON REED, 3A.

AUTUMN

Gone are glorious summer days,
With sunshine's bounteous store,
And Autumn, with her falling leaves,
Has opened wide her door.
Her leaves of gold and yellow
Fast falling, as the days
Shorter grow, and nearer get
To Winter's misty haze.

CAROL DAVISON, 3A.

DESPAIR

Why are we born into this wretched world
Of man-made images with greater power than man himself?
Our life is but a lingering death,
A waiting for the final, fatal blow to fall,
In ever impeding darkness from above,
A punishment for man's stupidity—
Our world was never made for this,
Not made for man just to degrade
And work destruction to all corners of the earth.
We are God's creatures, His creation,
It is to His will we should bend,
And not to wills of graven images,
The poor result of man's intelligence.

ELIZABETH HANSON, Lower Sixth.

THE VISITATION

I thought of Death
And tears, so often in the past
Stifled by iron will,
Flowed freely to relieve the anguished pain.
O cursed Fate,
That took from me that one thing loved
And never did return,
Why must you stand and mock with memories?
An answer came:
From darkness—comfort, trust and love
Refreshed by troubled mind
And soothed my anxious soul with peace divine.

MARY WITTY, Lower Sixth.

LIGHT-HEARTED

I HATE GAMES

I think that hockey's awful,
Especially when it's wet.
The ball just does not seem to move
Any nearer to the net.

Every week I get more bruises
From that hard and wretched ball;
I run so fast and then I trip
And, oh, I nearly fall.

All this time I'd rather play
That good and sporting game;
Football is its name, of course,
But I'm a girl, Oh what a shame.

JILL WHARRICK, 1A.

A FABLE

Jet, the undernourished blood-hound,
Lay astride the garden seat;
Mr. Smith, with springy footsteps,
Made his way along the street.
Jet perceived that in his basket
Lay a large and juicy joint,
Quickly seized the piece of brisket,
Ran off to a distant point.
Mr. Smith then bellowed, "Stop, Thief,"
Chased the dog for all his worth,
Hit the brute with rolled umbrella,
Passers-by all howled with mirth!
But the dog, after his efforts,
Was not going to be denied;
Lazily his mouth he opened,
And the chop slid down inside.
There's a moral to my story,
You'd be well advised to heed,
If you own a hungry blood-hound,
Always keep him on a lead.

DAVID GREAVES, 3A.

SEGREGATION

One day in the corridor we were stopped,
By a certain V.I.P.
Dho said, unless you cease to talk,
Segregated you will be.
This really had us worried,
As we hadn't met the word;
When we asked of other people
They thought us quite absurd.
But all, next morning was revealed.
In the Hall we had a chat—
The V.I.P. looked straight at us
And had us on the mat.
The final chance was gone, he said,
This time we'd gone too far,
From now until the end of term
We should stand against the bar.
We hope this makes the meaning clear,
For a moral has been taught,
That if you wish to talk in Hall,
It pays not to be caught.

JEAN HODGSON, 4A.

OUR FORM MASTER'S POINTER

Now here's a little story —
To tell it is a must —
About a certain pointer
Which eventually "got bust."
To start at the beginnings,
Many years ago,
Our master got a pointer,
Where from we do not know.
This pointer, no great value,
As often we were told,
Was used for pointing out on maps
And frequently to scold.
It's gone through many a hardship,
And narrow squeaks as well,
Our boys would often use it:
For what we must not tell.
Then came that tragic lunch-hour,
When a certain sprightly youth
Accidentally trod on it;
He said that was the truth.
When our master found the breakage,
On the desk where it lay cast,
He was most grieved to see it —
Scarred relic of the past.
However, that poor culprit
Who brought the pointer's end,
Arrived at school next morning
With a stick that you could bend.
This pleased our master greatly,
So the story has its end.
All happy, save the pointer
Which none of us could bend.

JENNIFER THOMPSON, 4A.

FORM 4A'S MISFORTUNE

When we were told at the end of the term
That the form was to be divided,
We plodded along as we always do
And went to the room provided.
Alas! we did not realise
The misfortune that there did await
The "B" Form were given an ordinary room,
But for us a most terrible fate.
4A were to go to the geography room,
But one great problem arose,
Those books with which we are smothered —
Where to put them? — nobody knows!
We suggested the drawers of the tables
But their use was strictly forbidden,
We looked for some other containers
As we thought perhaps they were hidden.
Then came that dreadful announcement,
This is just for a while, of course,
"You may keep your books in the cupboard
The one with the sliding doors."
Now we wouldn't have minded the cupboard
If it hadn't have been for one thing,
While half of the form were scrambling for books
The other half couldn't get in!
For the first few days it was all give and take
— The natural thing to do, —
But while half the form was waiting
Its impatience grew and grew.
The result of this was disaster,
(Which in our form is rare)
But the right side insisted that they should be first,
And the left thought this was unfair.
However, we feel quite proud of the fact,
For the past two terms we've endured
The hardships and troubles a cupboard provides
And feel they should somehow be cured.
Although we are now quite at home in Room 9
Our very greatest fear,
Is that owing to our usual misfortune
We'll be put there again next year!

