

the  
balshavian



MAY, 1967

The magazine of

**Balshaw's**

Leyland

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## PETER SINGLETON

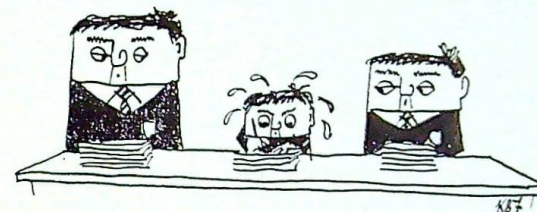
During the holidays the death occurred, following a road accident, of Peter Singleton, who must surely have been one of the school's most popular pupils. He was a prefect and a very keen sportsman. Twice he won rugby colours and he was captain of the 2nd cricket team. On many occasions he shrugged off blows which would have caused anyone less tough and resolute to be carried off. He never let his team down, and he gained the respect and admiration, not only of our teams, but of our opponents.

He also took part in many other school activities, and as house-captain of Cuerden I was often grateful to him for his untiring help at the house-parties and in games. Recently he also turned his hand to scenery building, and played a large part in constructing the set for "The Importance of Being Earnest".

In all these activities he gave very generous and cheerful help and I am sure that the school will feel his death to be a great loss and that the staff and all pupils, past and present, who knew him, however slightly, would like to extend their sympathies to his parents and family.

S.J.C.S.

# COMMENT



## .. 9 .. 10 .. OUT!

*An editorial view  
by Barbara Antoine  
David Farrington*

Now that our 'term of office' as editors has come to an end, to look back on the past year and pronounce upon the magazine's attainments with any degree of certainty is a very precarious matter. We felt, though, that in revealing our original ideas for the progression of the magazine, and in comparing them with how we see the magazine at the end of our year "in the purple" would perhaps dislodge much cynicism, and promote even more interest in the magazine.

We started out with about five main principles:

- To reflect the life and interests of the school.
- To put the school in perspective with modern trends of society.
- To encourage as much individual comment as possible, and promote discussion.
- To present a greater amount of comment, humorous and reflective, through sketches, cartoons and drawings.
- To enlarge the scope and size of the contributed section, and to bring about a balance between prose and poetry.

On the first two points, we have merely followed, and perhaps slightly enlarged upon the work of predecessors. Our success in the third is largely a matter for you to decide. We confess to a certain unwarranted smugness (since we wrote very little of the comment) in that if you compare the Autumn edition (the "hat-cum-plant-pot") with this issue, we feel there is a greater amount of 'open views.' However, tact and diplomacy are needed in the dealings with contributors, we have frequently to consider serious consequences that could result from controversial articles, which if printed



It would arouse ill-feelings towards the magazine, even if providing entertainment or amusement to the minority. Although we enjoy criticism and healthy argument in the magazine, a line must be drawn to prevent them becoming either petty or malicious; and general good feelings towards the magazine are very important!

We confess to be still striving with the art. The exaggerated, the pointed, and the action cartoon have all been tried. (We even considered attempting animation by producing a 'flick-mag'). This edition experiments with a straight, and we hope enhancing drawing. A grossly overtaxed few soldier on at it—we hope that more of the excellent artists in the school will volunteer their help.

The contributed section has visibly improved the most, we feel! The success of this is your doing—we can only encourage, and then choose the best. The small minority who used to contribute has become a sizeable majority this term. We only hope our choices for publication reflect this improvement. Failure in one respect does hit us, we have gone from one extreme to the other, from mainly essays and short stories, to almost all poetry, and therefore the balance still remains to be accomplished. How about joining the majority, and writing something? Write again, if you have tried this time and just missed publication.

The final judgement on the 'editors' year' rests with you, —please express your views openly to our new editors. It helps enormously in giving you the magazine you want to read!

Thus we wish the new editors good luck in their year of office, and hope that they are able to achieve the aims that they set for themselves and the magazine, and we thank you for your criticisms, suggestions, and contributions in the last year. We only fear apathy and silence!

## 'That Interview'

by Alison King and Margaret Gormley

This article has been written for those who, unlike Prince Charles, are unlikely to get into Cambridge University on 5 'O' levels, or to undertake a specially compiled course! It is a result of a comprehensive questionnaire given to Sixth Formers who have recently been interviewed by Colleges and Universities.

A wide range of attitudes and experiences have thus been recorded, two of the colleges being interesting if only because of the "five bottles of Guinness on the R.I. Lecturer's windowledge", and the actions of some of the students who "took my father's vital statistics, and weighed him on some bathroom scales."

Clearly, no two people can expect the same treatment, even at the same university or college, but even so the variety of experience proved truly remarkable. Interviews ranged from the cursory ("I've got to go for my tea in ten minutes. You are accepted. The way out is over there. Good-bye") to the searching ("I felt completely baffled. The two interviewers fired questions on chemistry at me non-stop for sixty minutes"). Memories, too, are very varied. "Can't remember a thing about it." "An utter fiasco." But on the whole it would seem that most interviews had a happy outcome, even though many offers were strictly provisional, as for example, "If results are conspicuously disappointing we reserve the right to alter our decision"—in other words, "Don't call us—we'll call you!"

Much useful advice was offered by both the successful and the unsuccessful. The most frequently repeated advice seemed to be "Don't panic," "Don't give up," "Be natural" and "Don't pretend to be what you are not." We were also advised to "look intelligent," "learn specific scientific facts for any scientific course of study," and "make a list of all set books, and past examination grades". Another important point is to think of questions beforehand, to ask them! It is also wise to be prepared to answer personal questions ("without embarrassment"), including some on your home town, tastes in literature, out of school interests and to give demonstrations of any musical or artistic skill. One question repeated was "What is the difference between a nationalist and a patriot?"

Questions may be asked on the Prospectus of the establishment concerned and, for this reason, you should have answers ready on the reasons for your choice of that particular course, or College/University. Questions on the type of education possible in the year 2000 may be asked and colleges may also set written tests.

It is considered to be unwise to try to disguise a Lancashire accent, ("after all, someone has to teach us folks up north,") and to give 'yes' and 'no' answers. It is also useful if a former Balshavian already there can be enlisted to give advice and show you round. Stress is also placed on sensible, non-startling clothing. It is important not to give up if one interview goes badly, "don't muddle half-heartedly through the rest," and above all to smile. The interviewers themselves always seem "to enjoy the whole affair." As a last hope, remember, there will almost certainly be others there worse than you!





As far as hospitality goes, the universities and colleges were very similar. Most people were offered either tea or coffee, with biscuits, and the majority were offered a free lunch. The lucky few were also shown round the College by lecturers or student-guides, and one person appeared to have been always attended by a friendly doorman. Most people received help from the Student Reception Committee, and occasionally, 'dutch courage' from the student bar! Some activities were looked upon with suspicion, however, including tea with the principal and the unfortunate remarks of old students, such as, "What do you want to come to this dump for?" The exalted were offered free rooms and breakfast the following morning, although hotel accommodation was also mentioned, and one person was offered "Full bed and board in charming surroundings for two nights at £1 per night." "Tea and butties" seemed the most frequent feature of the interviews whilst other interviewees chose to refer to the fact that hospitality amounted to being given a chair to sit on and a waiting room to wait in. One person was met at the station, another transported by special bus from the town to University, but the majority struggled on alone, bearing sketch books and other fruits of their labours!

Those who are intending applying to either a College of Education or University will find that the qualifications required vary tremendously. Most people who applied to a College of Education found that they were accepted unprovisionally. However, if one wishes to take the B.Ed. degree, two 'A' levels seem to be required. Those who applied to a University found the situation rather different.

What follows is a brief summary of offers received, although, of course, our information is by no means complete since we are in no position to estimate other factors which may have been taken into consideration. Offers for languages included B, B, C (Hull and Liverpool) and B, C, C (Sheffield); English B, B, B (Hull) B, C, C (Sheffield); History B, B, C (Hull); Chemistry D, D, D (Hull), C, D, D and B, D, E and A, E, E (all Sheffield) and B, D, D (Liverpool); Physics D, D, D (Manchester), C, C, C and C, E, E (Lancaster) C, C (Hull); Mathematics A, B, E (Manchester), B, D, D (Liverpool), B, B, C (Leicester), B, C (Sheffield); Pharmacy D, E, E (Bradford) and E, E, E (Leicester); Physiology C, C, D (London); Psychology C, C (Durham).

In conclusion, we should like to point out that this is a record (and only a partial record) of past experiences of certain individuals and is not intended as a guide to applicants in general. All that is finally intended is that you should be encouraged to think carefully, and well in advance, and to make the best possible use of your moments of decision."

# To Tell The Truth

*A Review of "The Importance of Being Earnest"*  
by Leslie Wareing

With a highly stylised play like "The Importance of Being Earnest" with all its references to social values and practices which are no longer with us even the most professional of casts faces a task of the utmost difficulty. Should they err in one direction the whole thing will become so artificial that it will lose the credibility of its audience. If, on the other hand, they aim at natural realism the mood and spirit of the play will be so sadly affected that the highly colourful characters and the amusingly subtle dialogue will be ruined.

Oscar Wilde's play must in fact be regarded as a period piece but, although its style may be strictly dated and its theme only of historical interest, it demonstrates far better than most that successful wit and characters never lose their appeal. Nevertheless, the producer is still faced with a fairly substantial problem in overcoming the fact that his audience has probably largely lost sight of Victorian conventions, the prejudice of a landed aristocracy and the subtle arts of women whose equality was as yet undreamed of, all of which are essential ingredients of "The Importance of Being Earnest".

In the case of school productions audiences though not always enlightened are usually sympathetic. With a figure of the stature of Wilde they come prepared for the best. "Give a man the reputation of being a wit" he is reported to have said, "and it is enough for him to say 'Pass me the salt' for his audience to collapse with laughter." The play too is widely known, and, though there have been no dramatic productions for two years, the School Dramatic Society has an excellent reputation. Even so, it was probably this break in productions which caused your reviewer to feel apprehen-



sive. None of the cast had had real experience of acting, even though one or two of them had had parts in our Gilbert and Sullivan productions. Add to this, the need to continue living peaceably with the performers and producer the writer can perhaps be forgiven for thinking rather sadly of another Wilde quotation "A little sincerity is a dangerous thing, and a great deal of it is absolutely fatal."

In the event, fears of failure proved unfounded, despite news of 'unprecedented scenes' at the dress rehearsal and despite a first night attempt to put on a specially abridged version. It is true that mistakes were made but fortunately most of these, such as the playing of the wrong record during Act 2, were known only to the cast. Indeed, it is greatly to the credit of the actors that they managed to survive and cover up accidents such as these. Many a more experienced performer might have shown more signs of panic.

The example chosen must not, however, be regarded as an indication that all was not well behind the scenes. The cast will no doubt be the first to acknowledge their tremendous debt to all those who supported them in their efforts, a traditional remark in reviews such as this but nevertheless a true one. Proper recognition was of course given in the programme and it only remains to congratulate stage hands and all other helpers on a job (or jobs) well done. Congratulations are especially due to Mr. Wilson's sister, Mrs. Haggie, on the truly magnificent ladies' costumes and there must be a particular note of thanks to the Wilmslow Guild Theatre Wardrobe which supplied some of the men's costumes at such short notice.

