

ERMYSTED'S
GRAMMAR
SCHOOL
1492-1992

CELEBRATION



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Front Cover:

A note on the crest used at the School —

Argent, a chevron gules between the points of spears azure, tasseled in the middle or.

Crest, a dexter arm in armour embowed proper, holding the butt end of a broken spear or.

Motto, Sivez Raison.

These arms were used by an old established family, a branch of which lived in the Settle area. There is so far no evidence that William Ermysted used these arms. The "la" in the motto is not found in the original, though it may have been added at a later date for artistic reasons.


Half Title:

Quincentenary logotype, designed by A. J. Rundle (6B) 1990-1991.

Frontispiece:

Schoolmaster and scholar with hornbook, 1622.

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Celebration

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Printed by
The Craven Herald and Pioneer
38 High Street
Skipton
North Yorkshire
BD23 1JU



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IN MY WILDEST DREAMS it was never anticipated that almost forty years on from my school days 1992 would see me so vitally involved in the continued running and development of Ermysted's nor to be privileged to be a part of these great Quincentennial Celebrations.

The most important influences in my formative years were the Church and Ermysted's Grammar School. Within these two, ringing in my subconscious mind have remained words from the Book of Genesis and the beginning of the Headmaster's oration on Founders' Day. The preamble to the Book of Genesis, "In the beginning God" is inextricably linked in my mind with the first words of the Headmaster, in the Founders' Day Service, "Before the year 1492".

A. M. Gibbon, in his *History of the Ancient Free Grammar School of Skipton in Craven*, hazards that the School began in the Chantry of St. Nicholas, besides our Parish Church, probably at some time between 1468 and 1475, and it seems reasonable to assume that a Chantry School must have been well established some years before Toller's death in 1492. It is significant therefore that the civilising influence of that Chantry School began in this area before the discovery of the New World. It has been a matter of pride to me that the School to which I belong existed before the birth pangs of that great civilisation.

Since its refoundation in 1548, there have been thirty-four Headmasters, or Pedagogues, of Ermysted's. Five of them, M. L. Forster, A. M. Gibbon, Jack Eastwood, John Woolmore and David Buckroyd, have made great impression upon my life, having been taught by the first three and become firm friends with the last three. The School is indebted to each one of them for their unstinting service to Ermysted's. Each of us has his own personal remembrances and debt to those who were so influential in our formative years. Older boys than I will have their own memories of earlier men. To be involved in the choosing of a Headmaster to continue the great traditions established here is indeed a humbling experience.

It is easy to reflect upon the last 500 years and imply or believe that the education offered here has always been similar to that with which we grew up. History, however, does not bear out that belief or implication; indeed, the value of education was debunked in some



Introduction

earlier ages and has only within this century become more generally appreciated. Even in this century Bertrand Russell opined that "We are faced with the paradoxical fact that education has become one of the chief obstacles to intelligence and freedom of thought". In the early years schoolmasters were undervalued and some will say still are — but not at Ermysted's.

Pain was an ever present companion to some schoolboys. Henry Peacham, in *The Compleat Gentleman*, writes: "I know of one schoolmaster who in winter would ordinarily on a cold morning whip his boys over for no other purpose than to get himself the heat." A far cry from the present times when corporal punishment is now forbidden by law, even as a small part of a package of sanctions. Doctor Johnson noted in Boswell's *Life* that, "there is now less flogging in our great Schools than formerly, but less is learned there, so that what the boys get at one end they lose at the other".

Old Boys will no doubt recall their first impression of Ermysted's when upon arrival we were ushered into the quadrangle suitably and smartly attired, the majority having

the well scrubbed look, before being subdivided into forms. Within our quadrangle there still grows a beautiful sycamore tree. There is no record of which came first, the quad or the tree — perhaps the school was built around it. To me it is a symbol of our origins and continuity.

Reflecting on our quad and its tree, I came across a wonderful limerick, part of a collection by Monsignor Ronald Knox:

"There once was a man who said, God
Must think it exceedingly odd —
If He finds that this tree
Continues to be
When there's no one about in the quad."

Following the publication of that limerick a reply was received in a well known newspaper of the time, ostensibly from a most important party.

"Dear Sir, your astonishment's odd
I am always about in the quad
And that's why the tree
Will continue to be
Since observed by,
Yours faithfully,
God."

"The Quad."
D.K.
1991



And so we come full circle, the original idea and the future still based upon it. One of the important things that I have learned in my involvement at Ermysted's is how vital is continuity. We are still building upon other men's labours.

Ermysted's is now happy to bask in the glory that boys attending the School in recent years have attained the highest academic achievements, as is borne out by the present unofficial league tables published by the Press each August.

Which of us would have thought that School could continue in similar vein after Mark Forster, A. M. Gibbon, John Woolmore, Wally Evans or Jack Eastwood, but of course it does, for it is not only an idea, it is an ideal. We are still committed to the words enshrined by William Ermysted in his Refoundation Deed: "Whereas amongst other Remembrances of Human Piety it is a duty most pious and it hath especially pleased the Most High that Boys should be rightly educated from their very Infancy and, with God's Mercy be informed or drawn along to Virtue and Discipline, according to the Strength and Endowments to them by Heaven granted to promote this, that the Commonwealth may from Time to Time not only have learned and wise Men, but also especially Men fearing God and knowing that which is divine and reverent. . . ."

Mark Forster, Headmaster from 1937 to 1956, writes in the epilogue to the *History of Ermysted's*, "I know of no nobler statement of the function and purpose of education than that contained in the Will* of William Ermysted". He continued, "In an age overflowing with knowledge, we find ourselves sadly deficient in wisdom and in regard for the fundamentals of the Christian ethic". He expressed his conviction that the Grammar School founded by Ermysted and Toller must play its part in recalling the rising generation from the edge of the moral precipice to which moral blindness has driven humanity. Greater knowledge for greater numbers is much to be desired; greater goodness alone can save mankind. The words which he wrote nearly fifty years ago are as true today as they were then and it is my wish that these Quincentennial Celebrations might give all of us with feet of clay a greater resolve in the pursuit of our Founders' aims and Mark Forster's final statement.

I give you this assurance that so far as lies within my power the traditions of Ermysted's

* Ermysted's Deed is referred to; his Will does not mention the School. — *Editor*

will continue and that no change in Government or change in the Law can defeat the spirit of an establishment which has resisted any deviation from the ideals of its Founders, endured and flourished through five centuries.

The School is aptly referred to as "The Ancient Free Grammar School of Skipton in Craven".

R. L. WHITTAKER

Chairman of the Governing Body, 1992

PLUS CA CHANGE, PLUS C'EST LA MÊME CHOSE

THE TWIN THEMES of our Quincentenary Year, celebration and commemoration, have spawned a succession of hugely enjoyable special events, ranging from the unashamedly hedonistic to the altruistic, with much still to look forward to. With the visit of HRH the Princess Royal behind us and our Quincentenary Building Appeal at the lift-off stage, I am delighted to take time out from the frenetic round of planning activities to compose a few measured thoughts on the recent history of the School.

Personal reminiscences and nostalgic soul-searching covering the ten years of my incumbency pale into insignificance when set against the full panoply of momentous events which make up the 500 years of the history of Ermysted's Grammar School and of its forerunner the Chantry School of St. Nicholas. But I can claim with some justification to be the first Headmaster of the new generation, in which the School has no longer been able to take refuge in its remote geographical setting but has been subjected to the full glare of national publicity, and has been pulled this way and that by political pressures emanating from central and local government. Ermysted's must now compete in the market place, attracting its customers from as wide a field as possible and the days when it could hold itself aloof from educational initiatives, pilot schemes, cross-institutional co-operation and the like are long gone. Ermysted's by its very nature and history is unique, but some of my legendary, authoritarian predecessors would

turn in their graves at the degree of conformity which recent legislation has forced upon us. Different we remain but the gulf has narrowed perceptibly.

The Governors in seeking a replacement for Mr. John Woolmore showed commendable perspicacity and vision in divorcing the responsibilities of overseeing School House from those of running the School. They foresaw the increasing administrative and financial responsibilities which would fall to the lot of their new appointee, tasks for which he would be ill prepared by training and inclination, and they installed Mr. Richard Slaney as Senior Housemaster in overall charge of the running of School House. Neither he nor I would accept more than the most tenuous responsibility for the eventual demise of the boarding provision at Ermysted's; but I will perhaps deal with that matter elsewhere.

Mr. Roger Whittaker, Old Boy and Chairman of Governors, was largely responsible for my appointment, a decision which I hope he regrets as little as I do. Born and bred in Yorkshire, a product of Roundhay School in Leeds, I had locked antlers with Roger on several occasions on the rugby field, which may not necessarily have counted in my favour, but the clinching factor in my selection must surely have been my ability to speak and understand the local language. Having completed two spells of missionary work in Lancashire schools and having served in both the independent and maintained sectors, my candidature met with the approval of the Governing Body, although it is perhaps significant that of the original eighteen governors, who connived at my appointment after two full days of the most searching interviews, only two remain in post!

One of those eighteen was the late Mr. Arthur Coe — outspoken, irascible, uncompromising — who as Chairman in the 'fifties, 'sixties and early 'seventies, had steadfastly resisted the headlong, lemming-like stampede towards comprehensive education. Espoused by all political parties, reorganisation of secondary education on comprehensive lines was the flavour of the era, but Arthur, buttressed by the safeguards afforded by the aided status of the School, frustrated over and over again the schemes put forward by the Authority. Jack Eastwood, a former Headmaster, several foundation governors, teaching staff and friends of Ermysted's took to the streets, lobbying local politicians, signing petitions and rallying opposition to the proposed changes. Each revamped scheme was studiously examined, debated, dissected and

ultimately rejected, rationally and dispassionately, but the survival of the School as a selective boy's Grammar School must in the final analysis be ascribed to the election of a Conservative government in 1979. Comprehensive reorganisation ceased overnight to be a priority concern and since that time the political will, and perhaps more importantly the financial wherewithal, to re-open the ageing files on reorganisations have been mercifully lacking.

The pressure to re-organise had been exacerbated in 1974 by the changes in Local Authority boundaries, which dragged significant tranches of the former West Riding of Yorkshire screaming into Lancashire or into the metropolitan authorities of Bradford and Leeds. Secondary education at Ermysted's was therefore denied to considerable numbers of boys living on the fringes of our catchment area and the School had to survive without the male offspring of what is now West Craven. Craven House withered on the vine and the maroon striped tie took its place in the Archives Room along with the School cap and other memorabilia. Inevitably, numbers fell away and in the middle to late 'seventies the School Roll struggled to reach 400, compared with 550 at one stage in the 'eighties, with the concomitant pressure for rationalisation, efficient use of manpower and financial resources and the need to sustain an appropriate number and range of courses. The 1980 Education Act, which allowed parents to opt across county boundaries, reversed the trend at a stroke and after a gradual build-up we are now in a position where over 200 of our boys (roughly 40%) are domiciled in areas other than North Yorkshire. There can be no doubt that the reintroduction of offcumduns has enriched the cultural, social and ethnic mix of the School to the benefit of all concerned.

A School is a collection of individuals, no more nor less, interacting and relating to each other and whereas we take for granted the regular turnover of pupils, we have been uncommonly blessed by a sequence of teaching and ancillary staff who have devoted a large proportion, if not all, of their working lives to Ermysted's. Recent retirements have deprived us of Pat Hennigan after fifty-one years tending the grounds, Peter Clarke, caretaker and guardian of the School's appearance and reputation; Wally Evans, Colin Williamson, Billy Jones, Derek Morton, Dick Dulling, David Jenkinson, and Jim Hartley, *inter alia*, whose expertise, commitment and devotion are not easily replaced. Jimmy Harrison and David Higson were snatched from us prematurely and although it may be a delusion

brought on by advancing years, I am of the opinion that the pressures and constraints of modern education and the uniformity of early experiences cushioned by the Welfare State, are denying the profession the ample supply of maverick, charismatic, larger-than-life schoolmasters who peopled my own childhood memories. Certainly few will mourn the passing of the days when boys accepted caning as a daily risk and Brew Foster thought nothing of working his way through a whole form before morning coffee, but the eccentrics, the personalities, of yesteryear are no longer around to put their individual stamp on the educational process.

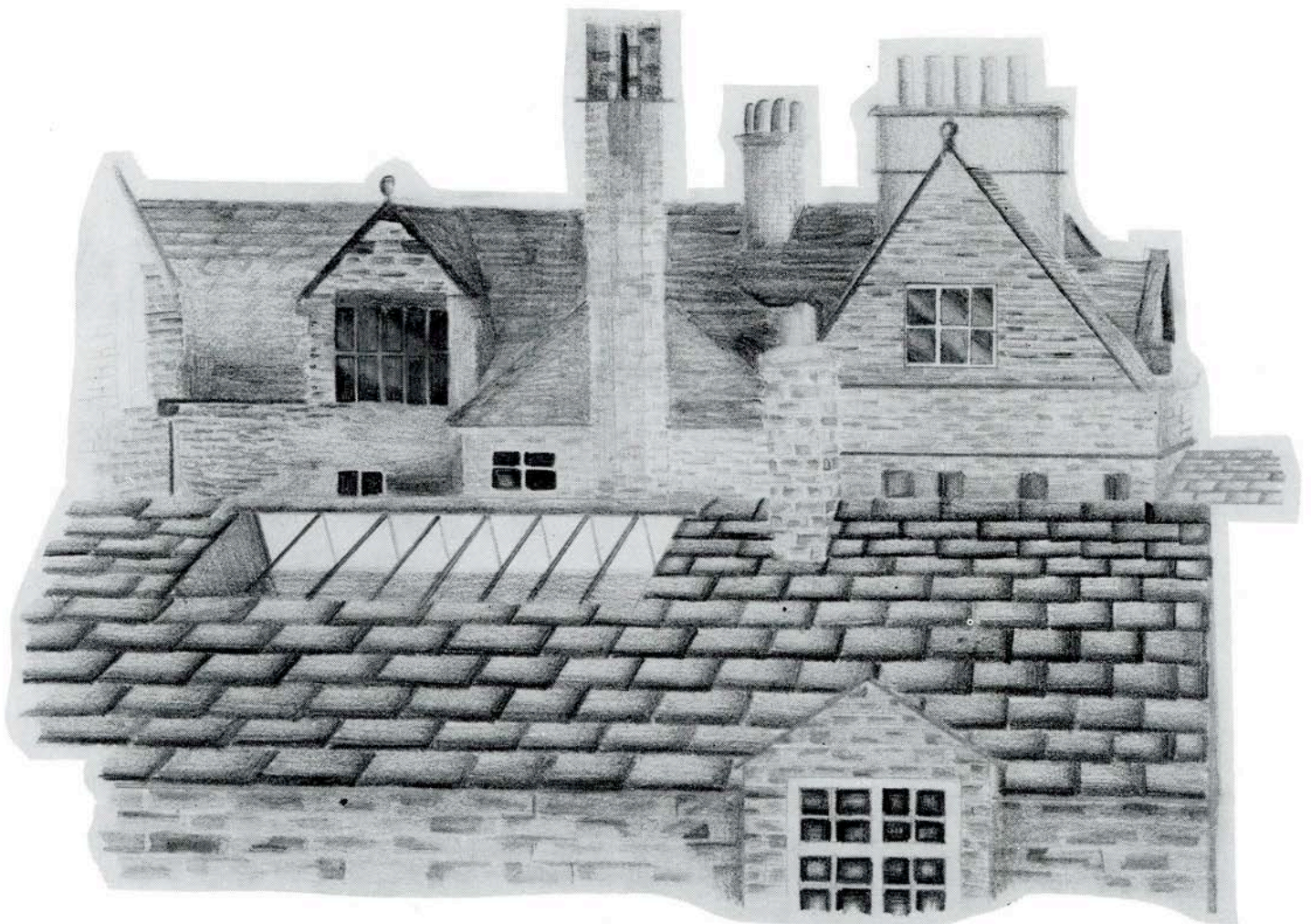
The reader of *Commemoration 1948* would find many physical changes were he to return to his Alma Mater after a lapse of 44 years. The Memorial Hall completed in 1959, the Biology Laboratory and Conservatory 1971, and the West Riding temporary classrooms (the hen-huts) would strike him immediately, but only on closer inspection would the refurbishment of the laboratories, the workshops, and many other areas of the School become apparent. School House, since its closure in 1989, would be unrecognisable and the enhanced resources available to new and old

subject departments alike would leave him wide-eyed and appreciative. Administrative and management systems, facilities, buildings and curriculum may have evolved at an accelerating pace but the ambience remains constant. Our raw material continues to respond in magnificent style to the educational opportunities available and every individual pupil has the potential to achieve excellence in some field or other, be it academic, sporting or cultural.

My function is no different from that of my predecessors, that is to harness the talents of my gifted staff into unearthing, nurturing and honing the talents and skills of our young charges and to take pride and pleasure in their achievements. As we celebrate and commemorate the 500 years of our history, which coincided with the reassurance of a fourth and largely unexpected Conservative victory at the polls, thus guaranteeing at least five more years of the status quo, let us strive to ensure that the children of Skipton and district are at least as well served educationally, if not better, than their forerunners in previous centuries.

D. M. BUCKROYD
Headmaster, 1992

School rooftops.
T. M. J. KENDALL (6B)
1991-1992



PETER TOLLER (died 1492)

THIS CLERIC, founder of the original Chantry School in Skipton Parish Church, is likely to remain an elusive figure. We know only that he was made rector of one mediety, that is a half, of Linton-in-Craven in 1468. By the time of his death in 1492 it seems likely that a Latin School was already in existence in a Chantry which Toller had founded between 1468 and 1475.

This Chantry of St. Nicholas in the Parish Church was not untypical of many such foundations in fifteenth century England. Lands were given or bequeathed for the support of a priest who was to pray for the founder's soul and all Christian souls in purgatory. Such services as were required did not provide a full-time occupation and it was common to expect teaching to be undertaken as well; by implication teaching was presumably not a full-time occupation either! Until the eighteenth century it was not possible for a teacher in any religious school with an Anglican origin to practise without a bishop's licence confirming his orthodoxy. Until 1871 the Headmaster of Ermysted's was required to be in holy orders.

In 1548 a survey was made of the Chantry lands, that is those bequeathed by Toller; it was reported that 120 boys were in attendance at the School, under Stephen Ellis, "a good grammarian", and that the "free grammar school for the good education of youth hath been continued ever since the foundation". Ellis was to become the first Master of Ermysted's re-foundation. This continuity is proved by a document of 1561 by which the Crown promised to pay him £4 4s. 10d. per year as compensation for Toller's seized Chantry lands, of which more will be written later.

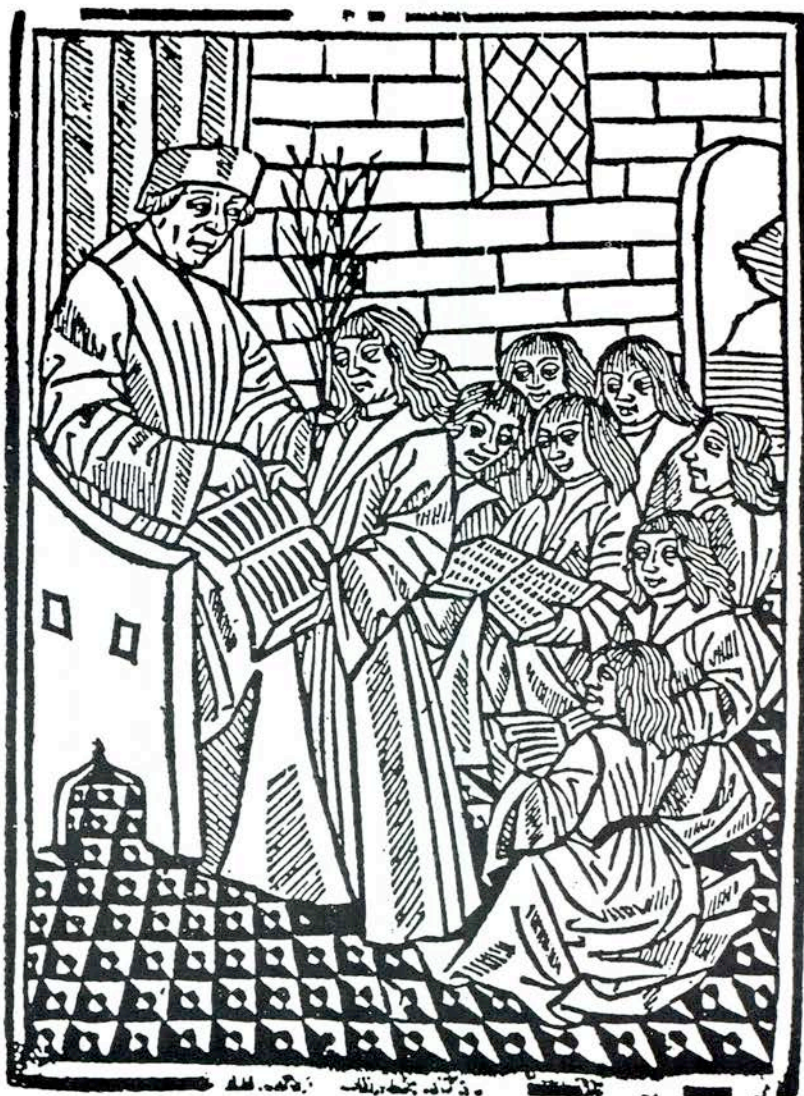
WILLIAM ERMYSTED, D.D. (died 1558)

WHEN THE SCHOOL celebrated a 400th anniversary in 1948 it was justly acknowledging its debt to William Ermysted, long regarded as the original founder. Only the researches of Mr. A. M. Gibbon in preparing that celebration uncovered an earlier history, dating from 1492 at least and possibly from 1468.



Founders and Benefactors

*Below:
Grammar school,
circa 1500; apparently in
a church, as Toller's
School was. (Source:
Sarum Hymnal.)*



William was a prominent figure in the London of Henry VIII. Educated abroad and then at Oxford, he was a Doctor of Divinity by 1540. He held plural livings as an absentee, was a Canon of St. Paul's, a "clerk of the King's Chancery" and Master of the Temple. Besides re-endowing our School he established an elementary school, the Clerk's School, in Skipton, as well as giving a large donation to Leeds Grammar School.

There is at present no proof that William Ermysted was a local man; however, his generosity to the School, his possession of extensive lands here and the common occurrence of the Armysted/Ermysted name in the Settle area provide serious circumstantial evidence that he was a man of Craven.

Whilst in the Royal service William was in a good position to witness the seizures of ecclesiastical lands by Henry VIII and Edward VI. He would have seen the Chantry lands which supported Toller's School appropriated by the Crown in 1548. They were ultimately to be given by Mary I to support Clitheroe Grammar School. William's re-

foundation deeds for our School were executed on 1st September 1548 and enrolled on the Close Rolls on 12th December 1551. Essentially those documents recorded the lands which Ermysted wished to present for the continual support of the School, together with a system for its management; the teaching regime laid down was of a pattern with those of the majority of classically based grammar schools of the day. Ermysted's initiative in finding a new home for the School is described in Mr. A. M. Gibbon's pioneering article of 1948, which is reprinted in the chapter following.

William Ermysted died a relatively poor man and his will does not mention the School. As the Chairman of the present Governing Body has reminded us, the words of the Re-foundation Deed, declaimed every Founders' Day, have still a stirring quality. Here indeed was a man of quality, struggling to preserve old values and to establish new certainties amidst a chaos of change, often change for its own sake, which must at times have appeared to him to have had no prospect of resolution.

Elizabethan schoolroom.



THE PETYT BROTHERS

WILLIAM (*circa* 1637-1707) and Sylvester (1640-1719) were born at Storiths, near Bolton Priory, and attended the School in Newmarket Street. Both became lawyers in London and Sylvester became very wealthy in his commercial law practice.

William was the more studious and he became involved in the study of constitutional history, which then had extreme political importance. In 1680 he published three controversial books in which he argued that the House of Commons had “anciently”, even pre-Conquest, had a right to share decision-making with the kings and even to choose them. This thesis, which is almost certainly erroneous, was commonly advanced by the Whigs in the 1680s, as they strove to enlarge Parliament’s powers and to prevent the accession of the Roman Catholic James to the throne. He did, however, become King James II in 1685.

When James was forced to vacate the throne in 1689, after the relatively restrained “Glorious Revolution” the Whigs were triumphant; William Petyt was rewarded with the post of Keeper of the Records in the Tower of London, replacing his Tory rival Robert Brady. In this position William did valuable service in conserving and systematising the records, so that one of his portraits has a proud place in the Public Record Office to this day.

Both Petyts were the subjects of numerous paintings, including a matched pair shared between Ermysted’s School and Skipton Girls’ High School. In these they appear in self-assured and prosperous middle age with their recently acquired coat of arms. A portrait of Sylvester by the somewhat unimaginative Dutch artist Richard van Bleeck may be seen reproduced as an engraving at Ermysted’s; here Sylvester manages a smile. The interesting portrait at the Public Record Office shows William in old age and he appears informal and benevolent. In these later years his thoughts returned to his old School, for at his death in 1707 he left £50 for its use and a further £200 to Christ’s College, Cambridge, for the support of poor scholars, particularly those from Skipton. This mellowness can be detected among the rules for a school he founded in Chelsea; no pupil was to be whipped before the Trustees had considered his or her case and been given the opportunity to reduce or suspend the punishment.



Sylvester, who died in 1719, ensured that his brother's wishes were carried out. More important, he left the huge sum of £30,000 to form the Petyt Trust, which still performs various educational functions, such as providing some Speech Day prizes. The bulk of the capital was used in the nineteenth century to endow Skipton Girls' High School. Sylvester ensured that the Petyt Library, books from the collections of himself, his brother and their friends, was delivered to Skipton; some of the books were "for the use and benefit of the Free Grammar School", though the whole bequest has rightly been conserved as a unity for many years.

*Opposite top:
William Petyt (circa
1637-1707) by Richard van
Bleek (Public Record
Office, London).
Petyt holds Magna Carta,
so important in
Parliament's campaigns to
check the royal authority.*

*Opposite bottom:
Sylvester Petyt (1640-1719).
A print engraved from a
painting by Richard van
Bleek. The artist was
favoured by the Petyts,
despite the apparent lack of
originality in his poses.
The richness of Sylvester's
apparel seems to confirm
Gibbon's judgment that
"William had gained the
publicity, but Sylvester
acquired the money".*

*The Petyt Coat of Arms:
Argent, a lion rampant
gules, on a canton azure, a
pheon or. Crest, a crane
proper, in the dexter claw a
stone sable.*



EDWARD HARTLEY

EDWARD TOMSON HARTLEY was not a "founder" or "benefactor" in the narrow meanings of those terms. However, as Headmaster from 1876 to 1907 he is justly remembered as "The Chief", the true founder of modern Ermysted's.

Hartley was appointed on the eve of the move from Newmarket Street to the new

Gargrave Road School, which the boys made in 1877. His early years were dedicated to building up his numbers from the thirteen who originally made this transfer towards the hundred, including fifty boarders, for which the new building was designed. The task was a difficult one; a recession in agriculture in the 1880s and 1890s reduced the income from fee payers, who comprised a majority of the scholars under a new Scheme of Government of 1871. Significant lands from William Ermysted's bequest had to be sold to fund the building programme; we always seem to build in recessions!

The fine new building, now "School House", designed by the regionally important Lancaster architects Paley and Austin, was insufficient to contain Hartley's ambitions. He added the Gym and Pool; the School's first government grant provided (1895) the Science Department, which is now the Advanced Physics Laboratory and the Staff Study; Craft Workshops, now Rooms 2 and 3, were completed before Hartley resigned in 1907. Stories of his attention to the School grounds are legion; he certainly planted a large number of the trees himself and carried a good deal of the soil which needed moving in converting "The Top" into one of the most attractive sports grounds in the county.

Hartley's School earned a great reputation for scholarship. He wisely pioneered the teaching of Science, in which many more strictly "private" schools lagged behind; he was trained as a scientist and made much of the new apparatus himself. T. W. Edmondson was the most eminent of Hartley's science scholars; after entering on a Foundation Scholarship at the age of ten he completed a London B.A. whilst still in the Sixth Form; by 1891 he had emerged at the top of the Cambridge Mathematics Degree List. The width of Hartley's academic interests (though initially a scientist, he moved from the School to become a parish priest) appears to have inspired pupils such as Edmondson; whilst Professor of Mathematics at New York University that scholar began a long and systematic study of the School's history which is still of value today.

When Hartley resigned in 1907 many of his former pupils presented him with a memorial album containing their photographs. Many were now middle-aged men of considerable local eminence; others were still young and sadly a few were to feature on the memorial to the dead of 1914-1918. That war was to shatter, perhaps forever, the belief in progress through scholarship and self improvement which "The Chief" had personified.

THE BEAUTIFUL OLD BUILDING, lying near the junction of Moor Road with Newmarket Street, has been known to very many generations of Skiptonians as the Old Grammar School. It has been generally assumed to have been erected at about the time of Ermysted's foundation for the home of his newly-endowed school. Local historians seem to have known nothing about it; the great Dr. Whitaker has nothing to say about it in his classic *History of Craven*, and even the late W. H. Dawson has never questioned its origin. Today it still stands, well preserved but almost disregarded, serving as an electricity sub-station for the local Urban District Council. How amazed Ermysted would be could he but pay a visit! Though our benefactor cannot step forward some 400 years into history, we are more fortunate and there is nothing to prevent our stepping backward. Let us therefore investigate the story of this ancient building, so long the home of Skipton Grammar School.