LYNN KIRBY, 4A.

THE RACE PROBLEM

According to an ancient tale
Of the people of Japan,
God used a great big oven
To bake the clay of man.

The first were unsuccessful;
"Oh dear, Alas, Alack!"
Cried God, "I overbaked them,
And the men have turned out black."

Again he had a failure—
The oven was not quite right—
For now He'd underbaked them
And they had stayed all white.

At last He was successful,
And the people turned out yellow;
"Ah, good!" cried God in happiness,
"I am a lucky fellow."

The black ones were the Negroes,
The white? — why they were White—
The yellow were the Japanese,
And THEY had turned out right.

So now, essentially, you see,
All men are same inside,
No man need feel ashamed of race
Nor try his skin to hide.

JEAN WALKER, 4A.

TWO TICKETS, PLEASE

A deep sleep fell on Adam,
And his rib the Lord God took,
And made it into woman,
—It says so in the Book.

Until the twentieth century
Woman's taken second place,
She's always been his helpmate,
But it's man who's set the pace.

But she's now emancipated,
Her independence gained,
Man has had his innings,
His supremacy has waned.

She has got a job like hubby,
For which she gets equal pay,
She even wears the trousers,
And he helps on washing day.

Of course we are delighted
For we feel it's only right.
A woman's not inferior
(Except in weight and height).

And yet in spite of all this change
I know of prefects who,
When buying tickets for the dance,
Always purchase two.

I'm very curious to know
Whether the trend's reversing,
Is woman's independence going,
Or does she re-imburse him?

J.B.G.

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Elizabeth Hanson and Joan Lindeman.

The news received this half-year of O.M.s is so meagre that we have decided to hold over what we have until our Christmas Edition. May we, therefore, most earnestly appeal to all O.M.s, young and old, to get in touch with us and bring us up to date with their activities.

Meanwhile, we must rest content with two feature articles. The first, by Judith Westmoreland, on Training College Life, is the first of what we hope to be a series on Careers. The second is an interview with Terry Dyson, the Tottenham Hotspurs outside left.

CAREERS — 1.

This is the first of a series of articles on "Careers" by Old Maltonians. It is hoped the series will be of use to scholars and parents engaged on the choice of a career; and of general interest to many others.

TRAINING COLLEGE LIFE

Life in a Training College can be summed up in one word — "hectic." I am just about to complete a two-year course at Derby Training College, where there are 300 students, 40 of them men, so that one can hardly admit to being bored.

On the whole the work is not hard, but there is certainly plenty of it. Moreover, with so much taking place on the social side and with so much talking to be done over cups of coffee, it is the thought of work that is harder.

We have a 5½-day week. Lectures begin at 9 a.m. and finish officially at 5-30 p.m. But we have some free periods within this time. Tuesdays and Thursdays, for both first and second years, are known as "subject days" on which we take the subject we have chosen to study to a more advanced level and for our own benefit; i.e. to a higher level than we are likely to teach the subject in schools. We are allowed to choose our subject from a list which includes most of the subjects taken to 'A' level in school: English, Maths, History, Divinity, Geography, Biology, Arts and Crafts, Music. Our college also takes a specialist course in P.E. for Secondary Modern students only. On these "special subject" days we usually have four periods per week (each period lasts three-quarters of an hour) and the rest of the time we work on our own at work set. The other three days are called "professional days" on which we study the theory and practice of teaching. On these days there are more lectures, which usually last until 5-30 p.m. Everyone has to take basic courses in Maths, English and Divinity. There are also lectures on Psychology and Educational Theory and on teaching method in Divinity, English, History, Geography, Music, P.E. and Modern Dance. Students attend teaching method lectures for the age group which they want to teach: Infant, Junior and Secondary Modern. On entering college one chooses a special subject and an education group and you keep to this for the rest of the course.

