

ammam



School, Ley

1965 from Monday 3rd May to Friday 16th. July 1965.

Position in Form 18

Average age of Form : 13 years months 11

No. of times late 0

months.

No. of half-days absent 2

No. of detentions 1

REMARKS

Form	Mark	Place	•Effort	REMARKS
32	57	21	F.S.	Needs to observe more carefully!
33	59	16	g.	Enthusiastic but unstable - has not yet acquired the scientific approach. R.H.
33	60	10	S	Apart from the fact that her work is illegible and spelling chaotic, her
33	55	11	S	Always willing to try. H.E.
(a)				
(b)				
33	35	30	M.	Incorrigible.
33	54	10	G	Sound factual knowledge but principles are not properly understood.
graphy				Examination results poor after modest
reck	27	61	8	g
ory				

THE

shows interest but strange manner. BLW

September 1965

The magazine of

Balshaw's

Leyland

Comment by Senior Committee

Pages

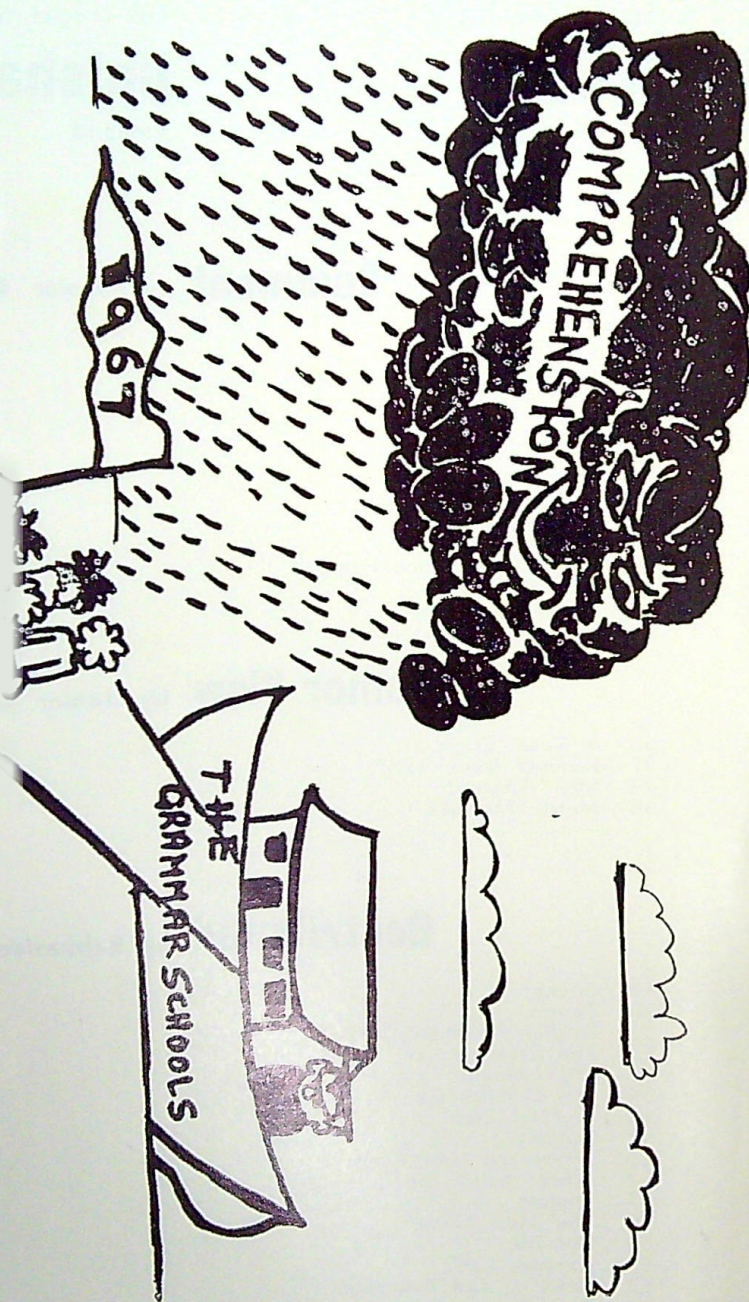
- 3 As Others See Us
- 4 Wrightington Hospital School.
- 8 Around the Houses.
- 14 Eyes Down.
- 21 Press Conference.
- 23 Sports Day.
- 25 The Staff.
- 26 Summer Fair.
- 29 Into the Fire.
- 31 The Great Test.
- 34 Your Co-operation Please.
- 35 Summer Dance.

Junior View by Junior Committee

- 36 A Team Effort.
- 37 Summer Term 1965.
- 44 Mrs. Ashworth.
- 46 Metric Madness.

Contributed by Balshavians

- 49 Cricket.
- 50 Tennis.
- 51 Balshaw's Holiday Camp.
- 52 The Creature.
- 53 The Leopard.
- 54 The Derelict Car.
- 54 A Fatal Step.
- 56 Outcast.
- 56 When you least expect it.
- 57 What shall I be?
- 57 Thieves.
- 58 The Most Noise.
- 59 Not Me.
- 61 Summer 1940.
- 62 News of Old Balshavians.
- 63 Dear Old Student.



COMMENT

Editors: Kathleen Kazer

Jean Toppin

Drawings by Sandra Bleasdale

As others see us

An Editorial View

Is there a typical Balshavian? Can he be immediately labelled as a grammar school pupil? In Leyland, some people seem to believe the Balshavian to be a boy who walks smartly and eagerly to school, wearing all the items of school uniform—cap at the front of his head, tie in a spruce knot and a spotless blazer. The look on his face is intelligent, if a little pompous, and spectacles enhance the studious impression. He appears also aloof, well-mannered and fails to create the impression of being witty and lively. In fact he looks to be in a world of his own, resenting any changes in it.

On the other hand, the Balshavian appears to others as a "long-haired scruffy snob." They picture him with all the latest gear and dead-pan, nonchalant expression—a cross between the Rolling Stones and the Kinks. He is perhaps rather uncouth, with little care for the impression he makes on the outside world—for example, his behaviour on buses, at bus-stops and in his contact with people. He gives the idea of laziness in the sloppy way he walks down Church Road, and irresponsibility and recklessness as he cycles round the Cross. All in all, as one sage workman put it: "They all want locking up, the whole . . . lot of them," or as a bus conductor commented: "They've less manners than savages."

These views are so opposed that one wonders if they are about the same group of people. Is the real Balshavian entirely different again, or a mixture of the two extremes? Within the school, he can be very typically "grammar school"—usually in the first form, with clean shining face and strictly regulation uniform—or a fairly successful compromise between looking tidy and "with it," (the majority) or simply and completely Mick Jagger-ish (a small minority). In character, the average Balshavian, if there is such a thing, is to a large extent apathetic—in that he accepts existing conditions and will not fight for changes. This can be seen in his attitude to many aspects of school life, such as societies, where, although there are complaints of too few societies, people rarely take the initiative themselves. Again, house-loyalties are hardly visible, and as shown in

the last magazine, many of the lower forms are ignorant of the structure of the houses, and their meaning, if any, in school life. Sports Day seems to be the exception to this, when most Balshavians are roused out of apathy towards their houses by the excitement and conflict. Attitudes to the new magazine are typical of Balshaw's lethargy. Many take little interest in it, seeing it merely as an instrument for extorting money, and when it first came into being, there were those who looked on it with scorn, foretelling an imminent collapse.

However, Balshavians are not completely apathetic—if need be they can exert themselves, and they are becoming increasingly receptive to new ideas and attitudes. Although apparently indolent towards school work, the examination results do prove that when forced, Balshavians can succeed and even excel. This applies also to many sporting enthusiasts. Most of the pupils take some pride in their appearance and feel some loyalty towards the school, especially if they feel that it has been unjustly criticised. In spite of isolated complaints of bad behaviour outside school, the public generally is not hostile.

Balshavians therefore seem to be, like any human beings, prone to weaknesses at times but with redeeming features. They do not appear to be a complete picture of either extreme—pompous, if intelligent, scholar, or careless, scruffy pop-fan—but correspond to all types between. It is hard to generalise about Balshavians, as it is to particularise about human nature.

CONTEXT 5

The Hospital School

by Judith Hunt and Edith Park

WRIGHTINGTON

For most of us the future is assured, the routine of daily life, following a regular pattern, but for some illness and the consequent need for medical treatment over a long period makes a normal life impossible. For such people, faced with months and even years in a hospital bed, the future is suddenly shattered and the hope of a normal life seems to be gone. Illness itself is bad enough, but to be deprived of precious years of experience and achievement is unbearable. Health can be restored but time never.

To begin with our visit to Wrightington Hospital School was simply the next on the list. It had been planned long beforehand and to us it was just one of a series of trips designed to explore the circumstances and opportunities of others who, like ourselves, are engaged in the process of being educated. When the day came however, we quickly came to realise that the whole thing was far more complex, far more vital than we had imagined.

Our walk through the hospital grounds and along the shining corridors, past doors marked "X-ray" and "Theatre," the encounter with nurses and doctors and the glimpse of rows of hospital beds all served to build up our awareness of just what was involved.

It was a pleasant surprise to discover that the Headmaster of the School, Mr. Moon, is an Old Balshavian and that therefore he has a special interest in our magazine. In a very helpful introductory chat with him we discovered that the school, which was established in 1932, has to cater for children suffering from illnesses which require prolonged orthopaedic treatment. Although the discovery of new drugs has now considerably reduced the length of time that such children have to spend in hospital it is unfortunately still true to say that their absence from their schools has to be counted in months and even in years.

Teachers who specialise in hospital teaching face problems which are not normally encountered. The classes are small but because of the wide range of age, ability and previous education, it is necessary to give each child individual attention. Consequently, it may well happen that a child in this kind of school may in fact benefit more than in a normal school. The different pattern of friendships is another way in which life here differs from the normal experience of belonging to a class. For example difficulties may arise when children who are in for a long period of time make friends with other children who are only in for a short stay. Coupled with this a child's choice of friends is strictly limited and the possibilities of loneliness and isolation are considerable. In view of this, it is even more desirable that the teaching staff should have close contact with their pupils and there is a deliberate effort to build up personal relationships.

Although all this is of vital importance it is still true that the main function of the school is to teach, and in this the basic aim is to ensure that the child does not fall behind in his schoolwork in the hope that he will be able to take his rightful place when he returns to his home school.

In class, the children are taught by discovery methods, especially in mathematics where the child is encouraged to keep an open and alert mind. There is also a strong leaning towards the use of the Initial Teaching Alphabet in teaching children to read. In general, methods and lessons have to be highly organised as the time available for education is comparatively short. One outstanding difference, particularly in view of the general need for careful organisation, is that in this school there is no strict timetable. The pupil tends to choose the subject that he feels like doing at that

particular moment, so long as he does the work given to him some time before the end of the day. The net result of this is that work is done and interest is maintained.

In order to encourage imaginative and creative work it is essential for the patient to have interests outside the hospital ward and every effort is made to provide these. Boy scout and girl guide activities are popular, as are film shows and television.

First of all, in our tour of the hospital, we attacked the junior ward and on the way we had to drag one of our party away from an ominous looking Dalek lurking in the children's playground. Here we found the beds grouped round the blackboard and in spite of our interruption the children continued to work quietly.

One of the major difficulties which pupils have to contend with is their physical condition. Even if they have no actual physical disability the mere fact that they are in bed makes writing and working arduous. Various mechanical devices and supports are provided but even so great efforts are needed. Remarkably, the majority seemed to have adapted themselves extremely well and there seemed no limit to what they were prepared to attempt.

When we went into the nursery class our arrival was greeted with enthusiasm. The children were scattered around the room, busily engaged in many different pursuits, as we quickly discovered when a brightly coloured football whistled past our ears. One mischievous small boy, peering from behind a plastic teapot, offered us a cup of tea, but not seeing any cups and not being quite sure where he intended to pour it we thought it wiser to decline. The rest of the children seemed equally eager for us to join in and we soon found that instead of us asking them questions they were interrogating us. But time was pressing and reluctantly we moved on.

Our next visit was to the senior girls whose wide interests were perhaps exemplified by a colourful collage of the hospital and its grounds. When one realises that many of the girls have to paint, draw, glue and write in a lying position such achievements are truly remarkable.

