



The Balshavian

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Year One - Eight - Five

by Brian Derrick

'What an honour to write about the 185th year of Balshaw's Grammar School's existence,' was my first thought as I applied pen to paper . . . although I quickly realised what an enormous task I had undertaken. How in the name of Lord Griffin, could I, a feeble-brained, misinformed, insignificant, Balshavian committee member, condense an encyclopedia of events and activities into two measly pages of the School magazine?

"Well," I hear you say, not a little perturbed, "why not concentrate upon the more unusual, less publicised and less talked-about incidents during the school year? You might mention that Balshavians have reached some peculiar locations during 1966-67. 3,000 miles have been travelled by motor coach on trips, excursions and to and from other schools for sporting fixtures. The more energetic have, by sheer will power, attained heights of almost 3,000 feet in the Lake District, and the more adventurous have been whirled into the bowels of the earth nearly 3,000 feet down to sample life in nearby coalmines.

Also you could add, that though Speech Day may seem very remote from the sweat, grime and deafening noise of the coal-face—the prizes and certificates presented on that occasion were distributed by Chairman of the National Coal Board, Lord Robens, who appears to have an unfair burden of problems at present with despondency over the future of coal-mining and with the Aberfan Enquiry.

And what about Balshavian Foreign Policy? To the east a successful policy of territorial aggrandisement is nearing

completion, whilst to the south an extensive trench system was constructed earlier in the year suggesting a belated attempt at defending our position against two opposing fronts of housing estates. To those in command, the removal of inadequate shelter from ariel attack became a necessity in the autumn term, and destructive plans were soon put into effect.

Oh yes! you must record something about the Science Block extension which came into use in January, even if it is only a comment like 'a space-age pill-box with T.V.' or the fact that it transforms the 100 yards running track into an assault course. Other 'environmental' changes include a display of modern art, decorating the walls of the upper strata and periodically creating blockages on the stairs, and new desks which are gradually being broken in and more antique models being broken up.

And surely it is impossible for you to complete a page without referring to the tremendous achievements of the 'Big Six' (Sixth Form Society, Junior Society, Dramatic Society, Mountaineering Society, C.E.M. and the 'Society of Musicians') and the activities of smaller organisations such as the Gym Society, Film Society, 'the white box on stilts men' and Idlers Anonymous. Within the school precincts these associations have organised and arranged confabs, debates, films, lectures, games evenings, musical contests, dances and the School Play and Christmas Concert. But the most outstanding feature of their work lies in activity and contact with the 'outside'. Most people will probably agree that Balshavians have visited more places and met and talked to more people, in a multitude of occupations in 1966-67, than in any previous school year.

For theatre trips Manchester and Liverpool are the 'meccas', and within their boundaries the two Liverpool Cathedrals, Manchester University, Liverpool Philharmonic Hall and the 'Guardian' and 'Mail' offices have been inspected and explored. Balshavians have contacted an amazing variety of persons on their travels—from atomic scientists to actors, from astronomers to ministers and from lecturers to gasmen, visiting such far flung places as Calder Hall and Sheffield, or more accessible locations like Preston Docks and Lostock Hall Gasworks to do so.

And how about sport? For the first time in the school's history the title 'Champion School of Lancashire' was achieved by our first ever Badminton team. The Under 13 rugby team are preparing to annihilate Blackpool's team, because defeat by Blackpool ruined an unbroken record of crushing victories last season. And the others—hockey, athletics, rounders, tennis, cricket,—are these being suspended by a quasi-official crop of inventions: shove ha'penny, darts, squares, tip and run and soccer? The

majority of sportsmen don't seriously think so—or do they?

You can say you think that House parties have had more success than in previous years, all those questionnaires we have filled in, Arthur the skeleton, the Ribchester survey, the House music contest, the School and Staff matches, our academic achievements. . . . ? ?"

"O.K., O.K., that's enough for a start. Now how do I write it all down without incurring the wrath of people whose activities I just cannot fit into two . . . and a bit pages of the 'Balshavian'?"

Entering the Sixth Form

by Marilyn Hutchinson

What I intend to do in this article is to try and convey a vague impression of the experience of entering the sixth form of Balshaw's from the fifth form of a secondary modern school, in order to take 'A' levels.

The transition from 'O' to 'A' level is a long enough leap for anyone to take, for some it is easier to accomplish than for others. The 'brandnew' Balshavian in the lower sixth has to adapt himself, not only to the new work, but also to the methods employed by those who teach him, the students with whom he learns, whose names and natures are, as yet strange to him, and to a completely different routine in a building, which, in the first few weeks of his arrival, is an absolute maze. The whole situation is complicated further by the necessity to hold lessons in out-buildings, which, to me, a Wordenite, was a novelty. On one occasion, my timetable required of me a journey to Room 18—or "the bike sheds". So, confident of the direction in which that room was situated, I marched down the corridor through the boys' entrance, and would in all innocence have carried on marching in a straight line, had I not been hailed by a friendly voice which bade me take a sharp left turn.

Inevitably, Balshaw's, being a comparatively old establishment, has a certain amount of traditional custom which gives the school that special atmosphere which is lacking in the recently built secondary modern schools. Whilst, at first, this is rather awe-inspiring, it is very satisfying to know that one has a share in that tradition.

There is a host of small customs which the seasoned Balshavian tends to accept without a question or, because of familiarity with School routine, fails to observe. Here are some which I noticed in my first few days here. Certain people, most of them prefects, dressed in entirely different uniforms from the rest of the school; separate staff rooms for the male and female members of staff; the wearing by male and female staff of formal black gowns during school hours;

registration being called "form-meetings"—very confusing, it took me a while to realise that this was not a special event; saying grace after the meal in second lunch; lunch hour being from 12.30 to 1.45, as opposed to 12.0 to 1.15; and final bell at 4.0 p.m. instead of 3.45 p.m.

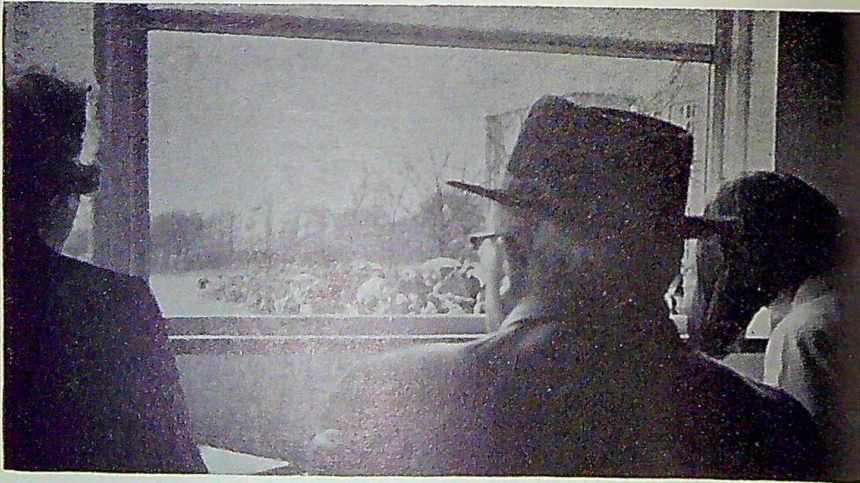
The atmosphere in the 6th form is different too, in that its members are—or should be—almost mature, with the result that there is a general desire to discuss topical questions during which some unorthodox and some amusing views are given an airing. Whilst there are a number of organized discussions, most, I think, are held informally in sixth-form rooms or in 'the area of provocation'. I remember being mildly alarmed, on my first day here, to see one notable science sixth former publicly abusing—with much flamboyant gesticulation—all members of the arts sixth and a certain political party, in the manner of a Hyde Park exhibitionist.

All this was very amusing, but my major concern at this time was with getting down to work and attempting to acquaint myself with my teachers. It is at this stage that the new pupil is most likely to feel he is labouring under a disadvantage. Having established a friendly relationship with teachers of his former school over a period of five years it is now his task to start afresh, attempting to make known his character, aptitude and capacity for work, all in a comparatively short space of time, to the teachers with whom his two-year association must mean so much to his future career. Discussing this problem with colleagues I find that I am not alone in holding these views. One person claimed that her relationship with her teachers at her former school had been partly responsible for her good 'O' level results, and one cannot help but make comparisons between personalities—tempers—methods of teaching and teacher/pupil relationships. Generally speaking, I think the latter comparison, especially, is slightly in favour of the sixth form, because here, whilst there are exceptions on both sides, it is generally accepted by the staff that the average sixth former is mature enough to be treated with the same regard as an adult.

The lower sixth passes quickly, and now, thanks to the pleasant atmosphere, the helpfulness contributed by many members of the staff, and most of all, the willingness of the pupils to accept "new people", I think I speak on behalf of all the thirteen 'new' sixth formers in saying that we no longer feel like 'intruders' but more 'fully fledged' Balshavians.



SPORTS '67



The score was kept by . . . er . . .



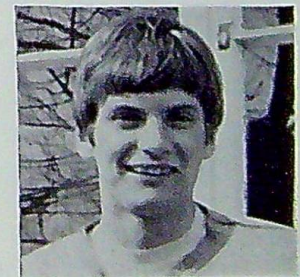
. . . Oh, yes



*Victrix Ludorum was
Frances Newshaw*

*Photographs by
Colin Damp*

*. . . and announced
by Alvar Li-Downer*



The Victor was Walne

Your Driving Test

by Peter Watson

A considerable number of our readers will be familiar with this little booklet (D.L.68) and the advice it gives on how to pass your driving test and the equally helpful last paragraph in it which explains failure. Because such a large volume of sixth formers take their tests from time to time, now and then and sometimes again and again we have compiled a small list of brief advice, tabulated for ease of absorption. The rules are to the point and quite as easy to understand as any of the Minister of Transport's little pamphlets.

The Point of the Test

1. The test is to ascertain if your driving complies with the standards laid down by the Ministry of Transport.
2. The test is therefore pointless because you know you are a brilliant driver.
3. . . . however your style of driving may not comply with the regulations so why not take your test?
 - a) I have not got a £1 for the test fee.
 - b) I do not own a vehicle.
 - c) My vehicle is not
 1. Insured
 2. Taxed
 3. Certified roadworthy
 - d) My vehicle is stolen and my instructor is banned from driving until 1985.
 - e) I'm just plain scared.

The Highway Code

1. The point of the highway code is to show you that there are over 400 separate offences you may commit, and that with permutations there are over 2,000!
2. The highway code is logical and easy to read, for example, one yellow line on the kerb means, "no loading or unloading during: less than the working day". What is the working day? "Exact times are shown on nearby plates" ($\frac{1}{2}$ a mile away).
3. Besides the Highway Code there is also a booklet called "The New Traffic Signs" which you must learn, however. . . .
4. The absorption of this data is pointless. You already know it all.

The Test Itself

1. Relax. Study the anomalies.
 1. Take your motorcycle test on a 50 c.c. cycle with automatic clutch. You may then ride

500 c.c. machine home.

2. You could pass in the Services and then exchange a tank for a car.
 3. You may take your test in a vehicle with automatic gears eliminating nasty clutch control and gear-changing.
2. "Examiners are Human" says the sign in the waiting-room next to a poster reminding one not to try to bribe them. They are not **that** human.
 3. Waiting. Read one of the many motoring monthlies spread about, after all you are paying. Frighten the already frightened candidate beside you by telling him this is your fifth attempt (in actual fact it is your fifth attempt).
 4. The moment of decision has arrived, "Mr. Kleindorp?" says the examiner with hidden menace. Now you can either do one of the following:-
 1. Faint
 2. In a strong Austrian accent say 'No Jones'
 3. Look the examiner in the eye and sign "The Right Honourable Julius Kleindorp, S.S., T.D., B.O.A.C."
 5. "Have you any disabilities you have not declared on your form?" Now for sympathy. Gibbering gently and holding up a bloodstained glove whimper "No".
 6. Remember the examiner is twice as frightened as you, **his** life is in your hands.
 7. Reinforced by this thought you laugh insanely.
 8. The examiner will take down your car number. He may miss the fact that the Road Fund Tax Sticker on your car does not say "July 68" but "Guinness is good for you".
 9. For lady drivers. Should the examiner try to leave the car during the test let him just try. You cleverly locked him in and the handle revolves wildly in his clutching fingers.
 10. When the examiner hits the dashboard of your vehicle for Emergency Stop apologise profusely about the ash tray you specially loosened as he brushes ash from his suit.
 11. For motorcyclists. Examiners, like all other road users have motorcycles.

YOU PASS!

1. You sign the Pink Slip gleefully.
2. You tear off your 'L' plates and jump for joy.
3. You are arrested for dropping litter and causing a disturbance of the peace.

YOU FAIL!

1. Your collection of Form No. D.L. 24 (1964) is growing isn't it?

2. Just in time you remember the court case poster in which a man was fined £25 for abusing an examiner.
3. You stand on the examiner's toe in your steel tipped motorcycle boots unfastening your helmet muttering, "Pardon, pardon, did you say something?" as he rolls screaming in the gutter.

Remember finally, some of us may not pass our tests, statistically it is not likely to be you.