Now, it is quite clear that what we call the Old School was not erected by Ermysted. The proof of this is in the Foundation Deed: "... and I will and assign that the said Pedagogy be kept and had in a certain House in Skipton ... which I have lately purchased to me from the Honourable Man the Lord Henry, Earl of Cumberland." There was, therefore, already in existence a *House* (the word must not be narrowed to its 20th century use) which must have appeared suitable as a permanent home for the newly-endowed school, and there is no doubt that it was the building whose origin we are investigating. What sort of an edifice was this, so large and suitable in 16th century Skipton? The answer to this question is provided in a report of the Archbishop of York in 1570

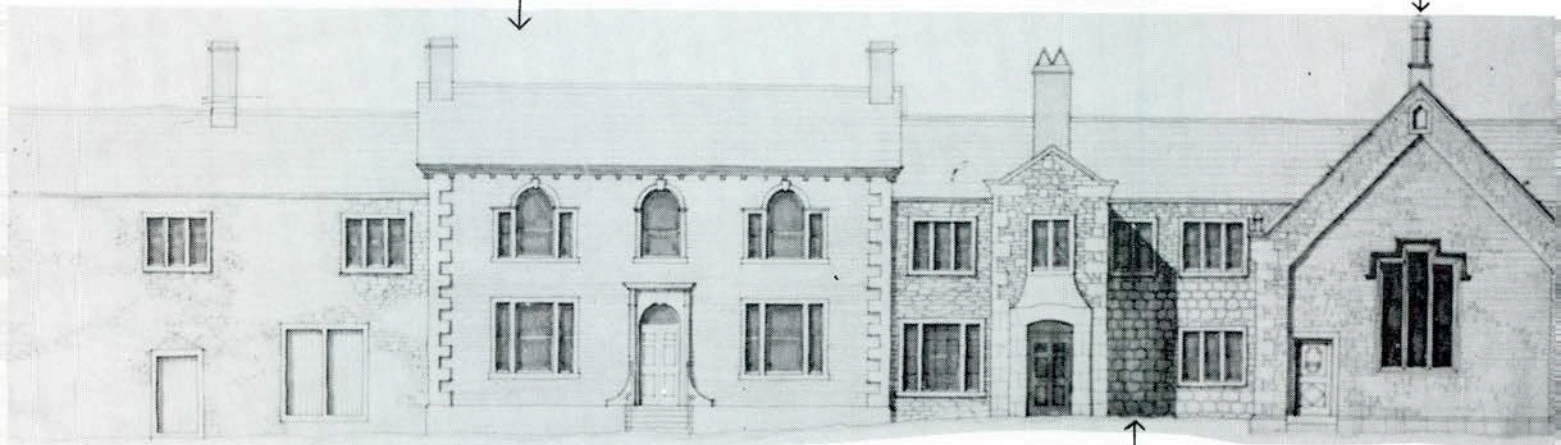


The Old Grammar School

A suggested elevation of the Old School in 1850, by Mr. B. Rawson. Based upon Mr. Rawson's own survey.

16 October 1847
 "Plans approved for alterations at School House by which a distinct House will be provided."

8 July 1839
 "A new School Building be erected immediately adjoining to the old one, but the style to be made uniform with the old School."



ELEVATION FROM THE SOUTH AS IT PROBABLY APPEARED IN 1850

Very old masonry, undoubtedly part of "a certain house in Skipton ... which I have lately purchased ... from the Honourable Man the Lord Henry, Earl of Cumberland" — Canon Ermysted, 1548.

as follows: "We have ascertained that the Grammar School in the said town of Skipton has been and is kept in the Chapel of St. James (a place entirely suitable and fit)." From this description it is clear, bearing in mind the use of the past and present tense and the comment on the entire suitability that this was the permanent home of the School and was the *House* bought by Ermysted.

Our investigations may now be narrowed down to the Chapel of St. James. This is no easy task for there is no known reference to such a chapel, either in the history of the Church or of the Castle, nor is there any sign of it in the full records of the chapels or chantries of the Deanery of Craven. It is here that outside sources come to our aid and bring to light an interesting story.

The Chapel of St. James now almost certainly turns out to be a Chapel of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, who had a Preceptory at Newland (Normanton) and who held many parcels of land throughout Craven. On the eve of their dissolution in 1540 the Ministers' Accounts* of this Preceptory show that a certain Christopher Lambert held from them one acre of land *lying next the Chapel of St. James*, in Skipton. One might reasonably deduce from this that the Chapel itself, as well as the land near it, belonged to the Knights; such a deduction, however, becomes almost a certainty when we proceed to further enquiries about the aforesaid Christopher Lambert.

The Lambert family is a very long established one in Craven. At one time they occupied Winterwell Hall, in Skipton,

long before the construction of the Leeds-Liverpool canal, on a site now approximately at Belmont Bridge. Later, in the days of the great Parliamentary general, they resided at Calton Hall, and a more recent branch of the family (by marriage with the Listers) was to be found at Gisburn Park. It is fortunate, for our enquiries, that in the Ribblesdale MSS. at Gisburn, some of the Lambert records are still preserved. Here, as luck will have it, we are able to find the very information about Christopher Lambert that is necessary to complete the story.

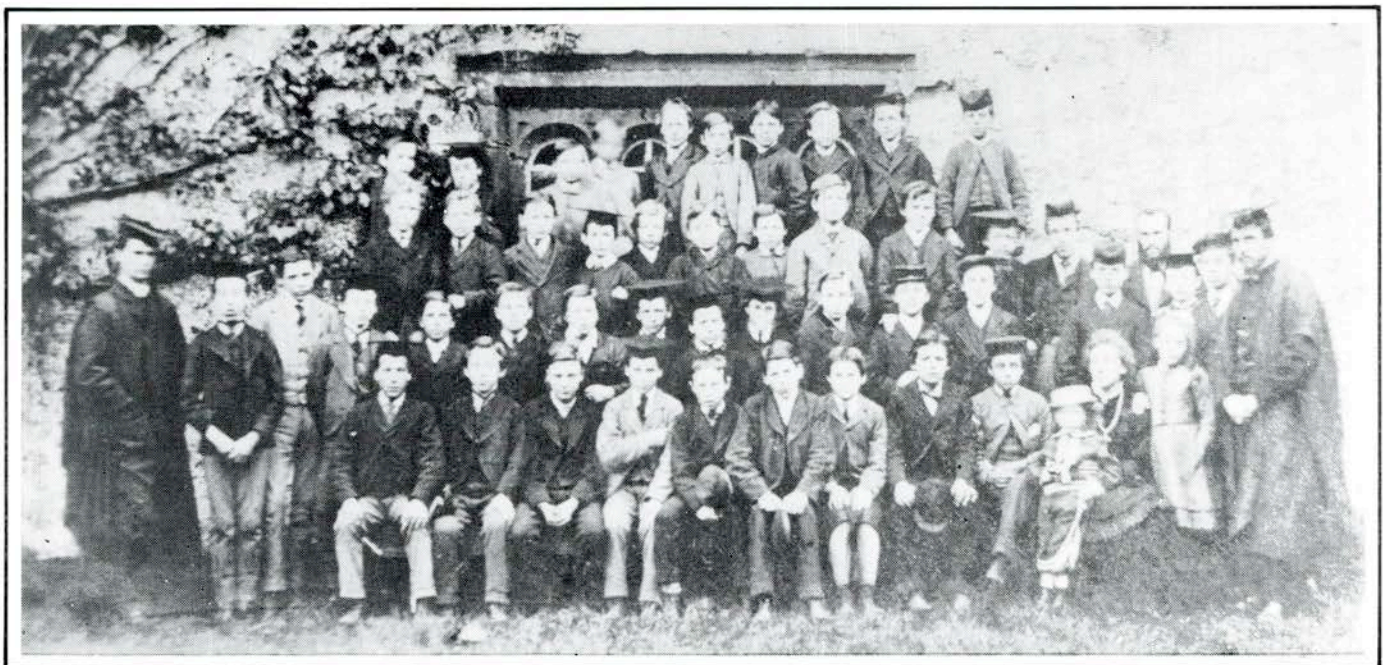
By her Will in 1514, Margaret, widow of Tho. Wykes, of Flasby, left "to Christofer Lambart of Skypton, my grandbarn . . . the lease of a house in Skypton and of the croft and all the marcery wares in the shop in the upper end of the same house." Added to this is an endorsement by John Lambert as follows: "Mind that my brother Christofer's house in Skipton is not wholly conveyed unto him by this lease . . . as all the Crosse end belongeth to St. John of Jerusalem."* This would seem to suggest that the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, in 1514, had leased out part of the building, for house and shop, keeping only the Cross end for themselves, and that this building was in fact the Chapel of St. James. Two later scraps of information support this deduction, for we find:

- (a) That in 1540 Christopher Lambert was bailiff for the Knights in Craven and so practically ran the management of their lands; it would be surprising if his centre was not at the Chapel itself;

* By the Crosse end presumably is meant the end at which the Cross stood.

A group at the Old Grammar School, circa 1873. Courtesy of Craven Museum, Skipton.

* Y.A.S. Record Series Vol. LXI.



(b) That in 1556 the aforesaid Christopher by will bequeathed to his son "the lathe and close under it at the Newcastle Street and the flat nigh thereto behind St. James' Chapel".

It will be noticed that by this time there is no mention of his lease of the *House*, which, presumably, on the dissolution of the Hospitallers, was lost to them and had now become the Grammar School.

To sum up: we can state quite definitely that in its earliest days the School was housed in the Chapel of St. James, *nigh* Newmarket Street and that this Chapel was of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, in the Preceptory of Newland (Normanton). Almost certainly it had previously been partly leased out to Christopher Lambert, the Cross end being retained by the Knights. At the time of the Reformation the Chapel must have fallen into the hands of the Earl of Cumberland, for it was purchased from him by William Ermysted for the newly-endowed Grammar School.

How far the building, internal and external, has been modified in the course of these hundreds of years by the continual care of its upkeep must be left to architects to decide. Time brings many changes. Here is an ancient building which in turn has served as mediaeval chapel, school and electricity sub-station. What will it be when the next centenary commemoration falls due? The local Urban District Council would seem to be in possible possession of the answer.

A.M.G.

Editor's Note: This article, by A. M. Gibbon, has been reprinted, without changes, from the pamphlet *Commemoration 1948*. Much research work has since been done on the Old School by Mr. Barry Rawson, an Old Boy. We print, with acknowledgement, a copy of Mr. Rawson's survey elevation of the Old School, which includes quotations from the earliest School Minute Book, making it clear that the electricity sub-station is of Victorian date only.

Grammar School, Skipton.

CHRISTMAS, 1831.	CLASSICS.	GEOGRAPHY HISTORY.	ACCOUNTS.	E. GRAM.	WRITING.	EQUATED.	THE ORDER OF MERIT.
Archer Henry*	8	10	7	7	15	47	9
Archer W. P.	13	14	21	14	25	87	17
Birtwhistle A. C.	48	..	39	44	47	178	44
Brown J. H. <i>Prize</i> .	4	4	5	6	8	27	5
Brown Thomas	49	40	49	138	46
Brumfitt Edward	37	..	42	41	38	158	39
Calvert J. C.	45	..	44	46	48	183	45
Calvert J. E.	38	..	41	31	39	149	37
Capstick Edward	33	..	40	35	40	148	37
Chamberlain George	29	30	37	37	30	163	32
Cooper Joseph*	17	13	17	11	18	76	15
Cockshott John*	10	6	8	9	12	45	9
Cockshott James*	24	24	22	29	14	113	22
Cockshott W. H.	25	29	32	24	22	132	26
Cragg C. B. <i>Prize</i> .	3	3	4	4	3	17	3
Dewhurst J. B. <i>Prize</i> .	2	1	2	2	1	8	1
Emmott John	5	7	10	8	5	35	7
Emmott James	16	15	16	15	26	88	17
Emmott Richard	44	..	48	48	42	182	45
Firth H. A.	35	..	38	30	33	146	36
Gibbes F. R.*	9	9	23	21	19	81	16
Gill Gibson, <i>Prize</i>	7	8	3	5	9	32	6
Gilson Henry	43	..	35	42	30	150	37
Harrison Robert, <i>Prize</i>	6	5	6	3	10	30	6
Hird Henry	49	..	30	43	36	158	31
Johnson William	28	33	37	98	32
Johnston James	18	18	9	13	4	63	12
King Edward	21	26	28	39	24	138	27
King Joseph	47	..	46	51	46	190	47
Lister J. B.	23	28	24	22	20	117	23
Lockwood Joshua
Lockwood John	11	12	12	10	7	52	10
Lockwood Robinson	26	31	26	23	29	135	27
Lockwood William	27	23	25	28	43	146	29
Loughhead Thomas	22	22	20	20	16	100	20
Mattock William, <i>Prize</i>	1	2	1	1	2	7	1
Metcalf John	34	..	33	34	23	124	31
Preston G. B.*	19	21	18	18	13	89	17
Robinson John	31	..	36	25	35	127	31
Robinson William	12	11	11	12	6	52	10
Ross Alexander*	20	17	15	17	11	80	16
Ross John	41	..	45	38	45	169	42
Smith John	32	..	31	26	28	117	29
Smith Thomas	46	45	37	128	42
Thompson Miles	30	25	34	..	43	132	33
Thornton John	42	..	50	47	52	191	47
Tipping John	40	..	27	50	31	148	37
Turnbull John	50	..	47	49	44	190	47
Ward J. P.*	15	16	13	16	21	81	16
Watkinson James	14	20	14	19	17	88	17
Watkinson Henry	39	19	19	27	27	131	26
Webster Robert	..	27	29	36	41	133	33
Wilks James	36	..	43	32	15	126	31

N. B. The Boys marked * are, next to the Prize-men, most meritorious.

TASKER, PRINTER, SKIPTON.

LIFE AT THE OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOL

MY BROTHER FRANK and I attended the School in Newmarket Street during the years 1875 and 1876. I think that I am the only survivor of those boys who went on from the old School to the new School in Gargrave Road in January 1877. I have been asked to give some reminiscences of those days of seventy years ago.

The number of boys at the School was small, about forty at the maximum and only about twenty when the old School closed in

An Order of Merit for Christmas, 1831. Presumably fees were paid for the teaching in subjects other than Classics and English Language, which were taught free.

December, 1876. Thirteen of us went on to the new School, "The indomitable thirteen" we were called by the new Headmaster, Mr. E. T. Hartley. I cannot name all the thirteen but I think the surnames of ten of us were: Aked, Dawson, Hird, Stockdale, Thornton, Thornton, Willan, Wilson, Wilson, Wynne.

The Headmaster of the old School was the Rev. F. G. Fleay, with one assistant, Mr. Duncan. Both of them left before the old School was closed, and the work was carried on for one term by Mr. Raymond. Mr. Hartley visited the old School once, saw us at work, but never taught there.

We were divided into two classes and taught in the one large room with a few older boys in a small adjoining room. One of the elders was W. Harbutt Dawson;* as a small boy I regarded him with some awe, his work being beyond my scope.

*Drawing of the
Old Grammar School's
1839 extension.
W. T. Shuttleworth, 1918.*



VII

Old Grammar School
Skipton.

^{1st} State
W.T. Shuttleworth
1918.

The discipline was firm, but not harsh. The cane was used, but not too often and never severely. In the two years I was caned only twice. On one of the occasions my brother and I were caned although we were quite innocent; we suffered because we had not the guile which saved all the other boys from punishment. The story of an irate Headmaster is too long for insertion here.

For play we had the field across the beck which flows past the School. Its surface was irregular and on a slope, making it ill-suited for cricket and football. We had no athletic sports and no matches with other schools.

We had no external examinations to worry us. I wonder if the present boys envy us. There was no Speech Day nor any occasions on which parents could visit the School.

We had prizes, which were usually second-hand books re-bound with gilt letters on the binding "Skipton Grammar School Prize". One of my prizes was a French book printed in Paris in 1797. I have not read it.

The teaching was pretty good; I certainly learnt quite a lot in the old School. But, to us boys, the School was little more than a teaching shop; we had few out-of-doors interests or activities and we usually left the premises as soon as lessons ended. Still, we were quite happy under the old regime for we did not know a better regime.

Although Mr. Fleay was not a very successful Headmaster he had very high scholastic attainments. At Cambridge he had two First Class Honours and two Second Class Honours. He was a voluminous writer on Shakespeare, which made him known in literary circles as "The industrious Flea". Actually, his name was pronounced "Flay". He paid me a great compliment when I was only eleven years old by telling my father that I ought to go forward to the University. From that time onwards it was my ambition to go to Cambridge. I did not go there direct from Skipton Grammar School, for it had then an upper age limit of seventeen years; my last two years of school life were spent at Giggleswick School.

ARTHUR THORNTON

Pupil, 1875-1882

Reprinted from *Commemoration 1948*.

* Dawson published his *History of Skipton*, 1882, whilst still in the Sixth Form. — Editor

HEADMASTERS OF SKIPTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Stephen Ellis	1543-1561 ¹
Roger Bolton	1561-1577 ²
John Livesay	1577-1617
Lawrence Taylor	1618-1620
Thomas Barker	1621-1646
Henry Doughty	1649-1654 ³
Edward Browne	1654-1656 ⁴
John Collier	1656-1659
Thomas Barker	1661-1674
Timothy Farrand	1674-1685
George Crofts	1685-1715
Richard Leadal	1715-1727
William Banks	1727-1730
Matthew Wilkinson	1730-1751
Samuel Plomer	1751-1780
Thomas Carr	1780-1792
Richard Withnell	1792-1796

(without licence — School closed)

¹ Ellis was last Master of the Chantry School, probably using the Church until 1548.

² Bolton may not have immediately succeeded Ellis, nor is it definite that he remained until 1577. He was in possession in 1570.

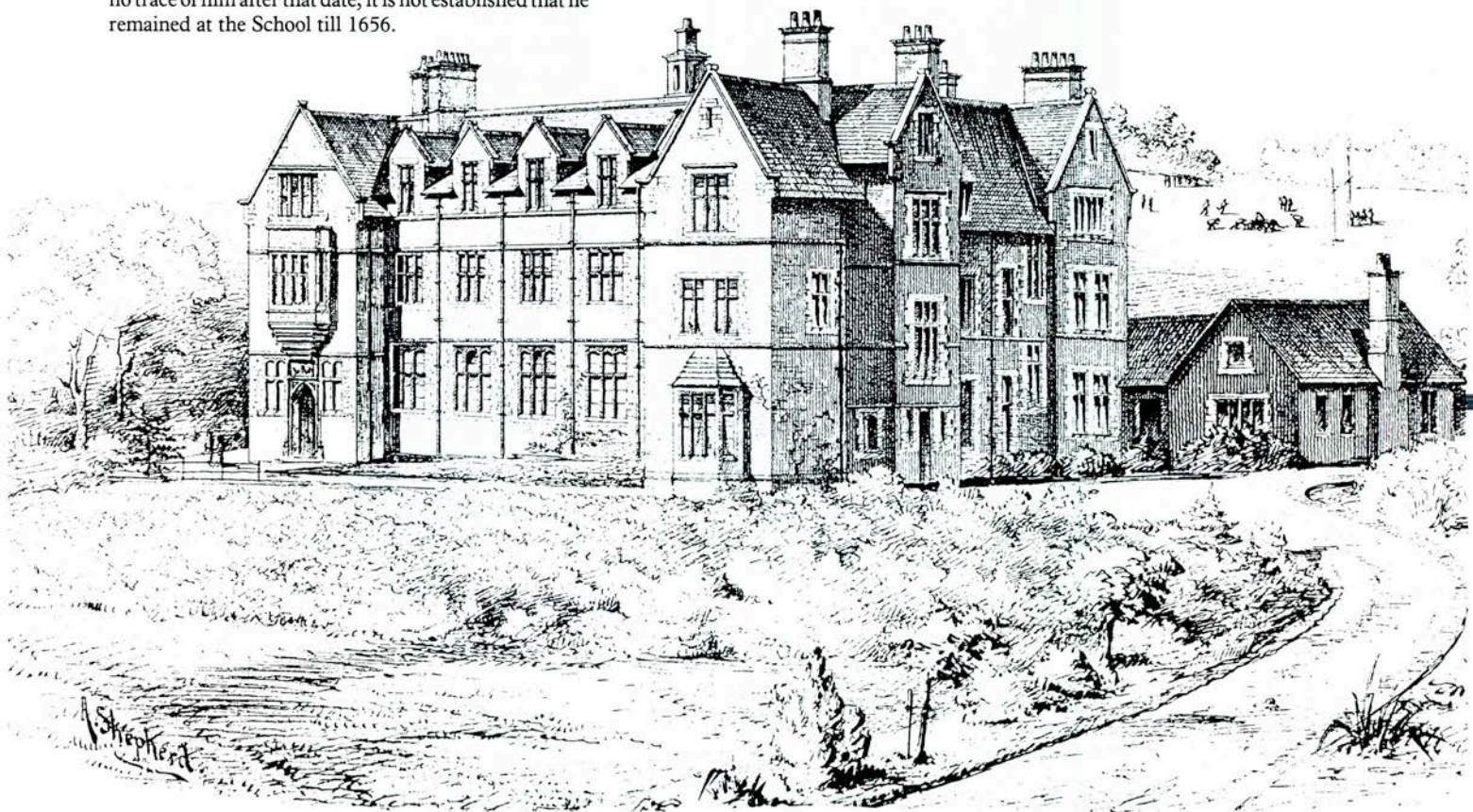
³ The position here is obscure. The only definite information is that Doughty became Master in 1649. The School may have been closed down from 1646 until his appointment.

⁴ Browne was nominated by Lincoln College, Oxford, and took, or tried to take, possession in 1654. There is no trace of him after that date; it is not established that he remained at the School till 1656.



The Gargrave Road School

*The newly-completed School.
Possibly an architect's
impression; more likely
drawn after occupation,
though certainly before
1907 when the Manual
Classrooms were completed.*



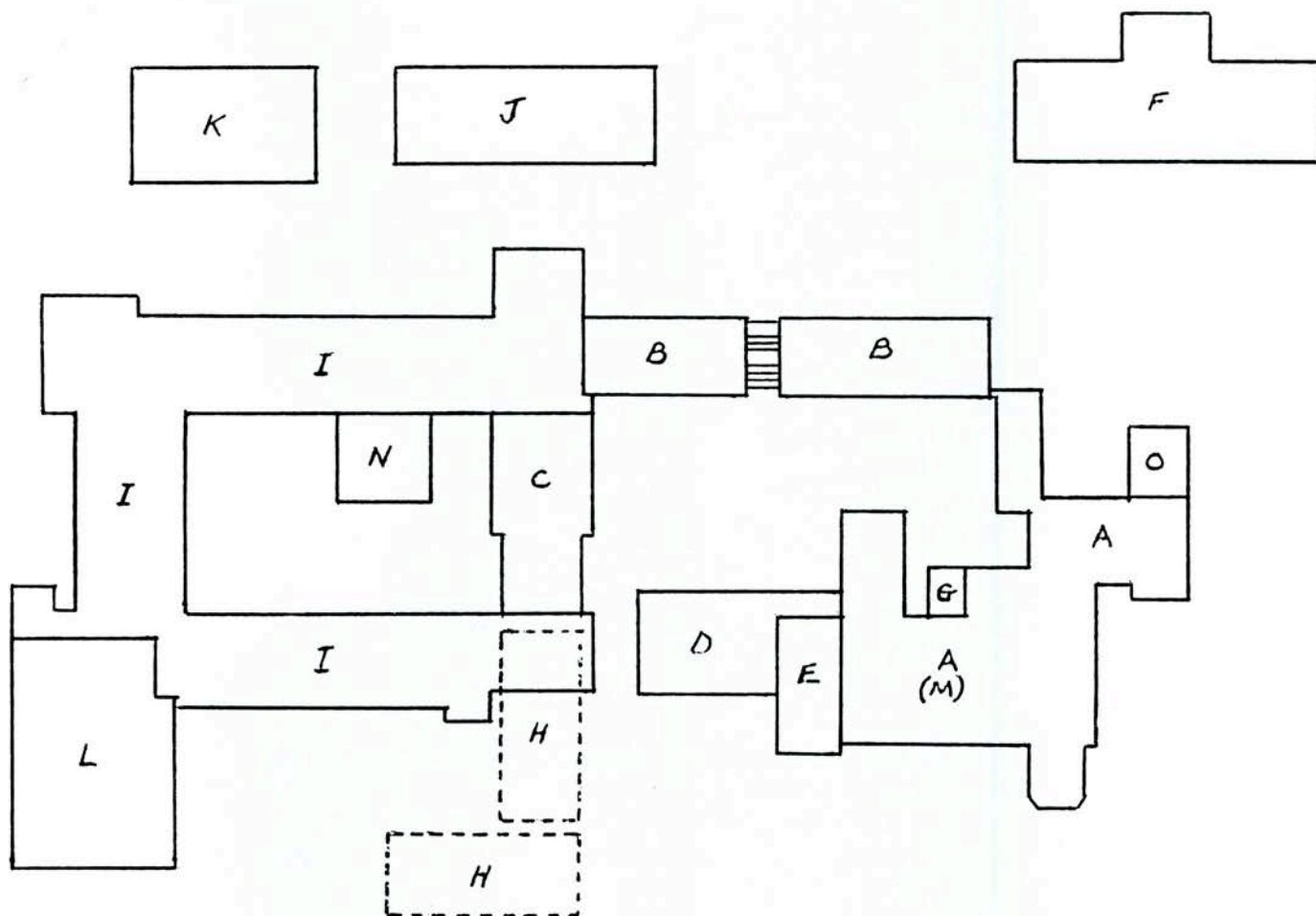
Thomas Gartham	1796-1824	Cooper, G. H.	1933-1934
Robert Thomlinson	1825-1835	Horne, G.	1934-1935
William Sidgwick	1836-1841	Whalley, C.	1935-1936
William Cartman	1841-1867	Bell, W. M.	1936-1937
Horatio Nelson Grimley	1867-1872	Rhodes, G. I.	1937-1938
Frederick George Fleay	1872-1876	Hall, G. L.	1938-1939
Edward Tomson Hartley	1876-1907	Dinsdale, J. F.	1939-1940
James Anderson Shawyer	1907-1908	Atha, P.	1940-1941
Harry Victor Plum	1908-1911	Priestley, R.	1941-1942
Arnold Cecil Powell	1911-1917	Smith, F., and later Roberts, D.	1942-1943
Frank George Forder	1917-1922	Atkinson, B. A.	1943-1944
Alex. McDonald McIntosh	1922-1937	Ward, J. K.	1944-1945
Mark L. Forster	1937-1956	Rogers, F. J. G.	1945-1946
Alfred M. Gibbon (acting)	1956-1957	Bury, C.	1946-1947
Jack Denis Eastwood	1957-1972	Clarkson, C. L.	1947-1948
John Hugh Woolmore	1972-1982	Crook, H. C.	1948-1949
David M. Buckroyd	1982-	Burrow, T. W.	1949-1950
		Newton, P.	1950-1951
		Liddle, M. G.	1951-1952
		Thornton, D.	1952-1953
		Langsford, A.	1953-1954
		Metcalf, L. S.	1954-1955
		Webster, D.	1955-1956
		Chapman, J. R.	1956-1957
		Brown, A. A.	1957-1958
		Tillotson, H. T.	1958-1959
		Bradstock, P.	1959-1960
		Smith, W. R.	1960-1961
		Hood, R. C.	1961-1962
		Dexter, B.	1962-1963
		Mason, N. C. M.	1963-1964
		Hartley, R. A.	1964-1965
		Higson, D. E.	1965-1966
		Gissing, W. T.	1966-1967
		Birthwistle, C. H.	1967-1968
		Paley, K. M.	1968-1969
		Rose, P. H.	1969-1970
		Scott, E. K.	1970-1971
		Booth, I. D.	1971-1972
		Pollard, J. R. D.	1972-1973
		Barrett, A. G.	1973-1974
		Payne, G. J.	1974-1975
		Gains, R. J.	1975-1976
		Brayshay, D.	1976-1977
		Watson, G.	1977-1978
		Robson, S.	1978-1979
		Crowther, A.	1979-1980
		Chapman, W. H.	1980-1981
		Thornton, M. D.	1981-1982
		Rae, A. D.	1982-1983
		Hartley, J. E.	1983-1984
		Wilson, C. P.	1984-1985
		Watts, D. A.	1985-1986
		Capstick, J. M.	1986-1987
		Wood, J. G.	1987-1988
		Baker, M. C.	1988-1989
		Scarborough, L. J.	1989-1990
		Tiffany, J.	1990-1991
		Lynch, J. P.	1991-1992
		Baxter, J.	1992-1993

CHAIRMEN OF THE GOVERNING BODY

M. Wilson	1871-1879
(later Sir Matthew Wilson, Bart., M.P.)	
Lord Frederick Cavendish	1879-1882
Sir Matthew Wilson, Bart., M.P.	1882
W. Morrison, M.P.	1883-1892
J. Coulthurst	1893-1898
J. B. Dewhurst	1898-1904
Lt.-Col. G. Robinson	1904-1907
Canon H. L. Cook	1907-1922
(later Archdeacon H. L. Cook)	
J. J. Brigg, D.Litt.(Hon.)	1922-1945
J. H. Preston, M.A.	1945-1952
Col. F. Longden Smith	1952-1960
Arthur Coe	1960-1978
Roger L. Whittaker	1978-

HEAD BOYS

Jowett, P.	1914-1915
Manock, W. R.	1915-1916
Hanson, T. H.	1916-1917
Wrathall, R.	1917-1918
Wrathall, R.	1918-1919
Carr, E. A.	1919-1920
Carr, E. A.	1920-1921
Carr, E. A.	1921-1922
Nutter, F.	1922-1923
Walls, R. M.	1923-1924
Smeall, J. L.	1924-1925
Smeall, J. L.	1925-1926
Edwards, J. A.	1926-1927
Pickles, E.	1927-1928
Pickles, E., and later Potts, T.	1928-1929
Potts, T.	1929-1930
Leach, N.	1930-1931
Bentley, T.	1931-1932
Bentley, T.	1932-1933