Members of the cast may well have had weaker moments but it can still be said that there was no weak point in the cast itself. Indeed, one of the highlights of the play was the tea scene which included contributions from three minor characters Ian Bleasdale as Merriman and Sally Smith and Carol Pincock as the two maids. Ian Bleasdale was by common consent amazingly good with mannerisms and facial effects that were an unending source of delight to all concerned and perhaps he can be forgiven the very occasional involuntary smile which momentarily relaxed his otherwise deadpan expression.

Lady Bracknell is, of course, the most outstanding and dominating character and her part is probably the most rewarding as well as being the most demanding. The quality of voice required is such as to impose great strain on the tonsils and Vivienne Ratledge won widespread admiration

for so consistently achieving the best that was possible. Her Lady Bracknell had all the age, authority and affectation that belong to that part. Her performance was as graceful as it was powerful and was at the same time both flamboyant and agreeably restrained.

A performance of equal merit was that of Elizabeth Nightingale as the prim and proper Miss Prism. With the assistance of splendid make up she was entirely convincing, her timing and vocal expression being particularly good. Christine Sumner as Gwendolen admirably reflected the overbearing and self-centred characteristics, which were no doubt inherited from Lady Bracknell. Hers was a vivacious and attractive performance and her gowns were delightful. Although more demure and less sophisticated, which was only to be expected in view of the influence of Miss Prism, Linda Kidd's Cecily had no less spirit and determination than was shown by her near rival.

Frank Ryding as Algernon was a colourful and uncompromising epicure and was able to indulge in antics which although at times lacking in subtlety were nonetheless greatly appreciated by the audience. Also warmly applauded was Colin Damp who played the two parts of the butler Lane and of Canon Chasuble. The latter part gave him an opportunity to amuse us all with some of the best comic acting that we are likely to see on a school stage no matter what the occasion.

Of all the parts in the play that of Jack is surely the least promising. It requires more restraint than that of Algernon and gives no scope for the extravagant behaviour that we expect from Chasuble and Lady Bracknell. This was clearly recognised and accepted by Peter Watson and his portrayal of the character was intelligent and finely judged. His facial expressions and mannerisms were consistently good and worthy of praise.

The performances of all the cast were most agreeably enhanced by scenery that it would be difficult to surpass. The surprising thing is that the set was both designed and constructed by Mr. Wilson, as though the trials and ordeals of production were not enough for any man. However, it would be far from the truth to suggest that Mr. Wilson found the whole experience other than rewarding and enjoyable and it is because he was not alone in this that it is possible to conclude with Wilde "On an occasion of this kind it becomes more than a moral duty to speak one's mind. It becomes a pleasure."



## Selected Poems by A.J.B.

by Linda M. Kidd

I felt that this edition of the "Balshavian" would be far from complete, if it did not include some recognition of the recently published "Selected Poems," by Arthur J. Bull and so I turned to the impossible task of choosing two or three poems on which to try and comment adequately.

Although this little book represents only a small section of Mr. Bull's poetry, the delightful variety of subject and style gives us some indication of the immense scope covered by Mr. Bull in his poems. Two poems which I like particularly, "Leaves" and "The New Coventry Cathedral," illustrate this variety well by a sharp contrast. The original approach to the subject of leaves is a welcome and pleasing change from the more usual highly coloured descriptions of Autumn, and shows Mr. Bull's keen interest in Nature. The second poem takes the form of a satirical protest against the modern architectural design of the Church—or should I say Station? As more than one edition of the "Balshavian" would be needed to write a full appreciation of the selection, I mention these two poems because they represent two very successful, contrasting moods of Mr. Bull's poetry.

The personality and humour of the author is apparent in many of the poems but most of all I think, in that wonderful collection of "Tastes" which range from "a blonde who wears a silver fox, And nothing else, above her bobbysox;" to Patricia's hair, "with ribbon red, Charmingly tied upon her empty head." This poem is, as Mr. Bull's past-pupils will recognise, typical of his humour, and I wonder which of us dare exclude ourselves from Mr. Bull's category of Patricia's?

## Interview with Lord Griffin

The transcript of a recorded conversation between Lord Griffin and the Senior Committee.

*I feel you must agree Lord Griffin that the most publicised and exciting of your interests is your neo-Victorian stately home. Do you find it difficult to maintain?*

Well, you know the government has always supported my privileged position but this new lot in power have made the future look rather black for me. Harold seems deter-

mined on my amalgamation with nearby estates. It now seems that concessions will be made to enable the old ermine to be retained but I fear I shall have to open my doors to a wider clientele.

*These extensions you have built, Lord Griffin, was it not a rather curious action in view of this likely amalgamation? Does this verify the rumour that the building is a disguised armament factory to keep the dastardly Lord Percy at bay? That skeleton for instance . . .*

Oh, good gracious, no truth in the rumour—nothing more than added amusement for my staff and guests. Councillor Arthur insisted that we should have him once he passed away. We were rather lucky he died so soon afterwards, he has proved quite an attraction.

*Has this always been your residence your lordship?*

Gracious no! We began in rather meaner surroundings in the late Eighteenth Century when Sir Richard died and left his money in trust for a home.

*Are there any definite progressions in the family as regards religion and politics?*

I think we have always been staunch Tory and we were of the firmest Church of England for many years. My own opinions have been much influenced by the Cornish Methodists and I suppose you could call us "very liberal C. of E."

*You obviously approve of opening up Stately Homes to the public, Lord Griffin, but do you really see them still as an economic proposition?*

I can only really speak for myself of course, but yes I think so. The sale of my brochure (a new edition every four months), the occasional fête, film evening and social evening, all help. I organise trips abroad and to the theatre and once a year I even put on my own production. I encourage the use of my land and outhouses for sporting activities—tennis, hockey, rugby, cricket, gymnastics—I think we dabble in just about every game, although I am rather opposed to this modern fanaticism for soccer. Then you know there are my visitors, about 2,500 a week, with about 600 on a really good day. I haven't yet been forced to stay open over the weekend if that's what you mean.

*Do you have many staff difficulties?*

I think the old place must instil great loyalty in many of them because I have comparatively few resignations and many wish to stay on even after retiring age. Occasionally someone retires after long years of service but mainly they leave for domestic reasons or higher employment. One cannot compete with the upper bracket and these women still find marriage attractive in spite of my attempts to indoctrinate the opposite view.



*What would you say were the exceptional attractions of your Home to the visitor?*

I think mainly it is the peculiarities of the place. Some are almost unique you know. My spartan tastes in décor for instance. Many find the furniture grotesque at first but they are always attracted by the quite enthralling and curious inscriptions on much of it. My kitchens and the catering have to be seen to be believed. Then I think I have tremendous entertainment for the visitors. I encourage concerts and fairs in the grounds and buildings.

*Would you like to describe some of your more unusual and attractive rooms?*

Well there are so many. Practically all have a singular nature. Perhaps I should mention the banqueting hall though with its most curious stained windows. The stains are not only convincing but are in fact raised to give the real three-dimensional effect. The grain of the walls and floors also need particular mention I feel.

Then there is my library. I have an excellent array of hand-carved plastic first editions, untouched by human hand, and a rare collection of well-preserved paperbacks. The air-conditioning has already produced many a prize batch of cabbages, and scientists are at this very moment experimenting with its special schizophrenic-inducement qualities.

And I feel I must mention the torture-chamber complete with rack, hangman's gibbets, freezing cabinets and many varieties of rods for inflicting punishment. I find the very existence of them is enough to make my visitors steer well clear and behave with exceptionally good manners.

My extensions are already proving attractive because of their unusual aspects. Until recently they possessed a specially corrugated floating floor and completely lightless dark-rooms. Since I installed permanent staff my 'home-manager' has been able to rectify such curios and make the experiments the attraction.

*With such a large home and your other commitments how do you manage the day to day administration?*

Well, I have a manager assisted by two very efficient secretaries and then many of my friends in local business help with the general running and improving of the establishment. Meetings are held fairly often and then I have one big meeting to report progress, and prizes are given to competition winners—an altogether dry but essential occasion.

*Do you find many rules necessary and do you consider the Home secure from outside intrusion, robbery, etc.?*

I largely leave the visitors to use their own common-sense, although a book of rules is available. The place is

generally burglar-proof. I don't believe in these modern alarm systems, I just rely on the old locking-up method. I have only had three break-ins in the last two years and my trophies were once stolen—but I got them back only a little worse for wear!

*Do you find that as an influential landowner it is difficult to keep up good relations with the villagers?*

I am not the most influential man in the area, in fact my concerns are very overshadowed by Sir Donald's enterprises. He is not only a landowner but also a great businessman (and he's in with Harold too!). I don't find much prejudice against my concerns by the villagers. A little upper-class prejudice is all that I have encountered, but not enough to complain about. I regard myself as one of the better land-owners and an integral part of the local community.

*Finally Lord Griffin, I know you may find this a bit stupid but is there any truth in the rumour that the place is haunted?*  
..... Lord Griffin? ..... Lord Griff .....i ..... i ..... i ..... n .....  
L .....



(We should like to thank Lord Griffin for giving up so much of his valuable time for this interview.)



# The Pillory

*in which Sixth Form critics have a go at the term's culture*

" 'The Family Way' was without doubt the most popular film of the Spring Term. Its meaning was obvious, its humour crude and it made its appeal at the lowest possible level. Three ingredients most calculated to win the approval of the average Sixth Former."

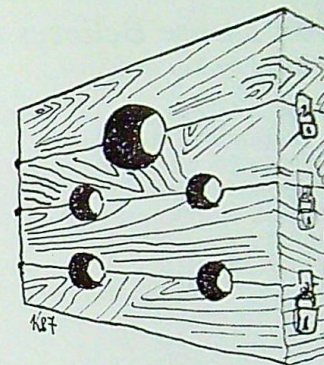
" 'The Grapes of Wrath' is one of the few so called classics that I have really enjoyed. However, I am not sure that I particularly like the technique of switching from the general to the particular in alternating sections."

" 'Paradise Lost' was designed to provide a rich, solid and virtually indigestible meal for trained English students to devour. It is so written that it begs for a mathematical breakdown and thus seems to defeat its own ends. It is artificial and utterly contrived." (Sixth Form Scientist).

"My favourite television programme and the only one I have time to watch is 'The Magic Roundabout.' I watch it every day without fail." (U.6.Sc.).



"All right, so 'Till Death Do Us Part' is obscene, but so is life."



"Although 'Catcher in the Rye' portrays with great accuracy the thoughts and emotional disturbances which accompany adolescence, the American vocabulary and its disjointed style makes it very difficult to read."

"So, Richard Burton and 'Liz Taylor are marvellous actors, I agree, but this didn't help me to endure 'Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf.' I was so bored I came out before it finished. I sat there telling myself 'This is a good film and if I concentrate I will get something out of it,' but I'm afraid it didn't turn out that way."