We then moved into the senior boys' ward where we were very warmly received and everyone seemed most anxious to tell us all about hospital life. Funnily enough the majority of the boys were quite keen on their work and we reflected on the beneficial effects of illness on a person's scale of values. We found that they had a wide range of interests, varying from Teach Yourself German to Newt Breeding at Home. One small boy was rather perturbed by the fact that his insect collection, and worms, which he was rather partial to, were not allowed in the hospital ward,

but consoled himself with the thought that his Mum would look after them!

In this hospital school, which is typical of many, we found less regimentation and more informality than in ordinary educational establishments. A notable feature of this particular school is the close co-operation between staff and pupils, and between school staff and hospital staff, even though the running of the educational side is completely separate from the medical. Each ward is taken over for four hours a day by the teachers, but at slightly different times in the different wards so that teachers can move from ward to ward. The older pupils are scattered throughout the hospital in various adult wards but even so provision is made for them to further their education.

Mr. Moon, the Headmaster, enjoys close personal contact with all his "patients" and teachers. His work consists of teaching, arranging the educational programme to fit in with the medical treatment and dealing with the clerical work connected with the school, as well as receiving visitors like ourselves. In the circumstances we are particularly grateful for his kind help and gracious hospitality.

All the children we talked to were cheerful and helpful. They all liked the hospital and the school and not one of them uttered a word of complaint. Their attitude speaks for itself. That they bear their misfortune in such a way is due in no small degree to the existence of the school and to the efforts of the teachers. We left the hospital feeling greatly enlightened on the subject of hospital schools and happy in the knowledge that, for those who are unfortunate enough to have to go into hospital all is far from being lost, since there are people who devote their lives to ensuring that when children leave hospital they are able to re-adjust to the tempo and demands of the outside world with confidence and with their hopes for the future unimpaired.

Can it really be true?

"The National Union of Students has come down on the side of comprehensive universities."

(Press report — "The Times")

Around the houses

by Kathleen Kazer and Jean Toppin

Faced with reviewing the year's events in the house competition we immediately encountered a very major problem—ignorance. Questions about results, even when addressed to house captains and officials, repeatedly met with the same response. They didn't know, or they had forgotten. When, in an earlier edition, we had found this to be the common reply in the first year, we were not really perturbed. But to find this attitude in the upper ranks gave us considerable concern. Of course, we had known that there was little enthusiasm for the house competition and that house loyalties were never much in evidence, but frankly this state of ignorance was more than we had bargained for. What follows is a review of the situation as we see it. Our purpose has been to describe rather than to criticise!

There are four houses—Clayton, Cuerden, Farington and Worden (most members of the school should be aware of that we hope!) One interesting and little known fact that we came across is that the houses once had a motto, for example, Worden's "up the blues" or Clayton's "Press on regardless." The system is administered by house masters, house mistresses and house captains. However, we know from experience that the leading figures of each house are frequently unknown and there is lack of contact between house members. House meetings are rare, two a year for the collection of sports entries etc. Hence, it is not surprising that there is little feeling of belonging to a house. Most of the competitions between houses are sporting features, a fact which emerges very clearly when we review the events of the past year. This was a year in which the honours were fairly widely distributed and no one house was resoundingly dominant.

Clayton

House Masters—Mr. Bull, Mr. Smith.
House Mistresses—Miss Doherty, Mrs. Pickersgill.
House Captains—Edwards, S., Janina Montwill.

Clayton had their main triumph in athletics, becoming winners of the championships, but it was a narrow and exciting win as they only defeated Worden by five points. Taylor, a member of Clayton House, was the Victor Ludorum. Clayton girls became the winners of the Rounders League.

Cuerden

House Masters—Mr. Hilditch, Mr. Rigby.
House Mistresses—Miss Bromiey, Miss Thompson.
House Captains—Hodkinson, Eileen Baker.

Cuerden were particularly successful in rugby, winning the Leagues and the Senior Knock-Out. Cuerden girls too had a successful year when they won the Hockey Knock-Outs.

Farington

House Masters—Mr. Downer, Mr. Reese.
House Mistresses—Miss Sawrey, Mrs. Nicholas.
House Captains—Blundell, J., Enfys Jenkins.

Farington could not boast of any great successes on either the hockey or the rugby pitch. However, they were the overall winners of the Cross Country, with a particularly good performance by Nightingale, who won the Junior Cross Country in record time. Also, the house can be proud of M. Gates, who was the Junior Victrix Ludorum.

Worden

House Master—Mr. Wilkinson.
House Mistresses—Miss Leach, Miss Wallbank.
House Captains—Weaver, J., P. Challender.

On the rugby field, Worden won the Junior Knock-Out and were runners up to Cuerden in the Leagues and Senior Knock Outs. Worden girls were also fairly successful at hockey, winning the Hockey League and being runners-up to Cuerden in the Knock Outs. Also, at athletics, Worden was narrowly beaten in second place but won the relay cup. Frances Newsham was the Victrix Ludorum for the second year running and John Curless was the Junior Victor Ludorum.

It seems clear then that it is mainly the athletic amongst us who find themselves involved in house activities, and that therefore the non-athletic are perhaps not really in a position to make fair comment. Without the houses, games and sport within the school would be rather aimless and purposeless, and there can be little doubt that membership of a house does engender a competitive instinct if only for the duration of a particular game. It has to be admitted that without the houses, games between members of the school would probably not take place, and it may be that this alone is sufficient justification for the existence of houses.

However, we cannot ignore the fact that such events only involve a minority, with the exception of Sports Day, of course, which represents the peak of House enthusiasms. What chances are there for the remainder to experience the feeling of belonging to a house?

First of all there are the house parties, a regular feature of house activities, which are mainly enjoyed by the junior school and are attended less strictly by members of the particular house than in the past. The chief criticism is that pupils are split up from their friends. Therefore some feel that house parties are no longer what is wanted and should be replaced by year parties. As it is it seems that these parties are not strictly house occasions since some house members choose not to attend their house parties. And yet, it does seem true that without the parties the house system would be poorer.

But would we exchange the prevailing attitude for the other extreme to be found at public schools or the almost fanatical loyalties seen in college sports in the U.S.A.? In America special meetings are arranged to foster 'hate' and 'enthusiasm.' Parades and cheer leaders figure prominently in order to increase loyalties. We cannot see this happening at Balshaw's, nor would it be welcomed.

It has never been suggested that the house system should be abandoned. Even its critics seem to agree that it can serve a useful purpose. For example, it is recognised that some form of competition in sport is necessary and that Houses are an excellent means of stimulating this. It is true that the existing system is based on that of public schools where pupils spend a large part of their time at school and therefore houses become administrative units and housemasters play a vital part in the welfare of scholars. In day schools consequently the house system will be weaker and this we must accept. Suggestions for trying to create more enthusiasm involve more publicity for house activities such as a prominently displayed and up-to-date record of points obtained. Regular meetings of house members and possibly an extension of the points allocation to include other activities. A further point that has been made is that if leadership and administration of the houses was transferred to perhaps the Lower Sixth the result might be beneficial as those members have more time to spare than the Upper Sixth, where not only examinations but also prefectorial duties make considerable demands on time. Perhaps too, the introduction of house rooms and house dining facilities, as included in the plans for the new extensions, will help in the fostering of positive house feelings.

In short, if we are to have a house system then it seems logical to do everything possible to make it meaningful so that house membership is no mere formality but something real, something to be proud of. If this can be achieved then not only will it benefit the school and all that it does, it will also enrich the lives of everyone of us.



Apologies

We felt so sorry when we realised that we had omitted to mention that Judith Topping had been one of the pianists for "The Pirates of Penzance" that we decided to give her a column all to herself, but then we were told that we had also forgotten to mention the carpenters who had played such an invaluable part in the making of the sets. And so . . .

EYES DOWN

A Report on Bingo

by Diane Banks

"Mother won £8-10 again last night at bingo. She thinks something is wrong if she does not win every week these days." Seen from this statement, is the old lady, a true representative of a typical bingo player? She goes often—is she an addict? Does she spend over and above her means? Does she go for the money? Does she get enjoyment out of the actual game or is it the social facilities that she enjoys? Lastly are there any harmful effects from these attitudes particularly now that bingo is so widespread and is increasing so rapidly that the more intelligent members of the community see in its present trend a vast future menace? But is it such a monster, and what form does this menace take, as on the surface bingo can at least claim to have a place in a democratic society where, together with other forms of gambling, it treats all people as equal, ignoring alike inborn talent, hereditary privilege and sheer hard work.

However, before discussing bingo in recent years the background to these developments should be drawn to get a clearer picture of the whole. Bingo has always been popular under the name of "Housey Housey," especially in the forces. Before the Gambling Act two years ago, Bingo Halls gave away articles as prizes but after the Act they were allowed to offer cash prizes as well.

Bingo has only rapidly increased in popularity as small enterprises have become large, widespread commercial concerns. Why? Are Bingo Clubs always as crowded as reports state? In any form of entertainment there will not be full capacity but Bingo Clubs with two sessions a day seven days a week do often manage to be two thirds full on an average, with one local hall recently catering for 90,000 people in one week.

They were lured by the high prizes of £5 a line and £20 Full House, but especially by the Jackpot which then amounted to £700. Is this why Bingo has increased in popularity? Prizes sometimes reach £2,000 in one night; the urge, as one report says, "of people set on quick riches." In holiday resorts, catering for people from all over the country, the Bingo Halls flourish during the summer halls close for the rest of the year and the "all-the-year-round" Bingo/Social Clubs are more representative of Bingo Clubs in most towns. Even here, several people play for the prizes and a minority are called "Jackpot chasers" as they deliberately move from one hall to another playing

only for the large prizes. However, to many people, although sustained by hope, the prospect of winning is only a secondary consideration.

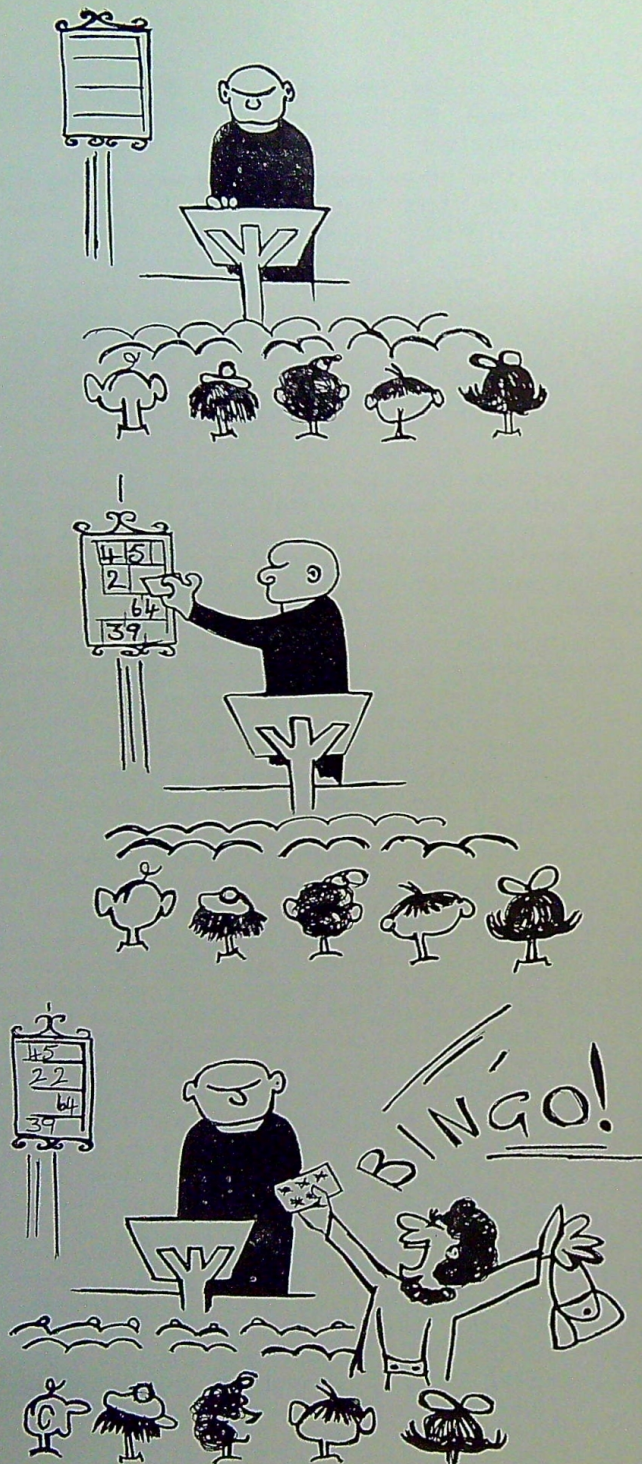
What are the other reasons for crowding into Bingo Halls beyond the fact that most people are inherent gamblers. Firstly perhaps there is some significance in the fact that it is mostly women who go regularly (over 85% of the players in one local club), sometimes twice a day, spending the time between the afternoon and evening sessions waiting in the actual club. Usually attendances increase at holiday time when they take their husbands along with them. This predominance of women could be because if they are housewives without jobs they have more time than men.

