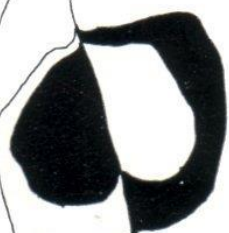
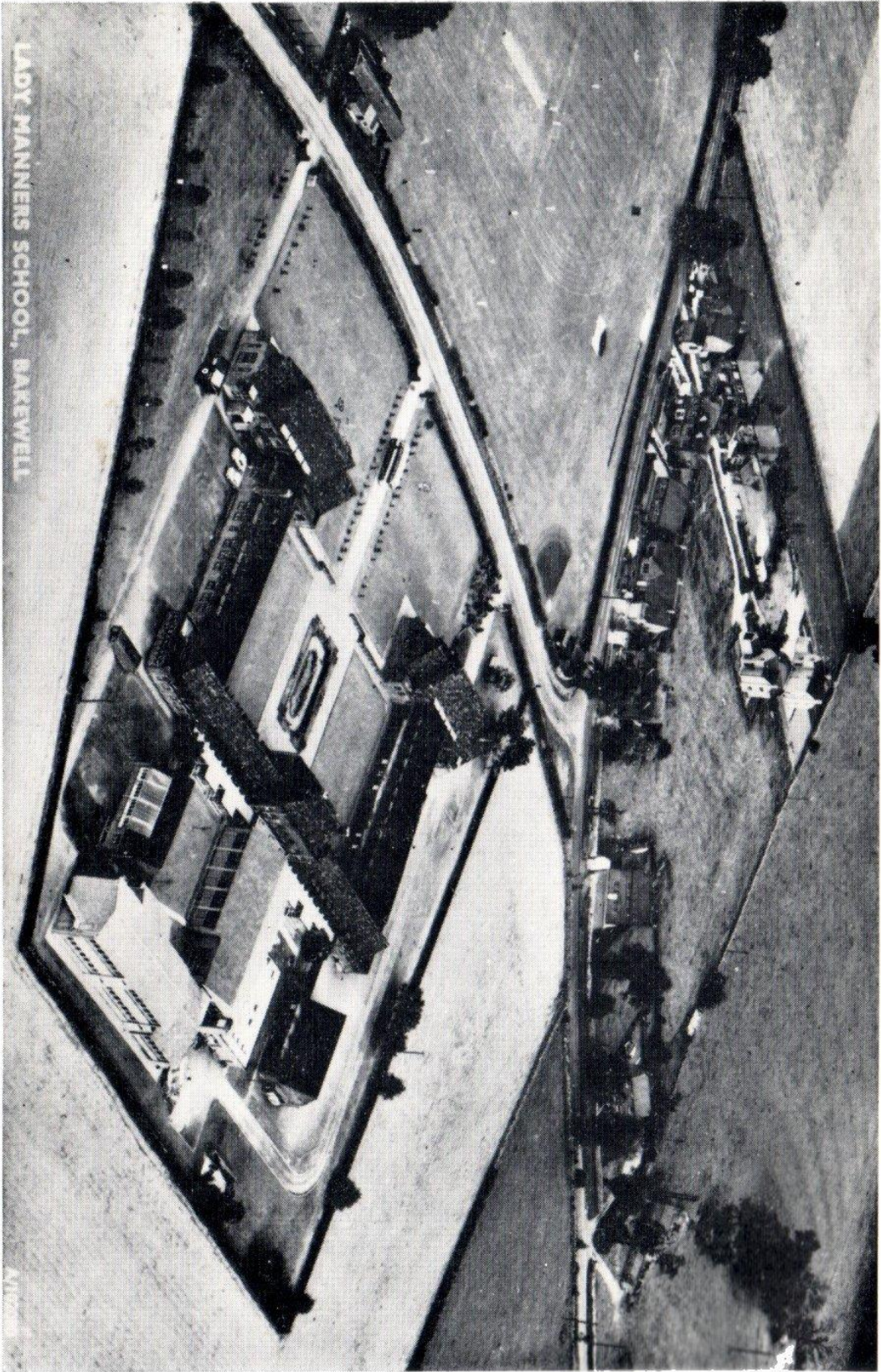


**THE
PEWIK**



**POUR
PROMINER**



School before "comprehensive" extensions are added.

Photo : Aerofilms and Aero Pictorial Ltd.

The Peacock

Headmaster : R. D. Kitchen, M.Sc.

Senior Mistress : Mrs. G. Wraith, M.A., B.A.

Senior Master : M. Bridge, M.A., B.Sc.

Boarding House Master : P. G. Hogg, P.E. Dip. (Carnegie).

Head Boy : Wood, N.

Deputy : Kent, S.

Head Girl : J. White.

Deputy : J. Atchison.

Staff : A. M. Bandey, B.A., L.R.A.M., Mrs. A. Banks, B.A., R. J. H. Corkhill, B.A., D. B. Crapper, B.Sc., E. R. Day, M.A., B.A., J. C. Dewey, M.A., R. A. Dudley, B.Sc., W. K. Farrimond, B.A., D. Gregory, B.Sc., Miss M. J. Griffith, P.E. Dip., J. Harvey, M.I.D.E., Miss J. McWilliam, B.A., J. H. Marsh, B.Sc., Mrs. Morgan, B.Sc., T. H. Mosley, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., A.R., MAN.C.M., C. Mottram, B.Sc., D. R. Mower, City & Guilds of London Institute, Mrs. P. J. Munday, B.A., J. D. Powell, B.A., Miss M. D. Schofield, B.A., A. Shooter, M.A., Miss E. Short, DIP. A.D., Miss M. J. Smith, M.A., B.A., Mrs. S. C. Smith, A.R.C.M., G.R.S.M., A. J. Sturman, B.Sc., Mrs. K. Tatham, B.A., T. M. Vessey, B.A., M.A., Miss A. M. Walkey, B.Sc., K. T. Walsh, Cert. Adv. Maths. (Liverpool), I. L. Weatherley, B.Sc., D. M. Wilkie, B.Sc., M.Sc., P. W. Woolley, A.T.D., A.I.A.L., Miss C. Wragg, B.A.

Visiting Staff : Mrs. A. D. Day, Miss H. Lomas, G.R.M.C.M., F. Bagshaw, W. D. Goodall, L. Pawson.

Foreign Language Assistants : Madame A. Coatval, Herr R. Papst.

Magazine Committee : G. Rhodes, A. Roose, Bancroft, D. J., Latham, C., Miss C. Wragg, Mr. E. R. Day.

Business Manager : Mr. J. Dewey.

THE MAGAZINE OF LADY MANNERS SCHOOL,
BAKEWELL, 1970-71.

EDITORIAL

THE CHANGING CHARACTER OF THE SIXTH FORM

The two years in the Sixth Form have always been regarded as being to some degree separate from the time spent up to the Fifth Form. This view, probably in the main attributable to considerations about leaving or not at the end of the fifth year, gives me the liberty to treat the Sixth Form as a somewhat distinct group. The present Sixth is radically different from its counterpart of as little as 10 years ago.

There is now, in the Upper Sixth, the highest membership for that year since the present academic system began. The increase in numbers has not, however, resulted in a proportional growth in the number of prospective university entrants over other years. The Polytechnics and Technical Colleges are taking an increasing quota of leavers after "A"—levels, but some students take the "A"—level courses with little thought of immediate further education afterwards.

The above trends indicate an apparently natural movement towards the comprehensive system of education; students of a wider ability range are tasting the flavour of sixth form education. Also related is the broadening of the academic range with the introduction of an examination of lower standard than the present G.C.E. when the C.S.E. and G.C.E. unify to give a universal qualification exam. There is also the long term proposal for an examination system in which almost everyone stays at school for the first qualifying examination taken at 16 or 17. It is surprising that there is a drift towards implementing future general education policies well before their formal introduction in new examination syllabuses.

Some people may not know the meaning of the word "education". Now I don't know whether a Grade 6 Latin "O" level entitles me to be doctrinal, but I understand "educere" means to draw out. In the Sixth, there is more opportunity for the "drawing out" to occur with staff taking a more advisory, more tutorial role than previously. There should be more "drawing out" than "forcing in".

The Sixth is the showpiece of the school. The good name of the school depends, we are told, on games and academic achievements (and the length of boys' hair) all of which are largely determined by the actions, attitudes and recognisable aspirations of the Sixth formers. However, the basic idea is to use the school for the benefit of the student. Whatever changes occur in the field of education let us hope that they are wholly in the interest of the physical, mental and spiritual well-being of the student.

Bancroft, D. J., Lower VI.

SCHOOL NOTES 1970-71

In all the ferment of activity that has surrounded the School during the last 12 months it was inevitable that many a dusty corner should have been disturbed and things brought to light that might otherwise have been forgotten. One such item was a faded copy of the Lady Manners School Song, words by Archdeacon Westcott and music by Natalie Davenport. The writer refers to the fact that "good King George holds sway" and both music and words have all the panache of the pre 1914-18 era. We imagine therefore that there must be some Old Mannerians who remember it well; although enquiries of several so far have yielded no further information. The words go on to refer to the new look of the school at that time in that

"We see a vision strange
The school that was has had its day,
Behold ! a wondrous change"

The wondrous change was no more than the fact that there were "lads and lasses, too" within the establishment that Lady Grace founded for male children only. We might still see a "wondrous change"; but whether "the school that was has had its day" is a matter of opinion. Be that as it may ! — you will have gathered by now that the main theme for this edition of School Notes concerns the changes going on within our midst and circling us round.

First, however, a warm welcome to new members of staff. The Autumn Term saw the arrival of Mrs. A. M. Banks (English), Mr. J. Harvey (Physics), Mrs. P. J. Munday (English and German), Miss E. Short (Art), Mr. K. T. Walsh and Mr. D. M. Wilkie, both to teach Mathematics. Miss Short arrived in the first place to take over temporarily Mr. Woolley's work whilst he was away for a term on a course, but subsequently stayed on with Mr. Woolley to form the nucleus of what must eventually be a considerably enlarged Craft Department from 1972 onwards. At the same time Mrs. Wilkie struck a bad patch of health and was absent off and on for a considerable time. There being little sign of improvement, on medical advice she eventually decided to leave the profession for the time being and Mr. Vessey who at first joined us as a "stop gap" became a permanent member of the Maths. Department. Our best wishes for Mrs. Wilkie's ultimate recovery and sympathy for Mr. Wilkie during a very trying period of their early married life.

We referred in the last magazine to the fact that the playing field was the first casualty in the "blitzkrieg" that engulfed us all. No sooner had we drawn the stumps for the last time in the

summer of 1970 than the diggers and bulldozers moved in and ripped the field to pieces. And so it lay, torn, devastated and fallow, during the whole of the year. Away fixtures in Rugby and Hockey were maintained but there was little hope at home. Eventually it was possible to arrange a minimal amount of practice on improvised pitches near to Highfields School and our thanks go to Miss Jardine and her Staff for their co-operation during this difficult period. As the year progressed and the red marl playing area took shape and the long promised hard tennis courts became a reality the situation eased a little. The Summer Term saw the boys playing cricket around the sacred square belonging to the Bakewell Town Cricket Club in the Park and again we record our appreciation of help in time of need. Finally it was possible to arrange a somewhat truncated Sports Day using the Highfields playing fields and incorporating a team drawn from the girls of that school. It was entirely fitting under such circumstances that the Highfields team should be the winners in the girls' events on what proved to be a very pleasant and sunny afternoon.

Meanwhile the buildings themselves were undergoing vast changes. In addition to strange faces in the Staff Room, we had to get used to a change in the Staff Room itself. During the summer holidays the two old Staff Rooms and the Stationery Room had been knocked into one large room to accommodate the considerably bigger staff anticipated in a year's time. Rooms 6 and 7 had been badly mauled and although they carried on during the Autumn Term as classrooms they eventually became a temporary Stationery Room and a Staff Work Room (comments from a wisecracker in the Fourth—"What a nerve! they never do any work—what do they want a Work Room for? etc.") Nevertheless, later in the year members of staff were to be seen carrying all the paraphernalia of work down the staircase and along the corridor, dribbling rulers, biros and wisps of paper as they went, to instal their working selves in the new quarters. The more cynical brethren in the Sixth maintained that it was not work at all but a continuous Bingo session and Solo school that went on behind the frosted glass that screened the interior from the eyes of the vulgar mob outside.

And what of the room upstairs now referred to as the Staff Lounge? The initial change in size and shape was but the beginning of a metamorphosis that went on continuously through the year as decorations, fittings, furnishings all responded to the wildest dreams of planners down at County Offices. Armchairs long-saturated with pipe smoke and moulded perfectly to the bonier parts of the lower anatomy of particular members of staff disappeared and newer monstrosities took their place. Fosdyke almost died on the spot when he realised that his favourite drab, grease-lined chair, the cocoon that had soothed him into slumber during so many free periods, was no more. It was only the philosophical outlook born

of many years of combating change that enabled him to set about the job of contouring another chair by systematic snoozing till it became the very negative of his own most positive nether parts. "I'll just about lick it into shape by the time the pension comes along," thought he, a little ruefully.

To replace the lost classrooms two new classrooms were brought into use—Rooms 4A and 11A attached to the Art and Woodwork rooms respectively. The builders had pushed ahead with these so that they were decorated and ready for use in the Spring Term.

The downstairs Biology laboratory had been shorn of some of its space to continue the corridor alongside the neighbouring Chemistry laboratory through to the rear of Room 18—part of the new plan of general circulation. This cramped the style of the Biologists during most of the year. But once the new greenhouse had been completed and brought into use work began on the job of incorporating the old greenhouse into the existing laboratory to restore lost floor space and this should be completed ready for the Autumn Term of 1971. All very trying for those who had to work and teach whilst all this was going on about their ears. So much so that when fire broke out one Friday afternoon in the store-room between the laboratories concerned, many thought that the more enterprising members of the Science staff had decided to end it all in smoke and flame. Subsequent investigation revealed however that there was no question of arson—merely an over-zealous piece of experimentation with a pseudo petrol bomb that temporarily got out of hand.

The other significant changes in the existing building were the final complete glassing-in of all the corridors and structural alterations to Rooms 8 and 9. These will ultimately become the new Medical Room—a much needed improvement—and Careers Room. At the moment of going to press the old Office stands gaunt and empty and the Office Staff are busy attempting to settle into their new quarters in the old Room 7 ready for the beginning of the Autumn Term, 1971.

Needless to say, all the new parts of the building came on by leaps and bounds. The mild winter helped in this respect and the shell was completed without a hitch, weatherwise, and the shape of things to come rose quickly before our eyes. The Sixth Form Block advanced so rapidly that hopes rose of being able to use it before September 1972; and a committee of existing Sixth Formers was brought into being to discuss the whole question of its use and the relationship of the future Sixth to the rest of the school in general. The Sports Hall and the huge quadrangle incorporating the new laboratories, Lecture Theatre, Workshops, Craft and

Housecraft Departments etc. is fast nearing completion and, dominating the whole scene, the sixty-foot chimney of the new power house to keep the whole place warm.

Well, there's a fairly complete chronicle of the changes to date. We've left the recording of the day to day activities throughout the year to the several scribes who have been pressganged into dealing with them and have faithfully completed their job on other pages. At the end of the Summer Term we said goodbye to Miss Walkey who left us to take up an appointment in the Chemistry Department of a girls' school near to Gloucester—we wish her well in her new life nearer to her home. The two foreign language assistants who had been with us during the year, Mme. Coatval (French) and Herr Pabst (German) also said goodbye and returned to their respective countries. One temporary change affecting the Staff but not noticed at the time concerns Mr. Dudley. We shall be without his expert guidance in the Geography Department and be the poorer when we miss his subtle sense of humour and rapier-like thrusts in devastating argument. This is only a temporary loss, however — he will be away for a year on a course at Sheffield University and (we hope) will be with us again in time for the grand melee in September 1972. Lastly, Mr. Mottram, who had been ill for some time during the final weeks of the Summer Term, recovered in time to get married to Miss Barham in the early weeks of the holiday. We feel sure they will be happy in their new life together.

One final postscript. Many Old Mannerians will already know of the death of Alan Stuart McWilliam, M.B.E., B.Sc., sometime Head of Science and Deputy Head of Lady Manners, a lifelong worker for the Young Farmers Movement at local and national level and an inspired teacher of Biology. After a long and full retirement—he was acting as Chairman of a meeting in London when he was taken ill only a day or two before he died—on a peaceful, bright February afternoon he was laid to rest alongside his wife in the lovely churchyard of Kimbolton Church in the heart of Herefordshire, the county they both knew and loved so well. As we stood there beside the open grave we thought of that previous February afternoon when Miss Wheeler was buried near the chapel at Little Longstone—another sunny afternoon but one in which sun slowly gave place to wisps of snow as blue changed to grey and Longstone Edge was lost from view. Was this the end of it all then, when the tumult and the shouting were over?

No! This time the sun shone endlessly; and, like a reminder of eternity basking in its warmth, the first primrose was in the grass.

SPEECH DAY 1971

This year the Reverend R. Parker gave the sermon at the Commemoration Service. He stressed the need for quiet reflection in the rat-race of our "two thousand c.c. society". He drew his moral from the well known text that there is a time for everything in this world and he pointed out that there should also be a time to stop and stare. He warned us that action is not always a virtue and that we may by too much activity become, as he so humorously suggested, like Brer Rabbit who never achieved anything.

We were addressed in the afternoon by an Old Mannerian, Professor Broadbent, now Head of Department of Biological Sciences in the University of Bath. He recounted some entertaining anecdotes of his life at school and also how at that time many subjects were taught with an agricultural bias. From the past he went on to talk about our future in society and the myriad problems we should have to contend with, such as pollution. But his speech was optimistic in tone and he encouraged us by saying that there were always difficulties in every age and he stifled our doubts by his assurances that the cynics, who try to degrade our country and our generation are mistaken. He ended on an unconventional note by commiserating with the staff on their unfortunate lot in teaching us and asked the headmaster to grant them a day's holiday.

ACADEMIC YEAR 1970/71

FORM PRIZES

First Forms :	1X Hannan, A. M.; S. L. Hollands. 1Y P. J. White; Mastin, L. K. 1Z Wilshaw, B. P.; Robinson, G. B.
Second Forms :	2X J. M. Wedderspoon; J. C. Knuckey; Oldfield, B. P. 2Y S. P. Harris; J. M. Bunting; A. T. Leaker. 2Z V. M. Nelson; G. M. Blakeway; H. C. Goodman.
Third Forms :	3X Banton, A. J.; Finch, A. W. 3Y P. J. Wardle; M. Oldfield; Wordingham, J. R. 3Z Jones, C. N.; J. A. Woodward; M. A. Frost.
Fourth Forms :	4X I. A. Rawson; Marston, P. D. 4Y P. A. Grayson; E. M. White. 4Z Crossland, D. G.; I. M. Needham.
Fifth Forms :	C. M. Andrew; J. R. Atchison; J. Ayers; H. Bacon; S. F. Bartlett; A. R. Bevan; Blakeway, S. J.; L. E. Bradley; Daniel, M. C.; Darley, J. C.; S. A. Fallows; Furness, S. W.; M. A. Franks; Goulder, J. S.; Greaves, J. R.; Hills, M. N. D.; K. A. Hollis; Holmes, M. R.; M. A. Huns; Leaker, B. R.; J. Linley; Lloyd, J. L.; J. Lomas; McGregor, I. F.; K. A. McWhirter; W. J. Price; P. U. Raines; M. Sampson; W. C. Sargent; V. Ward; O. M. Wilson.
Sixth Form :	English : H. M. Wild General Studies : E. J. Barron Geography : B. H. Greenhalgh Economics : J. C. Atchison Scripture Knowledge : H. M. Wild German : L. M. Holling Mathematics : Rotherham, C. A Further Mathematics : Wood, N. Physics : Miles, J. Q. Chemistry : Holmes, J.

