

THE BALSHAVIAN



May 1965

The magazine of

Balshaw's

Leyland

Comment by Senior Committee

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The Balshavian

May 1965

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The Editors would like to acknowledge the help of many other members of the School whose names, for reasons of space, cannot be included here.

This magazine is both for and by members of the school and the views expressed are not necessarily those of the staff, nor even those of the school as a whole.

COMMENT

AT A TANGENT

An Editorial View

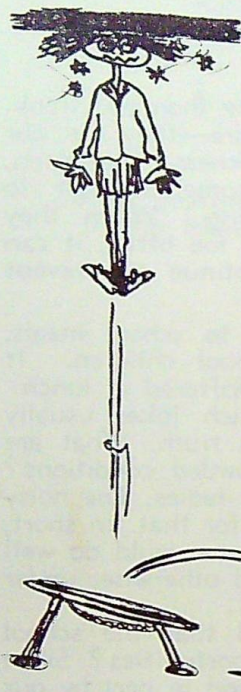
What's in an attitude? Probably more than you think. It is attitudes that make us what we are—they are our greatest strength, and our greatest weakness. Too often, attitudes are easily developed and become difficult to change, especially when of long standing. When they become narrow prejudices, as they do all too often, it can only be regretted that they should continue to prevent us from seeing things as they really are.

For example, there is an attitude to school meals, which is almost traditional amongst school children. It encourages us to joke about what we are offered at lunch-time. Even when tolerantly received, such jokes usually reveal only criticism and often hide the truth. What are the grounds for such criticism? The crowded conditions? But these are not the fault of the dinner-ladies. The noisy chatter? We all know who is responsible for that. In short, we suggest that all critics of school dinners would do well to reconsider the conditions, financial and otherwise, under which they are produced.

This attitude extends to almost all that the school offers. Do we truly appreciate these opportunities? Since our education is paid for only indirectly and in part by our parents, are we not simply accepting without gratitude what appears to be a free offer? How many of us have stopped to think about this? How many realise that it costs the L.E.A. about £125 to provide a year's education for each one of us (hands up the boy who said he'd rather have the £125!) and that does not include either the government's contribution or the amount spent on buildings!

This attitude is reflected in our thoughtless treatment of school property. Books are thrown carelessly about, scrawled on and dog-eared. It would surely be different if they belonged to us. And would we treat school furniture in such a way—like vandals—if it was in our own homes? To take yet another example of an attitude which resists the good influence of the School—how difficult is the school's task in the matter of smoking. The school forbids smoking and does all in its power to prevent us from doing so (and never has a school rule been more justified, since

the link between the habit and cancer has been established). But it is impossible to enforce the school rule during our leisure time. The recent survey in the "Balshavian" showed that although only a minority have experienced this unhealthy pleasure, too many of our number reject the school's advice.



Is it then parental attitudes which are to blame? This is something we are not qualified to decide. Of course we expect parents to be tolerant of, for example, their children's tastes and fashions; but some extend this tolerance to the point where they ignore the school's rules and standards. And even when this is not the case such is the pressure on the teenager to conform with the ideas of the "pop world" with its emphasis on "instant pleasure," that the imparters of more traditional values, schools and parents, have a task which is now more difficult than ever before.

Press Conference with

The Youth Employment Officer

Mr. W. E. Luccock

Reported by Sandra Bleasdale

What does your work involve?

We have two main functions: to give vocational guidance and to administer the National Insurance and National Assistance Acts.

The latter involve making arrangements to issue National Insurance Cards to people under 18 taking up their first employment, paying unemployment benefit and allowances to the unemployed and providing statistics for the Minister of Labour which give him a picture of the employment position in the area.

In vocational guidance we offer to people under the age of eighteen—beyond that if they are still at school—advice and information on careers to help them choose an occupation suited to their particular abilities, attainments, etc. Where required we assist in placing people in suitable vacancies which are notified to the bureaux by employers.

Do you need any special training to become a Y.E.O.?

It is still possible to start as a junior in a bureau and after gaining good all-round experience, combined with study of a suitable course, the Vocational Guidance Diploma for example, to be appointed to a Y.E.O.'s post. Like so many other careers, however, the more usual pattern now is to recruit people with degrees or social science qualifications or after a one year's full-time course in youth employment work—in other words, somebody who has continued his or her education and taken relevant training.

What sort of mental qualities are needed?

I think one of the most important qualities required is the ability to look at a person or an occupation objectively. This means that one must consciously try to ignore or make allowances for one's own tastes and prejudices—to always bear in mind that first impressions may be very misleading. The ability to really listen to other people's ideas and opinions is also very essential.

What advice would you give to anyone wanting to follow your career?

It is an extremely interesting career but it can be frustrating at times. Well meant and, I hope, good advice is not always accepted by the people who seek it. On the employment side our advice must be tempered by the opportunities available. There are never sufficient apprenticeships, for example, for the boys who want them. This is a hard fact which the Service can do nothing about. The result unfortunately is that a number of our customers are bound to be disappointed and in some cases tend to attribute this to some deficiency on our part. On the other hand the interest of our work which brings us into contact with all types of employment and schools and offers an infinite variety of problems more than outweighs the difficulties encountered.

Anyone contemplating entering youth employment should be prepared to work away from home. There is usually, except in the larger towns, only one Y.E.O. and an Assistant Y.E.O. in an area so the probability of there being a vacancy near home at the time one is available to apply is rather small. Similarly, one must be prepared to move about to gain experience and promotion.

Have many pupils clear-cut ambitions or do you have to bring them down to earth?

A lot of them are fairly definite about what they want to be but sometimes without appreciating what their ambitions involve. One of our main problems is that although talks on choosing careers are given a considerable time before they are due to leave school with a view to persuading pupils of the need for careful thought and research many arrive at the vocational guidance with no knowledge of the career they claim to have chosen. This tends to take up a lot of the interview time with descriptions of careers which are usually available in the school careers room.

Is this careless attitude the fault of the parents?

I think that many parents feel that choosing a career is mainly a question of comparing the advantages offered by different occupations and that the possession or lack of necessary abilities in their offspring is not so important. This is not a fault peculiar to parents, however, and as most adults have only had experience of one or two types of work it is not easy for them to see careers in a broad perspective. Our aim is, with the help of schools, to impress upon young people the importance of making a sound career choice and to provide them with the information and guidance to do this.

Are there many who do not want to work at all?

Not very many. There is always a very small number who never appear to settle in a steady job, but this is due not so much to a lack of will to work as to an inability to fit into a situation where concentration and self-discipline are required. They often have had the same difficulty at school, and probably at home as well.

Do you get many people with 'A' levels?

In this area potential VIth formers are interviewed and advised by Careers Advisory Officers from County Hall. Direct assistance from the bureaux is given to the minority who take up employment at 18 rather than enter training college or university.

Do you find people with 'A' levels are not interested in going straight from school into a career?

On the whole there is still a strong feeling that the traditional degree course is the best approach to a career. Many large organisations, however, are now pointing out the advantages offered by sandwich type courses where industry and colleges co-operate to give the student a balanced course of theory and practical work. It is probable that for some this is a better approach than the more concentrated university course and one that will become more popular now that C.A.T.'s can offer a degree.

"A SENSE OF DUTY"

"The Pirates of Penzance"

Reviewed by Diane Banks



Neither the make-up on their faces nor the gaily coloured pirate costumes were able to disguise the nervous tension which was so apparent even amongst those who were doing their best to put on a show of nonchalance by lounging against the wall-bars. Had it not been for their sense of duty there is no telling how many would willingly have deserted? But there they were, committed and involved. Desertion was unthinkable.

However, comfort was at hand. Although harassed the prop-girls were performing their tasks with obvious efficiency. There was widespread satisfaction with the costumes and with Miss Wallbank's effort to get them exactly right. The subdued faces of the girls of the chorus, systematically and delightfully transformed by Miss Bromley and her helpers into the chocolate-box beauties they were required to be, gradually relaxed and began to smile.



The robustness of the pirates' opening chorus belied their earlier nervousness behind the scenes and their assured singing and precise movements were a considerable source of strength to all concerned. Unfortunately, the quality of the singing was not always matched by that of the dialogue, as in the case of the opening conversation following the pirates' entry. However, this was the only occasion when fault might have been found with Ian Veitch whose agreeable voice and measured lustiness as the pirate king were well sustained throughout. He was ably supported in this by his sentimental lieutenant Samuel, who was most confidently played by Mr. R. H. May.

On the first night the sparkle of the pirate company was heightened by the rich voice and well-matured Ruth of Margaret Stephenson, whose passionate and desperate

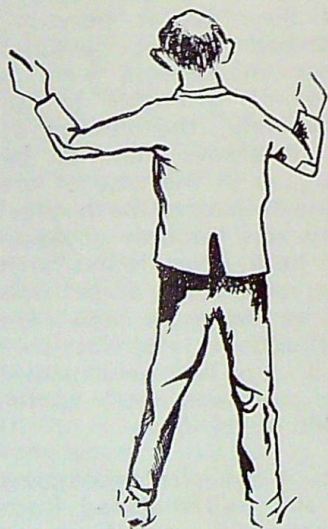
gestures contrasted greatly with the tingling prettiness of the Major-General's daughters. Much to everyone's dismay Margaret developed a septic throat the following day and for the three remaining performances her part was dutifully and courageously taken by Susan Bennett, who, besides showing how a character can change in the hands of two different people, proved a most able substitute. Even in her first performance in this part nervousness and uncertainty scarcely affected her fine singing, an astonishing feat when we remember that she had only taken over the part at 10 o'clock that morning.

Frederick, so often reminded of his duty during the operatta, was memorably portrayed by John Weaver as the inexperienced pirate-hero torn between his former allegiance and his new love. He conveyed the innocence and uprightness of the youth with feeling and, although his voice was strained and inadequate in parts, he was gaily amusing in the "Paradox" and suitably callous in his treatment of Ruth.

In opposition to the piratical crew the Major General, his daughter, Mabel, and the rest of his large family offered a sharp and effective contrast. John Almond as the initially spry and jaunty General Stanley showed admirable command over the difficult articulation required by the proud patter of "I am the Very Model of a Modern Major General." His acting was a little stiff in parts, but the impression which he gave in later scenes of a doddering, pathetic figure would have been difficult to improve.

The General's daughter Mabel was played with conspicuous excellence and gaiety by Glynis Prendergast, whose clear and expressive soprano voice was more than equal to the part. In the comparatively minor parts as Mabel's sisters, Elsie Mylroie as Edith gave a highly individual performance and Diane Salisbury as Kate had a voice which contrasted nicely with her sisters.

The rest of the girls' chorus, including Ann Thompson as the demure Isabel, were admirably arranged and disciplined, although perhaps a little stilted and stiff-faced at times. However, their vivacity appeared more often than otherwise and at the end of the first act they participated in a brilliant effusion of colour, har-



mony and movement, the success of which was due in no small measure to effective "Cornish" scenery and the competent and unobtrusive handling of the lights.

This gaiety was transmuted by the stage staff under Mr. Rigby's directions into an impressive set of blue darkness for the opening of the moon-lit chapel scene which followed. This proved to be an entirely appropriate setting for the recurrent sadness of the Act as well as for the exaggerated absurdities of the policemen and their faint-hearted pursuit of the pirates.

The policemen, like Frederick, also had their duty to do, but the deadpan way in which they conveyed their timidity and buffonery had hilarious results which the audience greatly appreciated. Perhaps some of the goonery was a little overdone, but the overall impression of reluctant duty was amusingly displayed. John Blundell especially, with his exaggerated mimicry and finely controlled voice, played a Sergeant who, although with an extremely dubious sense of duty, nevertheless won warm appreciation from all sides.

The sense of duty which inspired Mr. Black to undertake the musical direction and Mr. Downer to take charge of the production was, we hope, adequately rewarded by the very creditable performances from all concerned.

Although they would be the first to point out that this was a team effort, it would not have been so without them.

Even if it had been a sense of duty, which had evoked both the first response and the final effort, there was nothing dutiful in the warm and spontaneous applause of the audiences who packed the hall for all four performances. The unalloyed happiness of "The Pirates of Penzance" with its protection from reality and its mild, remote satire demonstrated beyond all doubt that the path of duty can indeed be a happy one.



INTO THE FIRE . . .

By Audrey Crabtree

During the past few weeks, what previously was an uncluttered horizon has suddenly become littered with what we might call "little boxes"—do they belong to the school or to some alien organisation?

Perhaps they are the beginnings of the new 'wing' we have heard so much about but never actually seen. They could be practice rooms, or even an experimental chemistry lab., or it is just possible that they could be plain and simple classrooms. But think of the agony of collecting your regulation navy blue umbrella and wellingtons and squelching across mud clogged pitches in the pouring rain, only to be met at the end by a locked door and a missing teacher—lost in the mud perhaps?

These buildings seem to have so many possibilities—they could be used as sixth form common rooms and studies. On the other hand hidden behind those brick walls could be Balshaw's private swimming pool supplied with fresh running water from the brook.

Of course they might be bungalows and houses, now there's a thought!

Sports training is upon us once again and it is becoming increasingly easy to recognise the fittest members of the school by the way they groan and creak as they stagger up the stairs, and by the ominous noises which issue forth as they try to sit down.

None are allowed to escape entirely from these trials, however, and it is about two weeks ago now, but the memory is still green . . .

It was a certain Tuesday morning and despite fervently whispered prayers for rain, hail or even snow, the sun shone brightly, too brightly. Attempts to recapture some long forgotten illness having been made in vain, the remaining few sixth formers stood round the locked cloak-room. We seemed even more energetic than usual and could hardly restrain our natural impatience to begin our games lesson. Today we were to run the 100 yds and try to get a standard—what could be more satisfying. The down turned grins on our faces and the slow dragging steps taken towards the starting point plainly showed our enthusiasm.

Hoping that everyone with a view of the running track was either engrossed in some important work or fast asleep, we stood on the white line and awaited the signal—

"Ready steady go!"