"The struggle for existence on a forbidding tropical island, a man and his several animal companions trying to eke out a meagre living in a Hell on earth when they are forced to spend their lives until help comes, an eternal conflict with the hostile natives to whom they are trying to bring the benefits of a civilised society. Robinson Crusoe? No! A television programme called 'Pinky and Perky's Island'."

" 'Paradise Lost.' No reward for its recovery."



## *This House Believes that Debating is Useless*

*Proposed by Frank Crowe*

In this context the word "debating" refers generally to the organised type with a proposition, opposition and a decision to pass or defeat the motion taken by vote. This procedure is in fact debating for debating's sake unlike that between executives or official bodies with specific purpose. The former type is applicable to Balshaw's where it does not seem to be received with much enthusiasm. Naturally, Parliamentary debating and that between International organisations and heads of state is necessary for co-operation on any scale. This is because we are living in a so-called democratic state. The people engaged in debating of this type are salaried, and there would be an outcry if they were declared redundant. However, it seems that the world of politics in its tangled and inefficient present state would probably not be so if it were not for the time wasted in delays before decisions were reached in debates.

Debating for debating's sake may provoke interest and be quite successful. The situation more or less ends there. No material result is obtained in the sense that it does nothing to remove a grievance. The result is purely representative of the audience, moreover this is a majority decision. It is fallible to suggest that because the Oxford Union decided they would not fight for Queen and Country that that is the attitude of the next generation. Only a small proportion are concerned.

Doubtless, debating in school suffers from lack of response because of its humble organisation and insufficient participation. However, how much success is it possible to achieve with people still in their early stages of development and who are inexperienced? There are also no rules, speakers go as far as making offensive remarks which the chairman cannot control.

This motion is typical in that it takes into account so many aspects of the situation. Mainly this proves necessary to allow for different points of view. In effect the title of the debate has little bearing on what is said. These speakers can wander up side tracks and clothe their speech with examples which may display original thought but are really irrelevant. The debate with Chorley Grammar School that decided that "Young Britons should not leave a sinking ship" was typical of this vagueness—the North East might be sinking but London certainly not. The votes may be gained by natural reasoning or by subtle and persuasive argument liberally plastered with wit by one who has sufficient intellect to do so, for which he probably deserves

credit. The skilled debater has transported this to the ridiculous state of black being white.

Thus one could argue that debating is a time honoured excuse for a number of intellectual people to spend a good deal of time talking nonsense without feeling the slightest embarrassment.

The advantages of debating in moulding character and increasing confidence are grossly overrated; if anyone has inhibitions they will not speak anyway. Witty commenting and distorting the facts will not broaden one's outlook. There will always be some discerning person who can see beneath the smooth surface. One can learn such tactics at a school for salesmanship if they are so necessary. The next time you are thinking of going to a debate consider what value or entertainment it affords, or if you will be wasting your time.

*Opposed by Peter Watson*

Dealing with any attack on debating I must naturally take a stand on the usual insults hurled at it. Even how to interpret this very word at once makes one think of one of the debater's problems—whether to make a debate a narrow or general issue by interpretation of the motion. Should he make his points homely or general? Make the subject of merely local importance or world shattering import?

For discussion purposes I will take debating to mean the formal debate. This is known at Balshaw's and raises its weary and sorely battered head on occasion. There are obviously other kinds of debate. (Debating for instance whether with 7d. to buy a Mars bar or a 6d. Fudge and a 1d. Chewing Gum, or two 3d. Flakes and two ½d. Gob Stoppers . . .). This kind of debate rages in the furrowed brows of anxious sixth formers as they toil up the drive at break. In this case intestinal juices seem to make up the proposition and a somewhat belated opposition.

Debating has been said to produce no results of worthwhile value. Yet surely debating from the shop floor to Parliament and from there to the United Nations serves some purpose and produces results. To reach an important decision democratically men have found it necessary to evaluate both sides of a problem and then vote to discover a solution. Because heated invective and brawling do not become reasonably civilised human beings, the formal debate has evolved to lend a dignity and calm in which a reasoned decision could be taken, impartially hearing both sides.

Even University debating gets in the news. The well known Oxford Union debate on whether to fight for Queen and Country is a case in point. This presented the feelings of the next generation of Britain's leaders, such as they are today.



What use does debating for its own sake have in schools, or more particularly Balshaw's? Many people who leave Balshaw's will in later life have to speak publicly or privately. Who knows who will become a Trade Unionist, Prelate, Mayor, Secretary or Chairman of a P.T.A.? The curriculum does not allow pupils to air their rhetorical talents in school hours. Someone who cannot assemble a reasonable case, stated clearly and reasonably and then convince his audience of its validity is hardly a person to be placed in a position of authority. What does the Sales Manager say in the board room when sales are 30% down? How does the Councillor put his plan for spending the ratepayers' money to the Town Council? Some debating at an early stage can rid young people of inhibitions when surrounded by their friends. They can accept defeat, look to their errors and gain a general 'savoir faire' in speaking to any number of people.

Audiences must be understood. In the debate with Chorley Grammar School a sound reasoned debate was defeated by slapstick mixed with minute grains of reason. The house had come to be amused. There is however very little demand for organised debating in the school. The non existence of a society for this purpose shows the demand there is, and the 'confabs' are usually rather thinly attended. No set rules for formal or informal debating exist. No proceedings could go forward without support, though I am pleased to hear that the Junior Society is very lively in this field.

Debate about debating with yourself. Would not the discipline stand you in good stead? When asked to speak will you stand and mumble redly? Debating can obtain results in the form of entertainment, moulding of character and broadening of outlook besides actually producing results which affect all our lives. A little debating can go a long, long way.

## Memories of Balshaws

*Compiled by Lyn Hutchinson*

[I remember] the time when a burly prefect was attacked by a particularly irate third former armed with a fire extinguisher, in the brook at the bottom of the field. (1949).

... [I remember] when I was in the 4th form we had just returned from a cross-country run, and as per usual some of us went to have a shower in the girls' changing rooms, as they weren't normally being used at that time. Unfortunately we had forgotten that there was a dress rehearsal for the school play, so that as we opened the changing room door we were greeted by female screams and garments. (1945).

[I remember] a master who always entered lessons accompanied by an alarm clock which stood on the desk in front of him for the duration of every lesson. (1943-49).

House rivalry erupted into a brawl one evening between another boy, whose arm was accidentally broken, and myself. About twenty boys witnessed the proceedings and were later individually interrogated by the Head. Naturally, at the finish he had twenty biased and conflicting reports—one 'supporter' even suggested that the invalid had tumbled off the kerb! (1944).

I remember when the clock, which operates the school bell automatically, was first installed. The wooden pegs which made the bell ring at certain times were placed in different positions, but the bell only rang wrong once before the prank was discovered.

(The caretaker) was once helping some boys to fly model aeroplanes on control lines. He hand-launched a 'plane but forgot to get out of the way when it went round in a circle and collided with him from behind.

The Art mistress used to come to watch the 1st XI cricket matches and offered a five shilling reward to anyone who could break a gym window; it was only claimed once whilst I was at Balshaw's. (1950).

I remember being on 'fire watch' during the war years. Having nothing much to do, other than stare and freeze, I spent the cold winter nights running round the school fields. Come sports day, and true to accepted form I was placed 14th out of a field of the 16 on the 3rd lap of the mile race. As it was my last year and because Mr. Lomax, Farington House Master, was displeased with the pitiful showing up till then, I suddenly attempted a desperate burst of speed. My midnight 'training', had not been in vain; there I stood at the finish, my nearest challenger 150 yards behind. (1938-44).

I find it very difficult to think of the happiest event of my schooldays at Balshaw's. There were many memorable occasions such as the turnout one Friday afternoon when I was chosen to play for the junior tennis team for the first time. I then had to race off to Preston to buy my first ever pair of white shorts, for the match the following morning. Or daring actually to **run** along the corridor after A level exams were finished. Or reading the lesson for the first quavering time. (1946-54).

## News of Old Balshavians

*by Joyce Procter*

Three ex-pupils were married recently.

Brenda Tattersall of Wrightington became the wife of Mr. Alan Carr of Heskin. Brenda is on the staff of the Midland



Bank, Wigan. Ann Bretherton of Leyland married Mr. Malcolm Wilson of Glasgow and now lives in Stanmore, Middlesex.

Many present pupils will remember Mary Hall who was bridesmaid at her sister Barbara's marriage to Old Balshavian Kenneth Dagger who works in the laboratories at B.T.R.

Five ex-Balshavians belonging to St. Andrew's Parish Church Campaigners were successful in the Duke of Edinburgh's Award scheme and received Gold Medals. They are Elizabeth Houghton, Barbara Higham, Jean Melling, Christine Parker and Margaret Sherlock. Later this year they will be travelling down to London to receive their certificates from the Duke of Edinburgh in person.

The new Chairman of the committee for Leyland Cricket Club is Mr. Jeff Dalton, its youngest chairman to date. During his twenty-five years of membership (he joined at the age of eleven) and twenty years of First Team cricket, Mr. Dalton, a teacher at Worden County Secondary School, has seen no new amenities whatsoever and is determined to do something to give the club a brighter, more up-to-date look.

Another ex-pupil of Balshaw's, Mr. Arthur Melville-Brown, formerly of Ecclestone, is now chairman of Stamp Publicity Ltd., of Worthing, Sussex, which he founded four years ago, forsaking the teaching profession in favour of his hobby, stamp-collecting. Mr. Brown's company serves collectors and dealers all over the world, ensuring that they obtain good copies of "first day of issue" envelopes, when new stamps are issued.

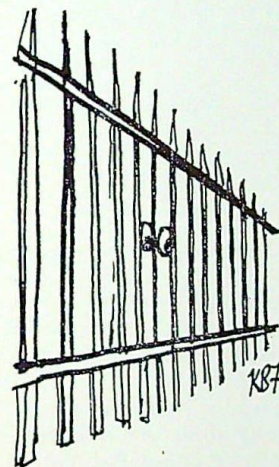
John Unsworth, another old boy, plays right half-back for Skelmersdale United, who, at the time of going to press, have reached the semi-final of the Football Association Amateur Cup.

Mr. Frank Damp, a pupil here from 1932-37 has carved quite a career for himself in the Post Office. After being Head Postmaster at Hexham since 1961 he is now on a course at Leeds as part of a new scheme now being started and will shortly take up a post as Assistant Head Postmaster at Newcastle.

An ex-pupil whom most of us will have seen on television, is Donald Smith, now known as Donald Webster, who plays the man-servant in the Granada Series "Mr. Rose." Donald, a native of Coppull, has a B.A. in English and is particularly fond of Elizabethan drama, which includes, of course, Webster, his favourite author. His varied career also includes some writing and directing, and he has also played in "Coronation Street," "The Corridor People," "Z Cars," "The Avengers" and "Redcap".

*A series of comments from average citizens on schools in general*

**This term's question: What innovation would you most like to see introduced into our schools?**



## View From The Street

"They need to build some swimmin' baths. I've been sayin' for years they ought to have some."

"I would like to see frequent informal meetings between parents and staff, particularly after pupils' reports have been received at home. Parents just don't know what's going on, so how can they help?"

"It would be most encouraging to hear of pupils being given a chance to try out certain occupations before they actually make up their minds what to do."