Again perhaps they are not attracted to the 'pubs' at night as much as men are. But most important is the fact that at such Bingo/Social Clubs they are able to get away from routine household chores to meet their friends and gossip, as well as enjoying the relaxation, gambling and entertainment.

In a typical club this entertainment is provided not only by the gambling but by the "caller" who must have the type of character and sharp patter to appeal to the players. Also, much variety is derived from special "fancy dress" nights such as the Black and White Minstrels and Washer Woman nights held recently at a local club and the appearance of the innumerable "characters" from "Coronation Street."

It is this mixture of entertainment and gambling which appeals to many people but is there a certain type of person who goes to Bingo? As in any group entertainment the participants represent all classes of people. However, at Bingo the majority are working class people (according to the Manager of a local Bingo Club) coming from such distant areas as Liverpool. Whereas other people go once a week, many working class players go several times a week, sometimes twice a day. Elderly people go often, perhaps enjoying the company of younger people, although they probably cannot afford to PLAY so regularly. But recently the attendance of younger people is increasing, especially in such clubs which offer other forms of gambling, such as roulette, chemin de fer and blackjack which they find more attractive than bingo itself.

These people may go to bingo instead of the local 'pub' or race tracks, for social company or for mercenary reasons but they can pay dear for such entertainment. Although some lucky winners can go away with as much prize money as £850 in one night and although a chance of winning any of the nightly eighteen prizes is fifty to



one, many people who go regularly can wastefully spend a large proportion of their wages. In a local club on an average, they pay 13/6d. for one session but on top of this they also have membership fees, snacks, and other refreshments in the four or five buffet bars belonging to the club. Thus this usually amounts to not less than £1 a session. There are known to be quite a number of bingo addicts and "regulars" at such clubs and despite the three to one odds offered by a twenty-five numbered card from seventy-five numbers called, these people could pay several pounds a week without winning a prize.

The total prize money for each session however must by law be exactly the same amount as the money collected from the tickets or cards sold for that session. Thus the proprietor makes no profit from the actual bingo game itself. However, large profits can be made by the house from the other forms of gambling, the entrance fees, membership fees (necessary, as this type of gambling by the general public is illegal without such membership) and the sale of snacks and refreshments.

Whenever the effects of bingo are under discussion it is clear that personal opinion has an important influence on the arguments used. Besides entertainment and social facilities it has been claimed that it keeps younger people off the streets and older ones out of the "pubs." The majority of Bingo Halls are not licensed as they do not wish to encourage drunkenness and thus trouble. All this, it would appear, is entirely to the good.

In contrast the menaces of bingo are not easy to overlook. It has been claimed in one report that bingo is "total dullness, a non-creative activity; debilitating." Although this is true in general it can be too sweeping a statement when many people find a thrill in waiting to see which number will be called next and are able to use the club as a social centre. However, it is true that many compulsive bingo players, especially women, either take their children with them to sessions or leave them at home on their own, as most clubs have an age limit of eighteen years. However this is a minority and the point can be made that the people who would leave their children at home to go and play bingo would do the same even if there were no bingo halls.

Thus many people, often the well educated and probably with justification, say that bingo is boring and wasteful of mind and money. It is admitted that it attracts highly competent people to a non-productive sphere and many owners, although claiming that the administrative side requires "professional" status openly agree that they use

bingo purely as a business proposition for making money, involving them in an extremely competitive, cut-throat enterprise which is devoted more to exploiting the client than to helping him. In their defence of course they would claim that they are merely giving people what they want.

Indeed, in the last resort, it must be admitted that it is people themselves who enable bingo clubs to thrive and prosper. Rarely a month goes by without the news of some theatre, cinema or concert hall closing down to be reopened as a bingo club. The plain fact is that cultural facilities are not desired by the majority of the public and the small demand for Art gives way to the overwhelming desire of greed.

At the moment bingo provides what many people want and unless another form of entertainment, almost certainly another form of gambling, supersedes it, the recent increase in bingo will continue and will become a permanent feature of social life, not a "fad."

Such is the all pervading menace of bingo that perhaps the final question to be asked about the game is one that could affect the whole of society. Is the urge to gamble and waste one's talents confined to the bingo halls or can the mania spread into other institutions formerly immune from such enervating influences? Does it happen already?

It is a fact that more and more opportunities are found for playing bingo. Even the church does not provide a united front and it is frequently the case that a bingo event is actually organised by a church in order to swell its own funds. Sometimes the event is clear for all to see, at others the intrusion is secretive and concealed. Who will stand firm and when? Or is the monster already too deeply entrenched? Will talent and hard work never regain the position and prestige already lost to the equalisers and the gamblers?

Can it really be true?

"Schoolboys who were given money by another pupil had heard that his father had won the pools and his mother at bingo, it was stated at Preston Juvenile Panel."
(Press report—"Evening Post" March 25th).

Press conference with

Inspector Walmsley

Reported by Jean Toppin

Why did you become a policeman and how long have you been in the force?

I joined because at that time, 30 years ago, there was little employment and also I believed that it would be an interesting job.

What qualities do you think are necessary to make a successful policeman?

Integrity, interest in the service and finally the ability to make one's own decisions.

What does your work as an Inspector involve?

That would take pages to answer fully but briefly it means supervision of the staff; ensure that they maintain interest in their work. education of the staff in keeping them aware of new legislation. Also, my work involves supervising the staff in such work as attending serious accidents, any foreplanned incidents (processions and crowds for example), traffic supervision, attending court and road safety meetings. My work makes me liable to be on call 24 hours in a day and unlike many other occupations we work on a system of a rota rest day, and this is how we obtain our free time.

Have you a large variety of crimes to deal with?

In my area (which covers Croston, nearly to Southport, Tarleton, Hesketh Bank, Mawdesley, Bispham, as far as Pack Saddle Bridge, the bottom of Leyland Lane and including part of the Ribble Estuary)—most of the crimes are on a small scale and we have had few sensational crimes such as murders.

In your opinion is crime increasing in Leyland?

Crime has increased in Leyland during the last 3 years but it is definitely not more than the national average.

What about vandalism in Leyland and what in your opinion accounts for it?

We do not have much trouble with damage to trains and in such cases it is mainly young children. The main vandalism done is in damage to bus shelters, telephone kiosks and only occasionally is private property involved. In my experience this can be due to a number of reasons—home influence, school influence, the attraction of being 'dared' to do something in a gang. Also, it can be due to the affects of alcohol.

What are your views on magistrates punishment of people committed for vandalism?

This question cannot be answered, for as a police officer, I don't express my personal opinion. I also don't

become involved in politics (one way to get rid of a canvasser).

With a general trend to more violence should policemen carry guns?

No. I am against this because although this would protect the policeman it would endanger the public, as can be seen in the U.S.A. Also if the police are unarmed then the criminal will be too. Personally I have never had to use a truncheon in all my years of duty, although it can be an effective deterrent to the criminal.

What is the general public's attitude to the police—has it deteriorated with the increase of motoring offences?

There is a change only by inference and not actively. Of course, one finds the odd person who makes a complaint against the police. The attitude has been affected by motorists who take umbrage at the policeman who is only enforcing the law. As traffic duty is an important function of police work I do not really see the need for separate traffic policemen.

There has been much said about causes of motor accidents, what is your belief about this matter?

The increase in vehicles in recent years reveals almost a drop in the accident ratio. Drivers must drive according to conditions appertaining at that time, whether it is a narrow road or a motorway, and also according to the law. Drinking undoubtedly has some influence but there are no defined figures on this matter. We have to test about 6 per year for drunken driving in Leyland. More can be done to stop this matter by legislation against drunken drivers.

Do you find you are dealing with regular criminals?

Yes, we deal with a hard core of offenders who are continually in and out of our hands. The detection rate is high because although the overall average of solved crimes is 40% usually the criminal is caught and the crime is cleared up. It sometimes happens that a criminal won't admit his previous crimes, and thus neither his guilt nor his detection are revealed in statistics. We do not get any people admitting to crimes which they have not committed—if this does happen somewhere it is usually in cases where there has been much publicity.

Does the television portray the policeman in a true light?

Not at all like Z-cars for instance—completely different. They show incidents blown up to a great degree and are far-fetched figments of the imagination. If we acted like the men on television the whole police system would break down in Leyland.

Does being a policeman alter your view of men—do you become more suspicious for example?

Yes, one does tend to become suspicious of everyone and take nothing for granted.

What would your advice be to those wishing to enter the police force?

Stay at school and take the highest examinations possible then join the cadet service. This helps to give insight into the job before actually entering. The cadets go to technical colleges, Chorley Hospital, and move from station to station. In this way they do not form any set picture of police work and they are more likely to avoid disillusionment.

Clearly this is the best place to report the recovery of the School trophies (stolen one night early in the Summer Term) and to offer our grateful thanks to Inspector Walmsley and his colleagues for their continued efforts on our behalf, not only on this occasion, but whenever we have needed their assistance.

SPORTS DAY

*or, They also serve who only stand
and wait*

by Elsie Mylroie

The first memorable thing about Sports Day is that it was fine—the sun blazed for the first half of the afternoon and familiar faces were shrouded in mysterious dark glasses. Around tea time Siberian conditions were experienced but at least the dreaded rain did not fall.

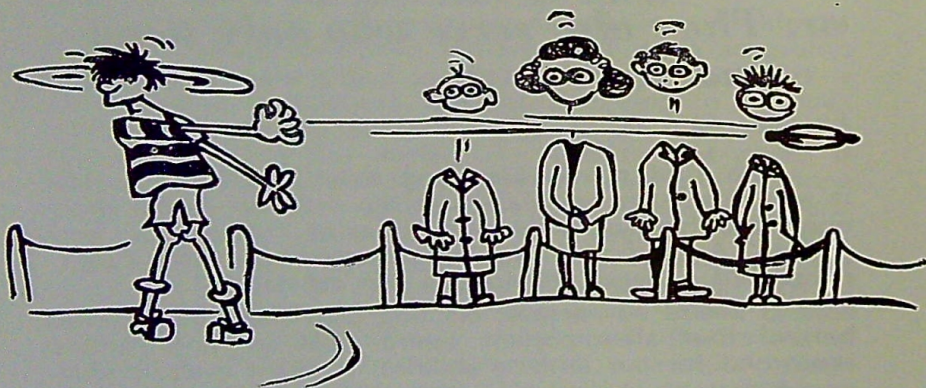
It really was a most exciting day. Those of us seated behind that all-important centre table are not, perhaps, renowned for our athletic abilities. It might even be whispered that we started off with a slightly blasé air and nonchalantly marked down results in between speculating about which offspring belonged to which member of staff, and why a certain well established house master had not honoured us with his presence. Yet, ironically, it was the points situation that was most dramatic—before the final event one solitary point separated the leading houses. It must be admitted that we shuddered in case it was our addition that was at fault—we are not renowned for our mathematical abilities either.

Special praise must be given to Frances Newsham and Taylor, A., who shared the honours of the day—a fact evident halfway through the afternoon much to the relief of a harrassed photographer who was in agony lest they

changed their clothes before he had chance to take their photographs.