Scenes of School Life No. 3

The Geography Room

by L. Waring, LVIA

In producing this, the third ($\frac{1}{3}$) in a series of articles on rooms in the school and the subjects taught therein I attempted to take, as near as possible, the middle path between the extremes of the Art Room and the Laboratories (subjects of previous articles in the series) I decided, therefore, (.), on the Geography Room, wherein (according to one's personal viewpoint) is imparted to the eager masses (?) that most scientific of arts subjects or most comprehensible of science subjects—SERBO CROATIAN HISTORY (er, I'm sorry—I don't know what came over me, I mean of course MOLESTRANGLING, er? . . . GEOGRAPHY, yes that's right GEOGRAPHY.

Back to Business

The Geography Room is (as even the most hoi of the polloi can perceive) unique. What other room has such wide and majestic portals (even if the doors cannot be trusted to close or open without inflicting mortal injury), which other room can boast windows which give a view of both sides of the school field (even if they are usually either (a) broken, (b) impossible to close or (c) both. Which other room can boast such distinguished residents as Form 2L2 (2B for diehards) and that most exclusive of clubs — the School Bridge Society (strictly members only).

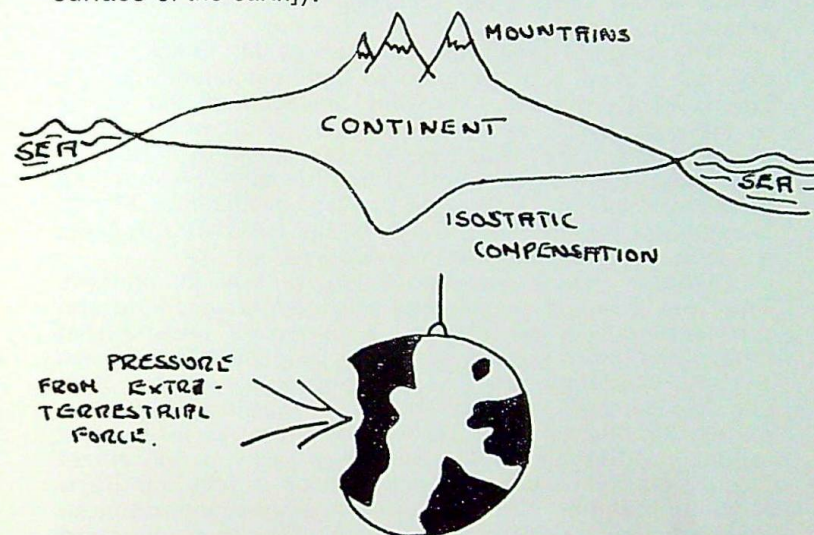
Of Merits and Demerits

Granted the Geography Room has not performed such a great service to the school as have the new laboratories (M. Foster in the previous edition gave ample recognition to their destruction of one of the rugby pitches) but other people have reason to be grateful for the work of Room 5—for instance, without it the Upper 6th wouldn't have a leg to stand on—they would, so to speak, be left in midair.

Of Methods and Resources

Instruction is based very much on practical experience (this ostensibly is the reason why Geographers [Godbless-small] spend so much time on courses, hikes, unofficial holidays [lapsus linguae] field studies and helps explain the

large dents to be found in the world globe—prize possession No. 1—since in fact these dents are practical demonstrations of Isostasy [a complex geographical, geomorphological (!) and geological phenomenon which to the layman may be best described as compensation for pressure applied on the surface of the earth]).



But seriously, in this world of darkness and ignorance the Geography Room stands out as a beacon of light (if the lights weren't permanently on nobody would be able to see in there) it is blessed with a group of hard working and knowledgeable teachers who spare no effort to make the running of the geography department as smooth as possible and, incidentally, has its own, very fine, library to satisfy the demands of the aforementioned eager 6th Form, masses.

In Conclusion

So three cheers for geography, three cheers for the teachers, three cheers for isostatic compensation and, as for the GEOGRAPHY ROOM, God bless her and all who sail in her; it's places like this which make you proud to be British.

Musical House Competitions

by Margaret Norris

The protracted and monotonous end of term was somewhat relieved this year by the introduction of House Music Competitions.

The laborious task of organising such a fete was

complicated by the fact that this was our first adventure into concert planning and ideas, at first, were not forthcoming. Exams had to be endured and often interfered with the management control which was not aided with there being four houses and only three pianos, one of which would have been condemned by even the most amateur pianist.

The original idea was launched by Mr. Black, probably as a means of bringing to light the latent musical talents of Balshaw's. The only limitation on the scope of the programme was that we were not allowed to 'pop any pop music in!' Each house was required to present a well-balanced, varied musical performance of about half an hour's duration before an outside adjudicator—Mr. C. Humphries, B.Mus., F.R.C.O., G.R.S.M., L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., a friend of Mr Black's—staff and pupils.

Worden House was the first to present its concert. This was a varied and entertaining performance and the presentation was generally good, but rather uncertain at times. Bannister gave a very promising performance on a piano accordion and the piano duet played by Julie Lee and Bannister was well chosen. The first piano solo played by Preston was very good in parts while the second, a 'Bagatelle' by Beethoven, played by Hazel Taylor was very accurate, but perhaps a little too fast. Although the junior choir started with a shaky introduction, probably because there was no conductor, they improved considerably and finished quite firmly.

Cuerden then followed with a lively and well organised musical concert. There was a wide varied interest which seemed to be enjoyed by the participants and the audience. The first item was a piano solo played by Janet Morgan, followed by a madrigal 'Sing we and chant it' by Morley. The recorders made a good start and the part playing was fluent. Perhaps the highlight of the performance was the singing of Psalm 151 $\frac{1}{2}$ (the school rules set to music). Colin Damp played a dual role—that of a vicar and the conductor. No doubt this was the first time some pupils have ever heard the school rules.

'When sweet Ann sings' was the title of Joyce Proctor's vocal solo which was accompanied by the writer of this article. The Trumpet Solo 'Moonlight Serenade', played very well indeed by R. J. Benthams, with piano accompaniment, was enjoyed by everyone. This was an attempt to revive the 'Cuerden Cutie' atmosphere.

Colin Damp, now changed from a vicar to a Captain, along with Judith Simpson sang the vocal duet 'Things are seldom what they seem' from H.M.S. Pinafore. Some of the atmosphere was captured, but this is difficult when the rest of the opera is not being performed.

Like Worden, a Junior Choir, conducted by Linda Kidd and accompanied by Margaret Norris, ended the programme. Huddleston singing a solo verse of 'Chim-Chim-in-ee' was an excellent sweep although he seemed to be tucked away underneath a big flat cap and sweep brushes. This was in contrast to Ann Rigby's solo 'Dites Moi' from South Pacific.

Unfortunately there is not room in this article to comment on every item in Clayton's rather long programme, but many are worth recognition. Beside the usual vocal and instrumental duets, one of which was a very pleasant arrangement of Handel's Largo played on the organ by Carol Halton and Kathleen Ratcliffe, Ann Kazer's Glockenspiel solo was very well received as were Frank Crowe's and Peter Jones' modern folk songs.

Martin Fowler, throughout the whole of both his piano and vocal solo, looked very composed and confident, while a junior trumpeter of the school orchestra, Carlton Boock gave a pleasing performance of the popular tune 'Edelweiss'. A very well disciplined choir, expertly accompanied by Kathleen Ratcliffe, supplied the finale.

Farrington had the original idea of reading a short introduction before each item to portray musical evolution. The orchestra which played 'The Blue Danube' was very original and caused much amusement as it did not contain the usual musical instruments, but pan lids, tin whistles, bottles, combs, and wooden spoons. A canon on a nursery theme began with an opening played by Frank Ryding which could have been thought the opening of some great masterpiece, but soon resolved into 'Frere Jacques' and then 'Three Blind Mice.' A traditional theme 'Marching through Georgia' was very professionally arranged by F. Ryding for a Jazz Trio—Judith Young on the flute, David Farrington the clarinet and Ryding himself on the piano.

Mary Houghton's piano solo, a 'Gavotte' by Prokofiev provided yet another different kind of music which was followed by Elizabeth Bamber's selection of folk songs. These she very delicately accompanied with her own guitar.

The finale was simply entitled 'Songs of the Sea', but the stage management, lights and scenery were very impressive and much thought had obviously been given to them.

All four concerts were enjoyed by all and Cuerden were adjudged the winners by a very narrow margin over Farrington. I think it is fair to say that each house hopes that the concerts will be held again next year and will join with me in thanking both Mr. Black and the adjudicator.

The Pillory

compiled by Brian Derrick

T. S. Eliot? . . . What team does he play for? He took a long time to say very little, but what he did say sounded good.

T. S. Eliot's famous last words: "Oh my people
What have I done unto thee."

Members of the Jane Austen Fan Club will be delighted to know that 1967 is the 150th anniversary of her death.

Prince Charles . . . will probably strengthen the Cambridge polo team.

The Rolling Stones — are rapidly becoming a one-man group.

Waterloo Sunset . . . rose up the charts.

In the Century Theatre production of 'The Importance of Being Earnest' Lady Bracknell looked as if she had just been dragged from behind the bar of a Liverpool pub.

James Joyce must be an extremely intelligent author because I cannot understand a word in 'Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man'.

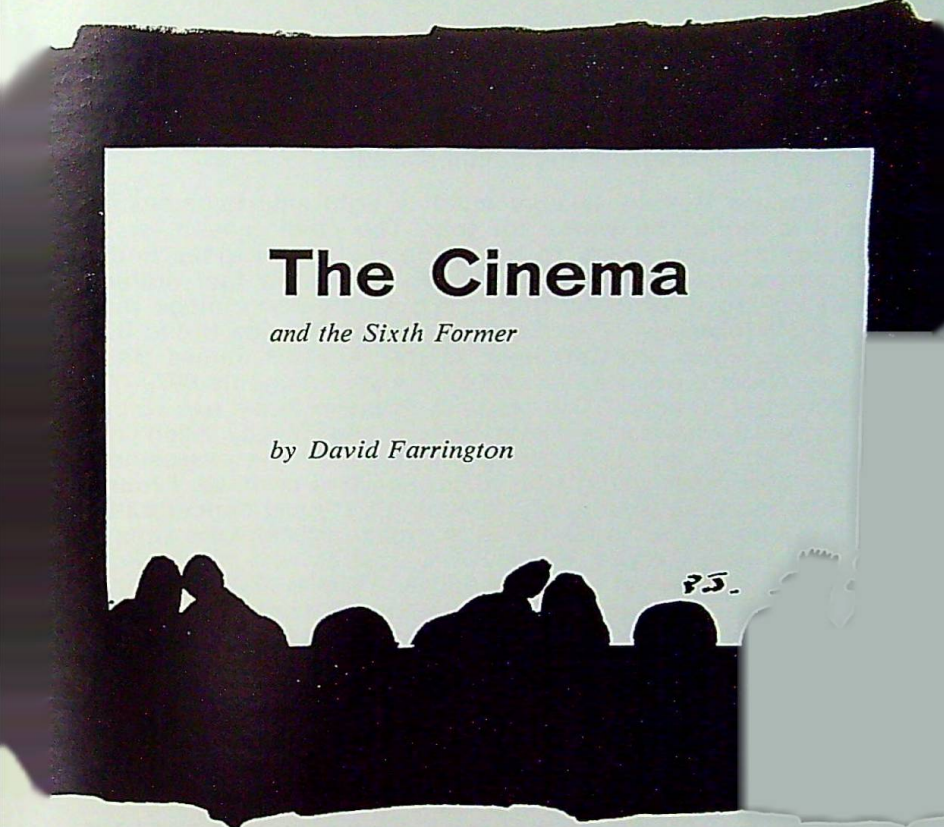
The painters...
should be allowed to wave back!

'The Pillory' is a decidedly queer column which provides an outlet for the facetious remarks of frustrated sixth formers—like me!

The Cinema

and the Sixth Former

by David Farrington



This year has, it seems to me, produced a whole crop of films for which the critics have been bouncing enthusiastically. The result? We are still seeing the 'Sound of Music' doing the rounds and all the otherwise ever faithful Bingo addicts prising themselves away from their "legs eleven" to go and weep over this sad and sentimental entertainment for the nth time (where n is an unknown but exceedingly large number). The year has seen two of "that couple's" films hit the headlines and the Oscars—'The Taming of the Shrew' and 'Whose Afraid of Virginia Woolf'—and Disney has left one of his final marks on the film industry with "Wind in the Willows". So much has already been said on these films however that I feel quietly confident in passing no further comment on them. I would in fact like to comment on two films only where I find my own views differing from most of those already expressed in print by the critics.

Rather than comment on the views of the sixth form in general I should like therefore to throw my own views into the bull-ring and leave fellow sixth-formers et al to tear them

to shreds in discussion. The two films I am particularly concerned to dispute over with learned reviewers are 'Casino Royale' and 'Blow-Up'. It was the critics' prerogative it seems to collectively condemn the former and applaud the latter. I should like to redress the balance a little.