. "I wonder why everyone is charging at Mrs. Pickersgill, there must be something wrong, they don't

usually, run so fast,—why is everybody shouting "run! run!" aha! enlightenment is sweet—but I will never get my standard now, never mind—'she who starts last takes longest' "

One final thought on this subject though, is it right to endanger the successful running of the school by forcing our prefects to undergo such hard physical exertions?

The door of the UVI Arts has been swinging backwards and forwards for several years now, and before the invasion of the painters was suitably recognised by the symbol of fate—No. 13. Very appropriately for a room in which the 'A' level examinations take place every summer, and where prefects hold their meetings at somewhat irregular intervals. It is difficult to say whether it was fate or just old age that brought a considerable amount of plaster from the corridor roof directly in front of room 13 early last term. The puddles of mud formed by this fall have become quite a hazard to corridor traffic although they have frequently been cleaned up by the caretaker. Since the remaining plaster left clinging to the ceiling looks very precarious it is quite probable that we may be forced to dig ourselves out one day soon. When this happens, however, we know we can rely on the help of our counter parts in the scientific department so safely situated at the other end of the corridor.

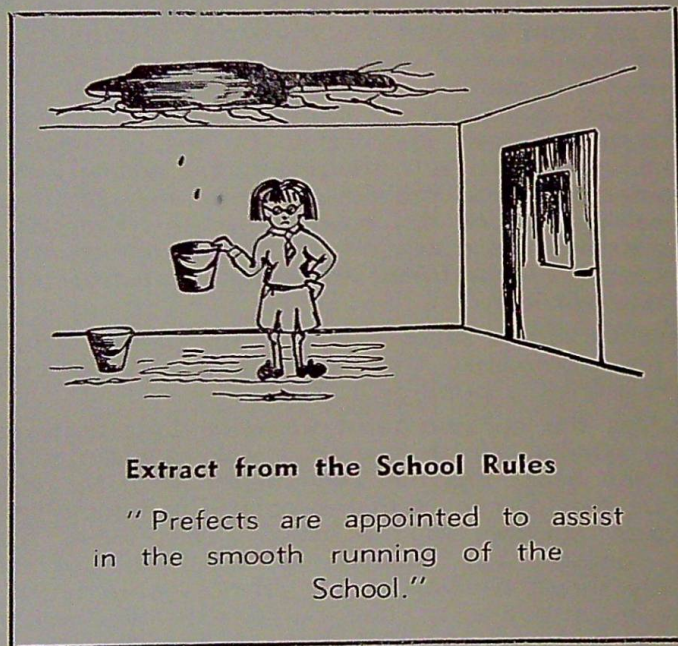
Lest we should seem to ignore the Lower Sixth, below are a few comments from our agent Cringle currently masquerading as a pupil in L.VIA.

During the autumn term we were quite perturbed by a broken window which caused a cold draught down the back of the neck. We had high hopes when Mr. Bull informed us that a man from the council had come to mend the broken windows in the school. There were fourteen windows broken and (thanks to British bureaucracy) he could only mend twelve, so our chances were fairly good. However by a stroke of fate our window was one of the two which had to remain broken. A few draughty weeks later the caretaker kindly put a new one in for us.

The pupils of Leyland secondary modern schools who joined our sixth form this year seem to have settled down well and are quite used to the eccentricities of various teachers. It was with great regret that we heard that one of these new recruits, a prominent horeswoman, had broken her fetlock—oops! I mean leg. She is now well on the road to recovery and is eagerly looking forward to her first games lesson.

Our main interests? Work mainly, of course. Shackling was very popular last term. The rules of this cannot be

disclosed to aliens (i.e. non-members of the Lower Sixth) but it is a game, or should I say competition, based on the launching of lifeboats. Nutty, n'est-ce pas? Well, so are we! The library rang with the strains of "Abide with Me" and "God Save Our Samuel" and cries of "Shackles Away!"



GEAR GUIDES TO DREAMLAND

By John Laycock

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The recent public offer of shares in the Beatles and the emergence of John Lennon as a company director are only the latest reminder of the profits to be picked up out of "pop." Over the last two years some 25 new "pop" magazines have appeared. From monthlies and weeklies with pictures and news of the "pop" world ("Rave," "Big Beat," "Fabulous"), through monthly fan-club publications ("Beatles Book"), to various weekly newspapers (some, like "Combo," new; others, like "New Musical Express" and "Melody Maker," adapted to the "pop" world), they all aim to guide the teenage world along easily exploitable lines. They cost from 6d. for a 12-page newspaper ("Combo") to 2s. 6d. for a 64-page "glossy" ("Rave"), and come mainly from three publishing organisations.

Exact circulation figures are hard to come by. "Rave," "Big Beat," "Fabulous," "Beatles Book" all exceed 150,000; and "New Musical Express" is as high as 268,649. Many of the others fall not far short of this, although a few—like "Billy Fury Monthly"—sell no more than 35,000.

Exploiting teenagers

"Pop" magazines provide teenagers with a dreamland and, in so doing, exploit commercially the teenagers' problems and insecurities. To tell their readers what is "with it" they adopt—and sometimes create—the "with it" language of the teenage world. Vocabulary is limited and highly stereotyped; adjectives are usually "fab," "gear," "fun," "in," "big," "risp," "dreamy," "swinging." No discrimination is shown between conventional parts of speech; "to wax a demonstration disc which will showcase their talents" is standard procedure. Some of the language is simply illiterate: "I still think he could happen very very big in this country." And nearly all of it is monotonous.

After using "with it" language the magazines proceed to set the right materialistic atmosphere for exploitation: "the Mojos were off on a shopping expedition . . .

They shared out £500—and that's not peanuts!" But money is no end in itself: "Of course, money gives you the power to buy things and do things that were just in the imagination before."

Accordingly, exact details of what every teenager should buy are provided—first, by describing what the stars are buying: "Mick's gone mad on round thin-neck sweaters . . . Brian raves over a 30 gn. French jacket he bought at Cecil Gee's . . . recently he spent £12 buying eight shirts"; secondly by editorial pontification on what is "in": "Rouge is big right now . . . Use rouge on your kneecaps in cold weather. It gets rid of those romance-killing blue patches."

Planting desires

Desires are planted and then exploited. Some of the bigger magazines carry two or three pages of advertising that is ostensibly editorial matter: "Smiling John Banks looked great in orange denim. The shirt has a slash neck and is 35s., the slacks 49s. 11d . . . These and many more original outfits can be found in the new 'His Clothes' boutique at . . ." An issue of "Fabulous" contained 10 per cent. of such advertising, compared to 12 per cent. of display advertisements; the ultimate is reached in "The Mod," with 81 per cent.

Sex in "pop" magazines is only hinted at. Thus "Big Beat" suggests that one star's success is due to "the long hair tied back with the Tom Jones bow," and girls appeal for boy friends who "must have long hair." Only scant references are made to the boy or girl you should admire: "We don't really go for the mousey, girl-next-door type. We like girls who are interesting and trend-setting. A girl with lots of personality and exciting, exotic hobbies."

Boys are mainly "fab" or "dreamy" or just "good-looking, especially when his face is tanned by stage make-up." Always the same meaningless terms are used: Mick Jagger, writes one reader, "just oozes with sex, excitement, and sparkle."

Sex is only hinted at because it is real—it belongs to the everyday world and its problems. Bring it openly into "pop" magazines, and you bring responsibilities that will shatter dreamland and end the sense of security dreamland induces. "Big Beat" can indeed assert: "When you think about it, 'pop' is the most romantic thing. A boy sings a song about love—and the girls love him and the song . . . We even believe the words they put to the tunes!" This is make-believe, nothing to do with real sexual relationships. Beatles may marry, but in the magazines we only

hear of marriage as part of this dreamland; "Rave" asks, "Could you marry a Stone?" and gives a marriage-consultant's advice on the ideal wives for the Rolling Stones.

Rejecting the squares

"Pop" magazines reflect few permanent values. The only thing that really matters is not to be a square or a "Fuddy duddy": "The Beatles would hate to appear corn." To a great extent, of course, this is a rejection of dull middle-class conformity: "What we need are more alive and interesting faces." The sad thing is that "interesting" means nothing more positive than "different"; so in the end they have to clutch at the only reality they can find in dreamland, the only thing that is inescapably theirs alone: youth. "We're young. Youth is on our side. And it's youth that matters right now."

But it's not really any comfort, for youth is a transitory value that vanishes as they watch: "The thing I'm afraid of is growing old. I hate that. You get old and you've missed it somehow" (John Lennon). And this pitiful fear of growing old, of missing "it" (whatever "it" may be), is the fear of having to leave the magic dreamland; but it has great commercial possibilities.

The actual building up of dreamland is an easy task. The reader is assured that the stars are really all ordinary lads, so that he can identify himself with them and the magic dreamland of their life. "Just like you, Reader," says "Big Beat," "The Animals" are not really far removed from those five boys who once had to toss up as to who should sleep on the camp bed and who on the floor in the bare room they all once shared." But the reporter is essential in forming a stepping-stone between reality and dreamland.

Life with the stars

"Rave's" reporter Cathy confides: "I think you're going to have a great time sharing my life with the stars . . . I come from an average home. In most ways I am the same as the next girl. What has happened to me could just as well have happened to you." Finally, the reader's involvement is clinched by telling him of the power he has over the stars: "You set the scene, call the tune, make or break the stars."

Values of the real world are ignored or scorned: "In case you hadn't noticed," jeers "Fabulous," "they're having a general election. Most of us aren't old enough to vote in it. Who cares! A fan who writes to 'The Rolling Stones Book' says she is 'lost in time, suspended from reality.' "Pop" magazines know how to keep her there.

BALSHAW'S IN THE NEWS

The Lancashire Art Exhibition

For the third successive year Balshavians have had work accepted by the Lancashire Artists' Exhibition. Altogether six items were included in this year's exhibition which was held at the Harris Art Gallery in March.

The exhibitors were Susan Bennett, with a painting entitled "Chair Shapes," Barbara Hargreaves, who had entered a monotype "Violence in Nature," Judith Platt, with a collage called "Growth," Margaret Walsh, with a lino print "Free Form" and Elizabeth Houghton who had two exhibits, "Townscape," a lino print, and a monotype "The Ugliness of Cities."

Also on show was work by Mr. May, a painting "Faith Star, Whitby" and a relief wood carving entitled "The Bull."

School extensions.

It is reliably reported that the £29,000 scheme for extensions to the school is now included in the county's financial estimates and that building will probably begin later this year.

This, of course, is only the first in a number of extension schemes which if they proceed as planned will eventually result in a complete transformation of the school. This first stage provides for a new science block consisting of physics, biology and general science laboratories and will alleviate some of our problems in this sphere. The new block will be built on the east side of the school, approximately on the site of the present air raid shelters. Work will be completed some time during 1966.

Plans for further extensions include new class-rooms and additional dining space, and alterations to the present structure which will extend and improve facilities for the staff, the library and the sixth form.

Can you dispute it?

"Not the least regrettable aspect of the country's plans in this division is the fact that school has been set against school, each one being forced to fight for survival."

(Mr. B. L. Wilkinson, Evening Post, March 11th 1965).

THE MIDLAND BANK

—believes that only the early and *practical* encouragement of first-class recruits to its service can produce the large number of future Managers and senior officials it needs. Not only is planned and progressive training available at every stage, but today's entrants can also enjoy the benefits of :—

STUDY LEAVE

Boys and girls with G.C.E. passes at "A" level are among those eligible for leave to assist them in their studies for their professional qualification—the diploma of the Institute of Bankers. (Incidentally, "A" level passes in English, Economics and Geography carry exemptions in the same subjects in Part 1 of the Institute Examinations.)

SPECIAL GRADE

Young men of promise are selected for entry into a Special Grade in their early twenties when their salaries are *immediately* increased to a figure £200 above the basic for age. This indication is coupled with specific plans designed to enable them to qualify for "appointed" status at an early age.

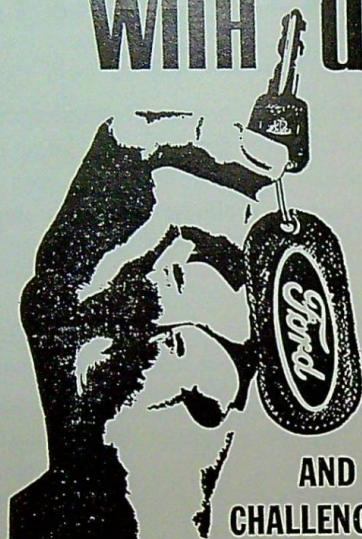
PROFICIENCY GRADE

Under the terms of this new scheme, girls who are prepared to qualify themselves in exactly the same ways as their male colleagues are required to do, will be paid at the same rate and be considered equally for responsibility and promotion to "appointed" status—including managerial.

In the Midland Bank responsibility—with its attendant, substantial rewards—comes early nowadays. If you would like to know more about the first-class career opportunities which await go-ahead entrants in a go-ahead bank, please write to:

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CONTEXT 4

The Special School

Astley Park, Chorley

By Valerie Woods and Elaine Saul.

In the midst of so much controversy about selection it is perhaps salutary to recall that there are some for whom selection is both necessary and desirable. We refer, of course, to those for whom the normal school courses at the primary as well as the secondary level, are totally unsuitable and who require a specially designed course adapted to their own abilities and interests.

Such children are of many different kinds and there are various reasons why they would have difficulty in coping with the routine school courses. In general, however, they share a slowness in learning which is as different from the average as the grammar school child's quickness in doing so.

A school which caters specially for these children is Astley Park School, Chorley, and it was this school which we visited in order to write this article.

The school is pleasantly situated on the borders of large playing fields. It is a modern building with large, well-ventilated classrooms and a well-equipped woodwork room and housecraft room. The Headmaster and staff had been warned of our arrival and so it was no surprise to them to see us walking down the drive. We were surprised, however, by the considerable curiosity shown by the pupils, and impressed by their lack of shyness whilst we were present—a contrast to the indifference which we usually encounter!

