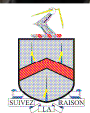




the ermysted's chronicles 2008



welcome to the new-look chronicles

When Mr. Clough approached us with what seemed like the relatively easy and rewarding task of revamping the archaic EGS Chronicles, we jumped at the chance to contribute to the School and leave some sort of enduring mark before we left for higher education. To our surprise, this 'easy and rewarding' task turned out to be a huge challenge; devising and implementing dozens of new ideas whilst keeping up with the increased workload of the Upper Sixth was never going to be, as we should have realised, a walk in the park.

It has been a long rollercoaster ride of failing to meet deadlines and having the experience of reading and editing some of the best amateur journalism that the school has to offer. Creativity characterises the EGS mantra of diligence and originality. We apologise in advance if anybody is opposed to the changes to the old Chronicles – radically changing the traditional format of the past 70/80 years always had the potential to be controversial. However, we hope the majority of pupils, parents and Old Boys (and indeed anybody else who may be reading) find it a refreshing change and that it conveys more of what actually happens at Army's.

We would like to quickly thank all the boys who contributed, Jonathan Green for designing the new look, Mr. Hopkins and Mr. King for most of the photography, and Mr. Clough for his seemingly unlimited patience and guidance.

Ben Cowley & Ed Wardle

It's Back – Chronicles 2008

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a goodbye to mr ashworth

G Hamilton – Headmaster

On the last day of the summer term it was an honour and a privilege to present the final assembly with Mr Ashworth, but it was also touched with regret and disappointment.

We were there to recognise a milestone, a landmark; in saying goodbye to Mr Ashworth we were saying goodbye to a head who had put the school first throughout his time here.

He was one of the old school of leaders and managers, willing to work hard irrespective of the personal cost if it needed to be done; if it needed to be said, he'd been ready to do and say it.

He was a 'hands on manager' – just as prepared to work early and late during the week as he had been to referee Saturday rugby fixtures. Just as ready to cover lessons with the rest of the staff as he was to attend meetings with the great and good at County Hall.

His commitment to school had been unstinting and we all enjoyed the benefits.

We live in an age where fame, fortune and success can be fleeting, where making a quick profit and moving on is applauded, where appearance seems everything, where being a flash self-publicist seems acceptable, where materialism frequently triumphs over values and principles. Thankfully for us he'd never courted popularity and his vision for the school has been rooted in putting pupils first even when this may have brought conflict. That requires a certain bravery and determination.

He has remained, at heart, a modest man – pleased to allow others to take the limelight. He'd tell you that his successes here are down to the team he's had around him and the staff who supported him – teachers, Governors, office and admin staff: but all those staff needed a leader.

John F Kennedy, on the day of his assassination in 1963, had prepared a speech which he never delivered, in which was the line:

'Leadership and learning are indispensable to each other – they co-exist as the very foundation of a nation's success'

Mr Ashworth's time here had seen the best of both leadership and learning.

We'll miss his wisdom, and his customary generosity, his reliability, his trustworthiness. And I for one will miss his good humour, his advice and his guidance.

I started by saying this was goodbye – but it isn't goodbye – we hope to see him often and hope he can watch the school continue to develop with a sense of quiet pride and satisfaction that he had played a vital part in its success.

Finally could I end with the words of an Irish toast:

'May he have warm words on a cool evening, a full moon on a dark night, and a smooth road all the way to his door.'

personnel

Ave Mr J. Patrick

James Patrick joined Ermysted's in September 2008, taking over from Mr Wallace in the Design and Technology Department. He arrives after a three-year spell at Leeds Grammar School and will also take up the post of a form tutor.

Originally from Whittle-le-Woods, near Preston, he enjoys snowboarding, DJing and boxing.

Ave Miss K. Ingall

Miss Ingall came to Ermysted's in 2007 to take up her first teaching occupation. She is a lower school form tutor and an integral part of the Maths Department. Born in Nottingham, she graduated from Bristol University and before taking up teaching worked as an Investment Consultant.

Her interests include reading, watching films and playing badminton.

Ave Mr I. Thackrah

Iain Thackrah joined the R.S. Department from Trinity and All Saints College, Leeds, in September 2008. Having previously studied for a BA (open hon) in Humanities and a MA (hons) in philosophy from Cardiff University. He has returned north to fulfil his vocation as a teacher.

His interests include philosophy and ethics, animated film and almost any sporting activity.

Ave Ms J. Abbey

Judy Abbey joined the Chemistry Department in September 2008. She studied at Manchester University for a BSc (hons) in Chemical Engineering and taught just up the road at Skipton Girls' School prior to coming to Ermysted's.

She enjoys walking in the Yorkshire Dales and listening to music.

Ave Mr D. Justice

Daniel Justice joined the I.T. Department in September 2008 from Guiseley School where he was an I.T. teacher and Head of Year. He studied at Imperial College, London, where he gained a Masters in Computing. A keen flautist, Mr Justice also attended the Royal College of Music and obtained a Degree. Prior to becoming a teacher he worked in Industry as a Software Developer.

He can often be found rock climbing or taking in a football match at Gigg Lane, the home of the mighty Bury F.C.

Ave Mr J. King

Mr Julien King joined the Physics Department in September 2008 from Helani Romanes School in Great Dunmow, Essex. He graduated from Kings College London with a BSc and M.Phil.

His interests include photography, cycling and watching American Football.

Vale Mr B. Greenfield

Mr Greenfield joined the I.T. Department in September 2002 after working in the IT industry for fifteen years. He attended Liverpool Polytechnic, where he excelled, gaining a BSc (Hons) degree in Applied Statistics and Computing. Noted for a willingness to embrace new ideas, Brian's presence around school will be missed.

Although there are many subjects on offer at Ermysted's, under Mr Greenfield's leadership IT never became an unpopular choice. He was popular not just with the boys, but also with his fellow members of staff. A keen football fan and cyclist, Brian left in 2008 to take up a similar post at South Craven School. We thank him for his commitment and wish him well for the future.



vale mr m. jones

Mr R. Humphreys

Malcolm Jones will be remembered at Ermysted's and in the wider community for many reasons. Above all her was an outstanding Germanist and teacher of languages who brought scholarship, exactitude, encouragement and compassion to his lessons in Room C. A multitude of young men have been inspired by his teaching and have left Ermysted's with a love of learning together with an appreciation of German language and culture. There are, unfortunately, few teachers of Malcolm's ilk remaining.

He first arrived at Ermysted's in 1960 as a pupil but it was not until 1992 that he made his return to his native land and school, his *Heimat*. Malcolm had already established himself as a formidable teacher in Chippenham where he had introduced German with great success and had also taught French. In his ensuing sixteen years at Ermysted's there were few areas of school life where he did not make his mark.



Malcolm was a passionate supporter of the Simbach exchange and under his care it has gone from strength to strength, at a time when school exchanges have been dying out. He is held in the highest regard in Simbach and has a knowledge of its local affairs which would shame many a Simbacher! Colleagues who have travelled to Germany with Malcolm report his intensive tuition sessions in Esperanto as Bibby's coach headed through the night! He will be greatly missed on the banks of the River Inn but we are sure that he will maintain many a friendship in his beloved Bavaria.

His commitment to the school has been total: Big Band (as a flautist), Bewerley Park, staff badminton and cricket (no centuries reported), senior choir, 6th form racquets and particularly as a Form Tutor. Very few pupils have left the school untouched by Malcolm's enthusiasm and guidance.

The abiding memory of Mr Jones, however, is as a classroom teacher of German. His utter professionalism and skill are something for many of us to aspire to no matter at what stage of our career we may find ourselves. We wish him a long and happy retirement and are grateful for the legacy he leaves behind.

Auf Wiedersehen, Malcolm, bis bald!

news a cat

You've gotta be Kitten me!

The start of the term has brought with it its new additions. New pupils, new teachers, a new head, new rules, new cat. Yes, you did read that correctly. On 9th September 2008, numerous sightings of a ginger cat were reported throughout the school. It is said that the Ginger Cat (Male (and what a male)) got trapped in the sports hall before then getting itself stuck in the English block. Although our new addition seems to be quite clumsy, it sauntered through the Quad with much courage and it was very much at ease with the squealing First Years giddily pointing it out and moving out the way of its path. One by-stander exclaimed, "A Cat! A Cat!" The school is still trying to calm itself down after this exhilarating start to the year.



- ▶ **'THE START OF THE TERM HAS BROUGHT WITH IT ITS NEW ADDITIONS. NEW PUPILS, NEW TEACHERS, A NEW HEAD, NEW RULES, NEW CAT. YES, YOU DID READ THAT CORRECTLY'**
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twenty years on (or half of forty years on, the school song)

Some of you may be aware that this year marks the 20th anniversary of the formidable relationship between the School and one of its most distinguished servants, Mr David Clough. It is hard to fathom that, not only has he been here longer than us, but longer than we have been alive. After being assigned the daunting task of chronicling Mr Clough's history at the school, it is hard to know where to start, especially having been at the school for a mere 5 or 6 of his 20 years here. So, speaking solely from personal experience, we will do our level best to give a fair impression of Mr Clough, as a teacher and as a man.

- **“I ACTUALLY CAME TO ERMYSTED’S BY ACCIDENT. I WAS AT QEGS WAKEFIELD AND HAD WAITED FOR YEARS ON THE PROMISE OF BEING HEAD OF ENGLISH. ONE DAY I GOT TIRED OF WAITING, AND IN A FIT OF PIQUE APPLIED TO ERMYSTED’S.”**



The first thing that unavoidably strikes any new pupil of his, or indeed any of our esteemed visitors, is simply that Mr Clough is an excellent teacher, a teacher with a profound knowledge of his subject and an equally profound determination to impart this knowledge to his pupils with minimal fuss. In this age, often bemoaned by the man himself, of political correctness, his direct approach is a breath of fresh air, and he certainly pulls no punches when expressing his opinions vis-à-vis the insufferable drivel that litters the English syllabus. In addition, his conscientious approach ensures that all his students have always attained the highest levels, both in terms of grades and, even more importantly, in terms of a true education. To their credit, this is something that he and the school have always valued above the hoop-jumping that plagues modern education.