'Casino Royale' is very much a light entertainment fixture and none the worse for that. The chief reason for its condemnation appears to be in the fact that it goes under the chapter-heading of another Bond film. In fact nothing could be more removed from the Connery-Bond image than this spoof comedy. The classic proof of this lies in the fact that after about half an hour of the film SIR James Bond (David Niven) decides to call all the secret-agents 007—"to confuse the enemy". The result is to make those two wholly improbable characters Peter Sellers and Woody Allen into James Bonds. Is any further proof needed? The assessment of this film must begin with accepting this premise. I found the film most surprising and amusing but must concede that I went with a bias in favour of the main artists. One sees a brilliant Peter Sellers; Woody Allen oozes with his way-out and often somewhat sick humour; and David Niven uses his normal suave delivery of a joke in situation-comedy. All very well, provided you like their particular brand of humour! It is, I confess a story built round their humour and I also came away with the impression that written into individual contracts was a clause which guaranteed each of these three an individual 'spot' to show off their abilities. In fact, this makes for a bitty programme and I found I had lost the story-line after little more than half an hour.

As with many films the script is funny in parts and very boring in others. There were large sections where nothing seemed to happen except a vain attempt to return to sanity and a story. The film is also aimed very strongly at the men—who else buys the tickets? There were girls by the horde, which I didn't mind at all, except that I came away with a kind of glazed impression having watched girl after girl flit across the screen with no explanation for their being there. I don't in fact remember the name or character of even one of the fair sex who appeared. Not having read the book from which the film takes its title in the last three years, I am perhaps a little unfair in saying that I recognized little of the Fleming prose in this tale (when I could even find the story-line that is) and indeed found myself at times more interested in the gadgetry which the film has in abundance anyway. As one who has seen this film I would in fact only recommend it to those who do not expect the usual Sean Connery splurge and who enjoy the goon type humour of Peter Sellers or the confused, tragic-comic image which Woody Allen projects. The film is little more than a conveyance for these

international stars and their abilities. No new paths are trod and indeed perhaps none are expected in a film made for a society which now regards even the real Bond image as representative of a system of morals which are old-hat!

It is in fact left to the other film I wish to discuss to reflect great new things in the world and the cinema—or at least that's what the critics maintain.

It was the Daily Telegraph I think which first hailed 'Blow-Up' as a masterpiece. The film was declared a breakthrough for the cinema and responsible for a whole new facet for exploration in this medium. It is in fact a glorified Wednesday Play. The fact that it is in colour just about gives it the edge! It is certainly a play in the new idiom—no beginning and no conclusion—neither of which are really necessary as long as the part in the middle amounts to something. This story has very little to say I felt. The 'hero' played by David Hemmings is a young fashion photographer who is engaged in producing the more erotic type of photographs. All continues along the normal amoral lines until he photographs a couple in the park without them knowing. When urgently pursued for the snaps our hero's curiosity is aroused and he blows up the size of the photograph. They reveal that he has in fact photographed a murder. The rest of the film explores the effects of this discovery on Hemmings. The film ends with the photographer robbed of all proof of the murder and left to feel his inadequacy and ineffectiveness. Bewilderment dominates the character and this is unfortunately the state in which the viewer is also left. The film is in fact more interesting for its own particular view of 'Swinging London'. It is also interesting as an impression of the group of photographers which I suppose must be termed the David Bailey set. The impressions are those of the Italian director Michaelangelo Antonioni. I had expected something far greater from a man of his high repute whose work even the Sunday Times marks out as a landmark in the film industry. His great achievements with visual expressionism of ideas seem little exploited. I left the cinema quite convinced that Dick Lester or any of the television producers of modern plays could have made as great if not a greater version of the 'drama'. It is a play which largely tries to deal with ideas but unfortunately resorts to the usual audience-attractors of the X-Certificate film and I feel amounts rather more to an interesting study of human behaviour than a great and marvellous landmark for the cinema.

The question which 'Blow-Up' and films like 'Morgan' inevitably seem to pose is what do people really expect from a visit to the cinema? For most people, including the majority of sixth-formers, a trip to the 'flicks' is for relaxation. They expect to sit back and enjoy the general flow of dialogue and the story-line. 'Blow-Up' gives no such relaxation. Conversation is at a minimum in the film. Thoughts

rather than situations are of the prime importance. The quest of the director is to project these thought-ideas (for which there can be no spoken word) through a series of sight impressions. The embarrassing silence of unnatural pauses in the flow is far more important than any number of words. People tend to disguise their real feelings in conversation; thoughts are never bridled. The final scene of 'Blow-Up' deals with the difficulty Hemmings has in separating the real from the imagined. The whole scene is done in mime and the result inevitably is to baffle most of the audience.

Here I feel lies the real problem for the cinema. It wishes to progress and be recognised as a special medium whilst its audiences are only prepared to accept the traditional function of the cinema—to tell a story on a larger-than-life scale and to exploit all its colour advantages. It is on these grounds that I feel that 'Blow-Up' must fail to communicate. The average sixth-former wishes to see a story on fairly clearly laid out lines and the cinema wants a revolution in the usage of its techniques. It seems to me that the answer must lie in a compromise. If the cinema were to explain its intentions more clearly and widely and directors were prepared to indulge in a greater amount of explanation through dialogue in their films it seems to me that this rift between the demands of audience and artist would be much more slight.

Balshavian Weather

Information supplied by J. Dawson and P. Corbett

After a rather cool start, the summer term was notable for some spells of excellent weather with daily maxima rising to over 18°C (65°F) on 20 of the 27 school days in June and July, culminating in 24°C (75°F) on the last day of term. At the other extreme, there were only 3 nights with frost, the last being on May 3rd.

10.5 inches of rain fell during the term, rather more than is usually expected, but it was very unevenly distributed. June was especially wet with 5.51 inches, but this was mainly accounted for by a most spectacular fall of 3.3 inches during the weekend June 24th and 25th. This set a record for intensity of rain that may well last a very long time.

	Max. Temp.	Min. Temp.	Rainfall
April	11.8°C	3.8°C	0.96 inches
May	13.8°C	5.3°C	3.42 inches
June	18.7°C	8.9°C	5.51 inches
July 1-14th	20.5°C	11.8°C	0.25 inches

Celebrity Interview

David Jacobs

by Colin Damp



David Jacobs, well-known compère and disc-jockey is forty-one years of age, married with four children, and became a disc-jockey with Radio SEAC in Ceylon where it was one of his duties as the station's chief announcer. . . .

Such might be the introduction to this article if it were for the "Woman's Realm" or some such rag. This, however, is the "Balshavian" where we do not go in for this kind of glorified advertisement but try, in our Celebrity Interview, more to probe the personality than merely to gaze distantly at the star.

Like many others we were struck by the fact that in a world where the tastes of the younger generation change so rapidly and are so much at variance with those of the older, David Jacobs seems continually to command the respect and enthusiasm of all. The reasons for this might, we felt, lay in his attitudes and beliefs regarding the particular world in which he lives, that of pop music.

His job is one which comes in for a lot of criticism. How, we wondered, does a middle-aged purveyor of teenage entertainment to England's youth feel? Gulliver amongst the Lilliputians? Certainly not!

"I do not consider myself a 'Gulliver . . .' because I do not consider my audience an all young one."

We felt the 'Gulliver' image might well be added to by Mr. Jacobs' quiet, refined approach to the 'patter between the platters', a characteristic which sets him apart from many of his colleagues. How does he achieve it without loss in popularity? He finds the question a difficult one which

"... might be easier answered if you asked someone other than me."

Exploitation is a word commonly used when talking about the attitude of people in the pop music business to their audiences. Do they think of us simply as money in the bank? Mr. Jacobs' reply:-

"If people had no regard for their audiences they would then have no money in the bank."

whilst leaving us unconvinced about some pop musicians, may go a long way to explain his own uniqueness.

On the subject of pop music in general, Mr. Jacobs admits to a personal passion for what he describes as *"the very best of pop music . . ."* such as that provided by Nancy Wilson, Frank Sinatra and such and is *"bored"* by electronic tricks and gimmicks like playing notes backwards. We were interested to note that he believes that

"It is a popular misconception that pop music is enjoyed more by teenagers than adults."

Somewhat surprisingly, though, he admits the validity of some popular criticisms of pop music:—

"I am sure you will agree with me that some pop records contain no music whatsoever."

and:—

"Lack of professionalism certainly does exist in a large number of pop records as does lasting value . . ."

but he goes on to make the point that even these types of music are necessary.

" . . . surely the best forms of music, be they pop or classical make themselves known to us after the rubbish has been sifted away."

In view of Mr. Jacobs' close connection with broadcasting and of what has become almost a national preoccupation with the current debates on its future, we were especially interested to know his opinion on this subject. Does he think that British broadcasting should be less restricted by law?

"I would like to see commercial radio in this country—I have been working to this end for a number of years—but I cannot condone the appearance of pirate stations . . ."

and by the Musicians' Union 'needle time' restrictions on the number of hours of gramophone records played per week?

"This . . . is one of the few countries in the world where dance bands and orchestras still exist . . . the musicians have their unions to thank for this, and I think our music scene as a whole does not suffer because of it. I do think, however, that the M.U. should be persuaded to extend the 'needle time' even further."

On the future of pop music, Mr. Jacobs doubts if, as we thought, the M.U.'s ban on miming will result in the abandoning of the very electronic tricks to which he takes such a dislike.

Whatever the future may bring, legalised pirates, BBC pop, or all-live performances, we have no doubt that pop music is here to stay, if only to take its place at the end of that ever-growing list of things which every older generation dislikes about every younger. Any claim, however, that it is impersonal, juvenile or idiotic cannot be upheld as long as there are people like David Jacobs around to make dignified but critical and constructive comment upon it.

Farewells

by Joyce Procter

Once again Balshaw's is saying Goodbye. Another well-known set of initials has disappeared from the timetable—PML has left us. Miss Leach has given most of us our first grounding in General Science and there will be few who do not remember her good work, though it was probably unappreciated at the time!

Miss Leach had been here ten years as a teacher and before that was a pupil of Balshaw's, and Head Girl in her last year. She came here from Goldsmith's College in London, taking up a post which had been vacant for a term, and continued to work with the Juniors ever since.

When asked about changes she mentioned particularly those in the attitude of pupils to staff, though she feels this is part of a general trend not limited to the school. She also said that the Sixth Form seemed to have more freedom now than when she belonged to it and a greater range of activities and societies now exist, though she feels the pupils often do not really appreciate this. One event whose disappearance she regrets is the end-of-term Tennis Tournament in which both staff and Sixth Form participated bringing them into closer contact than does the present Staff v. Pupils Tennis Match.

Miss Leach will be greatly missed, not only as a teacher, but as organizer of the Junior Arts and Crafts Society and the School branch of the National Savings. Her absence from the Tennis Courts, too, will be very noticeable, for her high standard of play made very agreeable watching during the summer, even while Wimbledon was on, and was a great source of envy to those of us not so talented.

Such a long association with the School cannot easily be broken and Miss Leach intends to keep up the connection as a member of the Old Students' Association, which she wishes more people would support; and we are glad to note that she will continue to live in Leyland and attend school functions.

We wish her good luck with whatever she does in the future (when I interviewed her, her plans for the future were not finally settled) and express our sincere hope that she will be as happy as she was here.

Our two assistants, Mademoiselle Grangier and Fräulein Pessler, left us this summer, but before doing so they talked about what they were to do next and the impressions they had received of England.

Mlle. Grangier came to find out about life in England not just to see the sights, but she had travelled quite a lot—the Lake District, Scarborough, most of the West Coast, and Yorkshire. She had visited England before and travelled in Devon, Hampshire, Sussex and Surrey but she still prefers the Lake District. In an effort to understand the English she visited factories and schools and went to Training College at Morecambe once a week but she still found some of our humour and manners difficult to fathom.

She thought teaching abroad was a good idea if one had previous teaching experience as she had, but thought it might be discouraging to start one's teaching career in a foreign country. She was disappointed that, as a result of the numerous activities at dinner-times which might otherwise have been a time for conversation, she did not get to know the staff better, especially as she was not living in the area. She has now gone home to the Rhône valley to teach French and History in a Secondary School.

Fräulein Pessler came here in the middle of her training, to improve her knowledge of England and English generally. She seemed to have enjoyed her year tremendously, not just because she was "abroad" but because she likes England for itself. She had travelled in Europe quite a lot, visiting Austria, Switzerland, France, Italy and Holland. After seeing most of the beauty spots in England (and Scotland) her favourite spot emerged as Yorkshire in general—Not the Lake District, she said emphatically—and her favourite towns are London and Oxford.

In her view a year teaching abroad is a course to be highly recommended to those studying a foreign language, although she herself may not spend her future as a teacher. She takes her final examinations at Munich University in September and will then do two years' teaching.

Fräulein Pessler left Balshaw's at the end of last term but she was very firm in her intention to return to England to see her friends, so we may hope to see her again sometime in the future perhaps.

We are also sad to have to record that Mrs. Barker will no longer be with us when School re-opens in September. Mrs. Barker, though only here on a temporary basis, took a very active part in the school, helping in the running of the Junior Society in addition to her duties as an English teacher. We sincerely hope that her present ill-health (which made it impossible for us to interview her) will not continue long and that she will be able to take up her career again once her health is recovered.