"I'm not impressed by examination results, but I do like to see happy, pleasant young people who are prepared to take life seriously and to be friendly with others not of their own age group. Anything that could be done to encourage these characteristics would be most welcome."

"Surely preparation for this life is better than preparation for the life hereafter. Lessons in citizenship are badly needed."



# Hockey Knock-Out Final

by Elizabeth Bamber



It was with great trepidation that I viewed the prospect of watching a hockey match with enough concentration and understanding to explain to anyone else what had happened. A 'helpful' colleague explained that "the fascination of the game is its barbarious nature." I have been convinced of its barbarious nature but that, I am afraid, is all.

I arrived during the armour-donning ceremony and was told, on inquiry, that the war was between Worden and Farington. My next question was forestalled by one of the latter's five rather harassed reserves who, wending her weary way to the battle-field, muttered "Oh, it isn't knock-outs, is it?", forgetting in the general confusion to collect a 'colour'. After a special envoy had returned to head-quarters and collected the offending piece of yellow armour, battle commenced.

The most noticeable thing about the game was the space, miles of it, all along the white line, drawn on the ground, that appears to mark the edge of the field. In view of the importance of the occasion and the relative host of supporters at the neighbouring Rugby game, one would expect at least a few worthy members of Farington and Worden to support their teams. The total list of spectators was one Cuerdonian (no doubt with ulterior motives), two members of staff, who both left at about 4-45 (presumably overcome by boredom and the elements), myself, and my trusty assistant, waging a private war with her Latin homework. (She belongs to Worden and I to Farington but we did not actually come to blows in our loyal enthusiasm). The mournful faces of the valiant twenty-two were scarcely surprising in view of such staggering support.

After the game I seized the captain of Farington to find out who had won. (I had seen a goal scored by one or other of the teams).

Apparently I asked the wrong person because the goal had been scored by Frances Newsham of Worden, who had

nobly battled her way through the entire defensive force of the opposition. Farington, while disappointed at the result, were able to console themselves with the thought that they had to play four more reserves than Worden. However, a Worden player stoutly maintained that the game had been a very gruelling one because of the fact that the two teams were very closely matched. Especially commendable, the Wordonians told me, was the performance of Janet Finch, the Farington goal-keeper.

So my suspicions were proved correct. Off the field, those barbarians are just as civilised as the rest of us. It must be the hockey.

## Penny Lane Return

*The Festival Youth Concert*

by Sally Thompson

Friday, 17th March was the auspicious occasion of the 1967 Festival Youth Concert. This year it was held in the Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool. Balshaw's was successful in competing with all the other schools in this area and was honoured to be considered worthy to provide 5.178% of the choir. The Balshavian members were as follows:—

Sopranos: Mary Houghton, Joyce Procter, Kathleen Ratcliffe, Judith Simpson, Linda Stephenson.

Altos: Elizabeth Bamber, Barbara Grayson, Suzanne Thomson, Patricia Wildman.

Tenors: John Chadwick, Frank Crowe.

Basses: Gwilym Jenkins, David Lawrie.

The choral works performed were, A Choral Dance from 'Prince Igor' by Borodin and the chorus from the Finale from Act II of 'Aida'. The remainder of the programme consisted of items by the Lancashire County Youth Orchestra, and the County Youth Brass Band. The Youth Orchestra also accompanied the choir.

After singing full scale versions of 'The Pirates of Penzance', 'Cosher Bailey', 'Penny Lane', 'H.M.S. Pinafore', 'Barbara Anne' and several other major works in 4 parts, on the minibus (Yes, Balshaw's is quite fashionable!), it is a wonder that the Balshaw's contingent was capable of singing all afternoon and most of the evening as was required of them. Doubtless they were refreshed in the interim by the more than adequate tea which was provided—free. (One member of staff at the Hall was heard to say to the seething mob of 250 starving choristers,

"We can serve eight or nine hundred people without any trouble. In Liverpool we have a **system**. Where do you come from?" She had not heard of Leyland.)

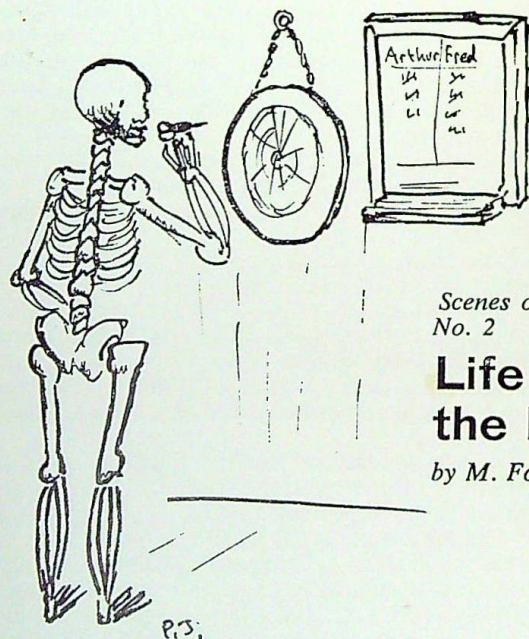
Eventually regaled with meat pies and meat paste sandwiches and the like, and 250 of them retired, replete, for a second session.



Due to an anonymous misunderstanding the rehearsal before tea had to be held in a relatively small orchestra room in the basement as the hall was being used as a temporary cinema. After an hour's full-throated singing from the full choir, this inadequately ventilated room was transformed into the "black hole of Liverpool."

Nevertheless, the temporary discomfort, the hard work, and the tremendous effort of all concerned paid off and the concert was a remarkable success. The innumerable lunch time rehearsals at school and the two trips to Ashton-in-Makerfield for full scale rehearsals, provided for a remarkably cohesive performance on the night.

The concert's gratifying reception said a great deal for the talent of the Youth of Lancashire. Congratulations to Mr. Black and all concerned from Balshaw's.



*Scenes of School Life  
No. 2*

## Life in the Labs

*by M. Foster*

Even the most unobservant of our pupils cannot have failed to notice the completion of a new science block in the school grounds. It is of cuboidal form, jutting out onto the fields, and to the relief of many people, shortens the length of the cross-country course. Our scientists have emerged from their mouse-hole type laboratories, which have been for many years overcrowded and antiquated, into a scientist's haven of light. The building consists of two

physics labs., two prep.-rooms, and one biology lab. The biology prep. room has been graced with the presence of a permanent visitor—'Arthur'—a pygmy skeleton of equatorial origin; its primary purpose, I suppose, being to scare-off any burglars. It has been suggested that we should adopt 'Arthur' as our school mascot—or in current jargon—"Our Status Symbol".

Messrs. Rigby, Shackleton and Beckett already appear to have made themselves at home in the prep. room-cum-offices provided for them. In fact a reliable source of information reports seeing Mr. Beckett 'moving-in' with bed and luggage during half-term.

It has been said that our scientists may become 'soft' in these pleasant luxurious surroundings and neglect the quest for scientific knowledge for the life of relaxation, laziness and ignorance. This, indeed, might be the fate of the weaker stock but Balshavians are made of stouter stuff than this. Their fame, now nationwide, will not suffer. They will uphold their glorious traditions and may even benefit from the modernity of their new surroundings.

Although most of the scientists are happily settled in the new labs., a new problem has arisen—what shall we do with the squatters? These are the people who refuse to leave the Old Advanced Physics Lab. for various reasons:

- (a) To prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy (U.VI Arts)?
- (b) To try to keep alive this part of Balshaw's History?
- (c) Not satisfied with the new labs.? Or have they not yet been invited to the new building?
- (d) Or are they hiding from the advancement of science?
- (e) Is the journey too far for them?

My personal theory is that it has nothing to do with any of these but is somehow connected with the darboard which has become a fixture there!



In Case You Missed It

### RECIPE OF THE YEAR Braised Ferret

Take a brace of ferrets (they're cheap at present and readily available). Remove head, paws, legs, tail of one ferret and then hurl it with a triumphant "Ha!" into fire. This one is not to be cooked but it's just to show ferret No. 2 what will happen if he doesn't feel like co-operating . . .

The prize of a GIFT VULTURE will be provided for the best ferret recipe sent in to the magazine. The GIFT VULTURE is not much use but it will play havoc with the neighbour's cat . . . the VULTURE may be exchanged for a ROOK TOKEN if so desired.

*Supplied by Peter Watson (with no apologies to "I.S.I.R.T.A." or "Frost at the Phonograph")*



# JUNIOR VIEW

## Team Effort No. 2

by Pauline Beales, Anita Horrocks and Carol Rennie

[Scene: room 14. It is the last day of term. The thirteenth hour].

Mr. E.: Have you written your editorial yet?

Us: No, we haven't a subject.

Pauline: How about what goes on between lessons?

Mr. E.: No, I don't think that would be wise.

Anita: Why don't we complain about the lack of articles?

Mr. E.: No, actually we received rather a lot this term.

Carol: Let's describe what we think would be the perfect school.

Mr. E.: No, I should think that will turn out to be more like a sermon.

Pauline: Why not, "Going Into The Sixth"?

Mr. E.: No, later on perhaps.

Anita: Can't we write about our thoughts on exams?

Mr. E.: No, we've done that before.

Carol: What about "The Problems of Writing An Editorial."?

Mr. E.: No, I'm afraid not.

Us: Let's miss it out.

Mr. E.: NO!

[Exeunt muttering].

Interview with

## The Cleaners

by Joyce Cooper 2L/I  
and Carolyn Massey 2L/I

We hardly ever see the cleaners, except for a brief three seconds as we race past them at four o'clock sending buckets and brooms flying and helping to scatter the sand. Nevertheless, although largely unappreciated and too often ignored, they are there slaving away thirty-two hours a week in term time and on even longer forty hours a week during the holidays, when they polish all the floors and desks and wash all our grubby finger marks from the window frames. They also have the laborious task of cleaning out those overgrown termite holes seen at the top of each desk and removing oddments from behind the pipes, e.g. crisp bags and banana skins. Every half-term "Peter," the Athenian youth, gets a bath.

The cleaners said they found the sixth formrooms the tidiest. In the rest of the school they are never surprised at what they find, 'you name it, they've found it.'

"Any way in which we can help?" we asked.

"Yes," was the reply. "Don't come."

The cleaners were asked if they had any complaints. "Yes," they said, "Getting up at six o'clock and dragging our weary carcasses to this place. Another is chewing-gum stuck on the desks. Otherwise, everything is smashing (if that isn't the wrong word to use)."

The most exciting thing that has ever happened to the cleaners was when they arrived early one morning to find that the school had been burgled, dialling 999 and getting Mr. Bleasdale out of bed (don't be misled—Mr. Bleasdale doesn't sleep at the police station). Usually, however, their work is mainly routine and often tedious with few opportunities for lighthearted frivolity.

We offer our congratulations to Mrs. Oxford, Mrs. Duffy, Mrs. Cookson and last but not least Mrs. McCormack on their good work, on behalf of the school. We thank them for their patient tolerance and, finally, we hope that they will continue to be happy in their work.