ENDOWED PRIZES

Devonshire Prize :	J. White; Wood, N.
Parents' Association Prize :	J. C. Atchison; Kent, S. W.
Rutland Prize :	J. C. Atchison; Holmes, J. Wood, N.
O.M.'s Prize for Public Spirit :	Meehan, C. F.
O.M.'s Prize for Rugby :	Kent, S. W.
Harvey Prize for Cricket :	Gladwin, A.
Barker Memorial Essay Prize :	J. C. Atchison
H.C.B. Bowles Prize for Bible Reading :	L. Ambrey
Allsop Memorial Prize for Domestic Sc. :	H. M. Phillips
Allsop Memorial Prize for Woodwork :	McGregor, I. F.
Special History Prize :	J. C. Atchison
Prize for Distinction in French Studies :	L. M. Holling
Cockerton Prize for Mathematics :	Day, P. E.

SPECIAL PRIZES

Art Prize :	G. Rhodes
Music Prize :	Shimwell, S. A.

TROPHIES

Todd Memorial Rugby Cup :	Glossop House
Hockey Cup :	Glossop House, Barker House
Harvey Cricket Cup :	Taylor House
Cockerton Tennis Cup :	Houses equally matched
Tidmarsh Sports Cup :	Glossop House
Cross Country Cup :	Barker House
Wrench Shield :	Glossop House
Harvey Academic Shield :	Glossop House

PUPILS TAKING FURTHER EDUCATION COURSES

i.e. Beyond Advanced Level

L. Ambrey	The College of St. Matthias, Bristol	Economics
J. C. Atchison	University of Manchester	Business Studies
Beeley, N. L.	Teesside Polytechnic	
S. A. G. Bramall	Elizabeth Gaskell College of Education, Manchester	
Broomhead, N. M.	Matlock College of Education	
Colgrave, T. J.	University of Birmingham	Psychology
S. J. Dalton	Homerton College, Cambridge	
Elliott, C.	Sunderland Polytechnic	Mathematics & Geology
G. Elliott	Rachel McMillan College of Education, London	
B. H. Greenhalgh	University of Newcastle upon Tyne	Geography
R. M. Hawley	University of Manchester	Sociology
Holmes, J.	University of Hull	Mathematics & Chemistry
S. A. Holden	Salford Technical College	Home Economics
L. M. Holling	University of Manchester	Modern Languages
Horsfall, A. J.	Hollings College, Manchester	Hotel Management
Kent, S. W.	University of Leeds	Civil Engineering
Knowles, P.	Huddersfield Polytechnic	Engineering & Marketing
Meehan, C. F.	St. John's College, York	
Miles, J. Q.	University College, London	Electrical Engineering
J. L. Pinder	University College, Cardiff	Statistics
Shimwell, S. A.	Guildhall School of Music and Drama, London	Music
J. E. Truman	Portsmouth Polytechnic	Sociology
H. M. Wild	University College of North Wales, Bangor	English
E. A. Wilson	Didsbury College of Education, Manchester	
L. Withers	University of Newcastle upon Tyne	Botany
Wood, N.	Jesus College, Cambridge	Mathematics

OLD MANNERIANS' ACADEMIC HONOURS 1971

J. W. Bloxham	B.Sc.I (London)	Civil Engineering
E. S. E. Davies	Diploma in Librarianship (Aberystwyth)	
R. Eaton	B.A.II (Manchester)	Drama & English
J. D. Else	B.Sc.(Agric.) II ii (Nottingham)	Agriculture
C. Fletcher nec Bardsley	B.A. (Manchester)	Psychology
E. Hall	B.A. (London)	English
L. M. Holliday	B.Sc.I (Sheffield)	Chemistry
C. Knowles	B.Sc.II (Wales)	Biochemistry & Soil Science
C. A. Matheson	B.A.II ii (Liverpool)	Music
C. N. Middleton	B.A.III (London)	Law
D. T. Onac	B.Sc.II ii (London)	Physics
E. Parkes	B.Sc.I (U.M.I.S.T.)	Optthalmic Optics
R. J. Ramsden	B.Sc.I (Sheffield)	Mechanical Engineering
A. M. Rylands	B.A.III (Cantab)	Oriental Languages
F. W. Smith	B.Sc.II i (London)	Mechanical Engineering
C. D. Spink	B.Sc. (Tech) I (Sheffield)	Chemical Engineering & Fuel Technology
P. Spokes	B.D.S. (Dundee)	Dentistry
L. A. Taylor, B.Sc. nec Shooter	B.A.II ii (Sheffield)	Psychology

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION ADVANCED LEVEL RESULTS - SUMMER 1971

UPPER SIXTH

Beeley, N. L.	G.S.,H.,G.	Knowles, P.	G.S.,P.
Bradwell, T.	G.S.	Meehan, C. F.	G.,Ec.,M.
Broomhead, N. M.	G.S.,G.,R.K.	Miles, J. Q.	G.S.,F.M.,P.
Chandler, R. B.	A.	Rotherham, C. A.	G.S.,F.M.,P.
Colgrave, T. J.	G.S.,M.,P.,C.	Rutherford, I. C.	G.
Dunsford, J.	G.S.	Shimwell, S. A.	G.,Mu.
Elliott, C.	G.S.,B.	Thraves, A. K.	G.S.,E.Lit.,M.
Green, T. D.	G.S.,C.,B.	Turner, J. D.	G.S.,E.Lit.,F.
Holmes, J.	G.S.,Ec.,M.,C.	Webb, P. I.	G.S.,B.
Horsfall, A. J.	G.S.,Ec.,M.	Wood, N.	G.S.,F.M.,**,P.
Kent, S. W.	G.S.,M.,F.M.,P.	C. A. Middleton	G.,Ec.
L. Ambrey	E.Lit.,R.K.,A.	J. L. Pinder	G.S.,G.,P.M.S.,B.
R. Ardern	G.S.	K. P. Stubbs	G.S.,E.Lit.,H., Ec.
J. C. Atchison	G.S.,E.Lit.,H.,Ec.*		
E. J. Barron	G.S.,P.,C.,B.	J. E. Truman	G.S.,E.Lit.,B.
S. A. G. Bramall	E.Lit., R.K.,B.	J. White	G.S.,Ec.,B.
S. J. Dalton	E.Lit.,H.F.	H. M. Wild	G.S.,E.Lit.,H., R.K.**
K. Greenan	G.S.,E.Lit.,R.K.		
B. H. Greenhalgh	G.S.,G.,Ec.	A. M. Wilkinson	G.S.,E.Lit.,Ec.
R. M. Hawley	G.S.,G.,Ec.	E. A. Wilson	G.S.,E.Lit.,R.K.,A.
S. A. Holden	G.S.,Ec.,B.,D.Sc.	L. Withers	G.S.,P.M.S.,C.,B.
L. M. Holling	L.,F.,Ge.		

LOWER SIXTH

Day, P. E.	M.*
Wilkinson, R. E.	P.M.S.

* denotes Distinction on Special Paper.

** denotes Merit on Special Paper.

G.S., General Studies; E.Lit., English Literature; H., History; G., Geography; Ec., Economics; R.K., Religious Knowledge; A., Art; L., Latin; F., French; Ge., German; M., Mathematics; F.M., Further Mathematics; P.M.S., Pure Mathematics with Statistics; P., Physics; C., Chemistry; B., Biology; Mu., Music; D.Sc., Domestic Science.

UNDER 15 RUGBY

Captain : Shadbolt, N.

The season was begun amid many invocations to the Gods, pleading for divine intervention for we all had visions of a massacre; and many wills were drawn up that night. We travelled to Herbert Strutts and were pleasantly surprised at a 16—0 victory; but this went to our heads, and, intoxicated with victory and living in a fool's paradise for a week, we promptly lost the second match, 21—18, against Wath. However, we were satisfied when we encountered them again and won 43—11 at home. Of course, mention must be made that for the greater part of the season, up to and including Christmas, all matches were played away, this situation being attributed to a selection of obstinate cows, a strike by "B.U.R.P.E." (British Union of Rugby Posts Erection) and a reluctance to play amid the small mounds of brown matter dotted over the field! The highlight of the match against Wath was the destruction by David Fawlk of a certain Wath winger in a head-on collision in the first seconds of the game. Whilst the unfortunate victim was restored David stood by nonchalantly enough but his expression turned to one of concern when he saw the crumpled state of his shirt.

The next Saturday we travelled to High Storrs, and after inspecting the pitch and gazing down at a solitary rugby post far below, we were advised to avoid an excavated trench near the post. Some of our uninformed team, however, promptly took it for a mass grave and began to feign illness. Amid groans, we kicked off, and played until interrupted by a brief entertainment when the normally placid Jonathan Bradwell arose with a scream out of the scrum, gesticulating wildly and clutching a row of indentations in his hand. He will not wish to be embarrassed by seeing his other reactions described here, but he disclosed later that he has since developed a taste for the game! Despite these distracting events we pressed on and eventually won, 30—0.

Next came a match about which we prefer to say little. Let it suffice to say that our close neighbours, Ernest Baileys, won! I feel, however, that at this point, I must explain that injuries to the side resulted in our never fielding our best sides. But on recovering from these injuries, the team embarked on continuous victory, not losing a match after Christmas.

But I must, reluctantly, return to the ignominy we experienced before Christmas. Yet again we were beaten by Ernest Baileys. We felt our pride must be restored; and many nights were spent under the iron leadership of either Mr. Hogg or Mr. Powell. Their earnest efforts to "make something out of us" were not always appreciated at the time. Again, D. Fawlk was in prominence, when,

during an evening practice, he was found entwined in barbed-wire, after chasing a high ball. After much consternation we unravelled him, and, impervious to pain, he carried on the practice, much to our surprise and entertainment.

Dinner times were spent feebly trying to invent ingenious moves which usually ended in a scrawled mess on paper or code numbers with 10 digits. Eventually, intent on restoring our confidence, we played Baileys once again. Our win of 30—0 considerably improved our morale—to say the least !

The 3 County Sevens came and went. And after licking our wounds we vowed to win the Derbyshire Sevens Trophy. This we did, beating Ernest Baileys in the final.

Our luck and skill did not desert us, for eight consecutive games were won. Only once did our eminence seem threatened, and that was during the great “epic” against Stockport Grammar, always a strong side. It was only after a glorious last minute try by Marston, that we emerged victors, 11—9. We left the field accompanied by a very exhausted and hoarse Lathkill coach driver to whom we are much indebted.

At last the final match of the season arrived. This was marked by a superb try by Garnet, D., who had persisted in scoring in every match, usually with impressive side-steps, rivalling even those of Murta, A. Douglas, K., was recruited to the backs from the scrum for the last five minutes, and showed latent talent by setting up a try in the remaining minutes.

Lastly, congratulations to Douglas, K., Fell, N., Garnett, D., Harris, M., Marston, P., and Shadbolt, N., who achieved county status. Also congratulations to Douglas, K., and Harris, M., who were selected to tour with the Notts., Lincs. and Derby's 15 side. A special comment is deserved by Fell, N., who scored 149 of our total of 354 points. Finally, we would like to thank most sincerely Mr. Hogg and Mr. Powell who devoted a great deal of time to us and made it such a worthwhile and memorable season for our team.

Shadbolt, N., Form 4X.

RUGBY 1970-71

1st XV. Captain : Kent, S.

The 1st XV had a somewhat unsuccessful season, winning only four of their 20 games.

At the start of the season, playing facilities were almost non-existent because of the recent extensions. In spite of this, the team's spirit and enthusiasm for the game are still strong.

In the early part of the season we had no home pitch and every game had to be played away and with a lack of pre-match training. Most of these games were lost. However, just before Christmas we were allowed two pitches on nearby ground which enabled home-matches to be played. We would like to congratulate Kent, S., who was selected to tour with the Notts., Lincs., and Derby's U. 19 group. Congratulations also to Kent, S., Smith, P., and Riley, P., who were selected for the County 1st XV.

School colours were awarded to Kent, S. (Capt.), Shimwell, P. (Vice-Capt.), Riley, P., Smith, P. and Munn, A. H.

Shimwell, P., Lower VI.

UNDER 14 RUGBY

Captain : Field, D.

Of the five games played, two were won and three were lost. Our most memorable game was the one against the Ernest Bailey team, which we won 8—0.

The team shows promise but needs more practice in order to achieve really good results.

Field, D., Form 3Y.

UNDER 13 RUGBY

Captain : Wragg, P.

The U 13 Rugby team has had an even season : they played nine matches, of which four were won and five were lost. We had 128 points scored against us and we scored 94 points ourselves. The most impressive contributions were made by Mosley, R., Brame, M., and Evans, I.

I would like to wish next year's U 13 team the best of luck for the coming season.

Wragg, P., Form 2Z.

CRICKET

1st XI.

To compensate for the loss of the School ground this year Bakewell Park has provided the School with excellent facilities for matches and practice. Spectators and players alike have enjoyed a higher standard of cricket at all levels. Visitors to Bakewell market relaxing in the sunshine provided Junior House Matches with enthusiastic support for their "brighter" cricket.

The 1st XI drawn almost entirely from the Lower Sixth possessed an all round ability which should ensure much success next year and was responsible for some outstanding performances this year.

The highlights of the season have been the batting of Gladwin and Blakeway together with the all round performances of Smith, Riley and Shimwell. Gladwin and Blakeway when batting well have demonstrated the value of sound technique in defence, concentration, determination not to be out and the ability to hit the bad ball which often comes once or twice per over. Both are capable of laying the foundations of an innings. 50 runs in the first hour for the opening partnership ought to be the aim of the batsmen. The performances of Gladwin and Blakeway against Stockport G.S. and New Mills respectively were outstanding.

Smith and Shimwell have the potential to become very good all rounders and have produced some sound performances. I would hope that next season they will be determined to fulfil their potential, always looking for work. Riley has had a successful season with bat and ball. He is a much improved spin bowler having acquired greater control of length and line. Some of his performances with bat and ball, however, still betray a lack of self confidence and tactical thinking.

Solid support has often been provided by Day (also an admirable secretary) and Warren. Both players have still to develop a sound basic technique in their respective skills which will enable them to consistently produce a higher standard. A willingness to use net practice to the full and seek advice is imperative in this respect.

In addition, Munn, Poole, Ward, Pigott, Smith, R. and Shimwell, P. J. have given their fullest support.

As a captain Gladwin has grown in stature, commanding support by his own example. I hope that next season he will run the risk of being unpopular with a player whose performance is indifferent by demanding a higher standard and so create a team spirit of willingness to play for each other and the success of the side.

We would express our thanks to Mr. J. D. Blakeway and Bakewell U.D.C. together with the Bakewell Cricket Club who have provided for our needs so generously this season.

Colours were awarded to Gladwin and Smith, both of whom received county colours, and to Riley and Blakeway.

J. D. P.

RESULTS

1. v. Ernest Baileys at Darley Dale. Match drawn.
E. Baileys 97—5.
L.M.S. 42—5.
2. v. New Mills at Bakewell. Match drawn.
L.M.S. 77 (Blakeway 49).
New Mills 73 for 7 (Smith 3 for 13).
3. v. Hope Valley College at Bakewell. L.M.S. won.
L.M.S. 73 for 2 (Day 32, Gladwin 24).
H.V.C. 24 (Smith 2 for 10, Warren 2 for 7, Riley 4 for 4).
4. v. Eyam at Eyam (Orme Shield). Eyam won.
L.M.S. 52 (Day 17).
Eyam 56 for 4.
5. v. Abbeydale at Bakewell. Match drawn.
L.M.S. 106 for 3 (Day 31, Gladwin 21, Smith 24, Pigott 21).
Abbeydale 57 for 8 (Smith 5/25, Warren 2 for 7).
6. v. Stockport at Bakewell. Stockport won.
L.M.S. 134 (Gladwin 83*^{*}).
Stockport 138 for 9 (Gladwin 3 for 37).
7. v. Buxton College at Buxton. Match drawn.
L.M.S. 149 for 4 (Gladwin 74, Day 23).
Buxton College 98 for 8 (Smith 3 for 26).
8. v. Buxton College at Bakewell. Buxton College won.
L.M.S. 120 for 8 (Blakeway 56, Riley 45).
Buxton College 124 for 8 (Warren 4/34, Riley 3 for 24).
9. v. Ecclesbourne at Ecclesbourne. Ecclesbourne won.
Ecclesbourne 78 (Riley 5 for 25, Smith 2 for 15).
L.M.S. 45.
10. v. New Mills at New Mills. Match drawn.
New Mills 162 (Riley 3 for 33, Gladwin 5 for 25).
L.M.S. 141 for 9 (Blakeway 38, Smith, P. 21, Shimwell 25, Smith, R. 18*^{*}).
11. v. Q. Elizabeth's at Bakewell. L.M.S. won.
L.M.S. 121 for 8 (Shimwell 39).
Q. Elizabeth's 64 (Riley 6 for 18, Blakeway 3 for 21).

LEADING AVERAGES

Batting	Ins.	N.O.	H.S.	Total	Average
Gladwin	9	1	83*	232	29
Blakeway	10	1	49*	173	19.2
Day	11	—	32	149	13.5
Riley	8	1	45	92	13.1
Shimwell	7	—	39	82	11.7
Bowling	Overs	Runs	Wickets	Average	
Riley	90.5	222	28	7.9	
Smith	75	189	21	9	
Gladwin	46.4	107	9	11.9	
Warren	60	191	12	15.9	

HOCKEY REPORT 1970-71

The lack of a pitch at the beginning of the season did not seem to affect the performance of the teams, but the new redgra pitch was welcomed enthusiastically. The teams soon adapted to the new style of play. The general standard of the hockey throughout the whole season was high and the results very commendable.

	Played	Won	Goals for	Goals against
1st XI	12	9	29	6
2nd XI	3	2	4	6
U15 XI	7	2	12	10
Other Junior XIs	5	2	15	10

In the Derbyshire Tournament the 1st XI were placed 3rd in their section. In the N.W. area tournament the U15 XI were placed first in their section, but lost to Glossop after extra time in the Semi-Finals.

In the County trials, Judith Atchison and Louise Davies were selected to play for the 2nd U18 XI, and Barbara Jackson was chosen as a reserve for the U15 XI.

School colours are awarded to Joy Barron, Elizabeth Wilson and Judith Atchison.

J. Barron, Upper VI.

TENNIS REPORT — SUMMER 1971

Captain : Judith Atchison.

Secretary : Hilary Taylor.