The Library

We should like to bring the following changes in routine to the attention of all readers of the magazine.

As from September 1st 1967 pupils wishing to borrow books from the School Library must obtain a Reader's Ticket from the librarians. No book is to be taken from the library unless it has been properly stamped and the ticket placed in the Reader's Ticket by the librarian. A book may be borrowed for a maximum period of 2 weeks. A fine of 3d. a week or part of a week will be made when the book is overdue.

The library is open between 10.45 a.m. and 11 a.m. on the following days:

Monday	-	-	-	-	Form 1
Tuesday	-	-	-	-	" 2
Wednesday	-	-	-	-	" 3
Thursday	-	-	-	-	" 4
Friday	-	-	-	-	" 5

Each pupil may borrow 1 book. Pupils below the Sixth Form can borrow books from the Reference Library **only** with the permission of a member of staff.

Sixth Form: Books may be borrowed at the above times or during Private Study. Again the book **must** be correctly stamped by the Sixth former on library duty. A maximum of 4 books is allowed at any one time. Sixth formers particularly are asked to co-operate in the smooth running of the library and not to take books which have not been correctly stamped and the pupil's ticket retained.

News of Old Balshavians

compiled by Marilyn Hutchinson

Several Old Balshavians were married recently.

Former head girl, Barbara Ward [1952], now a pharmacist, married civil engineer Derek Wright. Margaret Bagley became the wife of Mr. M. F. Littlewood. Ex-Balshavian Jean Bennett married Mr. K. Cross, and David Fleming married Miss Margaret Gregson. The wedding also took place between Carol Stubbings and Mr. J. D. Beardsworth.

Ex-Balshavian Graham Jackson, married teacher Miss Marion Shuttleworth, at Eccleston Methodist Church. Graham Jackson, one of the past music protégées of Balshaw's, is presently musical director for St. Ambrose Amateur Operatic Society who will be performing the Gilbert and Sullivan opera *Iolanthe* in September.

Other old students who recently married were Ian Turner to Linda Clough, Jean Sharples to Mr. P. N. Sothers, and Jean Melling to Mr. Leslie Gregson.

Dinah Mee, ex-Balshavian, who left Leyland for Rome in

March 1965 to take a job as a governess with an Italian family, has become engaged to a member of the Carabinieri—the Italian Military Police. Dinah and Franco Restivo plan to marry within the next two years, when the couple will reside in Rome.

For the second year in succession, ex-Balshavian Mrs. Eileen Eagle has shared the Leyland Urban District Council Cup award for the local competition with the most marks in the Leyland Rotary Club Music Festival.

Glynis Prendergast, who recently left Balshaw's to go to the Royal Academy of Music, has obtained her L.R.A.M.

Ex-Balshavian John Watson has been working for the last two years in a south west Pacific island, lecturing to young islanders, and training them so that they themselves can become teachers and improve educational standards. After four months leave, John will return to the Gilbert and Ellice Islands to continue his missionary work.

Congratulations to ex-Balshavian Michael Damp and his wife Pauline, on the arrival of their baby daughter Alison Jayne; also to Anthony Salisbury whose wife recently gave birth to a girl, Rosemary Anne.

We offer our congratulations to the following Old Balshavians who obtained degrees recently. These include Melvin King, First Class Honours; Alexander Lawrie, ex-head boy, Upper Second Honours B.A. at Lancaster University; Jackie Sowman, B.Sc. from Leeds University; Anne Nelson, M.A., Edinburgh; Henry Barron, B.Sc., Lancaster; former head girl Elizabeth Nelson, First Class Honours in English at Bedford College, London (Elizabeth is staying on to read for a further degree); D. M. Salisbury, First Class Honours in Mathematics at Liverpool University.

We apologise for any omissions and as always further news will be most welcome.

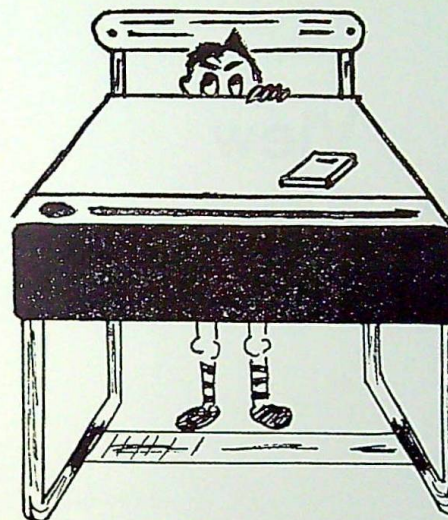
Do you agree?

"The difference between journalism and literature is that whilst journalism is unreadable, literature is not read."—Oscar Wilde.



"Children should be born out of eggs at sixteen."—
— G. B. Shaw . . . "with nine 'O' levels." — C. S. Hilditch.

Junior View



Ribble Valley

Another in the exciting adventures of Commander Smith and his troop

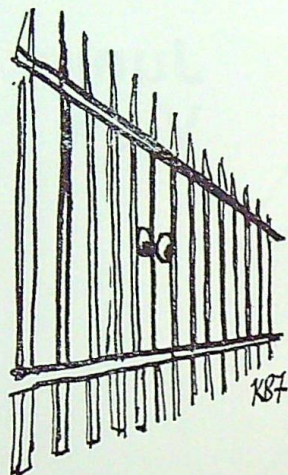
by Martin Roscoe 3G.

One sunny day a group of hardy adventurers arrived at Balshaw's. Many were the theories as to their mission, the ascent of Everest, or the north face of the Eiger? No! The following of a stream from its source to the Ribble.

A little after 9 o'clock the coach arrived and we all piled in, destination Longridge Fell. At Preston we were joined by Mrs. Till, an ex-Balshaw's teacher. Finally we arrived at Longridge Fell.

Mr. Smith's announcement "The stream begins here," left the class in a state of anxiety pertaining to the absence of the aforementioned article. After much hunting and searching a certain member of our party stumbled on (or in) "The stream".

The long 4-mile trek began. Voluminous notebooks appeared and everyone started writing furiously. As we followed the stream it gradually grew in volume. After a mile or so the little trickle became quite a torrent as it rushed through a yawning chasm. After the formality of lunch was done with, on again—through farmyards and fields of mud, which incidentally our guides led us into. Finally we arrived at Ribchester where we saw the stream we had followed flow into the Ribble.



View From The Street

This term's question-

*What are the advantages of
being at school in 1967?*

"If you do all the work necessary then life at school is as hard as it ever was. The advantages come later."

*

"There are no advantages. Quite the reverse. There are too many distractions nowadays, most of which are in direct conflict with the work of the school."

*

"There are more opportunities these days as well as better advice and other kinds of assistance, but because they are taken for granted they are not appreciated."

*

"It depends which school you mean."

*

"You can save more by walking to school than you used to."

*

"They don't have to carry gasmasks."

*

"It's more fun."

*

"You don't have to wash up."

*

"Thanks to paperbacks books cost less."

*

"Leaving in 1968."

Focus on You

In a discussion on the contents of Junior View it was suggested that there were perhaps one or two topics which could best be dealt with by first collecting information by means of a questionnaire. These particular items had not been included in the full scale survey of three years ago and in any case these articles have proved firm favourites with our readers. Since it was not really possible to include everyone the information on which the following articles are based was derived from replies from one-third of the school only. Nevertheless it is our impression that it is fairly representative. We hope that readers who disagree will put their views on paper and send them to us.

Getting it and spending it

by Anita Horrocks

A source of disagreement between parents and children is the delicate matter of pocket money. Although children are not forced into mines in this supersonic age many of us have to work to supplement the mere pittance of pocket money we receive from our ever-generous parents. About 50% of those questioned do hold paying jobs, equal number of both boys and girls. The most hard-working pupils, in terms of time worked, are in the third form, whilst not many fourth and fifth formers have jobs. Of the 29 first year pupils only nine had jobs and six of these were boys. In the second year the percentage of the girls who hold jobs was higher than that of the boys, whilst in the sixth form an over-

whelming number of boys had paid jobs. A parent grumbles and groans over poor reports, but why not give more money to his over-worked child, allowing the poor unfortunate to work at his books, instead of in the mines.

As so many Balshavians hold jobs, we thought it only proper to show the wide variety of careers pursued by these students. Jobs ranged from the answer "Baby-sitting—s Pork Butchers" to a "most" unusual job held by a boy in the lower sixth! First form boys do housework, shopping and shoe cleaning, whilst the girls weed and plant flowers. Amongst second and third form boys paper rounds are very popular, and girls serve as shop assistants and also one stalwart female who helps her father on a building site. From the fourth year upwards jobs include baby-sitters, shop assistants and egg-packers for girls, and market research and garage work for the boys. We feel sure that Balshavians do not work for pleasure, and that the typical reply to the question, "What kind of job is it?" would be "hard", as one labourer put it.

A frequent complaint is that school children do not have enough spare time, and we asked how many hours per week does the job take. This is a difficult question to answer as some have jobs only during the holidays, or at weekends. In fact, we ascertained that 20% have jobs only during the holidays, most of these being sixth form boys. Of the boys who do holiday jobs two work a forty-hour week and the rest an average of a seven-hour week. Of those who do not just work in this holidays (i.e. 82, 96 pupils did not hold jobs of the 175 questioned), girls in the lower school work least, at about 2½ hours a week on average, further up the school the time lengthening to become an average of fifteen hours per week for a fifth or sixth year **girl**. The hours of work of the boys tended to vary a great deal. The average hours of work of a first form boy is, surprisingly, lower than his female counterpart: being about two hours per week. In the upper school some boys work an average eight hours per week, and others a twelve-hour week, again less than the average working girl.

"Money isn't everything—but it helps." This is the view held by many of us. If we are going to work long hours, surely we want to be paid for our toil. Of course, wages vary according to the time and nature of the work, but an average

wage per hour can be found for each age group. For those working in shops the pay is 2s. 6d. per hour, baby sitters receive 2s. per hour. On an average fifth and sixth form boys receive 5s. per hour, the girls 3s. per hour. In the lower forms 1s. 6d. is usual for a girl, and for the boys 2s. per hour is the average.

A general view held is that our parents do not approve of the younger generation's "mod attire". "Short skirts, tight jeans, can't tell whether it's a boy or girl" is the usual comment. But we wondered how many parents actually prevent their children from wearing the current fashions. In our questionnaire we asked our victims if they were permitted to choose their own clothes. The result was that seven only, out of the total of 175 questioned, did not choose their own clothes. Whether restrained either by parents or by laziness it is difficult to say. Five of the non-choosers were boys, four from the lower school, and one from the lower sixth. The two girls were from the first and second years. Can the comment "I don't wear any" be counted? So we Balshavians are very independent in this field, or is it just that our parents have learnt to be come oblivious of their offsprings' efforts to follow the latest trend? Or do we only **think** we choose?

That's Entertainment

by Pauline Beales

In view of the assertion that we are a generation of record buyers we thought it reasonable to try to offer some evidence either for or against and at the same time to bring to light other facts concerning Balshavians and the mass media.

What sort of records do Balshavians buy? A somewhat impossible question to answer, but we tried, remember that.

Three boys in the first form professed to buy their own records, yet four named the last record they had bought. Funny, I thought, who's kidding who? Seriously though, 50% of the records bought by first form boys were not pop. 'The King and I', and '1812 overture'; and in the second form 'Gems of the Classics', and 'Peer Gynt' were mentioned by name.

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On the whole, Balshavians hate parting with their money for records. For every first form girl who does buy her own records, there are eight who don't. Yet in the lower sixth the ratio is 13:1 in favour of buying own records. Aha, I thought, significant, they have more money. But, much to my disappointment, no girl in the upper sixth buys her own records. And for every one boy who does, six and a half boys don't buy their own records. Perhaps they spent all their money in the lower sixth!

As a matter of interest 'the Monkees' are the most popular amongst female Balshavian record buyers.

Are we a nation of radio listeners? Well, we listen. It is too varied to work out how much exactly. The lowest hours of listening in a week was none, the highest 'three hundred perhaps'. (What's her secret of such a long week?) And what do we listen to? Although we had anticipated some lack of discrimination and specifically asked for the favourite programme, 50% replied 'Radio Caroline', comment enough on the kind of listening that these people indulge in! At least someone in each year gave Radio Caroline, the lowest being one in form 3g. Easily the outstanding B.B.C. radio programme was I.S.I.R.T.A. (it received 15 votes).

Balshavians also enjoy watching T.V. Our tastes vary and the list of programmes is too long to give in full in our modest, little column. The most popular programme is the Frost report. Coming a very close second is The Monkees. Quite a few people enjoy the Magic Roundabout, with the ever famous Dougal up to his dastardly deeds. Some 'don't care', one 'never watch it'. Others like 'Top Cat', and 'Time for a Laugh'. 'Lucky Jim' is also quite a favourite. The rest were very varied, of which 'Top of the Pops' ranked high. The others ranged from 'Trumpton' to 'The Untouchables'. In fact, nothing very significant emerged apart from the fact that tastes differ very little between the first form and the sixth.