We were made generally welcome and in the staff room we were introduced to some of the teachers. Mr. Jones, the Headmaster, then took us into the main hall where Assembly was to take place. The service was taken by members of Class 2, who although only eight years of age, each took some part in the service. A hymn was sung, and a small play enacted by the children. Their teacher afterwards told us that they had been practising this for two or three weeks and we caused considerable pleasure by saying how good it was.

After Assembly we began our tour round the various classes. Our first visit was to the reception class. The usual age of entry here is seven years. In this class, the teacher told us, the main thing is to create a friendly atmosphere for the children and to provide a stimulating environment in which they will want to take an active part. Learning

here is all by doing, and particular attention is directed towards encouraging verbalisation, talking about what is being done, putting words into use, extending vocabulary, so that children have more words to think with.

We saw them using number rods, matching and sorting them by size and colour, and so beginning to learn what numbers mean and how they are related to each other.

When the Reception Class teacher feels that a child is ready for a slightly more formal approach to work, the child moves into the next class, and this system is in operation throughout the school, the children moving from class to class as they are ready, rather than all together at the end of each year.

In Class 2 we found some of the children reading and we learnt that the school uses the Initial Teaching Alphabet. This is a recent method developed to reduce the complexities of spelling which so often create numerous difficulties for children in the early stages of reading. The Initial Teaching Alphabet has 40 symbols, one for each sound, and each symbol is always pronounced in the same way.

The teachers have found that the children take to this very readily, and progress and change to the normal system without difficulty. The members of Class 2 were very eager to show us their arithmetic and drawing books. Our praise caused such obvious satisfaction that once again we were reminded of the important part played by the emotions in the learning process and we were impressed by the deeper relationship which exists between staff and pupils at Astley Park as a result of relying on an exchange of praise and pleasure to assist learning.

From Class 2 Elaine and I went on to the senior girl's class 8. We spent most of the short time we had here talking to the teacher. She told us that she believed that her function was mainly to teach the girls how to live in a world where the complexities of life would otherwise prove to be very difficult for them to cope with. They are taught anything that will be useful to their job or marriage, e.g., mothercraft, morals, housecraft, and they are also taken on visits to factories where they will be likely to work. The fifteen year old girls often go out on assignments, in order to put to practical use the information which they have been given at school. For example, a girl might be given a certain amount of money and sent out to buy enough food for tea.

We also visited the cookery and woodwork rooms and saw the children at work in each of these. The girls in the cookery room were making sandwich cakes and seemed

to take great pleasure in using recipes, no matter how simple, and making something themselves. They were very happy in what they were doing and this seemed to be a favourite lesson with them all. In the woodwork room the boys were all working very industriously. They were making coffee tables, lamp stands and even toys for their younger brothers and sisters. They too, were happy in what they were doing and showed that their attitude towards the teacher was basically a very friendly one.

Elaine and I were very impressed with the atmosphere and discipline of the school, both of which are based on the belief that if the children are happy, and are given the help and affection they need, they will develop a sense of security and self-confidence through which they are most likely to make the maximum progress of which they are capable.

It is some measure of the success of such a school that not only are its pupils happy, but they are also enabled to take up useful employment when they leave. However, the work of the school is not helped by the persistence of certain attitudes among parents and in the community at large, not unlike the attitudes to 11+ selection which often cause so much unhappiness when a child "fails to obtain a place in grammar school." That there is a need for special schools, specifically geared to the abilities of certain groups of children, no-one will deny. What is necessary is that we should all of us recognise the fact and do our best to help, with none of the emotional attitudes, particularly amongst the adult community, which have too frequently bedevilled the lives of children and their teachers.

(The Editors wish to thank the Headmaster and Staff of Astley Park School for their kind co-operation.)

THE SOCIETY QUESTION

By Kathleen Kazer and Jean Toppin

About ten years ago, or even four, societies occupied a very different place in school life than they do today. Their role has changed over the years. They were formerly a regular feature of the school from the first year to the sixth. Time was created within the school time-table each Friday afternoon for societies which covered a wide range of interests and numbered about twenty-five. Every pupil had to belong to a society, but the more senior forms had a wider choice. For the first formers the range was limited and several unwilling twelve year olds often found themselves play-reading under a senior mistress's awesome rule, or nervously pretending to be sweet heroines or timid heroes as members of the junior Dramatic Society. Nevertheless, this system did foster some enthusiasm in various fields and many looked forward to the last period on Friday afternoon even more than at present. Now, however, societies are fewer and confined to spare time. This has been welcomed as a saver of valuable study-time, but at the same time has significantly diminished interest in societies. Not everyone belongs to a society; and not everyone finds one that will suit his or her interests. The problem is how to stimulate interest in school activities without interfering with school time.

Sixth Form Society

The Sixth Form Society occupies a privileged and important place in school life. How does it measure up to its status? Recently, changes in both structure and attitude have made it more flexible and more enterprising. For example, although limited by the Mock Examination, last term's activities varied between a lecture on psychology, an absurd evening and four theatre trips—these ranging from the ultra-modern Becket to Restoration comedy. An 'Ad-lib' evening was the society's last feature for this term and it proved to be a successful combination of intellectual play extracts, folk music and jazz. At a recent meeting, it was agreed that perhaps the society might have much to gain from a new arrangement whereby the society would enjoy greater independence and be free to plan and carry out its own programme through a committee of elected representatives and without staff supervision. Members of staff will of course still be very much involved in that they will continue to receive requests for advice and assistance and will, as always, be very welcome to share in the society's activities. In the summer term, despite examinations the society will attempt a skeleton programme

in which the lower sixth are to arrange their own evening, a film is to be shown and two other meetings are being planned. All future activities will be in the dining-room rather than the hall, to give a more friendly atmosphere.

What kind of a reception have all these new activities created? As there is now no set dogma, and attempts have been made to meet members of other schools, the society has been welcomed as a means of widening outlooks. Many feel there is less compulsion and regimentation. By breaking new ground, the society has achieved some enthusiasm, borne out by good attendances. Many of us would wish to spend more time participating in it than will be possible in the coming term. The society is generally recognised as having considerable potential.

Bridge Society

The Sixth form has also responded eagerly to the Bridge Society, which has been in existence for only a short time. There are twenty-eight members from both the science and art sides, and although predominantly of the Upper Sixth, membership has been extended to the Lower Sixth Science. Bridge genuinely interests several members of the staff, and their presence at the society is very welcome: they do not appear as mere supervisors and are always ready to give good and valuable advice. This is particularly true of Mrs. Pailing and Mr. Wilkinson—the latter bringing to the society notes on advanced bridge play. Members feel that though complicated at first, when understood, these notes are very helpful and raise the standard of play. They feel that they are learning a game which is not only useful in society, but demands more skill than many other card games. The Bridge Society, most members agree, also serves to take the mind off homework for an hour and lets one relax after the school week. We have heard that bridge has replaced shove ha'penny as the time-filler and that members prefer to play in P.S.s since the element of danger gives the proceedings an added spice—but whether this is true or not . . .

Mountaineering Society

The name of the mountaineering society makes the un-energetic sixth former wince visibly. However, it has quite a large membership (fifteen). Although this number varies according to the trips arranged. Although only formed last term, it has spent a week-end in the Lake District and a day in the Lakeside, and there are fourteen members going for a week at Easter. The society was formed by Mr. Holmes, who together with Mr. Shackleton has arranged these trips. The society is not confined to boys, and in the recent weekend girls outnumbered the

boys. Members claim there is no danger in mountaineering and the worst injuries so far have been bruises and stiff muscles. Sometimes the girls have found the going pretty tough, especially as the Lower Sixth boys, who mainly make up the number of boys, seem so fit. In future trips the boys will concentrate on rock-climbing and the girls on hiking: all will be staying at youth hostels. We deduce that anyone who undertakes to join a mountaineering society must be enthusiastic—one cannot drift into rock-climbing. From our safe stand-point in Room 13 we wish them well!

S.C.M.

Although these societies are limited to the Sixth Form, there are several others which attract all years. For example, there are the S.C.M. and the C.N.D. The S.C.M. has been in existence for about four years. Most of the interest comes from the Fourth Form. This year it is being run by a committee of Lower Sixth girls, under the guidance of Mrs. Theobald. The S.C.M. has a healthy existence with sixty members and it deals with a wide range of topics relevant to the problems of society. These topics have been well attended with numbers ranging from forty-four to a hundred, according to the subject. Conferences between schools are very popular features and attract many who do not participate in other S.C.M. activities. The society needs a member of staff in charge, and with Mrs. Theobald leaving the future of the S.C.M. here remains uncertain.

C.N.D.

The C.N.D. has established itself on a firm footing after its inauguration in November. It was found that there was no Leyland group and supporters have found it too expensive to go to Preston meetings regularly. It was believed that the school had a good potential for the C.N.D. by the numbers of "Sanity" sold. There was no opposition, but certain conditions were enforced, such as having a member of staff in charge—Mr. Reese took the job and has proved extremely helpful. The C.N.D. is allowed several benefits (such as the use of the school projector) but does not have quite the same status as other societies. It is not a school society, but a society with the school. There is a hard core of members about twelve to fifteen, but forty 'Sanity's' are bought and many of the people who buy it attend the films. We notice that quite a large number of fourteen to fifteen year olds have badges. From our observations, we wonder if many find it fashionable to belong to the C.N.D.—a comparatively controversial organisation which actively disagrees with the views of many parents and adults. However, most of the Upper Sixth members (there is a distinct absence of interested lower sixth formers) are very sincere, especially the two leaders Ann Thompson and

John Weaver. The group seems to have little appeal for the junior school, which is not surprising, since it deals with such a grave moral issue. We wonder what will be the future of this group when the present Upper Sixth leaves.

The Middle School

A constant clamour among fourth and fifth formers has been about the lack of a society they can call their own. Hence the F2 came into being. The object was to achieve educational and social enjoyment out of school hours. It was in fact to be similar to the Sixth Form Society, giving the same opportunities to widen one's outlook, at an age when much more time can be spared. The plans were greeted with great enthusiasm, as shown by balloting as to who should go to the committee meetings (40% gave support and the number was rising). After only one event—a theatre visit to Macbeth a number of circumstances combined to make it impossible for the society to continue.

Chess

Two societies which have great appeal for the juniors, are the chess society and the craft society. The former has had great conflict rolling over its head since it has been seen as an excuse to escape the cold weather (or any weather) during the dinner-hour. In fact, it has become the bane of the prefect's life. The usual bored dinner hour query—"where are you going?"—now evokes an almost traditional reply (accompanied by a sly look of triumph)—"Chess Society!" The members claim, however, to be genuinely interested in playing chess as they find it "intelligent." Competitions are arranged with money prizes ranging from 2/6 to 7/6. Mr. Wilkinson (a chess champion) is the guiding light of his one hundred and twenty-two official members, and has provided all the sets himself. The first form are particularly keen. The only criticisms of the members is that sometimes they cannot play because of lack of sets, while non-genuine members are often noisy. Many also object to the prefects' (necessary) interruptions.

Craft Society

The craft society attracts mainly junior girls from the second and third forms, who concentrate on crafts such as embroidery, felting and basket work. These cannot be done during lessons. The society is not restricted to people who take domestic science. It meets at dinner-time on Thursdays and is controlled by Miss Wallbank and Miss Leach. Members are keen, in a quiet way, and the numbers are increasing from a steady twenty. Everyone who attends must work. The aim is to increase numbers, interest and the types of work.

Problems

Most societies find they are fighting for survival against several exterior pressures. For example, numbers are often diminished by conflicting activities, particularly sporting fixtures and turnouts. This term with rehearsals of "The Pirates of Penzance" it has been almost impossible to find a suitable meeting time. Frequently members find attendance difficult as a result of living at a considerable distance from the school, which tends to impose a time limit, especially among the juniors. Financial difficulties too are a continual source of worry to those who try to run societies and pupils generally seem to be suddenly short of money when subscriptions are demanded.

Possible solutions

Can an answer be found to these problems or are they inevitable? Solutions which can be adopted involve greater planning (a frightening word!) For instance if programmes were arranged well in advance and in consultation with others this would perhaps prevent clashes between activities. This could also be achieved by greater publicity which would enable this programme to be known well in advance. A recognition by members of the financial responsibilities would perhaps make pupils more willing to pay subscriptions, particularly if they know how the money is to be used. Also a general awareness of what is involved in running a society must be fostered. Too frequently the attitude is that these things ought to be provided, but rarely is there any real will to try to organise a society. It is up to members of the school to take the initiative and to realise that it is on their efforts and loyalty that the success of any school society depends.

Once again assembled here . . .

By Dorothy Browne

Is there any other place in the school which provides such varied interests as the assembly hall? Indeed, I find that the activities in this place of draughtiness, conviviality and worship are worth looking into.

When assembly is over, all traces of neatness and dignity disappear, as the lively occupants of the hall leave behind a debris of chairs, which (they think) will quickly be tidied up by the sixth formers during their private studies. Yet as the day progresses, small clusters of chairs and prefects can be seen in close proximity to each radia-

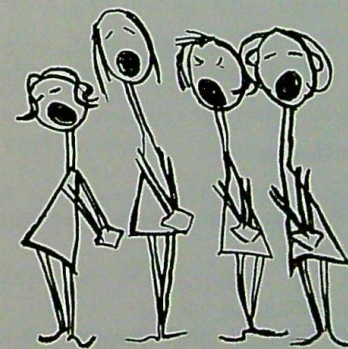
tor, while on the stage some unfortunate member of staff tries to conduct a lesson, realising only too well the difficulties of contending with the Upper Sixth.

Study is supposed to be the chief objective of the radiator-clingers, but this has not been easy in the presence of: (a) Sharp gusts of wind blowing in from the window above, thus compelling a shivering soul below to rise and close it, glaring viciously at the "Non Sibi Sed Aliis" there inscribed. (b) Furtive giggles from groups of lower forms who, being either physically, emotionally or otherwise unfit, have succeeded in dodging games.