This season for the first time we had the benefit of the new tennis courts which have proved an incentive not only to the members of the various teams but to the school in general; and to male as well as female players.

The standard of tennis has improved because of the new facilities and what is probably more important, it will improve even further in future years. We have also had the benefit of being able to hold matches at home and this too has been reflected in the results.

1st VI.

The first team was chosen from a pool of players and they played seven matches; of these they won five and lost two. This is a marked improvement on last year's performance.

First team players also competed in the **Aberdare Cup and in County tournaments.** The **Aberdare Cup** coming at the beginning of the season showed our lack of practice and we were beaten in the first round by Helena 2—1.

However, in the **County tennis** we had far more success : we entered one couple in the senior section and one in the U15 section of the N.W. Derbyshire section tournament. The senior couple, Hilary Taylor and Judith Atchison, reached the semi-finals and there defeated Cavendish; but they were defeated in the final by New Mills who won 4—3.

Gillian Freeman and Elaine Doxey were entered as the U15 couple and they did extremely well, getting through to the final and there they beat Cavendish 4—1. Later, they went through to the full county tournament, again reaching the semi-final but this time they lost to Chesterfield 3—4. Altogether a very good performance.

2nd VI.

The second team played fewer matches than the first — four in all. Of these they won two and lost two. Once again there was no rigid team structure and a variety of players were chosen.

U.15 teams

Both the first and second teams have an excellent record; the first played five, winning four and losing only one; the second team played one and won one.

All the teams have improved on last year's records and 1971 has also seen the advent of the mixed doubles events at Lady Manners. Both the matches versus the Parents and the Old Mannerians were between mixed couples. Let us hope that the participation of the males will continue and also expand.

It is also interesting to note that in the whole season only two matches were cancelled and neither of these was because of rain — this in itself must be a record worth noting.

Senior Team from : J. Atchison, H. Taylor, E. Doxey, G. Freeman, L. Davies, J. Kay, K. Stubbs, J. Barron, L. Withers, R. Huns, P. Goodman, P. Smith, J. Linley, M. Wragg, A. Bromley, S. Garbutt.

U15 team from : B. Jackson (Captain), R. Morton, E. Ollerenshaw, A. Fletcher, F. Miles, S. Hollingworth, C. Bradwell, P. Ollerenshaw, H. Munn, N. Pidcock, A. Maidwell, G. Blakeway, S. Harris, F. Siney.

School tennis colours have been awarded to J. Atchison, L. Davies and H. Taylor.

J. Atchison, Upper VI.

NETBALL REPORT 1970-71

Since the opening of the new courts in February the teams have been able to practise more frequently, and already standards are beginning to rise. The Junior teams have done especially well, and the U13 VII remain unbeaten this season.

1st VII played 7 matches : won 1; lost 6.

Junior VIIIs played 9 matches : won 6; lost 2.

J. Crabb, Lower VI.

CROSS COUNTRY

BOYS

The team entered all the major events, but unfortunately was not very successful.

Our most successful encounter was in the N.W. Derbyshire Schools cross-country when we were placed second in the senior section. Our congratulations should be expressed to Field, C., and Meehan, C., who were selected from this race to run in the N.W. Derbyshire team in the county trials. Field was then selected to run in the county team in the All-England-trials.

The Junior team has been training hard under the direction of Mr. Marsh and will, I feel, develop into a very worthwhile team.

GIRLS

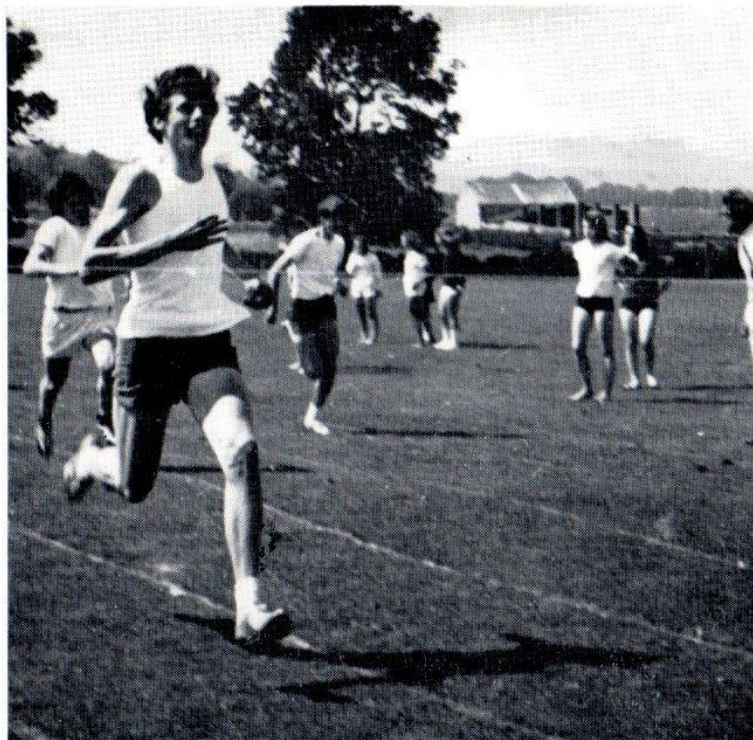
The following girls were selected to run in the N.W. Derbyshire team in the county trials :—

Senior : B. Greenhaugh.

Intermediate : P. Goodman.

Junior : C. Murton.

Meehan, C., Upper VI.



Wardle, G.

SPORTS DAY

It is probably superfluous to mention that we are without a games field whilst extensions are being carried out, as the point must have been reiterated numerous times in the sports articles. However, this is the reason for the considerable modification in the usual pattern of Sports Day, held on July 15th. We dispensed entirely with senior events. The first and second forms entered separately instead of as a combined junior team and the thirds and fourths entered as one unit for the middle school. Also the girls of Highfield School made up a fifth girls' house and their very creditable performances put them top of the placings for the girls' events. We were very pleased to welcome them along with the staff and the Headmistress, Miss Jardine, who presented the trophies to the winners.

Girls : Second Year Victrix Ludorum — C. Mackenzie (G).

Third and Fourth Year Victrix Ludorum — S. Bray (C).

Boys : Second Year Victor Ludorum — Evans, I. (G).

Third and Fourth Year Victor Ludorum — Wardle, G. (B).

House Placings

Girls : Highfield, Glossop, Cockerton, Barker, Taylor.

Boys : Glossop, Barker, Cockerton, Taylor.

Overall House Placings : Glossop, Cockerton, Barker, Taylor.

ATHLETICS

The North West Derbyshire Sports were held this year at Glossop. The school entered a fairly large team and were quite successful, especially in the boys' intermediate section. As a result, the following were selected to represent N.W. Derbyshire at the County Sports held at Chesterfield.

BOYS

Juniors :	High Jump	Mander, J.
Intermediates :	100 m.	James, R.
	400 m.	Fell, N., Evans, J.
	Hurdles	Greaves, J.
	High Jump	Mitchell, S.
	Discus	Stone, J.
	Javelin	Noble, C.
	Relay	James, R., Fell, N., Evans, J.
Seniors :	1,500 m.	Field, C.
	Long Jump	Smith, C.

GIRLS

Juniors :	Long Jump	S. Bray.
Intermediates :	200 m.	P. Goodman.
	Shot	B. Jackson.
Seniors :	High Jump	R. Cluskey.
	Shot	W. Price.
	Discus	S. Onac.

Field, C., Lower VI.

THE BAND

The band has had another successful year. Beginners' classes have continued at lunch time and next term the band will be reinforced by quite a few promising young players. This year we have been grateful for the support given us by several Old Mannerians, particularly Aydin Onac, who have come to help us out at functions.

We have continued to play for the hymn in assembly on Tuesday mornings and we provided a short musical interlude on Speech Day last year. At the end of the Christmas term we participated in the Christmas Concert at school, which was rather an unsettling experience since it came during the electricity disputes and we did not fancy having to play by candlelights !

The band has also had several public engagements during the course of this year. On two Saturdays in June we played at Bradwell Church Garden Party and St. Helen's Garden Party, Darley Dale. In July, just after the summer term ended, we played at Pilsley Garden Party. All these were very pleasant as the sun shone and we were able to play out of doors. During the summer term we also played at the Old Mannerians' Reunion at school, when the band was augmented by a considerable number of friends.

On behalf of all the band, I would like to express our thanks to Mrs. Smith, Mr. Bagshaw and Mr. Bandey for their continued help and guidance.

The playing members are :—

Clarinets :	Mrs. S. Smith. S. Onac. Wood, N. Banton, A.
Solo Cornet :	Shadbolt, N. White, A. Hills, M.
2nd Cornet :	K. Bradley.
2nd Clarinet :	J. Calladine.
Solo Tenor Horn :	P. Uttley.
1st Tenor Horn :	Willshaw, B.
Baritone :	P. Wardle. C. Bradwell.
Euphonium :	Shimwell, S. S. Ranson.
B Trombone	Meehan, C. Porter, J.
Bass Trombone :	Mr. A. M. Bandey.
E Bass :	S. Needham.
B Bass :	L. Holling.
Percussion :	Dawson, N.

L. Holling, Upper VI.



"Hobson's Choice"—with Picture by courtesy of "Derbyshire Times"

THE SCHOOL PLAY

Once again the Dramatic Society has been highly successful with the year's production. "Hobson's Choice", a Lancashire comedy set in late 19th Century Salford, received the acclaim worthy of the hard work put in by its entire production team.

The standard of acting was good and while it is difficult to single out individuals, mention must be made of the skilful timing and wonderful humour of Stephen Shimwell, who although working under the affliction of a "grumbling" appendix put in a highly entertaining performance as the initially subdued but finally strong character Willie Mossop. Stephen was the perfect subject for the strong organising influence of Maggie, played outstandingly well by Judith Atchison who had power over all, including the audience, whenever she spoke.

Timothy Bradwell as Henry Hobson gave a strong performance, the initial power of the character contrasting well with his later declining spirit as Willie Mossop's business grew at the expense of his own.

Karen Stubbs and Janet Onac as Maggie's two pretty younger sisters brought out cleverly the selfishness of the characters they were portraying and coped well with their two unimaginative suitors played aptly enough by Ralph Chandler and James Skidmore respectively.

David Bancroft coped well with the part of the Scottish doctor, MacFarlane, his accent being totally authentic. Nicholas Wood as Jim Heeler, Hobson's old drinking pal, put in a notable performance, overcoming impressively the problems of playing the older man.

Janet White as the rich aristocratic benefactress of Willie Mossop carried herself in a manner consistent with the standing of the character she was portraying.

Christine Andrew as Ada Figgins inspired great pity for her predicament when rejected by Willie Mossop at the instruction of Maggie and showed understanding for the feelings of Ada. Malcolm Holmes as "Tubby" Wadlow, Hobson's faithful employee, had full command not only of the accent but also the expressions and mannerisms of the character necessary to bring out his humour.

We must thank heartily the entire backstage team for their wonderful team work under the watchful eye of Mr. Powell. They coped brilliantly on all three nights with not one but two scene changes per performance, something hitherto unknown at Lady Manners. We must thank one newcomer to the scene, Miss Short, in conjunction with Mr. Mower, for providing this most authentic scenery.

Our most sincere thanks, though, must go to Mr. and Mrs. Day who worked so hard to perfect the production, Mr. Day putting heart and soul into producing the play and Mrs. Day working her fingers to the bone making the immaculate costumes. Helped in this task by Janet White, she made all the women's costumes and some of the men's, achieving a really professional standard throughout.

Our final thanks must go to all those parents, and friends of the school who helped provide the properties and also the girls in the kitchen who provided us with delicious coffee in the interval.

Skidmore, J. R., Lower VI.



Picture by courtesy of "Derbyshire Times".

"IOLANTHE"

Perhaps predictably by now, the Operatic Society turned again to Gilbert and Sullivan for this year's production. "Iolanthe" was performed on 7th, 8th and 9th July, 1971, with pupils and members of staff taking part. The chorus of fairies and noblemen had colourful costumes made by Mrs. Day and helpers, and sets were designed by Mr. Woolley. The orchestra, several members of which had connections with the school, was led by Kenneth Connock.

Principal singers were Phillip Hogg as the Lord Chancellor, Stephen Shimwell as Earl of Mountararat, Tom Bandey as Earl Tolloller, Nicholas Wood as Private Willis, John Sallis as Strephon, Elizabeth Short as the Queen of the Fairies, Christine Andrew as Iolanthe, Philippa Hogg, Janet Onac and Suzan Onac as Fairies, and Karen Stubbs as Phyllis. Producer was Sonja Smith.

THE CHESS CLUB 1970-71

The Chess Team was again captained by John Horsfall. Unfortunately, results did not improve on last year : we won one, and drew one of our six matches and even drew with the staff(!)

We were eliminated in the first round of the Sunday Times Chess Tournament by a Nottingham High School Team, whose age remains a closely guarded secret.

The year was memorable for the discovery of a chess-playing prodigy in the first form—Jonathan Latham makes us confident of at least one success. With help from this secret weapon playing First Board, we look forward to better results next year.

The number of members (and non-members !) using sets during dinner time continued as high as other years, and we look forward to even more fee-paying chess enthusiasts next year.

Wilkinson, R. E., Lower VI

THE WOODWORK CLUB 1970-71

The Woodwork Club has had another successful year, meeting after school until 5.30 p.m. on most Friday evenings. Much the same number attended as last year, albeit repeating the situation where membership falls off during the summer months.

Mr. Mower, when not experimenting with his circular saw to see how effective it is at cutting off thumbs, has continued to avert disaster and encourage perfection on a number of projects. This year has seen bowls, a set of "Zodiac" veneered table mats, lampshades, chessboards, veneered boxes and other assorted "objets d'art" gradually taking shape in Room 11.

Quite a few have taken the opportunity to work with enamel. If one can master the use of something resembling a three foot flame-thrower this can be quite successful, and articles such as brooches and ash-trays were made.

Next year we look forward to even more members drawn to the magnetic attraction of actually making something useful, and operations may well be transferred to the new buildings on the other side of the school.

Wilkinson, R. E., Lower VI.

THE 60 CLUB

After a lethargic autumn term the activities of the 6th form increased at Christmas and reached a climax during the Spring term and gradually diminished with the advent of "A" levels for the Upper 6th.

Activities in the year included visits to : an Emerson, Lake and Palmer concert; a Halle concert; various plays (organised in conjunction with Mr. Day); the Christmas dance, the Easter dance and social work.

Two new developments of the 60 club this year were the increased interest shown in public debates and organised discussion amongst staff and pupils. These innovations took the form of a debating society and the visit of the Labour candidate, Mr. F. Inglis, and the Conservative M.P., Mr. J. Scott-Hopkins, who, on separate occasions, held political discussions. We consider this an important aspect of the 60 club's activity, as it illustrates the 6th former's readiness to become an active member of the community as a whole.

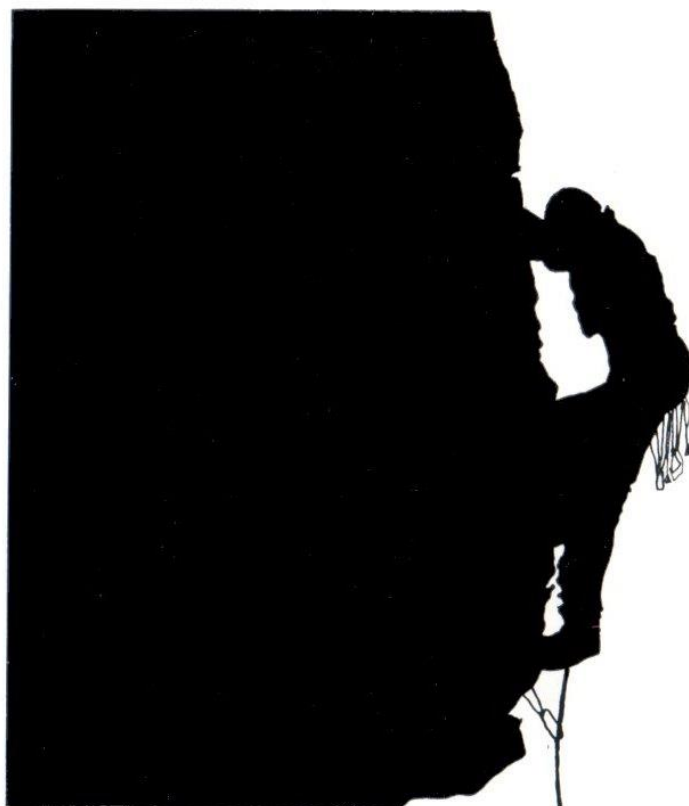
The Christmas dance held for 5th and 6th forms and "recent" O.M.'s was its usual success. The stipulation "recent" is necessitated by the numbers which consistently turn up for this occasion, an indication of its popularity.

We were accompanied on the visit to the inimitable Emerson, Lake and Palmer by the ever-suffering Mr. Powell who we believe did not really know what he was letting himself in for when we agreed to the trip. We hope any disillusionment will not prevent visits to this type of performance.

Speaking more generally we must thank Mr. Powell for his continued enterprise, without which the 60 club would surely grind to a halt; thanks too go to Miss Smith who is a civilising influence on us and helps with debates, as does Mr. Marsh.

We must end by looking to the future. We would like to encourage everyone to give us all their ideas and views on any activities they feel interested in; it is only then that we can hope to cater for everyone.

Skidmore, J. R., Lower VI.



NEWSOME, S. 5Z.

CLIMBING

My initial depression at the thought of having to go swimming for the 70/71 year was turned into elation at the prospect of climbing with Mr. Gregory. The first Wednesday was a glorious day : the sun was shining, the sky was blue and we were all eager to get on to the rock face. The Headmaster, however, sobered our joy a little by insisting on our having a preliminary discussion of rope technique and overall safety precautions by Mr. Gregory. Looking back, I realise how necessary these tips were : a climbing partner inexperienced in such matters could be worse than no partner at all, for two lives could be lost, if the leader fell and the second man panicked.

The second week was not so glorious weather-wise, but it was just as hot and even more sticky. At 2.30 p.m. we all made a dash for the back seat of the minibus and soon found ourselves at Birchen-Edge. This is a popular gritstone practice-crag situated between Baslow and Chesterfield. The climbs on this edge are quite short but surprisingly clean and frequently very awkward, for the edge has at least one climb of every grade. In the most recent guide book the tally of climbs totals an amazing 12.

The first climb I did was Anchor Traverse, graded Very Difficult. This climb entailed a slightly overhanging traverse on bad footholds. That was the sort of thing that separated the climbers from the anything-better-than-rugby types, but after completing the climb I was not sure which category I "fell" into! (Pun ?)

Enthusiasm was never lacking and we continued climbing throughout the winter months. We arrived home soaked to the skin on several occasions for old anoraks and pullovers provide little protection against Derbyshire's inclement weather. During this spell we visited many scenic edges such as Stanage, Burbage, Froggatt and Baslow.

Realising that we were fast becoming proficient gritstone climbers, Mr. Gregory tried to confuse us by turning his attentions to the mountain limestone of Derbyshire. However, due to the house matches and a sprained ankle (funny how they always seem to coincide) I was able to be present on only one visit, that of Aldery Cliff. I was not impressed, and since the group seemed to have the impression that limestone was apt to come away in your hand, it was decided that gritstone would have the pleasure of our company again for the remainder of the year.