THE SCHOOL BUILDINGS, 1992

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>A School House — 1875.</p> <p>B Gym and Swimming Bath — 1882.</p> <p>C Science Block — 1895.</p> <p>D Manual Workshop — 1907 (now Rooms 2 and 3).</p> <p>E Memorial Library (from former Rooms 1 and 2) — 1924 (now Room 1).</p> <p>F Sanatorium — 1927.</p> <p>G Dining Room Extension — 1927.</p> <p>H Site of Huts — 1919-1933.</p> <p>I New Buildings — 1933.</p> <p>J Canteen — 1948.</p> | <p>K Two West Riding Classrooms — 1956 (now Rooms 5 and 6).</p> <p>L Memorial Hall — 1959.</p> <p>(M) Library and Boarders' Common Room from old "Big School" (i.e. former Hall) — 1959 (Common Room is now the Computer Room).</p> <p>N Biology Laboratory — 1971.</p> <p>O Converted to Sixth Form Room — 1975 (now Room 9).</p> <p>Not shown: Tennis Court — 1934.
Cricket Pavilion — 1938.</p> |
|---|--|

WINNERS OF THE COOK CUP FOR CHAMPION HOUSE

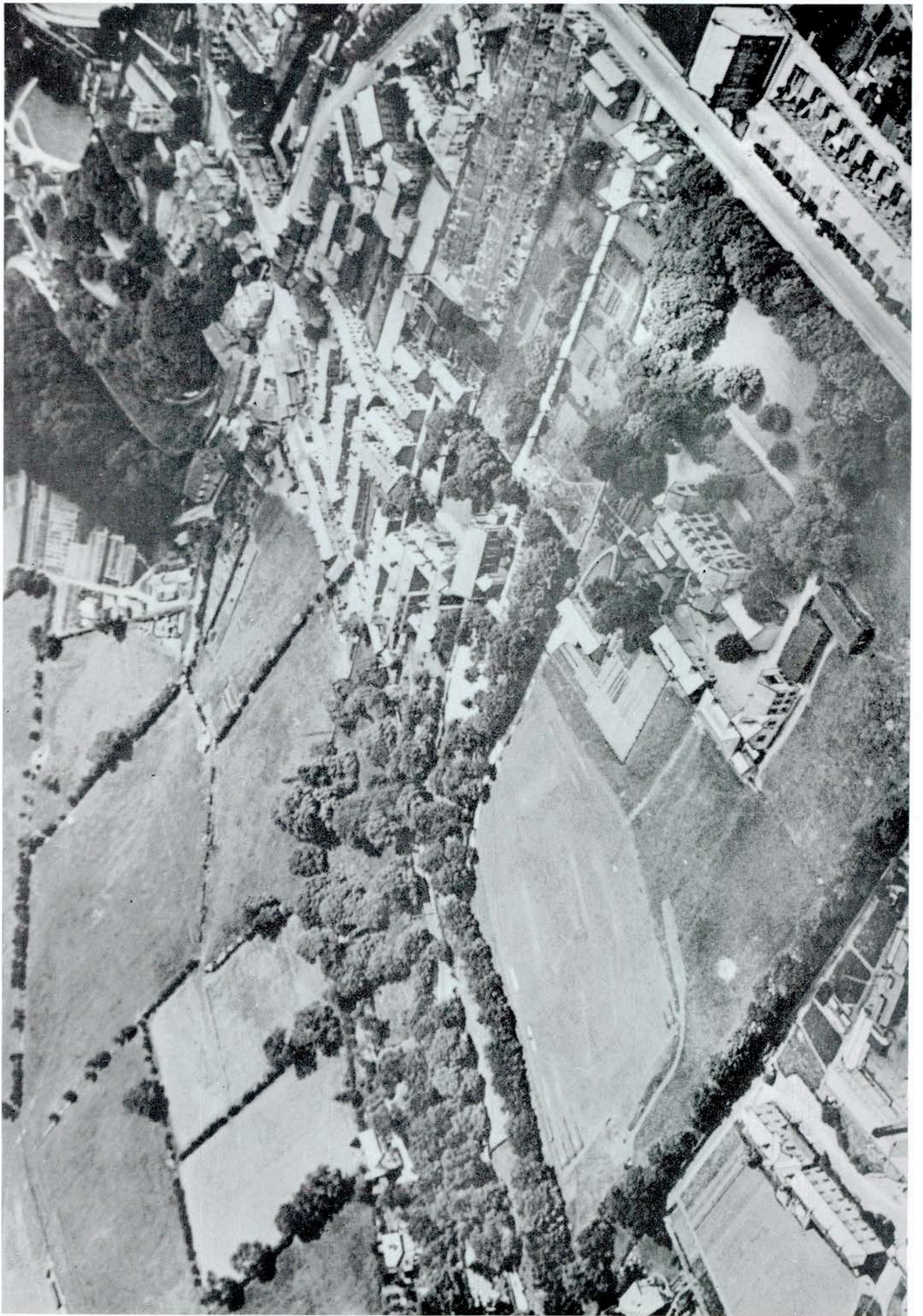
1929 Hartley
 1930 School House
 1931 Hartley
 1932 Hartley
 1933 Hartley
 1934 Hartley
 1935 Hartley
 1936 Ermysted
 1937 Toller
 1938 Toller
 1939 Toller
 1940 School House
 1941 Petyt
 1942 Hartley
 1943 Hartley
 1944 Hartley
 1945 Petyt
 1946 Craven
 1947 Ermysted
 1948 School House
 1949 School House
 1950 School House
 1951 Ermysted
 1952 Toller
 1953 Toller
 1954 Ermysted
 1955 Ermysted
 1956 Ermysted
 1957 Craven
 1958 Craven
 1959 Craven
 1960 Toller
 1961 Toller
 1962 School House
 1963 Ermysted
 1964 Petyt
 1965 Toller
 1966 Petyt
 1967 Petyt
 1968 Not awarded
 1969 Petyt
 1970 Petyt
 1971 Toller
 1972 School House
 1973 School House
 1974 Not awarded
 1975 Petyt
 1976 Toller
 1977 School House
 1978 Toller
 1979 Ermysted
 1980-84 No competition
 1984 Toller
 1985 Toller

1986 Toller
 1987 Hartley
 1988 Toller
 1989 Toller
 1990 Toller
 1991 Toller
 1992 Toller

Editor's Note: School House was solely composed of boarders; Craven House was for Barnoldswick boys. The Cook Cup is awarded for House points won in sporting and study competitions; points for all academic and sporting competitions are added to determine the winning House.



*Mr. J. D. Eastwood, M.A.,
Headmaster 1957-1972.*



CONTINUITY AND CHANGE

MY SECONDARY SCHOOL LIFE lasted rather more than nine years, of which all but the last two years were spent at Skipton. For any academic success which I gained later I give the larger share of the credit to my schooling at Skipton and especially to Mr. Hartley. Quite rightly, Mr. A. M. Gibbon, in his history of the School, has stated that the Governors achieved a master stroke when they appointed him as Headmaster. I was five and a half years under his rule and I saw the great changes and improvements which he made. He opened up to us boys a new idea of school life, one which was not confined to classroom teaching.

What we lacked at the old School we got at the new one: organised games, school matches, athletic sports, gymnasium, swimming bath, Speech Day, stage plays, and even Gilbert and Sullivan opera. There was a wider and better curriculum.

Mr. Hartley was the guiding and inspiring spirit in all the new school life. He greatly influenced the course of my whole life, for his excellent teaching of mathematics and science led me to specialise in those subjects, to take them in my Cambridge Tripos examinations and to teach them in my subsequent career as a schoolmaster.

In my retirement I still have pleasant memories of my school days at Skipton Grammar School and I am very grateful for that part of my education which I received there. I think that my native town is fortunate in having so good a school in its midst.

ARTHUR THORNTON
E.G.S., 1875-1882
Commemoration 1948

The Boarders' Room,
April 1st, 1903

Mr. Editor,

It's the opinion of the Third that the Magazine is a rotter — I'm a Member of the Third myself, and we make a practice of telling everybody what we think both of them and everything else in general. We had a meeting last week about this Magazine. They put me



E. T. Hartley's School

*Opposite:
Aeroview taken in 1930.*



*E. T. Hartley, M.A.,
Headmaster 1876-1907.*

in the chair, and I called on Brokenose to move a resolution. I can tell you what he said if you like. He said that everything in this School seemed to have got into the hands of the Sixth FORM, and they were no more able to carry it on than the Preparatory. "Look at the Debating Society! Old Longlegs got down on his knees one day and begged and prayed me to go and help 'em out. He said that because there was going to be a real live baronet there everybody had funk'd! And I went — and I tell you, Gentlemen, ye Untamable Spirits of the Third, that if this meeting ever sinks to a stage one millionth part as boring as that Debating Society — I shall walk out!!!!" Need I say that it never did, Mr. Editor? Brokenose went on — "It's more especially the wretched thing they call a *Magazine* that we've met about. Who do they think's going to read the rot those conceited beggars write and put rows of exclamation-marks after, to make sure people shall fish about for the joke that isn't there? What they want is Third Form!!!" Here, Mr. Editor, Brokenose was interrupted by such applause that he thought he'd better end there. (He confided to me afterwards that I must say this

in this letter as a hint to those Sixth FORM "Debaters" who don't know when to dry up. When they get a decent clap they should stop, because they haven't it in them to raise a second one, and it's best to sit down amid applause.) Then a lot more chaps spoke all together, so I can't tell you what they said. What's more, I never listened, for I was busy drawing up this resolution — "This meeting is the Third, and says that if the Editor doesn't fall in with its opinions it will start a *Magazine* of its own some way or other. (The idea in my mind was that the New Century Funniest Comic might give us a back page of theirs.) Also, this meeting demands that the Editor shall print *at least* ONE decent article every Term, and because it knows that he couldn't get one anywhere else, it undertakes to supply him with one every Term." That last bit nearly spoilt the reception of the resolution — but when I said I'd write it myself *this* Term, the row soon picked up again. I must draw the curtain over the rest of the meeting — it drifted into other subjects. But one thing we determined — that you should be told straight. Oh! I forgot — a resolution was moved and carried

The Science Building (erected 1895) seen as the present Rooms 2 and 3 were being built. The new building was designed as a "Manual Workshop" (Chronicles, Easter 1906).



that "the paragraph in that *'termly periodical'* which said that fellows need not be afraid of writing articles because there was a staff of sub-editors who could correct spelling, is regarded by the Third as a deliberate INSULT, and we won't have it!!!" You'd better not let one of those sub-editors touch this. If he alters any of the Capital Letters he'll get smashed. The Third isn't going to be ignored any longer — and please why does everybody say "The Third FORM", but always call that other crowd just "The Sixth"? This must not continue.

Yours on behalf of the Third,

'A.O.

Chronicles, Easter 1903

THE WOES OF A WORRIED SECRETARY

THE AVERAGE PERSON on hearing about a School Cricket Team, thinks what a fine time its members must have when they go away to play matches.

Let him consider the point, however. Suppose that S.G.S. are going to play C.G.S. on the latter's ground. For a week before the time the poor Secretary is in a state of agitation about the excursion tickets, an agitation which is increased after they are ordered by such thoughts as "Have I ordered the right number?" "Are they ordered for the right time?"

When the eventful day arrives, the unfortunate Secretary goes down to the station, and, in the conflict of his worries, forgets to bring the required money. At the same time the awful discovery that the "grub" has been forgotten is made by some half-starved cricketer.

When these little items are rectified, all troop on to the platform, the Secretary being worried by the constant cry for tickets, and eventually finding there is not one left for himself, as some humorist has appropriated two.

Meanwhile the team await the train, the two general "mugabouts", the Captain and Vice-Captain, lugging the bag and tuck-basket.

Then there is a rush for an empty carriage. Nearly all the team (with the "grub") jump

into one compartment, bang the door, and are apparently secure. But alas! they are quickly brought out and bundled into the next carriage, and the limpet-sticking master accompanying the team jumps in with them, attracted no doubt by the sight of the Vice-Captain nursing the tuck-basket.

Perhaps also he thinks his presence will enliven the players, who look at one another with "joyful" countenances.

At last the end of the journey comes, and in a short time all the team are on the ground ready for the match, the poor Secretary having had to help the Captain to carry the cricket bag the better part of the way.

After the match is finished, the former official in question having made a duck and missed three catches, the team go to tea, where they stuff themselves as much as they comfortably can.

When everyone is satisfied it is discovered that there are only five minutes left, so all the team rush off to the station, the master following at quarter-mile pace.

Here, with "bad luck", the Limpet may lose his bearings, and the Secretary, with a companion or two, finds himself ill at ease in a third-class smoking carriage till he reaches his destination.

Safe, at last! thinks the Secretary. But there is no rest yet, for where is the bag? It is lost!

Oh, the unfortunate Secretary. The telegrams he has to send, the worry and questionings he has to put up with, completely weary him, and the next morning, when he comes down to breakfast a few minutes late, some kind person yells "fifty" at him, perhaps inquiring after his score for the match, perhaps not.

No wonder there is such rivalry for the Secretaryship; for look what a fine time he has for a single day. What must it be for a whole term?

"EXPERIENCE"

Chronicles, Summer 1903

A WHARFEDALE JUNE IDYLL

IT WAS EVENING, and the crimson sun, crowned with an aureola of shadowy gold, was filling the earth with wondrous beauty. Here its bright rays throw into relief countless myriads of small-winged insects, there they

dance lightly on the gentle ripples of the river, o'er yonder hills to the south-east a window, gleaming like diamond, has assumed the sun's miniature. The scene is idyllic, for in addition to the golden brightness, nature has on her loveliest garb. Where you walk the fields are green, and gold, and white: the grass, the buttercup, the daisy, sweet emblems of growth, simplicity, and purity, and full of the majesty that has entered everything. Afar off, more fields, bounded by hawthorn hedges, are a vivid mass of gold, the profusion of buttercup obscuring the less prolific daisy. To the right dense masses of foliage, and above and to the south the hills that stand guardians of the vale. And such hills, green and brown, with shades of black; thick woods alternating with bleak moorland, crag, valley, gorge, and tarn; undulating ridges and winding paths; and, above all, the noble jagged rocks bearing the curious cup and ring devices shaped by the hands of the ancient moor-dwellers. The artificial does not concern us — the picturesque red-roofed villas that bud the hillside and the beautiful town that nestles below, while the towering beacon to the north, which would help to carry the news of the Armada to Ingleborough and Whernside, just visible in the distance, is outside our present vision. But here, close by, is the crystal Wharfe, whose

praises the poet Wordsworth sang, moving slowly forward.

“The only voice which you can hear
Is the river murmuring near.”

All else is at rest. But no! There is the subdued music of the songsters, who are whispering the day away. And suddenly a skylark, ethereal minstrel, rises from a neighbouring meadow, and soaring high into the heavens floods the world with brightest song, then drops, and in a swift-curved sweep descends again, and we are left to the music of his fellows and the murmur of the river. Nature and evening go well together, and never was pastoral beauty better typified than here and now. The whole picture is soul-inspiring, speaking of the majesty of the Creator. The panorama is complete. Tree, hill, and dale blend in perfect unison, and “distance beyond distance fades into beauteous mystery”.

But my Elysium cannot be for ever, for the sun ere long sinks below the horizon, and the shades come thickly in the valley. A last glance, then, at the afterglow that is athwart the western sky, and I retrace my steps to escape the coming chill.

M.MCC.

Chronicles, Easter 1907

TO BUILDERS.

TENDERS ARE INVITED

For the WORKS required in the ERECTION of a

SWIMMING BATH

AND
BATH HOUSE,

For the GOVERNORS of SKIPTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

PLANS and SPECIFICATIONS may be seen at my Office, and Tenders are to be sent to me on or before the 18th instant.

The Governors do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.

BY ORDER,

JOHN HEELIS,

CLERK TO THE GOVERNORS.

Skipton, 2nd February, 1881.

EDMONDSON AND CO., COMMERCIAL AND GENERAL PRINTERS, HIGH STREET, SKIPTON.

WORLD WAR I AND ERMYSTED'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL



World War I

List of Old Boys
of E.G.S. who fell in
World War I.

Pro Patria

1914-1918.

AYLWIN, A.	LISTER, J.
BARRY, W. P.	LUMB, J. W.
BELLAMY, T. B.	MCINTYRE, J. C.
BENNETT, C. D.	MCKAY, J. B.
BERRY, J. G.	METCALFE, A. J.
BRAMLEY, S. C. C.	METCALFE, E.
BROOKS, H. S.	MITCHELL, J.
BROUGHTON, T. D.	MURGATROYD, W. A.
BROWN, C. W.	PLATT, T.
BROWN, P.	PLATT, E.
BUSHBY, T. B.	PONTING, H.
BUTLER, C. F.	RIGBY, C. T. W.
CARTER, E. E.	RODWELL, W. A.
CAW, H. F.	RYDER, A. F.
COCKERILL, J.	SHUTTLEWORTH, R. W.
COLLEY, H.	SUGDEN, H.
COOKSON, M. E.	SUPPLE, E. J. C.
COPE, T. H.	SWALES, J.
COWMAN, H. D.	THORNTON, F.
DICKEY, R. G. A.	THORNTON, J. H. B.
EMSLEY, B. F.	TINDALL, H.
GILL, F.	VARLEY, J.
GOODMAN, E. G.	WALKER, H.
HARTLEY, W.	WATSON, H.
HODGSON, G. F.	WILSON, A.
JOWETT, W. M.	WILSON, C.
KNOWLES, H.	WILSON, M. I.
LEE, C. H.	

DURING THE YEARS of the "Great War" millions of men from both sides died. Among these were a small number of Old Boys and teaching staff from Ermysted's. This article is centred upon some of those whose names can be found on the War Memorial and a few others who were perhaps lucky to survive the war. Most of the data upon these war heroes was gained from the *Chronicles* of the time and a book entitled *Craven's Roll of Honour*.

In all a known number of fifty-five men connected with Ermysted's died in the war. Certainly just about every Old Boy served and tribute must be paid to this. In 1916 it was known that 163 Old Boys and staff were serving in the war.

Highlighting some of those who died, one of the most astonishing stories is that of Lieut. T. B. Bellamy of the King's Own Royal Lancashire Regiment. Bellamy originally joined the Army in 1914 as a private in the R.F.A. In 1916 he accepted a commission to the Lancashire Regiment. Bellamy was posted to Mesopotamia and was soon injured. After a spell of sick leave in India he returned to Mesopotamia at Christmas 1916. Lieut. Bellamy, along with two other officers, was among the first to enter Baghdad on its recapture. Unfortunately Bellamy died in hospital on 12th May 1917, after being injured in an attack upon a Turkish communications trench. His death came as quite a shock, as he appeared to be overcoming his head injury.

Another man who demonstrated outstanding spirit was Lieut. J. H. B. Thornton. His applications to join the Army were frequently rejected due to Thornton's poor eyesight. Yet finally in March 1917 he joined the Army. In 1918 he accepted a commission and in April was married to Miss A. C. Ambrose. Tragically, nearing the end of the war, on 28th September 1918, Lieut. Thornton was killed by shrapnel while leading an attack on the German front line.

Perhaps one of the most regrettable deaths of the war was that of Lieut. H. Knowles, of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, who after a period in the front line was billeted at a training camp as a grenade-throwing instructor. Sadly Lieut. Knowles died due to a grenade prematurely exploding. His commander said of him, "He knew no fear, his only wish was to serve the King and Country, for whom he has now given his life".



A great athletics champion of the School, J. C. McIntyre, a prisoner of war, died of wounds received whilst participating in the advance on Loos as a lieutenant of the 11th South Lancashire Regiment. As Captain of Rugby in 1911 and three times cross-country winner, Lieut. McIntyre's name will remain significant in the history of Ermysted's Grammar School.

Many of the most significant war heroes are closely interconnected in their School careers. H. F. Caw, W. A. Rodwell, C. F. Butler, J. P. Y. Dickey, H. Tindall, A. Wilson, J. Petty and J. C. McIntyre all being regular members of the 1st XV. Also the names of



*Left, top to bottom:
T. B. Bellamy,
W. Hartley, J. B. McKay.*

*Right:
J. W. Lumb.*

Photographs extracted from the Memorial Album presented to E. T. Hartley, Headmaster, on his resignation in 1907 (see "Founders and Benefactors", page 17). All four were later to feature on the War Memorial.



Rodwell, Petty, Dickey and Brown are prominent in the pre-war School Debating Society, all taking part in these often interesting and varied debates. One such debate was upon the military skill of Napoleon and Cromwell.

John (Jack) Petty of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment was one of the lucky ones to survive, along with other such veterans and P. Jowett and J. P. Y. Dickey. Petty is perhaps the most interesting of all of those who served in the war, due to the large number of letters that he wrote back to the *School Chronicles*. These letters described his life in the front line and other humorous stories — one of these being his pursuit of a "Soft Job". Yet Lieut. Jack Petty was no coward, receiving the Military Cross for outstanding gallantry.

Petty was a man of great character, a leader in the pre-war school debates, a fine sportsman and of fine intellect. Once Petty paid the School a visit on leave, donating three German bombs to the School Museum!

Finally, one of the best-known personalities of the pre-war School was William Albert Rodwell, a regular member of the 1st XV. On joining the Army as lieutenant in the Durham Light Infantry he was sent to the Front in France. Shortly afterwards he was transferred to the Railway Tunnelling Company. Lieut. Rodwell was killed in France on 9th November, 1917, by a shell-burst while conducting counter-mining activities. Unfortunately Lieut. Rodwell did not live long enough to receive the Military Cross awarded to him.

From the list of those who died stories of bravery and gallantry can be identified. Among those distinguished for outstanding bravery were: Lieut. W. P. Barry, Lieut. W. A. Rodwell, Lieut. J. G. Berry, J. B. Hartley, Lieut. J. Petty and Lieut P. Jowett, who all received the Military Cross, also Sgt. W. A. Murgatroyd the D.C.M. Yet these were not the only heroes — everyone who served or died deserves some distinction.

S. R. AYREY (5D)
1991-1992

C. W. Brown, left (who also sadly features on the War Memorial), and his brothers C. S. Brown, centre, and J. V. Brown, right, 1907. From the Hartley Memorial Album.



THE GLORIOUS DEAD: ARMISTICE DAY, 1991

Gaunt and pale,
haggard and drawn,
dressed in blood-stained rags,
we march.
We are the dead,
the glorious dead.

We march,
we march,
relentlessly,
eternally,
through towns and cities
we do not know, for
they have changed.
We are the dead,
the glorious dead.

Seen by no-one
but old soldiers.
They remember,
how could they forget?
The noise, the mud,
the death, the screams
vividly return.
They remember us.
We are the dead,
the glorious dead.

As the Last Post
rings clear
through valleys and hills,
they remember.
We are the dead,
the glorious dead,
do not forget us.

J. COWARD (4D)
1991-1992

MEMORIES OF M. L. FORSTER

I WAS A BOARDER at Ermysted's during the first five years of Mr. Forster's headmastership. When he arrived, aged about 30, I was in my second year and when I left for University in 1942, I was Head Boy of School House. As an "insider" (Mr. Forster was School House Housemaster as well as Headmaster) I observed him closely (and often unwillingly) during the first few years of his reign, though I was never in his classes.

Now, half a century since leaving Ermysted's, I still remember him vividly and have selected a few anecdotes for this reminiscence. I hope it gives an indication of his initial policies and methods but I cannot hope to fully reveal his many-sided character. Pupils see only a segment of a master's personality and Mr. Forster related so differently to boys, depending on whether or not they were classed as "slackers", that my relationship with him may not have been typical.

Mr. Forster cited my award of a good University degree as proof of his theory that "hard work is a substitute for lack of brains". This fatuous remark nevertheless reflected his belief that most boys at Ermysted's ("nit-wits" or "half-wits" as he categorized us) could do better than they realized at work and games. Resting on laurels was as forbidden as talking to girls.

All Headmasters seek improved performance but few can have been as determined as Mr. Forster to achieve it. A born leader, unimaginable as a subordinate, he was well-equipped to achieve any objective. He was a big man with an intimidating presence, abundant energy, a withering tongue and vitriolic pen. Depending on the occasion, boys were fearful, or at best uneasy, in his presence and masters were known to turn pale when called to his office. Sitting at the head of "big table", at lunchtime, his jokes were greeted with polite laughter, but no one dared to reciprocate.

His policy was to fix strict rules of conduct, identify the strengths and weaknesses of each boy and set challenging objectives for slackers. Transgression or non-achievement meant the cane or worse. Before whacking (6 or 12 strokes were standard for minor and major offences) one might be invited to choose the weapon of offence from his several canes.

On completion of his initial review of the School and the unpromising material he professed to find there, he instructed me to



M. L. Forster's School



*M. L. Forster, Headmaster
1937-1956.*

improve my form position by ten places or face expulsion. His plan to start a Remove form was he said, "for boys in the process of being removed from the School". Several boys were expelled, some for poor performance, others for misconduct; those who observed the rules and worked hard may have felt uneasy with him, but had nothing to fear.

Sarcasm was his main weapon for slackers, but to those in his good books he tended to be facetious. Perhaps he did not realize that satire is more effective for sophisticates than for simple farm boys as many of us were. He found straight praise difficult to deliver as presumably it might encourage his abhorrence — resting on laurels. When displeased with the whole School, he described it in Prayers as a place where "every prospect pleases, but only man is vile". Vitriolic comments on slackers' school reports flowed from his pen such as one on mine: "Not what I should like nor what he ought to like."

He had a passion for Rugby Football, having played as a forward for Queen's University, Belfast, and he coached the first team at Ermysted's. In keeping with some progressive ideas in other spheres (he introduced sex education to the School) he anticipated modern 15-man rugby by encouraging mobile forward play. He regarded rugby as a character builder and felt able to write a character study of any boy he saw playing the game. In rugby, as in others things, he hated failure and having instructed me to "see" him after each game as Captain of the Colts XV, I was too frightened to report defeats. He tended to comment sarcastically on errors in play. When a boy was surprised by a reverse pass playing in a School match, he loudly commented that the move "was too sophisticated for that damned fool". He had little interest in cricket and when he played, reluctantly, in a Master's match he warned me on his arrival at the wicket of dire consequences if I dismissed him.

In his first years at Ermysted's, the ends justified his means. Academic standards rose, more boys went to University and School morale was high. The standard of games improved, especially rugby, and in 1941/42, Ermysted's First XV was unbeaten by other schools and scored nearly 100 points in aggregate against Bradford, Leeds and Wakefield. School House, with less than half the pupils in the other houses, more than held its own in inter-house games and sport competitions.

It was difficult at the time to assess boys' reactions to the Forster phenomenon; he was not the subject of open discussion because his presence seemed all-pervasive. Some boys

may have hated his bullying, others may have felt like second-class citizens when he favoured all-rounders and rugby players as monitors and sub-monitors, but the majority benefited immensely from his drive for improvement.

Liked or disliked, he was unforgettable and influenced every pupil. To me his authoritarianism posed a challenge to prove him wrong. He described me as a person who "does some clever things but never finishes them", so the completion of this reminiscence is a slight indication that he was not infallible.

FRANK HOLME
1992

BOARDER

TRAVELLING is an important feature of the boarder's life. From the first to the last day of term the vision of the homeward journey forms a pleasant background to the routine of every day, for it brings with it the promise of holidays and glorious days of freedom once more. But, for me, this end of term journey means more than that — for it is a time of stock-taking and recollection. As the train draws out of the station I shrink into the farthest corner of the carriage and, hidden behind my newspaper, close my eyes and see the events of the past term flash again before my eyes. A feeling of drowsy contentment overtakes me, as though at the thought of work well done: for I have no conscience on pleasant occasions such as these. . . .

I remember the first day of term very vividly, though it seems ages ago now; the place had a deserted air as I trudged heavily up the wooden stairs leading to my study; my footsteps echoed hollowly around me, and everywhere there was that horribly clean smell — the smell of fresh paint and scrubbed floors so characteristic of every first day of term. Of course, that soon wore off, to be replaced in a few days by the usual odours of boarding-houses, homely and almost pleasant once one became acclimatised.

It takes several days for the holiday spirit to fade into the background of happy memories, and, when wakened by an ungentle hand on the first few mornings, we tend to grunt an appropriate malediction, turn over and go to

sleep again — a tendency which likewise wears off as the rough hand of experience demonstrates how cold it is to be forcibly deprived of one's bed-clothes.

The first days of term, like the last, always go so slowly; the weekend is reached with the feeling that the whole of one's life has been spent at a boarding school. But gradually, as the everyday routine gets under way, one develops a kind of "horse complex" (if such an ugly phrase may be excused); an attitude of mental resignation in which one eats, sleeps and is happy, whilst the days slip by almost unnoticed. (One also works occasionally, too, but let us not dwell upon the unpleasant aspects.)

I have it on eminent authority that I am a "lazy blighter"; lots of people have told me so. This probably accounts for the shocking fact that what I enjoy most in my life as a boarder is going to bed. After a hard game of rigger or an energetic "single" at tennis there is nothing I enjoy more than to "hit the hay" (literally, I suspect, as regards School House mattresses) and sleep lots and lots of winks, and not even the hardness of the "hay" aforementioned can keep me awake. Conversely, the thing that I dislike most of all is getting up in the morning — but in this, I gather, I am not alone.