All students are expected to attend lectures, but there is no compulsion. However, most people tend only to "skip" the odd one or two, usually to go home early for the weekend. We have dinner in college, so work does not usually start until 8 p.m. Most students tend to work during the week and then go on strike from Friday evening until Monday morning. Work often goes on until two or three in the morning, but this is all part of the fun and one can usually find someone else who will be sitting up and working too. On the whole most of the students leave work until the vacation, when they can really get down to it without interruption. A great deal of the work is set to cover the whole of the course. We are all expected to do a study of "Education Facilities" with relation to our own districts; a child study over a two years period; and a long essay on the special subject (e.g. for Geography or History, a local study). The same policy is in operation for those now embarking on a three-year course (including Old Maltonian, David Lowe). Exams only take place at the end of each college year in June, except for "Mock Finals," which are held in the February of the second year, to be followed by "Finals" in June. We are examined in "Education" which includes Teaching Method, the History of Schooling, Psychology, and our "Special Subject." We also have to reach a satisfactory standard in School Practice. To obtain a certificate, and be a qualified teacher, one has to pass in all three.

As for the subjects which I found most useful before College, I would definitely recommend an 'A' level course in your specialised subject, as much of the course covers the same ground. Apart from that most of the work is completely new and the rest of one's school studies are not likely to be directly relevant, though, of course, useful from the point of view of general education. Wide and general reading is always being urged and is certainly the best form of preparation for such a course as this.

Teaching Practice is not half as formidable as it first appears. The worst times are when the lecturers come in to see us teach, for those lessons are invariably the worst you give, probably because of nervousness. It is better on Teaching Practice to err rather on the side of severity to start with; one can relax later. It is much harder to maintain discipline if one says, "Oh, I'll pretend not to notice little Johnny this time." For little Johnny, having once got away with it, is much harder to curb on subsequent occasions. With younger children one requires more patience and must give more help, whereas with older children the teacher generally finds the class can be trusted with more responsibility, as with group leaders in group work. On the whole I would say that Secondary Modern teaching is the easiest, as the lessons are usually formal and do not require so much effort by the teacher in the actual class-room. In Junior and Infant schools, where free activity and group and individual topic work is going on, things are much more difficult for the teacher and more forethought and organisation are needed from

the teacher.

The college is run by the student committee elected by the students themselves. If the students wish to complain they may bring the matter to the Senior Student, who will then bring it before the Staff and Student Committee. I would not say that there are any discipline problems in college regarding students. If a student is thought to be "going off the rails" lecturers often intervene and advise, but practically nothing is made compulsory. The Principal often brings to the student's notice—through the Senior Student—matters arising about College organising and discipline, e.g. the wearing of track suits in town, general behaviour and noise in the dining room.

Accommodation is extremely good. The actual college is used only for lectures. Lodges in which students live surround the college. Many of these are old houses. In the first year one usually has to share a room but in the second year a single room is usually provided. There are facilities for washing and ironing, for drying clothes, and for cooking. Each lodge has its common room, usually with both radio and piano; and its own garden. The lodges range greatly in the number of students they accommodate—ours and the next one having only 13 students each, while the men's lodge houses 40 students. We are allowed to hold parties both in our own rooms and in the common room.

We have to be signed in at our lodges by 11 p.m. each night, which is quite late considering that breakfast next morning is at 7-40 a.m. The lodge head is responsible for seeing that students are in promptly. Extensions can be had until midnight on Saturdays only; and until a later hour on really special occasions.

Very few students—probably only about six per year out of 130—either leave or are sent down. Many decide after school practice that they are not suitable for teaching and leave of their own account. Others are advised to leave. They usually do but are not compelled to. If they stayed on they would probably fail the course anyway, and are usually brought to realise this.

The social side of College is extremely good. We hold dances frequently on Saturdays. We are constantly invited to coffee parties and dances at Loughborough. Coaches go nearly every week to the film show and dance at Nottingham University. There are numerous clubs in college catering for all tastes. If your interest isn't provided for you, you can easily form a club yourself. As well as all the Sports Societies—tennis, rounders, cricket, rugby, netball, table tennis—there is a Music Club, an International Society, a Debating Society, a Christian Union, a Free Church Fellowship, a Folk Dance Society and a Ballroom Dancing/Jazz Club.

Weekends in college are usually quiet, Sundays especially. Societies usually hold their meetings during the week. We have our own chapel in college and services are held twice a day, with Holy Communion one day in the week and on Sunday morning. None

of the services is compulsory but again all students are expected to attend at least one service a day.

Holidays, better known as vacs., are usually longer than at school. Half-terms occur between major vacs.—Easter, Christmas, Summer. We have to do one School Practice in the summer vac., which, alas, is unpaid. Most students get paid jobs in the summer also — Butlin's, Hotels, Factories, etc., College work is usually done in the week before the return to College.