Even more absorbing are the lunchtime rehearsals for 'The Pirates of Penzance': the wandering minstrels assemble themselves around the piano or on the stage, while up in the gods, a few uninvited spectators silently criticise. Post-prandial activities are no less popular, for there is always the chance of seeing the designers of scenery at work in their paint-encrusted overalls; the art of finding "which switch belongs to which light" is another unfailing distraction on dark and boring afternoons, a device which, incidentally, baffles even the members of staff.

The 4 o'clock bell is not only the indication that another day's inactivity is over but is also the cue for more bustle, when the ever eager Balshavians are transformed into pirates, policemen and daughters of a modern Major-General, thus until the early hours of evening.

Anyone for work?



AN OMISSION

It is perhaps inevitable that a school magazine which sets out to avoid boring its readers will tend to concentrate on the rare and exceptional events and to ignore the routine and the commonplace. For the grammar school pupil academic success is the natural goal, passes in the examinations are the normal experience, and it is probably for this very reason that last year's G.C.E. results failed to find a place in the pages of our January edition.

Of course, we admit, no matter how routine and commonplace, it is probably wrong to take any kind of success for granted, for nothing was ever achieved without hard work and those who work hard receive little enough praise even at the best of times. And yet, the motives of a school magazine which does nothing but sing the praises of the school it serves must always be somewhat suspect. Self-praise can rarely be accepted without question.

In any case, it is the editorial policy to avoid including long lists of names in the magazine (such lists are always expensive and often tedious) and the annual list of academic achievements is of course the longest of all. That we might be showing lack of pride in these achievements did not occur to us. Nor did we think that to omit such lists was to leave these achievements unrecorded, for they had already been fully displayed in the pages of the Speech Day Programme. What we did not fully realise at the time was that, owing to limitations of space, only a very small minority of those interested are able to attend this event and that consequently the programme is seen by comparatively few people. The rest, the majority, rely entirely on our magazine.

We apologise for our unconscious error in prolonging this wait for news and hope that what follows will help to make amends.

Universities and Colleges

Forty-eight pupils, slightly more than half our average intake, proceeded to further education. Of these twenty-three went to university.

To Oxford—A. J. Brierley.
To Cambridge—Wilson, R. J.
To London—E. Nelson and Bourne, R. D. L.
To Edinburgh—A. Nelson.
To St. Andrews—Shimmin, A.
To Durham—L. M. Wilford.
To Liverpool—S. Whitney, Blackhurst, I. and Cox, N.
To Leeds—J. Sowman, Parker, S. M.

To Manchester—Chilton, B. and Milloy, G. T.
To Bangor—Lawton, D. F.
To Newcastle—Haworth, P.
To Essex—Dickinson, P. T.
To Lancaster—Barron, H., Elliott, W. F., Halliwell, K., Gray, M., Lawrie, A. J., and Shorrocks, J. P.

Eleven proceeded to Training Colleges for Teachers—K. P. Hargreaves (Kesteven T. C.), J. L. Morris (Yorkshire College of Housecraft), J. Swarbrick (F. L. Calder College of Domestic Science), A. Booth, L. Richardson, (Alsager T. C.), S. M. Baxendale (Didsbury T. C.), U. Prescott (City of Birmingham T. C.), R. Weaver (Edge Hill T. C.), Baker, J., (City of Worcester T. C.), Forshaw, B. R., (Derby Diocesan T. C.), Watkinson, W. (Poulton-le-Fylde T. C.).

Eight to Technical Colleges—Y. Brierley, M. Gent, S. Harrison, S. Starr, Eckton, N. H. Lavender, S. V. R., (Harris College, Preston), S. Tarver, (Blackpool Technical College), Baldwin, P. W., (Wigan and District Mining and Technical College).

And

To the Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, Smith, D. J.

To Salford Royal College of Advanced Technology, Dean, G. H., Irvine, P. J. and B. Pinder.

To Manchester College of Commerce, B. J. Ainsworth.

To Liverpool College of Pharmacy, J. Richards.

Advanced Level

Fifty-seven out of the fifty-nine who were entered obtained certificates. Grade A was recorded twenty-one times and three people had passes in four subjects.

Ordinary Level

Of the 109 members of the fifth form who received certificates at this level, 2 passed in nine subjects and 22 in eight subjects. The average number of passes was $5\frac{1}{2}$. Grade 1 was achieved 58 times.

In addition 20 fourth formers and 12 sixth formers were awarded certificates.

Can you dispute it?

"Had the Labour party wanted to give a boost to the public schools they could not have devised a more subtle and effective means of doing so than by comprehensive education."

(Mr. B. L. Wilkinson, Evening Post, March 11th 1965).

With all good wishes

By Margaret and Susan Walsh.

Although it is with regret that we have to report the departure of three members of the staff we are at least happy to be able to offer them our best wishes, and to write a few words about them.

What follows is a result of our efforts to persuade them to address a few words to the School through the pages of *The Balshavian* as well as an attempt to express our appreciation for what they have done for the School.

Miss Lewis came to Balshaw's in the middle of the Spring Term of 1941, replacing a master who had been called to the R.A.F. It was the first time a woman teacher had been appointed to the Maths. Department and her arrival in this capacity was something of a novel occurrence.



Having taught only in girls schools, Miss Lewis was particularly interested to see how a mixed school compared. She says, however, that she soon became, and will always remain a firm supporter of co-education.

There will, no doubt, be many who remember that during her life here, Miss Lewis assisted Miss Milroy in the production of the school plays from 1942-48. It was in this sphere that she found co-education particularly advantageous, as compared with previous experience at a girls' school. Besides providing boys for male parts—instead of girls dressed as boys—the services of many expert scene changes, carpenters and stage managers were readily available.

The incident which she remembers with most amusement took place at a House Party when the Ladies Staff came dressed as Prefects. She says that she will never forget the surprised gasp from the waiting ranks as they emerged in procession, two by two from the staff room, and the roars of laughter which followed. She still has a snapshot of this which was taken on the steps after tea, and it

always raises a laugh when produced.

Miss Lewis is deeply aware of the kindness shown to her by the school since her accident and that it was this which enabled her to carry on with her work and to enjoy it, and through our columns she would like to express her gratitude to all concerned.

We know that we echo the sentiments of all Balshavians when we wish Miss Lewis a long and happy retirement, untroubled by illness of any kind.

Mrs. Theobald joined the staff in 1961 and during this comparatively short time has succeeded in establishing an active S.C.M. group, which, in addition to regular meetings in School, has attended conferences on Religious themes, arranged with other schools in the area, and she has also helped to develop school charities—Save the Children Fund for the Junior School and Oxfam for the senior School. Amongst other things, Mrs. Theobald looks back happily on several visits to the New Cathedrals at Coventry and Liverpool.



When we asked Mrs. Theobald for her views on a number of matters, she made reference to the fact that a few pupils at Balshaw's have little outside incentive to produce good work and were often contented with work of inferior quality. She also gave it as her personal opinion that Prefects could perhaps play a greater part in the running of the School.

It is well known that since her arrival, Mrs. Theobald has worked hard to establish courses in Scripture to 'O' and 'A' level, and we are not alone in our view that her very capable services will be sadly missed. We should like to add our own appreciation of the extra help that Mrs. Theobald has always been prepared to give to those who needed it, even when it meant giving up her free time.

We all of us look forward to hearing from the Theobald household of a happy event in the near future.

Mrs. Barnes has been a member of staff since 1960, and during his stay has taken an active interest in various

fields of Biology, including conservation of wild life, field studies, fell walking, horticulture and a Biology Society, as well as his position as Assistant House Master of Worden.

Mr. Barnes felt that there was a wonderful spirit of co-operation among the students at Balshaw's, and he says that he has enjoyed teaching at the school, and will miss both colleagues and pupils very much.

He expressed the hope that new science laboratories would be developed at Balshaw's, he also looked forward to a time when definite courses could be set out for the third year Sixth.

He felt dissatisfied with the widespread and rigid distinctions between arts and science courses, and felt that it was important that something should be done to reduce the gulf between them.

Although Mr. Barnes is leaving us, his association with the School will continue, since he is also an old Balshavian, and we look forward to renewing his acquaintance at future school events. This we are glad to hear will not be impossible since his new post as a Lecturer in Biology at Poulton-le-Fylde College of Education, will mean that he will be living within reach of the School.

Old Balshavian Reunions, 1965

By John Blundell.

It was the Headmaster who introduced the idea of having head girls and head boys invited to these annual dinners, and of asking them, in fair exchange for the meal, to propose a toast to the School and Governors. So I assume that Pat Challender and I are the fifth to cross this particular hurdle, and we did so on the 26th February and the 26th March respectively. As it happens, I am writing this late in the Easter holidays, and relying on memory for what Pat has told me about the Old Girls' Reunion. She was sorry to find no recent school-leavers at their dinner; in that respect I was more fortunate. The men, at least, prefer to forget that they were only half of the school, and call themselves simply 'Old Balshavians.'

When I said that we were invited, the word was not quite accurate. Head girls are invited, and have the pleasure of their company requested; head boys, no matter how much pleasure their company may give, are just expected to turn up. If anyone in this situation feels inclined to stay at home because of this casual approach, let him realise

that the loophole is not as open as it seems. Nothing will make sure of his attendance like the reflection that his name is printed on the menu in clear dark blue lettering.

There appears to be no reason why these occasions should not continue on their steady course, as a pleasant mixture of Scotch broth, roast beef, apple tart, toasts to the Queen, and Richard Balshaw and so on, the whole affair being wreathed in conviviality and reminiscences. Variety will come from the different guest speakers. This year, for example, the Old Girls had the pleasure of seeing again Miss Rahill, who retired as senior mistress in 1962. She recalled her own school days and also the early years spent at Balshaw's, with some vivid recollections of one tall slim young man who still teaches here. Comparing the times she had lived in, she said she felt sympathy for the parents of young people these days. At the other reunion, Mr. J. E. Cotterall, Education Officer for Chorley division, speaking last, refused to be drawn on the subject of comprehensive education, and told the old students in a speech full of good humour, that they should not regard the occasion as just another stag-party, but use the opportunity to think how they could be of service to the school.

In retrospect, the head prefect's role seems a light one. Although the meal loses some of its savour at the thought of what lies beyond, the ordeal, when it does come, is a very short one. Your audience, remember, is replete with food and wine, and thoroughly at its ease. In the event, it was only when the room fell quiet and attentive, and I gazed through the clouds of pipe smoke at a rubicund old gentleman in the far corner—it was only then that it dawned on me what a vast difference there was between the serious tone of my prepared eulogy, kept hidden behind the menu, and the sparkling Johnsonian wit that the evening seemed to call for. Pat may have had the same notion, but she was prudent enough to keep to what she had written.

Now the rest of the time is spent in conversation of a genial and nostalgic sort, round the bar. It was encouraging to find so many people ready to talk, but the rumours to be heard are difficult to piece together in a connected story. We did find out that the word 'Strenue' on the menu is the old school motto, and that the badge which went with it was a St. Andrew's cross. If it is true, as someone said at the Old Boys' Dinner, that a history of the school is being prepared, or indeed if there is any news about or of interest to former pupils, I would like to suggest that this magazine could become at least as strong a link between Old Balshavians and their school as these annual reunions.

Henry Jepson Lomax, Senior Master, 1924-48

It was with deep regret that older generations of Balshavians and the older members of staff, heard of the recent death of Mr. Lomax, Senior Master and Senior Science Master for more than a quarter of a century. Those who were taught by him and those who worked with him held him in deep respect and affection.

Mr. Lomax set high standards in conduct, manners and work and woe betide the pupil who failed to live up to them. Small, always neatly dressed and of great natural dignity he could terrify the wrongdoer when those blue-eyes blazed. The old world courtesy with which he treated the girls—even when administering reproof—always assuming that they were young ladies, never failed to win their respect and regard. He was indeed a highly successful teacher in getting the response he desired. He had always the welfare of his pupils at heart and many of them, long after they had left school, had cause to be grateful for his help and advice.

As a senior colleague his wisdom and experience were invaluable to the younger members of staff, now senior themselves. They remember too the kindness and hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Lomax when as young men and strangers they first came to Leyland.

In his early days Mr. Lomax was a good cricketer and footballer and until well into middle age he played a very useful game of tennis. For many years he and Miss Milroy had charge of Farington House and their house parties were celebrated for their perfect organisation, and absolute decorum. And—our present day teenagers may find this hard to believe—they were very enjoyable.

Mr. Lomax was born at Darwen and from Darwen Grammar School he won County and State Scholarships and went on to the Royal College of Science. He taught at Dumfries Academy and Ilford High School for Boys (at Ilford he was a colleague of G. W. Southgate, a name not unknown to History pupils) before coming to Balshaw's.

It is good to remember that he had a long and happy retirement, near to his daughter and grandchildren at Coventry. He revisited the School several times, looking, even after he was past 70, as well and alert as ever. To Mrs. Lomax and to Liliias we send our deep sympathy.

C.S.H.

It's up to you

*A summary of answers to a questionnaire sent to
Old Balshavians now at University.*

By Jackie Beattie

Well, it stands to reason, doesn't it? You're on your own now: every problem that arises is yours to solve. Of course, there are others to ask, other students who have had similar experiences, but why ask them?—unless you're really stuck. Part of the fun is in the finding out for yourself. So don't be discouraged if everything isn't done for you—and don't get upset when things don't always go right.

You've a journey ahead of you. Well, relax! The cases are packed, everything done that could be done and you're setting off on part three of your journey along the road of life. In a sense it's part one: you're on your own for the first time, going to make the best of things and—we hope—emerge in three years' time with the passport to a good job and a good grounding for the big world of outside.