And so the term progresses pleasantly enough, until one day some one discovers with surprise that it is "only a fortnight till we break up". Examinations over, everyone, as though by general consent, begins to do less and less work, and conscientious masters wage a losing battle against "mis-laid" preps. The packing of trunks begins — a most pleasant task. There is, I am told, a definite art in this packing, but I must confess that I am completely ignorant of it. My method has always (much to my mother's horror) been to roll things up in little bundles and jam them tightly in — and if the lid will not close to enlist the aid of two stalwarts to sit thereon; that usually does the trick.

At last the end of the term arrives, and that event is celebrated in the customary manner, and everyone does the most wicked things safe in the knowledge that it is several weeks before justice can be rendered and revenge made sweet. And another term is finished.

At last the homeward journey begins. As the train draws out of the station I shrink into the farthest corner of the carriage and, hidden behind my newspaper, see the events of the past. . . . But this, I think, was where we came in.

D.E.C. (VI Mod.)

Commemoration 1948

WHEN I KNEW that it had been decided that my German was so feeble that a stay of a few weeks in the land of the Nazi, the sausage and the Dachshund was absolutely necessary, I was indeed very excited. Germany had been so much in the public eye of late, and so many and varied were the stories of what was going on in that country, that the truth was difficult to make out. There was much argument as to how they treated English students there, and one student, with whom relatives of mine were acquainted, had actually been arrested and the subject almost of a "diplomatic incident" through expressing himself without due restraint.

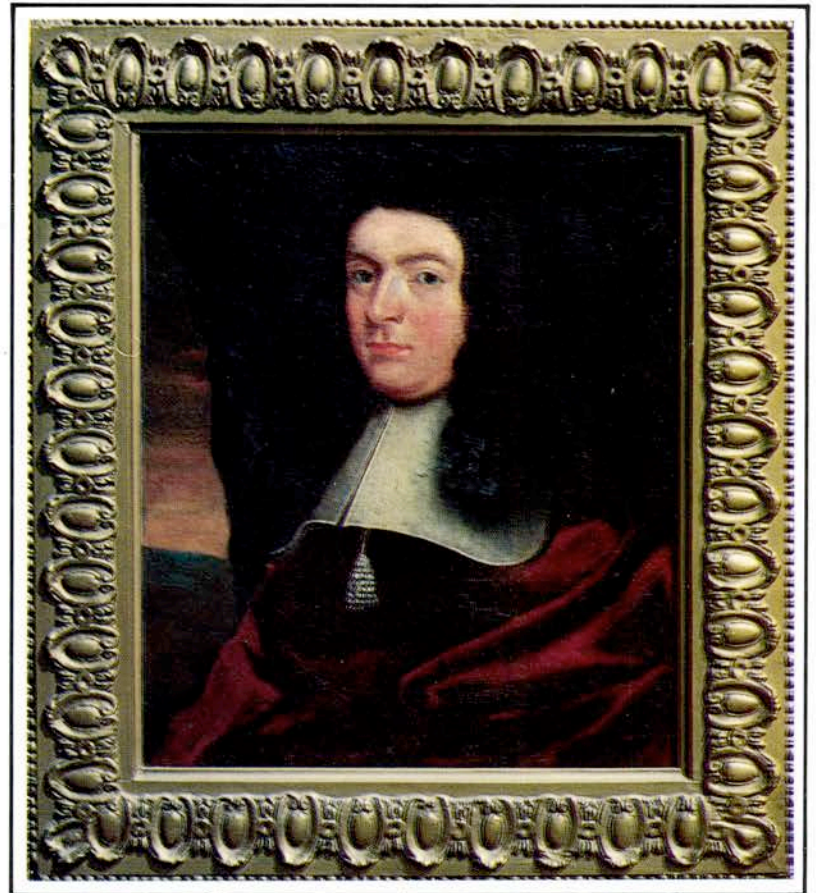
So it was with some amount of trepidation that I stepped aboard the good ship *Adler* at Hull on the 22nd July. She was a German boat, the whole of the crew and most of the passengers were German, and from the moment I stepped on board it was like being in a foreign land. But it was a friendly land, for everyone was as kind and as helpful as they could be, and let me add here and now that this atmosphere of friendliness never left me until the end of the trip. But it was Germany; almost the first thing I noticed was the inevitable Hitler salute; all the ship's notices were in German, and the only picture I saw in the ship was a photograph of Hitler in the saloon.

We had a pleasant and uneventful crossing; the food was good, and the crew did all possible to make me comfortable. We had music on the wireless, but I noticed that even whilst in Hull, we were tuned in to German stations only. However, the wireless officer arranged a special treat for me by getting the final stages of Howard Marshall's commentary on the Test Match from Leeds.

Disembarkation presented little difficulty; the dreaded Customs examination did not prove to be at all an ordeal, though this may be due to my personal qualities, for I met another student whilst in Bremen who had not been so fortunate. It was also necessary to report to the police and here I had to deal with a kindly old sergeant, who was far more interested in my reactions to the one or two English words he knew than in his counter-espionage duties. When I recognised or rather guessed that he had said, "Come in the morning", his delight was unbounded.

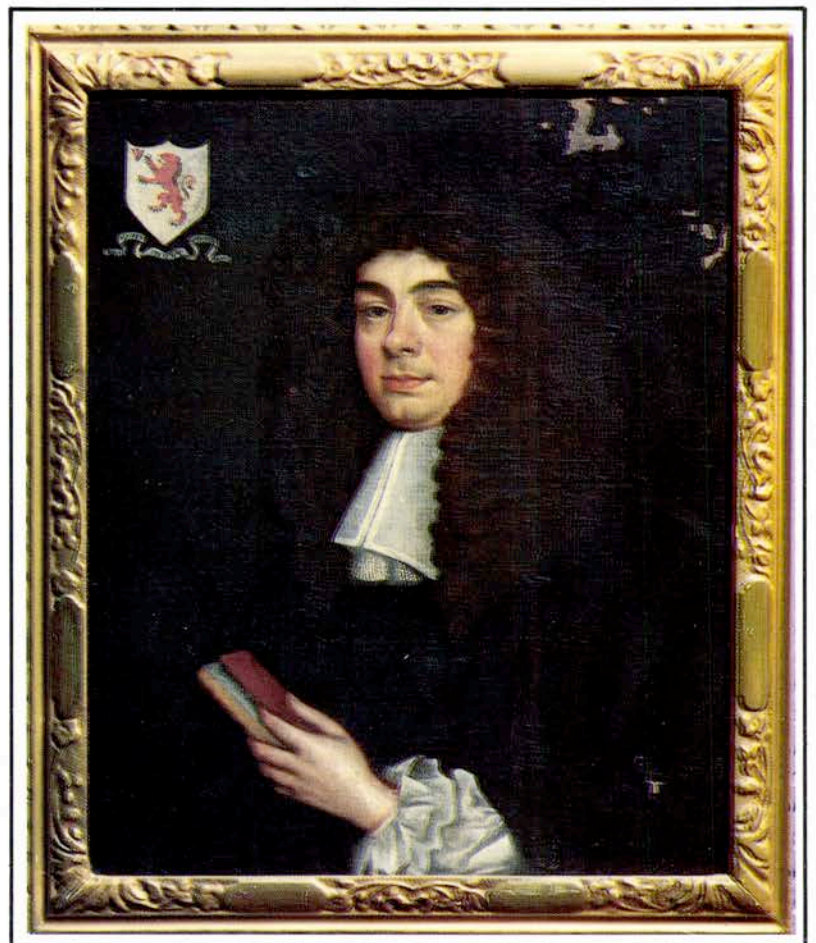
I found the house where I stayed in Bremen very nice, and the people very congenial. Madame, my tutoress, was a veritable dragon for work — I think I must have borrowed that

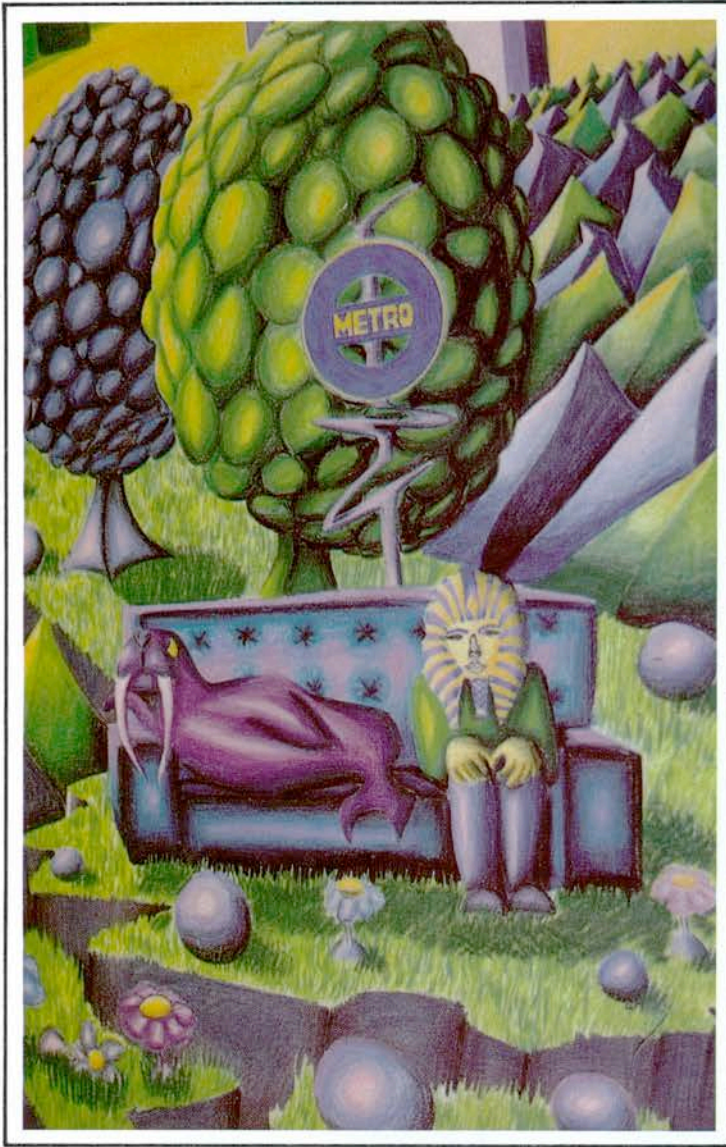
*"The Man in Red"
has been alleged to be
a Petyt.*



The School's 17th century Portraits

*The heraldic arms
suggest "The Man in
Black" is William Petyt.
The mirror companion at
Skipton Girls' High School
is thought to be
of Sylvester.*



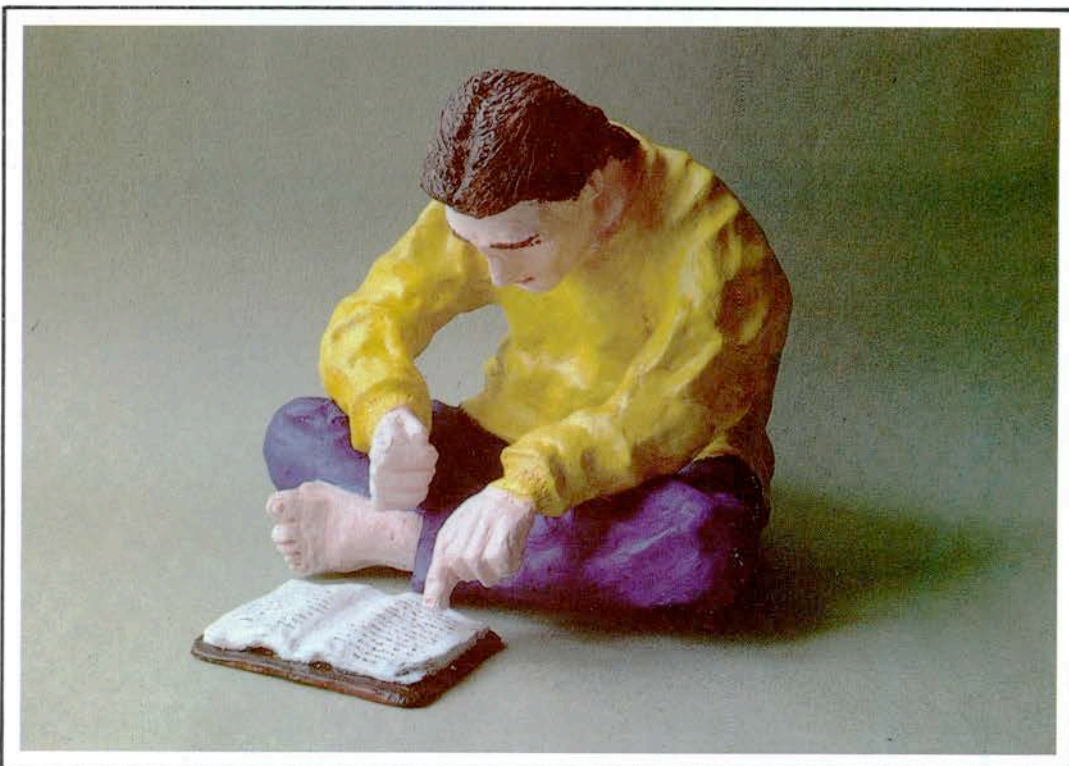


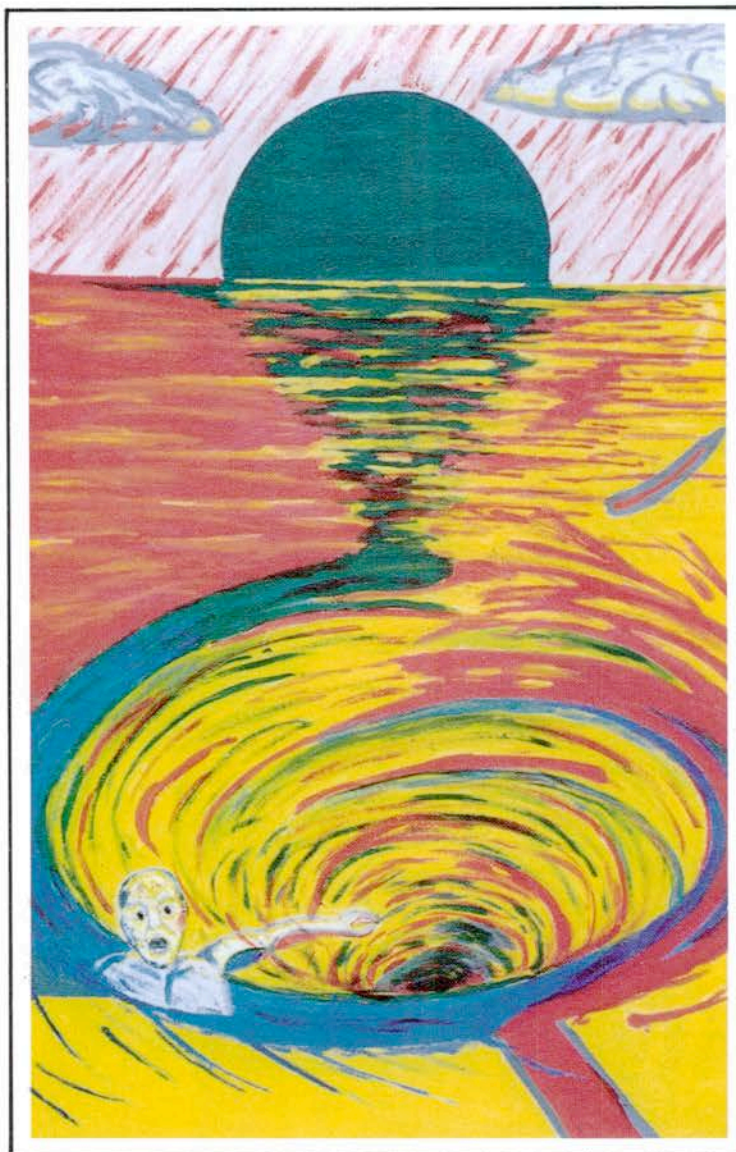
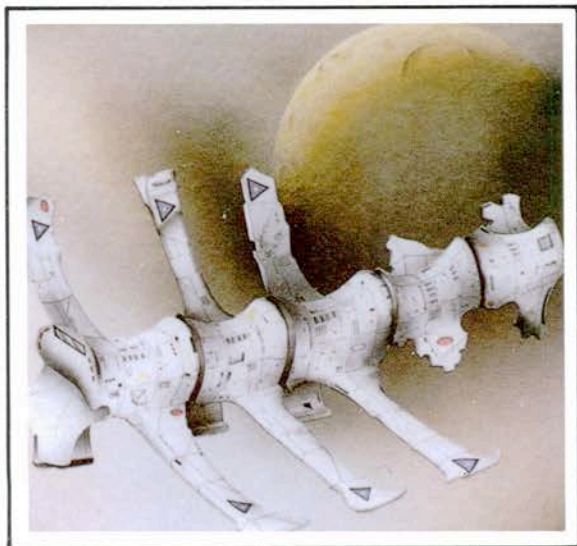
Around the Art Classes

Top left:
METROLINK (detail)
 Pencil Crayon
 Craig Simpson 5C
 1991/1992

Top right:
SKI COLLAGE
 Robert Clark 2B
 1991/1992

Bottom:
MAN WITH BOOK
 Clay Sculpture
 Edward Newiss 6B
 1991/1992





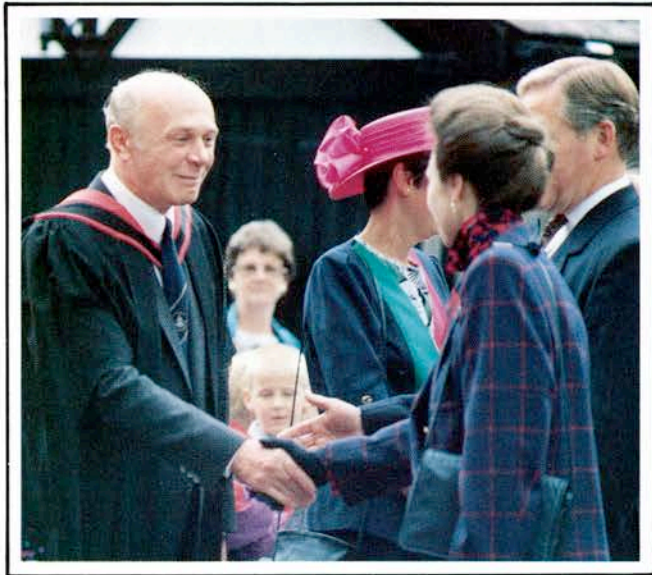
Top left:
SPACE RELIC
Airbrush and Pencil Crayon
Matthew Binns 6B
1991/1992

Middle left:
SWAN MOTIF
Pencil Crayon
Robert Hanson 5C
1991/1992

Top right:
WHIRLPOOL
Acrylics
Kevin Smith 5C
1991/1992

Bottom:
CLAY SHOE SCULPTURES
Jonathan Coward 4D and
Chris Smith 4M
1991/1992

Photographs taken by
D. Kelly and P. Cawood

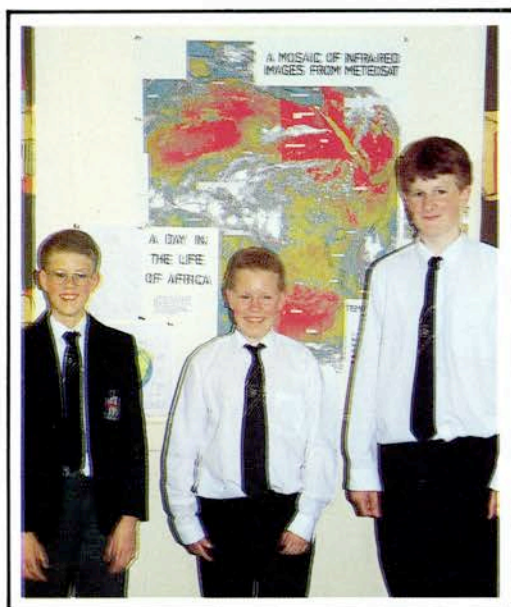


Top left:
Mr. D. M. Buckroyd,
Headmaster, greets
H.R.H. The Princess Royal.
Mr. R. L. Whittaker,
Chairman of the
Governing Body, is on the
Princess' right.

Top right:
H.R.H. The Princess Royal
chats with a few
rain-soaked fifth-formers.

Middle:
The newly-unveiled plaque
with interested spectators.

Excepting below left, all
photographs on this page
are reproduced by kind
permission of The Craven
Herald & Pioneer, Skipton.



Royal Visit 1st June 1992

Left:
D. Burton, C. Bateman
and C. Purver (3F) show
their Satellite Geography
Project to the Princess.

Below:
Walkabout — the weather
was not kind!



title from the remarks of a previous student, who had eased his feelings by recording in the visitors' book that she had nearly worked him to death. The food was good and plentiful, and during the whole of my holiday I saw no sign at all of the shortage I had heard so much about, and although butter was rationed, the ration seemed to me to be ample. We were expected to spend a large portion of our time eating and drinking, for we had five meals a day and all of them taken seriously.

I visited several of the larger German cities and found them little different from English places of the same size. They are clean, and in the modern parts very open, with many large and handsome buildings. Bremen is set in the middle of flat, marshy country, extending for miles, with the Weser running between high dykes above the level of the surrounding country. I shall never forget the sight of the s.s. *Bremen* approaching Bremerhafen; the river itself was out of sight from my view, but the huge ship towered above everything near it, like a huge moving temple on a plain. During my stay in Bremen I never remember looking up to find the sky clear of aeroplanes, for there were many aerodromes in the vicinity, because of the flatness, I presume, and day or night flying was always going on. I travelled many times on the famous Reich-autobahn, or main motor roads. These great roads, which have four carriageways, with a grass strip in the middle and entirely free from obstruction of all kinds, such as side entrances, etc., are much finer than anything I have ever seen, and the crossing of two of them is a lesson in road-engineering. Entrances to these roads are at intervals of 15 to 20 miles, and consist of two smaller roads which slope gradually up or down to the level of the main road.

But perhaps the two aspects of Germany that struck me most were the all-pervading propaganda and the remarkable prevalence of uniform. The Germans seem to get into uniform on every possible occasion and on the flimsiest excuse; if two men do the same job, then they must have a uniform, and when you add to this the various sorts of armed men — soldiers of all grades, S.A. men (Sturm-Abteilung or Storm Troopers), S.S. men (Schutz-Staffel or Hitler's personal body-guard), police, railwaymen, postmen, tram drivers and conductors, etc., etc., it seems to my recollection that half the men were in uniform, while swords and arms of all descriptions are proudly carried by even the most harmless. So far as propaganda is concerned, the hand of Dr. Goebbels is to be seen everywhere, yes everywhere; streets, public

places, 'buses, shops, parks; everywhere was a reminder of the benefits which the N.S.D.A.P. (Nationalsozialistdeutschearbeit-partei) had conferred on the German citizen, and of the awfulness of any possible alternative. Pictures of Hitler were everywhere and sometimes in the funniest connection, if only one had dared to laugh outright. I am sure a sense of humour does not find much of a place in the make-up of most Germans.

Politics, of course, were always around us, and I cannot even start to tell much of what I saw and heard about them. The conclusions which stand out most clearly in my mind are that the German people like and are very friendly towards England and all things English; that they despise France and all things French, and that in their minds all their troubles and the troubles of half the world besides are caused by Russia. Whenever there is aught amiss in the Political World, poor Russia is sure to be blamed. Add to this that the Germans are extremely gullible and believe anything, if it is repeated often enough, and you have the main outlines of the picture as I saw it.

My visit coincided with the "Crisis" and for several weeks I, and I believe many Germans, were puzzled by the way the papers were flooded with the wildest stories of what was happening in Sudeten Deutschland; if one-hundredth part of them was true, then the Czechs were the vilest monsters imaginable. But it came as a shock to most Germans to find that there was a chance of war with England, and this when the crisis was at its height, but even then it did not seem to strike them that anyone had injured them by hiding the truth.

I made many friends in Germany and like much that I saw. I like the cleanliness of the towns and of the people; I like their extreme punctuality, and their services are punctual to a degree. I was amused by some of their habits; on rising and on retiring they shake hands with everybody, and whenever they meet in the street they shake hands. This time they click their heels and make a short bow. If a German wishes to introduce himself to another, he goes up to the person, clicks his heels, tells him his surname and offers to shake hands, while the other person repeats the formality. The Germans are very early risers. As a rule, all are in bed by 10 p.m. and up again by 7 a.m.; work in offices and factories begins at 7 a.m. In some cases elder Germans demand an exaggerated respect from their juniors. I remember once, when visiting the son of a German doctor, when his father entered the room, the son was expected to rise to attention

and greet his father formally. "Guten Abend, Herr Doktor (Good evening, Sir Doctor)."

I went to a Hitler Youth Movement meeting and the young folk did put up a really fine show; I have never seen finer physique, but for me it was spoilt by long speeches and long marches and counter-marches. We had to stand with our arm outstretched for so long that my arm ached as badly as ever Moses' did in the wilderness; but lots of Germans seemed to like it. Attendance at these games and at public speeches, etc., is compulsory but has to be paid for, since the people are told that they can only appreciate what costs them something.

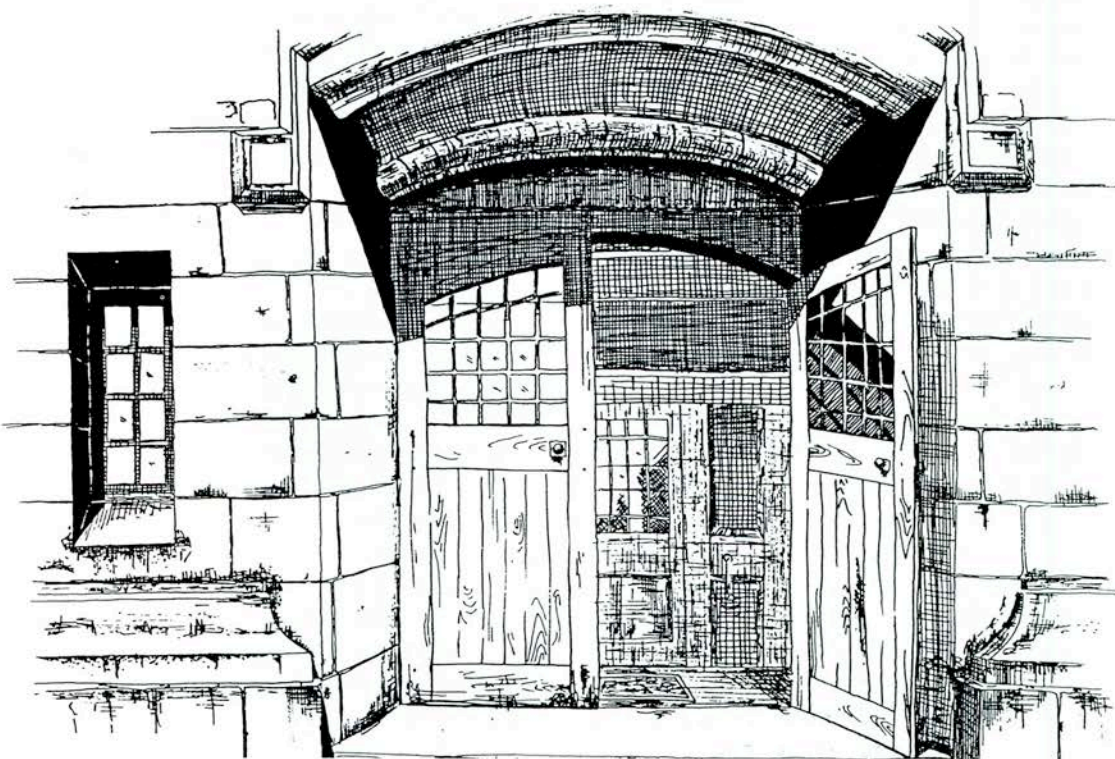
I ought to tell you of one of the most outstanding of the pleasure trips I made. A German friend, a young Reptonian and myself started for a day trip to Wildeshausen, a very beautiful, ancient town, one of the show places of North Germany. In some remarkable way we took the wrong train, went many miles out of our way to a point from which we could take a short cut (sic) to our destination; we walked halfway across Germany, were lost in a wood, stranded in a bog, and then arrived on a huge heather-covered expanse, which was evidently a practice ground for bombers, judging from the remnants of fallen bombs all around, but the sound of approaching aircraft moved us from this space at a speed you can imagine. We gained the high road and walked towards Wildeshausen, which, according to the information which pedestrians or road signs gave us, receded faster than we walked towards it. We did arrive eventually to find

darkness, the last train gone, and hotel accommodation which reminded me of stories of the Balkans. I recommend any visitors to Germany to see Wildeshausen.

I had the experience of attending service at a Lutheran church in Bremen. I found the place packed to the doors, although I was informed that a few years ago it was like our churches — very sparsely attended. I have often wondered if the young pastor is still at liberty, for he made a most outspoken attack on the German Government and described the powers that be as satanic and evil. From all I could hear the Nazis are not making much progress in their campaign against the free churches. One German lady of position and character assured me that she, like many others, would never forgive Hitler for what he had done to the churches.

The longer I stayed and, as I hope, the more proficient I became in the use of the language, the more interesting became my holiday, and though I was thankful to see the lights of Yorkshire rise out of the darkness when homeward bound, yet I was sorry to think my German trip was really finished. I can recommend a German holiday to any student of the language; the Germans are kindly folk, and although they laugh at one's errors, they will help to put them right, and one can be sure of a real welcome. Auf Wiedersehen!

G.L.H. (VI Arts)
Chronicles, Autumn 1938



*Principal Entrance,
Main Building.
N. WADDINGTON (6B)
1991-1992*

AN EXTRACT FROM "501", THE CELEBRATORY PAGEANT, 1992



Second World War

List of Old Boys
of E.G.S. who fell in the
Second World War.

Pro Patria

1939-1945.