Reference must also be made to those gallant men and true who work unseen if not unheard. The electronic equipment functioned most efficiently (had not a certain Hill tested, tested, one, two, three all the previous afternoon?) and the house captains exhorted with great gusto if to little avail, especially during the tugs which were so exciting one really felt like joining in. Comic relief was provided by the gramophone records which produced strong if contrasting rhythms to those beaten out by the athletes' feet.

All in all it was a most enjoyable day, although at times it was a little humiliating to realise that the first former who buzzed round the track like an electric hare was the one you had chased through the school (unsuccessfully) the week before. And was there a hidden threat behind the casual statement of that other first former, that she never had been able to throw straight and wasn't the event being held near our table?



And now for the facts

by John Blundell

Elsie had good reason to shudder before the last event. If the truth had been known, and the five errors in addition put right, the score would have been:

Ci 552 Cu 434 F 514 W 544, instead of Ci 543 Cu 426 F 498 W 544.

How many times has the wrong house won? Not this time, fortunately, but it could have happened. None of the

evidence, however, points to Elsie as the culprit . . . Still, Worden's long haul on the day itself took them past Far-ington, who had a fairly dismal afternoon, after the Open Mile, and brought them within an ace of victory. Clayton won by their perseverance before and on Sports Day; Cuerden fared as badly as they did mainly because their boys had failed to get enough standards.

On the subject of standards, I wonder why it is that so many used to be achieved, and so few are now? For instance, in 1957, 51 boys gained standards for the 880 yards, 32 for the mile, 36 for the under 15 shot, and 29 for the Open Discus. This year the figures were 9, 4, 5 and 8. Are we not as fit as our predecessors, or are standards higher? Is there less enthusiasm, or is less pressure applied? The performances this time, at least, in the finals showed no deterioration. To take some outstanding performances, Curless (W.) beat the Under 15 Long Jump record by 10 inches, a leap which would have been enough to win the open; the 5 min. 1 sec. of Taylor (W.) in the Mile, a time which he predicted, compared favourably with most recorded winning times, and the Open Javelin and Open Cricket Ball produced the best throws since 1956 and 1953 respectively. The best performances by girls were the Under 15 Javelin record of 82' 9" set up by M. Gates (F) and the 4' 9" recorded by F. Newsham (W.) in the Open High Jump, an equal record. These two girls were easy winners of the Junior and Senior Victrix Ludorum, Frances Newsham winning all her four events on Sports Day. The consistent efforts of Taylor, A. (CI) before Sports Day and his Javelin performance on the day made him a worthy Victor Ludorum; and Curless (W.) became Junior Victor by a narrow margin by beating Jenkins (F.) in the Under 15 100 yards.

The Parents' Association

THE STAFF

by Janet Davies

Once again at the end of the summer term, three members of our staff have left us to take up positions elsewhere, and although we regret their departure, it is with pleasure that we are able to record the part each one has played in the life of our school.



Mr. May has left us to take up a post as a lecturer in Art at I. M. Marsh Training College, Aigburth, Liverpool. He came to us from the West Riding of Yorkshire in the Spring term of 1961.

During his 4½ years at Balshaw's, he has been an active member of the staff cricket team, has established a flourishing Art Society and has taken part in several school musical productions, including the "Pirates of Penzance."

When interviewed Mr. May said how much he appreciated our excellent school setting and pointed out what a good relationship there is between staff, parents, and pupils. The only fault he could find with the school as a whole is the carefree attitude of some of the new arrivals who feel that they have arrived at the "Promised Land," as he puts it, which marks the end of really hard work.

His advice to all pupils is to remember that a good "O" level or "A" level is likely to prove far more acceptable to a prospective employer than a comprehensive knowledge of "Pop Music," or the "distinction" of having the weirdest hair style in N.W. Lancs.

Mrs. Pailing



Having come from a girls school to Balshaw's, Mrs. Pailing's teaching experience here has almost converted her to co-education. She has endeavoured to keep up a high standard of work in Mathematics, and has successfully established a keen Bridge Society.

Although many pupils attain a very good academic standard, she feels that the number could be increased with greater perseverance on behalf of the pupils.

To her the prefectorial system needs some adjustment to enable the prefects to make more and better use of their year in office. She regrets, like so many others, that she has not really been involved in House activities. Another suggestion which Mrs. Pailing made and which we quite like is that Sixth Form Arts and Science should not be segregated according to their subjects and that the form should in each case consist of both scientists and artists. We are also very glad to be able to record that Mrs. Pailing finds school dinners very agreeable.

Mrs. Pailing is to take up duties of an entirely domestic nature and we all sincerely hope that she will be very happy and successful in her future life.

Miss Simons



Although Miss Simons has found it an interesting experience teaching in a mixed school and entirely approves of co-education, she has left us to teach French and German at Derby High School for girls. Whilst she has been with us, she has worked hard to maintain a high standard of work both in French and German. Her teaching of German deserves special commendation as this is a comparatively new subject in the school curriculum.

She spoke with regret of the difficulties caused by the lack of accommodation in school at the present time, although it is hoped that this particular problem will be solved in the near future.

Miss Simons feels that pupils do not show sufficient interest in subjects outside their own particular field of study. A wider interest in a variety of subjects and topical events would be a great help to a person both socially and educationally.

We hope that her new position at Derby High School will provide her with interest and enjoyment and we wish her every success in the future.

Temporary staff

We should also like to record the gratitude of the School to a number of people who have been members of the staff temporarily during the Summer Term. The teaching of Biology has been shared by Mrs. Kerr and Mrs.

Yogasundran whilst religious instruction has been in the competent hands of the Rev. C. Berryman and the Rev. D. Whitehead. The School has also enjoyed the services of Mr. Griffiths who has assisted in the teaching of Mathematics. To all these ladies and gentlemen we should like to offer our sincere thanks for their help and our best wishes for the future.

New staff

On behalf of the School we should like to extend a welcome to six new members of staff. Mrs. Maxwell did in fact join us at the end of the Summer Term and in any case she is no stranger to the district. Formerly a pupil at Chorley Grammar School, she has come to Balshaw's to teach Maths. From Durham by way of Oxford Miss Smith has come to Leyland to teach Divinity and to replace Mrs. Theobald who left at Easter. Miss Simons has been replaced by Mr. Bulman, from the University of Manchester and a native of Carlisle, and he too will teach both French and German.

The new Head of the Art Department will be Mr. Winstanley, but since he will not be able to join us until January this post will temporarily be filled by Mrs. Cooke.

Mrs. Pailing's place in the Mathematics Department has been taken by Mr. Gorton from Sheffield, and Mr. Beckett has succeeded Mr. Barnes as Master in charge of Biology.

SUMMER FAIR

by Barbara Ratcliffe

Despite all hopes to the contrary, the Saturday morning was dull and cold. Drizzle soon began to fall and stalls for the fair had to be erected in the school hall, instead of outside as planned. However, rain did not keep the crowds away and visitors must have found much to interest them. The fair was opened by Mr. Tomlinson, our chairman of Governors, instead of Mrs. Tomlinson, due to the illness of the latter.

The stalls were well-filled with cakes, bottles, fruit, flowers, toys and other things too numerous to describe, and business was brisk. There were many side-shows in the main corridor and people could roll pennies and pull strings for prizes as much as they liked. Youngsters were attracted to the "crockery smashing" stall, from which came loud crashes and shouts as they hit (or tried to hit) the crockery. Record requests were held in the music room and this too seemed very popular. And for those who had nothing else to do there was even a fortune teller.

Upstairs in the art room, arranged by Mr. May, there was an art exhibition in which the artistic talents of various members of the school were displayed for all to see.

Competitions included guessing the weight of a cake, which was eventually divided between the four winners. Beautiful vases of flowers on show in the hall belonged to the flower-arranging competitions. Clock golf held on the front lawn eventually had to be called off due to rain. The weather delayed the cricket match which was being held on the school field. The tennis tournament was also rained off and turned into a table tennis tournament held in the gym.

Several fourth form girls spent a busy morning making button holes out of flowers, fern and silver paper and they made over £3 in selling these to visitors.

Teas were served in the dining hall from 3-15 p.m. onwards. Many more were catered for than actually wanted tea, but all the food was eventually sold.

Soon after 5-30, the tables were cleared out of the hall, and chairs were brought back for the musical evening. This was arranged by Mr. Black and in spite of summer distractions, which had made rehearsal difficult, came up to the usual high standard of the School's concerts. There were various solo performances, both singing, and instrumental. Songs were sung by the junior choir and negro spirituals by the madrigal group. This year greater prominence was given to the younger members of the school, as the older members have been busy with examinations.

The object of the fair was to raise money for a new sports pavilion on the school field and as the final total was over £200, this seems to have been a very worthwhile event. Our thanks must go especially to Mrs. Hargreaves, Mr. Dunn and the chairman, Mr. Beattie, all of whom put in much valuable time and money to make the afternoon successful. Mention must also be made of the many parents and friends who supplied the goods for the stalls and served behind the counters; their efforts were as generous as they were spontaneous, and the whole school owes them an enormous debt of gratitude.

Into the fire

by Dorothy Browne

Having been shrouded by the mists of revision throughout the summer term, Sixth Form espionage and counter-intelligence activities have been somewhat curbed, although the sudden activity of prefects on the tennis court has not passed unnoticed. Well, it is only natural

to hear astonished gasps from onlookers who see the usually lethargic VI cramming their energies of the past seven years into three short weeks, and even surprising to discover that they are playing games of their own free will.

In case some people may get the impression that the prefects have nothing better to do after 'A' levels, they are quite right: at the moment, the UVI must be the largest collection of odd-job merchants in the entire school. Quite apart from tidying cupboards and noticeboards and being temporarily employed by the secretary, some are assigned to make a light-hearted survey of Leyland, preference being given, naturally enough, to the geographers.

... Thus to epitomise one year in the UVI, it can be said that a prefect's lot is not a happy one—except for the last three weeks of term.

It is to be hoped that the LVI worked in a peaceful atmosphere at the time of their summer examinations, uninterrupted by peals of carefree laughter, thudding of tennis balls, and the chugging of the notorious motor mower. Deepest sympathy is offered to the pupils who were struggling through these exams. while their friends from Room 13 were gleefully returning well-worn text books to well-worn members of staff, having previously scrutinised these books in order to remove all traces of cartoons, secret messages and cries of anguish from their once familiar pages. Room 13 is sparsely furnished at present, due to the mass moving of furniture into the corridor to create more orthodox exam. conditions in the UVI. Unfortunately, those responsible for their removal have now joined the ranks of end-of-term idlers, so that the desks and chairs remain in the corridor until further notice.

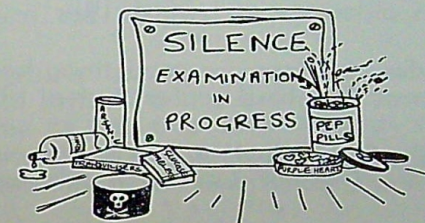
The School's most flourishing society, the Gossip Club, has just reported that a certain member of staff has passed his driving test at the third attempt, and we wish him every success with his new car both on and off the roads. Speaking of the staff, why have all the masters suddenly adopted the method of carrying packets of chalk in their pockets instead of keeping a box of it in their desks? Does the new method provide a quicker means of self-defence against the pupils? Perhaps, though, the chalk will last longer this way.

The feather duster which has been standing in a corner of Room 13 for a few weeks has aroused a certain amount of curiosity, not because of its appearance but because of its mysterious presence: who put it there? It is hardly likely that this six foot long cane supporting a mop of black feathers was placed there as a hint to clean up the place,

nor is it likely to be used as a punishment for unruly prefects, although it has possibilities as a useful weapon. But, just to make next year's UVI feel at home it would seem that there are few who reject the idea that Voodoo is somehow involved.

The Great Test

or, The Excuse for Not Doing Anything Else.



I welcome exams because they are a break from routine. But I don't see why the exams shouldn't be oral. I detest writing down pages of things I would say in a few minutes. The actual exam. would take longer but only as long as marking the papers would. I think we should have oral exams. (IA).

* * *

I think exams are well worth doing they sort us all out (IA).