As for advice to anyone entering Training College, I would say, DO. I myself have never regretted it for a single moment.

JUDITH WESTMORELAND.

INTERVIEW WITH TERRY DYSON

There will be very few schools in the country that can claim among their former pupils a footballer who has won in the same season a Cup Winner's medal and a League Championship medal. We in Malton have taken a special pride in the unique achievements of Tottenham Hotspur because of the regular place held in the side by our own Terry Dyson. Great was our joy indeed as, glued to our television screens, we saw an Old Maltonian give the pass for the goal that put the Spurs in the lead; and then, a little later, come leaping in from the wing to head the splendid goal that put the result beyond all doubt.

When Terry returned to Malton on holiday the editorial staff were quick to seek an interview and the following questions and answers were the outcome.

Editor: Mr. Dyson, may I begin by saying that throughout the last season we at M.G.S. have been following the fortunes of the 'Spurs' with very close attention; and that we were all completely delighted at the splendid performances you achieved. On behalf of all the readers please accept our heartiest congratulations.

Mr. Dyson: Thank you very much.

Editor: Would you begin by outlining your footballing career?

Mr. Dyson: I remember my first game for the School, the last game of the season, when I was in Form I. We drew 0—0. Mr. Rolls took games in those days and I owe a great deal to his coaching and advice. He it was who said I would make an outside-left, though I usually played at inside-left for the School, where I had more of the game. I stayed at school until I was 17, staying two years in the Fifth. In fact I was in the first group to take the new G.C.E. By this time I was playing for Norton. On leaving school, until I went in the Army for National Service, I played for Scarborough. The Army gave me my big chance, for whilst playing for Woolwich I was spotted by a Tottenham scout. In fact, I took over in that Army side from Ron Henry, who moved to left back,

where he now plays for Spurs. On leaving the Army I signed for Tottenham and have been with them for six seasons. But it was only this season that I could keep a regular place in the first team, though I'd often played an occasional game.

Editor: Did you despair of winning a first team place?

Mr. Dyson: At times I was impatient and thought of transfer, especially when Spurs bought Cliff Jones. But as Spurs are a fine club to work for I was reluctant to leave.

Editor: How would you describe the Tottenham approach to the game?

Mr. Dyson: We always try to play good football; i.e. that everything we do should be thoughtful and constructive. We try to avoid wild passes. Above all, we think in terms of spaces; a player moves, takes an opponent with him and thus creates a space which can be used by another player. Of course, when near goal, we think rather of shots at goal and will always chance a shot when there's an opportunity, even if it causes a breakdown in attack.

Editor: How does this differ from the approach of other clubs?

Mr. Dyson: Many clubs have the same approach; for instance Manchester United. But others are more direct and robust in attack, such as Wolves and Sheffield Wednesday. Then many clubs have their own pet schemes, such as the deep-lying centre forward plan used by Manchester City.

Editor: Do you have pre-arranged plans for each match and for special kicks, etc?

Mr. Dyson: Certainly. These vary with our opponents. Then there are a number of set moves for free kicks and throws-in. Danny Blanchflower takes the kicks and we are all on our toes to see which of the different tricks he will use.

Editor: Your forwards always seem to be changing position. I noticed you and Cliff Jones swapped positions just after the kick-off at Wembley.

Mr. Dyson: Yes, we do this frequently. When one forward changes position the others automatically switch over to keep the line even across the field. We always try to keep in line, and we all come back in defence, not just the inside men. There is no goal scoring specialist, though of course George Smith got a lot more than anyone else. All the forwards got over double figures this season.

Editor: How many have you scored?

Mr. Dyson: Eighteen.

Editor: Would you call Spurs an attacking side?

Mr. Dyson: Definitely. The wing halves play up-field as much as possible and have scored several goals. Then our centre-half comes up for corners, where his height is very useful.

Editor: Looking back on the last season what was your toughest game?

Mr. Dyson: Probably the Cup tie at Sunderland, which we drew after a very tough match. The Roker Park crowd were a great help to the home side. We were glad when the whistle went.

Editor: There was a tremendous build up for the Cup Final and you had the disadvantage of being favourites. Did this worry you?

Mr. Dyson: Not very much. We tried to take no notice and to think only of the game. But of course our play wasn't at its best.

Editor: Fans will argue about the effect of the injury to a Leicester player for years. But what is your view?

Mr. Dyson: As you say, we can never know. Personally, I don't think it made any difference, but it was certainly very bad luck on Leicester.

Editor: What are your plans for the European Cup?