ARCHER, J.	HUDSON, D.
ARMITAGE, J. V.	LEAVER, N.
ASHCROFT, J.	MATTOCK, G. A.
ATHA, P.	MAXFIELD, C. S.
BARNES, M. G. H.	MORRISON, T. F.
BEDFORD, P.	OVEREND, B.
BRACKEN, E.	PILKINGTON, J. H.
BROOKSBANK, J. P.	PRITCHARD, J. H.
BROWN, D. T.	RIGBY, F. R.
CLARK, H. B.	SLATER, F.
DAGGETT, S.	SMITH, E.
DINSDALE, G. C.	SMITH, J.
DIXON, T. G.	SPINK, E.
DUNFORD, J.	STEWART, J. K.
GALL, W. J.	STURGEON, J. B.
GRAY, W. W.	TODD, H.
HARKER, F. V.	VAULKHARD, J. J.
HARRIS, D. L.	WALTON, H.
HOLE, J. E.	WILSON, E. L.
PATEFIELD, N. B.	WILSON, J.
PEACOCK, J. B.	

SUB LIEUT. H. R. TAYLOR, Art Master at the School, 1938-1954, was mentioned in despatches for "courage and endurance and helpfulness" in the action in which his vessel was lost. The recognition came as a result of reports by two of the crew, who were also prisoners in Germany.

"I wish to bring to your notice the splendid work of your son during the heavy fire from the enemy in our last engagement on HM MGB 329. Although the ship was ablaze he was constantly working for the wounded. When the captain gave the order to abandon ship your son put at least three of the seriously wounded overboard, exposing himself to many dangers. Then on the Carey float he hung on to two of them until they died. During the fourteen hours we were in the water never once did he allow us to give up hope. When all hope seemed lost he encouraged us to sing, although we were all wounded and exhausted. He is certainly worthy of all our praise and with this I convey to him my many thanks."

Sgt. Gunner J. D. Billy Armstrong, RAF, was awarded the DFM for "bravery, determination and resource" displayed in heavy daylight operations over Brest and La Pallice in July. Armstrong, who was the rear gunner of a bomber, was badly wounded on the return journey, but continued to fire his gun and to deal with a fire in his turret.

Lieut. W. A. Feather, RE, was awarded the George Medal, the highest possible award, for "conspicuous gallantry" in bomb disposal work.

Flt. Sgt. H. I. Popay, RAF, was awarded a bar to his DFM. The citation read: "This airman is a wireless operator/airgunner of exceptional ability, and has displayed great qualities of technical skill and reliability. He has taken part in attacks on Cologne, Kiel, Hamburg, Mannheim, Berlin and in a daylight raid on Brest. His record has had an excellent effect on the whole squadron."

The Second World War showed a stoicism, a determination to see it through despite the hardships, as one of the school rhymes ran:

On account of old Hitler,
Our chips will be littler.

The staff attitude was similarly unromantic. Their suggestions book noted: "That, at least for the duration of the war, the amount of homework each evening be strictly limited."

DIGGING FOR VICTORY

The Governors were equally sensible. Hitler might have conquered Europe from Paris to Moscow, but, as their report noted: "The Governors inspected the ARP trenches which had been dug at the front of the school and were alarmed at the dangerous state and depth of water collected therein. It was resolved that a letter be written to the ARP Officer repudiating any liability in case of accident."

The Headmaster was empowered to fix anti-splinter netting on windows in the Boarding House, which he thought vulnerable. Whether he was worried about attacks by Hitler's bombers, or by the boys, is not recorded.

Practices and inspections of respirators were regularly held. The shelters under the Boarding House were very well equipped (according to *Chronicles*) and the Boarders were able to lie down in some comfort on a great variety of beds, ancient and modern.

A hundred boys and five masters from Varndean School at Brighton were evacuated here in 1940.

"As I entered the Headmaster's study on 10th September I found the atmosphere very friendly and encouraging. I was attracted by the comfortable leather armchairs and as I sat in one I did not think that three weeks later I should bend over one of them in painful discomfort." He had a lot to learn about an Ermysted's education.

"My worst impression of the school is the central quad inside the classroom block. It is really ugly and is a very poor contrast to the rest of the buildings. Many other boys besides myself think something ought to be done about it."

"On the whole I like the school. I find the country boys much more friendly than town boys."

The Varndean boys survived the war in Skipton, surprisingly without casualties. We recently had a letter from them, wishing us well in our 500th anniversary celebrations.

Strange things happened during the war, none odder than this coincidence: An Old Boy of the school, Petty Officer E. Dunstan, RN, saw a man in New Zealand reading the *Chronicles of Ermysted*, accosted him, and found him to be R. M. Farndale, another Old Boy, who was in the NZ Expeditionary Force.

D.G.C.

1991-1992

(Research by Fifth Form Group)

I DO NOT WELCOME SPRING.

Larks sing, lambs gambol, buds shoot, lovers buy rings, chancellors propose budgets, in spring. I dig!

My father is very patriotic. When the "Dig for Victory" campaign started after the war started, he decided it was time to start digging up our bulbs and herbaceous plants and perennials, and start putting in vegetables. There are too many "starts" in that sentence for good style, but the word seems expressive to me. It has a vicious, sudden sound that suits my mood about the whole digging-for-victory process. You see, my father felt, as he was busy with A.R.P. (1939) and Home Guard (1940 et seq.), he had not time to dig and "that boy" was big enough to do something useful. And so I started "digging for victory", and that started my trouble.

I do not like digging. I feel that I am cut out for more intellectual processes and, although I would do much for my country, I have no urge to push steel into its crust. Nevertheless, under influence of the vision of a martyred schoolboy, gallantly subduing his talents to the cause of his race's larder, I dug and am about to dig.

Our garden has unsympathetic soil. I have seen soil into which a cricket stump will sink smoothly up to the head, which has what I have heard called a good tilth, but it was not in our garden. Our piece of England has a substratum of builder's slate, on which rests a top soil of clay, cement and clinker. In wet weather it binds into a soggy mass which gurgles when a spade slices it; in drought it breaks up into spheres of brittle plaster varying in size from golf to foot ball. My father used not to impress me as a very intelligent man, but now I see, in his frequent Home Guard parades on light evenings, a subtle cunning I have not inherited.

Our garden is bounded by a low wall and faces a busy road. Everyone who passes can see me and everyone who can see me speaks. Now I am not ashamed to be seen working with my hands, nor am I averse to my species. Indeed, I like a chat, but the inhabitants of our road do not chat; they are parrots who have learned a slogan.

Miss Evelyn Warspite, who used to teach me years ago and who covers up the chagrin of spinsterhood with a cheerful and whimsical humour, calls out brightly, "Digging for victory, Donald?" My name is Duncan.



*Sketch made whilst a
prisoner of war in
Germany during the
Second World War by
Mr. H. R. Taylor, E.G.S.
art master.*

Then there is the Vicar. He gets my name right, but is original in nothing else. As if pronouncing a truth from beyond the grave he booms, "Digging for victory! Good!" and passes on.

Mr. Huggleton, who made a lot of money in the last war and may be making more in this (so my father says) shuffles by on his way to the club. He blears at me, sniffs and croaks, in what I suppose is a benevolent tone, "That's right. Dig for victory. That's the stuff."

I grin uncertainly, or mumble, but make no real reply. These people wait for no reply. They merely display what my English master would call "herd reactions to propaganda". Besides, what can I say? I'm not really dig-

ging for victory. I am digging for peace in the home.

The people who pass look different, have different jobs, different incomes, different politics, different morals, but they all have the same notion of conversation. Sam Wrigsworth, the sweep, who is only sober between six and eleven in the morning, leers, hiccoughs and says, "Whatssta doin'? Diggin' for victory?" Jimmy Templar, of my form, sails past on his bike and calls "Howdy? Digging for victory?" Mrs. Outhwaite, the charwoman, Mrs. Sharper, the district nurse, Mr. James Shiner and his brother John, undertakers, and generally known as Brasso and Silvo, Josiah Bestwood, Esq., J.P., Mr. Temperley, the grocer, whose hair has whitened since "this



rationing” started, Mr. Cartinson, the contractor, who goes to the pictures in his Bentley, Dr. MacHunter, and a thousand more, all say, in one accent or another, “Digging for victory?” The only exception is Mr. de Lacey, the intellectual Communist, who used to scowl at me but who, since last June, smiles, “Digging for Stalin, comrade?”

And that is why I do not welcome the spring and why the first who puts the question this spring is going to get a spadeful of England in his eye.

R.D.P.

Chronicles, Spring 1942

REMINISCENCES OF A VARNDEAN EVACUEE

IT SEEMED TO US on the South Coast that by the spring of 1941 the threat of invasion had receded and that evacuation was not necessary. Earlier my brother and I had been considered for evacuation to Australia but the thought of that distance upset my mother so much that the venture was abandoned. The year before (1940) we had watched the Battle of Britain from our desks at school and/or the trenches which had been dug in the playing fields. The beaches were all mined and covered with barbed wire, so we could not get to “our” sea.

So we set out on our journey north in the spring of 1941 and got as far as Ilkley Moor by night, and we were bedded down in a sanatorium on the moor. Next day we went to

Skipton and were split up. I think we were roughly the strength of three classes, say 90 to 100 boys. I think the division for billeting was by class year, as my brother went to Embsay and I went to Gargrave.

My first billet was OK and we used to catch the school bus each day into Skipton, although at weekends we would walk in or hitch-hike. Whilst there was little private motoring allowed during the war, nobody was ever turned down for a lift, and I carry the gratitude for this with me today; I would never ignore a request from a hitch-hiker.

I do not remember the reason but my billet was changed and I was transferred to Raybridge Farm where I was supremely happy. To my shame I cannot remember the names of my foster parents, although the son was called Harry. He would have been about 17 when I was 12. One of the borders of the farm was the Leeds-Liverpool Canal and Harry introduced me to hopping on to barges and going a few locks up the canal and walking back along the towpath or across the fields. I was shown farming skills like bringing in the cows, milking them (pre-machinery days), mucking out the cowsheds, searching after dawn in the fields for mushrooms, how to use a scythe and — greatest fun and hardest work of all — bringing in the harvest.

When my brother and I did our 50th anniversary trip last year I was surprised to find that I remembered so much — roads, locations, and so on. I was able to drive straight to the farm without stopping to check the route; Gargrave was pretty much as I remembered it, the River Aire where I was taught to tickle trout and further upstream the deep pools which provided good swimming.

Unfortunately my brother was not happy in his billet and after six months or so he persuaded our mother to bring us back to Brighton, her attitude being that if one came back, both came back.

My overall and most lasting impression of those years was the friendliness of the Yorkshire people — always a smile and a word for a stranger in their midst and the wonderful countryside to be explored. I made a 25th anniversary trip in 1966 but my nerve failed me when I got to the school gates and I turned back, feeling that a call would only be a nuisance to the smooth running of the school. How wrong I was as I found out when I called in 1991.

Thank you for being part of my evolution. My memories are all happy ones.

DAVID G. PAVEY
1992

Sketch by Mr. H. R. Taylor, made whilst a prisoner of war in Germany during the Second World War.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AFRICA

WE OBTAINED A SERIES of infra-red images of Africa using the DARTCOM Satellite System. On the roof of the School there is a satellite dish from which the images are received and sent via cables to the decoder. The images are then sent to the computer where they are processed and displayed as colour pictures of the area. From the computer the image can be printed out and used as required.

The satellite broadcasts the images in a timetabled sequence. The map illustrates the pattern of the broadcasts.

We started at 9.00 G.M.T. and set the system up. We had a practice run at producing an image and magnifying it on the computer. At 9.22 we started to capture an image. When the image had been displayed on the screen we magnified it using the system and printed it out. The next image was displayed at 9.30, then 10.14, then 12.14, then 12.26 and the last image was displayed at 13.18. We magnified and printed these images out and then trimmed the edges down until they all corresponded with each other. They were then glued onto a white sheet of card.

We found that early in the morning there were lots of convection clouds over the Equator, but as we went into the day these clouds had been burnt out by the warm land and the Sun's heat.

We also found that the temperatures seemed to match each other quite well on images received close together, but by the time we had received image four the desert had warmed up by 20°C in comparison to image two taken three hours earlier.

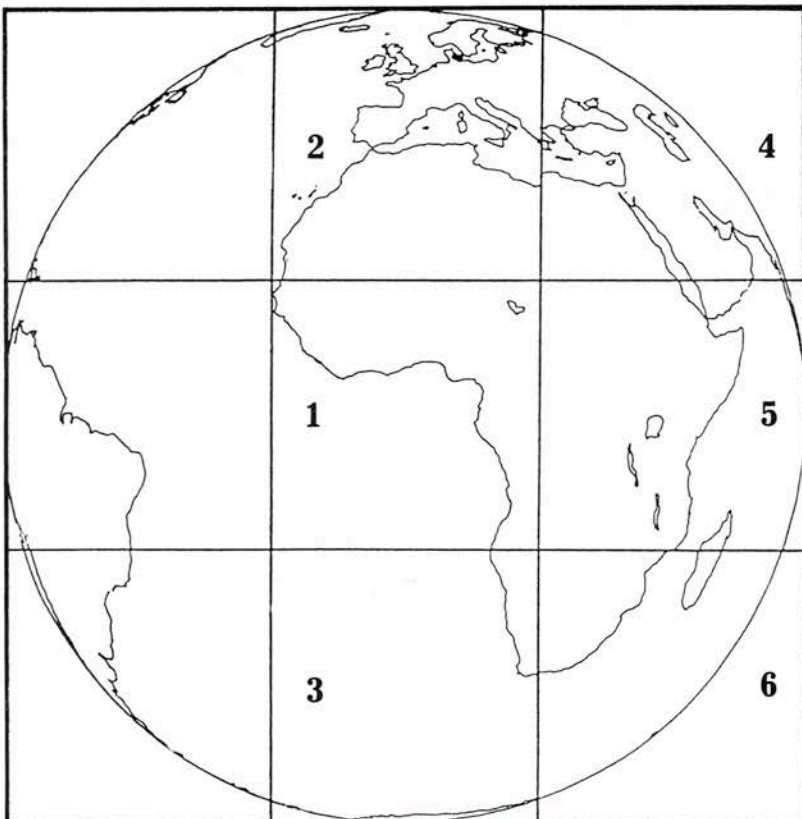
D. BURTON, C. PURVER AND C. BATEMAN (3F)
1991-1992



A Miscellany of Recent Work

Map showing sequence of broadcasts:

- 1=1st image received at 9.22 G.M.T.
- 2=2nd image received at 9.30 G.M.T.
- 3=3rd image received at 10.14 G.M.T.
- 4=4th image received at 12.14 G.M.T.
- 5=5th image received at 12.26 G.M.T.
- 6=6th image received at 13.18 G.M.T.



Editor's Note: A colour photograph illustrating this article appears on page 40.

IS THE SAHARA SPREADING SOUTH?

OUR PROJECT was to discover whether the Sahara Desert was spreading south into the Sahel. To do this we took satellite images of the northern part of Africa; these satellite images were taken using METEOSAT 5 — the images were visible light images. From these you can determine different relief areas; e.g. mountains, dunes and lakes. We compared these images to other images taken four years ago.

We also drew diagrams relating to the Sahel and the Sahara. These included such things as tree and rain diagrams and also mountain positions and dune position in the Sahara Desert. The latter were done on acetate overlays.

We also drew a map of Africa and put on the areas with a high risk of desertification.

We found that the Sahara Desert is slowly spreading south for the METEOSAT images did not correspond with each other. The most recent images showed the sand dunes further south than they were on the earlier images.

Every Third Year from this year onwards will also do this study and after twenty or so years we will have a detailed plan of the movements of the Sahara Desert.

C. DUKE AND B. WHITLEY (3F)
1991-1992

History

AN INTERVIEW FOR G.C.S.E. HISTORY

MY INTERVIEWEE is called Catherine Walker. She was born on 16th April 1919 in Glasgow.

She was born in a flat in Glasgow. The flat had one bedroom, a living room and a sitting room. The kitchen was part of the sitting room. These conditions today, however, would be very rare for a family of that size. She had a brother and two sisters so the conditions must have been intolerable. Nevertheless, in those days such conditions were common in an inner-city area. So her living conditions would have been the same as for most families in Glasgow and in other cities. She regarded it as a great honour to have a toilet inside the flat, something we now take for granted. "We moved up in the world when we got a toilet inside," she said to me. She described things such as "hole in the wall beds" which were essential if they were all to fit into the flat. All these factors were a result of lack of money. The simple fact was if you had the money you would live in a nice spacious house and if you didn't have the money, well you lived in a small flat.

My interviewee began her education at the age of five. This was at a mixed primary school. However, her education dramatically changed when she went to a higher grade school when she was eleven. This is like a modern grammar school. From the moment she started, being a girl was, I think, an obstacle to her education. She was separated from the boys and was taught domestic subjects like cooking, ironing and sewing. These things were meant to prepare her for her future life, which was to be a housewife. This was taken for granted when she was at school. Nowadays this would be sexual discrimination and the school could be prosecuted. She stated that the discipline was very harsh and the children were kept in line. "We didn't get away with anything, because we would get caned and allsorts." Now the education has dramatically changed; boys and girls get equal opportunities and the punishment is far less severe, although even today girls do cooking and boys don't always get the choice.

Mrs. Walker also stated that, "only the really brainy ones stayed at school until eighteen." So when she reached fourteen she left school and went to work and earn a living. This job was rather poor. It was in a furrier's shop; she was a "waiting girl" as she put it. Jobs like this were all women could get then, drastically different from now, when women can get virtually any job at all. After that she obviously ended up doing a "women's job", a sewing machinist. This was the job many women did at that time.

Her family life suffered a sharp setback in the 1930s, directly as a result of the Depression. This depression cannot be directly compared with any recent event, for example the recession which has hit the country recently. During this period she went without many things. Her father only worked three days a week for about six years. This, I think, made her more determined to work harder and support her family; she battled through it and came through it successfully, unlike other families which fell apart.

When the war came, little did she know this would change her life and it was to care for her future. She began the war making flags for the troops as a machinist in Glasgow. Then, as she said, "I went off to fight Adolf". She joined the A.T.S. making equipment for the tanks. The war created the chance for her and other women to prove themselves in a man's environment. Another reason for her joining the forces was probably the conditions in which she lived. They were far better than those she experienced back home. She had very strong feelings against the war. She felt all the fighting was a terrible waste of young lives. She was in the A.T.S. until 1946. Even though she was in the forces she was far away from any fighting and she was never involved in any air raids. However, she was like all women at that time; she was very determined to play her part in the war effort. The women only then began to implant themselves into the masculine working environment and given that chance they have never looked back. Now women can do what ever they choose. As for Mrs. Walker the most important factor and result of the war was that she met her husband who was in the Army and straight after the war she got married and came to live in Bradley. So she had finally entered the stage of her life where her limited education would begin to pay off. Nowadays when women get married they do not naturally assume that they will stay at home, but then Mrs. Walker saw her future at home bringing up any children they might have.

So the war had an enormous bearing upon her future.

Being in the forces the rationing weighed less heavily upon her, but one thing that stuck in her mind was that she never saw a banana until after the war. Such food shortages are rarely seen today, except perhaps in extreme cases like in Africa.

Coming back to her family life I doubt whether she ever considered doing much else than getting married and having a family.

She also had very strong feelings that women should have got the vote far earlier than they did. The waiting time would, however, have seemed longer to her as she didn't get the vote until after the war. I don't suppose she is anything like a women's rights campaigner of today, but she did insist that women should have equal rights with men. This is probably a result of growing up in an environment where her mother worked, her sisters worked, and she worked. So she believed women should be given rights. I think that she would probably wish she had been born thirty or forty years later, so she could enjoy some of the women's rights of today, such as the education and job opportunities.

To conclude, I think her life, like those of most women in that time, was controlled by society, and she lived in a "man's world". With a broader education she might have gone on to do better things; the war, however, reduced men's control over her life and she broke free to make her own future.

S. WALKER (5X)
1991-1992

Verse and Prose

DUSK

Dusk settles,
Beady eyes watch mercilessly
The door ajar,
Two silhouettes against the night sky,
Hobble into the musty darkness.
Now,
His skilful claws
Tampering with the lock
Click.
He's in,
Like a hound
Sensing the odours,
Sparkling raptures
He knows exactly,
Jewelry laid across the bed
He vanishes like an apparition.
The moon is high
Two returning figures,
Enter their abode
A nauseous smell
Fills their heads.
The odour,
An intruder
The bedroom door
Open
No stone has been left unturned
Skirts, tights, underwear
Strewn around the room.
You can feel his sorrow,
Thrown out to his wife
She feels dirty,
And disgusted.
No money is missing
No damage visible
Only the damage on her face.
The family rallies round
Huge bin liners,
Heaving with clothes
Gasping for a breath of air
Ready to be washed.
She knows in time she'll come to terms
With it.

M. KNOWLES (3K)
1990-1991

THE BLACK PANTHER

A fleeting glimpse of the death-black
killing machine.
Silently, stealthily slinking in sinuous
movements.
Muscles rippling under silken coat.
Weaving and oozing through the trees
like a trickle of oil.
An inky-black shadow, gleaming white
fangs, lethal vicious claws unsheathed.
He springs.
Teeth piercing yielding flesh.

Blood, raw meat, entrails,
Fruits of raking claws and slashing fangs.
Gorged, the hunter sleeps.

J. COWARD (2K)
1989-1990

LINTON CAMP

I once was a welcoming school,
A happy place.
With fields all around me
And a river nearby.

My wooden walls were bare,
But inside I was bright and colourful.
My showers full of chattering children
Had gleaming copper pipes.
And my pitch-sealed roof
Kept out the rain.

At night my cooling wooden walls
Made friendly noises,
And birds pattered on my roof.
I sheltered children and kept them warm.

But now the birds have left, the nests
deserted.
Rabbits and hippies are here instead,
My garden overgrown,
My copper pipes no more, and fires burn
my walls.

A. MARCHAM (2B)
1991-1992

MOVING ON

HERE IS MY ATTEMPT to answer the question set in an English lesson:

“Describe a place which you associate with happy memories, recalling some of the things that happened there.”

I remember the date well: it was the 1st January, 1990 — the beginning of a new decade, and the beginning of new life for me. It was the day my family and I moved from our home in North Wales to Ilkley. Our home in Marford was the only home I had known in my entire life. I had lived there since I was four months old and now we were moving into bed and breakfast accommodation in Ilkley.

I felt hollow as we pulled out of the driveway. It was the end of the world to me. I was losing all my friends and I was going to move from the house I had lived in for my whole life and live in grotty Ilkley (or so I thought at the time).

As we drove out down Sunnyridge Avenue, and the house went out of sight, I burst into tears. Through all the trauma I had experienced over the last few months, I had managed to stop myself, except once before. But now I just couldn't help it. I must have cried myself to sleep.

When I woke up we were just crossing the Pennines with everybody feeling sad and empty. No one was saying anything. We were all listening to the monotonous voice of Des O'Connor on the radio. Dad got so annoyed he eventually switched it off. “How far is it now Dad?” I asked.

“About ten miles. We'll be there soon,” replied Dad.

It was Dad's fault we were moving really. He had managed to get a post in Bradford. For many days I hated him after he came home that night and told us. I cried then too. Upstairs though, in the privacy of my own

bedroom. I didn't want everybody knowing that I was a baby. Everybody was drinking champagne downstairs, but not me. I couldn't believe that they were all so happy to be leaving Marford. All right we were moving to a bigger house and would have more money but everything I wanted was here.

As we arrived at the bed and breakfast place, I could tell for the first time that everyone in the family felt the same way as me really. They were all sad at leaving, but “life must go on”, that's what Mum said anyway.

Our hosts were very kind and sympathetic, but they didn't make me feel any better.

We were all starting our new schools the next day. That was another thing I wasn't looking forward to.

Gradually we all settled into Ilkley, and made more new friends, but I would have swapped any of them for my old ones. We stayed in the bed and breakfast place for about seven weeks and then, on 28th February, we moved into our new house. The house was lovely, it had everything we had ever wanted, but somehow it didn't feel like home. I longed to go back.

About a year later, Mum and Dad announced that we were going back to see our old friends again. I was overjoyed. We got packed rapidly and jumped into the car. We set off. I was so looking forward to it. It was the first time since we had moved that I felt really excited, and was actually looking forward to something.

The journey seemed to take hours — like it always does when you are looking forward to something. Eventually we crossed the Welsh border and drove up Marford Hill for the first time in many months. We drove through the village (it had really changed, I hardly recognised it) and passed my old park and school. Gosh, it brought back memories. I suddenly remembered all the wonderful hours David (my best friend) and I had had playing football and cricket. We drove up the estate where we used to live, and straight to David's house.

We knocked on the door . . .

. . . “Hi!” screamed Frances (David's Mum).

“Hi!” we replied. “How are you?” asked Mum.

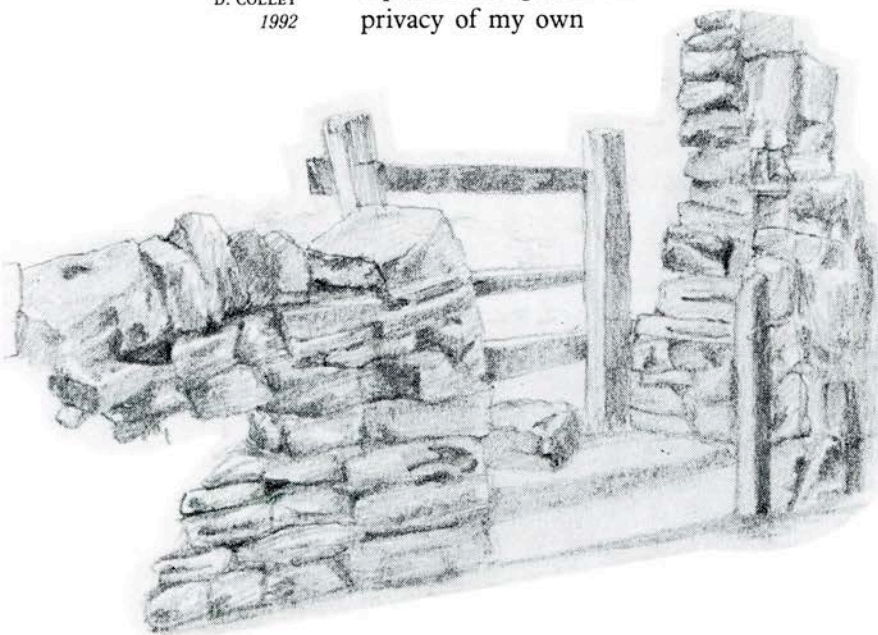
“Fine thanks, and you?”

“Oh, we're all right, but we're all missing Marford.”

“Is David in?” (No answer.) Frances was too busy talking to Mum. It was like old times. I crept under Frances' arm, and sprinted, eagerly upstairs to David's room. I remembered it well.

“Dave?” I said in my high squeaky voice.

D. COLLEY
1992



P.O.W.

"Yeh," replied Dave in his low broken voice, as he kicked the door open. "Ho, hi Si! You're a bit late," he said whilst playing on the computer. "Oh this is James, you remember? . . . Oh no you don't. Oh well, James this is Simon, an old friend, Simon this is James, a new friend."

"Hi!" bellowed James in his strong deep voice. He did this without turning round. I thought this rather rude.

"Hi!" I replied. I felt a little left out. David had known about us coming for weeks, but he had still invited James around. . . .

We played on the computer for a while. Well, *they* played on the computer for a while. David seemed to have forgotten me for he only talked to James not me, the guest.

When dinner came, I felt glad, for James would go now . . . but he didn't. I couldn't help feeling rather jealous. We ate dinner without David even turning his face in my direction. He just kept talking and laughing with this James fellow.

Later on we went to the park to play footer . . . with James. Then we called on some more of David's new friends, with James. It just wasn't any fun at all.

We slept at David's house that night. It was the first time James hadn't been there since I had arrived, and the first time that David had really spoken to me.

. . . "So how's your new school?"

"Oh, it's all right. How's yours?"

"Oh, it's great. I've made lots of new friends. I thought after you'd gone it would be really boring. But it's not. It's just as good."

I laughed this off but inside I was hurt. It was then that I realised for the first time that I was missing *my* new friends and *my* new home. Dave had made new friends all right, but so had I. In fact, it wasn't the good old days at all. The next morning as we departed, I felt quite glad. We were going back home.

"How's Dave?" Mum asked me with a broad smile showing off her new lipstick.

"Fine Mum, just fine," I said, half concentrating on what I was saying and counting the magpies outside.

"Is that all!" Mum said. "I thought that you'd be really upset at leaving again."

"No, I'm glad we're going back home. Anyway, I wasn't upset the first time," I lied.

"Oh, I believe you!" my Mum said laughing out loud. This didn't bother me.

The next day, after we returned, I went back to school and played footer with all my new friends again. I was happy, very happy.