* * *

Exams. are a method of estimating the acquired knowledge of students. This is only partially effective since a person can be ill during the short time of examinations and also much of the information reproduced on them has been swotted up just before. The result is that the knowledge is not remembered for any length of time. Examinations only prove the ability of a person to remember and reproduce information over a short period (5ths).

* * *

Another fault with the exams is that they are too close together. I think that there should be at least two days normal schooling between each exam giving the pupil a chance to swot up for his exam. (4th).

* * *

If they must have exams why can't they make them happier events (IA).

I think that exams are necessary in order to settle people's true feelings towards their work (5ths).

Too much emphasis is placed on passing exams. It only makes people without the necessary I.Q. feel inferior (Lower Sixth).

If I had my way I wouldn't have school or exams and just let the boys go to school like in olden days. (Girl 1B).

I think examinations are good thing because they give you some idea of how hard you've worked (4ths).

The teachers think exams help a lot, but most of them find that the final results don't make the position any better (4ths).

Teachers forget the reasons for exams and exams have just become a tradition (2 L/1).

If I may use the words of a professor of some college or other. I think exams are tests to find out how much useless knowledge the human brain can store up at one time, which, after the exam. is immediately forgotten (5ths).

I think exams are evil but a necessary evil. The first sight of the examination room with rows and rows of chairs are enough to put anyone off. Then when you look up and see everybody writing except yourself it makes you wish you had done more swotting beforehand. And gives you a guilty conscience. (5ths).

I think that an exam paper should consist of about six questions about everything that has been done on the subject all the term, and that the pupil should only answer three of them.

The reason for this is that most exam papers do not consist of all the things done in the term and the pupil has then swotted up things that aren't even on the paper! (4ths).

I think that they are good in the lower school where masters are still trying to assess a pupils' ability and it also helps the pupils to learn their work. However, I do not think school examinations should be held in the Sixth when

the pupils have plenty of work to do without the extra swotting for exams. I think their time could be better spent doing their ordinary work. (Lower Sixth).

I think the worst part of examinations are the results.

I think that examinations are necessary (even though all the masters are in bad moods afterwards because they have got to mark our papers) because we revise and relearn the lot (1A).

Examinations are the best way of dividing people up, first into schools and then into careers. They are the only fair way of deciding who deserves a good education and career, and I think that they are necessary to divide the clever people from those who are just ignorant (5ths).

I suppose most teachers class me as one who doesn't work, but I do really; I'm just ignorant (2 L/2).

The arrangement of the examination room was, if nothing else, a shock at first. Rows of similar desks formed a geometric pattern like newly ploughed furrows in a field and the invigilator sat high above like some pagan god (or goddess). (5ths).

Personally, I believe that examinations are needed but why only in two terms? I reckon that we should have examinations every term (2 L/2).

Exams—the important ones—are at the wrong time of the year: they should be just before Easter or Whitsuntide so that the summer could be enjoyed, not endured (Lower Sixth).

Examinations are the end product of one's school life. If an examination is failed one feels very depressed as five years of studying a subject seem to have been wasted. I, personally, always feel more sorry for the teacher who has endeavoured to teach the subject than for myself as it is he (or she) who has put the most work into it and has tried to transfer their knowledge to us. I believe that the teacher too feels that he has failed (5ths).

Exams are horrible but school wouldn't be school without them (L/2).

In the belief that new Head Prefects need more than our congratulations and good wishes and that we should all do our best to help in every way possible we resolved to offer them the use of this page and we are delighted that they have accepted our offer.

Your Co-operation, Please

Dear School,

We are very grateful to the Editors of the Magazine for giving us this opportunity to write to you.

This year we hope that there will be a real effort by all concerned to bring the Prefects and the School closer together and that we shall all be prepared to work with a common purpose—the just and efficient running of the school.

We are not blind to the problems nor are we unaware of the friction that has existed from time to time. All that we would ask is that, although every attempt is made to avoid injustice and unfairness, it should be remembered that patience can be strained by lack of co-operation. After all, the whole system relies more on co-operation than on anything else.

As yet, it is too soon for us to be able to say more. Although we have plenty of ideas, our experience is so limited that clearly it would be arrogant to expound them at this stage. We ask only for your support—and tolerance. Bear in mind that some of YOU will hold these positions one day. No-one is more surprised than ourselves that we should be writing this letter as Head Prefects.

Finally, it is up to each individual to make sure that their name does not appear too often in the prefects' mark books. The same name linked with many "crimes" makes colourful but annoying problems at a Prefects' Meeting!

So come on School, it's up to you!

With all good wishes to everyone for a happy and successful year.

Yours, etc.,

JULIA LAKE and M. J. CARLISLE.



The Summer Dance

The end of the year was celebrated by the usual Summer Dance which took place in the School Hall on Thursday, 13th July.

JUNIOR VIEW

Editors: Margaret Hoyle
Yvonne Elliot

A Team Effort

A Junior Editorial View

Teacher: You must spend at least two hours on your homework every night.

Pupil: But no one else in our house has any work to do in the evening. They want to watch television.

Teacher: Then you must go into a separate room.

Pupil: But it's so cold. There's no fire.

Parent: You can't work in a cold room. You've got to look after yourself. You spend far too much time over your books anyway. Go out and enjoy yourself—you're only young once.

Teacher: I must remind you that you are required to wear school uniform. You must ask at home for a new tie.

Parent: I can't afford a new tie right now. You will have to buy one yourself. Go to the shop for some cigarettes and I will give you sixpence towards it.

Pupil: But what shall I say at school?

Parent: Tell them we can't afford.

Teacher: Of course you can afford 6/-. I know you can.

Parent: I don't see the point of uniform anyway.

Teacher: You tell your father that all communities have their rules, and that these rules have to be obeyed by all members of the community concerned. In any case there are good reasons for school uniform.

Parent: If I buy decent clothes for you I think that's enough.

Teacher: Will you ask your parents if they would like to see the school play? We should be glad of their support.

Parent: Plays bore me. I'd rather stay at home.

Pupil: Well, can I go?

Parent: Yes.

Pupil: Can I have half a crown for the ticket?

Parent: No.

Pupil: But my form master says that we can only put on a play if most parents buy tickets, otherwise there wouldn't be enough money to pay for the equipment.

Parent: I don't care. I don't see why you need to have plays anyway. And I thought education was supposed to be free.

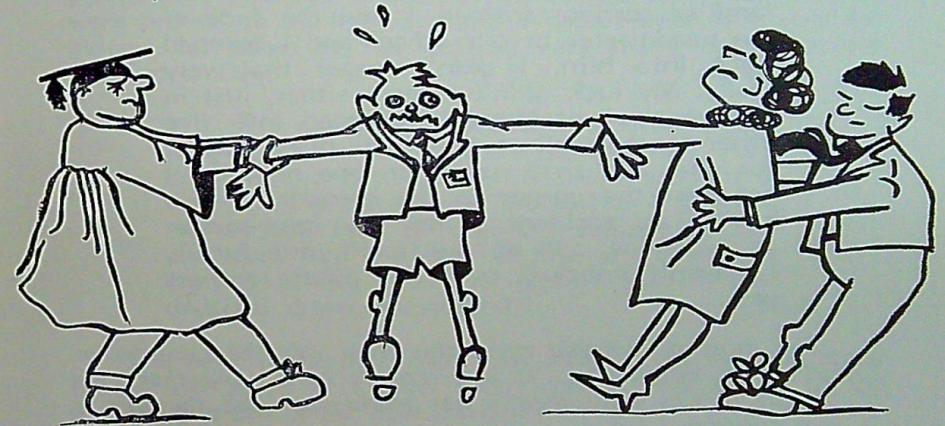
Teacher: So much is provided free that surely you do not begrudge the occasional small amount, such as half a crown for a ticket, to enable us to do something extra, something that we believe to be important. The authorities only provide what you might call the "nine to four" essentials.

Teacher: And don't forget your dinner money.

Pupil: Can I have five shillings for my dinner money tomorrow?

Parent: No you cannot! You know that I only get paid on Friday.

Pupil: But . . .



Out of This World

THE SUMMER TERM 1965

A term is not just the experience of one person, it is the accumulated memories of us all. In an endeavour to record something of the essence of the term which has just passed we asked a wide selection of people from the Lower School, including some members of the Lower Sixth, to write a few words about the most memorable event of the term. What follows is a sample of what they wrote.

The most memorable event for me was when panic gripped the First Formers. What had happened? Where were they? "Where where who?" you may say. The answer is where were the cups? Rumour ran riot! Some said they were in for cleaning. Others said they had been stolen (at the time four were left). Then the others vanished, leaving a strong case for those who said that they were being cleaned. Those who said they were stolen said the

others had been moved for safety. Prefects blocked the way to the hall giving those who said they were stolen a boost, the others had nothing to say in return. Then the incredible happened ! I **heard** that detectives were taking prints ! They had been stolen. Everybody agreed on the fact (?) that they had been stolen (Gone in for cleaning ? ! ! ?). Now, two—three months after the still haven't turned up. Now who says they've gone in for cleaning ? Not ME ! (1.A.)

The first time it happened I was going to the form room to get my homework books. I turned round the corner into the corridor, I looked but I did not see the familiar corridor instead I saw the face of the headmaster of our school and I bumped right into him. I didn't forget that very easily. My luck didn't change either, just in that week I accidentally bumped into five other teachers all at that same place, except for one, and that was when one night as I got past the corner of the corridor without having an accident I met my form-master as he came out of our room, but luckily I haven't knocked over any other teachers yet. (2L/2).

The most memorable event this term was the Latin exam. "Aha!" you would say. "It was terribly hard." No that's not it. "Well, it was easy then," you might say. But the fact is, it was amusing (1.A.).

I think the most memorable event this term was when we had our school photograph taken. A few days before the event we were all told to come to school in our uniforms. We were very smart all dressed alike. We had had games and maths, and then at break, we lined up outside. It was a lovely sunny day and the first forms were chattering to each other. We waited quite a long time outside, and we watched other forms on the wobbly benches at the top. Once we were so excited that a teacher had to tell us to be quiet. On the bottom benches sat all the teachers, all wearing black gowns, brightened up with white fur or a red lining. Next it was our turn and in order of forms and height we walked to the front row. We sat down cross-legged on the lawn. (1.A.)

"A party at Mr. B....'s house should be fun." It was. The sixth form biologists were invited to this social occasion and all arrived rather nervous and apprehensive. The atmosphere remained as such until Mr. B.... suggested the "game" of

ducking for apples. This proved successful due to the fact that the "apple" was sometimes in the form of soap or a tomato. The climax came, however, when we insisted that the man himself had a turn. A bowl was prepared full of soap suds, salt, pepper, and several other enjoyable items by a certain female member of the party, and Mr. B.... being a good sport, went through the whole torture (Lower Sixth).

The weather was fine but a little windy and a large number of spectators turned up. It pleased me to see that one of our former teachers, Miss Lewis arrived. The pupils gather together to see who is the best at each sport and prizes were awarded to the best athletics. This year Clayton were proved to be the best but Worden were not very far behind, let down by not getting very many points before the Sports Day. (2 L/1).

The morning before the 'sports' I was lugging chairs out of the assembly hall. As I dragged the first load of chairs I thought it was going to be an easy job but as I dragged the second load of chairs I began to puff and pant like a steam-engine and my back started aching. On the eighth load I just dropped down, exhausted ! (1B.).

The most memorable event was when I got my arm stuck in the wire fence at Chester Zoo when I was trying to get Jenkins' pen out of the Peacock den (4ths.).

On the day of the school photograph everyone had to wear winter uniform. Two or three had their summer uniform on but I was the only one without a tie ! Trust me to lose it when it was needed ! As we were waiting on the lawn, a prefect came up to me and asked where it was. I told her that I had lost it and she said she knew someone with a spare one but she was standing at the other end of the lawn and wasn't going ALL the way round there just for a tie; that's what I call laziness ! At last I was stood with the rest right at the front. Mrs. Pickersgill came up to me and said, "Su-uu-san, where's your tie ?" I told her and just then Miss Doherty came and asked the same question. Mrs. Pickersgill told her and they both agreed that they couldn't have me at the front spoiling the picture, so they stuck me at the back and if you look closely at the picture you'll be able to see some hair (it's mine !) but you can't see the rest of me. (2 L/2).