During the month after May (was it really June ?) our visits were cut short by "O" and "A" level examinations. Fortunately, we did manage to visit a few of the classical outcrops of the Peak Black Rocks, the spectacularly overhanging Tor and the Roaches.

As I look outside I see that a rather belated "region of high pressure" seems to have arrived and we look forward to another year's climbing during 1971/72.

Jones, C. M., Lower VI.

A YEAR OF WEDNESDAYS

Somewhere in the formal pages, tucked away, I hope, among the blandishments to join Her Majesty's Forces and other exhortatory matter, there will probably be a brief description of a new venture in the School's athletic activities. Some unfortunate person, possibly short-sighted and not wearing his glasses, was not sufficiently early aware of the approach of that smiling cozenner, the Magazine Editor. From the passing comments which enliven our Wednesday afternoons, I fear that his description of our past year's escalatorial may be, if not defamatory, a little exaggerated. In anticipation, I fly to the biro : "Attack is the best form of defence" or in climbing parlance, "Pinch their gear while they're still falling. Someone else may get there first when they're down."

The past year's Wednesday afternoons have provided insight into the psychology of the Upper School student. The lengths to which the Hathersage denizen will go to avoid carrying a hundred feet of rope a mere hundred yards from the road is a revelation. He will, and may have to, crawl a circuitous half mile through dense bracken to avoid such an onerous load. The low-flying regulations over the Peak District are unnecessary. A mere Concorde is of no account when any respectable decibel meter is forced to cover its ears at the milder whispers of one of our Charleys. One of their full throated halloos from a gritstone eminence shatters glass at 20 miles and the Chatsworth fountain performs excited simple harmonic motions for a month.

The sang-froid of the genus is below any normal zero. The dithering, knee-shaking, sweating, top-rope-demanding apologetic of one minute's "Very Easy" becomes in the next minute, the self appointed, would-be-leader of some "Fantastically Severe". A mild summary of the disparity of the grades, the candidate's lack of experience, recent fear, and—dare one hint—incompetence, brings to his face, a look of hurt, bewilderment and sorrow at one's inept character assessment that would bring tears to the eyes of a medieval torturer.

At the last count, no one had actually died. One or two thought that no one noticed that they were avoiding touching anything, because of the painful rope-burns on their fingers after letting a supposed friend slip the odd few feet while they were having a quiet doze.

A mere one or two had to be restrained from untying while they were only half way up. Only one sat at the top, hauling away at his load for the day which was not actually tied on. None of them now untie at the top and step backwards towards the edge to have a faster look at the route they have just done.

In assessment, I don't think their characters have been trained, unless rushing along the edge looking for gear left from the previous Sunday's hordes is a desirable trait—which it isn't; they can run faster than I, have sharper eyes and don't share the finds with Sir. All I got last year was an old pair of boots and a holey sweater which my wife makes me keep in the garage. They are gradually starting to look after their own equipment and if they have learned that not all other people are honest, a bit of self reliance in an unusual situation and to weigh up the man on the other end of the rope, it is not all time wasted. Lastly, just in case the P.E. department are concerned, they've expended some energy, sweated even, which one or two wouldn't have done on a grass field.

D.G.

THE BRIDGE CLUB

This was the second year of the Bridge Club. Most of the players were completely new to the game and Mr. Sturman has managed to teach the members the rudiments of the game.

During the winter months the club flourished, meeting three times a week. As the weather became finer the initial enthusiasm waned, but we hope that this winter will bring a renewed interest in the club once more.

All the members would like to thank Mr. Sturman for giving up his dinner hours to teach us.

Riley, P., Lower VI.

THE SAILING CLUB

Sailing in this school year got off to a good start with several weeks of good sailing, suffering more from a lack of water than enthusiasm. This lack of water caused the season to finish early as the boats were in danger of becoming irreparably damaged.

This season, however, starting at the beginning of the summer term, has gone from strength to strength with an influx of new sailors from all parts of the school. Conditions have been ideal and also there is the added attraction of three or four fibre-glass boats and occasional trips in the "Lark". This season there have been no capsize perhaps indicating an increase in proficiency.

Regarding proficiency two or three of the younger members Hughes, L. P. and Welsby, J., went on a course at Lee Green in preparation for an A class test which they have both passed.

We would like to thank Mr. Weatherley and Mr. Crapper for their efforts, enabling us to go sailing every week and for acting as drivers of the school mini-bus.

Dowding, H., Form 5Y.

JUDO

This year we have achieved a good standard of success, and we would like to thank Mr. Goodall for teaching and encouraging us.

Five of our members did extremely well in obtaining yellow belts, the first belt in senior grading. They were S. Harris, J. Booth, J. Woodward, Harris, M., Reynolds, C.

The rest of us were entered for mons or junior grades. B. Elliott received a 5th mon; G. Blakeway, Lee, J. A., Dale, C., Lucas, M., Oldfield, B., received 4th mons and K. Lewis, Claxton, A., Lucas, P., Smallman, G., Hannon, A., Ward, S., Spokes, J., received 3rd mons. Also worthy of special mention is Irwin, K., who has only just joined us. I am told that he is "a very promising pupil and is worthy of a yellow belt".

Early in 1971, J. Woodward and J. Booth attended a course at Lea Green. They found this helpful as well as strenuous.

The attendance at the boys' session has been well maintained but the girls' class has dwindled. Perhaps there are some girls who would like to learn how to protect themselves against unknown dangers?

B. Elliott, Form 4Z.

THE CYCLING CLUB

Mr. Mottram's gallant attempts to arouse some interest in cycling began in February, with a short, Saturday morning ride in which about 12 people took part. Many of these have not been on another ride since and one had several weeks away from school afterwards. Whether or not it was a result of the ride, I do not know.

The next ride was during the holidays and like many others it was doomed by bad weather. The day before, there had been a light snow-shower and on the morning we went it was freezing cold and the roads were covered with a thin layer of melting snow. The journey there was reasonably easy but on the way back Mr. Mottram calmly proceeded to ride up the Winnatt's Pass, against a howling gale. The rest of us dismounted and pushed all the way up, amazed by Mr. Mottram's stamina.

The next ride was about a fortnight later. We set off from Bakewell, all four of us, hoping that the weather would keep fine. It did, until we reached the top of Rowsley Bar and then it started snowing. One person put on a pair of sun glasses to protect him from the snow which made him look more like an Antarctic explorer than a cyclist.

Since then we have been on seven rides. Most of them have been very enjoyable and I am sure all who have taken part wish to thank Mr. Mottram.

Dale, D., Form 3X.

VISIT TO THE ARKWRIGHT FESTIVAL

As if to show our enthusiasm, we budding historians of the third and fourth gave up a half-day of our hard-earned summer holiday to pay a worthwhile visit to the Arkwright Festival at Cromford, commemorating the 200th anniversary of Sir Richard Arkwright's original factory there.

Firstly, we visited the Anthony Gell school at neighbouring Wirksworth, expecting to see an exhibition of 18th century dress, only to discover that its opening had been postponed until the following week. However, there was an exhibition of the history of computers which, if rather bewildering, was certainly informative.

In Cromford primary school, a collection of various old books, documents, newspapers and many other items all having some connection with Arkwright proved extremely interesting as did the less extensive exhibitions at Masson Mill and the colour works.

We spent the evening watching the first production of "Arkwright", a play performed in the round which portrayed Arkwright's climb to eminence and other aspects of the Industrial Revolution from widely-differing viewpoints.

We owe our thanks to the organisers, Miss Schofield and Mrs. Tatham, and the other members of staff who, to their possible regret, chose to accompany us.

Marston, P. D., Form 4X.

MORTALS ON NIGHT SHIFT

All through this night the white stars shine
To show some things are still divine,
While underneath in black and dark
How bright is man's immortal spark?

All through this night in smoke and dust
Each man must do what each man must,
Below the stars, in world of steel
Still turns a rod, a cog, a wheel.

All through this night our men still toil
Wrapped in society's endless coil.
When will the hopes of all the years
Abide with us and end our fears?

B. Kendall, Form 4Y.

NIGHT

Night !
The inky blackness shrouding the Earth
Like some sinister, cloaked foe
Gropes with clutching black talons
As though to smother
In complete darkness and evil
One small spinning ball of civilisation —
Earth !
Yet through this shadowing gloom
One small beam of silvery light
Penetrates through the vast blackness,
Bravely shining in the darkness,
Giving her guiding silver light to the Earth,
Lighting the heavens
With a glorious, silver sheen.
This small, shining sphere
Travels through a sea of space
Like some stately ship
Ploughing through dense, black waters
With the twinkling stars of the milky way
Tossing like sparkling foam on this inky sea.
A dominant silver globe of space
Occupied in walking through the dark sky
Casting her silver shadow in Earth and the Heavens,
Waxes and wanes as the centuries pass,
Never to deceive our trust in her beaming light,
The tall ship sailing on the sea of Night.

S. Hollands, Form 1X.

THE CHARITY COLLECTION

This year the charity collection totalled £92.32. Once again the collection for two terms went to Tariku Teshale at the General Wingate School, Addis Abiba. We have now come to the last collection for him. Letters from Tariku and even a school report have kept us in touch with his school career and now all that remains for us is to wish him well in the future. The remainder of the collection was sent to the N.S.P.C.C.

THEATRE VISITS

During the past year several theatre visits were arranged; we have found them both helpful and enjoyable.

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles", at the Victoria Theatre in Stoke, was unanimously voted the best trip this year. It was emotionally hypnotic, involved and so touching that a certain member of staff dissolved in tears (we have been blackmailed into promising not to reveal any names). The end was superbly dramatic with the arrest and eventual death of Tess.

"Midsummer Night's Dream" at Manchester University, was, for us, a new experience in the theatre. Elf-like creatures, scantily clad, leaped and writhed expressively round the centre-stage. The long, spidery branches which hung from the rafters were effective in that they contributed to the aura of the rather grotesque unnaturalness.

"The Merchant of Venice", at Manchester Opera House probably impressed us most as it starred Sir Lawrence Olivier, who played Shylock, and whose performance justified his famous name. Many of us felt the aura of his dignified supremacy for the first time. His wife, Joan Plowright, played Portia, and gave an able and vivacious performance.

"Hamlet" at Nottingham Playhouse offered a change from the conventional Shakespearian setting as it was presented on a steel stage. Alan Bates, who has now come to be recognised as one of Britain's leading actors, gave an enlightened performance of Hamlet's internal conflict and emotional upset over his father's death and his mother's all too hasty marriage.

Later, another production of "Hamlet" was seen at Manchester. The effective lighting techniques and the unusual stage setting provided a unique experience in contemporary Shakespeare. Paul Webster successfully portrayed Hamlet as a tragic and almost macabre figure of a man who is suddenly faced with the harsh realities of the world.

We would like to thank Mr. Day for organising these trips for us and for enduring so patiently our cries of "Can we turn the radio up, please?" and, "Can we stop for fish and chips?"

M. Wragg, R. Walters, Lower VI.

AFTER WATCHING "THE DAMBUSTERS" ON TV

The moon reigned, supreme, argent
Over the wine-dark deep.
The shores were deserted, their whiteness
Reflected the lunar glory.

A soft hum, a gentle splash,
A slowly bouncing, shadowy ball,
A muffled thud, a fountain spray —
Then peace again.
But what evil darkly waits
Inside the dam wall there ?

A sudden crack, the submission to man's need
For destruction,
And the construction of years goes tumbling,
Surrendering,
Underneath a foaming torrent,
Frighteningly omnipotent, incomprehensible,
Uncontrollable.

M. Sampson, 5X.

GERMAN EXCHANGE, 1971

The first exchange visit to Weilburg in Central Germany was arranged in 1966, when a party of 15 pupils from Lady Manners joined with a larger group from the London area in order to take part in a home-to-home exchange which had taken place annually since 1952. This year's was therefore the 20th year of the exchange and the 6th year for Lady Manners. The arrangements are that a German "partner" comes to your home to stay as a member of the family for three weeks and then you go back with him to spend three weeks as a guest in his home. This has two great merits, namely that it is very cheap, and that it introduces you to life inside a German home, which is very different from touring round the country in a car. The Germans are very keen on this exchange as they are very interested in learning English and also, on the whole, extremely good at it. This year we took five girls who had never learned German but this did not seem to be a serious handicap, to judge by the obvious enjoyment they derived from their visit.

Here are some comments from two of those who took part this year :

On July 15th, along with Mr. Bandey and several other members of the school, I awaited the arrival of the German exchange party at Chesterfield station. I felt somewhat uneasy as I knew nothing of Germany and only a few words of German.

Fortunately Heike, our German guest, spoke good English and so my miserable German was never put to the test. The first week was rather strained as we tried to get to know each other. Thereafter we enjoyed each other's company as we visited the sights of Derbyshire, the caverns and the stately homes, and went on the group excursions to York and Blackpool.

On August 3rd we left England, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Bandey, Herr Hoffmann, the leader of the German party, and his wife, on the reverse part of the exchange. Our cases were heavy and the journey was long and tedious, but this was forgotten when we arrived at Weilburg and were showered with flowers and gifts and were overwhelmed by German hospitality. I was less impressed by German driving standards when, as we were coming back from a beer festival at Merenberg, I was the victim of a hit-and-run accident. During the following days I learned a lot about German hospitals, the activities of the police and the workings of German law. The situation was made complicated by my lack of knowledge of German — although Mr. Bandey helped by translating law documents.

However this mishap did not prevent me enjoying the sights of Germany, which included Rüdesheim, Koblenz, Limburg and Frankfurt, and even the local Eissalon.

On August 23rd with enough food to feed an army, we bade a sad farewell to our hosts in Germany. However, most people promised to return the following year, with or without Mr. Bandey!

Gayle Rodgers, Lower VI B.

The exchange this year was average. Nine pupils from Lady Manners and six from Nottingham and London went to Germany. The journey has been described in previous Peacocks, so I will not say anything about it.

Only one full-scale trip was organised in Germany and that was to Frankfurt. This involved a trip to a tower called the Henninger Turm, used as a brewery storage tower. We were unwillingly dragged from this to the Goethehaus, home of the poet Goethe. This was rebuilt from rubble left after the Second World War, as was part of Weilburg Castle (actually not a castle but a fortified house).

A second trip to the Rhine, was organised for those who had not been with their German family. We went in two cars and one of them obligingly broke down as soon as we got to the Rhine. The boys hitch-hiked to Rüdesheim, 32 km or 20 miles away, where we were met by the newly repaired car, driven by one of the teachers at the Gymnasium Philippinum, with whom the exchange is organised. All went well after, except that we had great difficulty in finding the famous Loreley rock (not as romantic as many expected).

German food is not too different from English. True, some things are different, but most are the same as in England.

As a way of seeing how Germans really live and meeting people the exchange is excellent. Some boredom is inevitable, as three weeks is really too long to be seeing new things all the time. German wine is excellent, especially apple-wine (very potent).

The journey back was only remarkable because of the great number of lost items, including a duffle-bag, and a camera owned by a certain A. M. Bandey.

D. J. Drury, 5Y.

THE BIOLOGY FIELD COURSE

To establish a practical grounding in the science of ecology as part of the "A" level biology course it is necessary to spend a period of time engaged in field work. This year as in previous years this experience has been obtained at the expense of 300 acres of sand dunes and salt marsh, otherwise known as the Lindsey Trust Nature Reserve. This is situated at the N.E. extremity of the Wash, three miles south of Skegness.

We spent the first two days familiarising ourselves with the various species of plant found within the confines of the reserve. Using various means of estimating the frequency and cover of these species we were able to show that the area was divided into three distinct regions, sand-dunes, salt-marsh and shore.

As the week progressed we were to discover that, as a result of accretion of silt and colonisation of this silt by various species of plant, new salt marsh is continually being formed while the old salt marsh becomes sand-dunes.

On Wednesday we developed various methods of catching grasshoppers so that the grasshopper population could be estimated. The most popular of these methods involved sitting in the sun and waiting for the grasshoppers to come to us.

Due to the overwhelming interest in biology this year it was necessary to divide the biology set into two groups which visited Gibraltar Point during the consecutive weeks at the beginning of July in the capable hands of Mr. Crapper and Mr. Weatherley respectively.

At the end of the week we were given a chance to put into practice the techniques we had learned in the first few days. Each of the small groups chose a subject for investigation, and was given a day to carry out these investigations. The following morning the results obtained were presented to the rest of the students.

The week's activities provided a necessary supplement to work in school and created a wealth of practical experience for us to draw upon in our "A" level examination.

Kay Scoriah and Skidmore, J. R., Lower VI.

STOP SMOKING !

As you inhale those lethal fumes, stop and think. This could kill you ! It has been scientifically proven that smoking results in lung cancer; and so I would say to all those who sit there in a small world of their own, convinced that lung cancer could not possibly occur in them, that they are wrong; they stand as much chance as anyone else who smokes, of dying a horrific, painful and lingering death.

"Well," they may argue, "I get considerable pleasure from smoking, and I don't care about the risk." My reply to this is that pleasure can be obtained in many other ways which do not put your life in jeopardy. As for not caring about the risk, I just do not believe it; no one wants to die ! As for those who say it "calms them down" and "soothes the nerves," well—they are weak. They will be calm and cool, when they are in the morgue after having died of lung cancer. I have heard people say that they could be killed tomorrow by a heart attack or car accident, so why stop ? Surely this is a rather childish attitude. In my opinion, they think it won't happen to them, and turn away from the posters warning of the dangers.