Since we watch television so much, perhaps we find no need for the Cinema. At last, we were right. From the entire school, the person who went to the cinema the most in the last month was in the lower sixth: he went thirteen times. The next highest was eight, also in the lower sixth, the next five, then four and so on down to none, the average being none.

You, Your Parents and Your School

by Carol Rennie

"My parents are always nagging at me" is the cry very often heard. Do our parents really have cause to complain, we asked ourselves. We set out to discover this. Do you, for instance, ever show any interest in your father's work? The majority we asked said that they do—but perhaps this may

be accounted for in a comment made by a sixth former, "Only on payday." We found, to our surprise, that of those who take an interest, the majority are boys especially those in the third and sixth forms. However only three sixth form girls said that they weren't interested in what their fathers worked at.

We then went on to ask, when did you last consciously do something to help your parents? After all, most parents, at one time or another, say "you never do anything to help." Of those asked, about fifty per cent said yesterday and another twenty-five per cent said today. However not one sixth form girl said today. (Are they too busy taking an interest in their father's work?) Almost twice as many boys as girls said last week and almost three times as many boys said that they couldn't remember. One bright spark out of the sixth form added that when he last did something to help his parents he was unconscious at the time!

We then wondered if pupils ever tried to bring parents into their world by asking, if they talked to their parents about school, were they likely to be criticising something or praising something, fearing not that there would be nothing to praise, but that it is part of our nature to complain and to ignore or take for granted all the things that we ought to be thankful for. An overwhelming majority admitted that they usually criticised the school. We were happy to find that about one quarter, more than we expected, usually both criticised and praised the school. Only seven out of the total number questioned said that they usually praised the school when talking to their parents. The fourth formers seemed particularly unhappy creatures—not one fourth form girl did anything but criticise, and none of the boys praised the school. Our wittier friends between the third and sixth forms said that they never spoke to their parents or that neither of their parents speak. On such utterances are reputations built! A conscious effort to demonstrate the good is surely never out of place.

We then wanted to know whether parents ever take an interest in what their children do. With the current debate about selection much in mind our first question here was who worried more about the eleven plus, you or your parents? Surprisingly we found that slightly more pupils than parents claimed that they worried more, most of these being first, second and third form girls. It was mainly boys' parents who worried most! Of course as usual we had some witty comments from the boys who politely informed us that their parents did not take the eleven plus, and there were others who said that nobody worried or that it was their cat, dog or teacher who worried. One poor sixth former's big toe did all the worrying!

Do your parents read the school magazine? was our next question. After all it is usually they who pay for it. Much to our delight we found that almost everyone's parents read the magazine — that is, of course, "if they are given the chance," as we were told by one male member of the upper sixth said "Yes—when I give it to them; of course it is always nice to know that it serves some useful purpose"; as a member of the lower sixth said "they use it to light the fire." Of the few parents who do not read the magazine we found that they were mainly parents of fourth form boys.

Having discovered that most parents do read the magazine we wondered what kind of comment they made about it. The most pleasant comments came from the parents of the upper sixth boys and girls (or should we say young ladies and young gentlemen—as we were informed by one pupil!). Some of these parents found the magazine "better than it used to be" or "interesting", whilst others said it was "very good" or "enjoyable". Opinions about the school magazine were definitely divided throughout the school. Only a few called it "rubbish" or "trash". However, we managed to pass the examination of the majority, most of whom showed "general approval". Some unfortunate parents "don't know it exists" whilst others "look at the pictures 'cos they can't read." Others only read "what I have read."

Magazine Requests

by Anita Horrocks

One last question: which kind of article in the School magazine do you prefer? Although we try to please everyone in the magazine, it is a common complaint that we do not. First form choice is usually different from that of the sixth form, who require "intelligent" and "stimulating" articles, whereas the first formers cry out for "Junior Stories". One article which seems popular with all the School is the questionnaire; this is a favourite of many of the third year. Sixth year students prefer satirical articles and opinion polls. Many second, third and fourth year boys liked sport reports whilst the girls wanted quizzes. Both boys and girls in the fifth had similar preferences, these being humorous stories and articles. So may we respectfully advise you that with such a great variety of tastes, the only way to get your own favourite article is to write it yourself.

Overheard...

"A circle is a curved line with no bends in it, joined up so as not to show where it started."—Secondary School girl.

Out of This World

Following the arrival of television at Balshaw's we have been listening for reactions but most seem to have accepted it without comment. The general opinion seems to be that it is easier to remember things seen on television, although one or two have said that the programmes give too much information too quickly. "At least, it has given members of the sixth form something to do," said one envious fourth former when she heard that they had been watching Wimbledon.

During the Summer Term we had the unique spectacle of members of the junior forms rehearsing for concerts completely unsupervised. Such self-organised activity is surely something which deserves the utmost encouragement and we are glad to hear that the inter-form music competition which was to have taken place at the beginning of July was only postponed and not cancelled.

We note that only the Junior Society was successfully active during the summer months whilst its more senior counterpart showed little sign of life.

With examinations still very much in mind, it is perhaps interesting to speculate on the motives and practices of the examination artists who seem to conclude every examination with a cartoon or abstract design. Should the last question require the candidate to 'draw a subject of your own choice on the other side of this paper'? If these were collected, might not a suitably trained person be able to provide the marker with valuable information about the psychological state of his victim?

Do these people only draw, in fact, when they have finished, or is it an act of bravado to discourage their competitors? We heard of one case in which crayons and mathematical instruments were taken into every examination with the sole intent of "doing some drawing." A sign of an artistic temperament if ever there was one.

On to the subject of examinations again, have you ever sat and watched the invigilator? It can be very entertaining. In he walks, and pupils, shaking at the knees, stand up. "Sit down and somebody give those papers out," he bawls in an authoritative voice. "No more talking, you may begin now." You look up, a sarcastic smile spreads across his face. "That's shut that lot up, he thinks to himself. What shall I do, mark some books? No, they might cheat." For a while he sits staring around, trying to frighten everyone to death. In actual fact he's bored stiff. Then he decides to have a walk around and see how they're doing. Clip, c'lop, clip, c'lop, he marches around the room knocking pens and rulers off the desks with his cloak, frustrating the poor candidates. After about three quarters of an hour in walks another invigilator.

They smile at each other. The first whispers something to the other and they both laugh. (This can be very infuriating if you can't hear what they are saying), and the first tiptoes out.

This event takes place every two years, it is the ancient Balshavian custom of the taking of pictures. Momentos of this glorious occasion are hung at intervals along the walls of our School. These photographs are highly treasured as antiques, for they represent the golden era of Balshaw's, or so we are told.

The age-old ceremony was first observed in the early years of Balshaw's when the first "watch the dicky-bird" echoed through the timeless corridors of our School. From time immemorial the pupils, neatly dressed in regulation uniforms, have formed orderly, silent lines, waiting with bated breath to play their own part in the ritual. Upon the lush green lawns, benches and chairs are arranged in ritualistic arc and facing south and it is on these that the pupils and staff alike stand, sit or cling during the ceremony.

In the centre of activity stands a noble and imperious figure—the high priest—on whose magic the whole ritual depends. He waits for all to assemble, now and then issuing sharp commands to those pupils who do not understand his simple instructions. At last all the students are ready, a silent trumpet sounds and the teachers, each in his or her appointed place, walk in solemn and dignified procession to take their places amidst the pupils.

There is a hush, the great camera begins to revolve. Slowly it turns from one side of the huge assembly to the other capturing the scene by which we shall be remembered by those who follow us. The ceremony is complete. Teachers and pupils a second time resume their gloomy stance, although some help is needed for those who suffer from lock-jaw, after which all depart and in silence take up their duties with a deep consciousness of their contribution to the life of a school and aware of the importance of the ritual which has survived throughout the years of Balshaw's glorious history.

Special prints of the School photograph are available at an extra charge. Horns and beards 2s. extra.

Day Trippers

by Christine Walsh, IV3

Through four years we had watched with envy as others had gaily set off up the drive to embark on the coach that was to take them on their "trip". Now it was our turn, but even so persuasive arguing with a variety of teachers proved neces-

sary before we were finally released. Finally, all objections overcome, Mr. Berkett had included us in his party with the warning that unless we behaved ourselves we would find ourselves back on the school field studying buttercups. And so, on Wednesday 28th June we arrived at school, most indiscreetly dressed in varied forms of hiking gear, fully prepared for biological field study at Ainsdale.

Perhaps rather unexpectedly we were all on the coach at the stated time but where was Mr. Beckett? He finally arrived, only a little late, dressed rather differently from ourselves in a collar and tie, sports jacket, and carrying a brown paper carrier bag.

Of course, the weather lived up to Mr. Smith's cheerful prediction. It began to rain shortly after we set off.

It seems that Mr. Beckett's instructions on what we should take and what we should leave at home were not heeded, but at least we all seemed to be prepared for rain, as we tramped along the sea-shore in groups with heads down and hoods up. Then we ventured inland and over the sand-dunes, our shoes rapidly filling with the loose dry sand. This was soon to be turned into wet sand as we squelched through the marshy 'bird sanctuary' trying to "keep to the left of the wooden posts." Footpath indeed! It was more like paddling up a stream!

Being at the head of the party, and leaving Mr. Beckett, Mr. Smith and his little band of four lower sixth formers quite a way behind us, we chose our own spot to have our dinner; the others followed suit. We amused ourselves by throwing pine-cones into a little stream which had been dammed up and tried to decide whether they opened or closed when they became wet. We also tried to empty our shoes and blistered toes of wet, clinging sand. This did not prove at all worthwhile as we resumed the sandy track through the woodlands.

We passed two crowds of school-children who eyed our 'suitable footwear' with appreciation. One little girl who noticed the boxer dog which attached itself to us, till we mounted the coach on our return, said "oh look, they've even got a guard dog!"

After passing over a golf course and railway line and still not losing the animal, we scrambled onto our longed-for coach and tried to forget about it. We were hot, thirsty, and full of sand.

By the time we had arrived back at school at five minutes to four, we had been refreshed by cans of coca-cola from a shop near to where the coach had parked and were considerably less breathless. But did our legs ache!

Questions Answered

features

The Stationery Store

We are greatly indebted to Mr. Smith for so kindly providing the information on which these answers are based and we would like to offer a further word of thanks for all the work that he does for the School by keeping everyone equipped with stationery.

What does being in charge of the store involve?

It would seem that perhaps the trickiest part of this is having to estimate needs far in advance. If supplies are used up a supplementary order has to be made and this is subject to delay since all orders must "go through the usual channels" which can take as much as two months. All of which has to be achieved without overspending, our allowance (although "adequate") being strictly limited.

Stock books have to be kept and continually brought up to date and it is these which provide the basis for further estimates.

What do the assistants do?

Two assistants are appointed each year, from the Lower Sixth, and although their jobs are relatively simple they require accuracy and constant attendance, mainly during form meetings. Their chief task is to issue new exercise books (only if the old one has been signed by the subject teacher) and to keep a list showing the number of books received by each pupil and for which subject. Writing paper is given out ten sheets at a time to members of the Sixth Form and again careful records are kept.

Exactly when is the store open?

Five minutes morning and afternoon during form meetings and this is usually sufficient to deal with all demands. Only very rarely is extra time needed.

As we have to attend form meetings, sometimes in distant corners of the school, is it not possible to open at four o'clock?

In view of the great haste shown by the vast majority to leave the school buildings at four it hardly seems likely that there would be sufficient numbers to justify opening the store at this time. School buses won't wait.

Is it possible to buy books and paper at the store?

It is only possible to buy a book as a replacement for one which has been lost, but only after the money has been given to the secretary and a receipt obtained. No money changes hands at the store.

Why not sell things such as rulers, compasses, etc.?

The demand for such things seems to be quite adequately met by shops outside the school. Why trespass when we have enough to keep us busy anyway?

Are there any things which you are asked for which you do not stock?

Some people ask for board dusters, drawing pins or sticky labels, none of which are kept in the store, mainly due to inadequate space. With more storage space larger stocks of stationery could be kept and fewer supplementary orders would be necessary.

Why are exercise books so thick and bulky?

It would seem that the thick covers enable them to last longer. Thinner covers would obviously tear off more easily and turn up at the corners more quickly.

Why not different colours for each subject?

This is possible but just think of the number of colours. Twelve at least. This would make the whole business of estimating and ordering much more complicated and the benefits would have to be weighed up very carefully before such a step was taken.

Happy Days

We asked members of the first forms to write about what they missed most from their primary school days. Many of them wandered off the point, often concentrating on their first impressions of Balshaw's which was the theme of an earlier article in these columns. However, as some of these impressions were different from the earlier ones, we are glad to be able to include them now.

★

"I miss playing with plasticine and sand."

★

"I also miss chasing the cows off the field when they came trampling on the new grass seedlings."

★

"I miss the chattering young voices of the little children and the quiet hush of the countryside where the little school was situated."

"At the other school we were always having harvest festivals and stupid things like that wasted half the morning."