I woke up on the Saturday morning and the thought suddenly flashed across my mind that it was Sports Day.

Would I trip up and let the whole team down? I kept that question in mind all the morning.

I went on my bike and then when I arrived there the doors weren't open. What should I do? My pumps were in my locker. I couldn't run without pumps. Anyway, the doors were opened, and we all got ready. Everybody was in a fluster, including me. We sat and watched all the races being held, having realised that our relay was on very near the end. Janet and I went for a drink. Then, on the way back a man suddenly stopped us and said to us that he hadn't taken our photograph and would like to. We stood against the wall sucking these drinks called jubbies. We then decided we had better prepare for our race. We went over to the starting place and everybody was nervous. The gun went off and that was the start of the race. We came third with a very far behind fourth.

A few days later my dad was looking in the "Evening Post" which I had already looked through and he showed me a picture of two girls standing by a wall sucking jubbies. It was me, and when I went to school the next day everybody said, "That's the girl in the picture!!"

(1A.)

It was about four weeks ago when I was asked would I play in a league match. I had nothing to do that night so I said yes. We played Farrington. They got 68. When I went in the score was 6 for 4, I swung my bat at the first ball and missed. Same thing happened the next ball. The third ball I closed my eyes and swung, I connected and it went sailing into the sky. Only to be caught at square-leg. My first match and my first duck.

(2 L/2).

This is not one special event. In the summer term of each school year a young man's "fancy" turns to thoughts of the opposite sex. The recognised "gangs" or sects of boys and girls are seen to break up and mingle together. Various people are seen about the streets or at some social event together, and then in a matter of a few days all the school begins to talk about "those two" as being "friendly" (5ths.).

The most memorable event in the school term to my mind is when the school's Under 13's team played Hutton Grammar School. It was the most memorable event because we lost the only game out of the four games we eventually played.

We won the toss and put Hutton into bat. They batted well and declared after tea at 92 for 9. We now had the task of going all out to win in about 1½ hours or play for a draw. As we knew we would probably not reach that total we just tried to stay in until the end of the game. We went into bat and the openers were out for 2 and 0 respectively. The third man was out for 0 and the fourth for 1. The fifth and our most consistent batter was also out for 1. The rest of the team went into bat but were all out, each one for 0. So the grand total of the great Balshaw's Grammar School Under 13's cricket was **4 all out!** (2 L/1)

Mr. Orrell took us down to the Parish Church to take rubbings of the letters on the gravestones. We all gathered in a group and paper and conté crayons were given out. Then we split up and took several rubbings from the gravestones.

Linda and I went round together. She thought the ground kept moving and was terrified if she thought she was standing on a grave (2. L/1).

We walked there with Mr. Orrell and Mr. May who showed us how to do the rubbings. When we had got the paper and piece of charcoal we were allowed to split up. Most of us concentrated upon one word or letter which appeared in different styles on the graves. Many odd things were found. On one grave there was a date that was 1972 and there were many strange motifs engraved on the stone. Another very old grave had the outlines of a man upon it and there was one that could easily be seen into.

(2 L/1)

Cardigans were thrown onto the umbrella-stand and girls hurried past the prefects at the door who were trying but not succeeding to get the girls into straight lines. Finally, however, everyone's position was perfect and the cameraman hidden under his black cloth was slowly turning the camera around past us. A few weeks later there it was stuck on to the wall with an enormous crowd round it (1B).

The picture only took a few seconds but it was worth it to see yourself in the middle of a big school smiling and looking small.

(2 L/2)

My most memorable occasion was when a member of our French set daubed himself with woad and terrorised his poor books with a fountain pen.

(5ths)

It was the morning of the 15th May. I had woken very late and I had an anxious feeling in my mind I was behind in everything and so I rushed down to a delicious breakfast. I hastily packed my kit and started the long trek to school.

After a somewhat boring walk I arrived at the familiar building. Everything was hustle and bustle and I had a ghastly feeling I was late. It turned out that I was early and I quickly got changed. After a short warm up the events began and I sat with other competitors on a school bench from which we could watch comfortably. Then the judge called out our event and I walked restlessly to my position. "On your marks, get set, go!" the judge called out. It wasn't a bad start and I was in fourth position then I stumbled badly and lost a lot of valuable ground. It was half over and I was gaining at last. It was over and I had come fourth. I wasn't expecting to win though. I still had one event to go, that was the relay and in that we were successful and I got changed and walked happily home.

(1.A.)

A memorable event was
really a stroke of luck when I
sprained my ankle for the
sports (2 L/2)

The memory which remains most vivid in my mind from the past term is Sports Day which was a beautiful day except for the interlude when we actually held the sports. Half of the pupils there were not bothered about the Sports but like bloodhounds pointed their noses in the direction of the refreshment stalls or the dining room whither they proceeded forthwith (2 L/1)

Although I did not compete in any events I thoroughly enjoyed the afternoon (2. L/1).

Nearly all the people
were very interested but the
others were buying toffee (1B.)

Great muscles heaved to and fro
and in the end something had to give
and massive hunks of human flesh went
tumbling to the ground (2 L/1)

The most memorable event of this term in which I was personally concerned, was the time when I managed to escape running in the mile on sports day. (L6A.)

Before the races began everybody was talking and arguing about which house would win the cup. I was stood near a group of little boys who nearly came to blows on the subject (4/1).

On sports day I was putting up the hurdles. I had made sure they were straight for the girls hurdles. A girl jumped over one hurdle and knocked it down. It went flying over her and hit her on the leg, she got a big bruise.

In the boys hurdles Ince ran the race and knocked over all the hurdles in his lane. He broke mine. (1B)

The G.C.E. examinations were the most memorable event this term for me. It was not only the work and the worry of the actual examinations, but the fact that all my future life and career depended upon those memorable few weeks. Now I cannot really believe they are all over (5ths).

At last, when all the pupils had been placed, out trotted the stars of the photograph, the teachers, showing proudly their various coloured hoods.

The photographer was now ready and with everybody producing their most forceable grin (with the exception of Mr. . . . whose thoughts were all for the next lesson—teaching, or trying to teach, 3F 'that so-called intellectual slag-heap' a few fragments of History which would easily sink in), the camera circulated at the rate of one inch per minute.

As the camera proceeded, Mr. . . . quite unaware of the happenings, produced his DAZZling, gigantic white handkerchief and blew his nose (3.F.).

The most memorable event of this term is (probably because it is the most recent and, therefore, the most vividly remembered) the very interesting and revealing lecture on 'Air Traffic Control.' The unmonotonous day to day experiences and the great responsibility of the job besides an annual wage of £2,700 (5ths)

It was decided that for the Concert at the end of the summer term we would have a Mozart quartet. The music came about a month before the concert. Much to my horror I was given the second violin part. I, and the first

violin player, were practising hard for music exams and thought no more about it. Two weeks later it was decided the piece should be made into a quintet by adding a piano. Frantic practising began. Again and again we tried to get together, but one or two of us couldn't come. Finally all five of us went to the music room after break and practised there. We tried to get our numb fingers flashing over the strings and reluctant bows to dart in and out in the way Mozart intended it to be. Halfway through the piece the 'cello takes the lead and the other four accompany. Here we all burst out laughing as it sounds so stupid. After three quarters of an hour of this we became hungry and tired. We stopped, we swapped round instruments and played. It sounded worse. But as we were enjoying ourselves we kept on. (2 L/1)

Interview with

MRS. ASHWORTH

Reported by Yvonne Elliott, 4/7



Mrs. Ashworth and her helpers play quite an important part in our lives, it is unfortunately true that not many of us know much about how she works or under what conditions. We decided that, in fact, we knew very little about her and so we asked her a few questions in an endeavour to obtain some facts about herself and her work here.

Our starting point was to find out how long she has been here and what changes she has seen.

Mrs. Ashworth has been in the service since 1948 but she has only worked here for ten years. Although at first her job here was supposed to be temporary, she decided she liked it enough to stay on. Whilst she has been here she has not seen many changes and has found that on the whole she has not received many complaints about the food. The only things about which there have been complaints from time to time are milk puddings and salad.

The boys especially are not fond of salad (after Christmas a petition was drawn up against salad by a number of youths). Liver and onions are not popular at all, but the regulations say that liver must be served occasionally. Mrs. Ashworth also has to serve salad and milk pudding once every week and also two root and two green vegetables, of which she has a choice. For the meat a monthly set pattern has to be complied with and amongst other things this stipulates one meatless day per week. The most popular food with boys and girls alike, she says, is fruit crumble. She receives more visits from the boys than the girls after they have left school and she says she is very pleased to see them, even if they do only want a free cup of tea.

If she has a number of well-founded complaints she can alter the menu slightly, as long as it does not alter the main ingredients of the menu.

These menus are planned ahead for two months and so Mrs. Ashworth is not to blame for liver and onions on a freak hot day or a lovely salad as the rain pours outside. The menus are then forwarded, for inspection, to the organiser who at the moment, is very pleased with the menus that are being submitted.

In fact, however much we may dispute it, we are getting a very good dinner for a shilling a day.

Mrs. Ashworth took up her job for an obvious reason, because she likes cooking and she does help a lot with the actual cooking as well as attending to the accounts, which are entirely her responsibility. In the kitchen she has one assistant cook, three full time general helps, 8-0 to 3-30 and five part-time general helps, 12-45 p.m. to 3-45 p.m. She has three weeks holiday a year as well as a few odd days, but for the rest of the time while we are on holiday she comes in nearly every day.

Mrs. Ashworth thinks that the lack of young girls in the service is probably due to the hours of work. Wages are reasonable and are better than industrial wages. The county does have a trainee system and although G.C.E.'s are not necessary, it is an advantage to have some.

The kitchen equipment is very good but Mrs. Ashworth would like a longer kitchen. She would also like to have all the staff eating in the dining hall with the pupils since this might lead to a reduction in the amount of noise.

When we asked her if there was any way in which the school could help, she replied that she would be grateful if the dining hall could be left a little cleaner and, on looking at the bits of potato and such, which are scattered over the floor and which an overalled figure was endeavouring to sweep up, we were inclined to support her.

On this note the interview ended and we took our

leave of Mrs. Ashworth. We hope that this account will help the School to realise what her problems are and do a little towards creating a more helpful attitude. We would also like to thank her for allowing us to interview her and assure her that there are many who appreciate what she is doing and in the future we hope there will be many more.

Metric Madness

by Colin Damp

What's the newest almost incurable disease? . . . Metric Madness! This curious ailment suddenly broke out among some of the more continental-minded members of Parliament on the release of the news that Britain was to change over to a metric system. One of them, obviously in some kind of delirium, exclaimed that the cost was immaterial and that the real problem was to "educate" people to the system. Too true! Of course we shall be all right. We have been taught all about it at school. But shall we?

"What size of hat, sir?" Six and seven-eighths? No fear! 17.5 (cm). in future. In the G.C.E. rules we can expect to see "a ruler not less than 30.5 cm. in length." That's not all! Think of going to the corner shop and asking for 0.52 kilograms of butter, 4.5 kilograms of potatoes and half a litre of vinegar.!

Come to think of it, why not go the whole hog and have ten days in a week, ten weeks in a month and ten months in a year. Ten hours in a day perhaps, and ten minutes in an hour. Think how short those double science lessons would be! Of course the sun and moon would pop up at some curious times but I am sure we would get used to it in time. There would be 1,000,000 seconds in a year as against 31,536,000 at present! Much shorter years! One symptom of metric madness is clearly then old age, and another, more common among housewives is waving three fingers at the milkman and shouting "one and a half litres this morning, please."

Can you dispute it?

"Protesting about the Beatles being awarded the M.B.E. is one thing but to send a medal back is to say publicly 'If they're worthy of it, I'm too good for it' and that's just plain conceit."

(Bernard Braden).