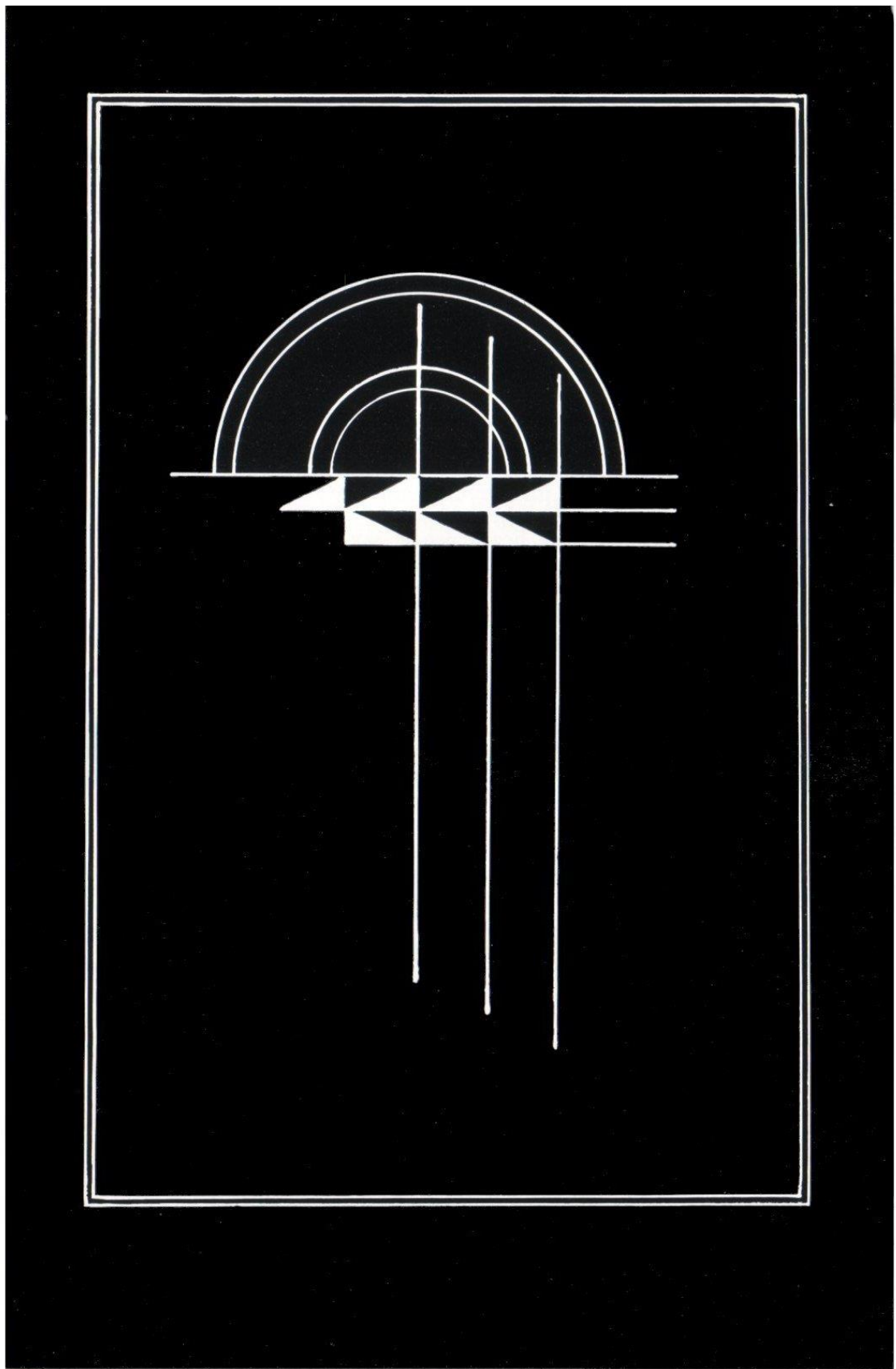
Then what about the unfortunate non-smokers. Why should they allow the air they breathe to become even more polluted and run an even greater risk to their health ? Why should they be sociable to people who are, in a round about way, helping to kill them ?

There is nothing pleasant about people who smoke : their hair, clothes and breath smell of stale smoke, and that is revolting and nauseating.

Also, the cost of smoking is alarming ! It would cost a person who smokes approximately five a day, £26 per year, which means that if he starts smoking at the age 15 and lives until about 55, he will have spent over £1,000. Is it worth it ? Surely not. Your life is priceless ! I think that people who smoke could employ their money in a much better way. Perhaps amongst the thousands demanding wage increases at the moment, is a large proportion of smokers. They might do well to consider whether or not they are already making the best use of the money available to them.

As I see it, the advantages of smoking are not convincingly defined whereas the disadvantages are. So why waste your money, put your life in jeopardy, risk losing some of your friends, make life uncomfortable for others and perhaps become something in the nature of a social outcast just for the sake of a small amount of "pleasure" ?

L. Bacon, Form 4Z.



"CALVARY" A. WRAGG, Lower VI

CALVARY

The grass was covered with dew;
This dew was the blood of three crucified men.
Three crosses had stood out against the clear sky;
One innocent man had been left to die.
The sky suddenly black with thunder.
For many hours the dark clouds remained;
For many years these people were stained
With the blood of Jesus.
His body was carried away in a cart.
It was placed in the heart
Of a sealed tomb
In a quiet garden.
People came to anoint his body.
It had gone!
Impossible?
Miraculous?
Was this a vision?
The Messiah had risen —
Risen to the Glory of His Father's Kingdom.
He had died,
Yes, he had died,
For his faith he had died
While women cried.
But now we live!

S. Fletcher, Form 4Z.

CHEMISTRY LESSON

There's first fractional distillation,
Chromatography, evaporation,
And chemical explanation
Above our conversation.
Then a roar of conflagration
And the final consummation
Of our gaseous preparation,
Causing cries and consternation,
Frantic coughing inhalation.
Thus the final devastation
Of this vital installation.
Next a hasty restoration
To a peaceful situation!

S. Bray, Form 3X.

THE HISTORY SOCIETY EXPEDITION

This year the History Society trip took a more dramatic turn: we went to see "A Midsummer Night's dream" enacted amid the ruined surroundings of Ludlow Castle.

We interrupted our journey to view the famous but not very beautiful engineering achievement of the Industrial Revolution, the first Iron Bridge in the world, a fitting monument to Wilkinson and Abraham Darby who built it and also made the rustic valley of Coalwooddale into the centre of the iron and steel industry at that period.

Ludlow Castle was built to protect the Welsh marshes and the town grew up around it. We were all intrigued by the quaint black and white buildings, in particular the Feathers Hotel. Unfortunately, we were harried by the habitual bane of history trips—shortage of time.

We assembled to watch the performance in the grassy courtyard along with many other school children. We were all a little apprehensive of the treat in store, fearing lest, like Wolsey's foreign policy, it turned out to be characterised by "much promise but little performance".

But our fears were unfounded; the production was professional, original and amusing. The difficulties of acting in the open air were overcome ingeniously. Most notable were the bizarre costumes of the fairies contrasting with the detailed realism of those of the workmen.

The scenery was inventive and the actors most proficient, especially the Machiavellian Puck with his diabolical laugh. An entertaining interlude was provided by the latter when he flung an apple into the audience which Russell Smith skilfully caught—"Howzat !"

The play was enjoyed by all, although the crackling of crisp bags in the audience did mar the atmosphere somewhat. Altogether it was a most successful day — even the rain held off until we arrived back in Bakewell.

We would like to thank Miss Schofield and Mrs. Tatham for arranging the trip for us.

A. Roose, Lower VI.

DARKNESS

The blackness was impenetrable. Maybe I was unconscious after my fall. No, that couldn't be it; not only was I thinking but I was aware that I was thinking.

Darkness, at the best of times, held untold fears for me; and I knew they would certainly assail me now. What was that? "No," I told myself, "don't be silly, keep control. Whatever you do, do not let your imagination run away with you. Keep thinking, keep your mind occupied." I said this over and over again to myself. "Now try to remember what happened and don't think where you are."

The constant plop of dripping water was the only sound that pierced the darkness. Not even the smallest ray of light penetrated my new found abode. Then I remembered. I had been walking. "That's right, you were walking on the moor. You remember, don't you? Of course you do. Tell me!" Because of my present situation I tried hard to console myself with these futile and pathetic attempts at conversation with myself. "Keep thinking, remember." These words kept on periodically re-echoing around my mind.

I had been walking on a moor, Berkeley Moor, if I remember correctly. I had been looking for birds' nests, well, lapwings' nests to be precise, and believe me, the more detail and precision I put into things, the more it comforted my sorely depressed mind.

Then suddenly, it happened. The plops of the dripping water entering my head seemed to build up into a crescendo. I had to scream. When I did, the noise echoed and re-echoed from every corner of my prison. Each echo seemed to mock at me and laugh at me more sadistically than the last, each adding more terror to the darkness of what seemed to be my tomb.

I slept slightly, a scared even terrified sleep; I could hear myself whimpering and crying. I was cold, bitterly cold. The dripping and the darkness preyed constantly and unmercifully on my mind. I dared not shout for fear of that terrible mocking and yet I felt I must shout, but daren't, and so my tormented mind was torn apart by what seemed to be two sides arguing, shouting and screaming about the possibilities of calling for help. This mental torment went on for many hours before I lost consciousness.

I next remember a dazzling light shining into my eyes, disturbing my first spell of peaceful slumber. What followed is a blurred memory, for all that I was really aware of was that it marked the end of this terrifying experience. I had been entombed in that dark, damp hole for 37 hours.

Wragg, P., Form 2Z.

THE SPOKEN ENGLISH COMPETITION

This year the Spoken English Competition was adjudicated by Mr. H. C. Jones of Thornbridge College of Education. We would like to thank him for coming to perform this very difficult role and for the helpful comments he made on the performances.

Quite a high standard of achievement was reached by a number of the Junior and Middle School entrants, but as usual the senior speeches especially enlivened the proceedings. "This is not the Age for the Individualist" was the topic explored with such varying approaches of humour and seriousness. Angela Wilkinson, the winner, certainly proved that success on the public platform is not exclusively a male prerogative. She secured communication with the audience immediately and kept their attention with her sustained wit and provocative comments. Following on this, came the Senior play readings, in which Cockerton's success with their excerpt from "Androcles and the Lion" can probably be attributed to a combination of skilled interpretation and appropriate casting!

Juniors :

Poetry—H. Goodman (T.)

Prose—S. Harris (G.)

Middles :

Poetry—J. Maltby (T.)

Prose—Wharton, R. (T.)

Seniors :

Speech—A. Wilkinson (G.)

Play reading—J. White, Green, T., Horsfall, J., Knowles, P.,
Skidmore, J. (C.)

A TRAMP

His mauled face haunts my mind
His sullen, revolting air darkens mankind.
He exists in time but not in soul,
He does not lose youth for he does not grow old.
I look at his object and wonder;
Experience has dealt him a number
Of wrongs which he cannot forgive;
We have allowed him only to live.
He never dies, for his soul is rotten.
Man will not know what he has forgotten.
A reincarnation, a pretence, an attempt,
At changing a subject of contempt;
He glances and my stomach recoils,
Over hatred and despicable truth.
He starts, then moves off with deliberate sloth.
A touch of irony may well be detected;
For we are the ones who are really affected.

E. White, 4Y.

CRETE

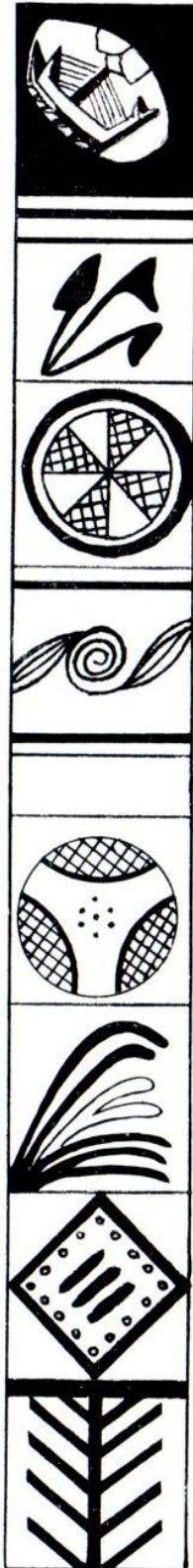
Having distinguished the travellers from the pub-crawlers in the gathering darkness on the night of Sunday, April 4th, 26 assorted sun-seekers left Bakewell Luton-bound, where a bright orange jet waited to speed us to Athens, stopping to refuel in Milan.

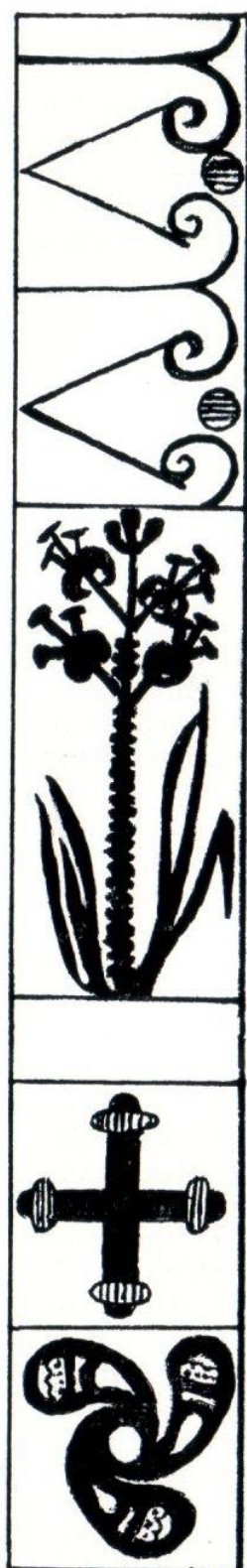
Miss Smith and the eight sixth-formers remained in Athens for the day, while the rest of us had a further hour's flight to Heraklion, Crete. It was difficult to believe, in this wealth of sunshine, palm trees, and glittering deep sapphire waters, that we had left cold, rainswept Bakewell only 12 hours before.

Our villa in Heraklion boasted its own small, deep pool in the garden, and after drinks there, Mr. and Mrs. Bridge with their contingent piled into the mini-bus for the two-hour ride to St. Nicholas, where they spent the first week. We passed the rest of the day revelling in unaccustomed sunshine and gloating over those far away at school.

Early next morning, the boat from Athens docked in the lovely old Venetian harbour, bringing the remainder of our party. They looked remarkably none the worse for two sleepless nights.

That afternoon we visited Fodele, a small village which claims to be the birthplace of the famous artist El Greco, whose works we studied in a small sparkling white chapel set among fragrant orange and lemon trees. A spectacular ride across the island gave us the opportunity of sunbathing in Mattala, one of the finest beaches on Crete. Phaistos, one of the three principal "sites", Gortyn and Aghia Triada secondary sites, and Aghia Varuara the geographical centre of Crete, were included in this trip. Phaistos has a beautiful, unique situation on a hillside with the extensive fertile plain of Messara to the east, the Asterousia range to the south, and to the north lies the impressive snow-capped Idha range. At Aghia Triada, two veteran Cretans did a roaring trade with reed pipes which they carved while





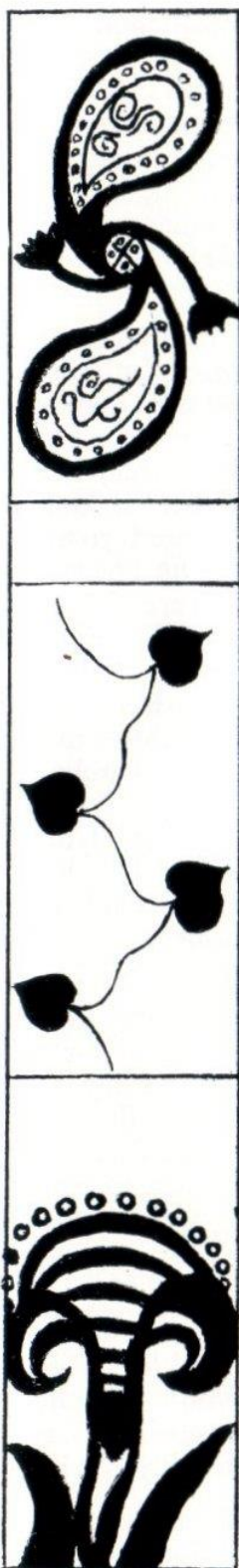
we watched. They claimed these were "The Pipes of Pan". Maralla possesses a cliff face riddled with caves where hippies of all nations lived until they were evicted by the authorities.

Following this trip we pored over the exhibits in the Archaeological Museum in Heraklion, and then were transported back almost three thousand years into the remains of a world as civilised, albeit not as technologically advanced, as ours, when we explored Knossos. It was easy to understand how this site became known as the Birthplace of Western Civilisation — the drainage system, for instance, would do credit to many of ours today. The Legend of Theseus and the Minotaur in the labyrinth is a myth, as there was never a labyrinth as such.

After this visit, the weather changed to rain, wind, and bitter cold which was, apart from an odd hour or two, to be the order of the rest of the holiday. However, undaunted, we twice climbed (with the aid of the mini-bus) Mount Iuktas, which sported nests of lammergeiers and also magnificent views over undulating fields to the north west, and a large village to the south east. We could hear the music from a juke box in this village even on top of the mountain.

Finally, on what must have been the wettest day, we travelled westwards to Rethymnon, where the main attraction is the old venetian fortress, overlooking the harbour. On the way, we visited the Arkhadi monastery, where we were shown round by a delightful monk with a perfectly angelic face and his hair in a small bun. Mrs. Smith was keen to make him her chief souvenir! This monastery is the Cretans' supreme religious symbol of their ageless strife and dilemma—freedom or death.

Next day we met the other party halfway at Mallia, where we exchanged news and views and then continued our journey. A few of us went on to visit Kritsa, a small village high up in the mountains, and the ruins of Lato, on the mountain top, the city which in its heyday has St. Nicholas as its port.



Gournia was next on the list, being the near-complete remains of a Minoan village, as well as having those of a palace, and then the Dictaeon Cave, on Mount Dicte, on the edge of the Lasithi plain — The Valley of Windmills. This cave is where Zeus is believed to have been reared. He is also thought to have been reared in the cave in Mount Iaka, visible from Phaistos.

Our last trip was to Ierapetra on the south coast, following the coast road from St. Nicholas to Pakhia Ammos, where the wind whipped up the sea to spray like clouds of smoke, the waves breaking over the small jetty and rising like fountains into the air. From Pakhia Ammos we crossed the narrowest part of the island—about 20 miles wide. At Ierapetra the weather was sunny and the sea calm and mirrorlike, as if unaware of the raging turmoil so near to it. A Venetian port and a Turkish minaret and mosque are the attractions here. Less than two hundred miles from Ierapetra, across the Libyan sea, lies Africa.

Our evenings were spent in a wide variety of places, ranging from the most exclusive night club in Heraklion to a tiny taverna way up in the hills beyond Knossos. It was in this small taverna that one highlight of our trip occurred. A lemon covered in a napkin, knotted at the corners, was placed on the table and rolled drunkenly about in front of Mrs. Smith, who, thinking it was alive, gave a bloodcurdling shriek and headed for the door. After the initial shock, it was found to be highly amusing. We soon learned the Cretan dance, and several variations on the theme. In St. Nicholas, however, the accent was strongly on American and English music. Our last two nights there were spent in joining in the Easter celebrations. On the first of the two, we raced down the backstreets to see, at every possible opportunity, the procession of people led by a brass band, church officials carrying crosses, and four men supporting a small construction decorated with flowers and lights, reported to contain a sacrifice. Midnight marked the start of 24 hours of fasting—not for us fortunately.

THE GREAT LADY MANNERS MOTOR SHOW, 1971

It is at this point in the school calendar that the Great Lady Manners Motor Show can be observed at its best, and although it may not attract quite as much journalistic attention as its rather larger brother in Earl's Court, it can boast 26 cars that proudly line the main drive.

Most of the exhibits are of British origin (however long ago that origin may be), but during the last three years, a definite foreign influence has prevailed. The Germans began this trend by forcing upon us a dark red Volkswagen, and presumably following the English expression, it has taken only three years for two other similar birds of a feather to flock together in the shapes of two more, blue, VW's.

However, the Germans are not alone in trying to increase their British sales by pressing their automobiles on to our defenceless pedagogues, because a white Alfa Romeo and more recently a cream (or dirty white—one would need a magnifying glass and a bucket of water to tell) Renault, have marked the start of the Italian attempt to create an automobile Roman Empire.

Even with this terrific foreign influence, it seems that the average Lady Mannerian teacher still prefers to "Buy British", and this must account for the fact that 81% of the cars on the front drive are of British origin.