It is not only lessons in which Mr Clough has paid tremendous service to the pupils, however. For many years, he has put a prodigious amount of effort into preparing them for University and the wider world. With a truly comprehensive knowledge of Universities, their courses and careers that they can lead to, DGC is always the first point of call when looking for answers regarding these subjects. Moreover, he is an integral part of the daunting UCAS process and is a specialist at getting his pupils into the top Universities.

After some consternation over how to best distil the essence of Mr. Clough's 20 years at Ermy's, we decided the only solution was to ask the man himself. He gave us a host of anecdotes, better than any list of dates and achievements (as numerous as they are) could possibly be. During editing it was almost impossible to reduce the amount of material, due to it being so entertaining, as I'm sure you will agree:

"I actually came to Ermysted's by accident. I was at QEGS Wakefield and had waited for years on the promise of being Head of English. One day I tired of waiting, and in a fit of pique applied to Ermysted's. I came on interview and to tell you the truth wasn't too impressed after the morning tour. The English department morale was low and numbers taking A level were tiny. Then I met Chris Davies, who struck me instantly as an outstanding teacher. 'It's a great place,' he said, 'just needs a bit of sorting.' So after lunch I went into the interview fortified and decisive, met the then Headmaster David Buckroyd and Chairman of Governors Roger Whittaker and got a grilling and the job.

Chris Davies was right. It is a great place, in particular Ermysted's is a great place for unforgettable characters. There was the boy who ordered (separately) all the parts required to make a machine gun from those American weapons magazines. With devilish ingenuity he made sure he only ordered one part from each supplier. No one took any notice of him until he appeared one day with a fully-fledged machine gun. Luckily I think he was unable to obtain any ammo. The last time anyone heard of him he was in the Lebanon. Probably went there to get the ammo.

I remember a lad called Drinkwater, who was a likeable sort of rogue, and like many such characters, he somehow ended up in the Stage Crew for one of the plays I've put on. I've always liked fireworks and explosions, so in this play (for no particular reason) I had several explosions. When we went to the shop to buy explosives Drinkwater and his pals somehow persuaded me to buy these things called Maroons. They weren't little bangers at all, they were more like turnip-sized shells full of TNT.

Any way, there we were, a hall full of audience, actors belting it out, and Drinkwater secreted under the stage for the entire performance, ready to detonate the explosive turnips with a battery and electrical fuses, and (unknown to me) eight cans of strong lager. His name was obviously purely ironic.

The play went well until the first explosion, which was late for its cue. 'Come on Drinkwater!' we all hissed backstage. Suddenly there was an almighty explosion and the first ten rows of audience disappeared in a flash of flame and purple smoke.

'Wow!' said the rest of the stagecrew, coughing and wiping their eyes. 'That was some bang!'

We rushed to open the windows and gradually the hall cleared. Order was restored and except for two cardiac arrests everyone returned to their seats.

At the interval there was no sign of Drinkwater, but no-one noticed. We were too excited by the maroons, anyway, he wasn't much of a conversationalist. There were two more fantastic explosions, later in the second half. The first was also not on cue, but its size and greenish nuclear cloud more than compensated.

The final bang came at the finale, and this time the fire alarms went off.

'Wow! What a play!' everyone commented as they staggered from the hall, eyes streaming from the smoke, several victims carried shoulder-high. It was only later that anyone remembered Drinkwater.

'I'll kill him for being late on cue,' muttered Mr Davies, the stage manager. Known as 'Gripper', he ran his stage crew with a rod of iron. He set off under the stage crawling on hands and knees in the dark to find out why Drinkwater had been late setting off the bombs.

And so it came about that Mr Davies reappeared, stormy-faced, dragging behind him a black-faced, red-eyed, shell-shocked and totally drunken Drinkwater.

It was so funny we didn't have the heart to punish him... anyway, he had three more nights to do, and no one else was mad enough to go anywhere near those explosive maroons.

Mr Wallace. What a character. He came the year after me. He'd been sentenced to live in some penal colony in the Antipodes for stealing bread, so when he first started he was really hard (he mellowed in later years.)

I remember little boys asking me in plaintive voices, 'Sir is it alright for teachers to nail you to the bench?'

'What do you mean little boy?'

'Mr Wallace sir. He nailed me to a bench for being a cretin.'

'Ho ho, I'm sure he wouldn't do that.'

'Oh yes he did sir, look at my tie. I had to chop it off short to get free.'

To amuse his free time Mr Wallace used to send boys down to Merritt and Fryers for a Long Stand. Some of them spent the day there before the staff told them the joke.

Mr Gregory, ace musical director and one-time partner with yours truly in the writing of a musical: 'Eddie.' I wrote the script, Mr G and some of his best music students wrote about fifteen great songs. It took them months. We'd started rehearsals and things were going well when I had a bright idea in the middle of the night, woke up at three am and completely rewrote the second half of the play.

Next day I breezed into the music room. 'Great news Greggers!'

He groaned. We'd been in partnership long enough for him to recognise 'Great news' from me meant 'Bad news' for him.

I gave him the new script and with an airy, 'of course it'll mean you have to rewrite the music a bit,' and departed before he could throw anything heavy at me.

He had to rewrite about half the songs, and never forgave me. It took him months. That's why he's still my 'one-time partner' in the writing of musicals, and why he vanishes whenever I mention doing another production.

I remember the plays we did best of all. First Years, Snow Wilbur and the 11 Persons of Restricted Growth, The 1992 Pageant, The Wizard of Love, Eddie, Little Shop of Horrors, Electric Warrior. There's always been an amazing amount of dramatic and musical talent at this school and we have had some great fun performing at EGS. I'd formed a theatre group in 1985 and we did two years at the Edinburgh Festival, the second of which we sold out every night, so I was tempted to become a full time playwright. Luckily I decided to stick to teaching, and I've never regretted it.

We took 'The Wizard of Love' to the final of the National Student Drama Festival in London in 1996 and it was described as "great entertainment, a real breath of fresh air." by the judges, which was a trifle annoying as they gave the prize to some politically correct nonsense about the dangers of smoking. It featured all these little kids in white costumes who run around the stage dancing happily. Suddenly....baddie music... and a load of little kids in black costumes run onto the stage...smoke billows from the wings...all the nice kids in white costumes lie down and die coughing. I nearly died coughing too, when it won first prize.

When I became Head of sixth form around 1995 I was given new responsibilities,

one of which was dealing with often irate members of the public as a result of the antics of our sixth formers. One morning I had a phone call from the manager of a hotel over in Lancashire.

'Your lot stole my ducks!' he shouted angrily.

I asked him to calm down and explain himself. Apparently some sixth formers had gone to a ball (for 'ball' substitute 'serious drinking session') at this hotel, which had a large pond, on which lived some ducks. Or had lived some ducks. Not any longer.

The manager was not a happy man. 'They stole my bloody ducks!' he shouted again, 'An I want to know wot yer bloody gunna do about it?'

I tried to be reasonable, calm him down, and said that I was sure none of our boys would do such a wicked thing, but that I would investigate and get back to him.

Off I went to the common room. There were some of the likely culprits, tucking into steaming Stanforth's pies.

'I hope that's not duck you're eating you lot.'

Glances were exchanged. They didn't know how much I knew.

'What are you talking about sir?'

'The ducks you lot nicked from over the border last night.'

'Ducks?'

'Hah, ducks, as if!'

'What's he talking about?'

They might have got away with it had not at that moment a loud QUACK! echoed round the room. Somehow we loaded them in the back of the car and managed to take them back without being seen.

I've taught many very, very clever lads. Clever lads are much more interesting than stupid lads, because they get up to much more inventive skulduggery. Some of them have gone on to great success in their chosen careers so I won't mention any names, but beware, I've got a phenomenal memory, and I can still remember some of the tricks you lot got up to. I remember when one of you brought the rat in and let him loose in the late lamented sixth form common room. He lived there behind the panelling for years on the food dropped for him. I was only grateful you brought in the only homosexual rat in existence, one that never looked for a mate.

There was one wonderful occasion in English. The GCSE booklet had an advert for study, which contained

an article entitled 'Send a Cow to India.' We were only meant to analyse the English, not take it seriously, but one of the Bright Boys thought it might be fun to actually answer the appeal, so he contacted the charity concerned. The result was that I had a call from some organisation thanking me for donating a cow to India, and wondering when I might be arranging its delivery!

Great fun. Let's hope such inventiveness can carry on, despite all the killjoys who try to control everything today. We really will be in trouble when we lose our sense of humour."

The most telling thing about Mr. Clough is the impression he leaves behind on those who he has taught. If you stumble on to the 'comments' section of the Ermysted's Facebook, then there are often reminiscent boys asking about him, with many an entertaining anecdote to tell. Perhaps the most profound example, however, took place during my work experience. Working at a law firm in Leeds, and purely by chance, I happened upon a former Ermysted's pupil, long departed. When he realised I hailed from the same school, his eyes instantly lit up. He did not ask about the school, whether I enjoyed it or even if things had changed. He just simply asked, "Is David Clough still there?" The subsequent nod was all the information he needed to know that Ermysted's is still in good hands.

english departmental news

SUCCESS HAS BEEN A RECURRING THEME AT ERMYSTED'S OVER THE PAST YEAR AND NOWHERE HAS IT BEEN MORE CONSPICUOUS THAN IN THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

- ▶ **IN TERMS OF RESULTS AND EDUCATIONAL EXPERIENCES OFFERED TO STUDENTS, THE DEPARTMENT HAS ONCE AGAIN DEMONSTRATED ITS FACULTY FOR PROVIDING TOP-NOTCH EDUCATION.**

All year groups have benefitted from the array of trips that took place over the last year; ironically those trips that, on paper, resembled logistical nightmares turned out to be among the most successful. All one hundred and twenty year eleven English literature students spent a day at the critically acclaimed Poetry Live event in Bradford, giving them a chance to experience the poems on their GCSE syllabus directly from the poets themselves. The entirety of years seven and eight were taken on a cinema visit to see Chris Weitz's "The Golden Compass" in order to aid their understanding of Philip Pullman's "His Dark Materials" trilogy. Year seven were also treated to a performance of "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang". This was but one of a myriad of theatrical events that took place over the year including year nines' viewing of "The Tempest" and the participation of a band of budding, year twelve thespians in the Shakespeare Youth Festival at Bradford's Priestley Theatre. It is certain that their performance of "Othello" will live long in the memory of all present that day.