How will this new freedom and independence affect you? After a little while you'll just accept and enjoy them. Maybe you'll be apprehensive: afraid to face them. But the independence is really much easier to accept than you think because it is real, not induced as at school. Freedom to work outside a set pattern often stimulates interest in a subject. But what will you do between being apprehensive about it and enjoying it? That depends on you. But what sense it there in spending the first week in night-long Bacchanation orgies and the rest of the term in bitter regret at not being able to buy the books you need, or to pay the rent? On the other hand, there is another extreme—also to be avoided. There's no need to budget time and money to the minutest unit. A student has enough to worry about without that.

The first thing is to get things into perspective and have a simple code of priorities.

Digs

Then there's the question of digs. The hardest part of university life is living in someone else's house. Like everything else it takes a bit of getting used to, but if you respect the owner's wishes and any rules she may make you can expect a reasonable amount of co-operation from her. You may be unfortunate and have to pay an exorbitant rent for a room in a cold filthy hovel with children screaming all the time and a radio with two controls—loud and super loud." At all costs avoid lengthy arguments with your landlady. Remember she holds the whip hand and can evict

you without warning. On the other hand don't just accept it as your bad luck: look around. Find new digs with a landlady whose personality suits you as well as her rent, and then tactfully tell the old landlady you're leaving. When seeking accommodation be specific about conditions and payments, but it's more important not to pretend to be other than you are.

So you've forgotten your tooth-brush? your writing paper? your . . . ? Well, you've a grant haven't you? After the rent money has been put aside as untouchable it's yours to do what you like with—so go rash and buy a new tooth-brush. Above all, don't sit and mope: other things are much more deserving of anxiety.

You are alone in a strange town: in a new life. Frightening, isn't it? But it's a challenge to be accepted. If you find the work very hard at first you're not the only one. If it remains very hard then perhaps a word with your tutor would help. But however hard you have to or think you have to work you must have some relaxation, some outside interest. And as long as you do something besides study there is no reason to be lonely. Be amiable, but don't get a reputation for yourself through always being seen everywhere. If you're worried about getting in with the wrong crowd there's an easy guide—the 'wrong crowd' is composed of those students who wear their gowns in the most off-the-shoulder manner and who seem to have scarves twice as long as anyone else's.

If you're in a hall of residence the problem is not loneliness, but the opposite. In either case the aim should be to roughly limit work and/or social intercourse so that a happy medium is reached.

Work

After a school week, a week at university will inevitably seem strange at first. You will probably have between 10 and 35 hours compulsory lectures and tutorials or practicals per week depending on the course you are following. The rest of the time is yours to do what you like with. But don't think you can afford to go places in every spare minute. Discussions with fellow students after lectures or tutorials are interesting and illuminating. In this sort of thing you get the benefit of mixing with and talking to people with something in common with yourself, but of whom each probably has his own 'slant' on any problem. Private reading round subjects is also of great value and is essential if examiners are to get more than the run-of-the-mill stuff.

Universities realise that all the time cannot be spent in study—why else would there be societies. A word of advice from old hands. Be wary of societies: treat them with reserve at first. Don't rush to join all that take your

fancy or you'll not be able to pay the subs.—nor would you get much work done. Consider why you are joining: will you benefit from joining—and will the society find you a useful member? Joining societies purely for social reasons is done but to whose advantage? Active membership of two seems to be the most acceptable, but if your university is run on a collegiate basis, then college business may take up as much time and effort as regular attendance at a society. Like everything else it's your decision and like all others it boils down to a question of priorities. Membership of two societies does not mean there is no time for taking an interest in others but there is always the time factor to be taken into account.

It appears that working when you can is the most satisfactory way. This is no excuse for not working. To work when you can and thus to use the time fully is much more profitable than setting aside x hours a day for study and then not feeling "in the mood." What better way is there of getting lazy and losing interest in your subject? Two or three evenings out per week (including weekends) is recommended from experience—but perhaps you are of the type who prefer to work at night and thus go out during the day. After exams this rule is quashed and 'I'm staying in tonight' becomes the exception not the rule. At such stages money not time is the limiting factor.

The Good Things

What are the little things that people have found they like about the new life? Independence. The thought that knowledge being accumulated will be used in the future career—and that work will not be aimed at as a means to an end, e.g., 'A' level exams, the means to get into the rat race for university places. Opportunities to make new friends. Better facilities for work. The stimulus to work.

The snags? Well, apart from getting up early and queuing for meals—both of which one has to put up with at any time—few were mentioned. The great money consumers include file paper, coffee and biscuits and tooth-paste and cigarettes, washing powder, mid-day meals and bus fares. But when a group buys file paper in bulk—at considerable saving, when considerate parents send parcels of food or the money equivalent, when a second-hand bike saves bus fares, when lectures are conveniently arranged so that mid-day meals are impossible, when you give up smoking . . . (where there's a will there's a way!)

Home

And so the first term has flown by.

Home will probably seem strange—a second home where one can relax after a hectic term and catch up on

work. Whatever happens, don't despair. Parents are understanding people and they will do their best if you do your bit to make the atmosphere as natural as possible. School becomes a place to look on with affection, a place where the little brats are spoiled to a degree. Or perhaps one looks back with regret at the place where exam success and not interest in a subject is the stimulus or passport to future effort. However, everyone owes school something, and membership of the Old Balshavians' etc, can pay some of the debt. Old friends never change, nor does one's attitude to them—especially those who like yourself are at a university. As common factors disappear friends will grow apart, but it's still possible and advisable to keep in touch even during term time.

Back to the bustle, back to exams, back to a way of life you are now used to—great, isn't it?

What are you expecting from a university career? Preparation for a career and life? Stiffer competition and harder work? New friends? Snags? Disillusionment? All may be found: found in a situation that will be a challenge to you. An adventure. A new life. A stimulus. How will you face up to it? What will you make of it? Will you graduate with a good degree and a sound basic knowledge of life and people?

It's up to you.

Can you dispute it?

"All the rationalising in the world cannot explain or excuse the fact that a high proportion of Britain's teenage population is maudlin, semi-literate, and tone-deaf."

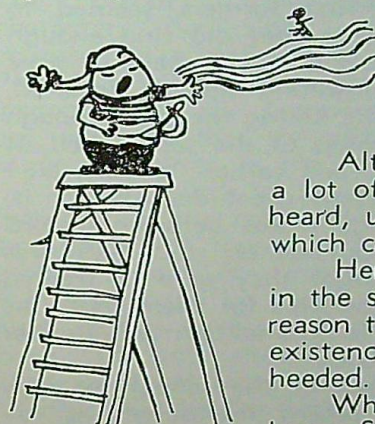
(Mr. B. Green reviewing "Fab" by Peter Leslie).

JUNIOR VIEW

Nothing but noise

Junior Editorial.

By Margaret Hoyle, 4/7.



Although the Junior School makes a lot of noise, its cries are very rarely heard, unless, of course, they are those which call to be stamped upon.

Here Junior Views are expressed in the silence of print. Perhaps for this reason they will have a more permanent existence and will be more widely heeded.

What we do believe is that the Lower School does have a point of view and that we can serve a useful function in endeavouring to express it.

NEW BLOOD

By Yvonne Elliot, 4/7.

Struck by all the tiny tots wandering around the school corridors, looking lost and staring in wonderment at the sights of the school (not just the buildings and fields!) we thought that it would be interesting to discover their views as newcomers. In an endeavour to get at the facts we gave all members of the first year a chance to write down their views in answer to a number of duplicated questions, some of which were designed to discover just how much these 11+ "successes" had found out about their new school.

Since these first formers, on the whole, have not experienced anything similar to Balshaw's before, they have obviously met with many new things, some of which they

like and others for which they show an obvious distaste. Academically speaking, they expressed pleasure at the variety in the subjects which they do at school. Games are of course very popular, particularly rugby which, as one boy put it, 'is nice because you can get dirty!' The population of the school seems to be universally popular, not only the pupils but surprisingly enough, the staff! Some stated that what they liked most about Balshaw's was "the school dinner." Such were the 'likes' of the first formers, apart from the precocious youth who said that he liked the girls!

Although the likes of the first formers seemed to include quite a wide range of things they did find enough things left to grumble about. Most of them seem to have a strong dislike for Latin—one unwilling student declared, "it killed the Romans and now it's killing me!" Although we are now used to the dulcet tones of the school bell, it appears to be a rude awakening and rather 'prison-like' to many first formers who expressed great distaste for it. The fact that they had to change rooms between lessons and were even expected to go outside on cold days, was not well liked. First formers thought they were ill-treated in that there were not enough societies for them, but this question is dealt with elsewhere in this edition and further comment here would be superfluous.

Although they have not been at the school for very long, the first-formers already regard themselves as reformers. The more conventional reforms advocated were the abolition of detention, the end of homework, better meals and a different bell, as well as a bigger library. The more unusual improvements suggested were for a bigger gym (obviously gluttons for punishment) and for courses in shorthand and typing.

The Sixth Form

The question of the sixth formers aroused enthusiasm all round. They will be pleased to know that on the whole they are quite well liked—(it seems the girls are more popular than the boys)—but, of course, there are such comments as "bullies," "pests," "ghastly" and "ugh." Many of the first-formers have formed the opinion that sixth formers are lazy and hang around doing nothing and reading newspapers. Their supporters claim that they are no different from anyone else, and are cheerful and kind. Some of the more unusual comments were—"they treat you as if you were nothing," "too tall" and "some need a hair cut." We are still wondering what was in the mind of the boy who wrote "I wouldn't like to say!"

Punishments

Detention! This on the whole was the most disliked punishment apart from one pupil who specified "a week's

detention" lines were the runners up, closely followed by the cane. "All kinds" was also a popular answer, whilst one or two displayed a strong dislike for "writing essays on things you can't write about." We hope we have not, as yet, had to take the strong measure of "capital punishment" which was one of the more unusual answers received.

The Magazine

The first-formers were then asked what they liked in the last (or should we say first) magazine. "Junior View" was very popular as were the cartoons and the questionnaire. The "off-beat" cover was well liked as was the queer character "Sed Sibi." Most of the magazine seemed popular, there seeming to be an article to please everyone. Perhaps the truest indication as to why some liked the magazine was the comment which came from the modest boy, who said that the thing he liked most was seeing his name mentioned in the rugby team.

Many failed to appreciate that the only reason for charging for the magazine is that we have to pay the bill for printing. A frequent criticism was that there were not enough articles by first-formers (in fact only one article was contributed by people in the first year) and that too much room was reserved for the sixth formers. Apart from these criticisms almost everyone was satisfied with the magazine apart from one person who, surprisingly enough, did not like the drawings.

Excuses were abundant when the first formers were asked why they did not write anything for the last magazine. There were the usual excuses, such as "couldn't think of anything," "didn't know you could," "too much homework" and "nobody asked me." Some admitted that they couldn't be bothered and someone even claimed that they "did not know there was going to be a magazine." The other people, it appeared, just didn't want to, while one remorseful youth said he was ashamed of himself for not writing anything. From most of the answers we concluded that obviously the magazine had not been given enough publicity.

Careers

About half the first formers hope to go to University when they leave school and then take jobs as scientists, teachers and archaeologists. The more unusual jobs (after university) include missionaries, authors, brain surgeons and astronomers. Those who do not want to go to university would like jobs such as librarians, hairdressers, doctors and secretaries. Here also there were the more unusual jobs—a private detective in the U.S.A., a mathematical genius, a zoo keeper ("of the monkeys") and a dentist, because as

someone put it, "I like to see people suffer," were some of them. Other ambitions were to join the army and to be a footballer for Blackburn Rovers. One boy was quite certain what he wanted to be—a bachelor!

The Houses

From the general knowledge questions about the school we found that almost all the first formers knew the names of the houses but not so many, the corresponding colours. The identity of the Housemasters seemed to pose problems for the first formers—nobody knew who they all were and we did receive some odd answers. Blundell, J., and Park S. were suggested as housemasters—they get younger all the time! Another suggestion was that a certain fictional 'Mr. Downy' is a housemaster. One indignant pupil asked how on earth he was expected to know!

Most first formers seemed to be acquainted with the choice of subjects taken in this school, although some people appeared to think we study philosophy and Russian. Apart from a few 'don't knows' most of them knew the meaning of the school motto, if not word for word. One boy, however, seemed to think that the motto meant, "Not Sibus but Allis" whilst another claimed that his father's translation was "Not tonight said Allis"!

It was pleasing to find that on the whole the origin of the name of our school was well known, although 'Richard' became 'John' and 'Henry' several times. However, the question did not go without unusual answers. Several people thought that the school was named after the first headmaster, whilst two of the most unusual answers were "from the man who built it" and "from the man who found it—John Balshaw"!

* * *

We suspect that there will be many of our readers in forms higher up the school, who in reading this report, have recognised both their own first impressions as well as their present ignorance. If our efforts have contributed, no matter how slightly, to a greater awareness of our juniors and their views, then we believe our time has been well spent. After all, if we were organised on the democratic basis of one pupil one vote, the view of the tallest sixth former would carry no more weight than that of the tiniest first former.

May we, on behalf of the school, offer a sincere welcome to all those who joined the school last September and express the confident hope that their years here will be happy and successful.

If their willing co-operation in this survey is anything to go by, we feel that they too are both willing and able to play their part.

MR. MILLER

By John Baker.

Mr. Miller, who had been a member of the School's staff ever since the present buildings were opened in 1931, retired at Easter after 34 years service as groundsman.

That our grounds have so long been a source of pride to the School is due in no small measure to Mr. Miller's long and loving care. He has set a standard that will not easily be improved upon and even if he had done nothing more Balshaw's would have been deeply in his debt.

However, in addition to the many tasks involved in caring for the school grounds, Mr. Miller still found, or made time to coach and referee both senior and junior hockey. In fact, and for the record, we perhaps ought to point out that he originally came here as hockey trainer and not as groundsman.

Mr. Miller was always there if anything needed to be done and when Mr. Sahrack was away with a fractured wrist, he willingly took over the caretaker's duties as well

as continuing with his own—and this was not the first time that he had done so. Indeed, it was entirely characteristic of him when in his retiring speech, he said "If there's anything you want or need any advice, I'll always be across the road. You only need to knock."