It may also be noticed that there is an abundance of sports cars that one does not usually expect from the average members of the teaching profession, and although it is not probable that anyone would confuse the main drive with the starting grid of the Monaco Grand-Prix, a white MG Midget, a green MGB and a blue Triumph GT6, all add up to the fact that 12% of our motoring members of staff prefer faster cars.

Up to this point, only 31% of the cars have been accounted for, and this means that 18 cars fall into neither the class of foreign, nor the class of sports cars.

Of these 18, indirect foreign influence accounts for yet another four cars from the Chrysler (UK) production lines. Three Hillmans and a Singer compose this section of the exhibition, and it is this section that probably contains the greatest age variation (of cars, not owners), and at least one of these four is probably only retained by its owner because of its fine record of victories in arguments with the boundary wall of the front lawn.

Six more of the 18 carry a faint semblance of Americanism from their company of origin, and these six have managed to escape the strikes and to slip out of Dagenham unnoticed by the Ford shop-stewards.

This accounts for all but eight of the 18 cars, and of these Vauxhall, Bedford and BMC claim one each, and Austin and Morris claim two each. This leaves just a light blue Triumph 2000 and a "C" registered Humber to remain completely and undoubtedly British, and considering their owners, which two cars could possibly be more so?

But whatever the nationality or type of the car, there is in nearly every case, a likeness between it and its owner, and it is possible to draw up a reasonably accurate list of which types of car which member of our motoring staff might purchase next time someone plants a tree in their path.

A car-spotter would need only a recent copy of the school photograph and an observant pair of eyes to match the majority of the cars with the majority of the row of stoic faces, and it would take even a failed psychiatrist only half an hour to do likewise if he were able to penetrate the tight security net and to lounge in one of the staff room's leather armchairs during break.

However, even he might have slight problems with some of the matches, and although it may not be too difficult to match faces to the green MGB or the white Alfa Romeo, who would be his choice for the white Hillman Minx or the red Volkswagen? — and what would be his conclusion if he saw a certain member of our mobile staff riding his bicycle?

At this, we must contain our excitement, and leave the Great Lady Manners Motor Show of 1971, to wait with bated breath to see the revolutionary designs that are to be revealed in the Great Lady Manners Motor Show of 1972.

Hepher, R. A., Form 4Y.



"Warhorse" June Exam. B. UTTLEY, 2Z.

WOMEN'S LIBERATION

"Night Watchmen don't feel liberated and they've been burning their braziers for years!"—Sunday Times. How aptly this pun sums up the problem of Women's Liberation and the entirely wrong concept of it. The violent revolutionist who seeks to transform the traditional role of women in society by dramatic symbolic gestures will achieve nothing but equally violent reaction; the victims of shock tactics only seek defence in ridicule. What is really needed is an entirely new concept of woman, her attitude to and relationship with other women and men. The emergence of the religious and moral idea of the individual worth and dignity of woman has been a slow one—women receiving the vote was the first step, not as is commonly supposed the last. But this gradual realisation is a necessary and integral part of the liberation of society from its inhibiting traditions and resultant denial of women's potential.

Unfortunately, in the 20th century this has been misconceived as "equality"—but this in itself is merely exchanging one restricted role for another. Women in general are not equal to men physically. By striving erroneously for "equality" women will endeavour to prove they are "as good as men" and thus by defining themselves in male terms show their acceptance of their peculiar oppression. The black man must still want to be white because white represents power over the world! E. E. Evans-Pritchard pointed out the shortcomings of such a view, "In so far as the problems of the relations of the sexes are not those just of sex as such, but of authority, leadership, control, co-operation and competition, they are problems which occur in every sort of society and they cannot be solved by an insistence on absolute equality but rather by a recognition of differences, exercise of charity and acknowledgment of authority".

Socially, economically and legally women are oppressed: we are brought up to feel inadequate and are educated to narrower horizons than are men. But women will never be liberated from male dominance until they understand how much they acquiesce to their leadership by their own complementary subjugation. In society women and girls relate primarily to men and any organisation duplicates the pattern. Even as children we are being conditioned when we are given a doll to play with rather than a toy car!

This conditioning has taught women that any other way of life is unnatural or worse—unfeminine. Throughout history the man has actively led and fought and the women have followed and waited, resigned to their drab and painful existence because they knew no other. Thus when Lady Macbeth was about to help kill Duncan she sought greater strength and resolution not from her

inner being and resources but from the apparent superior strength and positive nature of her male counterparts. She cries out to be, "unsexed".

So women exist in a conventional state of complete social dependence; because they do not complain they are presumed to be happy. In respect to happiness class differences are most noticeable. The idea of change is beyond the notions of the oppressed and because they do not articulate their complaints in terms recognised by those in control they are presumed to be happy.

Therefore, women are silent, their subjection a way of life and accepted as such they cannot label it. To survive they resort to indirect methods—secrecy and subterfuge become second nature—no—first nature. They perfect their furtive skill, and, like Brear Rabbit, lie low. Women have been lying low so long most of them cannot imagine how to get up and because the assumption does not occur to them it does not occur to anyone else either. The weakness of their position makes them unwilling to state exactly how they feel—so they hide in ambiguity, cultivate mystery and preserve an ambivalent attitude. Women are enigmatic because this is their only strength in the directness and physical approach of a man's world. They have developed their intuitiveness because no one has bothered to develop their logic. Helplessness, as an act, has proved to be a useful guise to achieve success, but this has back-fired all too often; they become that which they purport to be.

The typical feminine woman, however, knows that her ability to succeed is by not doing things directly and it is inseparable from her capacity to excite masculine desire and entangle him in obligation. She is proud about her subtlety and her skill in getting things from men deviously—"we women have our ways".

The ties which bind women within the recognised images of themselves are often frivolous and nearly always imperceptible. Fashion is an example of this—a powerful weapon—as it is aimed at women's mass inferiority complex. Although one can see the absurdity and obvious object of fashion as a "man-trap", it does not stop one from following it in a blind panic for recognition by other women and to attract men. As if mascara and hot-pants were the only things which make a woman sexually desirable. Thus women lose themselves and one another in the reflected images of unrealisable desires. They become things: consumer dust-bins, "objets d'arts".

The role of the supposedly emancipated and intelligent girl in this environment is increasingly confusing. While feeling more self-reliant she has shed many of the orthodox defences and in a society structured for men can suddenly become very vulnerable. She probably associates with men as her wider interests and outlook make femininity to her synonymous with triviality, stupidity and narrowness. The women who follow accepted behaviour patterns see her as a kind of fake male, and not surprisingly feel a certain revulsion and do not trust her. While she is young she probably takes her "emancipation" for granted but with marriage and creeping age she finds time to examine her spurious freedom and discover the flaws. As her confident heterodoxy wanes we find the educated housewife's pitiful attempt to find dignity and fulfilment through even more elaborate cooking recipes and fanatical house pride.

For the career-minded girl there exists great difficulty in securing jobs which require considerable initiative and responsibility and at the same time are not just extensions of the family role. I find more significant (and alarming) that women don't apply for such jobs when they have the chance of getting them. This results in a vicious circle of women inhibiting themselves by their own refusal to accept such jobs which prompts men to assume they are inadequate to do them !

The liberty women claim to seek can only be brought about when they realise the liberty they genuinely need, namely—from themselves. Only when they have broken out of their hard shell of self-containment will they be able to judge their position in society for what it is. Their struggle is not against external mechanisms of domination but with their own internal ones. Until they can visualise this suicidal self-suffocation and experience the silent language of the oppressed communicating themselves — male hegemony will remain.

To conclude, at the moment women walk and talk and think as living contradictions. Only when they are aware of this will they be able to achieve liberation — which after all like freedom is merely the right to choose their own captivity.

A. Roose, Lower VI.

INSOMNIA

Lying in the dark.
Staring at the ceiling
Which evades my
Desperately searching eyes,
Trying not to think,
And thinking,
The same old thoughts revolving
Revolve
In my head.
The snoring of my brothers,
The ticking of the clock,
So different,
Both regular,
Become one sound,
A monotonous drone.
My thoughts become obscure
And meaningless
Through constant repetition.
The room begins to spin,
My body with it,
Shrinking into a separate
Spinning world,
Void of sound, light and feeling.
At last I sleep.

Lee, A., Form 2Z.

A WAKEFUL NIGHT

I had been to a marvellous party, and very stupidly eaten too much food. Consequently I had a terrible stomach ache and climbed into bed feeling dreadful.

I was lying awake, when suddenly 10 bridge-rolls, looking very much like policemen, whisked me out of my bed and into a large sundae dish, which they called a "Black Maria". They took me to a large cave lit by cake candles, and as I went in a large Cornish Pasty shouted, "Brandon Wilshaw!"

I felt very nervous as I realised that the Cornish Pasty was an usher, calling me into a court of Justice inside the cave, which was really the inside of my stomach. The Judge was a large, wobbling, red jelly, with a long wig precariously balanced on top of it. In the Jury box there were 12 sausages, all of different shapes, sizes, type and make. Some were fat pork sausages, while others were long, thin frankfurters. The prosecutor was a mouldy over ripe banana and was not very well dressed as he was half peeled. In front of the Judge was a long, thin piece of liquorice with a

short, white wig perched on top of it. He was the clerk who was busily writing. At the back of the court were rows of currant buns, giggling and laughing at me.

Then the Judge hit his bench with a hammer and said, "Now that we are all ready, will you please proceed, Mr. Liquorice". "At once, your Jellyship," replied the clerk. "Brandon Wilshaw is accused of over-eating at a party on the forty-fifth day of Audraft, in the nine-thousand, nine hundred and ninety-ninth year of our Lord. The result of this is that there is not enough accommodation for all the food in his stomach."

"As there is no lawyer to defend you," said the Judge, "you will have to be found guilty by the Jury." At this the buns giggled so much that all their currants popped out.

"Wait!" said a voice at the back of the room, and in bounced a hard boiled egg with its shell taken off. "I will defend him because he didn't eat me." This was true, because I hate boiled eggs and would not even touch them with a barge pole. The Judge was so angry that he shook all over until his wig fell off.

In spite of the boiled egg I was still found guilty, and the Judge sentenced me to death by the bread-knife. Six bread-rolls dragged in a bread board with a bread-knife on it, supported by a rope.

"You will observe," said the Jelly in a fiendish manner, "that the breadknife is supported by a single rope, which, when cut, will allow it to fall on to your neck, thus decapitating you." By now I was tied to the breadboard and I saw that this would happen.

"The executioner is coming," shouted the banana, gleefully. The executioner was a big black-pudding with a black mask over his face which made no difference to his appearance. "Have you any last wish?" he asked. "Yes," I replied, "I wish that this was all a dream." Then the rope was cut, and as the knife fell, I woke up, to find that my wish had come true after all.

The time was about half-past two in the morning, and because of my stomach I could not go back to sleep again—if it was my poor stomach!

Wilshaw, B., Form 1X.

THE STARS

Stars shine in the unlimited expanse of nothingness,
The access to infinity,
The star-spangled midnight sky
Glittering in the light of the eternal sun,
Reigning in the vastness of the heavens,
Primordial, full of lordly powers,
and the source of all beauty —
Lord, let this kingdom prevail for eternity.

Mastin, L., Form 1Y.



TREES

I walk through the shady lane;
Overhead, the boughs of trees
Glance down, casting mottled shadows
Upon the mossy banks.

There at the gate
Stands the majestic oak,
Silhouetted against the evening sky,
Each branch a touch of perfection.

Then there stands the beech,
Watching my every move
From its lofty heights
And thick-set trunk.

(contd. on page 58).

I look over the fence
And catch a glimpse of a silver birch
With dainty branches
And thin, unmoving leaves.

My eye follows the stream
To the overhanging willow,
Reflecting itself upon
The gleaming and rippling waters.

J. White, Form 1Y.

IN THE GOLDFISH BOWL

The fish swam through the water, effortlessly;
The cat watched excitedly.
Swish, went the fish's tail, gracefully;
The cat sat, hungrily.
The cat put his paw in gingerly;
The fish swerved, timidly.
Pounce, went the cat suddenly;
Flounce went the fish, dead !

Vivien Hurst, Form 1X.

THE MOON

The moon is like a luminous orb,
As she silently drifts across the cloudy skies.
She sits in the air like a ghost in a chair
And stares down to earth
With her one eerie eye.

Y. Briggs, Form 1X.

AUTUMN

Falling,
Tumbling,
Blowing,
The leaves are falling down.
It's a time of flustered squirrels
Gathering up their horde of nuts,
Scurrying to and fro,
Never stopping,
Up and down,
All around,
Morn till dusk.
Cracking, splitting,
Glowing red,
Clouds of greying ash :
The bonfire's burning !
All the leaves and wood go forth,
Bringing warmth and happiness.
Autumn is here;
Summer's gone;
Hot, roast chestnuts,
Popcorns sweet
By a hot, rosy autumn fire.

A. Phillips, Form 1Y.



G. RHODES, Lower VI.

THE BARKER MEMORIAL ESSAY

“A Curse of the Modern Era—The Examination System”.

What of its satisfactions, benefits, injustices?

What could effectively replace the traditional written examinations?

A curse on mankind? Everything is relative. Far worse was the total disregard for human ability in past ages; the redeeming factors then were wealth and influence. The fact that we have created a “system” through which all can progress to a certain level is indicative that in itself that period of tension, silence and self-discipline is a sign of progress. But progress in itself means development, an advance in ideas and in practical terms. What once stood for social justice, in a new age of a working democracy can soon become an anachronism.

Human nature is such that it is bound to criticise, to challenge systems which exist. Too often their criticism is destructive rather than positive and constructive. Also, the critic should try to offer something definite and more advantageous to put in its place. Basically, criticism is beneficial; it highlights both attributes and faults. The examination system is not alone in having both, and it is from comparing both that we judge it.

In any society, however much it believes in equality for the masses, the system must recognise that human beings are not of equal ability and that discrimination is necessary. By some method, people have to be graded, selected and assessed, both to realise their potential and for the benefit of society.

Doubtless the examination method has its faults as it stands, many would say it is more unjust than just. But firstly, it has its advantages. It allows a person to compete with others in uniform conditions of time and place. Examinations are an exacting routine; but the restrictions are universal. Individuals, aware of their future, have a definite target to work for. As a person progresses through the system he adopts more and more to the examination environment and can work methodically.

Objections to this immediately come to mind. An ordered routine and the limitations imposed can stifle the sensitive, creative qualities within. Those who fail to conform are classed as “unsuccessful” by examination law. Yet souls who feel in themselves the poetic rather than the factual urge will develop regardless of examination pressure. To them failure is irrelevant. If one can accept that failure in a “three hour silence” is not ultimate judgment, success can lie in other fields.

Having considered the nervous breakdowns, frustration and agony of the minority — and a minority never to be forgotten — is the system just overall? From experience, limited though it definitely is, it would seem that results reflect the ability if not the personality of the victim. Yet the important examinations, for 11+, for university, and for those elusive letters, may mean a very inaccurate result. One mistake, an unsuitable state of mind, a minor illness can change a life. If the pressure were removed one could say the end product was more indicative of a person's general standard, one could also say that as it does not matter there is no need to try. Most people justify and accept the system; but the minority who cannot adapt are unimportant. Everything should be done to consider the important few who collapse under the strain or who become confirmed anti-establishment fanatics.

Examination must essentially involve an awareness of their presence. There needs to be a chance to prepare gradually for the climax. For young children this is virtually impossible: they may know what is to happen but not understand.

From an administrative angle the written examination must have many advantages. It is unbiased, for supervision and marking is very definitely planned in external examinations. But again, which is the most important, those who mark or those who are marked?

For the candidate, despite the feeling of impending doom there is the final sense of achievement. He might achieve a target, but in any case he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has disciplined himself, organised a section of his life to the best of his ability and trained his mind to work under strain. No one can deny the strains of life.

To replace the system effectively it is difficult to suggest a satisfactory method. Continuous assessment seems to be more humane and does alleviate the burden of intense pressure. But here again the factors of bias and favouritism can enter into an "opinion". A combination of both may be something of a progressive move. Judgment might be made after a consideration of the work done over a long period of time and of work done under time restriction. This would eradicate the burden of learning numerous facts which benefit no one. Also a candidate's performance in several situations is examined and analysed. Definitely, some relaxing of examination restrictions seems desirable. Perhaps there should be the chance to refer to books or to take part in more orally orientated tests. Speaking as well as writing seems equally important.

J. Atchison, Upper VI.



PARENTS' ASSOCIATION 1970-1971

The A.G.M. was held in October, when some 50 members were present. A very enjoyable Social Evening was arranged in November, while in February Mr. Sturman gave a most interesting introductory talk on Modern Mathematics. A large number of parents attended this instructional meeting, to which Mr. Sturman was kind enough to give a follow-up in April. Some 30 parents visited Myers Grove Comprehensive School, Sheffield one evening in May, when they had an opportunity of looking round and hearing from the Headmaster about some of the problems and advantages of running such a large school. In March a Quiz Evening was organised and proved both entertaining and enlightening, the Committee being much indebted to those who formed the panel, which consisted of representatives of parents, staff, Head boy and Head girl. A theatre visit has become an annual event for the Association and in May we visited Sheffield Playhouse to see "Britannia's Boys". The traditional cricket match against the school was unfortunately not possible this year, due to the lack of a school pitch, but parents played tennis matches against the school and won by 17 matches to eight.

On behalf of the committee, I would like to thank parents and those members of staff and pupils who helped at the foregoing events, and look forward to your continued support during the coming year.

C. E. Marston,
Hon. Secretary.

OLD MANNERIAN ACTIVITIES

THE A.G.M.

The President was supported this year by 11 members, and apologies for absence were received from 11 others. The business, conducted in a rather cool room, was got through in almost record speed. Here is a summary of the minutes :

1. The minutes of the last A.G.M. were read and approved.
2. The Secretary's report mentioned the usual round of activities, special mention being made of the very successful Annual Dinner. Some 320 Magazines had been distributed at Christmas and about the same number of the 16-page Newsletter No. 5 in May.
3. The Treasurer reported a balance in hand of £23.08, rather less than last year. 228 members were up to date with their subscriptions. A careful inspection of the membership records had been undertaken with a view to weeding out those who appeared to be unwilling to pay up. It was emphasized that the Association could not afford to send out magazines, newsletters, etc., to those whose subscriptions fell in arrears.
4. Last year's Officers and Committee were re-elected to serve a further year, with the additional name of Christopher Bradbury. The A.G.M. was immediately followed, as usual, by the first meeting of the new Committee.

A. M. B.

OLD MANNERIAN RUGBY F.C.

At the A.G.M. held at "The Castle Hotel", on 23rd April, 1971, Mr. John Oldfield tendered his resignation as Chairman and this was reluctantly accepted by the meeting. The Club captain, Mr. T. (Charlie) Gratton, expressed the Club's thanks to Mr. Oldfield for all the work he had done in his time for the Club—which stretched over four decades. The meeting unanimously agreed to a motion that Mr. Oldfield be appointed a Life Member in recognition of his long association with the Club.