## Dear Editor,

Have you ever tried getting into a formroom at dinner-time? Well, I have. Here is an account of my attempt. First of all, I had to get Mr. Reese's permission. That part was easy, he gave it willingly. Now I had to get into the form room, but it was locked.

So I approached a girl prefect who was holding a bunch of keys and asked, "Excuse me, have you got the keys to room five?"

"No, sorry, the boys have got them," was the reply.

I proceeded to the bunch of prefects huddled round the radiator. I spoke carefully,

"Er . . . um . . . Excuse me, but have any of you got the keys to room five?"

"No, sorry. Smith has got them."

Now I allowed ten minutes of looking for Smith. (I was at a disadvantage here, because I didn't even know what he



looked like). I returned to the boy prefects. "Have you seen Smith yet," I asked.

"Here he comes now," one of them answered.

I went up to Smith and said, "Can you open the door to room five, please."

"Why weren't you there when I opened it for someone else just now?" came the half angry reply.

Well, I ask you, is it really worth it?

Yours faithfully,

John Morris, 2 L/II

## The Space Race

by Anita Horrocks and Carol Rennie

The new science block has provided much needed additional space and our enquiries revealed that most people were both grateful and favourably impressed.

The laboratories themselves are appreciated because they are light and airy. "They are much more in line with twentieth century science thinking" said one, and as such, they are generally found more conducive to work.

Such was the majority view but not everyone was of the same opinion. Some found fault with the furniture:

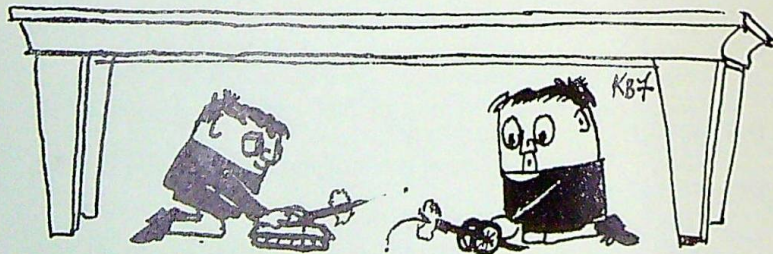
"The benches smell of polish which comes through and ruins your clothes and books, and unlike the old benches they move at the slightest touch."

"Two people is the maximum on a bench for comfort."

However, one girl seemed to appreciate them:

"In one way they are better because you laddered your nylons on the old ones, and anyway there is more space underneath."

The stools were another source of complaint:



"The stools, which are too small, are like saucers on matchsticks."

Even the doorway was not exempt from criticism:

"It takes four of us and help from Mr. X. to get it open."

"The front door needs new hinges."

"I think the entrance is too small and we are badly in need of another fire exit."

"The corridor is full of mole hills, and far too narrow."

The hills, we are pleased to report, have been flattened but attempts to widen the corridor have so far been of no avail.

A view held by many was summed up by a third form pupil . . .

"The only inconvenience caused by the situation of the new labs. is that the less stalwart of us find the walk a great strain."

. . . and by another who said:

"One use of them is that it knocks one hundred yards off the cross country circuits."

An obvious sportsman complained:

"It has ruined what was the best rugby pitch."

"There is also a lighter side to this review," commented one fifth-former, "In bad weather, having arrived soaked to the skin and with hair like rat's tails, the pupils are then treated to "music while you work." The wind whistling through the new style windows provides the melody which is accompanied by the battering of the rain on the panes. The effect must certainly be unsurpassable."

"But what pleases me is the level of the windows which offer an excellent view for a greatly bored pupil," remarked a first-former.

Other sources of amusement were the clock . . .

"Because you can sit and watch the second finger moving round and watch the time, which is most interesting."

. . . and the vents:

"You can hear through the vents what is being said in the next lab."

Finally there were some helpful suggestions . . .

"Scented spray ought to be used in the biology lab. to cover up the smell of decaying rats, etc."

"Specimens ought to be given Christian names."

. . . and some amusing comments:

"Oh, I like the feller that's strung up."

"The most disappointing thing was when Mr. Bleasdale came in and told Mr. Rigby that the curtains were flame-proof."

"In the physics lab. I always feel uncomfortable because of the hooks in the ceiling. Are they for hanging unfortunate miscreants?"



## Classrooms — Plans for Improvement?

by Pauline Beales 5/6

We now have tape-recorders, record-players, and next term television, so it was decided that plans would be drawn up for a change in classrooms, which, as yet, have remained unchanged in the twentieth century. For surely today's up and coming brains must have surroundings adapted to suit their way of thinking.

The class-room shape would be changed from square to circular. This would have several very definite advantages. The first and foremost advantage would be to the teachers. They would be able to have chairs that, while touching the floor, would have wheels and would be attached to the walls. At the press of a button they would be able to do a complete circular tour around the pupils, and so get a view from every angle. When the time came for the end of the lesson all the teacher would have to do would be slide his chair off the rails on the walls, and proceed to the next lesson in his chair. Of course a strict speed limit would be set, and insurance policies taken out for other corridor users.

Another advantage to be obtained would be that there could be a huge blackboard around the whole form-room. In this way the teacher wouldn't have to keep on rubbing the board clean. Another advantage would be when we have films. Instead of the ordinary screen we would have the cinematic type. This would enable the pupils to 'live' the film and feel part of it. The more ambitious teachers could procure certain odours to go with the type of film (e.g. jungle odours).

Of course, the pupils' demands would be met, after all it is for them. Many people would like teak wood desks (so our contacts say), and chairs that either shrink or grow (according to size). The chairs must also go flat so as to enable the pupil to lie down — for better learning of course. As many of you already know if someone reads to you while you are asleep you will remember it better (so we're told from a very reliable source). Curtains in bright patterns would hang at the windows, and op-art wall-paper (which could be contributed to by pupils from time to time) would replace the traditional paint.



In these plans the question of inkwells came up. Instead of having that traditional space used only for pencil-sharpenings, they could be easily converted into waste-disposal units. These would take care of any unwanted objects (not teachers!). There is one piece of advice we would give to you. On no account would you have to place your hand on the unit, as some witty pupil might press the button to work the gadget.

However, these plans are still in their preliminary stages. If you have any further ideas which you would like to see included, we would indeed be grateful to receive them.

## Questions Answered

*What is the aerial for on the school roof?*

We are informed that there is to be a television set in school as from the Summer Term 1967. The set, we understand, is portable so quite what the aerial is for we cannot say. Wimbledon, the test matches and even the 2-30 may be seen, but only briefly and accidentally as an inexperienced hand tries to find the right channel.

*What are those concrete strips for at the bottom of the field?*

This is obviously a question from a newcomer for anyone who has endured a summer term here knows that these strips are used for cricket practice.

*Why can't we use the side entrance across the quadrangle to get to the new labs?*

The path is clearly much too uneven and far too narrow, for swarms of eager would-be scientists to use. The country's urgent need for scientists means that everything possible must be done to ensure your survival. So, be patient. Take the longer way round, even though it makes the average lesson shorter by at least five seconds!

*The school grounds contain groups of thoughtfully planted trees but recent developments have left a number of obviously blank spaces. Can nothing be done to remedy this?*

The trees which we already have were apparently donated by former pupils during the years between 1933 and the 1950's. Quite why this custom came to an end, we have not been able to discover. Perhaps it was felt that we had enough trees. Now that there are quite a few areas which would benefit from the planting of trees it might be worth while trying to revive a custom which allowed pupils to express their gratitude to the school in a way that was appreciated by so many.



*Where have all the science books gone from the School Library?*

They have been removed (officially) to the respective laboratories and the mathematics books are now under the personal supervision of Mr. Wilkinson.

*Can you explain the numbering of classes in the fourth and fifth years?*

The numbers one, three, five and seven always refer to the French sets and 0, 2, 4 and 6 to the maths. sets. In alternate years the French sets are also the forms and in the intervening years the maths. sets are used. Thus, the present 4/7 is both the French set and the form. Next year the fourth forms will also be the maths. sets so they will be numbered 4/6, 4/4, 4/2 and 4/0, although they will still be specially setted for French with the numbers 4/7, 4/5, 4/3 and 4/1. Thus, next year's French set 4/7 could consist of people from forms 4/6, 4/4, 4/2 or 4/0.

## To Bolton and Back

*by Eileen Mills 3L*

On February 23rd our third year students went to the Queen's Hall, Bolton, to attend a concert given by the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra.

We were told, much to our disappointment, that we would have to go to our first lesson as usual, for ten minutes. As no teacher came, there was a unanimous decision that it would be better to go after the first five minutes, "in case the coach goes without us." With much giggling and shushing, we descended the stairs, and grabbed coats and hats. We charged down the drive, where we found the coaches ready.

On the way there we were stopped by traffic lights, and nearby there was a half-constructed building.

"They haven't even built the place yet!" declared one enthusiastic member of the class.

On arrival, there was much chattering and speculation.

"Look, that school's got all the seats!"

"What will we do?"

"I'm not standing up for the whole concert!"

At last we were settled in our seats, and after a wayward group had been shepherd back to their seats, we waited for the concert to begin.

The orchestra played a selection of pieces and some people, at least, enjoyed it. "It's better than lessons anyway," as one unwilling pupil said. Seriously, though, the programme was very well-selected and the members of the orchestra played for us with obvious interest and enthusiasm. My personal view is that it was a great success.

When the concert ended, there was thunderous applause, followed by great activity as we set about the task of getting back to the coach without delay and without mishap. After being pushed about and generally battered, we arrived at the coach door (after taking precious minutes to decide which one was ours) and found our way to our seats. We arrived at school just in time for dinner, greatly refreshed and stimulated by an unusual morning's activities for which we were all deeply grateful to the organisers.

## Down on the Farm

*by Cecilia Hebron, 1A,  
Alison Pedley, 1C  
Lynne Jones, 1B,*



On different occasions the three first forms went on farm visits. The full purpose of these visits was to compare a Scottish highland farm with a typical Lancashire dairy farm.

The majority of the farms in Lancashire have a great deal to do with dairying. This is because we have a large population, and we need daily milk.

The farm we visited is not far from school, and belongs to Mr. Hesketh. His farm is a dairy farm, he has 45 cows for milking and altogether they produce 100 gallons of milk (being milked twice a day, 4-0 p.m., 7-0 a.m.). Apart from cows he has quite a number of pigs which are to be used for pork. In view of the considerable activity it seemed to most of us that the size of the buildings was far from adequate, the dairy being particularly small.

The outstanding memory of members of 1A is that a young calf was ill, and Mr. Hesketh was waiting for the vet. to arrive. 1B boys in particular seemed to like the dutch barn



of all buildings. (The dutch-barn was overloaded with hay). 1C's visit proved to be a hectic one. For a start they had to go in a downpour of rain and secondly Mr. Smith came back with an unexpected souvenir from a cow (a torn mac).

One of the things that we discovered on these visits was that farm life was not easy. I should think now that every pupil who went on these visits should have a fair idea of the reason we went, and we should all be able to realise the advantages we have in Lancashire over the less well-off crofters of Scotland. One reason for saying this is that most of Lancashire is low-land and we have good soil, and good pasture ground for sheep, whereas crofters' farms are found in some of the most desolate places in Scotland.