The excellent work of the sixth form English students continued to come to the fore over the year with the success of the debating team at both the Daniel Nelstrop and School's Mace debating competitions. In addition to this a group of eight sixth form students shadowed the TS Eliot Poetry Prize, reading and discussing cutting edge poetry collections as well as taking part in a student poll and an essay competition, with one student's masterwork earning itself a place in the "English and Media" magazine.

The school's two main institutions of journalistic ingenuity continue to run. "TED" magazine provides students with a witty insight into everything school related from the meaningful to the down right absurd and runs alongside the new Key Stage Three "Budding Journalists" club to allow our promising young columnists to develop themselves into commentators worthy of Fleet Street.

It comes as little surprise that, with such outstanding opportunities on offer to its students, the Ermysted's English department once again achieved excellent results. The AS results were praised as the best ever with 97% of English Literature students earning grades A-B and 100% of English Language students earning grades A-C. At A level the high attainment continued with 100% of students achieving grades A-C in English Literature and 97% earning Grades A-B in English Language. Like a benign virus, achievement spread into the lower school consequently GCSE results were yet again excellent, 100% of English Language students and 98% of English Literature achieved grades A*-C. At KS3 the department was once again successful with 100% of students attaining a level 5 or above and 95% of students earning level 6 or 7. Of the ten pupils to take an Advanced Extension Award in English, eight achieved Distinctions and a further two achieved Merits making for the best group of Advanced Extension results ever.

maths and science departmental news

As the Ermysted's Science department continues in its seemingly merciless staff recruitment drive, the students are quickly seeing the fruits of the school's recent acquisition of a Specialist Status in Science.

A brand new laboratory was built last year in place of the old canteen, and has provided an ideal addition to an already excellent Science facility. This is just one example of the Science department's bloated budget, and we're sure that the department will continue to progress and improve in the coming years.

In addition, the Maths department is still benefiting from the recent additions to the teaching staff, and as usual the Maths corridor remains a hotbed of algebraic and logarithmical wonders. Perhaps the more agreeable atmosphere amongst the department's staff is in part due to the introduction of a new staff hideaway, though the lethargy should not be overplayed, as the Maths department continues to stockpile the level of academic achievement that any self-respecting secondary school would be proud of.

As always, Ermysted's continues to be extremely proud of its Maths and Science departments, not least because of the sustained excellence in examinations, but also the amalgamation of outstanding facilities, motivated staff and student enthusiasm that allow the departments to achieve this academic distinction.

► **'IN ADDITION, THE MATHS DEPARTMENT IS STILL BENEFITING FROM THE RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE TEACHING STAFF, AND AS USUAL THE MATHS CORRIDOR REMAINS A HOTBED OF ALGEBRAIC AND LOGARITHMICAL WONDERS.'**



high *Flars*

the perfect personal statement

As any member of the EGS sixth form knows, personal statements are everything. So much so, that we research other peoples' and read into them and then despair as we regret how many 'mock UN' meetings we didn't go to, and wish that we'd founded a school society that oozes sophistication and intelligence. Well Messrs Swain and Binns formulated the 'perfect' personal statement – the only setback being the actor you'd have to hire for your interview.

My infatuation with English Literature developed when I was a mere embryo. My father read Dickens to me through my mother's splayed legs when she was seven months pregnant. Admittedly, he may have started earlier, but they told him anything before six months was superfluous. My academic flair came to fruition during birth when Hemingway was on audiobook through the hospital's cassette player, right the way through the hysterectomy.

My flair for English continued all of the way through nursery and into Primary School, where I began to show up my teacher as completely inept and unsuited to the teaching profession.

Needless to say, the teacher stepped aside, allowing me to teach the ways of Biff, Chip and Kipper to the mindless droids that were my classmates. Alas, I never reaped the rewards, due to the persistent tomfoolery and hi-jinx that were the sole employment of the insolent youngsters.

I am keen to pursue a career in law beyond university and I have a range of relevant experience in this area, and have a controlling stake in a major law firm. My founding, running and weighty contribution to the school debating society has given me a passion for public speaking and the ability to construct and articulate an informed argument. I have gained extensive relevant work experience in several law firms where I was considered for partnership after less than two days' attendance. I regularly read the Law section of The Times and have kept up to date with all recent developments in the field. My recent thesis entitled "A critical analysis of IP negotiation processes embedded in bilateral free trade agreements (FTAs) – the cases of the US–Chile, US–Peru and US–Colombia FTAs" has won me critical acclaim amongst my peers and whetted my appetite for further research.

► UPON MY RETURN... I WAS GIVEN A KNIGHTHOOD ON THE RUNWAY TARMAC

I must stress, however, that my school career pertains far more than just academia. I was made Head Boy by unanimous referendum, and the same unanimous vote by the teaching faculty; this came in the same week as my ACL reconstruction, where I furthered my anatomical comprehension. Of course, I was not the only one who realised my infinite potential and value, given the recognition I was given throughout my school career. I am also the first student in the history of the school to be elected House Captain of all four houses, as well as being given the captaincy of the senior rugby team, football team and cricket team. The highlight of my sporting career was running out at Twickenham, though I suffered a life threatening back injury just five minutes into the game. However, the eight tries I had already scored were enough to win the match.

In January 2007, I sold all of my worldly possessions to fund a volunteering expedition to Outer Mongolia, where I was heavily involved with the fabrication and construction of three hospitals and two high rise luxury tower blocks for the poverty-stricken population of Dalandzadagad. Upon my return, I was greeted by Her Royal Highness the Queen, and given a knighthood on the runway tarmac, in front of the assembled dignitaries who later congratulated me.

I am a modest person, who likes to make people aware of my achievements, and though this may seem like a paradox, it works in practice. Everyone around me is extremely proud of my achievements, and rightfully so, as I have surely become the most successful, academically rounded student in history. I await your offer.



history departmental news

THE PAST YEAR HAS SEEN THE HISTORY DEPARTMENT CONTINUE TO MAINTAIN ITS HIGH STANDARD OF EDUCATION BOTH WITHIN AND OUTSIDE THE CLASSROOM.

- ▶ **THE MANCHESTER REGIMENT LIVING HISTORY RE-ENACTMENT SOCIETY BOUGHT THE REALITIES OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR TO THE YEAR NINES.**



Over the year the department continued to focus on; “living history”. Gone were the rigid ideals of yesteryear’s classroom to be replaced by brisk encounters with some of the most animated purveyors of “living history”.

February 2008 saw the return of one of the schools longest running affiliates, Colonel Thomas. Revered among historical re-enactment societies nationwide, the Colonel’s unremitting passion for the English Civil War made him perfect for the task of inspiring the year eights to literally engage with the history which they regularly confronted in the classroom.

After a day of demonstrating all aspects of the Civil War, the Colonel’s work was done, with a parting volley from his cannon making an impression on his audience he returned to the frontlines, having yet again succeeded in allowing year eight to experience seventeenth century military life first hand. February also saw the arrival of the Manchester Regiment Living History Re-enactment Society at Ermysted’s, who brought the realities of the First World War to the year nines.

Over the course of an afternoon they demonstrated the weaponry, clothing and foodstuffs that would have been encountered daily by a soldier of the Great War.

They also posed thought-provoking questions making all that were present think about the actualities of trench warfare. In order to aid their understanding of the coursework topics on the First World War, year eleven embarked upon the Battlefields Trip in late May, the trip took place over four days, during which students visited some of the major theatres of conflict, cemeteries and museums.

With key visits to the battlefields of Ypres and The Somme accompanied by a narrative provided by both Ermysted’s staff and the tour guide, Thomas Morgan, all were imbued with an interest in the campaigns on the Western Front, none more so than distinguished student George Barnes who worked independently to create a soundtrack accompanied DVD chronicling the major events of the trip.



- ▶ **ABOVE – PUPILS VISIT THE GRAVES OF THOSE THAT DIED ON THE BATTLEFIELDS OF YPRES AND THE SOMME.**
- LEFT – PUPILS STUDYING AN ENIGMA.**

The history department continued to live up to its prestigious reputation for offering a broad variety of opportunities to sixth form students. In late 2007 Year thirteen gained an insight into the Dickensian world of the Victorian workhouse at Ripon, this display of destitution was crucial in allowing them to come as close to experiencing workhouse life as is possible without the associated risks of disease and starvation. In April, year thirteen exchanged themes of privation for those of persecution when they attended the Nazi History Study Day at Manchester's Oldham Street Methodist Hall. A series of four lectures regarding various aspects of Nazi society from 1933 to 1945 took place and no doubt provided much food for thought to those studying such an epochal chapter in mankind's history. Year Twelve's aspiring historians seized the opportunity to attend Bradford University's Library Research Day. This incredible opening provided the chance to utilise the abundant resources available at the university in order to further the research being undertaken for those working on their individual assignments.

It would not be overly inappropriate to describe the previous school year as the History Department's "finest hour", the number of students earning A*-A grades at GCSE hit a record high with 73% of all students falling within these grade boundaries, overall 98% of students earned grades A*-C. In the sixth form results were equally as good, with 79% of A2 students achieving grades A-B and 65% of AS students earning grades A-B. Independent provider of value added scores, Alps, described the AS results as outstanding and those at A2 as excellent.