Mr. Peter Allsop was elected Chairman, and Mr. John Hart Vice-Chairman. Mr. T. Gratton was re-elected 1st XV Captain, with Mr. T. Green as Vice-Captain. The 2nd XV Captain is Mr. Richard Gregory, with Mr. John (Mangles) Wright as his deputy.

The Club had a successful 1970/71 season, with the 1st team winning 15 matches and losing 10. Of the 10 defeats, seven were suffered in the first eight games of the season. Success was also enjoyed in the County Cup, and particularly in the County Sevens where we were unlucky to lose in the final. Once again, the Club supplied a good number of players to represent the County at various levels.

The 1971/72 season has started extremely well, and we are now running a regular Third XV.

The Club Committee is looking closely at a number of proposals for a permanent ground and pavilion. Last season we played on a field behind the school, for which we thank sincerely the farmer, Mr. Arthur Mosley of Over Haddon. This year we are back on the Show Field, where spectators are always welcome.

So, both on and off the field, the Rugby Club is going from strength to strength and is on its way to regaining its rightful position in Derbyshire rugby—and that means **above** the O.Bs.!!

R. David Paulett.

O.M. BADMINTON

No longer involved in the League with its attendant pressures, the Club has been going through a period of consolidation. Newcomers have more than replaced the wastage, and at long last an encouraging feature is that some of the new players are young enough to have a reasonable expectation of active playing life ahead of them.

The emphasis has been on practice games on club night which continues to be Tuesday, and, as usual, any prospective players, experienced or otherwise, are welcome to come along.

G. Burgess.

OLD MANNERIANS THE SUMMER RE-UNION 1971

It was a beautiful Summer evening. Tennis balls thudded, croquet balls clicked, there were shouts of joy and muttered oaths, half-drowned by the resonant harmonies of the splendidly augmented School Band, conducted this year by O. M. Len Birds. Then there were the guided tours of the new buildings. Two parties went round and showed a keen interest in the maze of half-finished extensions, admiring especially the impressively large sports hall and the generous provision for the 6th form.

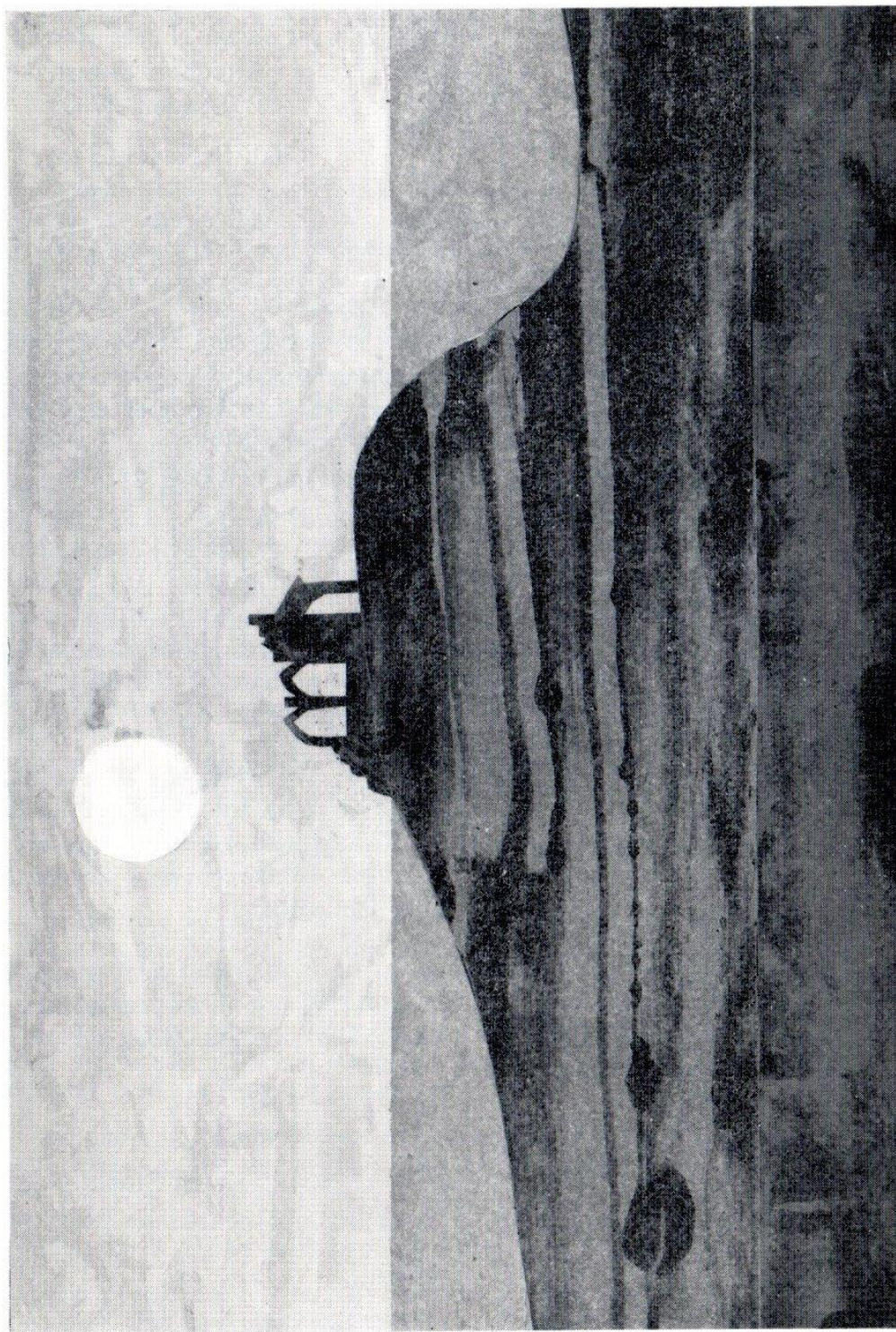
Refreshments and conversation filled in the rest of the evening very pleasantly, as usual, but the absence of the usual cricket match, O.M.s v the School, had obviously reduced interest and we did not see so many O.M.s and friends as we could have wished. We hope that there may perhaps be a playing field again next Summer, though as I write there is no sign of grass to relieve the broad brown area that was once a sports field.

Just in case you have not yet booked for the Annual Dinner, let me remind you that it is on Tuesday, December 21st, at the Rutland Arms Hotel, Bakewell, and that I may still be able to supply tickets — at £1.50 each.

A. M. B.

A RUGBY FLASH :—John Pearce, already Captain of Derbyshire has been selected to be Three Counties' Captain in the County Championships.

"... then because his wound was deep, the bold Sir Bevidere uplifted him, Sir Bevidere, the last of all his knights, and bore him to a chapel nigh the field. A broken chancel with a broken cross, that stood on a dark strait of barren land, On one side lay the Ocean, and on one lay a great water, and the moon was full."
"Morte d'Arthur" A. Tennyson.



E. WILSON, Upper VI.

FROM KAREN STUBBS (1964—71)

Princess Royal Nurses Home,
37, Guildford Street,
London, W.C.1.

26th September, 1971.

I thought you might like to know how I am getting on down here in London at Great Ormond Street.

My first six weeks was spent in The School of Nursing having lectures all day long with demonstrations and a few trips to the wards, but on the 19th September we started proper duty on the wards and this was really what we were all longing for. I am on ward SCE which is for rectal surgery and neonates. I do not really attend to the very small babies especially those in incubators so I am mainly left on my own to attend to the toddlers and older children. We are given quite a lot of responsibility. It is often said that the juniors spend half their time in the sluice but this certainly is not true as far as I'm concerned. All the nurses on my ward are really super and everyone takes a share of the dirty work—emptying and cleaning bins, operating the steriliser.

The hours are very reasonable. We work one of two shifts; either 7.30 a.m. to 3.15 p.m. with 20 mins. for coffee and 40 mins. for lunch or 1.15 p.m. to 9.30 p.m. with 30 mins. for tea and 30 mins. for supper. Night duty is from 9.00 p.m. to 8.00 a.m. but we don't do that until after Christmas

. . . . During our training we have to spend a year out at a general hospital and this occurs during our third year of training. We have a choice of either The London Hospital or the Hammersmith Hospital.

Yours,

Karen Stubbs.

FROM NICHOLAS JONES (1958—1965)

Officers' Mess,
R.A.F. Shaijah,
BFPO 64.

20th September, 1971.

I have spent a very interesting year in the Persian Gulf, although at times England has seemed a very long way away, especially during the mail strike. However we do receive all of the English daily papers, and only one day late, which makes life bearable. Mail takes, on average, three days to arrive from U.K., very often quicker than the national postal service !

Shaijah and the neighbouring states are areas of great contrast. From the arid desert plains of the coastal strip and the "empty quarter" to the mountains of the Musardam Peninsula, over 40 miles away, yet clearly visible on most days during the winter months. Vegetation is scarce, except in the wadis in the mountains which produce crops of dates and coconuts for most of the year.

Whereas the land is barren, the seas are teeming with fish of many species. Perhaps most fascinating are the giant turtles which come ashore to lay their eggs on the southern shores of the Arabian Peninsula. We have a base on Masurah Island, some 350 miles south of Shaijah, and whilst on a visit there at the end of July, I was able to witness this amazing performance. The turtles come ashore after dark and drag their enormous bodies above the water line, dig a hole and commence to lay anything up to 70 or 80 eggs, about the same size as a chicken's egg, but with a leathery rather than brittle shell. A popular pastime is riding on the back of a turtle, both in and out of the water, a pastime which seems to give the turtle no discomfort whatsoever.

In contrast to the amiable turtle, many other of the inhabitants of the seas are far less friendly. Sharks of every shape and size abound, it is an awesome sight to see a pack of sharks surround a shoal of fish, and as they close for the kill the water starts to boil as the fish panic. Many of the natives make their living from the sea, a precarious existence when one flick of a shark's tail would turn over a flimsy, dug-out canoe.

In contrast to the fisherman's dug-out, the trader's stately dhow makes a fine sight under full sail, although today sail is being replaced by diesel power. These vessels ply the routes that have been established for hundreds of years, from Arabia across to India and Pakistan, and down into Africa.

The people are not terribly industrious, and live in conditions of squalor that are shocking to many European eyes, conditions

that stand out in sharp contrast to the wealth of the trading centres like Dubai and Bahrain, and that of the oil rich sheiks. Gradually some of these riches are being diverted to the assistance of the poor, in the form of hospitals and schools, but far more appears to be channeled into projects that save "face", very important to the Arab.

Pollution is a subject very much on everyone's minds at the moment, but I doubt if many areas of the world are in such bad condition as the Gulf. We see, on our flying patrols, mile after mile of oil slicks which vary in colour through most hues of the rainbow. This, on top of the pollution of the air from the gas that is burnt off at the well heads, makes the whole scene rather depressing.

My letter wouldn't be complete without mention of the climate out here, to be experienced to be believed. Average rainfall is less than three inches per year, falling in the winter months, November through March. We had just under one inch this year. The winter climate is superb, with warm dry days and mild evenings, the average day maximum being around eighty-five degrees. The summer is a complete contrast, and from May onwards as the humidity and temperature goes up, so life and tempers seem to shorten. It really is uncomfortable to be outside in a temperature of 110°F. with the humidity well over 90%. The evenings are no improvement, with the temperature well into the eighties and the humidity rapidly approaching 100%. It is an eerie sensation to wake in the morning and step outside into dense fog, and the temperature 70°F.

Luckily our accommodation and places of work are fully air conditioned, making life very pleasant. In fact, as a whole, everything possible is done to make the 12 months here pass in comfort. The tour, in service parlance, is known as an "unaccompanied tour", which means that the officers and airmen spend their 12 months here away from wives and families. Despite this, morale is extremely high, and the relationship between officers and men exceptionally good.

Facilities for sport and recreation are first class. There are two full size swimming pools on the station, as well as football, cricket, rugger and hockey pitches. The surface of these pitches is not quite as lush as the Wembley turf, consisting of rolled sand with lines "painted" in oil. The hockey pitch is surfaced in tarmac, which causes the ball to travel at speeds approaching that of sound. Perhaps the most original invention is the nine hole golf course, the greens consist of heavily oiled rolled sand. Very good for practising one's bunker shots.

There are also many activities taking place on the station, the most popular being sailing. The club now owns in the region of two dozen boats, and racing in competition is fierce. Full use is made of the ocean, with water ski-ing, subaqua and deep sea fishing as readily available alternatives to sailing.

Social life off the station is somewhat restricted, although Dubai does sport a few nightclubs. However the attraction of duty free cigarettes and drinks does tend to keep most people happily employed in the evenings (a whisky costs 2½n.p. and cigarettes 5n.p. for 20). There is also an open air cinema on camp which shows four different films a week — believe me, being without television for a year is a great relief, it's surprising how quickly people remember the art of conversation.

Perhaps one of the biggest advantages of 12 months out here is one's purchasing power. Dubai is a duty free port and one is able to buy watches, cameras, and electrical goods at prices far below those in U.K. However by far the best buy out here is jewellery, gold, silver and precious stones. Half the joy of buying is watching the Arab jewellers actually making their wares, using techniques handed down over the generations. After much haggling over the price (and a Coke or two thoughtfully provided by the shop owner) one can return a couple of days later to review the finished article. The workmanship and detail is first class, and no job too big or too small.

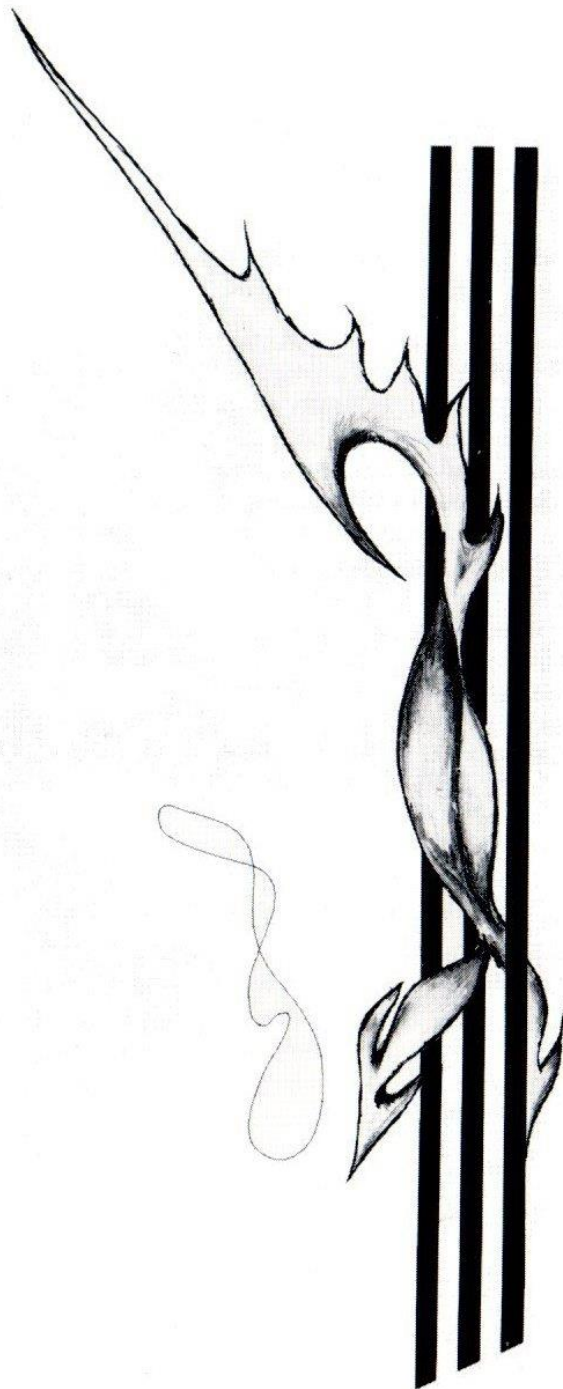
The squadron I am based on out here, No. 210 Squadron, operates Shackleton Mk. II aircraft and is employed in a purely reconnaissance role, keeping an eye on the comings and goings in the Gulf, and the illicit trade in both gold and illegal immigrants. We also have a role as search and rescue, for which task we have one crew on two hour standby 24 hours a day. Luckily actual call outs have been few in our year out here.

The squadron will disband in November and the aircraft return to the U.K. This is all part of the withdrawal of British forces from the Gulf area. I think that everyone will be pleased to return home, even to a cold, wet November England. However everyone will have memories of an experience and insight into a way of life that is denied to all but a few.

Well, I think that's about all I have to say, went on rather longer than I expected, probably because until I sat down to write this I hadn't realised just how much one takes for granted out here, and how everyday sights and sounds are taken as commonplace.

Yours,
Nick Jones.

"Wot ye the price of good pit-coal, that I must pay," said he,
"That ye rank yoursel' so fit for Hell, and ask no leave of me?"
— from "Tomlinson" by Rudyard Kipling.



RUTH WALTERS, Lower VI.

FROM PAMELA HULLEY — POLICE CADET

Inspired by the article written by Pat Holmes on life as a Police Cadet, PAMELA Lane (nee HULLEY) sent us an interesting account of her life in the Police Force.

“How times have changed! When I left school in 1958 I became a civilian clerk at the County Police Headquarters, Matlock, on the understanding I would join the Cadets when I was 17 (the minimum age for a Girl Cadet).

“The great day arrived when I emerged as Girl Cadet Hulley, complete with uniform, 12 pairs of black stockings and three blue shirts with six detachable collars. The times I lost my front collar stud were innumerable!

“I spent a few months in each of the departments at Headquarters, the most memorable and enjoyable being the Information Room (now called the Operations Room). Operating the wireless, switchboard, telex and teleprinter were all favourites of mine.

“We were given weekly lectures on Police procedure and drill sessions which were held on the County Offices car park. Every Sunday morning we went swimming at Belper baths and we were given first aid lessons by members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade. We made trips to the Assizes and Quarter Sessions to learn how to give evidence in Court. My most embarrassing moment came when, as a very new, very self-conscious cadet, I made my first public appearance at Bakewell Show. My first tour around the ground was met by wolf whistles from a group of boys who, on further inspection, turned out to be boys I was at school with. The Policewoman who was showing me round the ground was very disappointed that the whistles were not for her!

“Miss Holmes’ life as a Cadet is certainly very different from mine. But I enjoyed it and left only because I was getting married.

“I have been married nearly nine years now and have two children, Karen Louise who is seven and Christopher Andrew who is four. My husband, Peter, is the chargehand at the Water treatment plant here at Bolsover.

“My younger sister, Beverley—now Mrs. Terry Marshall—lives at Belper. She has a little girl, Janet Elizabeth, who is two years old, and is expecting her second baby in April. Terry works for Rolls Royce at Derby.

“I really enjoy all the literature I receive from the O.M.’s, especially the Newsletter. I often wonder what ex-school mates are doing and where they are living.”

ENGAGEMENTS

ANNE MACDONALD to Andrew Yule.

GEORGINA HATTERSLEY to David Ouslem.

JENNY THOMPSON to **JOHN VEAL**.

PAUL VOKINS is engaged. So is **DEIDRE BARTON**.

Margaret Slack (sister of **ELIZABETH**) to **RON CARTLEDGE**.

Yvonne de Val to **EDMUND BARBER**.