Mr. Miller was not the sort of man you needed to know to get along with and no matter who came to ask him for help he never turned them down. No doubt the handsome way in which the School contributed to his retirement gift was a reliable measure of his popularity.

Although he is retiring at an age when most men have already enjoyed some twenty years of retirement his health is still splendid and, as he might say himself, "there's plenty of life in the old boy yet."



FROM A CONTEMPORARY

We continue this series with an article from the latest edition of "The Kirkhamian," the magazine of Kirkham Grammar School and once more we hope that our choice will be taken as a compliment to the author.

The Escape

By K. Goodwin

It was about one o'clock in the morning. All New York was sleeping except for a certain back-alley. In this alley, a policeman was chasing a criminal, known as "Skinny" Burke. Burke was desperate to get away. As he ran he looked for a place to hide. He rounded a corner and saw a window slightly open. Without hesitating, he dived through the confined space. Quickly he picked himself up and hid behind a pillar. He was just in time, for a split second later the policeman went running past.

Burke looked around him as he was gathering his breath. To his surprise he found himself in a museum. As he was wondering where to hide he heard a noise behind him. He whipped round but all he could see was an Egyptian Mummy. Could it be possible?

"Fear not, mortal! I shall hide you."

Burke was petrified. He just stood there staring as the mummy stepped towards him.

"Come with me, and I will hide you where your pursuers will never find you."

At that moment, Burke heard some footsteps approaching the building. The police were coming back. He had no choice. He followed the mummy across the stone floor to a mummy case.

"You will be safe inside here," said the mummy.

"You don't expect me to go in there, do you?" shrieked Burke, horrified. "How will I breathe?"

"There is plenty of air inside," replied the mummy.

Suddenly, Burke heard the police entering the building. He had no choice. Reluctantly he entered the case. The mummy shut the lid.

A few seconds later the police came in. They searched everywhere but found nothing. They were just about to leave when one of them thought of looking in the mummy case. He went over and pulled open the lid. Inside was a well-preserved cadaver. The policeman closed the lid and joined his companions who were going to search the neighbourhood. When they had left, the mummy approached the case.

"Don't worry, mortal, you will be safe from your pursuers for ever."

INTERVIEW WITH

The Head Boy and Head Girl of Worden County Secondary School

Reported by Colin Damp, 4/5.

As we approached Worden we felt like explorers venturing into the unknown, suddenly alone and very apprehensive about what lay ahead. What would we find in this building so little known to most Balshavians? Seeking comfort in the fact that the pupils of this school came from homes like our own and had probably shared the same Primary Schools, we went boldly on.

Unlike the welcome traditionally reserved for the explorer, our welcome was most civilised. The smart, plate glass door was opened for us by the Head Boy, Neil Still, and he and the Head Girl, Yvonne Hill showed us to a smart and well equipped Domestic Science room where the interview took place.

Our purpose, we felt, was two-fold; firstly to establish that here were two ordinary schoolchildren like ourselves, and secondly; to discover how and in what way their attitudes and opinions differed from ours. In other words, to reveal the similarities, as well as the differences between us.

Our starting point was to compare the different establishments that we represented and the types of education which they offer.

We verified that, although pupils are able to do a wide range of subjects at "O" level, fewer do so than at Balshaw's. The subjects which are offered include in addition to those available here, Commerce and Economic History. There is also a shorthand and typing course but this is not available as an "O" level subject. However, unlike ourselves they find no need for Latin, Greek, German or Chemistry. Having considered this formidable list we asked what subjects the two liked best. The Head Girl likes Geography and Shorthand and Typing while the Head Boy's favourite subject is Mathematics. Of course there are subjects which both intensely dislike, but I shall not dwell upon them here. "Is there," we asked "any subject which you have not been able to do at Worden that you would have liked to have done?" The answer to this was pretty unanimous, French! Although it is now possible to do French at Worden this was not the case previously. In

Yvonne's case, the interest in French is a personal one in that she has spent quite some time in Canada, namely Quebec and after hearing the language spoken there as a child, would have liked to do it at school. The Head Boy would like to learn it because he thinks it would be interesting as France is growing in popularity as a place to spend one's holidays (the school does have a holiday abroad each year, this year in Sweden).

Next we cautiously inquired as to whether there is anything about Balshaw's that made them prefer not to be a pupil here. The reply was that they thought that life at Balshaw's was much more formal than at Worden. They would not have liked this. From this reply we judged that they must have been happy at Worden, so we asked why. "The teachers" was the short reply. What about them? Well, they were marvellous!

The next question referred to the much-talked-about topic of secondary-school re-organisation. Neither seemed to think that reorganisation would be welcomed at their school, either by pupils or by staff. They added that as they were leaving shortly it would hardly affect them personally. "If I were a second former, though, I'd hate it!" said the Head Girl. They agreed, however, that if re-organisation was imposed on them, they would probably try to make the best of it. They were satisfied with the present system, it was plain. We could not help wondering if they would not have preferred to stay in the same school with those separated from them at 11+. Yvonne, who had been sent to Worden on her family's return from Canada, never took an 11+ exam. Unless her family had stayed in Canada, she would have been separated from her friends anyway. The Head Boy said that he just accepted it as "one of those things."

Do they, as politicians and supporters of the Comprehensive Education system would have us believe, feel inferior in any way to Grammar School pupils? Do they think of themselves as failures? The answer to this surprised us. It was "yes," or at any rate, "Yes . . . at first." "It wears off after a year or two here," said the Head Boy.

We then inquired as to out-of-school activities. What was there to offer in this field? As well as Rugby they play Soccer and Basket Ball, Netball, Hockey, Tennis and Rounders. They had societies such as the Dramatic, Music, Gymnastic, Art and Handicraft societies as well as Fell-Walking and Youth Hostelling traditions. There are also quite a number of pupils who take part in the Duke of Edinburgh's Award scheme, and like ourselves, they have frequent visits to concerts, operas and the theatre.

Lastly, we wanted to know what Books and Papers were popular with them. Authors Graham Green, Hemmingway and Somerset Maugham came high on the list as did the "Daily Express," "Mail" and "Telegraph." Television programmes coincided with ours, too, at least as they were revealed in the Balshavian Enquiry just before Christmas.

On this note, the interview, which had progressed from the formal to the friendly, ended. We were surprised to learn that they had been just as apprehensive about the interview as we had—such is the barrier between us. We had penetrated it and found . . . ourselves. Although this does not necessarily mean that the barrier should be removed by something as drastic as reorganisation, for both parties are entirely satisfied with their own schools, it would seem that there is a strong case for more contact between the two.

Out of this world

By Sally Thompson, Mary Houghton and Margaret Hoyle

TRIP TO MACBETH

With Mr. and Mrs. Eccles, Mrs. Gregory and Miss Leach as chaperons, a party of fourth and fifth formers went to Liverpool (the place where the Cavern is) to see Macbeth (a play whose author we are told, cannot be identified with certainty but which as a result of one of the best and most sustained publicity campaigns in history, we dutifully accept as the work of Billy Waggledagger). After an uneventful journey (on a coach which had all the deep seated luxury of the mid-twentieth century) we found ourselves in the exclusive (was it a cinema, a chapel or a bingo hall?) Everyman Theatre.

Our seats were in "the circle" and the seats themselves were rather reminiscent of church pews. Some of us were directly 'above' the stage, which was of the open type with no attempt at realistic scenery, a distracting novelty for some and consequently make-up, costumes, and scenery came under close scrutiny. Replacing the outmoded necessity for curtains, the lights dimmed dramatically to signify the end of each scene though we might have guessed it by other means. The worthy theme of Something-or-other's castle was suitably epitomised by a wooden facade, which was curiously transplanted into the English scenes.

The scenery was moderately substantial, though during the fight a supererogatory part of some steps swayed,

wobbled, swayed frantically, and fell with a loud clatter; and also under ill treatment (a kick) from Lady Macbeth a stool collapsed. It was unfortunate too, that the audience laughed when Banquo returned as a ghost, with his head covered with tomato sauce (?), to haunt Macbeth; and also when Macduff came onto the scene carrying Macbeth's head on the end of his sword.

All this, of course, has been much talked about, but it should not be allowed to conceal the fact that the performance was more than adequate and more than one theatre-starved pupil has been led to ask for more.

THE ART OF THE ONE BRISTLE BRUSH

Rarely does it happen that a school initiates a new art trend and therefore we are particularly proud to be able to make mention of the pioneer work which is being done in Balshaw's Art Department.

We refer, of course, to the One Bristle Brush movement which continues to win new fanatics almost daily. The movement, it is reported, began almost by accident and was certainly not an outcome of any great new theory. What is apparent is the very delicate effects which can be achieved by this new technique. We can only hope that the Art World in general and the G.C.E. examiners in particular will not be slow to give recognition to the technique.

Unfortunately, we hear that the One Bristle Brush artists are under constant pressure to use the more traditional style of brush. We can only regret that once more an original art form appears to be jeopardised by the interests of a commercial world, unwilling to tolerate interference in its regular sale of brushes to schools.

OPERATION BALSHAW'S

Now that the opposing forces in the great comprehensive conflict are forming up ready to do battle, help suddenly seemed to emerge from a most unexpected quarter. Teams of workmen appeared early in the term and proceeded to dig a trench across the front of the School. Was this to be the trench from which they would carry out to the last their defence of the Grammar Schools?

Eagerly we watched the gang as they hacked at the footpath in front of the school.

"Maybe the next step will be a barrier of barbed wire and corrugated iron."

"When will the sand bags be here?"

Already we imagined ourselves valiantly wielding our hockey sticks, in defence of the worthy cause, and screech-

"Hands off Balshaw's!"

The trench got deeper and our spirits rose.

"The window poles would be very useful!"

Sad was the day when we arrived at the field of battle to discover the workmen gone and the trench filled in.

It is hard to understand, is it not, what made such enthusiastic supporters desert the cause?

THE PIRATES OF BALSHAW'S



Missed heart beats, hasty attempts to obey the rules and even the occasional flight in terror following unexpected encounters with uniformed constables on the School precincts, inevitably prompts the suggestion that the staff ought to adopt such a uniform as their regular form of dress. Just imagine the possibilities! On evenings when events are taking place within the school the sight of their uniforms in the school grounds would be sufficient to deter any would-be intruder. Similarly attempts to cope with traffic in Church Road would be far more effective.

As for the pirates' costumes, they would be ideal for some members of the school, particularly for those whose activities would never even be considered by the theatrical pirates whose behaviour was quite beyond reproach.

One last thought—How many girls would like the long and brightly coloured dresses of the ladies as their standard dress for school?



Photo: Leyland Guardian.

The Free-Wheelers

By Mary Houghton, 4/7.

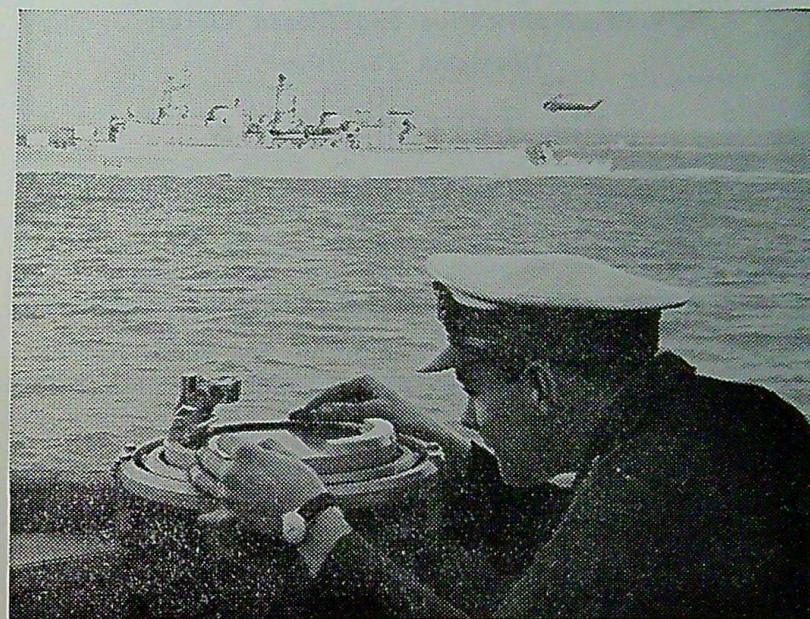
The Free-Wheelers came into existence in February when they were asked to play at a Sunday School concert. Their popularity was instantaneous and news of their success led to several more engagements, including one at the Public Hall at Leyland, and another at the school Sixth Form Society's "Ad lib evening."

If asked to explain their popularity they affirm that it is probably due to the fact that they have left behind the current pop field for the less well-known folk-singing trend. As yet, their repertoire is limited but most of what they do they do extremely well.

The combination of two guitars played by Peter Jones (bass and lead accompaniment) and Frank Crowe (rhythm), who also plays the harmonica occasionally, and banjo played by Dave Lawrie, completed by Margaret Hoyle's tambourine produces a pleasant and rather unusual sound. Margaret is also the lead vocalist. In the lively numbers she uses her tambourine while Dave takes the main lead.

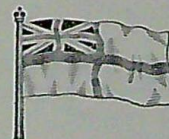
All of them are fans of Bob Dylan, Pete Seeger, Peter Paul and Mary, the Campbells and Donovan, and it is from such people that they have derived most of their songs, which, however, they always arrange themselves. Each of them regards their school as of prime importance and hopes to complete a course in the Sixth Form. Their skiffle and folk group is, of course, just a hobby.

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- 'Quite a good cause—for starving people in Africa.'
- 'Something to do with famine relief.'
- 'We pay for the education of a South African boy.'
- 'Yes we give a shilling a month.'
- 'Don't some forms collect? I seem to have seen a list somewhere.'
- 'I'm a bit dubious about charities, but I don't know about Oxfam.'
- 'After all, how much do the starving people actually get?'
- 'Wasn't it started by students in Oxford?'
- 'I know they give out pamphlets in Preston.'
- 'Shops take people's junk and sell it.'
- 'They have special departments for different things—money and clothes.'
- 'We have not sent our Christmas box back yet!'