★

"Another thing is, that we didn't work every single minute of the day as we do here and we used to have private study or silent reading."

★

"The other school was much more modern whereas this has been going for over a hundred years."

★

"Half our Saturdays were taken up with garden parties or such like. All we did was dance around in stupid frilly dresses with crepe paper as daisies."

★

"I miss the happiness of the teachers."

★

"The lessons at Primary School were fixed into you slowly."

★

"We did P.E. or physical execution—I honestly didn't know the difference."

★

"We had longer lessons so the teachers could make it sink in more."

★

"I miss being allowed to talk to the teachers."

★

"The teachers didn't go mad quite so often if you hadn't done your homework."

★

"I miss the fights we had just before we went home."

★

"I miss being called by my first name."

★

"I'm always missing the teachers."

★

"I miss having to choose which clothes to wear."

★

"Cricket wasn't so good. Six stumps were put out and the bats were a bit worn out but still in use."

★

"We didn't get homework but before the eleven plus we got lots of intelligence tests to practise."

★

"We had a swimming bath, a bit small but we were able to go in twice a week."

★

"I miss not having to write things for the School Magazine."

★

"I miss the sense of superiority I had over the younger children."

"We could always strip off when it was hot."

★

"I really miss the mile walk to school every day."

★

"The time I miss most is the newt season when I used to stay behind and let the newts crawl all over me."

★

"One of the things I miss most of all is the snowball fights we used to have against the men from Leyland Motors ('the Baddies'). Every time we were caught we had a snowball shoved down our throats."

★

"I miss the washing up."

★

"All the girls in the top class got the best hooks."

★

"In our old school everyone knew where each room was but in this school no one seems to know where room 7 or U.6. Science are. I shall be going into 2L/2 next year and I don't know where it is."

★

"There is one funny thing I shall never forget. One day Mr. E. was showing Mr. W. how to fish properly (on the grass!). He threw the line so as to show him how to do it and, low and behold, he hooked a boy by the trousers. Mr. E. being a keen fisherman always had ideas but all about fish. One day he said 'I've a very good idea' (We all knew what about!). 'We will make a book about fishing and fish'."



"Though it can't be helped I miss my old friends very much. I have made new ones here but I still remember the old ones."

"The nice lads are never clever enough to come to grammar school."

★

On Balshaw's

"There is always someone you don't know here and you feel so silly asking who it is because everyone laughs at you."

★

"The desks here are not as big as those at my primary school."

"What I don't like is having to come out so early for a special bus."

★

"At this school we have several more subjects than at the other one."

★

"The best thing is starting at 9-45 on the first day of term. It means that I don't have to scramble about and trip over everything to get my clothes on in time. The only drawback is that my mother forgets to make breakfast at the usual time and I've got to get up and eat it."

★

"We go on more trips and these are much appreciated."

★

"I do get less homework than I had at primary school."

★

"Altogether I would rather be here even though it is much harder work."

★

"In fact, I didn't miss anything at all because Balshaw's is twice as good."

★

"It is too hot and sticky here."

★

"At Balshaw's you have better people to run against like Malcolm Gill."

★

"We have so many teachers we can't get to know them."

★

"This school is better equipped, especially for science."

★

"I like the smashing teachers and being able to play on the fields at break and at dinner time."

★

"I like the gym."

And so say all of us!

"I miss the view from the fourth form windows most. When I was fed up with stuffy English or reading lessons I could look out of the large windows into the large garden opposite. This was full of roses in summer and it was much better than English.

"There were a lot of trees on which pieces of fat and bread and coconut were hung. It was very amusing to watch the birds swinging upside down in their efforts to get the food. I miss the garden too. This was a piece cut off from the playing fields and it was a privilege for fourth formers to go and sit on the seats there. The garden had a hedge all round it. This was entwined with convolvulus and full of caterpillars. The grass was cut short and there was a lovely smell from the roses. There were plenty of trees, one was an enormous red copper beech. There were plenty of flowers and the beds ran right under the classroom window. This was handy because I did never like milk."

★

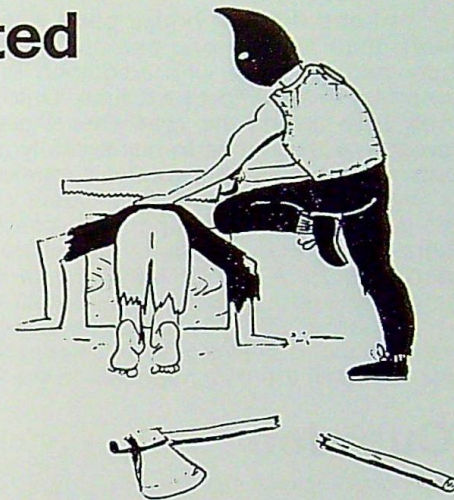
In the first class in the Infants most of the time is spent playing. On the first day of term all the children crying and not daring to leave their mother's side go unhappily into the classroom all except one person, me. From what I had seen from my sister I was going to enjoy school, I was mistaken. The first thing I remember that made me miserable was when playing with wooden balls. They unscrewed until the last; in the last ball was a little man. In mine there was no little man. I wept bitterly.

The thing I liked best was, each person had an animal or bird on a piece of sticky paper. One piece of this would be stuck on the coat peg and another, the same picture, would be put in the pump locker. My bird was a swan.

Did You Know?

This school had an endowment which included the income from properties in Denmark St., London,—better known as Tin Pan Alley.

Contributed



House Reports Clayton

by Margaret Gormley

The year 1966/67 has proved reasonably successful for Clayton. The girls have done especially well, although the tennis results were not too successful, emerging triumphant in the Hockey Leagues and also the Rounders Leagues and Knockouts. May I thank Jean Prescott at this point for so ably organising these activities throughout the year and also all the teams, especially the Rounders team for their efforts which culminated in well-deserved victories.

The boy's results have been a little disappointing, the only moments of glory occurring when we tied in the Rounders Leagues and when Sawyer won the Cross Country. Nevertheless an effort was made.

In the athletics championship we only managed to achieve third place but congratulations must be given to Pamela Cunliffe who became Junior Victrix, to Sawyer who won the mile with what appeared to be considerable ease and to the boys' U-13 relay team who broke the previous record set in 1953. Sincere thanks must be given to everyone who participated, particularly the girls' relay teams who practised so hard in the weeks immediately preceding the event.

I hope that the house party was enjoyed. Far more hard work than anyone can perhaps imagine went into this occasion and to those who disdained to attend may I ask them to make every effort next time. Unfortunately or not, it is the only time during the year when there is a chance for all age groups of the house to mix socially and the more people that attend, naturally the greater success of the evening.

The year saw the first music competition between the houses. Watching this performance I was impressed as I am sure many others were, by the obvious enthusiasm of all the participants. A big THANK-YOU to everyone who helped in any way and remember—next year we WILL win!

In conclusion, I would like to wish all members of Clayton who are leaving every success in the future and to welcome all the new members in the first forms.

Cuerden

by Joan Penswick

The past year has been one of varied success and downfall for the house.

Our House Party, the first of the New Year, I think, a success in every way including the change in the refreshment arrangements, an attempt to bring prefects and staff into closer contact. The entertainment was provided by certain sixth form boys who formed a rousing and amusing spectacle.

The results of the Hockey Leagues and Knock-outs would be best forgotten but our team remained undaunted in spite of the skill of the opposing forces. The Rounders and Tennis results were like those of the Hockey season, not particularly good. Despite the indifferent success of the house in these sports I would like to take this opportunity of thanking the teams for their valiant efforts and Hilary Sumner for organising these activities.

The boys, however, have done considerably better, being in the finals for both the Rugby and Cricket Knock-outs. They also held a high position in the Cricket Leagues.

The house was more successful in the field on Sports Day when we won the relay cup and came a close second in the finals, being only six points behind Worden.

Jean Spedding deserves special congratulations for breaking the under 13's Dribbling the Hockey Ball record. Congratulations also to Ann Rigby who won the under 13's 100 yards, Vivienne Brewster who won the under 15's 100 yards and Susan Brewster who won the under 13's Throwing the Rounders Ball.

Smith again came close to being the Victor and gained many points for the house. Bentham was also in fine form on Sports Day and won several track events. In addition to the

triumphs of these two senior members, eight under 15 boys showed their strength when they won the House Tug against Worden.

During the last term a considerable number of people have been busy rehearsing for the musical competition. After the initial nervousness had been overcome everything went well and the musical ability of the Cuerden members enabled us to win the Cup. I am indebted to Linda Kidd, Margaret Norris, Damp and Bentham who have given up so much of their valuable time to arrange the programme and practices necessary for such a concert. I would also like to thank Smith for introducing the items.

It is with regret that I record the death, following an accident during the Easter holidays, of Peter Singleton. He was an active member of the house and took part in Rugby and Cricket fixtures and was also invaluable in providing suitable music and entertainment for the House Party. His loss has been greatly felt, and we extend our sympathy to his parents, brother and sister.

Worden

by June E. Holden

My year as House Captain has been made easy and pleasant, thanks to the enthusiasm and co-operation of the various team members.

Once more Worden emerged as champions on Sports Day. Although Worden was in the lead by Sports Day it was a very close fight right up to the end. The final relay was indeed one of the most tense and exciting that I have seen. Worden and Cuerden were so close that the final result depended on the outcome of that event. If Cuerden had won with Worden third, Cuerden would have won the championship. The members of the Open Boys' relay team, however, rose to the occasion and brought Worden out on top. I should like to thank all those who took part in the activities and helped to make the effort worthwhile. I should also like to congratulate Frances Newsham who retained her title of Victrix for the fourth year, which is a truly admirable record and also Walne and Calvert, who were victor and junior victor respectively, three members of whom the House should be very proud.

After a hard fought match against Farington the girls won the Hockey Knock-outs by one goal to nil. Worden also won the Tennis Knock-outs, beating Clayton, although the latter gained their revenge in the finals of the Rounders Knock-outs. The members of the league and knock-out teams seemed to be enthusiastic and eager to play for their

House, although the rest of the House seem to show a surprising lack of interest.

The boys have an admirable record this year as they have been triumphant in both rugby and cricket as well as having a good record in the athletic events.

Thanks are not only due to all team members and those who took part in or helped in any way in the music competition, especially Beales and Mrs. Maxwell, but also Mr. Wilkinson and Miss Leach for their unfailing help and support.

The end of this term will be a sad event for Worden members as it means that we must say goodbye to our House mistress, Miss Leach. Rawcliffe and I feel that a special word of thanks should be given to Miss Leach as she has spent a great deal of time and effort in making all House activities enjoyable and successful. Her presence at many of the girls' matches has been very much appreciated and given the teams an incentive to succeed. As House Captain, I am very grateful for all the help and support that Miss Leach has given, which I am sure is true for House Captains in the past. We hope that Miss Leach is as proud of being connected with the House as we are of having been under her leadership.

Farington

by Barbara Grayson

Fortune, so they say, favours the brave. On the face of it, it would seem then that the efforts of Faringtonians over the past year have been anything but brave. This may be the impression one would first draw from scanning the results of our ventures on the sports field. However, as is often the case, first impressions are often misleading. To say that our efforts in every sphere have been unstintingly brave would be nearer the truth. Fortune however, I am afraid, has not favoured us in any instance with outright success. All the same our year has been interesting and full and satisfaction can be drawn from the consistently high standards attained, with the possible exception of a rather indifferent performance on Sports Day.

In the Hockey Leagues we were runners-up to Clayton, goal average being the deciding factor. In the Hockey Knock-outs we reached the final by defeating Cuerden 1—0. On the day of the final however, our side, sadly depleted by the absence of four strong players, was defeated.

The efforts of the girls on the tennis courts proved successful in that we won the Tennis Leagues; however in the Knock-outs we fared less well, being knocked out in the first round despite a fine effort by our first couple.

On paper our rounders team appeared strong, however out on the pitch it proved otherwise. We lost to an enthusiastic Worden side in the first round of the Knock-out competition. I am not sure that the fact that Roger Taylor that day appeared in the Wimbledon semi-final shown on television had not something to do with our defeat.

This last year has seen an innovation in inter-house competition with the concerts held towards the end of the Summer Term. The whole affair was enjoyable both in preparation and performance. After the assessments had been made Farington ran a close second to Cuerden. This success was due, in no small part, to the unrelenting efforts and creativity of Frank Ryding.

The only real social event on this year's calendar, the House Party, was a little out of season being held towards the end of February, but on the whole it was quite enjoyable, the high spot of the evening being when the record player broke down.

The male members of Farington have had a similar year on the sports ground. In the knock-outs of both rugby and cricket they were dismissed in the first round. Whilst the leagues proved more enterprising, success again evaded Farington.

However, some consideration for our unsuccessful sports year, our year of "near misses" can be drawn from the fact that once again Farington secured the Silver Griffin on Speech Day.

I would like to thank all members of the House who have participated in our efforts throughout the year and console them with the fact that there is a new year beginning in September when once more they will be allowed to sparkle and rally round and who knows? Take heart anyway and perhaps . . . on to greater things!