This article would certainly not be complete without mentioning the masterpiece recently completed by our Head of History and resident historian Steven Howarth, who officially released his history of Ermysted's during the Great War; "A Grammar School At War" at a launch ceremony at the Craven Museum in Skipton Town Hall on 15th September 2007. The book, which is currently on sale at a reduced price at the Craven Museum and other local outlets, helped to raise money for the erection of a brass plaque commemorating the fifty five old boys and masters that fell during the war, fifteen of whom fell in the Ypres salient where the plaque was unveiled.

french departmental news

including a bit of french

French is, and always will be, one of the most important languages in the world. With at least 300 million speakers around the world, two-thirds of which is outside the E.U., no-one can say that French is losing its popularity and Ermysted's is no exception. With 21 boys opting to do French at GCSE last year, and 22 this year, French is certainly not losing popularity. With every boy in Key Stage 3 having to study French, it comes as no surprise that around a fifth of those consistently opt to study it at GCSE. Mme. Hudson has run an after school accelerated French program with Year 10s in the past, so that they will gain an extra GCSE and an extra language.

► **TEN OF THE ELEVEN BOY WHO TOOK THE COURSE ACHIEVED A OR A*. MANY BOYS ALSO OPT TO CONTINUE WITH FRENCH AT *AS-LEVEL* AND VERY RARELY FAIL TO CONTINUE THE SUBJECT AT A2.**



She is striving to reintroduce the program next year, and I have every confidence that it will be the roaring success it was last time, when 10 out of the eleven boys who took the course achieved A or A*. Many boys also opt to continue with French at AS-level, and boys very rarely fail to continue the subject at A2. By that time French is indelibly imprinted on their minds and many boys continue with the subject at University.

Mme. Hudson and Mme. Lagrange work hard to ensure that French is an enjoyable experience for all, by organising many exciting activities, such as theatre productions in conjunction with the girls' school, film days and conferences. At the start of September Mme. Hudson organised a trip to the European Day of Languages at Leeds Metropolitan University and around 40 boys from years 9–12 enjoyed the experience, even so, Ermysted's blew away the opposition in the quiz and brought back the cup!

Mme. Lagrange also organises the French trip for year 8 and 9 students to the Chateau du Baffy, which always goes down well with students – as chronicled by Michael Loy:

(I feel no need to translate this text, as everyone at Ermysted's is so accustomed to French that I have every confidence that they will be able to decipher these foreign texts with ease.)

« En mai dernier, j'étais tellement heureux à l'idée de voyager avec le collège en Normandie, pour le voyage en France. Mes premières impressions ont été que notre logement (le « Château du Baffy ») était un peu bizarre, parce qu'il n'y avait pas de croissants au petit-déjeuner ! Cependant, après un certain temps dans ce nouveau pays, j'ai pris l'habitude de manger tout les aliments sucrés pour le petit-déjeuner, de manger les fromages de la région lors du déjeuner et de recevoir des échantillons gratuits de la part des personnes à qui nous avons rendu visite, comme par exemple le boulanger d'Isigny-Sur-Mer et une fromagère.

Je me suis aussi intéressé à la culture des français car on y trouve des similarités et des différences avec notre culture. Par exemple, quand nous étions sur la route – dans toutes les régions que nous avons traversées, il y avait un grand panneau avec une image et le nom de la région, comme en Angleterre, mais les panneaux étaient différents. Aussi, quand j'ai entendu des personnes français et parler, j'ai remarqué qu'ils parlaient très simplement. L'anglais utilise tant d'idiomes, et d'euphémismes, mais quand un français veut s'exprimer, il est tout à fait direct !

La chose la plus important est que j'ai pris plaisir à voyager : Mais est-ce que j'ai pris plaisir à voyager davantage ? Sans hésitation, oui ! »

European Day of Languages

'learn, speak, listen - and understand each other'

This was the message, which, on the 26th of September, reverberated around the UK and a staggering 45 other European Countries.

The *European Day of Languages* is a Europe-wide celebration of all the world's languages, and a chance to raise awareness of the value of linguistic skills. School children across Europe engaged eagerly in language and culture related events, and Ermysted's were lucky enough to receive an invitation to such an event from Leeds Metropolitan University. A group of around 40 pupils from years 9 to 12 eagerly awaited their participation in what has been described as a 'vibrant and lively' day of workshops and talks that will surely go down in history.

The day began conventionally enough, with an inspiring talk from Elspeth Jones, International Dean, who, along with Théophile Munyañseyo, a highly dramatic African man firmly drilled in the art of rhetoric, informed the group about the benefits of a lifetime of language learning, and the opportunities it can bring. The party then split into smaller groups, and the real fun began...

Firstly, the group was greeted enthusiastically by a pair of Rwandan women, who

wasted no time in insisting that everyone don the traditional African robes which were scattered unceremoniously across the floor. The majority of boys then proceeded to make a feeble attempt at learning the moves to a time-honored dance, as demonstrated by our energetic hostesses. Needless to say, the greater part of the participants revealed the existence of two left feet – but it must be noted that a prominent member of the German staff (not naming any names but his initials are RH) took to the routine like a duck to water, to the delight of his class, while a certain AH looked on in disbelief.

Following in the considerable wake of such an exhilarating activity, the rest of the day never really managed to reach the same heady heights. Talks on the Italian and Chinese languages were greeted with relative indifference, and only the abundance of origami frogs managed to lift the Japanese seminar above the mundane.

A notable achievement, however, was the performance of the boys in the "General Knowledge" quiz, hosted by a "Languages Guru" who turned out disappointingly not to be Malcolm Jones in a turban as many had hoped, but instead a rather more prosaic French woman who, despite Mr. Humphreys' best efforts, refused to converse in her native tongue.



► **THE GROUP WAS GREETED BY A PAIR OF RWANDAN WOMEN... INSISTING EVERYONE DON THE TRADITIONAL AFRICA ROBE**

► **THE STUDENTS WHO TOOK THE SHORT TRIP WERE, THOUGH WE SAY SO OURSELVES, A CREDIT TO THE SCHOOL AS ALWAYS— AND THANKS MUST BE GIVEN TO BOTH LEEDS MET AND OUT BELOVED MRS HUDSON FOR MAKING THE DAY POSSIBLE**

The lecturer who oversaw the activity confessed that the performance of the students bettered that of her 1st Year Undergraduates – some of whom were unable to locate France on a map – a testimony (our performance not theirs, that is) to the exceptionally high standards which our MFL Department maintains.

Indeed, our language skills were enough to earn the School a rather nice and thoroughly disproportionate trophy (later dropped by the one and only, and for the purposes of this article, mysterious RH) along with a DAB Radio capable of speaking almost as many languages as the aforementioned Herr Jones. Meanwhile, Mrs. Hudson's teaching ability was fittingly, if for no apparent reason, rewarded with a further piece of silverware, with which she would "start [her] trophy cabinet". Other proud winners included Oliver M^cKinney, Elliot Gray-Clough and Alan Beaumont, who were the delighted recipients of Leeds Met hoodies for their part in the swaying, yet elegant Rwandan showcase at the end (a thoroughly surreal experience), and the other school, who, in the spirit of the occasion, won a prize for losing.

year 13 german exchange

Working in an local electrical appliance shop was something which I have never done, nor ever will do again, particularly a German electrical appliance shop. Although there was a strict limit on how much language could be learnt whilst heaving fridges up and down narrow, everlasting staircases, the boss accommodatingly refrained from using Bavarian dialect for the entirety of my stay. I even got paid 20 Euros on my last working day, which would have been great had I not managed to lose the note within 10 minutes (upon discovering this I consoled myself with the fact that it only actually equated to being paid around 50 cents per hour).

Full immersion in Bavarian culture, including heavy-weight food and strong beer, was at times daunting for more than just the digestive system, but it was an absolute necessity; it would surely be a sin to visit such a distinctive part of the world and not experience it to the full.

All difficulties aside, I think it's safe to say that I had a much better time than any of the year 10s did, and than any of the poor souls left at school for the last week of half-term.

► **'FULL IMMERSION IN BAVARIAN CULTURE, INCLUDING HEAVY-WEIGHT FOOD AND STRONG BEER, WAS AT TIMES DAUNTING FOR THE DIGESTIVE SYSTEM, BUT IT WAS AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY'**



► **THE YEAR 10 GERMAN EXCHANGE**



latin departmental news

Latin has always played a large part in Ermysted's history. Despite being dubbed by many as a dead language, many students at Ermysted's continue to study it, and reach high levels of success. With 28 students opting to study Latin at GCSE at the beginning of 2007, it is obviously still an integral part of the school. Latin is still spoken in the Vatican City, and I don't think one can really say it is dead if people are still speaking it. A language does not necessarily have to be spoken, however. English, Spanish and French alphabets are all derived from Latin, and so the Latin alphabet is the most widely used in the world. Latin abbreviations are used everyday, such as *et cetera* (etc.), *id est* (i.e.), *exempli gratia* (e.g.), *post scriptum* (p.s.), *nota bene* (n.b.), *pro bono*, *inter alia*, *vice versa* and *mens sana in corpore sano* (a healthy mind in a healthy body).

Ms Constantine and Dr Meakin work hard to organise trips, competitions and conferences every year, and this was no exception. On 21st September 2007 Ms Constantine took eleven boys from Year 11 to Bath.

We visited the baths and saw various amazing artefacts. It was a thoroughly enjoyable and interesting experience, and an opportunity not to be turned down. Ms Constantine also organised a trip to Chester in January for Year 10. I have memories of marching through the streets of Chester shouting "Sin, sin, sin, dex, sin", just as we were going past the church! We had a good look around the museum, which was fascinating. I understand that Ms Constantine is trying to convert the trip to Chester into a trip to London, which, if it is like the rest of her trips, will be an excellent one. Ms Constantine also runs a trip to Athens/Rome and the next is scheduled for Spring 2010. I eagerly anticipate another enjoyable and educational holiday.

Latin is an ancient language with a vast history, and Latin teachers seem to teach until a ripe old age at Ermysted's too. In 1942 William Lloyd Jones started at Ermysted's as a pupil. After then leaving for Oxford University in 1950, he returned seven years later to begin his new post as Head of Latin.