(39/7/3 was contributed during the Spring term).

SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND

SIX BY SIX

By D. Howe and A. Brown, 3L.

How would you like to live in a room 6 ft. by 6 ft.? In a room smaller than the average bathroom? In a room the size of a coalhouse? Bit of a tight squeeze for one? But what if you were a family of seven?

These are common conditions in Lebanon and Korea. The type of conditions under which Yoon Jong Hi and Mohammad Saleh live.

Did you do all the housework when you were only five? This is what children do in these countries.

Some (notice the use of the word 'some') of us have continued to give money for these children. But some people are inclined to forget—to put it mildly.

Those who remembered, or perhaps more precisely, those who remembered and were prepared to do something about it contributed a total of £30 9s. 8d. during the Spring Term. "Non sibi sed aliis."

A Nice Cup of Tea

By Susan Rose, 2L/2

Johnnie's mother wasn't feeling well, and had gone to lie down on her bed for a few minutes. When she had gone Johnnie was quite pleased because now he could show what a nice, helpful boy he was at the age of three.

Off he toddled into the kitchen to make his mother a cup of tea. Now, first things first, he thought to himself. So over to the cupboard he went to get the cup and saucer. The cupboard however was too high for him to reach, so he jumped up and down trying to grab what he needed. At last, he succeeded in bringing down four cups, five saucers and three plates which all lay on the floor in minute pieces, and a large mug which miraculously stayed in one piece.

Right! He had the cup. Now he needed a spoon, milk, tea, sugar and boiling water. Johnnie knew all about the boiling water because he had often watched his mother prepare tea. He picked up the kettle and stuck the end of the tap into the spout. When the kettle was full, he pulled the kettle away nearly dragging the tap out of the sink and switched on.

Whilst the water was boiling he opened the drawer and took out a spoon which happened to be a table-spoon although he thought it was the right one!

Johnnie was only three, so how was he to know if milk was sour or not? This bottle that he had was full of sour milk which had been left for five days. When he took the top off and tipped up the bottle nothing came out. "Hmph," he thought, "Mummy's milk never did that but maybe it's a new kind," so he took a knife, scraped out some milk and mashed it up in the mug.

Now the water was boiling and he very carefully poured water into the mug. The sour milk floated to the top but Johnnie didn't seem to notice anything and heaped in five tablespoons of sugar and four of tea. Very gently he stirred it up. There! Wasn't he a clever boy! He had made mummy a lovely cup of tea.

Up the stairs into his mother's bedroom he carried the mug. "Me brought mummy a cup of tea, aren't me a clever boy," he said and smiled happily.

His mother also smiled happily—until she saw the tea. There was a mixture of tea, and sour milk floating on top of a very sweet, white liquid.

And slowly, sip by sip, without the slightest sign that the tea was other than perfect, she drained the cup and said "Thank you, Johnnie," but, secretly, she vowed that in future she would be ill **only** when Johnnie was out.

"HOW IT REALLY HAPPENED"

From an article submitted by Judith Grimshaw 1A

Something on the roof was attracting the attention of the people down below. Tardy Gate had never been so crowded at this time in the morning. Everyone was staring up at the roof of the Pleasant Retreat Hotel but only those on the top deck of the 109 could really see the round metal cylinder which lay precariously against the chimney stack at the rear.

What could it be? It wasn't really like an aircraft, but it had definitely come down from the sky. It hadn't really crashed: there was scarcely a slate out of place.

As they watched an opening appeared in the side and the figure who stepped out was immediately identified as an astronaut. Leaning over the edge of the roof, he addressed the crowd below. However, his language was so strange that most people immediately assumed that he was a Russian.

Then a second figure appeared and, after a brief word with his companion, looked down at the crowd and said:

"I — have — just — realised — that — we — have — landed — in — England — and — that — we — must — speak — in English. — We — have — come — from — Mars. — We — are — Martians."

Before the crowd had had time to react, there was a movement behind them and through their midst came two members of the local police. Forcing their way through the astonished onlookers they reached the fire escape and climbed up on to the roof. Then, one of them, the sergeant, spoke: "I'm afraid we must ask you to come along with us to the station."

"I understand," was the reply. "We shall — come — at — once — but — we — must — first — attend — to — the ship."

When the Martians were ready they climbed slowly down the fire escape and were quickly escorted into the waiting car.

And that was the last that the people of Tardy Gate saw of the Martians. True, there were some photographs in the newspapers and special programmes appeared on television, but the first men to come from Mars had become the concern of top people.

Those people outside the Pleasant Retreat Hotel had witnessed a historic event. It had taken them unawares, and now it is a thing of the past.

CROCUS

By Susan Goodman, 1B.

Crocus, Crocus you are beautiful,
He who made you must be wonderful!
Petals soft and light, lavender, gold and pure white.
With tiny sword in hand, you are indeed a sturdy sight.

COURAGE

By Dunn M. J. 2L/2.

The big top was a seething mass of flame. Fiery red tongues shot upwards to where he was balancing on the high wire. And, above the crackle of the flames came the harsh growling of the lions. The consequences of a fall were only too apparent.

Now the lions were out of their cages and were stalking angrily inside the ring of flames. The sweat poured down his face as he edged along the quivering line. Smoke swirled, blinding him. There was no safety net, that had been devoured by the fire. The canvas walls of the huge circus tent flapped. Pieces of canvas fell past him. Then, suddenly he stumbled, his mind was in a flurry and he recovered just in time to stop himself from falling into almost certain death below. Could he reach the escape ladder in time? He looked down steadily into the red eyes of the snarling lions. He saw Cleo, a 'mean cat' her trainer had called her. He fumbled another step. He could not afford a mistake now. His life depended on his nerve and skill.

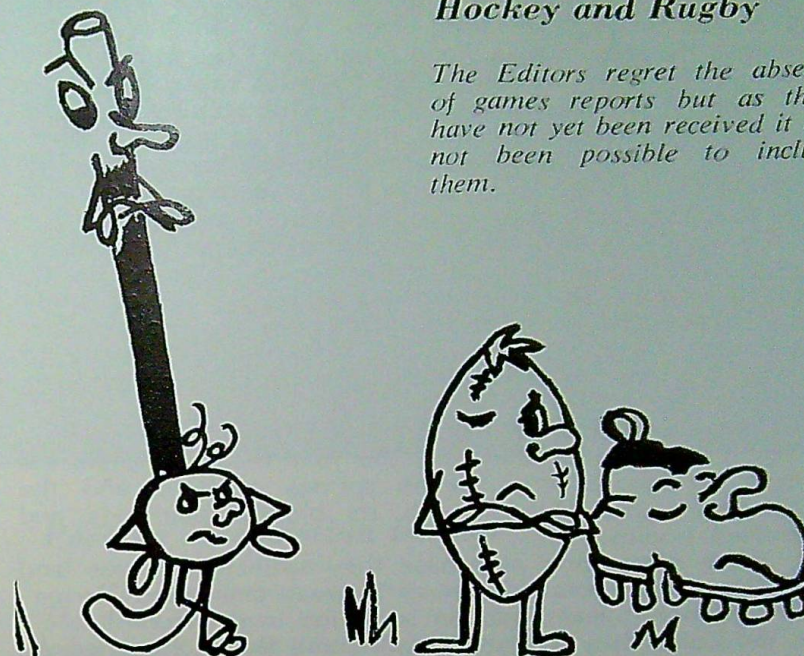
He kept wondering, how much farther it was to the ladder? He coughed as he strained his eyes to peer through the smoke. His throat was dry, his body wet with sweat. He had a good head for heights, but nervousness made him tremble.

When he was almost there a piece of burning wood came hurtling towards him. He calculated its drop and moved forward. The wood just missed him by a couple of inches. At last, he saw the small platform ahead. And soon he was on the ladder, climbing down to safety.

As soon as he reached the bottom, he heard a voice shout "Cut. Turn the flames off and put those animals away!" As he wiped the sweat from his face he asked himself the same old question. After all these years as a stuntman, why did he still feel nervous in front of cameras?

Hockey and Rugby

The Editors regret the absence of games reports but as these have not yet been received it has not been possible to include them.



Expedition to the MIDDLE EAST 1964

with T. N. Speakman, Old Balshavian

*A summary of the expedition's report
by Barbara Ratcliffe, U. VI. Arts.*

The starting point of the adventure came from a chance remark "How about going on an expedition?" So at the end of their degree course this is precisely what these three graduates of Manchester University did. After two years of hard work and planning the three members of the party, T. N. Speakman, J. W. Beatty and A. I. Popay set out on their expedition to the Middle East to study its irrigational problems, especially in Iraq, Jordan, Egypt and Israel.

After a hundred mile detour through Damascus and Jordan they eventually arrived at Baghdad in Iraq, which they found an uninspiring city. They thought the Hanging Gardens of Babylon an "uninteresting glorified pile of mud

bricks," though Samarra with its golden mosque and spiral minaret was more interesting. From here it did not seem far across the desert to a flood relief canal so they set off. Unfortunately the Land Rover got stuck in the middle of a sand-dune. Attempts to free it before nightfall failed and they were preparing to spend the night in the car when they were disturbed by three armed Arabs who made polite conversation for nearly 2 hours. Next morning the Land Rover was freed and they returned safely to Baghdad.

Leaving Iraq they next travelled to Jordan, staying at Amman. The great sights of Jordan are to be found in the South. They saw Petra, an entire city carved out of sand-stone; and drive through the desert to the police fort, where rode both the real and the filmed "Lawrence of Arabia." Here they drank Arab coffee below soaring thousand-foot cliffs.

The expedition then sailed from Beirut to Alexandria in Egypt. At Kharza they saw the four thousand years old Temple of Hepus, the Roman springs at Baris and the "Village of the Dead" with its biblical paintings and mummified bodies.

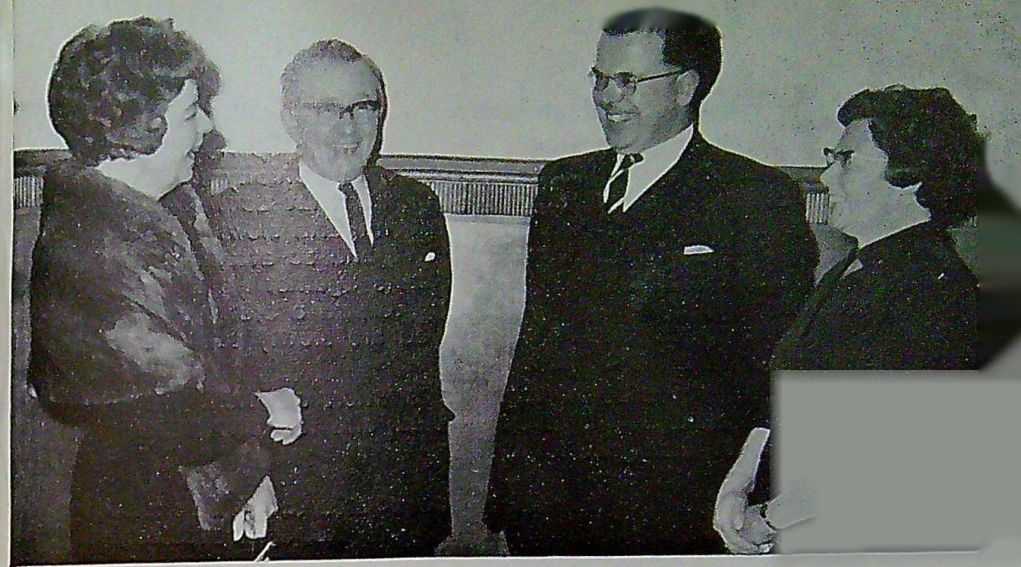
With Alexandria as a base they inspected various land reclamation projects "learning a great deal about irrigation in general, and Egyptian irrigation in particular."

In Cairo they saw the Citadel, and the Mohammed Ali Mosque which they found very awe-inspiring. On the way back to the camp-site their camera was stolen. The thief was soon caught but they had to spend the rest of the day as reluctant witnesses to his ill-treatment at the hands of the police.

The road to Aswan runs along the Nile valley and the river was in flood at that time. At their camps along the road they always found two police guards plus ancient shotguns to keep watch over them. They found the Aswan dam disappointing—it was not as spectacular as they had been led to believe. At Luxor they explored the ancient city of Thebes with its temples and underground tombs—the Valley of Kings and the Valley of Queens.

They returned to Cairo for the last time and were soon sailing from Alexandria to Beirut. Staying at Jerusalem they visited Bethlehem and its Church of the Nativity. Israel they found an expensive country after the cheap living of the Arab states.

At last it was time to leave Asia and begin the homeward trek. They sailed from Haifa to Istanbul and drove through Europe to England. Back in England the Land Rover was searched twice within an hour of landing—first by customs, and then by the police in connection with a bank robbery at Dover. Needless to say they found neither contraband nor banknotes!



Parents' Association Dinner

The Headmaster of Preston Grammar School, Mr. B. J. Moody (Third from the left in the photograph), was the principal guest at the Annual Dinner which was held on Friday, 2nd April, at the Royal Oak Hotel, Chorley. Also in the photograph are (left to right) Miss Doherty, Mr. Bleasdale and Mrs. Hargreaves, the Association's Treasurer.

FORCE X

By Jean Prescott

Have you ever heard of force x? It is the force which draws all the pins away just when you want them for dress-making. It is the force which makes you find all those hair clips one at a time and before you need them. This is force x as a magnet. It acts like this when a boy has a special date, and he is looking for his best cuff-links, he can only find one. Where is the other? Has force x taken it? This is more than likely, because force x is a thief!

Force x steals your attention when there is homework to be done. But when it acts at its worst is when you are thinking of a good excuse to tell the teacher for not having done your homework, it is as though force x has stolen your brain. The excuse which is so much needed will NOT come.