Galloping

by Elizabeth Goodwin, Form 1B

This morning is exactly right
To gallop, gallop, with all your might!
The birds in the trees merrily sing,
And your ears with pounding hoof-beats ring.
A log looms up in your headlong race
And you have no time to alter your pace,
So over you fly with the greatest of ease
And your hair is blown by a playful breeze.
To gallop swiftly on spring turf
Is truly the nicest thing on earth,
Trees and bushes go rushing by,
It's almost as good as learning to fly.



Autumn Lane

by Alan Heald, L6 Arts

We walked under a glorious canopy of trees,
 Gaudy in their Autumn show,
 Their gold and scarlet leafage dropping from their drooping
 boughs
 Silently, slowly gliding in the mild breeze, the colourful flow,
 Of russet, red and amber in profusion,
 Rustling and dancing in confusion;
 Joy in maturity,
 Beauty in death.

Visions of a cow

by Pat Johnson, 4/3

The cow's left eye lashes blink over gentle
 Brown eyes that see the birds flying high
 In the sky with no realisation of what it is
 Like to be owned by no one and to own the
 Sky. Her world is a field where grass is
 Life and where the sun sends its warming
 Rays lazily over the swaying corn.
 Two miles away in a slaughter house the
 Sounds of the bolts as they enter the animals'
 Skulls are heard, and there is a sound of
 Ripping flesh which is still warm, and warm
 Blood is on the floor and on the slaughterer's hands.
 To the cow the yellow of the sun and corn
 Is a vision seen through yellow cellophane
 Too soon to be distorted into truth.

Rabbit

by Glenis Higham, 4/3

Rabbit, darting across my path.
 Rabbit, gaunt in winter's aftermath.
 I think you and I have a lot in common:
 We are both fugitives from a fear we do not understand.
 I, of an ever-drifting present sand;
 Of hate; of shame; of an atom bomb;
 Of things past, and things to come.
 You, of a dispassionate bullet;
 Of a steel trap; an excited hound;
 Of pouncing, sharp claws; and crimson gullet;
 Of bitter frost,
 We are both lost,
 Lost in a wilderness of things we neither know,
 Nor understand.
 But now you are lost to sight,
 And I, too, must hurry before the night,
 You, to hollow earth,
 And I, to hollow stone.

A moment's pleasure

by Kathleen Poole, 4/3

When you are young the sun seems to rise early and set slowly when you are sent to bed at 7.30 p.m. on a light summer evening. So thought Ian Kilroy and about twenty million other children all over the world. There was nothing original about this thought but this does not bother infant minds. Ian was about seven years old. "Seven years two months and three days," he would say. Not seven, but 'rising eight'.

Beneath the turned-back quilt, Ian's partly visible figure lay, encased in wincyette pyjamas. He wriggled, he squirmed, and tried to imagine what was going on outside by the noises he could hear. His house backed onto a dingy ginnel. He had played this game many times and was now quite experienced. At first he used to cheat and peep through the grimy cotton-lace curtaining onto the cobbled passageway down from the corner newsagent's.

The ginnel was a busy place on a summer evening and tonight was no exception. The air was alive with the smells of summer, harsh factory haze, cooking chips and the stink of the ginnel's central drain, 'more like a gut sewer', thought Ian. He liked the word sewer and besides he had only just learnt it and pronounced it 'shewers'. This was caused by his father who pronounced the same statement earlier that morning—minus his false teeth.

Suddenly he was seized by a passion to have an ice-lolly. This feeling had in fact been growing for the last fifteen minutes due to the fact that it was exceptionally hot, that he had four pence to his name and that night he had seen a new ice-lolly advertisement on the television. Lying on his lumpy mattress Ian was racking his mind. Four pence meant an ice-lolly and satisfaction now or two Woodbines from the newsagent's to be consumed in adult-style under the culvert after school. Artificial flavouring won the day and Ian crept out of bed quietly.

Getting out of the house was easy, for his father was occupied many miles away on a tall stool in his working man's club, enjoying the experience of watching a young lady on a pedestal revolving in a smoky blue spotlight.

As for mother she was watching the television with a cigarette in one hand, a packet of biscuits in the other, and a seemingly unending supply of 'Gordons Gin' which she occasionally swigged, with an aspirin to ease her 'splittin' ed'. Ian's two sisters were at present otherwise occupied in the door-way of the newsagent's on the High Street.

Ian slipped out of the almost deserted house, trod on the cat and sprinted down the ginnel, pyjama coat flapping gaily. He looked neither right nor left. Lolly-lust shone in his

eyes as they slowly gazed with fright and a greater passion than even a very experienced seven-year-old might be expected to have known. As the bus screeched over the limp body four pennies rolled slowly into the gutter from a hot little hand.

Idleness

by Christine Walsh, IV/3

My body like lead, I lie contented and without worry. The silky pile of the velvet couch is smooth to my bare feet as I stretch out my full length. The warmth of the room engulfs me like a blanket. It makes me strangely happy, for I forget all other worldly things. I love my thoughts in the beauty of peace, warmth and comfort. My arm dangles to the floor meeting a soft sheepskin rug. I swing my legs down and bury my toes deep into its furry depth. The small table besides me holds a tall glass of ice-cold milk, flavoured with peppermint. The smoothness of the liquid is heaven to my dry throat. Again I sink onto the couch and drop my head onto a downy cushion. My eyes close: heavy and sleepy.

The continuous droning of a fan meets my ears, at first it jars my brain, but soon it merges with other sounds: the purring of a cat somewhere by my side, the silvery tick of my watch.

I think of the leisure hours ahead of me, the prospects of no more worries for a week?, four weeks? My mind turns from this complicated reckoning as something, through my half closed eyes, blurs my line of focus on the gently wavering curtains. With much effort, I put out my hand to brush it away. A white Persian cat nestles in the pit of my arm. I run my fingers through its soft fur. The cat purrs contentedly. I close my heavy eyes. Like the cat I am drowsy, listless, but happy in my idleness.

Tennis

Captain's Report
Elizabeth Nightingale

As in the previous season, this year's tennis team again met with success in winning five out of their six matches played. This time it was felt that the team's potential was used to the full. Unlike the last two seasons when fewer matches were played and consequently a fair assessment could not be made.

The 1st VI's most convincing victories were in their matches against Rivington, Wigan and Upholland, and on the one occasion that they were defeated it was by an extremely narrow margin, two games to be exact, to Blackpool Collegiate. For once, the weather was on our side, and our match against Penwortham was the only one that had to be

cancelled.

The tennis leagues and knockouts also aroused a good deal of interest and enthusiasm and were finally won by Farington and Worden respectively.

The traditional Staff Match at the end of term again retained its usual popularity among members of the school, —this time, however, the match resulted in a resounding win for the Staff, much to the disgust of the 1st VI! Nevertheless, there were compensations in that the weather on this occasion could not be faulted.

On behalf of the tennis teams, I should like to thank Mrs. Pickersgill, Mrs. Nicholas and Mr. Bamford for the time and energy they have devoted to the game, and finally, as captain. I should like especially to thank all those girls who have played so enthusiastically this season. It only remains for me to wish next year's teams every success in their matches.

1st VI. E. Nightingale, J. Holden, S. Rogers, J. Ashworth, J. Hodgson, C. Barron.

Cricket

Captain's Report
by Tim Brown

The 1967 season, of which so much was expected, turned out to be one of great disappointment for the first team who only managed to win three and draw five out of thirteen matches.

This was due to several reasons. The batting although not brilliant was certainly adequate on most occasions, but it did collapse inexplicably once or twice. The real reason was the lack of penetrating bowling, coupled with slackness in the field. The bowling, virtually the same as last year, never really clicked, lacking any real pace and the consistent accuracy essential for first team cricket.

The fielding too seemed rather lax and a lot of needless runs were conceded and some vital catches were put down, which as well as losing us matches did nothing whatsoever to improve the morale of our bowlers.

It had been decided to try and start this season earlier than previous ones and consequently a match was arranged for the third Saturday in April. However in stepped the weather to ruin our good intentions and limit our openers to half an hour of practice against the Catholic College bowlers. So the season really began on the following Saturday when we played a morning game against Chorley G.S. Whilst they are accustomed to this, it was the first time we had indulged and several players showed that they rarely rise before noon on a Saturday and we crashed to defeat. Then followed another drawn game against the Catholic College.

After the Whitsun break the match against Preston G.S.

gave us our first win, by a margin of eight wickets due to some tight bowling and a fine forcing stand between Caunce and Deans. This was followed by a loss to Hutton on a perfect batting wicket when over 250 runs were scored and our declared total was passed for the loss of seven wickets.

Rain affected the match against Ormskirk G.S., our opponents not having an innings, and in the following week we beat Stokes Hall by 27 runs.

On the Saturday we played Kirkham G.S. and dismissed them for 54 runs. However we slumped to 20 for 5, recovered and eventually, amidst great tension our last man was dismissed with our score at 54 and we had played the first tie in school history.

On the Tuesday we played a third draw with the Catholic College, and as if the Kirkham match was not enough excitement we lost to Leyland C.C. 3rd from the last ball of the match.

We ended the season on rather a low note with a defeat by Southport, a win over the Staff and a shock defeat by a local clergy XI, the first for many years.

Of the other teams the second eleven could not raise a team on occasions but played four matches in all, drawing one and losing three. The U15 were moderately successful, winning twice and drawing twice from eight games, and the U13 although extremely keen, practising every night, unfortunately lost all the games they played.

1st XI from: Brown (Capt.), Rawcliffe, Caunce, Henderson, Deans, Curless, Walne, Salter, McKittrick, Dawes, Johnson, Lawrie.

On Thursday July the 6th a team from Balshaw's entered and won the Gillett Cup, a six-a-side competition for U16 teams from the area, played at Chorley G.S. In the final they defeated a team from Wellfield Secondary School.

Team:- Curless, McKittrick, Beere, Johnson, Kelly, Blackley.

Rounders

Captain's Report
by Barbara Grayson

The school rounders teams have had a successful year in so far as all matches booked were played and bad weather for the first time did not cause the cancellation of any of our games. The only two matches cancelled this year were both against the junior team, their matches against Ashton and Upholland being called off when the opposing schools were unable to raise a team.

The U-14 team has only had one match this year but they did manage to win it 11½ rounders to 6½.

The U-15 in a fairly successful season defeated Black-

pool Collegiate, Ashton-in-Makerfield and Chorley Grammar School. However, they were not as successful when playing Rivington and Wigan.

On the other hand, the first team have had a very successful year. Although only four matches were played they won three convincingly, the score against Rivington being 11½—3½. When playing Ashton they defeated them by an innings and five rounders. The score against Chorley was also sound, Balshaw's declaring at 17 against Chorley's 1.

The other match against Wigan was a draw 10—10 but it was a success for us in that we fared quite well whilst playing for the first time on a very fast red shale pitch.

The only match then that the first team lost was the staff match when, thanks to the absence of a certain Mr. Smith, we did manage to score 8 rounders which in itself is almost a record I am sure.

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
1st IX	4	3	1	0	45½	16½
U/15	5	3	0	2	27	21½
U/14	1	1	0	0	11½	6½

The Junior Society

Sun, sport and school examinations exact a heavy toll on our energy and enthusiasm, and the Junior Society was wise in restricting its Summer programme to a few carefully chosen items.

The term began with the Society's best supported and most adventurous project, a double excursion, to Blackburn, to see the film "An evening with the Royal Ballet", starring Dame Margot Fonteyn and Rudolph Nareyev, supported by Robert Helpman in "A Soldier's Tale", and also to Liverpool's Everyman Theatre for a performance of "The Hollow Crown".

Although the first debate of the term was not so well supported as those winter events which in addition to mental stimulation offer refuge from the inclemencies of the weather, the motion "That this house believes that money is not everything" was carried by 17 votes to 14 against proving that members have widely differing views on the type of reward that they expect from life.

The idea of a Shipwreck Debate was a direct development of the Balloon Debate principle, the speakers representing unlikely items that a castaway might salvage for use on his desert island. The opinion of the house was that a

Union Jack was by far the most versatile piece of equipment, chiefly because the potential uses of the train-spotter's diary, the spectacles and the gramophone record were not fully exploited.

If this opportunity to ascend to the realms of fantasy was not taken, the same could not be said of the Mad Lunch-time, when the seething cauldrons of hysteria which babble just below the bland exterior of so many members were allowed to erupt for half an hour. The tone of the meeting was set by the now classic "Running Jumping Standing Still Film" which in the ten years since it was made has lost none of its appeal and can still hold its own against most of today's more sophisticated brands of comedy.

The society's other film "The Ipcress File", was retained for a second showing, since the clash with the Whit Monday holiday would have prevented many people from seeing it. It was generally felt that this film was in many respects far superior to the average spy drama, and it is proposed that in future we should have the opportunity of seeing productions of a higher technical and artistic standard than those offered on television.

The year's activities were rounded off with a Games Evening, which, if noise and frenzied activity are to be taken as an indication, was enjoyed by the majority of those present. The wide variety of events offered made co-ordination the main difficulty for the organisers, but even so the meeting did not excessively overrun its allotted time.