► **'SHOUTING "SIN, SIN, SIN, DEX, SIN", JUST AS WE WERE GOING PAST THE CHURCH'**

He liked it so much that he didn't leave until his retirement 29 years later! He obviously enjoyed his time here and who can blame him? Mr Brendan P. A. Keane was much the same. Having started in January 1987, he was also unable to retire until Ms Constantine's arrival in 2002. He tried to leave in 2001, but due to the difficulty of finding a replacement, as Classics scholars are a rare commodity, he was persuaded to stay on an extra year. So, given that the previous two Latin teachers had a teaching career at Ermysted's spanning 46 years, Classics scholars must be some of the most dedicated of workers. I'm sure that we all hope Ms Constantine and Dr Meakin will stay around for a long time to come.



a day in the life of a classical civilisation student

Classical Civilisation – two words which often conjure up images of a drab, out-dated, irrelevant subject, the sort of subject associated with dusty, obsolete books, which haven't seen the light of day in years. This view could not be further from the truth.

Picture the scene: you are performing your own version of Homer's "Iliad" on stage in the hall, in front of your classmates. Miss Constantine is almost in tears, struck by the awe of the tragedy surrounding the hero's heart-rending death. The time then comes for the hero's father to take his son's corpse back inside the safe walls of Troy (or backstage behind a set of curtains, in our case) but the curtain operator, caught up in a daydream of taxing Latin declensions, no doubt, forgets to operate the pulley at the crucial moment! As the curtains are left embarrassingly open, the bereaved father is left to drag the dead body, which happens to be having an uncontrollable hysterical fit of laughter, foolishly around the stage looking for anywhere to hide it, whilst biding time for the pulley operator to come to his senses and fulfil his duty.

Instead of wallowing in his grief at his son's untimely death, the father, now palpably distraught by his predicament, is forced to focus his attention on the pulley operator and hiss insistently: "close the curtains!", whilst continuing to lug his son sheepishly around the stage. Finally, the pulley operator awakens from his reverie and realises his role in the play, whilst the audience and cast fall helplessly about in fits of laughter, ultimately transforming Greek tragedy into modern-day comedy!

But there's so much more than this to Classical Civilisation. If Miss Constantine is pleased with your lesson's performance, she may even treat you to a hot drink afterwards and engage in political debates! Joking aside, Classical Civilisation is a passionately taught subject and is thoroughly enjoyable for anyone with an interest in a culture which has greatly influenced our modern world. Miss Constantine's rousing delivery of lines from 'The Agamemnon' truly allows you to engage with the text and develop your understanding of the values of the ancient world.



► **‘FINALLY THE PULLEY OPERATOR AWAKENS FROM HIS REVERIE AND REALISES HIS ROLE IN THE PLAY, WHILST THE AUDIENCE AND CAST FALL HELPLESSLY ABOUT IN FITS OF LAUGHTER’**

Not to be overlooked is Miss Constantine’s in-depth knowledge of the subject, as well as her erudite grasp of Ancient Greek. The subject is not just fascinating; it is also highly relevant to today’s world, teaching analytical and writing skills –through the Greek playwrights’ sensational use of imagery and language.

Trips in the Classics Department are both numerous and somewhat exotic. I haven’t studied classical civilisation for a full term yet and, already, three trips have been organised – one of which, taking place in 2010, is a five day trip to Greece. A delightful respite from the miserable British summer and an attempt to rival the Geography Department’s trip to inject money into Iceland’s economy this term. At the time of writing, Greece still has its banking system intact.

However, don’t simply take my word for it, ask any Classical Civilisation student his opinion on the subject and I’m sure he’ll concur – Classical Civilisation is quite simply brilliant!

music departmental news

the big bands

The Junior Big Band

The band made a CD of their favourite tracks in June 2008. It also included an arrangement of Top Cat by its leading alto sax player, Michael Loy.

The recording was made on the morning of Speech Day and it is a huge credit to all the boys that we managed to finish before time. The Junior Big Band continues into the new academic year with some fresh faces and concerts to prepare for.

The Senior Big Band

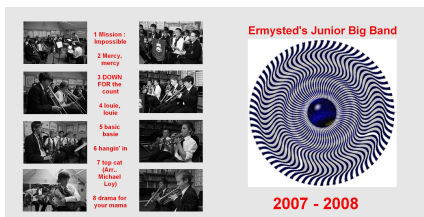
Gigs were far and wide with our first outing to St. Andrew's, Skipton. This was a special concert for Christian Aid and raised £860. It was a very inviting and welcoming venue, a veritable amphitheatre to non-conformism with its galleries housing the devastating trumpet section and other sections of the band all in perfect view of the assembled crowd. This first gig of the year is always well-attended, mostly by those who want to see if 'it's as good as last year's band'. It was, and is.

On the strength of our reception we are back at St. Andrew's in 2008 – see the concert diary at the end of this report.

Threshfield Lifeboat

In 2007 we paid our first visit to Grassington, invited to play for the Threshfield Lifeboat. For those not in the know (surely everyone knows about this quirky but ruthless fund-raising team?), it began as an April Fool's joke some years ago, a fake appeal for an inshore lifeboat for Threshfield. From then it has gathered momentum and raised over £6,500 for the RNLI, most of which went towards building Whitby's new lifeboat station.

After our first gig (for which we were awarded Honorary Membership of the Threshfield Lifeboat) we were more than happy to brave the hinterlands north of civilisation. When you get there you find a very warm audience and a grand little town hall stage. This year's concert raised over £800 for the brave lads and lasses of the RNLI.





Skipton Music Centre Big Band Festival

This was a jazz extravaganza organised by Skipton Music Centre. We were invited to take part, together with the Skipton Music Centre Big Band and the Harrogate Youth Jazz Orchestra. It was interesting to see how many of our pupils were in each or more than one of the bands there that night. The HYJO set was, as one might expect, advanced in both technical and harmonic demands. The ambitious Buddy Rich arrangement of 'West Side Story' proved a fitting and exciting conclusion. The novel boiler suits of HYJO proved thought-provoking. Any novel ideas for EGS Bands? Lederhosen?

In between there were our usual knockout final sets at the Christmas and Spring Concerts.

► **THE NOVEL
BOILER SUITS OF
HYJO PROVED
THOUGHT-
PROVOKING. ANY
NOVEL IDEAS FOR
EGS BANDS?
LEDERHOSEN?**

music departmental news

surface noise

The Combo began a year or two back and has developed into a much more flexible and adventurous ensemble – with two bass players we could tackle more varied styles. Many had remarked upon Sam Newbould's new-found dexterity and confidence in improvising. He emerged to show us all what he could do. A change or two of mouthpieces later (it really is important to get this right, some people just think it's a fad but it certainly isn't) and his achievements were there for all on 'Surface Noise'.

► 'FOLLOW TOM AND YOU WILL FIND A WEIRD TRAIL OF ELECTRONIC DETRITUS, MEMORY STICKS, PLECTRUMS, GUITAR STRINGS, CABLES, EMPTY MILK BOTTLES.'

"Listen mate, life has surface noise" - John Peel

1. Kendal Hill
2. Yardbird Suite
3. The Chicken
4. I Love You
5. Do Nuthin' Groovin' High
6. So What
7. Cute
8. Meditation
9. Child Is Born
10. Chameleon

Sam Newbould - Alto Sax
Arthur Phillips - Tenor Sax
Henry Phillips - Trumpet and Flugel
Paul Wilson - Piano
Tom Crapper - Guitar
Joel Stretch - Bass
Joel Stockton - Bass
Mark Parker - Drums
Special Guest - Malcolm Jones (Track 4)

Produced And Made in Yorkshire



But this was no one-man band, we were blessed with an extraordinary collection of musicians –

Arthur Phillips – Tenor Sax. Yet another member of the well-known Phillips dynasty. He blows an American Tenor and is probably veering towards cool rather than hot; nice! Listen for that lazybones 70s sound on the CD and you'll see what I mean.

Henry Phillips – Trumpet. The senior don of this notorious family, he blows a burnished brass mean machine. We all knew he was going places and, like Arthur, is one of the key players in the Harrogate Youth Jazz Orchestra. Actually, they have quite a few of our players. Not bad for Skipton don'tcha think?!

Paul Wilson – AKA shrimp. Paul has probably been too diverted by the construction of the Wilson Family Model Railway branch line to bother with anything else. We await the opening of this prestigious and important new branch line to Skipton. (We even learnt Count Basie's 'A Train' on the strength of the railway.....)

Mark Parker – You always take a risk with a drummer – they have some sort of different genetic make-up which causes them to lose a grip on reality. David Eells provided the kind of role model that Mark has now developed. Here is a drummer with intellect, martial arts skills, an expert in yoga and a penchant for the most disgusting drink ever made – green tea.

Mark is also one of the most eclectic musicians you will meet, specialising in new / old / fringe styles and he has shown a real liking for all of that great jazz / rock / world / fusion stuff that spewed out once everyone found out what a tabla was in the 70's.

Tom Crapper – The band equivalent of mass amnesia. I lent him my memory stick – what does he do? Lose it! Follow Tom and you will find a weird trail of electronic detritus, memory sticks, plectrums, guitar strings, cables, empty milk bottles.

What was amazing was that, on tour, he didn't get lost once (well, not that we knew about). He was on time every time and had a fabulous time.

Joel Stretch – Each new term we see an extra string on the Stretch Bass. Now down to a mere 6 String (I assume you have an extra finger ready to clone Joel?), he is Mr Bass at HYJO. Pick out Groovin' High from the CD and admire that absolutely dependable walking bass. In contrast, choose The Chicken or Chameleon – funny that, both these tracks are favourites of Joel but he's a vegetarian. Anyone explain that?

Joel Stockton – Apparently, or so I've been told, Joel's disorganisation and apparent disregard for any time zone is even worse than Tom's. I have perhaps been lucky to avoid this. I hear he still hasn't put his watch back since we crossed the channel last summer.

music departmental news

miscellaneous music news

We had our new singer for the year, the delightful and pearlescent Lucy Dunbar.

She cottoned on quick to what stage presence meant – glitz and glamour boys, something you don't know much about. Apparently some very sage advice was dispensed from the offices of SGHS and Lucy stepped up to the microphone at that first gig at St. Andrew's with the audience very much on her side. A knockout debut by any standard. Chris Greenwood was hopelessly outclassed in the glamour stakes with Lucy – more than made up for it with the offshoot band called...