Mr. Dyson: We feel we have a very fair chance of reaching the quarter-finals. Then we shall be really up against it and shall have to change our tactics, particularly for the away games against clubs like Real Madrid, who are a fine attacking side. We shall have to try a more defensive game than we usually play. But the details haven't been worked out yet, of course.

Editor: You've said quite a bit about tactics. How are they decided?

Mr. Dyson: Well, we all have our say and offer suggestions. Then the manager, Mr. Nicholson, who also does most of the coaching, and Danny Blanchflower, sum up and make the decisions.

Editor: What sort of training programme do you follow?

Mr. Dyson: Nothing very unusual. We train Tuesday to Friday, and Monday as well at the start of the season. There's a fair amount of gymnastic and running, and weight-lifting twice weekly. This season we've had a special building for 5-a-side play, which has helped a lot. They say Spurs are a friendly team, which is true, of course. But you wouldn't think it watching one of these matches. More seriously, we have a number of practice matches with lots of stops to work out new moves.

Editor: Any comments about your colleagues?

Mr. Dyson: They're a lively set of fellows, of course, and we have a lot of fun. Danny Blanchflower is a very popular captain and a great personality.

Editor: What about club feeling generally?

Mr. Dyson: Very friendly. We all pull together. It's amazing how many people are needed to put our three teams on the field. I have a photograph at home showing over 300 people who work for the club: programme sellers, door-keepers, etc. We even have our own band.

Editor: What are your relations with the reserves?

Mr. Dyson: Very good. There's very little jealousy. Medwin, of course, whose place I took in the side, is still a current international. Even a player like Marchi can't keep a regular place in the first team.

Editor: Is the present side often contrasted with the fine Spurs side of the early fifties, the team of Burgess, Ramsey, Ditchburn, Bailey and Duquemine?

Mr. Dyson: Very often. "The Duke" now has a shop near the ground. Most of the others are managers, trainers or coaches.

Editor: Would you agree that Spurs keep a happy balance between training their own players and buying them from other clubs?

Mr. Dyson: Yes. Six of the present side were transferred for large sums, five were trained by the club.

Editor: You must excuse my mentioning this but Spurs have been criticised in certain quarters for exhibitionism on the field, particularly when goals are scored. Have you any comment?

Mr. Dyson: One gets carried away by the crowd, you know. Anyway, it's all part of the entertainment the crowd are paying for.

Editor: One reads of rows between clubs and directors, at Aston Villa for example. Do you have any trouble in this way?

Mr. Dyson: None at all. The directors leave the running of the club to the Manager.

Editor: What will happen to the large profits the club must have made this season?

Mr. Dyson: Most of the cash will go back into the game. For example, a great deal is being spent on installing new flood-lighting.

Editor: Do you find the job of a professional footballer strenuous?

Mr. Dyson: The season's hard at times, especially at Christmas and Easter. But generally one can lead a normal working day. I am in digs, ten minutes from the ground, and very comfortable. We returned from our Dutch tour last week (mid May) and have to report again on July 21st. The pay is good, especially for members of a successful First Division side.

Editor: What steps should a young man anxious to become a professional footballer take?

Mr. Dyson: In some areas he will be spotted by a scout, often whilst at school. But this is unlikely to happen here. If a lad writes for a trial with a big club he'll usually be given one. Some of the Spurs team say that if a player is good enough he'll make the grade, others reckon that good players are often missed because of a bad trial.

Editor: Any tips for a young player?

Mr. Dyson: Ball control is the vital thing and he should practise this often, giving as much time to it as actual match play.

Editor: Can you name any other Malton players who could have made the grade professionally?

Mr. Dyson: I think Bruce Rolfs would have stood a very good chance.

Editor: Who was the best full-back you played against this season?

Mr. Dyson: Undoubtedly Jimmy Armfield.

Editor: Any comment on the England side?

Mr. Dyson: I should say they're the best for some seasons.

They were unlucky to lose against Austria, the result of a badly planned tour. They should do well in the next World Cup.

Editor: May I finish on a somewhat different note? Have you any comment on the refusal by Danny Blanchflower to appear on the B.B.C.'s 'This is your Life'?

Mr. Dyson: We were surprised, of course, because we were all set to go before the cameras. Mr. Nicholson, the manager, came round at lunch-time and asked us to be available, but to say nothing to Danny. I think the general feeling was that it was his affair.

Editor: It would be pointless to ask about your hopes for next season. So on behalf of 'The Maltonian' and all its readers I will simply wish you and all the team the very best of good fortune.

Mr. Dyson: Thank you very much. Will you please send me a copy of the "Maltonian"?

Editor: With the greatest of pleasure.

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