Such were the meetings offered to the Society as a whole. Behind the scenes, however, a considerable amount of work has been put in by the committee on the organisation of the 1967-8 season, which promises to be as varied and rewarding as the last, as well as being more ambitious in many ways. Most worthy of note is the decision, in answer to popular demand, to launch the Fourth Form Society, which, while having several events in common with the Junior Society will be largely independent, and will, it is hoped, meet the needs of those third formers who have felt the need for the types of activity offered by the Junior Society to be continued into their fourth year.

Camping at Coniston

by Michael Coulson, 3F

Twelve boys from 3F and 3G had decided to go in for the Duke of Edinburgh's Award scheme. To pass the bronze stage you have to camp under canvas for one night and hike a total of fifteen miles, and we had to go on a practice camp and hike before we could do the test itself. Mr. Holmes, who had incidentally told us about the scheme and organised the mountaineering part of the test, had encouraged us all the way and it was he who supervised the practice camp for us.

We had arranged to set off from school at 3.30 p.m. on Friday the 7th July and had to come to school and walk around school all day in old jeans, shoes and jumpers, collecting many comments from fellow members of the school and some witty (or trying to be witty) remarks from teachers taking us.

Together with companions from Wellfield and Worden we reached our destination at about 6.30 and promptly began to set up camp on the bank of the famous lake. Cooking got off to a bad start and didn't really improve throughout the entire weekend. In fact, it was swimming that seemed to be enjoyed the most and we even went swimming on the Saturday morning soon after getting up at 6.00 a.m.

At half past nine we set off on a hike to climb the Old Man of Coniston, indulging in a little practice rock climbing on the way. Fortunately the weather was kind to us and everything went as planned and we were all rather sorry when it was necessary to break camp and return home ready for a further week of school.

To see Father Christmas

by Elizabeth Ryding, 3L

My aunt dragged me after her in her high-heeled fashion muttering irritably and cursing the "rising cost of living", and counting the half-crowns in her purse and absent-mindedly asking me how much seventeen pence was. As if I, a seven-year-old, ought to know. She was years and years older than me. She ought to know.

Crossly, I watched the traffic and the big red buses go by. My friend, Tommy, is terrified of buses but I'm not, because they stop outside our house so that they can turn round and go back home to the depot.

Suddenly my aunt made a sharp left-hand turn into a store, flinging me round so that I collided with an old man with a walking stick who was very annoyed and my aunt told me to be careful. It was her fault, but I did not dare to tell her so, because she might have taken me back home and we were supposed to be going to see Father Christmas. Tommy's brother is miles taller than me and he says there is no such person as Father Christmas. I think I believe him but if I say there is none then he might not come and I don't want to tempt fate.

My aunt manoeuvred herself through the lines of shoppers and up the staircase still dragging me after her. There were hundreds of signs announcing the arrival of Father Christmas. My aunt muttered to herself impatiently and I almost said, "Let's go home instead," just to satisfy her but I didn't because this was the only way I could get half-a-

crown out of her and I was determined to.

Three sets of stairs later we were on the fourth floor and made our way hurriedly to the corner where Father Christmas was. My aunt paid the half-crown and I walked through the plastic-strip curtains, but immediately I saw the little clock-work dwarf with a sledge hammer hitting another little clock-work dwarf over the head, I realised it was the same set up as last year. I told a red-faced, bored, old gentleman a detailed description of the list of presents I wanted for Christmas—I doubted if I'd get them. He listened with blank interest and replied in the same flat voice:

"Well, be good and I'll see what I can do," which was exactly the same thing he said to me last year.

I left him, collected my present—a cheap, plasticine, modelling set—and returned to my aunt who was glancing at her watch and with undue vehemence grabbed hold of my hand and charged off down the staircase and out into the street. "What a waste of an afternoon, what a waste!" she muttered angrily and she repeated it over and over again. After charging down the high street we caught the bus, with several minutes to spare, which took us right up to our front gate.

Tommy's big brother was there when we got back. He started shouting that it was a waste of half-a-crown.

My aunt looked at the kitchen clock as soon as we got in and mumbled, "All that time wasted, just to see Father Christmas."

Perhaps Tommy's big brother is right after all.



C.E.M.

President's Report

by Alan Heald

The C.E.M. is a Christian organisation and its chief purpose is to promote the spirit of Christianity in school and university students through its fellowship and activities. But, as there is no one to draw the line and say which are specifically Christian activities and which are not, our C.E.M. group in particular has, at times, been much less tied down in its activities to religious interests than perhaps it might have been.

For example, towards the end of last summer term the C.E.M. went on two trips to Liverpool. The first, to the C.E.M. General Conference, was strongly Christian in character and the thousands of students from all over the North West area, assembled in the Royal Philharmonic Hall, listened to three very distinguished speakers, the Archbishop of Bombay, General Tilney, M.P. for Waverley, and Mrs. Collins, wife of the famous Canon, give talks on the Christian attitude to war and peace. However, the main reason why most of our members went to the Conference was to watch the B.B.C.'s controversial film, "The War Game", which was being shown there.

The second outing, on the other hand, which was to see the two Liverpool Cathedrals and for a trip on "The Royal Iris", was very much enjoyed by those who went on it, but not strictly religious.

The School's C.E.M. Society has become therefore much freer in its activities. It might be noted that all we did eighteen months ago was to hold four o'clock meetings with a speaker on a Christian subject. Now the group has widened its scope of interests and will continue to do so in the future.

Important Announcement

The editors announce with regret that due to loss of financial backing from the C.I.A. the next issue of the magazine will cost £5 12s. 6d. per copy.

CALENDAR FOR THE AUTUMN AND SPRING TERMS

- | | |
|------------|--|
| Aug. 30 | Sixth Form Society elections, 1-50. |
| Sept. 1 | Sixth Form Society talkabout 'University Life', 1-00.
Fourth Form Society visit to Bolton Museum, 4-00. |
| " 8 | Junior Society visit to the Harris, 4-00. |
| " 11 | Holiday. |
| " 12 | Holiday. |
| " 13 | Rugby: v. Fulwood 2nd, U/15, U/13 all away, 4-30. |
| " 14 | Sixth Form Society film, 'The Knack', 7-00. |
| " 15 | Sixth Form Society talkabout 'Films', 1-00. |
| " 16 | Rugby: v. Ormskirk G.S. 1st and U/15 away, 2nd and U13 at home. |
| " 20 | Fourth Form Society film, 1-00. |
| " 21 | Fourth Form Society confab, 1-15. |
| " 22 | Junior Society film 'She', 4-00. |
| " 23 | Rugby: v. Up Holland G.S. 1st and U/15 home, 2nd and U/13 away.
Hockey: v. Arnold School 1st, 2nd, U/15 and U/14 away. |
| " 27 | Sixth Form Society film 'Los Olvidados', 7-00. |
| " 29 | Junior Society film 'The Power to Fly', 1-15. |
| " 30 | Rugby: v. Maghull G.S. 1st and U/15 away, 2nd and U/13 home.
Hockey: v. Ashton-in-Makerfield 1st, 2nd, U/15 and U/13 home. |
| Oct. 2 | Fourth Form Society Members' Meeting, 4-00. |
| " 5 | Sixth Form Society film 'Ashes and Diamonds', 7-00. |
| " 6 | Sixth Form Society talkabout, 1-00. |
| " 7 | Rugby: v. Kirkham G.S. 1st and U/15 home, 2nd and U/13 away. |
| " 11 | Fourth Form Society balloon debate, 1-15. |
| " 14 | Rugby: v. Sedbergh 3rd and 1st at home.
Rugby: v. Smithills G.S., Bolton, U/15 and U/13 away.
Hockey: v. Queen Mary School 1st, 2nd, U/15 and U/14 away. |
| " 18 | Rugby: v. Stonyhurst 2nd 1st and 2nd home. |
| " 20 | Junior Society debate, 1-15.
Form Concerts. |
| " 20 to 30 | Half Term holiday. |
| " 24 | Sixth Form Society visit to Ellesmere Port oil refinery. |
| Nov. 2 | Sixth Form Society visit to Carrington & Dewhurst, 4-00. |
| " 3 | Sixth Form Society talkabout 'Visits'. |
| " 4 | Rugby: v. King Edward School 1st and U/15 home, 2nd and U/13 away.
Hockey: v. Ormskirk G.S. 1st, 2nd and U/15 away. |
| " 8 | Fourth Form Society debate, 1-15.
Rugby: v. Kirkham G.S. 1st and 2nd away. |
| " 11 | Rugby: v. Hutton G.S. 1st and U/15 away, 2nd and U/13 home.
Hockey: v. Chorley G.S. 1st, 2nd, U/15 and U/14 away. |
| " 14 | Sixth Form Society lecture 'Teenage Culture', 7-30 |
| " 17 | Junior Society debate, 1-15. |
| " 18 | Rugby: v. Preston G.S. 1st and U/15 away, 2nd and U/13 home.
Hockey: v. Rivington G.S. 1st, 2nd, U/15 and U/14 home. |
| " 24 | Sixth Form Society talkabout, 1-00. |
| " 25 | Rugby v. Blackpool G.S. 1st and U/15 home, 2nd and U/13 away.
Hockey: v. Maghull G.S. 1st, 2nd, U/15 and U/14 away. |
| " 27 | Junior Society film 'Between the Tide', 1-15. |
| Dec. 2 | Rugby: v. Morecambe G.S. 1st and U/15 away, 2nd and U/13 home.
Hockey: Southport Tournament. 1st team only. |
| " 6 | Fourth Form Society 'History of the Cinema', 1-00. |
| Dec. 7 | Speech Day. |

- „ 9 Rugby: v. St. Joseph's College 1st and U/15 away, 2nd and U/13 home.
- Hockey: v. Chorley G.S. 1st, 2nd, U/15 and U/14 home.
- „ 11 Last day for copy.
- „ 15 Junior Society balloon debate, 1-15.
- „ 18 Fourth Form Society film 'Two Way Stretch', 4-00.
- „ 19 Sixth Form and Old Balshavians' Dance.
- „ 20 Last day of Term.

- Jan. 8 First day of Term.
- „ 12 Sixth Form Society talkabout, 1-00.
- „ 13 Rugby: v. Blackpool G.S. 1st and U/15 away, 2nd and U/13 home.
- Hockey: v. Ormskirk G.S. 1st, 2nd and U/15 home.
- „ 17 Fourth Form Society film 'Rival World', 1-15.
- „ 18 Sixth Form Society film 'East of Eden', 7-00.
- „ 20 Rugby: v. K.G.V. 1st and U/15 home, 2nd and U/13 away.
- Hockey: v. Wigan H.S. 1st, 2nd, U/15 and U/14 away.
- „ 24 Junior Society film, 4-00.
- „ 25 Sixth Form Society visit to observatory. Evening.
- „ 26 Publication of the magazine.
- „ 27 Rugby: v. Maghull G.S. 1st and U/15 home, 2nd and U/13 away.
- Hockey: v. Rivington G.S. 1st, 2nd, U/15 and U/14 away.

- Feb. 2 Sixth Form Society talkabout, 1-00.
- „ 3 Rugby: v. Up Holland 1st and U/15 away, 2nd and U/13 home.
- Hockey: v. Queen Mary School 1st, 2nd, U/15 and U/14 away.
- „ 7 Junior and Fourth Form Society' Mock Trial.
- „ 10 Rugby: v. Hutton G.S. 1st and U/15 home, 2nd and U/13 away.
- Hockey: v. Maghull G.S. 1st, 2nd, U/15 and U/14 home.
- „ 16 Junior Society film 'Stampede', 1-15.
- Sixth Form Society visit to Manchester newspapers. Evening.
- „ 17 Rugby: v. St. Joseph's College 1st and U/15 home, 2nd and U/13 away.
- Hockey: v. Ashton G.S. 1st, 2nd, U/15 and U/14 away.
- „ 23 Sixth Form Society talkabout 'The Press', 1-00.
- „ 24 Rugby: v. Fleetwood G.S. 1st and U/15 away.
- „ 26 to 27 Half term holiday.
- „ 26 Sixth Form Society visit to Skelmersdale.
- „ 28 Rugby: v. Ormskirk G.S. 1st home.

- Mar. 2 Cross Country: v. Chorley G.S. away.
- „ 6 Fourth Form Society debate, 1-15.
- „ 8 Junior Society debate, 1-15.
- „ 9 Cross Country: v. Chorley G.S. home.
- „ 11 Fourth Form Society film 'North to Alaska', 4-00.
- „ 12 Sixth Form Society lecture 'Lancashire since 1800', 7-30.
- „ 15 Sixth Form Society talkabout 'New Towns', 1-00.
- „ 18 Last day for copy.
- Fourth Form Society lecture 'The West—fact and fiction', 4-00.
- „ 20 Fourth Form Society film 'Corral', 1-15.
- „ 21 Fourth Form Society confab 'The Western', 1-15.
- „ 29 Junior Society film 'Abbott and Costello', 1-15.

- Apr. 6 Fourth Form Society hike.
- „ 8 Junior Society visit to Astley Hall.
- „ 10 Last day of Term.

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