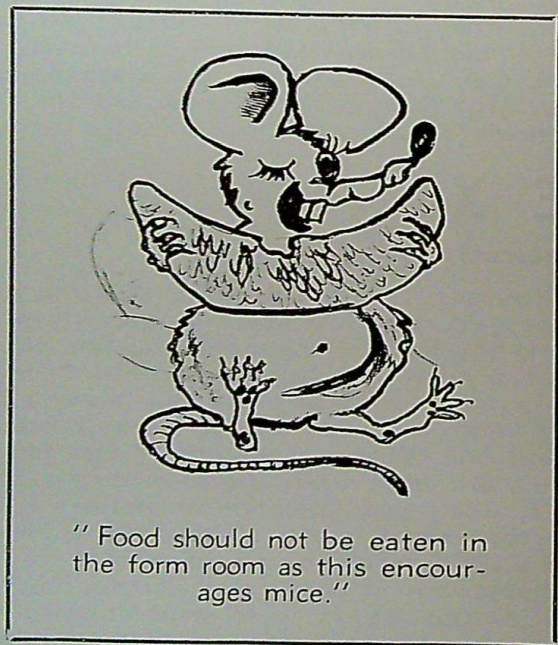
Have you ever been asked to open a tin of fruit for the tea? You have inserted the tin-opener. But what is this? It will not move!! This is force x 'at it again.' This

is force x immovable and stubborn.

When a tin of paint needs opening will it open? No! This is too much to expect of force x, to actually let us open a tin of paint without a struggle. So what do we do? We insert a spoon under the lip of the lid, and slowly press the lid open. Force x is annoyed at this and so attacks the spoon and makes it bend. Force x acts against your nail in this same way, when you are trying to pull a drawing pin out of the notice board, and when you are slowly succeeding force x breaks your nail.

The only way force x helps us is when the next time another tin of paint needs to be opened, and the bent spoon is used, force x straightens it!

(If any person has any good ideas about force x, please write it down on a piece of paper and give it to me, Jean Prescott, 51m. The best ones will be chosen and printed in the next edition of the magazine).



Escaped

By Glenys Higham 2L/2

Two tramps were sitting together on a park bench in New York. One was reading the "Daily Echo" while the other talked about various things. "What's the gossip?" he asked, indicating the paper. "Oh, nothing much 'Ere look in that tree! A budgie! There's one missing in 'ere," he tapped the paper, "do you think that . . . ?" his voice trailed off. His friend was already at the tree calling "Pretty Bird" over and over again. The bird just looked at him, then nonchalantly flew away.

It was lunch-time at the British Embassy. The ambassador was having lunch in his office with his secretary. "Look, sir, I believe there is a budgie on the window ledge!" said the secretary. "By Jove, I do believe you are right, Calder," the ambassador exclaimed, "there was one escaped, advertised in the paper. Catch the rascal, Calder!" The secretary dived to the window but seeing him coming the bird flew away. "Drat," cried the ambassador.

The little boy was playing in the garden. Suddenly he cried out "Mummy, mummy, there's a big, bad, birdie after me!" "Now don't be silly, Ian. Now where's this birdie?" said Mrs. Settleby. "Der, der," said little Ian, pointing to the terrible beast. "Why, it's only a budgie! Colin, come and catch this bird, if you can." "What bird?" said her husband, coming out of the house. "Der, der," cried Ian, jumping up and down in excitement. "Come here, birdie, pretty birdie," coaxed Mr. Settleby. Finally the bird came down and Mr. Settleby caught it. "I've got the paper. Here's the advertisement: Lost: Budgie, 100 dollars reward."

Later, in their car the family decide what to get with the reward money. "Me wants a new car." "There's a beautiful settee and chairs in Coleman's for 100 dollars." "We really need a new lawn-mower." By the time they reached the house, however, it had been decided that they would put the money in the bank for the holidays.

"That's not my Peter, I'm sorry." No-one had noticed that this bird was blue and the one that was missing was green!

NIGHT

By Glenys Higham 2L/2

The night steals noiselessly down streets and back alleys leaving only darkness to prove it was there. Here and there the darkness is sliced by a moonbeam like a long silver knife. No other lamps are to be seen, the only light is from the moon.

At the docks the giant cranes stand idle, dark skeletons, huge and sad. The warehouses are like boxes, filled with darkness, where not even rats or mice dare penetrate. The boats creaking and swaying on the nervous sea are the only things that break the silence, apart from the occasional roar of a car before it too fades away into the darkness.

The town sleeps. The gaping doorways and vacant windows stare sightlessly into the night. The streets, so crowded in the day, are deserted now as soft-footed, the night tiptoes through. All curtains are drawn tight against the darkness. Everyone is asleep. The night watchmen doze, dreaming of home and bed. The horses and cattle stand, heads bowed beneath the trees, as though in silent prayer.

Nothing stirs. Not even the owls and bats are moving now. There is no sign of life. People sleep with no thought of tomorrow, for sleeping minds tomorrow does not exist. In silent homes clocks record the passing minutes which foretell the dawn, when once more there will be things to do and life will return.

SPIT AND POLISH

By B. L. Wilkinson.

I went to Greece at Easter primarily as a sun-worshipper and, indeed, the weather was a perfect dream for the whole 18 days I was there.

Arriving at Athens Airport I hailed a taxi. "Alfa Hotel," I said. I had selected this hotel from my brochures simply because it was easy to pronounce, having used *alfa* so many times in Fourth Form Trigonometry lessons.

The taxi-driver, however, did not look at all impressed. I tried again, stressing first one syllable and then the other. "Ha, Alfa!" he exclaimed. It sounded to me exactly as I had said it at first but my non-existent Greek vocabulary reduced me to silence.

A magnificent six-lane coastal road connected the Airport with the city, and in the intervals when the taxi-driver was not overtaking by weaving alarmingly from lane to lane without signalling, I noted with some dismay that

all street notices, shops, buses etc. used a strange alphabet.

Somewhat slow on the uptake, it dawned upon me presently that I had seen all these letters long ago in my student days at Cambridge, for Mathematics lecturers find the 52 letters of our own alphabet (including capitals) not at all sufficient for their needs.

The destinations of some of the buses fascinated me. "SMYPNH" for instance, and "DHMHPIOS." (The D was a triangle and the S was a Sigma). I guessed (rightly) that it was going to take me considerable time to get used to the bus routes.

I was fortunate to get a single room at the Alfa Hotel for 30 shillings per day, for the rooms included a second room as private bathroom, complete with shower, telephone etc.

Safely installed, my first task on venturing forth into any new city is to find a high-class tea room which displays luscious patisserie in the windows. I found Zenar's and Floca's with the aid of a map obtained from the Tourist Bureau. Tea and vanilla slices are absolutely necessary to my existence, for after hours of sightseeing on a hot day nothing revives me like the sight of a vanilla slice (Galaktoboureke in Greek).

Dinner in Greece is from 8 p.m. onwards, so at 7-30 or so I start looking for a suitable restaurant. Time was when I would dine at cheap restaurants with the native populace but for some reason or other I find this procedure faintly revolting in my old age. No doubt the food is excellent in Greek "Tavernas" and of course I realise it is "the thing" to sample local wines in their native habitat, and have strolling musicians circling round me.

But it was no use this time. I simply could not face such Greek "delicacies" as smoked eel, fried octopus in wine sauce, and kokeretisi which consists of alternate pieces of lamb's liver, kidney, sweetbreads and heart wrapped in intestines. Greek wines, too, tasted to me like resin and olive oil and struck me as only being fit for sewing machines.

I therefore went to more expensive places, though even here, the Head Waiter looked slightly incredulous when I ordered omelette with peas and carrots. And even in such places there was sometimes a surprise in store for me. One evening, feeling somewhat reckless, I ordered fish (not octopus, I stipulated). Presently a waiter came along with a huge plate containing eight different species of whole fish in the raw. Eight pairs of glassy fish-eyes stared at me unblinking. I selected a sole, the only fish I recognised. About half an hour later the sole reappeared suitably transformed.

One cannot go far in Athens without being pestered

by shoe-blacks of all ages. There must be more shoe-blacks in Athens than in the rest of Europe put together, and they see to it that Athenians are kept up to the mark. As I spent all my day out of doors on dusty sights such as the Acropolis, my shoes were rarely clean and I was pestered all day long. One boy, in exasperation at my continued refusal, shouted after me (in English) "Your shoes are b——y terrible, mister!"

The shoeblacks provided the polish. Who provided the spit? One of the most extraordinary things about Athens is that in spite of its lovely sunshine, nearly every man feels the urge at regular intervals to clear his throat and aim for a suitable empty space in the gutters. Or else they would sneeze. Every time I heard a man near me clear his throat I leapt smartly out of range.

After the spitters and the polishers, the thing which impressed me about Athens was the excitability of the people (they were constantly arguing), and the traffic! Everybody hoots at each other, and the driver who makes most progress is the one who makes most noise.

At the main crossings, pedestrians as well as traffic, are controlled by lights. When the lights change, pedestrians are urged across by police whistles and it is comical to see what happens when the lights change back again. Cars leap forward to mow down the stragglers who scamper to safety by the width of a trouser leg. Often have I seen an old man glare after a motorist shouting what I can only assume to be the choicest words in the Greek vocabulary.

The Greek Orthodox Church holds its Easter a week later than ours, and it puts on quite a show. On Good Friday evening as I journeyed from Piraeus to Athens (having been on a day's sea cruise) the roadside was lined with thousands of people holding lighted candles. In Athens itself the crowds of candle-bearers was so enormous that traffic was blocked and I had to walk the rest. Towards midnight there were banners, ikons and processions.

On Easter Saturday it was a common sight to see men carrying whole carcasses of lamb. I noticed it too in many villages on my way to Cape Sounion (45 miles down the coast). Men got on the bus carrying carcasses and get off a few miles further on.

The reason became clear to me the next day. On Easter Sunday went to Delphi to see the Oracle of Apollo—a journey of 110 miles which I made partly by train and partly by buses, through Thebes and along the slopes of the snow-clad Mount Parnassus. Every town I passed through was gaily decked out in a design of Easter eggs (in red) and carcasses of lamb were being roasted on spits in the market place. Girls in national costume gave away

a free red Easter egg to any stranger they saw, so I came in for quite a few!

At Levadia an extraordinary sight greeted me. In the market place, twelve carcasses were being roasted on spits, slowly turning. Those carcasses which were cooked were hauled on to a platform and cut up by means of hatchets and swords. Thousands of people held up their hands in supplication for a piece of meat. People were standing all around me, eating meat with their bare hands, the grease dripping on to the ground. To me it was a revolting sight.

Presently a pretty girl in national costume, noticing that I wasn't eating, procured me a piece of meat. I hadn't the heart to refuse. I pretended to look thankful, but when she turned her back to me I accidentally dropped it on the floor.

From there to Delphi, in every village I passed, I saw lambs being roasted on spits and people were drinking wine and dancing in the streets. This went on all day and indeed I saw many celebrations late on into the evening. Several strangers came up to me offering to crack their red Easter egg against one of mine—as a mark of friendship, exclaimed one Greek as he saw my lack of enthusiasm for such a proceeding.

It only remains for me to add that I did not consult the famous Oracle when I arrived at Delphi. For one thing, it is first necessary to purify oneself by immersion in the cold mountain stream, and cold baths are not in my line. Secondly I fail to see how my future can be anything but depressing.

When one cannot speak the language, one is bound to make several howlers when travelling off the main routes. One day I wanted to see the old Byzantine Church at Daphni so I boarded a bus labelled "Daphni" under the impression that a bus must necessarily go to the destination indicated on the front. Not so in Greece.

When I said "Daphni" to the conductor he started gesticulating and all the passengers eyed me with amusement. Nobody in the bus could speak any language I knew so all I could do was to repeat the word "Daphni." The conductor tried very patiently to explain the situation but he did not seem to understand that I did not follow a word. Presently he shrugged his shoulders and gave me a ticket.

I then noticed by the sun that I was going in the wrong direction. I noticed a bus behind me going in my own direction also labelled "Daphni." Completely mystified I got out at the terminus (which certainly wasn't Daphni) and pondered for several minutes. Then I got back into the bus which had reversed its direction, still labelled "Daphni." I handed the conductor the money. This time

he said nothing and gave me a ticket for Daphni. Apparently he didn't bother to change the indicator as the bus plied between Daphni and the opposite end of the city.

One of my most amusing moments in Athens was when four long-haired British youths asked me the way to the Acropolis. Presently I became aware that a crowd had gathered round and were laughing their heads off. One of the youths asked me why they were laughing. I said that these people had never seen men with long hair. I could have added that if they persisted in travelling about Europe looking completely subhuman they must expect to be ridiculed.

One should not, of course, go all the way to Greece without visiting some of the islands. My method was to walk along the quayside at Piraeus and select a boat, mixing with the Greeks, though no doubt the best way is to go on a properly organised cruise.

My first cruise was not particularly successful. In spite of the brilliantly sunny weather, the sea was, to my astonishment, rather rough and the cabin was soon filled with the groans and smells of prostrate Greeks—not a pretty sight. I went to the upper deck but there it was wet and uncomfortable in the wind. Altogether I spent an agonising three hours before I landed on the island of Hydra.

Here the light was so blinding that I just couldn't see. I was compelled to buy a pair of sunglasses, and even then it took me some time to get accustomed to the brilliant white and blue of the houses. Hydra really is a beautiful place and it is no wonder that two hundred artists have made it their home. Film companies, too, go there on location.

I explored the interior of Greece fairly thoroughly—mainly by long distance buses. Apart from Delphi, Thebes, Parnassus and Sounion, I visited Corinth, Mycenae, Epidaurus, Sparta, Marathon and Nauplia. The most outstanding impressions were the two-thousand years old open air theatre at Epidaurus with its astonished acoustical properties, and the excavations at Mycenae where the remains of a civilisation of three thousands years ago are being dug up. The finds are astonishing and reveal a high degree of intellectual and scientific thought.

Next year I hope to revisit Greece in order to explore many more of the islands.

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