Annual worries about boys not playing stringed instruments fade away as, each year, the string orchestra expands modestly. They performed over the year and took part in a competition, with compositions by Adam Sumnall and Oliver McKinney being played by the orchestra at Ermysted's in March.

Malcolm Jones made his Jazz debut on the obscure Ermysted's Jazz Label playing flute on track 4, yet another reason to buy the CD if you haven't already. They are getting in very short supply.

There is now a programme of music in assemblies with volunteers (including the staff maybe?) performing on alternate weeks to the lower school. On the other weeks we are reviving the ancient art of hymn-singing.

We aim to record all the Big Band concerts live this year and see if we can bring out that elusive EGS Big Band Live album.

Controversial new plans were outlined last week for a new Big Band to replace the old Combo format. Called, daringly, the Superband, it will consist of one player per part, as opposed to the Junior or Senior big bands. The decision was greeted with mixed enthusiasm from the members of the school music emporium. "It's just not right. I wanted to be in the combo," complained one budding pianist. "Shut up, Matthew. I like it," replied one reporter. "What?" said Arthur Phillips.

Review: Big Bands United

TO many concert-goers the idea of Skipton Music finishing its season with a Big Band Concert may have seemed a strange choice.

Not so judging by the reception given to Giggleswick Concert Band and Ermysted's Big Band last Friday night. Rarely has the Town Hall heard such high calibre music making - and with an average age of 15 to 16 it becomes even more astonishing. Giggleswick School under Laura Stott, opened with Count Basie's *Jumpin' at the Woodside* and this set the tone for an evening of varied repertoire, highly rhythmic playing and dynamic variety and balance between the ensemble and soloists.

There were many stars shining during the evening and Spencer Moran, the band's lead sax player, held the audience's breath with his expressive depth and control. Gig finished with *Respect* by Otis Redding which was a fitting sentiment for the bands and the evening.

After the interval Ermysted's Big Band played a programme of classics - Basie, Ellington, Gershwin, Cole Porter and other swing alumni which rattled the

CRAVEN ARTS SCENE



already fragile town hall ceiling.

A particular strength of the band is Henry Phillips (trumpet) who scorched many a riff through the enthralled patrons. Other soloists included Andrew Enzor (trombone) recently accepted into the National Youth Brass Band, Sam Newbold (alto sax) and Lois Mackley (tenor sax). The ensemble playing was tight and when playing *Combo-C Jam Blues* with their brilliant conductor/pianist Simon Gregory, they hit dizzying new heights.

Christine Reeday, the vocalist, shows promise as a name to remember. Her rendition of *Mr Zoot Suit* was astounding in its maturity and professionalism.

Skipton is indeed lucky to have this exciting band in town as it must be one of the best in Yorkshire, possibly the country.

David Miles

► 'REVIEW OF THE CURRENT BIG BAND - WE STOLE THE SHOW!'

► 'THE SUPERBAND WILL BECOME THE NEW ELITE, THE CRÈME DE LA CRÈME, THE OFFICIAL FACE OF THE SCHOOL'

It was felt that there were simply too many members in the two big bands (48 players, at the last count), and so this number had to be cut down - the initial plan of a mass cull was rejected. The Superband will become the new elite, the *crème de la crème*; the official face of the school. With complicated changeover plans including a legion band and disappearing artists it is a risky move, some think, on behalf of the Music department.

But seriously, this is a noble and courageous attempt to end the current overcrowding crisis. We must applaud Mr. Gregory for the effort put into the construction of this new musical project, and let's hope it pays off...

art departmental news

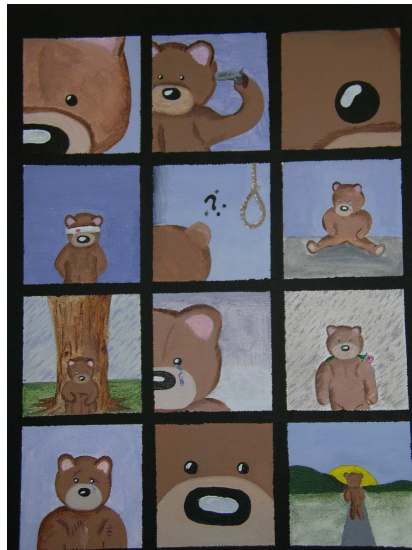
The art department continues to thrive, with students from Year 7 through to Year 13 producing work in an ever-expanding range of materials. Students in Year 9 have been considering recycling and how household rubbish can be used to produce artwork. Students in Year 8 have recently been concentrating on abstract art and how colour can be applied using a mixed media approach, and students in Year 7 have been developing work in monochrome, experimenting with line and tone.

GSCE students too have embraced the mixed media approach to artwork and the results, as will be evident at the end of year exhibition, are both challenging and exciting.

A-level students are now benefiting from an increase in display space, which is resulting in larger scale work being produced. Life drawing classes are being provided for the third year running and all exam students are profiting from trips to Tate Liverpool, Yorkshire Sculpture Park and, later in the year, a residential trip to London. These trips are providing excellent opportunities for students to observe the work of the world's best artists and craftspeople.

The department thanks students for their continued hard work and for their creativity and imagination.

► **THE DEPARTMENT THANKS STUDENTS FOR THEIR CONTINUED HARD WORK AND FOR THEIR CREATIVITY AND IMAGINATION.'**







► A-LEVEL ARTWORK





► **A- LEVEL ARTWORK
AND WALL DISPLAYS
– ‘THE ART WORK
BRIGHTENS UP THE
WALLS OF THE
CORRIDORS’**



- ▶ **THE PORTRAITS OF YEAR 8 PUPILS DECORATE THE ART ROOM, ALONG WITH COLOURFUL ABSTRACT FIGURE DRAWINGS**

drama

recent productions

Drama has always had a firm place in Ermysted's extra-curricular repertoire, and this year will be no exception. Overseen by Ms. Constantine, the drama scene is buzzing with excitement as numerous new productions get underway. I secured an audience with Ms. Constantine to learn what will be going on in the coming months, as well as to look back on the dramatic delights of the past year.

It is impossible to think about drama without thinking of Shakespeare. We have had great success with his works in the past, including Julius Caesar, Othello and last year's contemporary retelling of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'; produced in cooperation with SGHS. This year's 'Shakespeare in Schools' initiative will see a production of Hamlet due for release next year.

Written by Ermysted's pupils Dominic Kimberlin, Vahan Salorian and Thomas Bendall, *Theatro Diablo* is a musical collaboration with SGHS. Featuring "a musical within a musical, a love story, and a man selling his soul to the devil", I have been assured *TD* is the biggest dramatic undertaking the school has ever seen, and aims to outperform the successes of Electric Warrior when it is unveiled at the end of February.

Watched over by Joshua Ellis-Jones, the drama club gather in the hall on Monday lunchtime to demonstrate their prowess on the stage. Based largely on improvisation, and featuring many a joke at Josh's expense, the drama club form the backbone of the drama scene at Ermy's.

House drama

As ever, the lower school put on a fine display of dramatic finesse in the annual lower school House drama competition. Competition was stiff, but the overall winners were Ermysted with their play 'Cappucino Royale', a James Bond spoof starring James Dawson. The best actor award was presented to Michael Loy of Hartley.

Senior Drama

Last year saw the introduction of the senior drama contest. As with the lower school, it was encouraging to see a number of self-written plays, including the winning production: a tongue-in-cheek retelling of the Harry Potter series starring Dominic Kimberlin and Vahan Salorian.



► **'THE CAST OF OEDIPUS THE KING LINE UP, WHILE ONE DISTRESSED AUDIENCE MEMBER GOUGES OUT HIS OWN EYES.'**

Oedipus the King

Widely regarded as the greatest of the Greek tragedies, Oedipus the King is the sorrowful tale of the man destined to murder his father and marry his mother. Organised by the year 12 classics department, this open-air production was a great success, despite having been put together in just six weeks.

Der Schmierfink

Organised and filmed by an eager group of lower school pupils, and guest starring our very own Dr. Heron, 'The Graffiti Artist' was a short picture, filmed entirely in German, following the exploits, and eventual capture, of a mysterious 'Schmierfink'.

With an arsenal of theatrical productions underway, this year could well be the best year for drama the school has ever seen, and if you want to get involved, you know who to talk to.

a midsummer night's dream

A few of the chaps, old and young, were involved in the SGHS musical adaptation of Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream last year. It was a show using an excess amount of make-up (especially on the boys) and utilizing a light rig even more impressive than that of the Skipton Christmas lights! After we had walked up to the girls' school at least twice a week for around three months it was an amazing feeling to see the fruits of our combined efforts during the three performances, all of which were performed to a full house of over 200 people. Everything was fantastic – the band, the costumes, the direction and the interval ice creams– a huge thanks to everyone involved. However, I'm sure the EGS musical this year will be even more spectacular, and we shall be inviting the critics from the renowned Craven Herald to pass judgment on what will be the best show on earth.



economics departmental news

Economics Department News – Ben Cowley

Though the financiers in the City of London may have been losing their jobs, our economics lessons have suddenly become a lot livelier.

I loved the 15ish years of steady growth and increasing living standards as much as the next man, but the events of the past year have proved to be a rollercoaster of real-time topics to study. Since the collapse of Northern Rock last summer and the more recent ‘hyper-credit-crunch’, there has been an increasing amount of jeering at the news of stock-market rallies, sighs of relief when bailouts were passed and the attention of EGS economists has drifted away from the Times crossword, to be firmly fixated upon the business pages every morning.

Sadly there were no trips this year (the geography department refused outright to take us to Iceland however hard we pleaded), save a few summer work placements at

firms that the boys procured through their own efforts. These included varying amounts of time posing as stockbrokers, property investors and venture capitalists, amongst others.

All that awaits the small, yet formidable economics department at Ermysted’s is the receipt of university offers and the inevitable exam successes this summer in Years 12 and 13.



egs 1st xv rugby 2007-2008

Coming off the back of last season's Twickenham success the 2007-2008 squad had a hard act to follow.