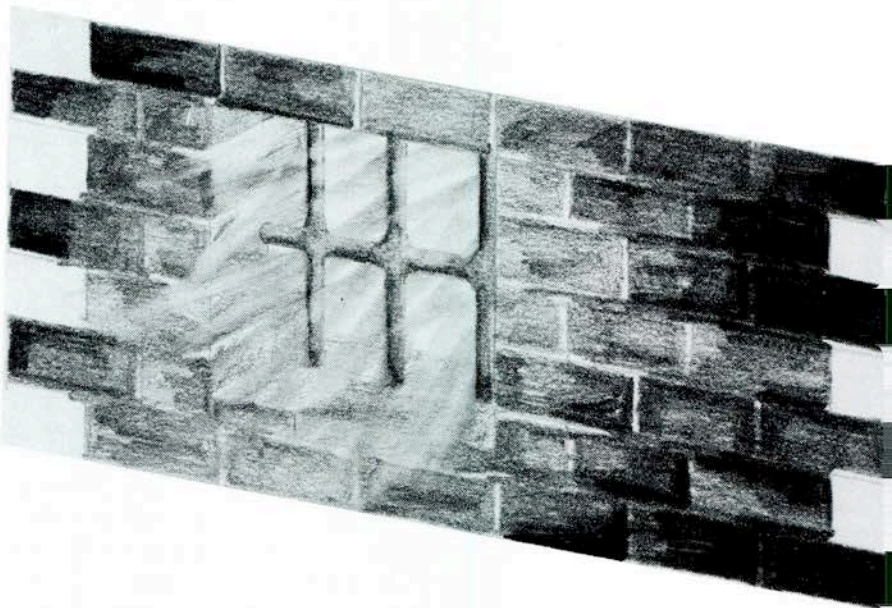
S. J. LEWIS (2S)
1991-1992

"BREAKFAST!" roared the voice from outside. The door opened and there stood this morning's guard. He was a huge, burly man by the name of Fritz, I think, though it's hard to remember anything these days. Anyway, we all trooped out to the dining room, if that's what you could call it. The room consisted of a shed with an earth floor. A dilapidated wooden table stood in the centre with a barked log lying on each side as a bench.

After a cold, sleepless night on the stony floor of the dormitory, even this stretch of the legs was exhilarating and I caught Don McCain's eye with a smile.

"Morning," I murmured. Unnecessary speech was frowned upon by our captors.

As we lined up beside the hatch in the wall I reflected once again on my capture.



It was embarrassing, really. It happened in the middle of May 1940, when I was serving with the British Expeditionary Force manning Arras. We had expected to be attacked and the outcome was in little doubt, but it still came as a shock when on the 19th we were told "Fifth Panzer Division heading your way. Hold the town for as long as possible".

I was the gunner in a "Matilda" infantry tank which, as everyone well knew, had no chance against the Panzers. We headed round the south side of Arras in a counter attack but our tank hit a German mine, the blast from which ripped through our thin hull and instantly killed the rest of the crew in the cabin.

*"Five Years of the
Same View."*
T. M. J. KENDALL

I moved forward in the queue and received my breakfast, a bowl of thin gruel and a mug of water. Together with the other men I sat down and began to eat. My thoughts began to stray once again.

When I came round I could hear the distant sounds of shelling and machine-gun fire. On peering out of the hatch I saw a column of infantry filing towards Arras. They were Nazis. I scrambled out of the tank and was captured without delay. I think the camp I am in now is in southern Germany, but our guards never tell us anything.

I found myself at the breakfast table next to Tom Williamson who had been in the same division as me. We must have been overlooked at last month's change round because normally no two men who knew each other were left together for more than a month at a time, supposedly to prevent escape plans being hatched. This had always struck me as pointless. The camp was surrounded by three barbed wire fences and minefields. Sentries kept twenty-four hour watch outside and shot escapers on sight. Of course, various escape plans had been attempted but all they ever resulted in was fewer prisoners and worse conditions for the rest of us.

"How are you keeping, Tom?" I ventured.

"Oh, as good as ever, thanks Jack," my companion answered in his strong Welsh accent. Tom was one of my few good friends in the camp. His innate cheerfulness kept me going when times were hard and encouraged me to look forward to release when it eventually came.

The different meals of the day were looked forward to for different reasons: breakfast was the first chance of the day for a little idle conversation; dinner a short relief from the strain of the day's labour; and supper a meal you could eat knowing a reasonable night's sleep was ahead of you, unless, of course, there was an air raid by our boys and we were all marched down into the dank caves for the night.

The log bench was uncomfortable to sit on for long so most prisoners moved on as soon as they had finished breaking their fast. One man, though, whom I noticed sitting opposite just sat staring vacantly ahead as he spooned in the unpalatable mess. Gesturing in his direction I said unobtrusively to Tom —

"Do you know who that is?"

I was shocked to see a great sadness well up in Tom's eyes. After a pause he said unsteadily,

"Roger Withers. He was recruited at the same time as I. I knew him all the way through

school and I was on, well, rather good terms with his sister. He went funny like that when he heard she'd been killed in an air raid. Blown apart, she was. He got left behind when we retreated and he was captured."

"Oh," I said, which seemed so inappropriate. "I'm sorry."

"Don't worry about it," said Tom with false cheerfulness. "It was a long time ago."

We finished our porridge and moved towards the doorway.

"You two!" called a voice in bad English. "You are last, you will wash the dishes." With a sigh we turned and walked to the kitchen.

Porridge is very difficult to remove with cold water and it was half an hour till we had worked our way through the pile of mess-tins. This, however, was obviously too slow for our guard.

"Not good enough," he commented as we turned to leave. "You will do dinner as well."

We were already late for this morning's work-party so we jogged quickly from the building into the cold drizzle outside. Our party was on stone breaking this morning so we were marched to the rock pile.

I was given a huge lump of limestone and a hammer. The Nazis deliberately gave us blocks which we had no chance of fully breaking and punched and kicked anyone they judged not to have worked hard enough.

Soon we were all bleeding from lacerations caused by flying rock fragments. One man in particular, I noticed, looked exhausted. Eventually he staggered and fell. I reached out my hand to help him up but jerked it back with a scream of pain on my lips as a German pistol crashed down on my wrist.

"Get on with your work!" shouted the guard.

With a rebellious glance at him I hit my rock a resounding blow.

The morning passed slowly and it was with great relief that we eventually staggered towards the dining hall. I slumped onto the bench with my bowl of cabbage. Just then a B17 roared overhead and the anti-aircraft guns started clattering.

"Don't worry," said Tom optimistically. "Nothing goes on for ever."

R. HOPE (3K)
1991-1992

SCREAM: FATHER MALVERN'S BAD DAY

FATHER MALVERN jogged happily along the road. He waved at Mrs. Singh in the corner shop, he waved at Mr. Pratt at the garage. The sun shone brilliantly and the world seemed happy. As he approached his moss-spangled vicarage the young vicar patted his dog and entered the heavy dark oak porchway. Switching on the radio he settled down to his cornflakes. His peace was interrupted by a knock at the door. It seemed almost frantic.

"Yes, yes, what is it?" he asked gently. Mrs. Singh was standing on the doorstep looking slightly harried.

"It's Shep — there's been an accident . . ." she said with a note of panic in her voice. Father Malvern looked helplessly at the empty kennel, then ran to the road where a rusty old car stood motionless and a beautiful golden labrador lay, also motionless.

"I didn't see him — he just ran out in front of me!" said the long-haired waistcoated man. Malvern patted him gently on the shoulder and simply muttered,

"Never mind, son, never mind." He knelt over the body of his dog, gently picked it up and placed it in the back of his car. He shed not a tear as Shep whimpered mournfully, but ploughed on to the vet.

"Sorry, there's not a lot I can do," explained Chalky White, the village vet. "I can make him comfortable, but there's internal haemorrhage and he hasn't got long — maybe only a few hours."

"Do the kindest thing," smiled the Father. "I know it's for the best."

"And I know that you loved that dog. Let it out if you want." Father Malvern shook his head and in a somewhat forced way gave a little sigh.

"God moves in mysterious ways."

As he moved towards his car he noticed the time — ten o'clock. At ten-thirty he had his annual check-up, so he put pedal to the metal and set off.

The surgery was clean and bright, posters decorated the walls and the smell of antiseptic gave it a pleasant, orderly air. The doctor was taking Father Malvern's blood pressure.

"You're in fine shape for a man in his forties, Mr. Malvern," said the young doctor. She made to unhook the pump from his forearm then spotted something that shouldn't have been there.

"Any problem, Doctor?" asked the Father. He was still shaky from his dog's accident.

"There seems to be a deep infection in your arm," she replied, probing with a glass rod. Father Malvern gave a shudder as she tested the painful area.

"Oh dear . . ." she mumbled. "Have you ever heard of gangrene, Mr. Malvern? Perhaps you'd better lie down. . . ."

Father Malvern was physically shaking as he pulled up the path of the vicarage. A good stiff drink was what he needed, and a long rest. God and his faith would see him through the probable amputation. As he staggered up the drive he didn't notice the glass littering the gravel, but as he pushed open the door an horrible sight met his eyes. His furniture, once plump and soft, lay slashed to pieces. His television was missing and a gaping expanse marked where his Ming vase had proudly stood. Across the wall was sprayed in a violent orange "Best wishes Vicar".

Father Malvern could take it no longer. His dog had died, he was faced with losing a limb, and his vicarage had been defiled. He walked calmly upstairs, opened an attic window and leapt.

The Father woke in a sweat. His body was somehow exhausted but he felt a huge relief and a great energy deep inside him. Why not work it off with a jog before breakfast? The sun shone brilliantly and outside the world seemed happy. Jogging down the street cheerily he waved at Mrs. Singh at the corner shop and Mr. Pratt in the garage. He patted his dog as he came to his heavy dark oak porchway.

Switching on the radio and settling down to his cornflakes Father Malvern's peace was interrupted by a knock at the door . . . it seemed almost frantic. . . . A wild look came to his eyes and he sank back in his chair. The knocking became more and more panicky, and after a brief pause the door was broken down and Father Malvern was carried away.

He never returned to the moss-spangled cottage.

"Poor Father Malvern," Mr. Pratt shook his head sadly. "Wasn't his dog knocked down today?"

Mrs. Singh nodded in quiet agreement. "His house was broken into later on. Bad things always seem to happen in threes, don't they?"

"Aye. Aye, they do."

J. ALLISON (4D)
1991-1992

THE NIGHT OF TERROR

“YOU’VE GOT THE CASE,” shouted the small, fat chief inspector across the police office.

“And what case is this sir?” said I uneasily as I was expecting the worst.

“Don’t give me that Jenkins. You jolly well know what case I am talking about. Does the word “Steeton” mean anything to you?”

Suddenly a streak of panic rushed down my spine and my voice box seemed to seize up. I finally managed to open my mouth and say,

“You are joking, aren’t you sir? You know what my feelings are about that place. You know how . . .”

“Oh do shut up gibbering. You’re a grown man. No, you’re more than that, you’re more than that, you’re a trained copper. Coppers’ are never scared, no matter what the case. You’ve had years of training for situations like this so pull yourself together.”

“Look sir . . .”

“No, you look here! Either you do this case or you’re suspended. So what’s your choice?”

“Very well sir. I’ll have to be suspended. Nothing or nobody is going to make me go back there again. You’ll never know what I went through that night.”

“OK, if that’s your choice, you had better collect your things from your desk and I will see you in a couple of weeks. Oh and by the way, I do hope you remember in the future, I make the decisions around here. This is your last chance. When you get back, I don’t want any more of this rubbish. You’re a good cop so don’t spoil it, whatever you do, don’t spoil it.”

“Thank you sir. Can I go now?”

“Yes you go and remember what I have just told you.”

I walked out of the office, cleared my desk and began to drive home.

It was a dark and gloomy night and because of the fog I couldn’t see any further than ten yards in front of me. The time had just gone 10 p.m. and the driving conditions were very difficult. Because it was mid January, there were scattered patches of snow and frost on top of the moors and the grassy areas. These were conditions like the ones on that night which changed my life and left me with a streak of fear whenever the location was mentioned. I began to think of the happenings of that awful night and my mind became focused on that single event.

It was a dark, wet and windy day in 1976. I remember the setting clearly because as my

family and I were sitting down eating our tea there was a slight “sizzling” sound and all of a sudden the lights in the living room went out. My Dad rushed up towards the light switch and pressed it down but his theory about having the electricity turned off was correct. I remember him shouting out in anger and then telling my Mum and I that we would have to ring our friends down the road and ask them whether we could stay over there for the night because we did not have any candles or central heating. My Mum went up to the ’phone, dialled the number and as usual had a five-minute conversation with our friends. She put the ’phone down and then told my Dad and I that the problem was that they had already got relations staying so the house was pretty full. They did tell her though that they could possibly make room for me to stay the night as long as I did not mind sleeping in a bag in my friend’s room. I didn’t think twice about my answer and so immediately I began to pack my pyjamas, toothbrush and a few clothes for the next day. My Dad told me that he would walk down with me as we did not have a car. I quickly told him though that there was no need for him to come. I finally managed to persuade him and so I said “goodbye” to my Mum and Dad and left the house.

It was still only 5 p.m. but because it was November the weather was very dark and gloomy. On the way to my friend’s house you had to pass the local railway station, which was supposed to be haunted, although I never believed that particular rumour.

As I approached the station I was surprised to see my cat, Tibby. I called to her but she didn’t seem to pay any attention to me. I called again but she still didn’t move; I then began to wonder if she was in some kind of shock. I remember getting a bit anxious and slowly walked up to her. As I got fairly close she got up and ran on to the station platform. By this time I was getting quite annoyed and was determined to catch her. I walked on to the platform and saw that Tibby was now sitting at the top of the stairs looking in the opposite direction. I called her again but just like the other times Tibby did not respond to my call. I remember getting really annoyed this time and began to run really fast up the stairs and round the corner to where Tibby was sitting. As I reached her I looked up and nearly died of shock as I saw an old woman dragging a man who was covered in blood across the floor. I was so shocked that my legs seemed to turn to jelly. The woman slowly looked up and I saw that she was holding a blood-stained dagger in her hand. She then



rose into mid-air and I realised that she was not a normal woman. The thing I remember most though was the shriek of manic laughter that she gave out when she saw me. She then let go of the body and began to fly toward me. I could not seem to move my eyes from her ghastly face and had to walk swiftly backwards. Unaware, I reached the steps and I remember tripping up and falling to the ground.

I remember waking up in a hospital bed with my family by my side. The problem was though that I couldn't remember any of the past events. My Mum told me that this was quite normal and that I would start to remember what had happened in a few hours time. My parents stayed for another hour and then left the hospital to get some sleep. I remember turning on the radio by my bedside to listen to the headlines. What I heard then made my blood run cold: "A body has been found on the platform of Steeton station. It has been identified as 38-year-old Michael Smith. Local police are treating this death as a murder enquiry."

As I began to recover from the fall the police started to interview me. They kept wanting to know what I was doing at the station and I told them repeatedly about my experience. I knew though that nobody believed my story and everyone thought that it was just the bang on the head which muddled up my story. This therefore made my situation even worse.

Since then I have had fifteen years to get over that night but a streak of fear shudders through me whenever that location is mentioned.

And now a new murder enquiry in exactly the same location, but not for me. I press my foot on the accelerator and drive on, but to who knows where?

J. NEWBY (3K)
1991-1992

"... I saw that she was holding a blood-stained dagger in her hand."
T. M. J. KENDALL

THE CAT

Her eyes lazily open
And stare into the darkness,
Gleaming in the moonlight
With the thought of the hunt ahead.

She gets to her feet slowly,
As if she's been asleep for a year.
Her tail flicks and she jumps towards
the door.
She moves like a blur and dives through
the gap.

Leaden darkness seems to swallow her.
Suddenly a car's headlights spotlight her,
Sitting motionless like a doll on the wall.
She jumps off the wall to become a
creature of the dark.

Suddenly her eyes catch a blade of
grass moving.
She hears a noise.
Her eyes widen with the thrill of the hunt.
Suddenly she explodes into action like
a firework.

She pounces, uncoiling like a spring,
Flying through the air like a bird.
For her prey it is too late;
The jaws clamp round its neck.

She strides back to the house.
As she goes through the cat-flap she drops
her prey on the mat
As a present to her owners,
Then sits down on her favourite seat.

A. COPELAND (2B)
1991-1992

DIALOGUE

“ER . . . SIR?” I said, making down the stairs after my P.E. teacher. “Er . . . about games this afternoon . . .”

“Tell me about it then, Ellison, this afternoon when the lesson comes.” He shut his own office door behind him and I was left out in the corridor with twenty minutes left to lunch break. I had this long to think of an excuse.

What could I say? I didn’t want to go out in the cold to stand around on a rugby field getting shouted at and getting mucky. I wasn’t that sort of lad.

The time went by so quickly the only thing I could think of was that I caught a rare disease from my pet goldfish.

“Of all the excuses I’ve heard in my time . . .” The master’s voice was hard and made me feel like a real whimp and a coward.

“But it’s true sir,” I mumbled, “I was stroking it . . . and . . . er . . . it kinda bit me!”

“So what’s this disease called then?” he said, unlocking a locker and picking up five rugby balls.

“Er . . . er . . . Zincin Kephatitis, sir.”

“Zincin what?!!” was the immediate response.

“Kephatitis sir.”

“Come on, Ellison, I thought you enjoyed a bit o’ rugger!”

“I do sir . . . it’s just that this disease is making me feel cold and weak.” The emotional acting reaching his sensitive parts. “Honest, sir.”

“Well I don’t think missing one lesson ’ill do any ’arm.” With this he left the changing room.

“Er, sir!” I shouted out.

“What now, Ellison?” He stuck his head round the corner.

“What do I do instead of rugby?”

“Go into ’San for a couple of extra music lessons, o’ course.”

Music?! Music?! I hate music!!

About five minutes later I slowly made my way onto the rugby pitch in full kit.

“Got better all of o’ sudden, Ellison?” shouted Mr. Stephens from the other side of the pitch.

“Er . . . Yes sir.”

M. ELLISON (3K)
1990-1991

IMAGES OF LOVE

“I’M, I’M . . . SORRY. If there’s anything that I can do . . . just . . .”

The doctor decided that his attempts were going unheard and unaccepted. He left the dimly lit room, pausing only briefly at the door to look at the man sympathetically. The man did not move, his head buried in his hands, his shoulders gently shaking.

Grief is an awful thing: many do not know how to express it. Jamie didn’t, and it caused him pain.

All he could hear was the gentle sound of trolleys being pushed around outside and the quiet murmur of the medics. He saw very little in his dark room, not that he really thought about that. The blanket was wrapped around him, yet strangely he felt so cold.

He stood up, feeling the need to do some sort of physical activity to keep his mind off . . . it. He went to the window and drew back the curtains with a newfound strength. Blinded momentarily by the stream of light, he stumbled back, and then edged closer to look.

For a full fifteen minutes he watched the goings on around the hospital grounds. Nurses, patients, doctors . . . and then there was a wail as another ambulance skidded to a halt outside the Casualty emergency doors. It was only half an hour ago that he was in the very same place as these grief-stricken relatives, who were now climbing out of the ambulance. Tears streamed down his cheeks.

“Oh no, not another one . . .”

“Jamie . . . I don’t know what to say.” So entangled in the web of his own thoughts, Jamie did not notice the door to the room open quietly behind him. He whirled round to put a face to the voice.

“Jenny . . . Why?” Drawing the curtains again, he fell into his wife’s arms, like a little baby just learning to walk. They didn’t say anything, for there are times when no words express how you feel.

He cried. Moaning, whimpering.

A shaft of light broke the pair up.

It was the doctor, at the door, once again offering help in any way that he could. As he turned to go, Jamie stopped him. The doctor turned around, surprised.

“I need to see him.”

“Pardon?”

“I need to see my father for one more time.”

“Are you sure?”

“Y-yes. Please.”

Jenny held his hand firmly as they were led to the mortuary, past all the people with minor injuries who were waiting for treatment in Casualty.

Sixteen pairs of eyes watched Jamie's tear-stained face — he looked back at them, catching somebody's eye straight on once in a while. None of them said anything, but he could feel a sort of invisible sympathy reaching out to him.

They walked on.

"Just in here . . . er . . . Mr. Lewis, isn't it?"

Jamie nodded as they headed into the lift. No one said a word as the doctor pressed the button, and then stood back. Jamie and Jenny were staring at each other's feet. A small splash fell onto his brown shoe. He looked up at Jenny. She was trying hard to fight those tears. She was finding it hard.

With an inaudible shudder the lift stopped. They stepped out and the doctor led them along another two faceless grey corridors. Along the sides of the walls people were sitting on chairs, each wrapped up in their own problems, none acknowledging their presence. At the end of the corridor there was a brown wooden door with a small golden cross on it. The doctor looked at them both uneasily for a second, and then carried on.

"Are you sure, Mr. Lewis?"

"Y-yes." This time he found it hard to get the words out, choking on his own emotions, his thoughts strangling each other.

Taking his keyring, he slid a key silently into the lock, and opened the door. They walked in.

"I'm just down the corridor: you know where to find me if . . ." His words trailed off. The door closed silently behind him.

The mortuary was a small, oppressive room.

It felt claustrophobic to Jamie and Jenny.

There was a window, but the dark curtains were drawn, and the only real light was that of a cross-styled stained-glass window. It was this that caught Jamie's attention first. He followed the narrow beam of light down. It rested on a pure white sheet, that was on a stretcher. The only other things in the room were three dark wooden chairs and a series of "drawers", made from metal, with locks and names on. Jenny took a seat.

Jamie walked alone, to the sheet, transfixed.

With a loving glance from Jenny he slowly, very slowly took the sheet back.

"That's my Dad, Jenny. That's my Dad, my strong Dad, lying there and I can't do anything. Nothing."

These words came out, but only faintly; Jamie was reeling from shock and grief. Silence. Anguish.

"No! No, no, no, no . . ." His shouts seemed to pierce the walls, his face splintered in tears. Jenny came over to him, hugged him and placed the wretched blanket over his shaking shoulders.

"Don't do it to yourself, Jamie . . . don't," she was saying. He dragged a chair over and sat down.

The cross of light was on his lifeless naked chest. Serene, beautiful, divine. Jamie would have liked to believe that his Dad had gone to heaven.

"Why . . . Jenny . . . why did I let him do this? Why did I let him drive himself into the ground? Why couldn't I . . . forgive?" He broke down again, his tears falling onto his father's still warm body.

"If he hadn't let Mum and me, if he hadn't got violent! I loved him, but he was my . . . enemy, and I never got to say that I . . . was . . . sorry, for, you know, rejecting him."

Jamie was still annoyed: his anger was breaking from the hurt that he felt because of his Dad . . . that, that corpse. When his Dad was alive, Jamie had always said that he had hated him. Always.

Jamie had in truth loved his Dad, he had inspired him when he was young, leading, or so Jamie thought, to his current success in the art world.

But he had recently rejected and neglected his Dad. But, what he had done to his Mum . . . he couldn't let that lie.

"Why did you beat her, Dad? Why did you do it when you loved her? You and Mum had fourteen years to make up. . . . You were so, so stupid!" He collapsed into a chair.

Jamie was confused, grief stricken, tired, angry. Jenny spoke very softly. "Jamie, Jack loved you and respected you and was proud of you. He knew his . . . shortcomings," she chose her words carefully, "but Sue and him let things get too bad, far too bad, and there is a place where even love can't rescue you. Images of love always break, Jamie, they always break, you know that. I loved him too, y'know."

She cried.

Jamie crossed over to her and held her close to him. Her diamond tears shivered down her pale face in the dim light.

"Oh, Jenny, why didn't you tell me you were suffering too?"

She pulled herself together for her husband's sake, pulling a handkerchief out of her pocket and dabbing her own eyes and his. Jenny let loose a nervous smile.

Jamie pulled back with a start and clapped his hand over his mouth in a shocked manner. "Oh no . . ."

"Have they told Mum? Flaming hell, has anyone told her?" He appeared to be frantic — the glint in his eye worried her. It was his grief manifesting itself in another manner.

She knew it was something that they had neglected to do, so it was a good excuse to get Jamie out of the room that was closing in on her.

He got up and walked to the door. Jenny interrupted: "Aren't you going to cover him up, love? He never did like the cold, you know."

"No, he didn't, did he?" Jamie whispered as he went back to the sheet. "Goodbye, Dad. . . ." That was all that he could bring himself to say.

He kissed his father gently on the cheek and, as slowly as before, replaced the sheet. He looked up and saw Jenny's silhouette in the open doorway. He walked up and hugged her again.

"That's not my Dad. They couldn't get him then, and they sure as hell can't get him now. That's only his body."

"I know. Let's go and find that doctor, shall we?" Jamie glanced back at the sheet, and then the door was closed on his father's existence.

Jamie was by now quite angry: they couldn't save his Dad, *and* they hadn't informed his Mum. He stormed down the corridor.

"Oh! Are you OK?" The doctor looked up from his paperwork which swamped the desk in his miniscule "office".

"Did anybody tell my mother? I thought they were supposed to inform the next of kin! It's bad enough that you couldn't save him but you didn't . . . you didn't . . . no . . ." He dissolved into tears, the distress on his face indicating to the doctor that he had better take some course of action. It wasn't the doctor's fault. As with all things like this, it was always another department's job.

Jenny gave the number of her mother-in-law to the doctor, on request. Jamie was certainly in no state to make any telephone calls himself. He was led away by his loving wife, into a nearby waiting room. His mother lived nearby, only fifteen minutes' drive. They waited.

It was 4 a.m.

It is difficult to describe what emotions were going through his head. But he was glad, very glad to have Jenny beside him. Someday, he decided, he was going to pay her back for her love. When he was back on his feet.

When he was Back On His Feet. So many new problems faced him. No doubt that he would have to see to the death papers, funeral arrangement, will. That is if his father had left a will. Jack was never very organised.

However, that could wait.

But now Jamie had to work out how to face his mother. That was not going to be easy by any stretch of the imagination.

4.15 a.m. said the clock on the wall.

Jamie and Jenny were looking out of the window, together. Then Jenny caught sight of Sue's small blue Polo racing into the hospital car park.

"Come on, she's here. Let's meet her, Jamie?"

"Yeah." He was understandably uneasy. It was a long time since he had had to face his mother in such an awkward position; fourteen years, or thereabouts. He had been in the middle for fourteen long, meaningless years, and now one of the sides had gone.

His Images of Love had vanished. He didn't know what might come out. He didn't know how his mother would react. He didn't know how *he* would react.

Jenny, however, knew him better than he knew himself. She dragged him away from the window, to the doors, to meet Sue, the mother who hadn't been much of one.

The first thing that Sue noticed as she walked briskly through the automatic doors was two people, a female smiling encouragingly, and a man looking emotionally crushed. The doctor had wisely said nothing much to her on the 'phone.

Suicide is not a nice topic for discussion in any area, let alone with a stranger on the telephone.

"Jamie," for it was he standing there, with Jenny by his side. "What's going on? What's happened?"

"Sshhh. I think you'd better come in here, Sue. We've got some bad news. Come on." She put her arm around them both like the true saint she was, and led them back into the room.

"Jamie, this is for you to say. Would you rather me go?"

"No, please stay." He continued: "I don't know how to tell you this . . . Dad's . . ."

"What's happened? . . ." She asked the question yet she already knew the response.

Jamie couldn't bring himself to look her in the eye. He broke down.

"How, love, how did he . . . ?" She never finished her sentence. Sue couldn't say the word. "Death" seemed so final to her.

"They found an empty bottle in his apartment, and this note." He withdrew the envelope which he couldn't bring himself to look at.

It was addressed to him and Sue. "Will you? . . . please." She couldn't. She was sad that he had gone, especially sad that he had taken his own life, yet there was a hate and a love for Jack that choked her up and prevented her from opening the envelope. He was the cause of her sadness and pain, the cause of her happiness and joy. At the moment her mind was a battlefield between the two elements, and she wasn't sure which would win.

Jamie sat in the middle of the two women. Sue and him were devastated and Jenny spent a long time comforting them both. They kept on breaking down.

"Why did you not do anything — you had fourteen years, Mum?"

"Because I never thought he cared, love. I was too stubborn to see what you were saying. We could have worked it out. . . ."

Tears.

There are no words to describe the atmosphere in that room.

Jenny was wonderful.

5 a.m. and the doctor returned, with three cups of tea. "Are you all feeling any better, you've had a dreadful shock." He noticed the envelope on the floor and bent down to retrieve the thing, thinking it was one of his.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't realize. I'll leave it. . . ." The doctor looked embarrassed. They all began to smile at their own foolishness. Sue and Jamie asked Jenny to open it, at last.

She looked uneasy. There was a deathly silence in that room as The Envelope was opened. Jenny read the words. She put the note down and looked at them both.

"He's just said something that he never said before." Sue and Jamie moved closer. "Dear Sue and Jamie, I'm sorry for making a mess of your lives, I'm sorry, love Dad."

Jamie looked down as he listened to the words that seemed to echo around the room. "I'm sorry . . . love Dad." Those words. He looked at his Mum. She was so torn up.

"I don't think that he thought we could ever forgive him for what he did. He was sorry and I was sorry and we never . . . we never patched things up. Why couldn't I have listened . . . why couldn't we have listened to each other? No . . ."

"I'm so sorry, Sue, and so sorry Jamie." That was all Jenny could bring herself to say.

They all stood up. The blanket fell off Jamie's shoulders. He didn't care at all. They put their arms around each other; no one cried.

"I can forgive him and love the memories of those good times. Me and your Dad are sorry for the pain that we've caused you, love. I think that Jack can see us now." She addressed her words to the fresh air that had been let into the air by the forgiveness. "Can't you hear us, Jack?"

"I think that that note was the only way he knew to get his message through to us all. . . ." Jamie was feeling at peace with his Mum . . . and his Dad.

Jenny got some more coffee and, after a few more tears, they decided to go home. Sue was going to sleep at Jamie's and Jenny's house.

They thanked the Casualty doctors and the doctor who had looked after them, and then headed out of the doors. Jamie was still incredibly sad, but he had a feeling that it was going to be all right.

After all the paperwork had been sorted, and the funeral had taken place, and they were trying to get themselves back to normal, Jamie decided to write it all down on paper, as a way of getting it off his chest.

Where is this story?

You've just finished reading it.

P. LEWIS (3K)
1991-1992

FUR TRADING

A cloud of death
Lingered inside the hunters;
Conscience having no presence
In murdering minds.

The air slightly scented
With the odour of blood,
The wild cat
Having been carefully skinned.