CONTRIBUTED

CRICKET 1965

by Philip Hodgkinson

The 1st XI this year has met with rather mixed success. Two wins, rather late in the day—over Leyland Cricket Club 3rd XI and Kirkham Grammar School—saved face, but generally speaking the season has been one of failure. Three matches have been lost, because of a conspicuous lack of depth in the batting and in the matches against Preston, Preston Catholic College, and Ormskirk, we had to make do with draws, where a little more penetration from a somewhat amiable bowling attack should have given us victory.

The two wins already mentioned were gained by an improvement in both these factors. Kirkham were dismissed for 34, on what was admittedly a bowler's wicket. After a providential tea-time shower, and, on another occasion, some aggressive batting beat a previously successful Leyland Cricket Club side at their own game of 'overs' cricket. However it was noticeable that against Kirkham the last 7 wickets fell for the addition of only 20 runs, a sorry comment on the batting ability of most of the side. Indeed it was no idle comment, when someone pointed out early in the season, that if both our openers failed, so did the side. We can only be grateful that they did not let us down too often.

Results

	P	W	D	L
1st XI	9	2	4	3
2nd XI	7	0	2	5
U 15 XI	6	4	1	1
U 13 XI	5	3	1	1

Teams

1st XI—Brown, Unsworth, Moss, Park (Capt.), Henderson, Parr, Rawcliffe, Sumner, Marsden, Hodgkinson P.

2nd XI—Jackson (Capt.), Ryding, Carter, Almond, Singleton, Taylor, Blundell, Veitch, Smith, Barton, Saunders.

U 15 XI—Curless, Davies, Ince (Capt.), Challendar, Baldwin, Milloy, McKittrick, Swarbrick, Lawrie, Salter, Johnson.

U 13 XI—Kelly (Capt.), Beere, Ingham, McDade, Baldwin, Toppin, Kay, Blackley, Sherlock, Boocock, Bleasdale.

TENNIS 1965

by Dorothy Hosker



The tennis season was very short this year and the inclement weather served to reduce it even more. However, not to be daunted, the school attacked the game with much more spirit and confidence than is sometimes the case.

The standard of play is steadily improving and it is encouraging to note the number of juniors showing promise. It is hoped that they will continue to take a keen interest in the game as they will form the teams in years to come.

Of the six scheduled inter-school matches it was only necessary to cancel one due to the weather and although we lost two matches it was encouraging to note the greater variety of strokes used and the progress in tactics. For this we must thank Mrs. Pickersgill who has given up much of her spare time for our benefit.

Teams

1st VI—B. Woodburn, P. King, J. Furness, D. Hosker (Capt.), P. Norris, P. Beattie.

2nd VI—G. Prendergast, D. Schofield, J. Davies, M. Wright, E. Nightingale, J. Holden.

Junior VI—B. Damp, M. Gates, J. Halton, C. Barron, V. Dalton, A. Voce.

At the end of term the 1st VI usually play the staff in a friendly match. However, much to everyone's disappointment, the weather caused it to be cancelled.

Lastly, as captain, I should like to thank all the girls who have played tennis in the school teams and the juniors who have "ball-girled" for us for making this such a happy and memorable season. Thank you.

Can you dispute it?

"In future the failure to pass the 18 plus will have as disastrous a consequence as the failure to pass the 11 plus up till now."
(R. H. S. Crossman).

BALSHAW'S HOLIDAY CAMP

by "Chaz"

At 7-30 every Monday to Friday morning, I simmer up enough energy to crawl out of bed and force myself to face the prospect of yet another schoolday. I often wonder how many more of my companions are doing the same thing. Even the best pupil has to admit, that sometimes, school gets monotonous. What is needed is a "face lift" to make school more "commercially acceptable to the masses." (whatever that may mean). How to go about this, is I agree, a problem, but perhaps these "wild" suggestions may give you the rough idea.

To brighten up the outside of the school, fairy-lights would look very effective in the trees and coloured streamers along the drives, would give an air of instant gaiety. The front lawn could be turned into a multi-storey car park. We certainly need one in this affluent age, when pupils turn up in flashier cars. This would also provide cover for the bicycle owners, especially the boys, who have had their "shed" turned into, of all things, a classroom.

A large mat at each door, with the word 'WELCOME' would be in good taste and inside, a cloakroom attendant, to take care of hats and coats and to give you a brush down. The girls could have a sort of "salon," where their complicated hairstyles could be adjusted, in fact, on second thoughts, perhaps the senior boys need one as well.

The classrooms could be livened up with pictures of the pupil's own choice. Gazing at a large portrait of Ringo, might produce amazing results in say a Maths test. Comfortable chairs and mirrors built into the desks (for those hairstyles) would be two very welcome additions, and for the labs. padded stools, to prevent that dull ache after an afternoon of Physics theory.

To provide that incentive to work, competitions could be organised for prizes. Biology practical could become a sort of "Beat the Clock," the winner being the first pupil to get all the insides out of a rat and draw them in one afternoon. Losing any of them would, of course, mean automatic disqualification. "Double Your Detentions" could be another competition, some "suitable" prizes being presented at the end. For every one million maths. problems completed, a solid gold framed photograph of Mr. Wilkinson (taken by Mr. Wilkinson) could be presented, or, if desired, the cash equivalent. If the above attractions failed and it was STILL necessary to put some unfortunate pupil into detention, the teacher could then give him the thrill

of arranging the words on a magnetic board, into the well-known phrase or saying," before ordering him to obey it.

The things, that spoil life at school most are end of term exams. although they do provide excitement whilst we await the results. If exams were replaced by some form of lottery or game to decide class positions, their unpleasant side effects could be eliminated. Bingo would be most suitable, your position depending on how many of your numbers were drawn out. Just imagine the excitement at the start of a session, "No talking now, eyes down for a full house!"

These suggestions have been to make the work brighter, but finding something to do in the dinner hour is always a problem. A sixth form room is definitely required, fitted out with green-topped card tables, one-armed bandits, roulette wheel and a juke-box. A television in the dark room and a few couches in front of it, would be an interesting addition. But let's not be selfish, the juniors could also have a room full of train sets and model racing cars and whatever the girls like. My personal theory is that the sixth-formers would commandeer this room as well. After all, who can resist a train set, or model racing car?

Two resident psychiatrists could be employed, one to persuade the staff, that the pupils aren't persecuting them and the other to persuade the pupils that the staff aren't persecuting them. May I dare to suggest, that the Master's staffroom be converted into a "Bunny Club"? After all, it's only right that they should share in the improved facilities.

Finally a swimming pool with lots of deck chairs, would look very nice where the rugby pitches are now, or perhaps we could demolish the gym, and especially for Mr. W... 's "weary, but athletic bones," a turkish bath could be included in the plan.

The Creature

by David Baldwin, 4/1

The black creature twisted and turned in the mud-infested water like a blade of grass in thick, greasy oil. Through the reeds it travelled, accelerating gradually until it raced along the bottom of the lake. It was searching hungrily for something to devour. It had not eaten anything for several hours, when he had devoured a mere smattering of small fish.

He surged upwards like a midget rocket parting the clouds, pointing toward the light blue ceiling far above. His eye wandered around the surrounding water longing for

some delight with which to satisfy his cravings. He surged upwards, tortured by the pains of hunger deep inside his glistening body, until far away he spied small glittering objects just beneath the shimmering waves.

The monster lashed his tail and, straining every small muscle, soon overhauled a school of fish. Without slowing his pace he rammed the school of fish, luckily the fish saw him in time and darted downwards into the depths, running for their lives.

Following the fish downwards into the murky depths until he lost sight of them, in a forest of reeds, the creature searched and searched but could find nothing save one fish bobbing about near the surface of the water. Because of his fearful hunger he rushed headlong at the fish and in one mouthful he swallowed it.

Suddenly, he felt himself being pulled upwards, and before he knew where he was he was halfway into a rowing boat with a great pain in his side where a hole was cutting into his flesh. He struggled and tried to twist and thresh himself out of the boat, but the more he struggled the more the hook dug into his flesh.

Finally, sickened and in extreme pain, he gave up any hope of escape and waited for what was to come.

THE LEOPARD

by Christopher Southworth, 4/1

The leopard was running mortally wounded, his eyes darting about looking for a place to foil his pursuer.

The froth at his mouth was building up into a miniature snowdrift on his lower jaw. He was black and yellow-orange with touches of brownish red from the bullet wound in his groin, having to run like a car on three cylinders instead of four and with a blood-spoor as well. Everything was to the advantage of the hunter.

Now the once part-ruler of the animal world was trapped by civilisation at play.

Suddenly his nose twitched and his whole body trembled like a leaf, this smell could only mean one thing. Men! Then, with effort, he climbed a tree and lay stretched out on an overhanging bough. The hunter was a hundred yards away. The sound of him came nearer. The leopard with his heart in his mouth, knowing this was the end. He was alone.

The hunter came nearer, he was nearby under the branch where the leopard was. The beast was ready and waiting. His tail twitched once, twice and three times and then he jumped.

The Derelict Car

by David Bradley, 1A

For nearly thirty years an old Ford car has stood on Hesketh Moor. It is a sorrowful sight in this age of skyscrapers and spaceships, but no-one cares about it. I suppose it will remain there for another ten years until it rots away. I suppose no-one takes it because it doesn't work, but hooligans are to blame for this, because I remember it being left there by a travelling salesman (he had run out of petrol) in 1937. I never could figure out why he didn't come back for it.

With the car being black it gives a more dreary appearance than ever and inside it looks like a wrecked cinema with torn seats and glass everywhere. The steering wheel is bent and rests on the front seat and the only door left hangs uselessly open. The tyres are now punctured and badly torn for the car is often pushed round the stoney moor, and up and down the hills for fun. The car is also a very dangerous thing to play with, for it has no brakes at all and of course there is no means of steering it, and as there is a very deep, and rapid stream passing through the Moor just where the car could easily fall in, any children inside would surely be drowned. The car bonnet is open all weathers but this does no damage to the engine, simply because there isn't one. Rumours are that the local garage mechanic **borrowed** it for his own car. The headlamps are also missing and the bumpers too. It is a wonder the car is still in one piece.

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Today, July 2nd, the sun shines brightly and one or two holidaymakers are visiting the moor. One stops to look at the car and starts to patch it up and the next day he comes again, this time with a crane. The car is hauled away and taken to a warehouse in London, belonging to Messrs. A. Powning & Sons, an antique car firm. Soon the car all brightly painted and polished stands in a showroom, proudly displaying a card marked A FORD BUXTON 1937—a happy ending for a lonely car from the moor.

A Fatal Step

by Alex Bamber, 1A

Jean sat on the settee thinking. In two hours she would be a millionaire and a murderess! She thought of John with whom she was going to leave the country and

of Richard, the unsuspecting victim, who was bringing the money round to her flat. "He'll be getting the money from the bank now," she thought, "I'd better get ready."

She walked over to the table and picked up a small green packet. She took the packet and emptied its contents into the half-full bottle of whisky. She shook the bottle and smiled to herself. "Now to get packed and changed."

It was now five to eight. Jean put the record on the stereogramme. She turned the lights out so that only the lamp on the table shone. Now everything was ready. She heard a car draw up. She sat down on the settee and waited.

The door bell rang. She turned on the stereogramme and opened the door. There stood Richard with a large suitcase under his arm. They entered the room and Richard put down the suitcase. "Whisky?" she enquired trying to sound casual. "Please," returned Richard a little surprised at the cool welcome. She poured out the whisky trying to steady her shaking hand. She handed him the glass. "Aren't you having one?" he asked. "No I've had enough," was the reply. He drank down the whisky. "Where shall we go?" he asked. "Paris, Rome, New York." He fell to the ground, the glass shattered on the floor. She walked over to the suit case and opened it with the keys she got from his pocket. The case was full of pound notes. Suddenly the door bell rang and in came John. "Is it done?" he asked. "Yes," she replied, "How did you get in?" "You left the door open," replied John. He closed the suitcase and picked it up. "Come on," he said and they both ran out of the room.

They got into John's car and set off for the airport. "Have you got the tickets?" he asked. "Yes," she answered. They reached the airport "What about the customs?" she asked. "I've got a way to get round them," he said, "Come on!"

They were now on the plane bound for Buenos Aires.