Scotland is mostly high ground which is good pasture for sheep and it is in the hills where crofters make their homes. Crofters must get a large amount of wool from their sheep, so when winter time comes and there is little work that the crofters can do the women-folk make cloth from wool to make money, whereas farmers in Lancashire can earn (most of them) enough money during summer to keep themselves and their family comfortable in winter.

"I am pleased I joined the Old Students' Association if only to receive the magazine which continues its policy successfully of being original while omitting its primary functions as a school magazine."  
(Letter received).

"It is a pity that 'The Balshavian' still has to fill so many of its pages with such typically school magazine type articles." (from a letter received).

## CONTRIBUTED

### A Poem of Assorted Cats

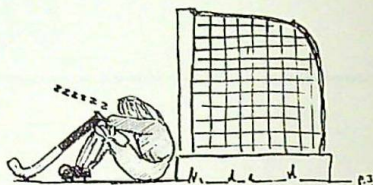
by Glenys Higham 4/3

O, sleekly plump quadruped,  
Purring softly in smug delight;  
Then: carnivorous, clawing beast,  
Mewing in a regal rage;  
Your moods are as unpredictable as English  
weather.  
No man could bar you in a cage;  
A lead is not for you.  
You frown with disdain on your fellow-creatures;  
Who bow down under principles and inhibitions,  
Who worship convention, still ignorant of their  
freedom's limitations.  
O, ancient, exiled goddess,  
The ancients worshipped you.  
Small wonder you frown at me,  
Your mindless servant.  
With me you drink the freshest cream,  
And eat the tenderest meat,  
And lie on velvet cushions to dream:  
So must you judge all my efforts honestly,  
When I grudge you nothing you derive?  
O cat, I should hate you,  
I should drive you from my outermost thoughts.  
Yet when I look into those flashing emeralds, you  
own my mind, and my soul seems to drown  
in their depth.  
I know now why mankind so grudgingly loves you;  
For you are all he wants to be:  
You are as graceful as a feather in the wind;  
As cruel as the atom bomb;  
Independence is your soul.  
Yet you have secret weapons in those soft paws,  
And eyes that hypnotise,  
Giving visions of hell when you are mad.  
Would that I could be like you,  
Would that I could break through  
The barriers of so-called civilisation,  
And live a life of endless freedom.



## Hockey

*Captain's Report*  
by Hilary J. Sumner



1st XI: J. Prescott, J. Dalton, E. Keber, M. Gates, A. Voce, S. Walmsley, M. Wright, J. Holden, E. Watkinson, H. Sumner, F. Newsham.

Once again mild, but wet weather has resulted in cancellation of most of the term's fixtures. Matches have been cancelled against Rivington, Blackpool Collegiate and Ormskirk.

Thus we have only played two matches this term against Park School and against Queen Mary's School. All the teams defeated their Park School opponents, despite the fact that four team members were involved in a Badminton Tournament.

The first eleven's record of the six games played during the season, includes: 3 won, 1 drawn, and 2 lost. I must add that 9 fixtures have been cancelled.

The 1st XI has also taken part in two exciting tournaments this term; the first of which was the Southport District Schools' Tournament, in which we have not taken part before. Only ten teams competed, but unfortunately, after losing the first game to Seafeld we were unable to gain more points than Seafeld, who were defeated in the final after extra time.

The Lancashire Schools' Tournament was played this year at New Heys High School, Liverpool, and at Whalley Range. We were placed in the former section and were one of about 40 schools competing. The team was in good form and played extremely well but, after two decisive wins, we were defeated by Wade Deacon and finished runners up in our section.

This was also the fate of the U.15 XI at their tournament at Litherland. They lost in their section only by 1 corner. The U.15 have had a good season losing only one match, that against Winckley Square Convent.

Our last match of the season was to be played on Saturday, 18th, versus Wigan High School but our opponents had to cancel the games.

All the teams would like to take this opportunity of thanking Mrs. Pickersgill, Mrs. Nicholas and Mr. Miller, who although he has now retired from his position as groundsman willingly gives up his time to umpire for us.

## Rugby

*Captain's Report*  
by Tim Brown

Although the Easter term was not too successful, the first team by winning their last two matches finished the season with a playing record of having won ten, lost ten and drawn one of their twenty-one games.

This is very satisfactory in view of the inexperience of the team at the start of the season, most of whom had not played first team rugby before and took a few games to settle down to the faster pace.

It could, however, have been better still had not some vital scores been given away in our closest games. In fact, the majority of our games this season have been very tight and in eleven of them the margin between the teams was five points or less.

Another noticeable trend running through most of our games was the adverse weather conditions. If it was not wet and slippery underfoot there was a strong wind blowing across the pitch or sometimes both.

The team did, however, create a minor record by going through the season without having a single game cancelled and in so doing played more games than any other first team except the 1952-53 team which also played twenty-one games.

The second team had a very much better record in the Easter term, winning four out of their seven games and losing two of the other three only by two and three points respectively. This improvement is attributable to the fact that a settled side was playing together most weeks and training regularly and thus teamwork and team spirit improved tremendously.

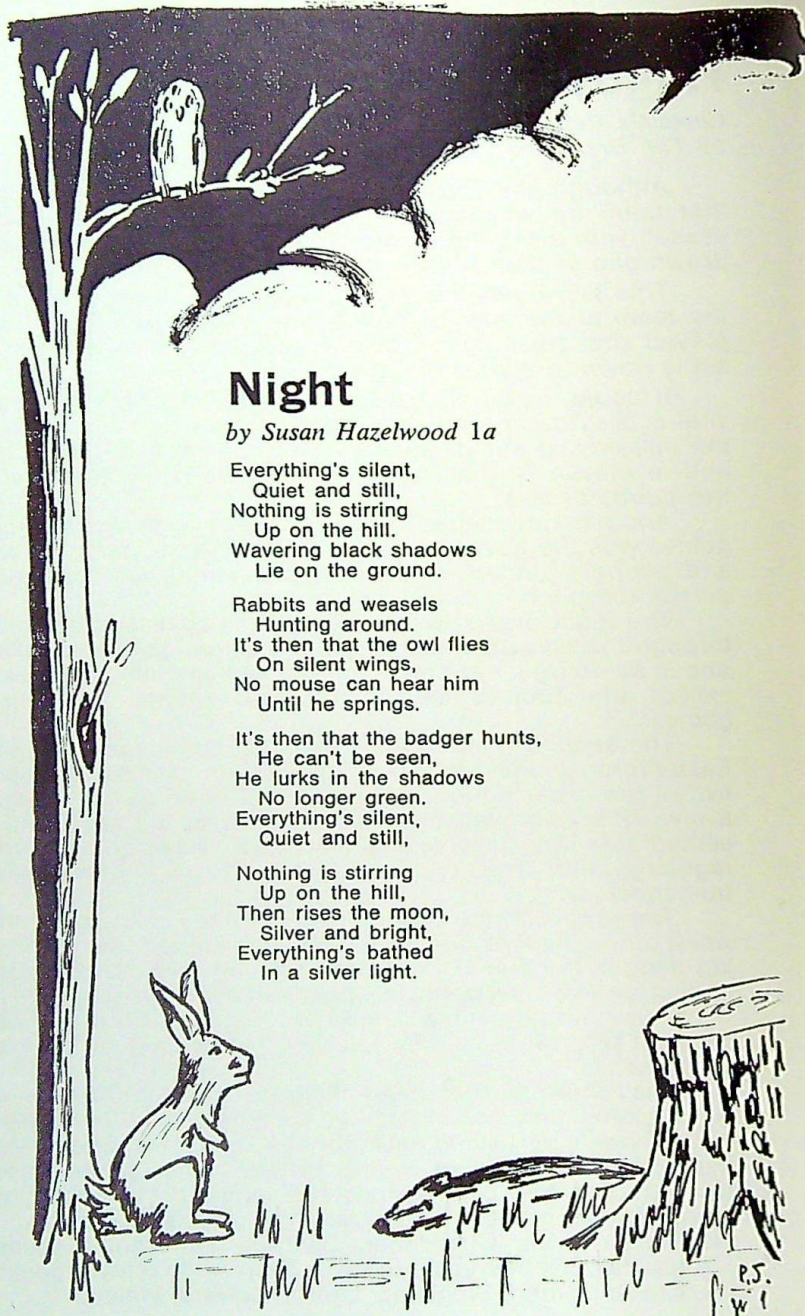
The record of the under-fifteen team has been by far the worst of any school side for a long time and the really worrying thing is the manner in which they have been losing, conceding on average twenty-six points in every game.

Something drastic will have to be done with this team in the next two years as they will form the nucleus of the first team then.

The under-thirteen team carried on in their winning ways, losing only their match at Blackpool when they were handicapped by having only fourteen men. This gives them the splendid record of having played fifteen games, won fourteen and lost one, scoring two hundred and forty-nine points in the process and conceding only twenty-four.

1st Team. From: Challender, Baldwin, Bentham, Curless, Deans, Henderson, Brown, Toppin, Bradley, Salter, Oakes, Smith, Singleton, Liptrot, Seward, Watson.





## Night

by Susan Hazelwood 1a

Everything's silent,  
Quiet and still,  
Nothing is stirring  
Up on the hill.  
Wavering black shadows  
Lie on the ground.

Rabbits and weasels  
Hunting around.  
It's then that the owl flies  
On silent wings,  
No mouse can hear him  
Until he springs.

It's then that the badger hunts,  
He can't be seen,  
He lurks in the shadows  
No longer green.  
Everything's silent,  
Quiet and still,

Nothing is stirring  
Up on the hill,  
Then rises the moon,  
Silver and bright,  
Everything's bathed  
In a silver light.

## Balshaw's my Balshaw's

by Janet Finch 3G

Balshaw's, my Balshaw's,  
What have you done for me?  
Balshaw's my Balshaw's  
What is there I would do for you,  
Balshaw's not my own,  
With your muddy fields galore,  
As the people were walking near,  
Whispering terrible things, not dear?  
As the song on your recorders blown,  
Balshaw's,  
Round Leyland on your recorders blown.

Where shall the pouring rain,  
Balshaw's my Balshaw's,  
Seep through the leaking panes?  
Balshaw's not my own.  
Where shall we rise again,  
Such a line of fine players  
As the forwards five to six.  
As the song on your recorders blown,  
Balshaw's,  
Down the days on your recorders blown?

They call us stubborn and idle,  
Balshaw's my Balshaw's  
You with all to watch and count,  
Balshaw's not my own,  
You whose gentle hand, keeps the keys  
To the cloak-rooms and forms,  
You should know the great demand  
For warmth on cold days.  
Then you play your recorders.  
Balshaw's,  
Round the rooms to cheer the form.

Day of days whose happiness,  
Balshaw's my Balshaw's,  
Is when the school is free again,  
Balshaw's not my own,  
Chosen hymn of the last day,  
Teachers in robes on the stage.  
Menaces forgotten, sins forgiven.  
In the hymn on your recorders blown,  
Balshaw's,  
The children's heaven on your recorders blown.