MARRIAGES

KATHLEEN COOK to David Batley. Kathleen is a tracer at the County Offices. Her husband is a fireman in Ripley. They are living in Matlock.

KATHLEEN LANGLEY to Howard Colin Shooter. Kathleen is at present doing research work in the geology department at Leicester University. The couple live in Leicester.

JOANNA HADDOCK to Roger Wilson. Joanna is in the Civil Service and Roger is a computer programmer.

ELIZABETH HALL to Ashley Scott. Elizabeth wrote at the beginning of July to tell us her happy news and was about to begin a three weeks' caravan tour of the continent with her husband. She had not had her degree result then but hoped "to do a year's Certificate of Education at Wolverhampton which will enable me to lecture in Technical College afterwards". Ashley will be doing his final year at Aston in September for his Chemistry degree.

SHEILA and MORAG SMYTH had a double wedding in August. Sheila, an executive secretary with Horizon Midlands Travel Co. Ltd., Birmingham, married Roger Bird, a production control Manager with A ? Metal Pressupa Ltd. They live in Shirley, Birmingham. Morag married Stuart Kiziewicz. Both Morag and her husband are students. Morag is doing environmental design at Chesterfield College of Art and Design, where she is secretary of the Students' Union. Stuart is studying electronic engineering at Manchester Polytechnic. Morag and her husband are living temporarily in Two Dales.

Some of the guests wore replicas of the 18th and early 19th century garb. Both brides were involved in preparation for the Arkwright Festival.

SUSAN DAVIES to Dr. John Bastow Wilson. Susan has been working as a librarian at Swadlincote library. Her husband was lecturing at Liverpool University having gained a B.Sc. and Ph.D. They have left for a new life in New Zealand to set up home in Otago, Dunedin, where Dr. Wilson is to lecture at the University of Otago.

GLENIS ROBINSON to Kenneth Garner. Glenis is teaching Domestic Science. Ken is a Research and Development engineer. They live in Leicester.

Heather Steele to **BARRY ROWLAND**. Barry is a mechanical engineer at Rolls-Royce, Coventry. His wife is a teacher.

SUSAN GREGORY is married and is living in Two Dales.

CHRISTINE BRADBURY is now Mrs. Gregory Adams. She married in May and works in the Biology laboratories at Sheffield University.

Christine Somerset to **JOHN MICHAEL PONSONBY** who is a fitter with Smith Levicks, Rideswell, where they live.

GLENIS MULLINS is married.

Maureen Mycock to **PETER JOHN SKINNER**, who is a silversmith employed by Brian Asquith Associates of Youlgrave. His wife is a secretary in Bakewell. They live in Darley Dale.

PAT OXLEY to David John Usher. After leaving school, Pat attended Liverpool College of Physiotherapy for three years, and qualified as a chartered physiotherapist. Then followed a post-graduate course at the Devonshire Hospital, Buxton, where she gained an additional qualification in Hydrotherapy. She is to take up a position as physiotherapist at the Northern General Hospital, Liverpool. Her husband has an honours degree in bio-chemistry and is engaged in research at a Liverpool hospital. He expects to qualify for his Ph.D. later this year. They are going to emigrate to Australia.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. James Geeson (**PAMELA BERESFORD**): a son Spencer James.

Mr. and Mrs. **PHILIP WHITEHEAD**: a second son Robert, brother to Joshua.

Mr. and Mrs. **THOMAS PILKINGTON** have a son, Jonathan.

Mr. and Mrs. William Needham (**CHRISTINE BERESFORD**): a daughter, Sharon Christine. Christine's husband is serving in the Royal Navy, and they moved to Portsmouth in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Palmer (**PAULINE MIDDLETON**): a son, Alexis.

GENERAL NEWS

DAVID BOOTH is serving in Vietnam, with the Special Air Service of the Australian Forces.

MICHAEL SHOOTER has just completed his second M.B. at Clare College, Cambridge, and has begun his three year hospital training at Addenbrook Hospital, Cambridge. Mrs. Lesley Taylor

- (**LESLEY SHOOTER**) has gained B.A. (Psychology) 2nd class honours. She hopes to do social work in the country.
- JANET PORTER** has finished doing six months au pair work in Germany, and has begun work in the duty free shop at Frankfurt airport.
- DIANA PORTER** is now an air hostess and made her first transatlantic flight in a Boeing 707 in July.
- HELEN LOMAS, A.R.M.C.M.** has gained her G.R.S.M. and is now doing part time teaching.
- HELEN KINGSMILL** was successful in her "A" levels and is to read English at Durham University.
- KENNETH CREESER** has been working with the Lucas organisation since April, 1970 at Eadley, near Lichfield. Previously he had been practising as assistant solicitor with a Dudley firm.
- MICHAEL LITTLEWOOD** gained his B.A. last year, and followed it up with a research scholarship leading to an M.A. He has been appointed as an assistant in the registrar's department at Manchester University.
- CHRISTOPHER MARSTON** was one of the team from St. Joseph's Youth Club, Matlock, which shattered the world stretcher-carrying record.
- PAUL ROBINSON and AYDIN ONAC** have gained their Duke of Edinburgh Gold awards, the first to be won in the Peak Park area. They were presented with their badges by the Duke of Edinburgh in London. They have also each gained their Queen's Scout badge. A few months ago Paul and Aydin participated in the famous Four Inns Walk, a continuous 50 mile hike over rough country, together with Colin Townend, Adrian Ward and Ralph Chandler. They all finished the hike successfully and gained their certificates.
- JOHN RYLANDS** has abandoned his course at Plymouth, and plans to go farming.
- ALEC RYLANDS** has done three weeks teaching in Cambridge at a School of Languages, and is now teaching English at the University of Isfahan in Persia.
- SHEILA HURST** trained at Matlock College and gained her B.Ed in May. She is now teaching at Ashford primary school.
- Alderman G. NORMAN WILSON** is among the 10 new members to the East Midlands Economic Planning Council announced by the Secretary of State for the Environment.
- ROBERT EATON** gained his B.A. degree in Drama at Manchester University and is now working at the Victoria Repertory Theatre, Stoke-on-Trent.

MALCOLM TAYLOR was chosen to represent the North of England in a Euro-meet contest at Perth in August. His sport is orienteering. Malcolm used to be a keen cross country runner—he used to be in the school cross country team—“but found it increasingly difficult to keep up the training necessary for this. Then about four years ago I went on a course for orienteering at Lea Green and have maintained my interest ever since”. Malcolm works in the Treasurer’s department at County Offices.

IAN HARTLEY and older brother, Roger, spent part of their summer holiday walking the 168 mile long Offa’s Dyke. They are among the first to have walked the length of the Dyke since it was recently opened. Ian is now teaching Geography at Chesterfield Grammar School so that the photographs he took en route will be useful as visual aids during lessons. It was Ian’s first taste of long distance walking but he is already talking enthusiastically about tackling the Cleveland Way.

LESLEY FROST has been awarded the Higher National Certificate in Medical Laboratory Sciences and has been admitted to the register of Medical Laboratory Technicians by the Council for Professions Supplementary to Medicine. Lesley trained at Jessops Hospital, Sheffield for four years and during this time attended Sheffield Polytechnic and the University.

We were very pleased to see **MARY HALLAM** and her fiancé, Alan Clifford, on the afternoon of Sports Day. Mary hopes to get a transfer to the Sheffield area before they marry next year. She is very happy and successful in her job at Marks and Spencers.

LIZ KENT wrote to us from Australia. She is living with her parents (there on holiday) in a flat in North Sydney. Liz is currently working in the Sports Section of a large department store, selling everything pertaining to fishing, golfing, cars and hockey. And “having a good chat, wherever possible, with all the varied types of people”. She was “saving up madly for a super big safari-camping trip in August” to go to the centre of Australia, and possibly the Great Barrier Reef at the same time. Liz has postponed her return to Manchester, and now proposes to do her Diploma of Education there in September, 1972 instead of September, 1971. This is because she wants to visit New Zealand whilst she is “down under”. At the time of writing the idea was to have a “super” trip home, when the time came, visiting South Africa and Kenya, and then staying in Nigeria as long as possible. She said, “I reckon I have lost my heart to Nigeria; feel that I must return there again to get everything out of my system. I just cannot forget such a fantastic country, so rich with culture, traditions, fascinating people, a whole wealth of experience to share”.

Frank & Linda

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Linda joined us at 16, 4 years ago, with 3 'O' levels. After an initial training period, she handled a variety of different jobs leading her to her present position in the Foreign Department of a large branch. She enjoys her work. It's all very interesting, involving her in credit facilities abroad, Bills of Exchange, arranging customers' holiday money, and so on.



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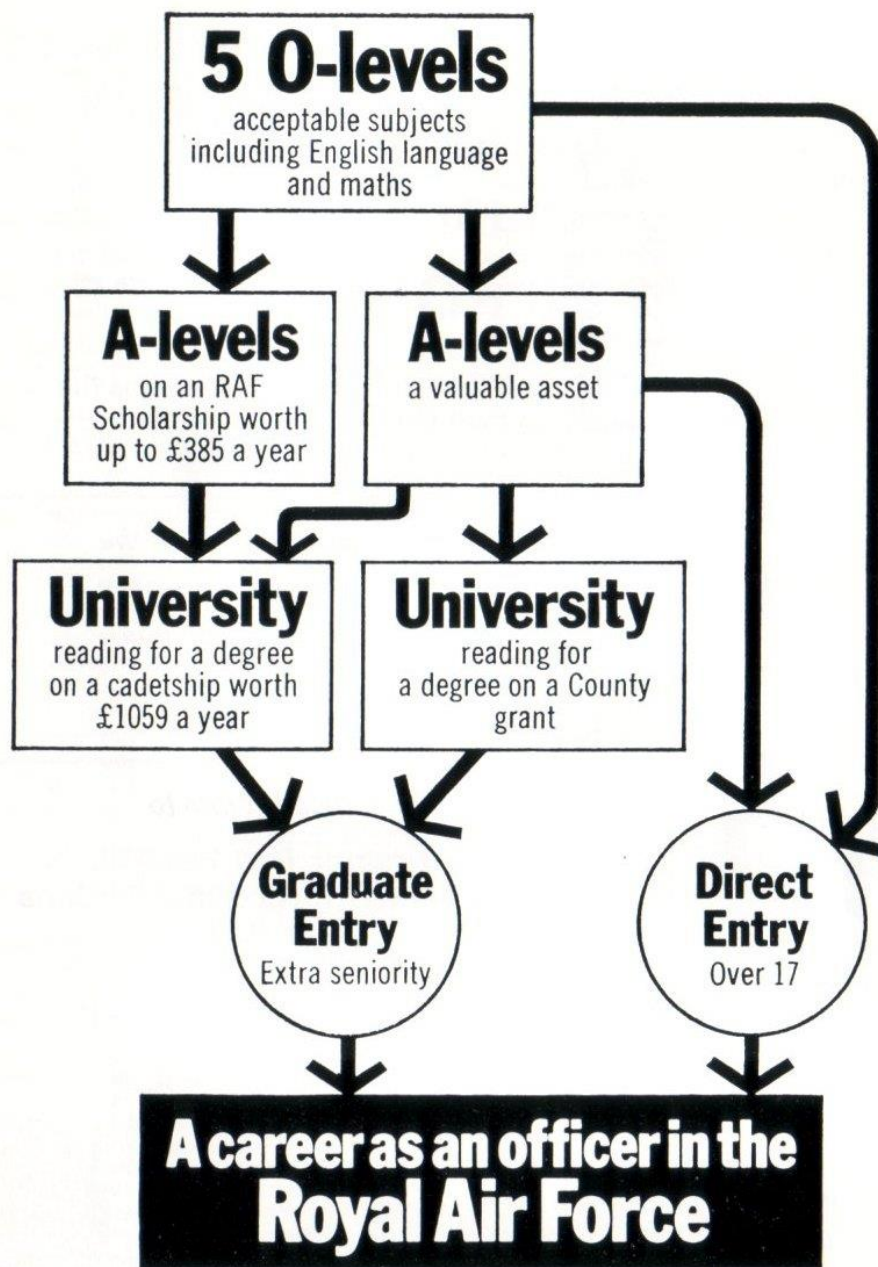
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Two more ideas: Write to Group Captain E. Batchelar, RAF, Adastral House (25ZD1) London WC1X 8RU, giving your date of

birth and details of your present and expected educational qualifications; or pick up some leaflets at the nearest RAF Careers Information Office — address in phone book.

Royal Air Force



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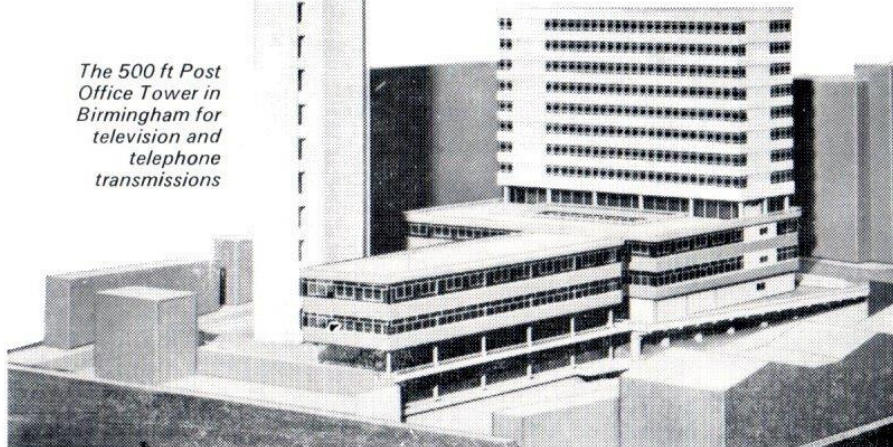
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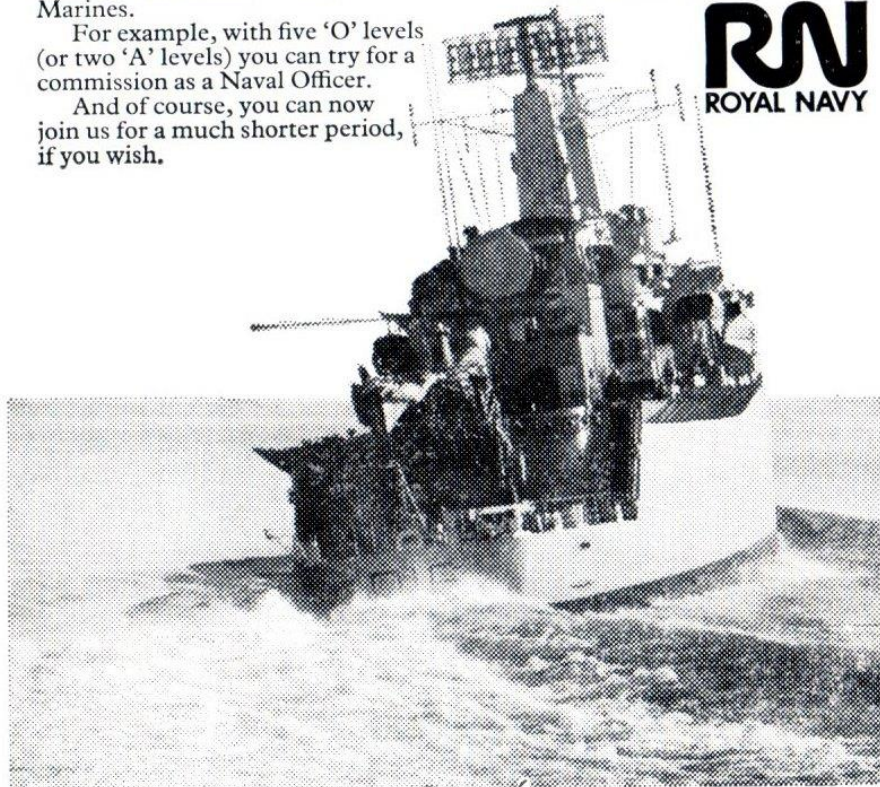
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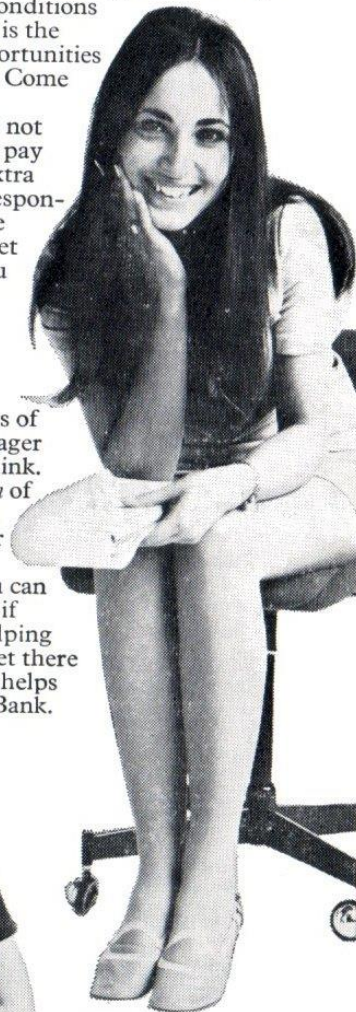
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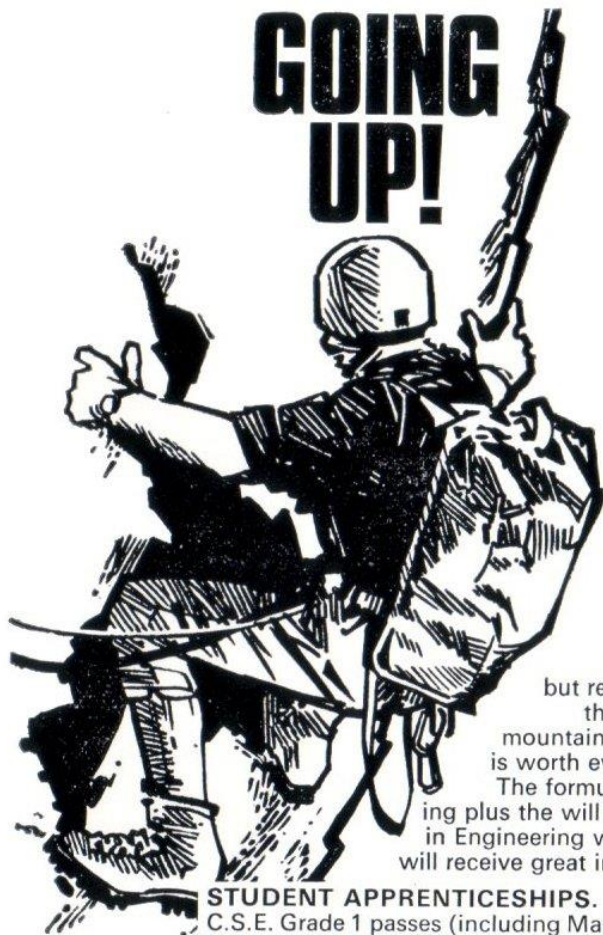


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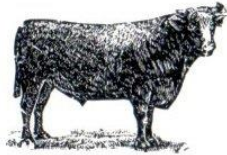
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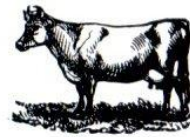
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