Although in this season Ermysted's didn't run out at the hallowed turf, 2007-2008 squad had a very successful season. The appointment of captain went to the deserving Sam Tipping, who put in many sterling performances throughout the campaign.

This season saw the lads playing on a difficult circuit, playing against some of the top names in school rugby such as three times Daily Mail Cup finalists Barnard Castle. But the lads acquitted themselves well throughout the season, especially by defeating all other state schools in Yorkshire to surely earn themselves the title of 'best state school' in the White Rose County.

Matches of note were against South Craven where the first team set a new record by putting 109 points on the board. Another successful match albeit not a victory was against Sedbergh 2nd XV who were a well drilled, fast paced side, who enjoyed playing a fast expansive game. But the score of 10-26 was flattering on the Sedbergh side.

Ermysted's dominated many facets of the game, such as the set piece – and the back line pressed up well in defence, had mistakes that came about been prevented a very famous win would have been secured, but sadly that was not the case.

Disappointment was found in the local derby against Giggleswick where the 1st team put in what could only be described as a below par performance losing 7-28. They also got trounced by the far superior Barnard Castle side whose back line were superb and finished most of the chances put in their path.

In terms of the Daily Mail Cup they actually achieved more success because they went further in the main competition reaching Round 4; they finally succumbed to the well renowned rugby school, Stonyhurst College, losing 8-39.

So to sum up the 1st XV may not have matched the previous team's exploits down at HQ but they can be satisfied with their season; we will be hoping next season will bring further success.



Matches				Total Points	
Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
14	8	1	5	405	304

Opponent	Result	For	Against
Ripon Grammar	Won	50	5
Silcoates	Lost	16	33
South Craven	Won	109	5
Harrogate Grammar	Won	20	15
St Mary's Menston	Won	47	0
Crossley Heath	Won	27	13
Prince Henry's Grammar	Draw	14	14
Ripon Grammar	Won	29	24
Stonyhurst College	Lost	8	39
Giggleswick	Lost	7	28
Ashville College	Won	27	15
Sedbergh 2 nd	Lost	10	26
Craven College	Won	29	7
Barnard Castle	Lost	12	55

egsoc review

the orienteers 2007-2008

September signalled the start of the new season with a quick dash over the border to Clowbridge near Burnley. There were problems at passport control where 25 years of Lancashire-bashing by Mr Gill resulted in him almost being detained for Her Majesty's pleasure. Fortunately he was able to bluff his way through and a good time was had by all, running on a previously unvisited area. The following week saw a change of style as we tackled the flat forests around York at Allerthorpe Common. There were lots of brambles and scratches to show for our endeavours and the usual cry of "we are never coming here again". October was a quiet month as Mr Gill navigated his way around Bavaria on the Simbach exchange, but early November saw events at local favourites Danefield in Otley and Harlow Hill in Harrogate. A number of boys ran well, notably Andrew Merrell on the light green and Will Phillips and Chris Brown the orange.

► **'THE BOYS ACTUALLY SPENT MOST OF THEIR TIME LOOKING FOR A MISPLACED TEAM MEMBER WHO HAD ALMOST RUN OFF THE MAP AND ENDED UP IN THE MIDDLE OF NOTTINGHAM.'**

December saw the big junior event of the year, the Yvette Baker final, this year held at Normandy Park in Scunthorpe. We were whisked away by luxury coach to compete against Britain's best. Our club Airtiteers finished fourth overall and there were good contributions from Tom Convery, Stephen Bell, Robert Skilleter and Ben Gill.

The year ended at Longshaw near Sheffield at a big national event; a small but perfectly formed orienteering area near Newby Bridge. As always boys found the step up rather challenging so results were a tad disappointing. Probably the best result of the day was from driver and ageing geography teacher CMG who now found himself ranked in the top 25 in the country.

Next came a trip to Sherwood Forest with some controls located on "distinctive tree", which always sounds strange in a massive forest. Once again CMG stole the honours with 3rd place and his best ever result. The boys actually spent a lot of their time looking for a misplaced member of the club who had almost run off the map and ended up in the middle of Nottingham. He will remain nameless!!

March brought a local experience with a visit to the Valley of Desolation at Bolton Abbey, an area unused for orienteering for 25 years.

Most pleasing of all in the Lake District and thoroughly surprising, after 30 years and upward of 600 events, was a victory for CMG on the M55 Long course. Needless to say he kept quiet about it and didn't show the whole school his result on the new geography room interactive whiteboard!!

The season ended with a visit to Macclesfield Forest and a local event in the pouring rain at Shipley. Jonathan Snowdon, Cameron Whitwham and Matthew Brown took the honours on the orange course, with Chris Brown and Jonathan Landless doing well on the light green.

Junior colours were awarded to year 9 boys who had supported the club throughout the year, namely Cameron Whitwham, Tom Convery, Chris Brown, William Phillips and Jonathan Snowdon and to year 10 stalwart Robert Skilleter. A number of boys gained medals in the Aire club league for consistent performances throughout the year. BRONZE – Tom Hardie, Ben Gill and Jonathan Snowdon. SILVER – Tom Convery, Robert Skilleter, Jonathan Landless, Chris Brown and Cameron Whitwham. All in all another busy and rewarding season with many highlights.

The club continues to flourish as it and its leader head towards 25 years.

ski trip - tignes 2008

As we approached the Alps late on a Sunday evening in March, we were met by a terrific snow storm where the coach struggled up the narrow, winding mountain road which was becoming increasingly buried in fresh snow. Any anxiety at this point was worth it as, having dodged the snow ploughs, we eventually arrived in the resort and knew that the fresh falling snow would make for great skiing the next morning.

In contrast to the night before, we awoke to a bright blue sky. Everyone was excited about the first morning and breakfast was wolfed down. The teachers gave their usual reminder of what was needed for the day ahead and soon we were kitted out and off to meet our instructors.

Having been divided into our ability groups, the lifts creaked into action and we made our way up the mountain. No easing in to the week gently, on the very first run the top group shot off down the slope. Setting a fine example as a "member of staff", Mark Simpson hit some deep powder, came a cropper and lost a ski - never to be seen again. Thankfully it wasn't the longest trek back to the hotel for Simmo and, over the remainder of the week, we all got some good mileage in reminding him about it

(certainly more than that ski did for the rest of the season anyway!!)

Our hotel was in a brilliant location, right in the centre of town and just a short ski down the snow-covered pavement to the main ski lifts. The rooms were perhaps a little cramped (they always are) but the food was good, especially lunch, and there were good recreational areas too. The skiing was fantastic though and all the groups made excellent progress and skied for miles in the five hours of lessons per day. There was plenty of variety - speed, jumps and tumbles and even a slalom race as the week went on. The instructors were good fun too apart from the one who managed to lose his group one morning!

There was a full program of evening activities after each dinner. They ranged from indoor football in the adjoining sports centre to late-night bum-boarding plus a movie night and even a game of ten-pin bowling - all very competitive. The snow was so plentiful that most nights ended with a snowball fight.



► **BOYS ON THE
SNOWY SLOPES
OF THE RESORT**

**'THE SNOW WAS
SO PLENTIFUL
THAT MOST NIGHTS
ENDED WITH A
SNOWBALL FIGHT.'**

On the penultimate day another four feet of snow fell and this made for an exhilarating last day of skiing with many of us soon up to our waists in snow. Some burke lost another ski messing about on a lift but, luckily, there were no injuries over the week – just one blister and Simmo's pride!

We were hoping that with all that snow we might be stranded in resort for another week but no such luck. Those super-efficient snow ploughs had the road out of Tignes clear and we headed off to the airport. By contrast, the two centimeters of snow at Manchester airport had closed the place which meant that we would be stuck in Grenoble for a few hours and a delayed return home. UMMM – a lesson there somewhere!

Never mind – nothing could take away from our terrific week's skiing. Thanks go to Mr Footitt and the accompanying staff. We all look forward to the next one.



oxford university open day

After enduring schoolboy singsongs, inter-minibus rivalry and the intolerable scent of service station snacks for a whole five hours, the EGS convoy rolled into the leafy streets of north Oxford and began unloading the boys at their respective colleges. Once all had dumped their bags in their rooms and reviewed the following day's timetable, we proceeded to explore the city and gaze with awe at the University's architecture, which near rivals that of Ermysted's itself. Images of Brideshead Revisited fluttered in and out of everyone's head, as we impersonated 'toff' accents with glee. The second day of our trip consisted of more serious activities (after a hearty breakfast), such as attending numerous talks by lecturers and tutors, and attempting to choose between the colleges that are all as magnificent as each other. The bus trip back was slightly less eventful, though more songs were sung and further service station food consumed. The trip really did make the university appeal even more than it had beforehand, and all the boys are thankful to all the staff involved.

We also learnt some not so interesting facts about Oxford.

Throughout its history, Oxford's alumni have made a significant impact on every sphere of human activity. Among those who have studied or taught here are

- 25 British Prime Ministers
- 'At least' 25 world leaders
- 47 Nobel laureates
- 12 saints
- 6 kings
- 20 Archbishops of Canterbury
- 9 Olympic medal winners

Don't say they weren't trying to impress us.



cambridge university open day

CRUNCH! The ear-splitting sound of a punt colliding with several tonnes of stone as a certain M.Gregorius (name altered to prevent embarrassment) ploughed straight into the side of a nearby bridge. Admittedly not the best punters, the Ermysted's boys were undiscouraged – not least by the disappointing number of offers made last year, although it must be said Ermysted's proportionally outperforms its independent school peers, the students lured by the transcendent academia the university offers. Well, that or the low prices of the colleges bars – just £1.20 a pint in Sidney Sussex!

Yet punting was just one of many great moments in a fun-filled, somewhat exhausting trip. The Cambridge University open days attract scores of students every year, amongst the 'intellectual masses' were around twenty Ermysted's students, aiming to study a multitude of subjects ranging from Medicine to Modern and Medieval Languages. The students were taken down in two minibuses including the school's own executive travel.