# The Beginning

by Anita Horrocks 5/6

A deep silence reigned over the hospital ward, all could sense that somewhere in that dark and sombre place the strange conflict between life and death was taking place.

His mother watched the boy, pale and distant, in the oxygen tent, she knew that this was the end, and yet somehow she wanted to reach out and hold him, tightly, breathing new life into that poor diseased body. But he was stirring, his eyelids fluttering over the deep pools of suffering that were his eyes.

As he was lifted into consciousness again, a sharp pain speared his body, but how he clung to that suffering, that lifeline of hope; it was too late for hope now. He had known it was over, even when he had first come to that Place, and seen the Doctors with their spotless coats and their smiles that said "six months." How useless his short life had been, always overshadowed by the stark fact of a slow and painful death. He was afraid, terribly scared—now, after all he had gone through.

He saw his life laid out before him, as a picture book, he relived each joy, each sorrow. The figures around his bed, for one split second became real and he could see his mother quite clearly. He could almost hear what she was saying, until the mist closed in upon him, and the people were again dark shadows in his memory.

He was floating high above the earth, among the stars that twinkled and beckoned him on, but as he glided he was enveloped in a web of sticky fibres, that became tighter and tighter until he felt that life itself was being squeezed from him; and as he struggled to free himself from the deadly cocoon the throbbing of his heart grew deafening, a great drum beating out his death song. With a great surge he broke free and entered the darkness beyond. The awful calm and silence were something he had never known before, and yet he was no longer afraid, for now he knew that all that lay ahead was the eternal journey to find the peace for which men seek and never find. . . . It was the Beginning.

## The Cat

by Jane Decker 1C

The cat's eyes glinted wickedly as it skulked along and four cruel paws trod stealthily on the rough ground. Its ears twitched nervously at the slightest sound.

Somewhere nearby a small twig quivered and some of the last Autumn's leaves rustled faintly. In an instant the cat

had pressed itself to the ground where it lay with its powerful hind legs tensed.

There was a flurry of leaves as the cat first rippled its muscles and then pounced. The prey squealed piteously as the cat's paws closed around it and the deadly claws sunk into the flesh. The cat growled with satisfaction and loosened its grip on the mouse. The terrified creature struggled to get free but only got a few inches before one of the slick paws shot out and secured it again. The pathetic mouse lay rigid with shock and no longer seemed to care for its life.

The cat ripped at its flesh and bit deep into the fur. The small body went limp between the cat's jaws and dropped to the ground almost unrecognisable. The mouse's fur was matted with blood and saliva and the once bright beady eyes misted over.

The cat drivelled and slobbered over the mangled corpse and then walked a few paces away. It arranged itself in a comfortable manner and then gently and placidly licked itself with its rough tongue.

The dirt and blood were soon dispersed and the satiny coat shone once more in the moonlight. The cat then bounded off towards an old barn where it made its way among the bales of hay. It mewled plaintively and then ran towards three young kittens. It snuggled down purring affectionately and licking them tenderly.

## Life

by John Curless 5/6

Snow of winter, sun of summer,  
Leaves of autumn, lambs of spring.  
People who live and people who die  
People who laugh and people who cry,  
People who hate and people who love  
As the raven fights against the dove,  
Thinking the world is full of lies  
Until one day their best friend dies,  
And then they sit and stare about  
And wonder if they'll last time out,  
And if they **do** what will they see  
In that so called life eternity?

There's no running away or making pretence  
For life makes not a single scrap of sense.



## The Junior Society

Begun with an enthusiasm which increased with each event, the Junior Society has had a varied and energetic term. We have not pleased everyone. We do not want to. Healthy and constructive criticism suggests an interest and involvement in the continuing success of the Society. This we have had and we hope to keep on having. We have also had willing desk shifters, door stoppers, washers up, actors, debaters, and organizers who, having criticized, went on to make the improvements.

At the heart of the Society is debating, understandable since we have sprung from the old Junior Debating Society. The tradition of first rate speaking is now well established. Speakers are improving in style of delivery and wit. Yet in this field too we are expanding. We have held two formal debates 'This House is horrified by the future' and 'That the English love of animals is a fallacy' ("It took me a week to find out what it meant . . . and I was speaking!") and a balloon debate, which proved to be most entertaining. Inevitably perhaps, in view of the rather priggish company (characters not speakers) of Enid Blyton, Joan of Arc and Batman, a suave Satan convinced a sinful audience that he would survive the disaster best and give greatest pleasure to all! That is not to say that the other speakers failed to advertise their merits or were lacking in support—ranging from Noddy's vision of a holy-broken boned Robin and neurotic parents lost in a world of screaming children all deprived of their Noddies to the boy blunder himself.

The activity talents revealed in the debate paved the way to the experimental members' lunchtime with the theme 'March'. Three excellent sketches overshadowed the other items. More variety next time please!

The lunchtime films have been the least successful section of the term's events. Unfortunately the best came last with 'To Catch a Rhino.' Before that we had a totally silent comedy 'Barney Oldfield's Race for a Life' which badly needed a piano racing along for maximum effect. The travelogue was a fiasco, where, far from seeing shots of interesting cities, we were faced with legs—encased in Aristoc stockings. The film was on free loan after all! The 'Le Mans' motor-race began the upward trend of these films, though as some potential, blood-lusting vampire remarked 'If you blinked you missed the blood and the bodies.'

The two 4 o'clock films were well attended by the society and guests (the rest of the school) and enjoyed by most. 'The Singer not the Song' required most thought, being a

film of high drama and conflict. 'Blue Murder at St. Trinians' required no thought and so was a welcome relief to the multitude who came.

The committee has learnt by the mistakes of the Spring term and has prepared a new range of activities for the next—a theatre trip to Liverpool, a film of the 'Royal Ballet' at Blackburn, and a games evening at the end of term. For this term it has been decided to limit the lunchtime events to debates and a member's lunchtime, and to concentrate our finances on one film.

We began with enthusiasm and have continued with growing confidence. What is more important with your talents and loyalty we intend to go on!



## C.E.M. Report

by Heald, R. A., LVIA

Over the past term the C.E.M. has been engaged in a number of activities, including prominently two evening outings to Manchester. Of these the first was to the epic film, "The Bible". This two and a half hour production, which told the story from the beginning of creation to the narratives on Abraham and Isaac, presented some spectacular filming from locations in different parts of the world from the Sahara desert to the slopes of Mount Vesuvius. Many believed this was the finest biblical film they had ever seen, although there were comments that some of the sequences, particularly those at the beginning of the film, were rather artificial. But few would disagree that the best acting came from John Huston, taking the part of Noah.

Secondly, we went to watch "The Passion Play" performed by the players of Oberammergau and Thiersee. This was the play which caused a great deal of controversy because it seemed to commercialise the original one performed every five years at Oberammergau in thanksgiving for the time when the village was delivered from plague. But this



production was merely a quarter of the length of the real Oberammergau Passion Play and, furthermore, only the chief players were from the two villages, the supporting cast being English and the voices tape recorded from those of English actors. This tended to make the performance rather 'insincere' as one person commented but nevertheless it was very entertaining and in style of acting rivalled the original production.

At the same time we have started this term a Christian Discussion Group meeting at dinner-break on Wednesdays. The general theme we have decided to follow in the course of our talks is the Christian outlook on moral problems of the present world. We have already dealt with the problems of sex and morality, divorce, abortion and capital punishment and intend to continue with similar topics.

The final meeting of the term was to watch a one hour film on comparative religions, Hindu, Buddhism, Islam and Christianity. There was a tendency not to go deeply into the teachings of the various religions and also to present the better characteristics of them. "The first section was on the purer Brahminism, rather than Hinduism itself, corrupted by the system of castes and polytheistic idolatries." and "We were merely told who Buddha was and little on his teaching" were some of the comments made. However, the film was generally appreciated by those who saw it.

We would still encourage new members particularly from the fourth forms and from the boys.

## The Search for Identity

### *Sixth Form Society Report*

"It" is the pronoun usually used to refer to an enterprise such as the Sixth Form Society or, alternatively, an anonymous passive is used. "It does nothing exciting." "Why aren't trips to football matches arranged?" "It meets too often." "Events aren't given enough publicity." Perhaps this is a result of a wish to avoid criticising particular individuals. It may even demonstrate an ignorance of who is involved. However, whatever the reason, the net result is an unfortunate anonymity which serves to conceal the essential equation which has to be successfully completed before "it" can be said to exist.

In fact, "its" existence can be verified by many different people. It can be verified by employees of a Preston cotton mill who twice witnessed the procession of gaily attired Balshavians through their mill. Two university lecturers will admit to having lectured to it on "Superstition" and on "The Solar System." Bus drivers will affirm that they have conveyed it to the theatre to see "All in Good Time" at the Library Theatre and "Dinner with the Family" at Liverpool

Playhouse. During the Spring Term it also provided the audience for two films, "Billy Budd" and "Only Two Can Play." It hunted treasure through the darkened streets of Leyland, it debated with Chorley Grammar School and it enjoyed playing games. It stared at the stars through a telescope. It learned to dance, with the greatly appreciated assistance of Miss Groves, and it was served coffee at a lunchtime confab. It averaged more than two weekly appearances in the Balshavian Newsletter. In short, the Sixth Form Society continues to give substantial proof of its existence, but it has yet to acquire a recognisable and generally accepted identity.

Existence is not possible in a vacuum. There is always something to follow, something which went before and other things which exist simultaneously. All have their effect and are in their turn affected. It is only with regard to these other factors that the essential nature of the SFS can be determined with some accuracy.

For example, it is because its members have had no experience of debating in the Lower School that the Society has to do its often inadequate best to remedy this deficiency; and it is because of this same deficiency that its efforts in this direction are largely unappreciated.

Other demands on the time of members also have a profound effect on activities. It is hoped that most people would accept that it is the Society's purpose to occupy some of the leisure time of sixth formers more constructively and hence more satisfactorily than might otherwise be the case. If the Society is used by anyone as an alternative to work then there is a strong argument for discontinuing its activities. That there are some grounds for such an argument is no doubt supported by the fact that during the Spring Term many members pleaded work as an excuse for not attending meetings.

Recent literature suggests that one of the pitfalls of college and university life is the misuse of free time. There are, it would seem, two areas of failure. Either the student spends too much time being idle, or he becomes too involved in organised student activities. Such inability to plan the proper use of time is often laid at the door of the country's sixth forms for failing to give students the opportunity to learn how this should be done. It is hoped that thanks to the SFS and to other school activities Balshavians will have had an opportunity which is apparently not always to be had.

This is the kind of purposeful identity that the Society could acquire. In the meantime, experience has proved valuable and ideas have been worked out in discussion. Progress has been made.



"It" does indeed exist, but at the same time it exists only because of the efforts of certain individuals and for this all credit must go to members of the committee, to a debonaire president in Frank Ryding, to a masterful treasurer in Tim Brown, to a loyal and conscientious secretary in Susan Pincock and to patient form representatives in Jon Iddon and Linda Stephenson for U.6.Sc., in Joan McAweney and Barbara Antoine for U.6.A, in Shelagh Thistlethwaite and David Forrest for L.6.Sc., and in Sally Thompson and John Chadwick for L.6.A.