The plane had been flying for about half an hour. Suddenly the inner engines gave a cough and splutter and stopped, a short time after so did the port outer engine. The captain ordered all luggage to be thrown out to lighten the plane. The hostess opened the door and commenced to throw the luggage out of the open door. She reached the suitcase full of money and tried to take it away from Jean. They both struggled beside the open door. Suddenly the plane lurched to one side. The suit case shot out of the open door followed by Jean. They both fell to the ground 5,000 feet below.

OUTCAST

by William Lambert, 4/1

I am regarded as evil, verminous, described and discussed by all as a threat to society. I am of the lowest order of animals pursued by humans with the intention of exterminating my fellow beings and myself. My ancestors have led this miserable and undesirable life since the beginning of time without choice or option.

I am grey in colour, my hair falling in coarse raggy tufts from my body, in places there is none to see at all, forming bald patches, caused by lucky escapes from dangerous situations. I possess no whiskers since being involved in an accident. My eyes are brown, ridiculously small, making my eyesight poor. I dwell in the narrow drains of a small back street in Calcutta, quite near to the market place. The stench from the sewers would be objectionable to some but to me the odour is by obligation part of my everyday life. I am lean in structure, wretched, and through lack of food my bones are visible through my skin. I scurry miserably through the filth of the streets feeding from scraps of over-ripe and damaged fruit, strewn over the stone flags of the market place after the day's business has been completed.

I do not enjoy my life and I am unaware of the meaning of the word comfort. Unable to change my way of life I must continue until the day when I am fortunate to be relieved of my misery and detested existence, for I am a rat.

WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT

by Stuart Wineburg, 1A

It was a beautiful day, the sun was shining down on me. My line floated gently on the undulating water. Previously I had been fishing off-shore but now the tide had rendered this impossible.

I was engaged with my fishing box at this time when I saw my white, green, black and red cork float vanish from sight. I struck, meeting no resistance, but my hook was bare, except for a fragment of mutilated worm on the end. This happened several times. As the sun "moved" across the sky I could see the bottom and the answer to the mystery. Shoals of tiny fish were devouring my bait. I thought that there was not much point in carrying on so I started to pack up quite forgetting to reel in.

When I attempted to do so I met fierce resistance, for on the hook was a fine chub—which I later released!

What shall I be?

by David Bradley, 1A

I could be a policeman or any man like this,
Or I could be an engine driver and hear that lovely hiss!
I could be a shopkeeper and own a lovely shop,
I could be this and sell nice refreshing "pop."
I could be a gardener and grow gigantic flowers,
Or I could be a doctor, but I'd be up all hours.
I could be a bus driver and drive around all day.
I could be a sculptor and work in stone and clay.
I could be a clerk, or even work in prison.
But in the end I think I'll be in journalism.

Thieves

by Kathryn Fairhurst, 1A

It was the sort of day when everything, even the most sincere gesture, seemed to go wrong. In the morning I couldn't find my shoes, the toothpaste had run out and mother was ill.

Fortunately, she had already ordered lamb chops the day before and as these were to be delivered, this seemed to solve the problem as to what to have for dinner. In fact I had already heard the butcher's boy leaving something on the doorstep. I went outside to bring them in, but all that I could see was a horrid, greasy, streak of blood, such as is left when meat is dragged.

I looked suspiciously over the fence at our neighbour's dog. It stared back. I ruled him out at once, he looked so innocent.

Then I thought of the following suspects:—

Mrs. Smith's Pekingese, the Polar Bear Dog (a huge white dog which looked like a bear), the Hearth Rug (a huge shaggy doggy. All you could see of his face was a long, pink, tongue), the Jones's Poodle and our other neighbour's Terrier.

After a lot of thought I ruled out the Hearth Rug and Polar Bear Dog because they couldn't get through the hole in the fence. (I thought of trying this out, but my slacks were new so I didn't bother).

I ruled out the poodle because it was very delicate (so the Jones's said) and could only eat finely chopped steak. I found out that our other neighbours, and their Terrier were on holiday, and I was just on my way to Mrs. Smith's when I met the butcher. "You lookin' for yer meat?" he said. "My new helper delivered yer yer wrong order an' I had to take it away again. I wer just coming to give it yer. You've saved me a journey, you have! Tada!"

... the most noise

by Ian Jones, 2F

What an agony as night creeps in, to dream about shapely vessels full of light with an eerie smoke prancing around them, and a terrible screeching noise bellowing forth. The monster with the brightest light casting forth a perilously dark shadow, a sickly darkness, like the shadow of death. The movement consists of horrible noises, too horrible for human ear, too sickly for human brain, too deathly for anything.

A great crashing and snorting quickly arises and the deathly noise is increased growing louder every second. Then the noise is so loud my ear drums reach bursting point. The choking smell so terrible to see turns blood red and everything starts whirling round faster and faster like a merry go round. The monster is falling! And so am I, down, down a never ending pit.

Not me

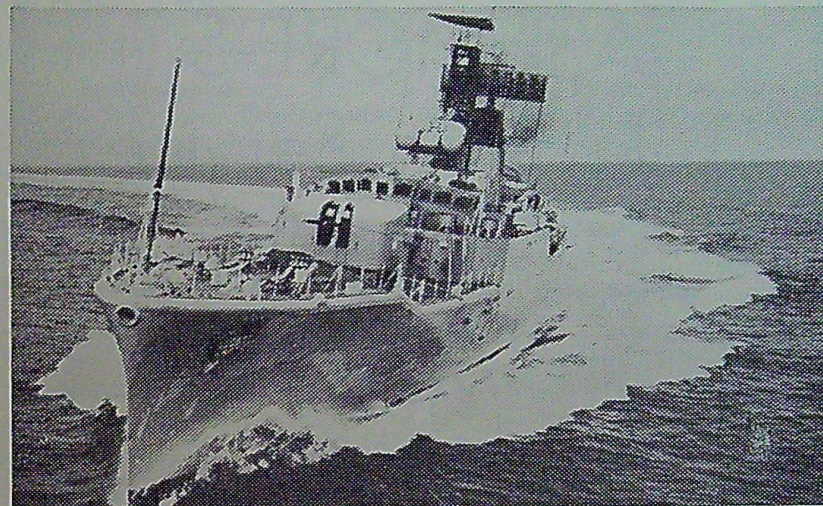
by David Bradley, 1A

One fine day in the middle of May a policeman came to me,

And said, "Art thou Arthur Briggs, and if thou art thou'd better flee."

Then said I to this fool of a man, "I be not Briggs at all, I be Arthur Saul."

Then the policeman left for he knew I wasn't him at all.



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Royal Navy



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SUMMER 1940

From "The Balshavian" of 25 years ago

In response to the "Grow More Food" appeal put forward by the Government, a school allotment has been started under the guidance of Mr. Bennison.

:: :: ::

The School Camp this year will be held on the shores of Derwentwater, as in previous years.

:: :: ::

The Sports will be held on two days this year, one day for the boys, and one for the girls. The limited accommodation of the air raid shelter is the cause of this arrangement.

:: :: ::

Debate—"This house is of the opinion that the present secondary school curriculum does not fit the pupil for after life."

:: :: ::

Knitting Club—Members may make any garment within reason, provided that it is wearable when finished.

:: :: ::

Characters of 1st XV—Very fast in the loose and a good dribbler.

:: :: ::

A light tea can be obtained in the Dining Room at 4-5 p.m., price 3d.

:: :: ::

It took a European War to bring the Old Vic to Lancashire.

:: :: ::

We are fortunate that our school can still claim to be situated in the country, in spite of the encroachments of industry and new building estates.

:: :: ::

With the arrival of a flotilla of tadpoles, which we have been busily christening (to the chagrin of our goldfish, Timothy) work in the greenhouse has become rather strenuous.

News of Old Balshavians

Degrees and Academic Awards

Several Old Balshavians have gained university degrees this summer and we should like to offer them our congratulations. Among those that have come to our notice is **Marlene Norris** of Heskin who obtained a B.A. Honours degree, second class, in Latin at Leeds. She is to attend Becker College, Leeds in order to obtain the teachers' diploma.

Also successful at Leeds was **Gillian Carter** who achieved a first in English. We should also like to offer our best wishes to Gillian on her marriage later in July to Mr. P. Stewart Branstom.

John Lawton, Head Boy and the 1962 winner of the A. E. Hocking Award, was another Old Student to gain first class honours. He did so at Durham where he read Zoology. Whilst at Durham he was also senior man (head of the student body) in his college. We understand that he intends to return to the university to do a three year Ph.D. course.

Another old student, **Martin Crompton**, obtained a B.Sc. degree with second class honours in Bio-Chemistry at the University of Sheffield. He, too, intends to continue with his studies in order to proceed to a Ph.D.

R. G. Wilson, who left in 1964, and now at Downing College, Cambridge, where he is reading Natural Science, was awarded an Exhibition in July of this year.

G. Jackson has had his success in the field of music. Already awarded the L.R.A.M. and the A.R.C.M. he has spent the past year continuing his studies and he has now been appointed music master at Tulketh Secondary School, Preston.

Recently **June Bailey** was married in Edmonton to John Thoburn of London, who is studying for his Ph.D. They plan to stay in Canada for three years and June will continue social work in Edmonton.

John Watson, another old Balshavian, in April travelled to the Gilbert Islands in the Pacific to become a lecturer at a Teachers' Training College. Last year he visited New Zealand, Australia and India. In March of this year he also produced the Leyland Congregational Drama Society's play "Till Further Orders."

There has been more spectacular news of **Donald Smith**, now living in London, and working as a free-lance actor and writer. He has been awarded the George Medal and the Binney Medal for helping to rescue a man in a fight on Christmas Eve in which a young reporter was

killed. Commenting recently on the incident in the "Sunday Times," he said:

"I think people who get in this kind of thing are touching pitch. It shouldn't happen, but it does—a kind of dreadful embarrassment. I honestly wish they hadn't given the medals to me. They're a kind of prize and this kind of affair should have no prizes anywhere near it.

And he went on to say:

"The C.I.D. said that whatever happened, they would all go to prison, and I said "Good"—which is disgusting. But you know, you don't stab somebody in the groin by accident. Mr. Griffiths nearly bled to death. His shoes were squelching. They did the same thing to Joe as he lay in the gutter. They kicked me in the head 27 times. I was jet black all over and there was a great big thing hanging open on my chin, like a flap. I had an x-ray for a fractured skull, and for six weeks I thought I was going to die.

But the real point is a boy was murdered. I don't understand the verdicts at all. The boy who killed Joe and stabbed Mr. Griffiths got life, one was sent back to Borstal; one was fined £40 and one £30. Three were put on probation and seven were cleared."

Dear Old Student

I am taking this opportunity of reminding you that subscriptions for the coming year September 1965-September 1966 are now due.

I am sure that whatever our reaction may be to the new style "Balshavian," we would all like to give our encouragement and support to its editors and contributors and thus have the unique opportunity of watching a new school magazine develop.

In addition, are we not all anxious to retain our links with the school which means so much to us, by promotion of the occasion "get-together" and by continuing to provide the Special Prizes for the Head Boy and Head Girl?

I regret to say that in view of increasing costs we are compelled to raise the subscription from 10/- to 15/- (Students sub. remains at 7/6d.). Nevertheless, I shall be glad if you will send your cheques/postal orders to me **now**, in order to ensure that YOUR link does not snap!

Yours faithfully,

M. GRIMSHAW, Hon. Treasurer.
Claytonfield,
Clayton-le-Woods,
Nr. Chorley.

Hit

To test the popularity of our Easter edition we invited 60 people, one tenth of the School, from all sections of the School to list in order the five articles which they liked best. Every article, we discovered, was in at least one person's top three—and to our knowledge no-one who wrote anything in the last edition was included in the voting !

We allowed five points for an article which was placed first, four for second, three for third, two for fourth and one for fifth. As a result points were obtained as follows:

1. New Blood by Yvonne Elliott 66
2. Gear Guides to Dreamland by G. Laycock—reproduced from 'The Guardian' 52
3. Context 4: Astley Park School by Valerie Woods and Elaine Saul 48
4. Spit and Polish by Mr. Wilkinson 45
5. At a tangent—the Editorial View 38
6. Review of "The Pirates of Penzance" by Diane Banks 37

January Edition

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