I am of the firm belief my backside has changed shape permanently since the 4½ hour journey. As the convoy drove through Cambridge, we "Ooohh'd" at King's, "Ahhh'd" at Trinity and "Eughhh'd" at Churchill. Those stopping in St. John's enjoyed palatial en-suite rooms and televisions, while those of us not so lucky stayed in the prison-like Churchill, although it must be said it's far easier on the eye from the inside. The two days were spent in glorious weather and anyone in any doubts of applying was immediately won over by the proliferation of ice-cream shops close-by. Sadly, many of the colleges didn't provide an evening meal and consequently we were to be found sampling that culinary delight preferred by all students: the takeaway.

Despite sample lectures, subject talks and prospectuses galore, the lion's share of the time was spent trudging from college to college in a bid to aid the decision as to which to apply to. Billed as a "networking opportunity", the trip offered the prospect of discussing all things Cambridge. All in all, despite the sore feet and the increased chances of a cardiac arrest thanks to two days of junk food, a thoroughly enjoyable time was had by all.



► 'AT
ERMYSTED'S,
BUILDINGS
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STUDENTS
DO'



"BEFORE 1919."

building obituaries

At Ermysted's, buildings seem to come and go as frequently as the students do. Perhaps this is a shame, given the heritage and memories that these edifices harbour. However, students are inclined to suggest that without redevelopment and renewal, Ermysted's could not move forward in the 'leaps-and-bounds' fashion that has come to be commonplace among descriptions of the school's recent progression. We owe a lot, of course, to the recently-departed Mr. Ashworth, for setting the balls in motion, in construction or otherwise, that have been carried out over his tenure. Ask anyone concerned with Ermysted's, and they will be more than happy to point out Mr. Ashworth's gritty determination to clinch huge grants, without which the facilities that we take for granted would still be barely pipedreams. So, tribute concluded. Now I'm going to allow myself a little time and thought to appreciate all that has gone before in the bricks and mortar at Ermysted's.

As the more mature students at Ermysted's, we remember a time before glamorous new English and Design Technology buildings, and prior to canteens that masqueraded as pretentious, lah-dee-dah refectories. We recall a time when the canteen represented all the reality of the word's possibly-pejorative connotations, and before music classes were central-heated affairs. Perhaps this era should be heralded as the 'good ol' days', but I'd be sadly misguided. However, allow me to reminisce...



building obituaries

the music san

Building Obituaries – Tom Swain

Back in the olden days, classroom names were utterly un-descriptive and unhelpful. On a daily basis, we were forced to contend with APLs and SBLs, a task more than taxing for any still-wet-behind-the-ears Year 7. We were told it helped with problem solving and orientation skills, which it may have done, but it was not in the slightest bit fun. Anyway, I digress. To this day, the SAN remains a memory of an overly large shed burdened with three letters that must have been selected with a blind bash of the typewriter. Of course, Ermystedian mythology offers numerous explanations for the name, but none of these are really a credible supposition. Alas, it will no doubt remain a mystery for eternity, I feel.

Bizarre name aside, the SAN was a haven of musicality and a retreat for out-of-retirement keyboards. I recall that end of year assessments took the form of reciting a keyboard symphony in a duet with an adopted friend in a room that could well have been an understairs cupboard.

Needless to say, it was cold, even in the height of the '03 summer; but cold fingers mean poor blood circulation, and that leads to a distinct lack of dexterity, thus amounting to a chronic inability to play any meaningful chords on an instrument that was by no means my forte (excuse the pun).

This was especially the case in the cupboard-come-recording studio, where the nerves of being assessed in something where you lacked any measurable proficiency coupled with frostbitten fingers led to an unforgiving minefield of mistakes, slips and general embarrassment in front of the supremely talented Mr. Gregory.

This humiliation was duly compounded when Mr. Gregory played back each recording, with the red flashing LED display of the sound system admitting the names of the sorry offenders to the entirety of the on looking class, condemning the culprits to a life of knowing glances and sniggering comments...not that I've even been convicted of such a heinous act myself.



building obituaries

the old canteen

Lunchtime used to be a time to savour, a time to look forward to, a time to enjoy. The canteen was an oasis of tasty but altogether questionable menu choices, with prices that would be murdered for in the current Credit Crunch climate. One could purchase a two-course meal for a few pence shy of one pound, or if one was feeling particularly affluent then a third course could be added for pittance. Of course, the cost of an incredible multi-million pound building didn't have to be accounted for in the prices back in those days, so I guess that the premium that is charged nowadays isn't without reason.

The real fun in the Old Canteen started when it came to Christmas, when the enthusiastic catering staff dressed the interior up with red and green tinsel, and a small artificial tree that had probably seen far better days. Still, it was a reminder that the annual Christmas Dinner was looming, so we'd better get ready to fill our boots with food when that famous day came. Christmas Dinner at school was always like the confirmation that Christmas was coming, and that in a week or two's time, we'd be unwrapping

the presents from under our own sorry-looking artificial Christmas trees. Christmas wasn't the only tradition that was mercilessly enforced in the Old Canteen. Fish Fridays were nearly as sacred as the Baby Jesus, whilst the other menu choices rotated like clockwork. On occasions, a predictable canteen menu is a godsend; believe me. Nowadays, we're subjected to a changeable array of cosmopolitan, multi-national dishes, ranging from Hungarian delicacies to proper British grub, depending on the day of the week and the weather outside. The Old Canteen was demolished discreetly one afternoon, presumably kept so quiet as not to catch the attention of us sentimentally attached boys. We would've chained ourselves to the rusty drainpipes if it meant keeping the Old Canteen for just a bit longer. Oh well, water under the bridge.



building obituaries

the cricket pavilion

Building Obituaries – Tome Swain

In all honesty, it was never really a credible place to host a cricket meeting at any point in my school career. It sat atop its drumlin with all the grace of Peter Kay doing the Riverdance, and was about as safe as a bed of nails. There was little natural light within, so the changing rooms were illuminated by striplights sourced from a 1960s underground horror film. The fact remains, though, that the Pavilion was one of the most important buildings to the school's sporting success, at least in the area of cricket, and by this merit deserves the acknowledgement of having served its purpose.

The dilapidated building was torn down on the orders of Health and Safety. For the same reasons, the doors were padlocked for a good number of months prior to its demolition, so it has been off-limits to any Ermysted student who has been admitted in the recent few years. However, it is best remembered by a picture from afar, and one that is such that its flaws seen in close proximity aren't revealed.

- ▶ **'HOWEVER, IT IS BEST REMEMBERED BY A PICTURE FROM AFAR, AND ONE THAT IS SUCH THAT ITS FLAWS SEEN IN CLOSE PROXIMITY AREN'T REVEALED.'**
-



building obituaries

honourable mentions

There used to be a single garage at the top of the small drive in the year of 2002. Presumably it was disused, but it provided a nice feeling of homeliness whilst it was there. I doubt many students even remember it now, though I've been told Mr. Gill used to park his car inside it to keep it away from the sticky digits of the Ermysted boys.

Though it isn't a building per sé, the car park where the 'Men Pen' has more recently resided is worthy of a nod. No one could quite understand why the council objected to a sandy gravel car park filled with all manner of vehicular transportation, slapped unceremoniously in the middle of Ermysted's front lawns.

The Arch was a wonderful piece of masonry in its day. I'm actually talking about the Arch that was at the top of steps next to the entrance to the Music Department as it is now, not the 'proper' Arch at the top of the drive. Still, the Arch was a great place for scrimmages as it created a bottleneck for many hundreds of students wishing to pass under its brickwork in as short a time as possible.

My next address is an area of contention, to say the least. Although it gave way to shiny new RS rooms, the Sixth Form Common Room was the source of much speculation and story telling when we were in our Ermystedian infancy. Anyone who exited through the massive wooden doors was equally as large, with their loose top buttons and barely-tucked in shirts. We aspired to be like them, but we were never given the opportunity. Shame.



► JAMES MAY VISITS SCHOOL



► SPORTS ACTIVITIES ARE PROVIDED FOR PUPILS AND STAFF ALIKE!

a final word

A Final Word – Tom Swain

This year's Ermysted's Chronicles have been something of a revolution in the school's history, what with the new format, new team of contributors and new approach. On that note, we certainly hope that you've enjoyed thumbing hastily through this original Ermysted publication.

Our main aim was to get rid of the stigma that was often attached to the former format of the Chronicles. We wanted to move beyond the traditional grammar school feel while still maintaining every last sinew of pride in what we are. Incidentally, we feel that we've succeeded in doing this.

For the fantastic new design and colour set, we have to thank Jonathan Green. We're all extremely happy with the way that it's all turned out. Without his contemporary, avant-garde design inspirations, the Chronicles that you are now reading would surely have been a minefield of sickly hues and questionable colour contrasts. Fortunately for both yourselves and, moreover, us, the Chronicles have turned out to be a compact publication that any self-respecting art design student would be happy with.

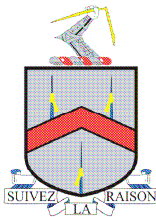
However, it's all very well and good saying that the all-new Chronicles look pretty and visually gratifying, but the real acid test is when it comes to what's inside.

Though we can't be judges of this ourselves on account of bias, we're fairly confident that what we've produced is fit for purpose. For the words, we have to thank an all but endless list of names; at the outset of this project, we strove to enlist the proverbial *crème de la crème*, the boys whose writing abilities would complement the heady heights that we wanted the Ermysted's Chronicles to reach. We found them, and with them came a salvo of perfectly aimed, judiciously written articles with which we could construct the finished piece. Thanks go out to every single one of the boys and teaching staff who contributed.

Though the new-look edition of the Ermysted's Chronicles has been a significant departure from the old Chronicles, we have tried to keep the proud sentiments that operated previously.

We hope that both these proud overtones and the dedication to quality conveyed in each article have made you, the reader, aware of the effort and work that was put into the making of these Chronicles.

Whether you're an interested parent, or rather uninterested pupil, the Chronicles team hopes that these Ermysted's Chronicles have been a metaphorical breath of fresh air. We wish next year's top writers the best of luck in surpassing the effort and product here.



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