But the efforts of the committee ("them") would have been in vain without support from members of the sixth form ("us") and we are reminded that it is the equation "them" + "us" = "it" that makes for successful existence and, as in all equations, whatever is subtracted must be subtracted from both sides.

## Badminton

*Season's report by Glenis Bond 5/4*

Although this is the first time the School has produced a badminton team, I am glad to report that it has been a successful one. Most people will of course know by now of our win at Bolton which gave Balshaw's the title of the "Champion School of Lancashire."

In order to win this four teams were beaten. Our team consisted of four girls: C. Barron, G. Bond, K. Higham, A. Voce, and there were three singles and four doubles events in each match.

The scores were as follows:

Balshaw's G.S. 7. Colne G.S. 0  
 Balshaw's G.S. 7. Risedale C.S. (Barrow) 0  
 Balshaw's G.S. 7. Hollins C.S. 0  
 Balshaw's G.S. 4. Wenning E.I. 3

This is the first time this competition has been held and we are therefore very proud that Balshaw's should be the first winners of the title, particularly as all our matches had to be played away.

Unfortunately our membership has not increased as we had hoped but there are signs of growing interest. If anyone is interested we would be delighted to hear from them and as we hope to continue playing through the summer, there will be plenty of opportunity for practice.

We have, however, four new members, drawn from the men-staff, who have proved to be keen and willing to learn. I am pleased to report that they are improving rapidly!

Lastly, our thanks go to all who have given their support and assistance and to those who have offered their congratulations. I hope we shall continue to merit them in the future.

## VI Arts

*by M. Foster*

It is possible that for some  
 Integration just cannot come,  
 Trachtenburg is difficult  
 So logs for them they must consult,  
 Einsteins Special Relativity  
 Is too advanced for you to see,  
 How can you expect to study quasars  
 When you've hardly mastered lasers,  
 Geometry in the sixth dimension  
 Is too unreal for your occasion.

Your life is simple, even lazy.  
 Scientific matters to you are hazy,  
 Straight facts, no thinking is required  
 For periods of History transpired.  
 You cover a canvas with oils or ink  
 In forms 'f which scientists shudder to think,  
 You do not have to find out why  
 Just let these questions wander by,  
 And never care who does the labour  
 As long as you can gain the favour.

## The Modern Miss

*(with apologies to Alexander Pope)*

*by Linda Kidd*

And now the dressing table stands display'd,  
 Each coloured varnish neat in order laid..  
 From 'candy pink' to 'torrid peach' they range  
 'Oily remover' heralding the change!  
 A painted Image in the glass appears,  
 With eyelids striped in black, (which never smears!)  
 And from each pot of powder gently drifts  
 A perfumed mask to hide all natural gifts!  
 This casket Arden's 'glowing peach' unlocks  
 And 'Gay Paris' breathes forth from yonder box.  
 The pins and perms together now unite,  
 And cold cream daubs the face a ghostly white.  
 Here, powder puff and brush take pride of place  
 To call forth all the wonders of her face.



## THE MIDDLE SCHOOL TATTING & T.V. WATCHING SOCIETY

*Secretary's report*

*by Dorothy Shuttlewick*

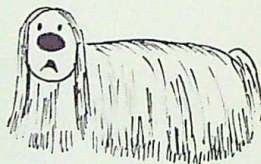
Although some little anxiety was expressed at the beginning of the term over the shortage of Tatts causing our former activity to be suspended, I think I can say that our members made up for it by ardently pursuing our latter activity (to the exclusion of all else, I think). Yes, I can say it. I have, in fact.

(Pause to pat myself on the back).

Fortunately, due to the beneficence of Mr. W. (a member of staff who wishes to remain anonymous, but to whom the cause of tatting is dear), a supply of brand new tatts arrived later in the year (completely doing away with our fleet of reconditioned ones), and activities were resumed to triumphant shouts of "Tatt's enough."

A course of celebrity lectures in connection with our T.V. watching unfortunately had to be abandoned due to the fact that Florence and Dougal were unable to come on the dates we asked. Also, the proposed trip to Camberwick Green had to be cancelled through lack of support. Even so, many different sets have been seen.

On the whole, it seems safe to say that our little society is flourishing. By the way, have you ever tried to pat yourself on the back? It's not easy!



## Mountaineering Society

*Report*

*by Tim Brown*

The Mountaineering Society had two trips in the Easter term, namely a hostelling trip to the Buttermere district at half-term and a day trip to Blencathra.

At six a.m. (repeat a.m.!) on the Sunday morning of half-term a bleary eyed collection of assorted bodies gathered at Preston bus station carrying rucksacks and a variety of objects including a guitar, three copies of a text book on sound and a packet of dehydrated spaghetti. This motley band was then transferred to Keswick bus station and the walking began.

The first day consisted of a long slog over to Buttermere by way of Hindscarth with full packs. On the way down one of the girls unfortunately slipped and cut her head, but she recovered and was able to partake in the remaining walks. Whilst Mr. Holmes took her to see a doctor the rest of the party retired to the youth hostel to reveal many hidden talents in preparing supper. Indeed, some of the recipes used during the stay would cause considerable comment if ever inflicted upon the general public.

The second day was very wet and misty and a walk over Red Pike, High Stile and High Crag was tackled, without anyone ever being able to see more than twenty yards.

The third day, however, was a complete contrast and a lazier day was enjoyed in the sun on Whiteless Pike and Wandlope and some people even indulged in mild sun-bathing.

The last day was also fine and the party returned in leisurely fashion to Keswick over the Newlands Pass, some people making a detour over Ard Craggs, stopping for a while in Stain village for ice-cream.

Then the party returned home with much lighter packs, blisters, sore muscles and some interesting memories.

## That Sunday Trip

*by Joyce M. Cocker*

The only Sunday outing of the term was to Blencathra, one of the lofty, northernmost peaks of the Lake District. The weather was against us from the start: the forecast read strong to gale force winds and for once proved correct. Nevertheless, our modest party of twenty set off from Gate Gill onto the open fell at the foot of the mountain; the snow capped peak towering far above us hidden by a rather watery cloud. An hour's walking led us on to the splendid rocky arête of Halls Fell Top leading to the summit of the mountain. There one or two members ran into slight difficulty but after being secured firmly to a rope they continued undaunted.

On reaching the peak we were rewarded momentarily with a magnificent panorama of almost the whole of Lakeland, but the swirling mist soon deprived us of this privilege. The intended descent had been by way of Sharp Edge, a razor-like rocky spur, but on examination this proved impassable due to a treacherous covering of ice and snow. Thus we were forced to retreat down the steep slopes of Scales Fell. Here our enemy the snow provided great entertainment for all and a regular snow-balling bombardment proceeded. Eventually, although rather reluctantly, we continued our descent into Scales after an extremely rewarding climb and one which I would thoroughly recommend to all who share our interest in mountaineering.



# The Great Race

## THE GREAT RACE

*A report on Cross Country*

Cross country is not the most popular sport among the boys in school but, a small group of noble strong-willed youths do find a long run most enjoyable: these are the enthusiastic few who make up the senior cross-country team. Three fixtures had been arranged for this year—two of them against Chorley and the third against Queen Elizabeth's, Blackburn.

The team performed admirably against strong opposition from Chorley who had had much more experience, and, although beaten away, we avenged this defeat in our first ever home fixture. A course through Worden park and wood of about 3½ miles was chosen by some members of the team and we hope that it will be kept in permanent use.

Bearing this in mind, perhaps more boys will show interest in forming a team next year than have done this, as a course through varying countryside makes a much more enjoyable run than eight monotonous laps round the school fields. If not, then maybe some of the girls will show them how it is done.

### Team:

G. Caunce, F. Crowe, I. Hilton,  
K. Jolly, P. Jolly, D. Nightingale,  
P. Rimmer, F. Ryding,  
A. J. Stopford, A. Wildman.  
G.C. and I.H.



# Calendar for the Summer Term

- Apr. 5 Term begins.
- " 10 'A' level biology practical: all day.  
Junior Society: trip to 'nonow Crown' and ballet—afternoon.
- " 14 Sixth Form Society: trip to Anthony and Cleopatra (dep. 5-45)
- " 20 'A' level German Oral in Preston, 10 a.m.
- " 21 'O' level cookery practical, 9-30 and 1-30.
- " 22 Tennis and Rounders 1st & U/15 v. Rivington G.S.—away.  
Cricket v. Preston Catholic College, 1st & U/15 away, 2nd & U/13 home
- " 24 Sixth Form Society: visit to gasworks 5-00 p.m.
- " 26 'A' level French Oral in Preston 10-00 a.m.
- " 26 Junior Society: Debate 1-15.
- " 29 1st and 2nd Tennis & U/15 Rounders v. Blackpool Collegiate—away.  
Cricket v. Chorley 1st away, 2nd home—morning.
- May 6 Sports Day.
- " 12 'A' level Housecraft practical 1-30.
- " 13 Cricket v. Morecambe 1st and U/15 away, 2nd and U/13 home.
- " 13 Junior Society: film 'The Icress File', 4-00.
- " 16 School Photo, 2-00.
- " 20 Tennis v. Penwortham G.S. 1st and juniors—away.
- " 22 'O' level Orals: German and Spanish.
- " 23 'O' level Orals: French. 'O' level needlework practical, 9-00—11-30.  
Junior Society: members' luncheon, 1-15.
- " 24 'O' level Orals: French. 'O' level music aural, 11-30. Art E, 2-00.  
Cricket v. Preston Catholic College—evening.
- " 25-June 5 H.I. (June 2nd and 3rd: Leyland Music Festival).
- June 3 Start of main 'O' and 'A' level exams.
- " 9 Junior Society: Balloon Debate, 1-15.
- " 10 Cricket v. Preston G.S. 1st and U/15 away, 2nd and U/13 home.  
Tennis 1st and Rounders 1st, U/15, U/14 v. Ashton-in-Makerfield—home.
- " 17 Cricket v. Hutton 1st and U/15 home, 2nd and U/13 away.  
Tennis 1st and 2nd and Rounders U/15 and U/14 v. Up Holland—home.
- " 23 School Exams.
- " 24 Cricket v. Ormskirk 1st and U/15 away, 2nd and U/13 home.  
Tennis 1st and Rounders 1st, 2nd and U/15 v. Wigan High School—away.
- " 26 School Exams..
- " 27 School Exams.
- " 29 Cricket v. Stokes Hall—evening. 'A' level candidates due back in school.
- " 30 Junior Society: debate, 1-15.
- July 1 Cricket v. Kirkham 1st home, 2nd and U/15—away.  
Tennis 1st and 2nd, Rounders 1st and juniors v. Chorley—home.
- " 3 School Holiday.
- " 4 'O' level candidates back in school.
- " 5 Last Day for Copy.
- " 6 Cricket v. Leyland C.C. 3rd evening (home).
- " 7 Junior Society: games evening.
- " 8 Cricket v. K.G. V 1st and U/15 away, 2nd and U/13 home.
- " 10 Cricket v. Staff.
- " 12 Cricket v. Clergy (home). Sixth Form Society: Dance, 7-30.
- " 13 End of term.





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