The hunters kill them,
The heartless skin them,
The mindless sell them,
The culprits buy them.

R. VARELA (2K)
1989-1990

SOME RUGBY FOOTBALL AND CRICKET TEAMS

THE FOUR twentieth century teams mentioned below are among the most successful fielded by the School. It is not claimed that they were necessarily the best teams but that they would give any school team a good game, in their own era or any other.

PLAYING RECORDS

Cricket 1928

P10; W3; D6; L0; Abandoned 1.

The School was also undefeated in the previous season under the same captain — E. Pickles.

Rugby 1941-1942

P12; W10; D1; L1.

Rugby 1963-1964

P18; W15; D2; L1.

Cricket 1990-1991

P9; W3; D5; L1.

*The School Rugby Football
Team, Christmas 1884.*

*Back row, left to right:
Fred Ellershaw, Bellerby,
"Bosh" Windsor,
"Joss" Petty.*

*Middle row: "Bob" Ross,
Scott, Arthur Field,
"Billy" Fleming,
"Dicky" Taylor.*

*Front row: "Widge"
Holmes, Ernest Anderton,
Mr. Johns, George
Thornton, "Teddy"
Kempster, Mr. Barham.*

*The exotic nicknames
derive from a memoir in
the Chronicles of 1926.*



Sport



BACK TO THE FUTURE

LOOKING BACK at four decades of rugby from the quincennial vantage of 1992 is justly a celebration: principally a celebration that rugby is still alive and thriving at Ermysted's. Indeed, the traditional opponents of the great bench-mark School sides of the 'sixties are either defunct or in disarray. Gone are arch local derby rivals of the opening game of the season, Keighley; Roundhay (sole conquerors of Michael Harrison's magnificent 1961-1964 side); Hipperholme; Temple Moor; West Leeds. Survivors of the 'seventies sides may also mourn (with perhaps mixed feelings) the end of fixtures with the legendary Normanton G.S. and King's Pontefract who were so often a thorn in our rugby flesh.

One true measure of Ermysted's success during the period under review is that we broke new ground. The School, together with Leeds (then a direct grant school) and Normanton altered the balance of school rugby in Yorkshire by breaking the monopoly of the public schools' vice-like grip on the county representative side.

If in the last decade the wheel has turned full circle, with Yorkshire again dominated by the public schools and sides even built on virtual sports scholarships to the extent that there is now a separate state schools' county side, we at Ermysted's still challenge the best and the grounding in the game is achieved against the toughest and most demanding opposition — and our players still get to the top as Glen Harrison's international selection in 1987 testifies.

The second and related tier of that success is more important still. Rugby at Ermysted's is not just school sport: it is the bedrock of the adult game in the area. Just as earlier eras provided the strength of the pre-war and 'fifties Skipton club sides, so the School sides since the 'sixties have been at the heart of Wharfedale's development and success. The seasons 1963-1964 to 1966-1967 certainly provided the longest period of sustained Ermysted's success, with the final year producing the School's only unbeaten record, though contemporary accounts rate the '63 side as the outstanding one of its era. Backs of the quality of Jim Sandham, Ken Stirk and "Slash" Fell were complemented by the prop power of Roger Judson and John McDougall.

The two captains spanning the period were Michael Harrison, the School's first England Schoolboy International, and Ray Cryer, who

played a significant part in Yorkshire's last victory against the Welsh team at Otley and was unluckily injured when selected for England. The part played by these two players in Wharfedale's excellent 'seventies sides and their current managerial rôles in that club's present success certainly bears testimony to the work of school football in providing continuity and dedication to adult sport in the district. Both though would have to yield to a young scrum half in the 'sixties sides for sheer length of distinguished service to the game: John McGuinn still scoring blindside tries of breathtaking power as he did in dominating schoolboy sevens rugby in his youth.

Comparable sides since the 'sixties have tended to come singly and at several year intervals. The 1972-1973 side certainly contained magnificent players and peak of representative honours. The powerful and mobile pack contributed John Metcalfe and Steven Mallinson to the England side, while David Norton and Andy Gaines played for Yorkshire and were international reserves.

Again progression into adult rugby was prominent: Norton's distinguished career saw him at Nottingham and captain of Headingley and Yorkshire, while Ian Casson later played for Cumbria. The season's most memorable match was the titanic Normanton encounter which remains one of the most thrilling and skilful matches played at Sandylands, though lost 28-24. The team suffered four defeats, but in a year of classy opposition.

The second fine side of the 'seventies was Steve Howarth's team of 1978-1979. This was a team in the fullest sense, with very many good players and no stars with a refreshing willingness to practice and put School before any other loyalties. Their record, too, shows four losses, but a total deficit of six points covers the lot and the quality of their win against Q.E.G.S. (the School's first) and the pulsating contest against Normanton lost even more narrowly 4-3 marked them as a side of genuine class in a year of abnormal high opposition in schoolboy rugby. The essential strengths lay in the forward power of Gordon Whittaker and county back-row Pat Gaines and Howarth's granite-like captaincy from the centre.

Two sides also dominated the 'eighties, which saw an increasing levelling up of playing standards and no easy opposition. Building on the success of John Ireland's fine side of the year before, John Canny's 1982-1983 team went unbeaten from the opening match to an undeserved 6-3 defeat in tornado conditions in the final game at Bradford. Their fitness, selfless support and

*Opposite, top:
The First Fifteen,
Season 1941-1942.*

*Back Row, left to right:
J. G. Mattock,
W. B. Chippindale,
A. C. Simpson, D. Roberts,
R. Priestley, J. R. Bowker,
F. Smith, Mr. T. Roberts,
N. A. Garnett.*

*Middle row:
W. B. Swainson,
J. R. Dodgson,
D. W. Cooban, C. A. Hall,
R. R. Carlisle, F. Holme,
W. J. Preston.*

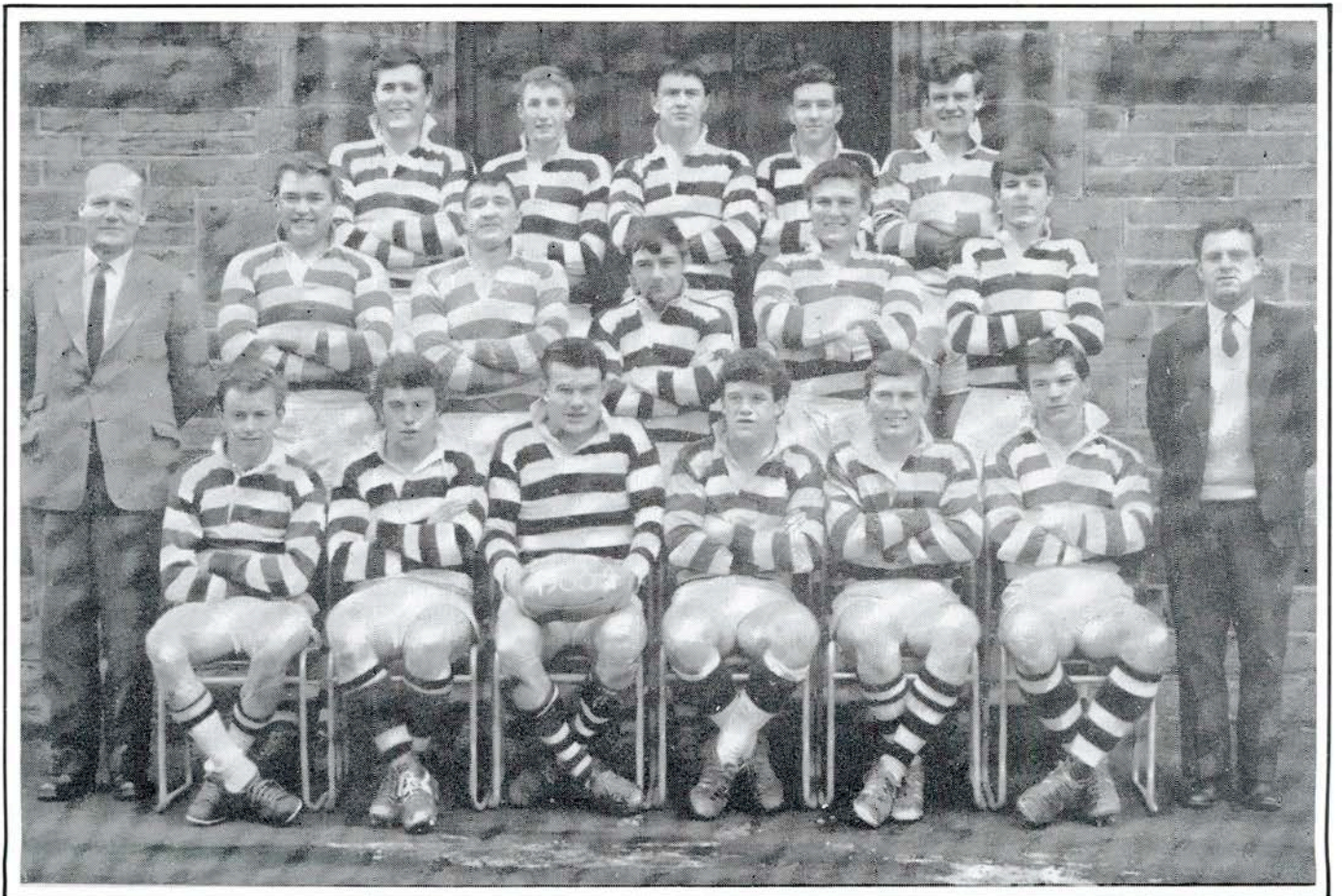
*Front row: A. C. Maxfield,
J. G. Couling,
J. H. P. Measures.*

*Opposite, bottom:
The First Fifteen,
Season 1963-1964.*

*Back row, left to right:
R. W. Judson, R. Slater,
R. A. Hartley,
J. H. Sandham,
N. C. M. Mason.*

*Middle row: Mr. W. Evans,
S. Rhodes, A. Capstick,
I. M. Brewis, J. R. Easby,
P. G. B. Russell,
Mr. E. B. Gill.*

*Seated: D. V. Smith,
J. H. Sayer,
J. M. Harrison (Captain),
R. Cryer, P. Fewson,
A. M. Fell.*



collective courage and determination to play for each other produced a highly combative team. The mid-field of Tim Naylor, Rick Holden (a fine kicker of a ball even then!) and Mark Hall complemented the forward strength of Yorkshire hooker John Canny and Gordon Throup (a future Yorkshire senior county hooker) and the back row of Guy Tower, Ian Whyte and Don Rogers. The real quality of this side was displayed in the completeness with which the most testing rivals, Leeds, Q.E.G.S. and Normanton (at long last) were put to the sword in a splendid November run.

The second notable side of the 'eighties was totally different in character. Russ Buckroyd's 1985-1986 team was arguably the most richly talented the School has seen in its backs. It was not only the combination of penetrative and creative running but the cumulative handling of David Schindler, Michael Harrison, Graham Strange, Glen Harrison and Neil Heseltine that saw swifter passage of the ball than many an international side and must represent the finest flowering of combined attacking School back play. The adventurousness of the side was epitomised by Russ Buckroyd's exuberant forward play and prodigious goal kicking (few will forget Leeds Grammar School!). Though a second unbeaten season seemed a certainty the final match was lost narrowly to Kirkham with the side suffering, it was subsequently realised, from a 'flu epidemic. Both Harrisons played for Yorkshire and Glen for England.

The finest side? I'll duck that one. "Wally" Evans and I might not agree; "Clarty" and Ray might positively disagree! There are too many variables: different playing regulations, varying qualities of opposition, tricks of

nostalgic memory. Readers, however, will no doubt have more discriminating opinions. But on one issue I will stick my neck out. The finest schoolboy player? Unquestionably for me, Steven Mallinson. Anyone present that sultry Easter evening at Headingley who savoured his seering pace, devastating tackling, astute tactical appreciation, and his single-handed destruction of a French international side expected to dominate England, was privileged to witness an exceptional rugby talent.

Finally, a return to the recurrent theme: rugby at Ermysted's is far more than School sport — it inculcates a genuine love of the sporting experience and participation into adult life. It is no accident that the captains of the last three sides in this survey are today playing together in the fine local Wharfedale team, captained by John Canny, which won Courage League promotion with an unbeaten league season.

The heritage rugby bequeathes the present generation is best summed up in the tribute I wrote to one of the sides, but could arguably apply to all. "A team of which Jimmy (Harrison) could be proud, a side which contained the courage, the freedom, the enthusiasm, the sheer knowledgeable competitive joy and the humour which so characterised his own playing attitude and the spirit he so dedicatedly inculcated in those he taught — a spirit that will live on in Ermsyted's, Skipton, Wharfedale and beyond."

With the expansive opportunities the new law changes promise, there is no better time to take up the challenge, than the coming season.

G.L.T.
1992

*Opposite, top:
Cricket Team, July 1928.*

*Back row, left to right:
S. Senior, J. C. Leach,
J. E. Harrison,
J. E. Bargh,
R. F. Strawson (Scorer).*

*Front row: F. Hayton,
C. L. Frankland,
T. A. Feather
(Vice-Captain), E. Pickles
(Captain), N. S. Petty,
A. M. Moorhouse.*

*Seated on ground:
L. Pearson.*

SENIOR ATHLETIC RECORDS: SOME EARLY ACHIEVEMENTS

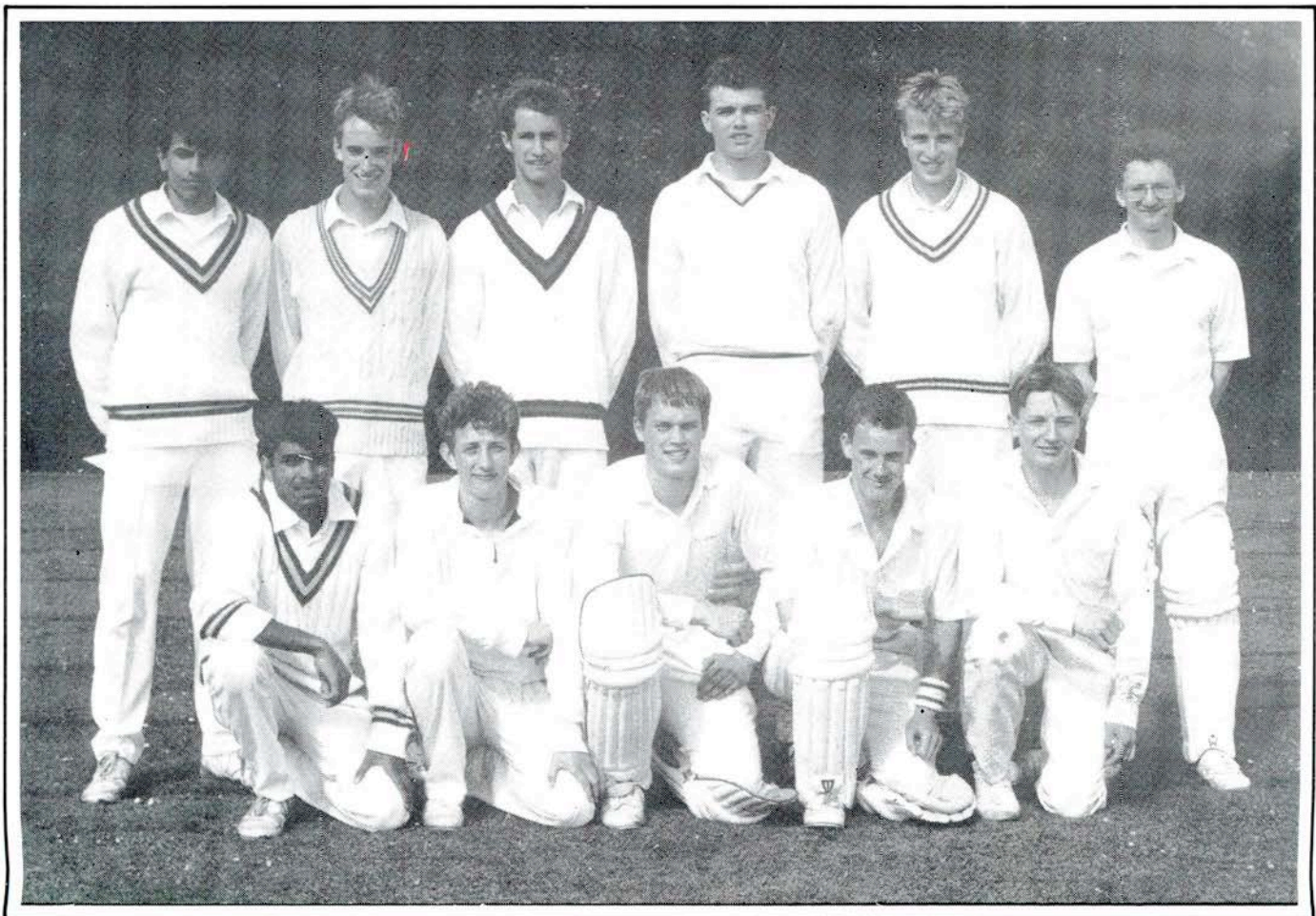
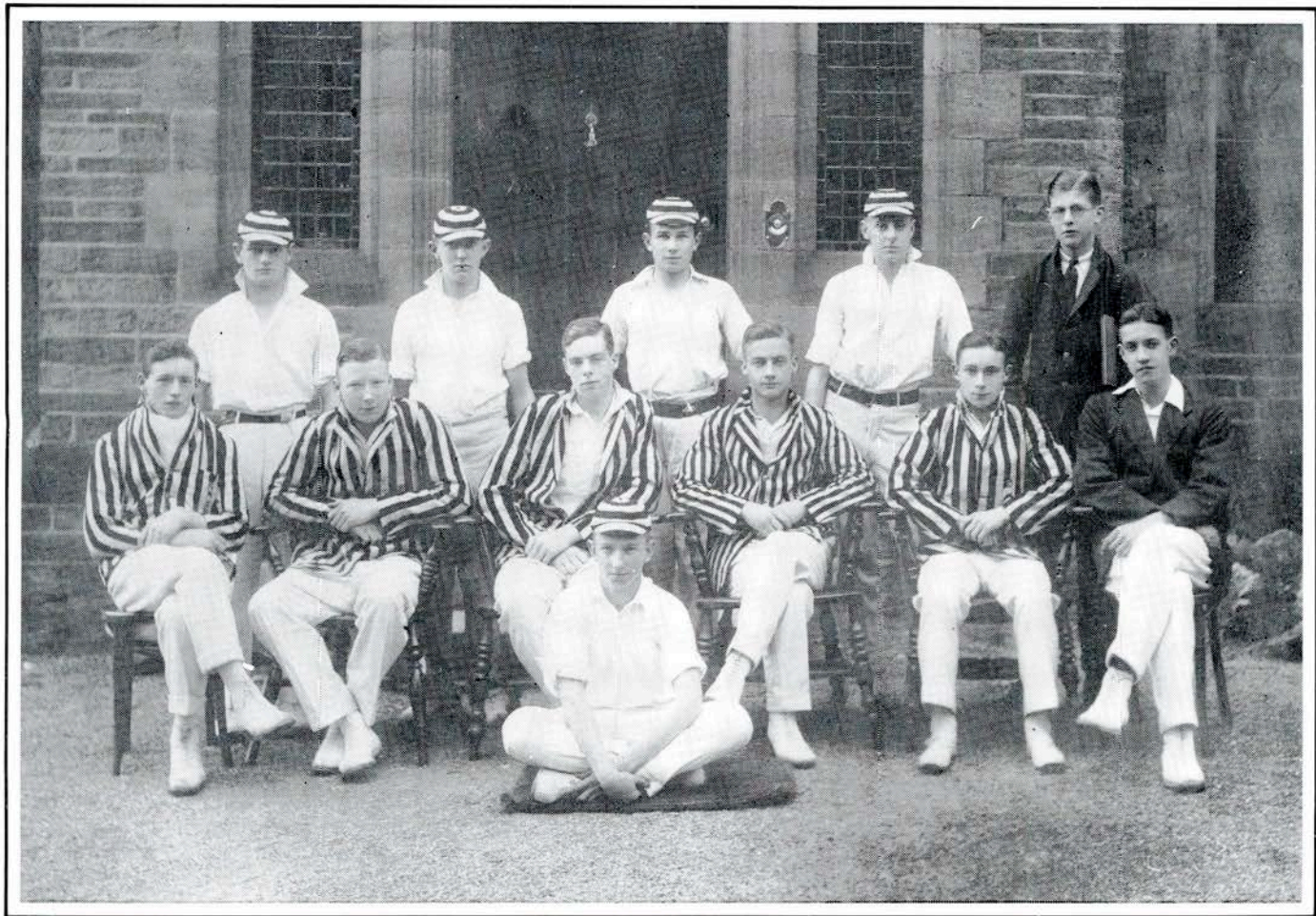
	Situation 1931		Situation 1972	
100 yds	10.6 secs. J. W. Scarborough	(1931)	10.5 secs. B. D. Easby J. H. Sandham	(1960) (1965)
220 yds	(No comparable record)		23.8 secs. B. D. Easby	(1960)
440 yds	59.4 secs. G. D. Holmes	(1923)	55.8 secs. R. P. Marshall	(1960)
880 yds	(No comparable record)		2 mins. 6.0 secs. D. Thornton	(1953)
Mile	5 mins. 5.6 secs. J. McIntyre	(1910)	4 mins. 50.1 secs. J. Waddington	(1965)
120 yds hurdles	(No comparable record)		16.0 secs. J. H. Sandham	(1966)
Long jump	18ft 6in. C. Butler	(1914)	20ft 9.75in. D. Thornton	(1953)
High jump	4ft 11.5in. H. P. Crabtree	(1923)	5ft 3.75in. R. A. Coy	(1972)
Triple jump	(No comparable record)		41ft. A. K. Fitchett	(1970)
Shot	(No comparable record)		41ft 10in. B. Dexter R. C. Lambert	(1963) (1969)
Javelin	(No comparable record)		168ft 3.5in. J. S. Coy	(1966)
Discus	(No comparable record)		135ft 5in. G. A. Riding	(1961)

Note: Until recently Sports Day was held in the Spring Term.

*Opposite, bottom:
1st XI Cricket, 1991.*

*Back row, left to right:
Khalid Hussain, Nigel
Ash, Simon Slater, Daniel
Stephens, Daniel Maude,
Alistair Newstead.*

*Front row: Jamael Nazir,
Paul Mason, James
Tiffany, Mark Bayley,
Andrew Hodgson
(absent, Matthew Wilson).*



SCHOOL ATHLETICS RECORDS

Situation 17th July 1992

Senior

100m	T. O'Donnell	(E)	11.3	1988
200m	N. Broughton	(P)	22.9	1984
400m	D. Stephens	(H)	50.0	1992
800m	R. Whiteley	(H)	2 min 7.3	1991
1500m	R. Whiteley	(H)	4 min 13.0	1992
H/Jump	D. Stephens	(H)	1.74m	1990
L/Jump	D. Hendleman	(H)	6.34m	1987
T/Jump	T. O'Donnell	(P)	12.83m	1988
Shot	J. Mason	(P)	15.24m	1988
Javelin	R. Buckroyd	(E)	49.06m	1984
Discus	J. Mason	(P)	33.37m	1988

Fourth Year

100m	S. Wright D. Stephens	(E) (H)	12.4	1988 1989
200m	D. Stephens	(H)	25.1	1989
400m	R. Parker	(T)	56.0	1988
800m	A. Clough	(E)	2 min 13.0	1988
1500m	A. Clough	(E)	4 min 30.0	1988
H/Jump	D. Stephens	(H)	1.66m	1989
L/Jump	A. Hodgson	(T)	5.59m	1991
T/Jump	D. Stephens	(H)	11.90m	1989
Shot	J. Mason	(P)	12.70m	1987
Javelin	R. Nelson	(T)	37.81m	1991
Discus	T. Bundy	(P)	33.30m	1982
Relay	Toller		51.2	1991

Third Year

100m	D. Stephens	(H)	12.5	1988
200m	P. Thursby	(P)	27.0	1992
400m	D. Clark	(T)	61.1	1981
800m	D. Clark	(T)	2 min 22.6	1988
1500m	R. Whiteley	(H)	4 min 44.7	1988
H/Jump	T. Capstick	(P)	1.60m	1992
L/Jump	D. Skipper	(E)	4.99m	1989
T/Jump	D. Stephens	(H)	11.51m	1988
Shot	M. Binns	(E)	11.0m	1989
Javelin	J. Shillito	(P)	36.26m	1989
Discus	G. Johnson	(E)	31.60m	1989
Relay	Toller		54.6	1989

Second Year

100m	J. Hartley	(E)	13.3	1990
200m	R. Parker	(T)	27.8	1986
400m	J. Hartley	(E)	62.7	1990
800m	M. Plant	(H)	2 min 33.0	1990
1500m	D. Haggerty	(H)	5 min 8.9	1989
H/Jump	L. Doyle	(P)	1.48m	1992
L/Jump	J. Hartley	(E)	4.80m	1990
T/Jump	N. Whyte	(T)	10.31m	1980
Shot	G. Johnson	(E)	9.36m	1988
Javelin	J. Shillito	(P)	30.32m	1988
Discus	G. Johnson	(E)	34.90m	1988
Relay	Petyt		57.0	1992

First Year

100m	J. Hartley	(E)	13.8	1989
200m	J. Hartley	(E)	29.2	1989
400m	J. Massey	(T)	66.5	1990
800m	M. Plant	(H)	2 min 38.7	1989
1500m	J. Marchant	(P)	5 min 15.6	1989
H/Jump	S. Spooner	(H)	1.33m	1992
L/Jump	P. Bayley	(T)	4.21m	1990
T/Jump	J. Hartley	(E)	9.49m	1989
Shot	D. Dennison	(P)	8.42m	1992
Javelin	M. Stewart	(T)	25.72m	1991
Discus	D. Dennison	(P)	22.30m	1992
Relay	Petyt		60.0	1988



Old Boys' Society

IT IS CURIOUS that for 420 years of its existence (at least) the School had no Old Boys' Society. At eighty years young the Society is a mere stripling compared to its venerable quincentenarian parent. First things first: we, the Old Boys, salute you, the School, on this important occasion and offer our congratulations on achieving this notable anniversary. Many happy returns!

As I pondered over these words, I mused on what it must be like to be 500 years old, to have witnessed great events, seen history in the making. The year 1492 is a date known, one hopes, to all schoolboys. Less well known perhaps is the year prior to that — the year the boy who was to become Henry VIII was born. He not only saw history, but was part of it and had no little hand in the events that led to the abolition of the original Chantry School founded by Peter Toller. Men of vision like Canon Ermysted did not give up but saw through the medium of enforced change a challenge to be taken up. With acknowledgement to the words of David Everett, written some 200 years ago: from that little acorn, a tall oak did indeed grow.

The Old Boys' Society came into being because there was a need for it and because a group of men did something about it. The Society provided a means for a group of men with the shared experience of their education to enjoy the ongoing pleasure of their friendship. In later years, for those who have moved far away, this can be a great comfort. The occasions when Old Boys meet together, especially at the Annual Dinner, are convivial. The bonds of fraternity are strong, united by the sharing of reminiscences and the imparting of news of one's contemporaries.

On a personal note, I have not found such affection for one's old school at the other two grammar schools which I attended during my schooldays. So what is it which makes Ermysted's so special? I owe the answer to that to Lord Wade, who was the chief guest at Speech Day, 1992. It is the ability of the staff to convince the boys in their care that they can do that bit better, give that bit more, stand that extra pain (and here I think of the agony of the cross-country in vile weather and remember seeing boys running through the glutinous mud of a field gateway, shod on their approach, yet barefoot on their egress). Lord Wade remarked on the value of positive thinking. Consider these words by Roger Ascham, written in 1570: "There is no such

whetstone, to sharpen a good wit and encourage a will to learning, as is praise.”

There has been an attempt in recent years to standardise education, to produce stereotyped clones. It seems that there are fewer “characters” about than there used to be. We all remember the eccentrics who helped shape our own personalities during our formative years. As Herbert Spencer observed about 100 years ago: “Education has for its object the formation of character.” Ermysted’s has never tried to press the virgin clay of its raw material into the same mould. Rather, it is as if each pot was individually thrown by a master potter, and turned into an individual pot, no two precisely the same; or as a sculptor who sees in a block of stone the possibility of carving it into a masterpiece, of creating a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, to paraphrase Keats. Having been a teacher myself, I know the joy which comes from finding perhaps an unsuspected talent and nurturing it, watching it develop and flourish, seeing the boy grow into a man.

That process does not cease when one’s schooldays are over. I am constantly delighted to meet up with my peers and discover what they have done with their lives since leaving school. It is amazing to me how many varied and worthwhile careers there are amongst our Old Boys. And there is nothing better than our most senior members like to talk about than their own schooldays. I met one such gentleman at Speech Day, who told me he was at the School from 1915 to 1918 and still lives locally. He told me of his first day at Ermysted’s. They were gathered in Big School (the present library), and the roll was being called. The responses seemed rather strange, but he tried to copy them, so when the young man’s name was called, he replied “absent”. Needless to say the master in charge called the suspected comedian to the front, where he learnt that the correct response to one’s name being called was not what he imagined he had heard, but rather, “adsum”, which older Old Boys — and I include myself in their number — will recognise as being the Latin for “I am present”. Memories are made of this.

Another side of the coin is the pleasure at meeting a schoolfriend after many years. This has happened to me twice this year, first at the Quincentenary Ball, and secondly at Speech Day, when I unexpectedly met a classmate whom I had not seen for thirty-nine years, and who now lives in the U.S.A. We had a lot to talk about!

Whatever news we have about fellow Old Boys or about ourselves is read with interest

by all who subscribe to the *Chronicles*. (The Editor would be grateful for copy, so please take note! Just write to the School.)

The Society also supports the work of the School, through raising money for various needs, and organises events such as the School versus Old Boys Rugby Match and the Golf Tournament. It is a lively society and it is fitting that a school like Ermysted’s should have such a body. I am proud to be associated with it and feel honoured that I should be its chairman in this auspicious year.

On behalf of all Old Boys I toast the School. Indeed, we shall do just that at our annual Founders Day dinner. Hilaire Belloc understood just what that meant when he wrote:

“And the men that were boys when
I was a boy
Shall sit and drink with me.”

Long may the School flourish!

B. S. CARTWRIGHT

Chairman, Ermysted’s Old Boys’ Society

ERMYSTED’S OLD BOYS’ SOCIETY — THE FIRST FORTY YEARS

THE SCHOOL’S QUINCENTENARY celebration year is also, coincidentally, the year in which the Old Boys’ Society celebrates its 80th anniversary.

There are a lot of members of the Society whose memory covers the last forty years, but relatively few who can go back much further than fifty years, so instead of writing a full, if brief, history of the Society, I have concentrated on the first forty years of the Society. This ties in nicely with the School song, being forty years on from the founding, written a further forty years on.

The inaugural meeting was held on 19th March 1912, having been called at the suggestion of Mr. A. C. Powell, the then Headmaster. A total of fifty Old Boys were present. Mr. Powell took the chair and gave his reasons for calling the meeting. After discussion it was unanimously agreed to form the Society.

The election of officers left Mr. Powell as President, creating a precedent that applies to the present day, and Mr. G. W. Willan as Chairman. The committee was formed of

seven "town members" and four "country members", a split that was to exist until well into the 1930s. The meeting also proposed and agreed to form the Old Boys' (Rugby) Football Club.

The following week a further meeting was held to draw up the Society rules. One rule of interest was that ex-pupils were not automatically members, but had to be proposed; their acceptance or rejection being at the hands of the committee — one "black ball" being sufficient to deny membership. The committee also had the power to remove any member's name from the list of members.

It was further proposed and agreed that all Masters and Assistant Masters were eligible for membership.

The initial annual subscription was 3s. (15p — I dread to think what its present equivalent would be!). The date of the Old Boys' Dinner was fixed for the third Tuesday in October and was held at the Black Horse Hotel at the cost of 2s. 6d. (12.5p) per head.

In the years up to the First World War the annual cricket, golf and rugby matches were started, as were the first two prizes for pupils, to the value of £1 1s. 0d. (£1.05) each.

The year 1914 saw the Annual Dinner moved to Saturday night (still in October), but that year's Dinner was cancelled due to the outbreak of the war.

In 1915 the activities of the Society were suspended due to the large numbers of members serving in the Forces; no formal meetings were held until November 1917.

A meeting held on 14th November 1917 saw the Society revived. A significant proposal made at that meeting was that a "Founder's Day" should be held on 12th December annually. The format suggested was:

- A service in "Big School" (now the Library and Computer Room);
- An afternoon football match;
- A lecture in the evening by an Old Boy;
- A concert to be given by the boys of the School.

The same meeting suggested that a suitable memorial to Old Boys who lost their lives in the war should be considered and after due debate it was agreed to present a Memorial Library to the School, subject to a successful appeal.

The first Founder's Day was held on 12th December 1919. After a supper the A.G.M. was held, raising the annual subscriptions to 5s. (25p).

The first practical moves towards the Memorial Library came in November 1920, when it was suggested that, subject to permis-

sion from the Governors, the library should be formed by utilising the then Rooms 1 and 2, plus the main entrance vestibule.

The year 1921 saw the Library fund at £1,100. A further appeal was launched and an Annual Dance was also started to help to build up appeal funds.

In 1922 the Founder's Day celebrations moved to the present date, the Saturday nearest 12th December.

Work started on the Memorial Library in December 1922, whilst the Annual Dinner was revived in 1923, held for the first time on Founder's Day at the Devonshire Hotel.

Founder's Day 1924 saw the Memorial Library formally opened, with buglers in attendance at the unveiling of the memorial plaque. The Bishop of Bradford officiated at the service.

In 1926 comes the first mention of a School Scholarship Scheme, although apparently details were very sparse at that time.

The following year the Society purchased a set of white jerseys, complete with School crest, for use by the Old Boys' rugby team.

The Founder's Day Dinner for the first time had the now traditional toast — "The School and Society". It was also recorded that Old Boys' colours were available from W. A. & J. T. Simpsons, on Swadford Street — the beginning of a long association with the Society.

A branch of the Society at Barnoldswick was proposed and was duly formed in 1928. Recognition was also given to a London branch, although no details were given as to who had formed the branch.

The Annual General Meeting of 1929 voted to give £50 to the School Scholarship Fund, whilst in 1931 two representatives of the Society were appointed to investigate, with two school representatives, the best area of investment for the Scholarship funds — 5% War Stock being selected.

Arthur C. Coe, one of the new members of the committee in 1932, duly appointed as Treasurer, was a man who gave many years' service to the Society and is fondly remembered by our older members.

The chief guest at the 1933 Dinner was our founder, Mr. A. C. Powell. Whilst at the A.G.M. it was proposed to put an Old Boys' supplement in one of the three annual issues of the *Chronicles* — the start of what is still a very popular section of the *Chronicles*.

A sliding scale of subscriptions was put into operation, starting at 1s. (5p) for 16-17 year old members, to 4s. (20p) for full members over the age of 21; this was changed the following year to 1s. 6d. (7.5p) ranging up to 4s.

A joint dance with the High School Old Girls' Guild was proposed and agreed (food for thought for the 1990s).

The year 1937 saw the launch of a drive to raise £5,000 for a School Leaving Scholarship.

In 1938 the Old Boys' Golf Competition was inaugurated. This is still a popular afternoon out for those of us who play the "Royal & Ancient" game.

The School Leaving Scholarship Fund had reached £3,446. Discussions were taking place as to the regulation of the Scholarship, the Honorary School Solicitor being requested to draw up a draft deed for further discussion.

The meeting of 11th September 1939 nominated the fund as the "Hartley McIntosh" Scholarship which, of course, is still in existence, although in a different form to when it started.

A decision was made at the same meeting to keep the Society active during the war years, the first major change being the substitution of the Dinner with a High Tea.

The donation of a trophy, by Mr. Hitchen, for the Golf Competition was also recorded in 1939, which is still being played for in 1992.

During the war the Society, not unnaturally, moved only slowly forward; 1942 saw the first increase in subscriptions for eight years, to 5s. for full members. The subscriptions for younger members stayed unchanged.

Life membership ceased in 1943, the subscription of £2. 2s. 0d. (£2.10) giving ten years' membership instead — although reading further in the Minutes it took a long time to implement completely.

As far as can be ascertained, 1943 was also the first year that the Parish Church was used for the Founder's Day service.

The Annual Dinner was revived in 1945, when the then President and Headmaster, M. L. Forster, announced a War Memorial Building Fund, which was eventually to finance the building of the Memorial Hall on "The Bottom".

The Founder's Day Dinner in 1946 was held (for one year only) at the long-gone Co-operative Hall on Swadford Street, when it was reported that the Memorial Fund was very slow in getting moving. Mention was also made of the forthcoming publication of A. M. Gibbon's *The Ancient Free Grammar School of Skipton in Craven*, the author being a member of staff at the time.

Naturally, 1947 was taken up largely with planning the festivities to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the re-founding of the School by William Ermysted in 1548 — a joint committee of Old Boys, parents and staff being formed. This format was repeated, by sheer

coincidence in 1991, to plan for the 1992 celebrations.

The 1948 festivities were subsequently reported as being a huge success.

The "Fleming" Essay Prize was introduced in 1941, eight entries being received in the first year.

The A.G.M. passed a resolution that retired members of staff should be invited to attend the Founder's Day Dinner if they wished.

A major increase in subscriptions was introduced in 1952, the ten-year membership fee being raised 50% to £3 3s. 0d. (£3.15), while the annual subscription was raised from 5s. (25p) to 7s. 6d. (37.5p), the reduced fee for younger members being discontinued.

The end of the Society's fortieth year saw a balance of only £36. The Hartley McIntosh Scholarship Awards were made on application only and lasted, subject to annual requests from the recipients, until the end of their university studies.

One name prominent in 1952 is still well known to members — that of W. B. Swainson, who was apparently elected to the committee at the 1948 A.G.M.

As the Memorial Hall had yet to be built, Annual Dinners were being held at the Devonshire Hotel. No mention is made after the war of the Barnoldswick branch of the Society; nor is there mention to be found, after the original note, regarding the London branch.

This was only intended to be a brief history of the Society's first forty years. Hopefully in the future someone may find the time and inclination to compile a full history of the Society — maybe for our centenary in 2012.

On a lighter vein, if the 1952 subscription of 37.5p had kept in line with buying power, we would — allowing for inflation — now be paying £4.95 per year, whilst the balance of £36 would be only £476. Evidently the Society has been very astutely managed by its officers during the last forty years!

L. PRICE
1992

Editor's Note: Nowadays the School celebrates *Founders' Day*. Before the anniversary celebrations of 1948 and the associated research, which revealed pre-Ermysted history, it was usual to celebrate only one Founder on *Founder's Day*, i.e. William Ermysted.

A SOCIAL FOOTNOTE ON THE SCHOOL HISTORY

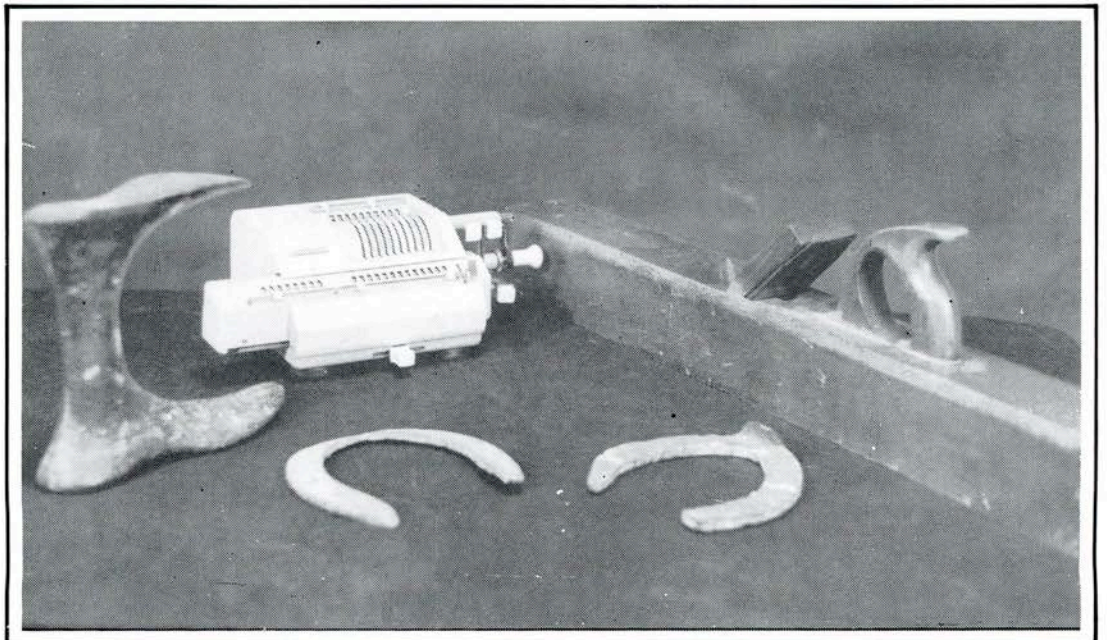
ETIQUETTE IS A WORD that is not much bandied about these days but, forty years ago, it was something that much possessed the staffroom, no more so than when it came to forms of address. In some cases, the matter was clear and straightforward. All members of staff addressed the Headmaster as "Sir" and he in turn addressed all masters by their surnames. There was no problem either with the matron of School House: it was absolutely safe to call her "Matron" and leave it at that; no Mrs. or Miss or Ms. and a Christian name was out of the question. But what about the School Secretary or, to give him his correct title, the Clerk to the Governors? As he was responsible for the monthly pay-cheques, handwritten with a nib that had been dredged up from heaven knows where, it was as well to play safe and to call him always "Mr. Wear", with the hope that a possible interview with him would not result in some endless fishing story or an anecdote from the First World War.

The real problem arose with colleagues. Here it was necessary to observe the gradations of seniority. To all junior members of the staff, i.e. those with less than say ten years of service, the senior master was always, to the very day of his retirement, "Mr. Cooper". The use of initials for masters has always been a practice at Ermysted's, carried to the ultimate in that Mr. Cooper, to some of his colleagues, was known as "C". It would, however, have been a gross breach of etiquette, a social solecism, for a newcomer to the



Nostalgia and Artefacts

Shoemaker's last, used to repair boots and, at one time, clogs in School House; Adding machine, 1960s; Plane, 28 inches long and very heavy! Horseshoes, cast off by the horse which pulled the roller on "The Top".



common-room to address him as such. On the same principle, Mr. Gibbon was known as "G" — his Christian name was hardly known. But how many years did one have to serve to allow one such familiarity? Would any senior member of staff be offended if he were addressed by his Christian name? Such were the preoccupations for some in the staffroom forty years ago.

As a postscript, there was no problem with the boys: all were called by their surname and the masters were always "Sir".

"OLD MASTER"

DETENTION QUOTATIONS

THE DETENTION BOOK is a ripe source of School anecdotes and has always mirrored the time in which it was written. Thus in 1960, at a time of heightened interest in space and rocketry, Fox in 2A was given detention on 17th February for conducting ballistic research in class. On 5th July 1961, a time of great interest in the cricket tour by the Australians, seven members of 4C were in detention for conducting their own Test Match in the form room.



Blazer, Cricket Colours, 1932; cap (left), Rugby Colours, 1915-1916; cap (right) Cricket; keys to the School House building, 1875; cane — gone, but not forgotten!

Here is a selection of oddities culled from the big red detention book.

1978 — Friday, 1st December: 5W SYKES — Attempting arson (Chemistry Lab). The tired Chemistry teacher entered: "Alas they never seem to succeed."

1979 — Friday, 9th February: 1G BOYLES — Unconvincing imitation of being thick.

Friday, 7th March: 3C ADDYMAN and LAW — So that they may learn that the ACL is not an arena for aquatic sports.

1983 — 14th January: 3C WILLIAMS, G. N. — Playing piano in hall with his feet.

27th October: 2D AKRIGG — Eating an unidentified species of fungus contrary to instructions. What kind of instructions could these have been?

7th October: 4T TILLOTSON — For being himself.

Headmaster McIntosh's
notes for the first assembly
of School year 1922-1923.
Plus ça change . . . indeed!

Notes for 1922?

1 General - Certify results - two forms.

Special

- 1) Raining Caps, hand - products
- 2) Gargan Rd
- 3) 70c
- 4) Calapato - an pupils. pec shodles
ajant local Bye lam. Se Danka
- 5) Yang codes. & lei except
elom
- 6) ho abuse in case of elom withat.
pexum pexum
- 7) all abated by letter
aff. elom
- 8) Lockers
8) Every boy ~~has~~ or self secret has
to have a voucher
- 9) After break boys will come
into by school & he give
the code for the time
- 10) ho see do today.

1984 — 3rd February: 2S BROOKSBANK — No books, no manners, no sense!

5th October: 5E PALEY, N. — Displaying intelligence less than that of the apes.

1985 — 18th January: SOCHA — Practicing karate on litter bin outside his form room.

1977 — 11th February: 4D BROWN — Hiding himself in cupboard in Room H.

25th March: 5C MASSEY, R. — Igniting his own sock in classroom.

4D SANDERSON — Copying prep from Brown. 4D BROWN — For allowing it to happen.

13th May: 3T TATE — Driving without due care and attention in canteen.

1978 — 20th January: 4R BOWKER — Failing to behave as a reasonably organised human being.

10th February: 3T THACKRAY — Wandering around form room with evil intent and lying about it.

14th April: 3S BOWER — Tripping another runner on X country course and denying same.

And for those who think things were different in the old days . . .

1923 — 10th March: SHARPE — Attempting to hold a bridge party in class.

1st December: the aptly named NUTTER — For bursting into song.

1924 — 21st May: NUTTALL — Inappropriate use of lavatory.

24th May: SHARPE — Pursuing alien studies during English.

8th July: HIRD — "Barlick" conduct.

15th October: EDMONDSON and WATERFELL — Dirty books.

The early '70s was a time of student revolt:

26th March: TOOLEY — Illegally concealing himself in a cupboard in the Music Room; and —

BALDWIN — Illegally imprisoning TOOLEY in the same.

30th October: BROWN — Pushing a younger boy into the canal.

1971 — 19th March: THOMPSON — Successive attempts to sabotage my demonstration.

28th May: THOMPSON — Selling stinkbombs to classmates.

1973 — 2nd February: WOODWARD — Sacrilegious violence causing ABH (he threw a well-aimed Bible at another boy).

1975 — 31st January: STRINGER — Absent — claimed not yet told.

7th February: STRINGER — Cancelled — the fraud squad couldn't crack him!

24th October: SANDERSON — The peashooter season is upon us.

In 1957, when rock 'n' roll was just starting to make an impact, the music master's distaste can be clearly felt here . . .

6th March: PRIEST — For attempting to make music on a mouth organ.

18th May: PRIEST — For throwing clothing out of form room window.

1958 — 5th March: INGHAM — For being "funny".

11th June: WILKINSON — Reluctance to move his idle body.

Back in —

1928 — 12th May: WILSON, J. H. — For leaving ships in bath.

2nd June: NEWHOUSE — For personal beautification in chemistry lesson.

1930 — 26th March: HOLMES — Undue interest in an aeroplane.

1931 — 10th October: RAE — Using catapult during singing.

14th November: SHUTTLEWORTH — Talking to himself in class.

I wonder where they are now. Does he remember talking to himself in class?

The wartime detentions:

1940 — 18th May: BOOTHMAN, BALL and HOYLE — No gas masks.

29th May: 1B FAWCETT — No respirator.

1944 — 29th November: WINDLE and MITCHELL — Setting booby trap (wartime influence).

1945 — 5th May: 5B PAYTON — Was already celebrating, with his detention form throwing orange peel.

And lastly, the teachers and governors . . .

CAPSTICK of 4A was in detention on 17th October 1959 for Gammas.

Mr. Paley's life of crime began on Wednesday, 20th May 1953, when PALEY of 1B was late for class — and ended fifty-four detentions later on 3rd July 1957 when PALEY of 5S was in detention for interrupting the lesson.

WHITTAKER of 3A was in detention on Wednesday, 3rd March 1954 for "talking across the room" — perhaps practicing for a future career? And he was absent from the run on 24th January 1956, earning himself a warm Saturday detention in School.

It's all here. In the big red book.

D.G.C.

From the Script of the Quincentenary Pageant, 1992

Notice to advertise School farms and lands to let, 1872. These properties were part of Ermysted's gift of 1548. The School now owns only the Gargrave Road site.

FARMS & LANDS TO LET.

TO BE LET BY TENDER.

From the 2nd Day of FEBRUARY next, in Lots, the following

FARMS AND LANDS

Belonging to the Governors of SKIPTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL, in the Townships of Addingham, Embsay-with-Eastby and Skipton.

In the Township of ADDINGHAM.

Lot 1. A Farm of Arable Meadow and Pasture LAND, containing 91a. Or 3p. or thereabouts, with the Dwelling house and Buildings thereon, in the occupation of Messrs. LISTER and JOHN COCKSHOTT. Also a portion of the Allotment in Addingham Moor adjoining the above Farm, recently allotted to the Governors, such portion containing 120 acres or thereabouts.

Lot 2. A Farm of Arable Meadow and Pasture LAND, containing 49a. Or 26p. or thereabouts, with the Dwelling house and Buildings thereon, in the occupation of Mr. FARRER COCKSHOTT. Also a portion of the said Allotment, each portion containing 90 acres or thereabouts. These two mentioned Allotments, and the several portions thereof, will be properly fenced off.

Lot 3. A Farm of Arable Meadow and Pasture LAND, containing 13a. 1r 28p. or thereabouts, with the Dwelling house and Buildings thereon, in the occupation of Mr. JAMES MARREAVES.

Lot 4. A Farm of Arable Meadow and Pasture LAND, containing 35a. 2r 12p. or thereabouts, with the Dwelling house and Buildings thereon, in the occupation of Mr. JOHN WALKER.

In the Township of EMSAY-with-EASTBY.

Lot 5. A Farm of Meadow and Pasture LAND, containing 33a. 1r 30p., with the Dwelling house and Buildings thereon, in the occupation of Mr. WILLIAM UPPERY.

Lot 6. A Pasture Field called "Birk Hills" containing 8a 3r 30p. or thereabouts, in the occupation of Messrs. GEORGE and JOHN HEWORTH.

Lot 7. Two Pasture Fields called "Milk Flatts" and "Curdy Croft" containing respectively 1a. 1r 29p. and 1a. 2r 32p. or thereabouts, in the occupation of His Grace the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE. These Flatts, which are at present unfenced, the Governors undertake shall be properly fenced.

Lot 8. Two Pasture Fields called "Bow Flatts" and "Ing" containing respectively 2a. Or 10p., and 2a. Or 10p. or thereabouts, in the occupation of Mr. THOMAS LEAD.

In the Township of SKIPTON.

Lot	NAME OF FIELD	CLASS OF LAND	TENANTS NAME	QUANTITY
Lot 9	Ing Farm	Meadow	Mr. THOMAS TYNER	1 2 18
	Ing Close	Meadow	Do	6 0 7
Lot 10	West Gallow Bykes	Meadow	Mr. GEO. KENDALL	7 2 26
	Lambert Hills (north of canal)	Meadow	Mr. H. H. ORANGES	3 1 2
Lot 11	Gallow Bykes (south of canal)	Meadow	Mr. T. S. ADEY	3 3 10
Lot 12	Gallow Bykes (north of canal)	Pasture	Mr. JAMES WIGNALL	3 3 10
Lot 13	Sheep Field	Meadow	Mr. JAMES HEAP	2 1 22
Lot 14	West Bridge End Field	Meadow	Messrs. SCOTT & ROBINSON	2 0 13
	Moorie ditto	Meadow	Do	1 0 16
Lot 15	East ditto	Pasture	Do	5 2 41
	Higher Bridge Field	Meadow	Mr. J. FAIRBANK	8 3 36
Lot 16	North part of Waste	Do	Do	2 0 17
	School Croft	Pasture	Mr. JOHN WHITE	1 2 3
Lot 17	Wanbeck Moor Allotment	Pasture	Mr. RICHARD MARON	14 3 24

TENDERS are to be sent to Mr. JOHN HEELIS, Solicitor, Skipton, by not later than 11 o'clock a.m. on WEDNESDAY, the 20th NOVEMBER instant.

The Governors do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any Tender.

The Conditions of Letting and further particulars may be had on application to

JOHN HEELIS,

SOLICITOR, SKIPTON.

20th NOVEMBER, 1872

Printed at Tasker's Steam Printing Works, High Street, Skipton.



A Note from the Editor

SOME THREE YEARS AGO I was asked by the Chairman to prepare a booklet for our Quincentenary Celebration in 1991-1992. The task appeared daunting; the only guidance was A. M. Gibbon's book and pamphlet of 1948. There was a two foot high mound of assorted manuscripts and artefacts, unlisted and unstudied, on a floor in School House.

Yet my task has proved more straightforward than expected. This was primarily because of the magnificent help I have received from so many quarters and which I would like, however inadequately, to acknowledge now.

We owe the dead more than we usually admit; little could have been done without the pioneering work of those who first began to preserve and research the records. Professor T. W. Edmondson was easily the most distinguished of these; the name of Mr. A. Birtwhistle, saviour of our early records and of the Petyt Library, as well as that of Mr. A. M. Gibbon himself, cannot be omitted. Heirs to that worthy tradition of conservation have been Mr. W. Jones and Mr. P. Clarke, both thankfully still with us; they have "scrounged" and "won" material of the highest value.

Many Old Boys have worked very hard to obtain material for our collections and to sort out difficult problems; amongst these I must express special thanks to Roger Whitaker, Keith Schofield, Lionel Watson and Len Price.

To my colleagues I owe more than I can express for their help and tolerance. The Headmaster provided quiet encouragement; Mr. D. Kelly produced many magnificent photographs; Mr. P. Cawood made much art work available and also photographed it. Mr. D. Clough and his colleagues in the English Department kept me supplied with a stream of high-quality literary work. The P.E. experts were particularly tolerant of my sometimes ignorant questions. I should like particularly to thank all those who spent time exploring ideas which came to nothing; although we have suspended the exercise with more loose ends than we had in the first place, we can at least see the shape of the tangle!

The boys' contribution has been very great; many have produced writing and ideas of the highest value which have left no traces in these pages; others have fetched, carried, assembled and dismantled exhibits without complaint. The Fifth Form of 1991-1992 produced a group of superb researchers of whom the School may be justly proud; work done by P. Tetley, M. Wilkinson, M. Cheung,

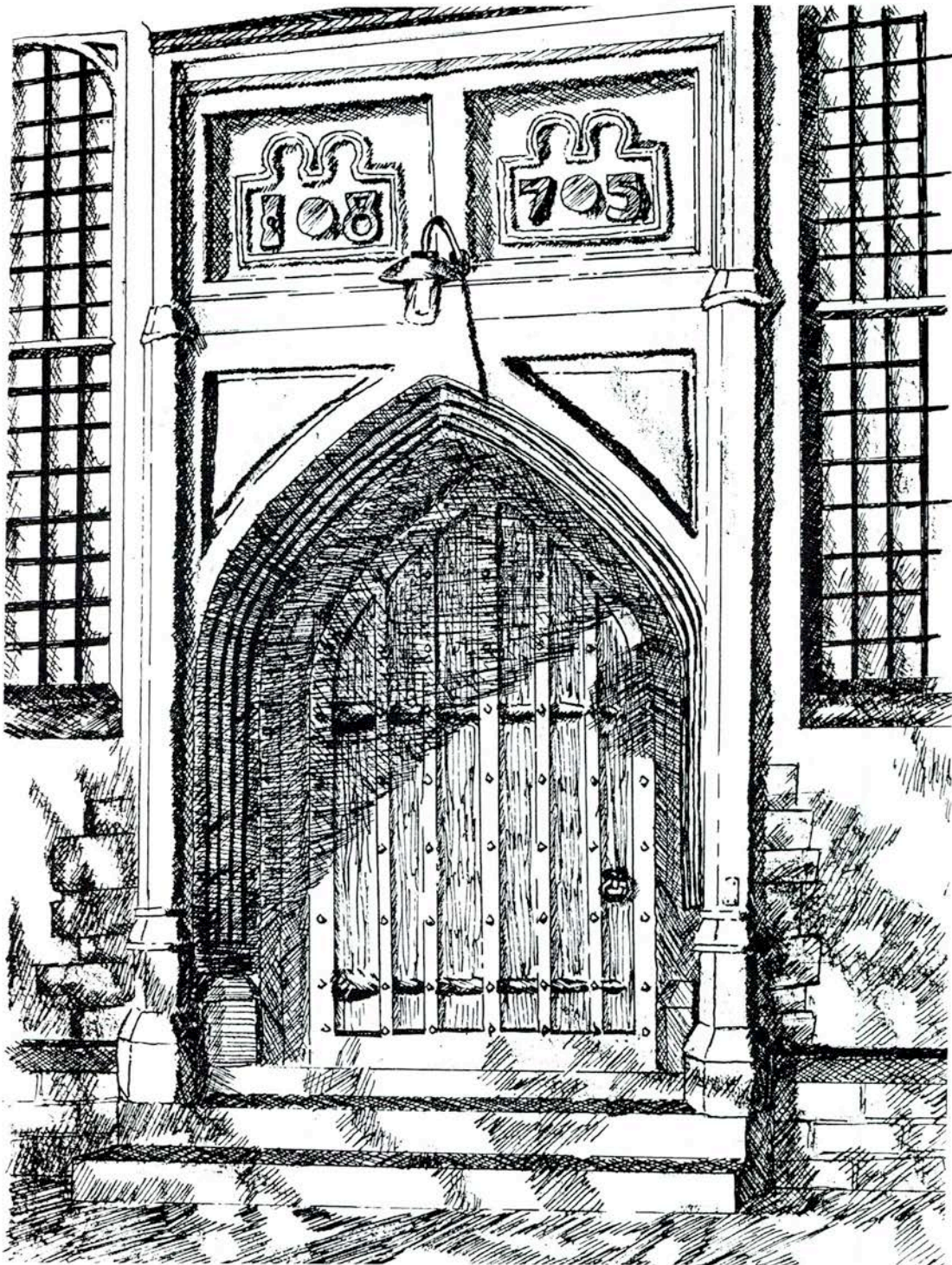
S. Ayrey and R. Dolphin has been the bedrock upon which not only part of our exhibitions but also episodes in our Pageant have been built. A. J. Atkinson and A. Simms were also towers of strength in all sorts of crises. Nobody need fear for the future of the School so long as it can produce Fifth Formers of this calibre.

This publication is not a new history of Ermysted's Grammar School; those who want that must wait a decade for it, supposing the schools have settled down even then. I have tried only to celebrate some of the things in our past of which we are proud and to show

some few things which we are doing today.

I make no apology for the space devoted to the School's current work; in our arid society there is little enough opportunity for new voices to be given a hearing. In the interest of balance rather than of quality much excellent work had to be discarded; rejections were accepted with good grace, for the boys are in good heart; fortunately so, for, as Wally Evans told them in his retirement speech in 1989, "YOU are the School".

D.C.G.
November 1992



*The front door,
School House.
E. NEWISS (6B)
1991-1992*

