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the balshavian



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*353 Leyland Lane,
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January 1968

The magazine of

Balshaw's

Leyland

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Comment

Images

The editorial view by Colin Damp and Peter Watson.

This magazine is different. Granted it may not look all that different, except for the new motif on the new coloured front cover, but it is. If not apparently different, it is fundamentally different.

It has been part of the master design of "The Balshavian" that its preparation and production should be left more to the editors ever since it made its re-appearance in 1964. As this year's School Editors we agreed to carry out the final stage in the plan, partly because we felt that to accept full responsibility for all articles and their printing would not only take the burden off the overloaded shoulders of others but also because we felt that to be acquainted with every stage in the magazine publication would help us to do our job more effectively.

With the magazine effectively in our own control we could not help being impressed particularly with the enormous and helpful support given to us by the sub-editors and secretarial assistants who form the senior committee, and with the quality if not the quantity of the work contributed to the magazine by Balshavians at large.

We are particularly pleased with the number of people who have written for us since we would like "The Balshavian" to be more than anything else "the magazine of Balshaw's Grammar School." The only criterion, and we really do mean this, is how well an article is written. No subject is taboo. The editors want the magazine to be your means of saying whatever you want to say and, if you should need help in saying it, that is what we are here for.

We would like to think that the magazine is acquiring a new image. It has been the object of "countless" of its editors to make it the magazine "written for the school, by the school", we think that this has come a step nearer. How much nearer now depends largely on you.

THE MIN ROOMS

By M. Foster

"And with two blows of his almighty sword, the one was smitten into three."—Sacred History of Balshaw's Volume LXVII, part III, page 1039.

It may have been a shock to those returning last September (or rather August) to find that the O.J.P.L. (or Old Junior Physics Lab. for those unable to learn the new symbols before they became obsolete) no longer existed, or as our leftist friends would say, "had become a non-room." It had been filled with cross-walls and interconnecting doors, much to my mystification.

My first impression of them led me to believe that their use was to be as solitary confinement cells for unruly members of the fourth, wherein they could be locked for a couple of days/weeks/years (delete as necessary). They would be the ideal size for such a purpose—but no! After much strenuous investigation, I learnt the sinister truth about the matter. They were to be . . . CLASSROOMS!

I decided to investigate further, and so, waiting for a few days (due to the fact that a rather bulky boy in the second year had entered and was unable to get out), I made an assault on the structures in question. Lying sideways (so as to be able to see in one of them with both eyes at once) I made the following observations:—

- (i) They are small.
- (ii) They are spacious (providing they are vacated).
- (iii) I was also stuck.

(Slight pause in writing to allow the combined efforts of the Sixth Form Society, the Staff Bridge Team, and the Fire Brigade to release me).

Lessons can be very irritating. Unless one sits close to the blackboard, one can find oneself in the wrong class.

(The saying "Having ones' eyes glued to the black-

board " can be applied more literally than usual in this case).

Changing rooms also creates its own difficulties especially when there are double lessons.

Problem. Mr Wilkinson is to leave Room 10, and be replaced by Mrs Gregory; Mr Black is to replace Mr Harling in Room 11, there being Mr Gorton (who will not tolerate being disturbed more than once) in Room 9; Mr Eccles (who will not allow Mr. Wilkinson through) in Room 13, and Mr. Wilson in Room 12. Assuming only one class can be in one room at the same time, what are the least number of moves necessary to allow this interchange to take place?

Answers may be addressed to myself and written on the back of a £2 postal order (to cover expenses incurred, of course).

I have discussed most of the problems associated with these rooms, so it would be only fair to list their advantages:-

- (i)
- (ii)
- (iii)

(I would be grateful for any information on their advantages—on the back of that postal order, of course).

So I conclude my study on this subject by giving an equation relating the facts (as all good scientists do).

$$\left(\frac{d}{dw} \frac{n \times \sin w}{e} \right)^2 = C \text{ (where rate } C = \text{rate of chaos.)}$$



A place where happiness reigns

by John Chadwick and David Lawrie

We were provided with a bare room. Where cupboards had been removed for the first time since the school was built, the walls were unpainted. The furniture consisted of untidy lockers and beautifully carved but frequently collapsible examination desks, and the refreshment facilities of one sink and one 'Creda' electric water heater. The door gave access to four other 'places where lessons are held' which are studied in greater detail elsewhere in the magazine.

Since that time, great steps have been taken with a view to modernising the room. An investigation has been conducted in several other schools, and as a result we have found that, as yet, our room falls sadly below the standard of those of other schools subjected to our visitation.

This investigation revealed that other Sixth Forms are privileged above and beyond being allowed to leave the school premises at lunch time. Roundhay Girls High School near Leeds has a Sixth Form Cottage at the edge of the school grounds—perhaps an unwise addition to a mixed school! Similarly, Leeds Girl's High School has a Sixth Form Garden for sunny day private study periods, and access to the Domestic Science Room to make coffee. They manage without a special room set aside for them. Preston Catholic College has a Common Room, rather reminiscent of a converted corridor, but far superior to our existing surroundings.

Most interesting to us were Upholland Grammar School's Sixth Form facilities. Upholland, like Balshaw's, is a co-educational school. Their Common Room, although smaller than ours, is supplied with a Table Tennis Table, Dart Board and most important, a small kitchen with a serving hatch. The room is decorated with mosaics set in plaster of paris, and is furnished with armchairs and tables. The whole room can be cleared for dancing. Visiting Rugby teams are also entertained here.

Here at Balshaw's some members of the Sixth Form Society have already formed a Table Tennis group which meets, at present, in the gym, and some members of the Science Sixth have started a Darts League for which they have made a dart board and cabinet in the woodwork room. There has been no shortage of ideas and there has even been some activity but we have not finally decided how to use the money and materials available to us. We have the

example of these other schools to guide us, but many sixth formers involved have indicated that they prefer to develop their own ideas.

Over the Christmas holidays, the room has been decorated, and it is expected that the furniture on order will arrive. Although, clearly, ultimate authority must always rest with the Headmaster, members of the Sixth Form have been given unprecedented freedom and responsibility in being allowed to plan and organise their own room. It is a splendid opportunity. We hope that it will not be wasted and that Sixth Form life will be considerably enriched in the years to come.

REVIEW

Penguin Modern Poets

Kingsley Amis,
Dom Moraes,
Peter Porter

PENGUIN MODERN POETS 2

Amis the sanguine, Moraes the morose and Porter the pathological. Word-juggler I may be but they have always bitten me after this fashion. Not the first of the fifties' movement but a good cross section of the movement that never was. (Literary movements in Britain are usually invented by the critics, anyway).

Amis is at his best on modern existence, Moraes on satire and Porter on death. "Your attention please" is inescapable. In form they are essentially simple and in message brief, yet contemporary life is dealt with in a manner which leaves the staid unsteady and the sceptic with a heightened appetite. Surprise yourself and buy a copy.

P.W.M.W.

Gregory Corso,
Lawrence Ferlinghetti
Allen Ginsberg

PENGUIN MODERN POETS 5

The, by now, ancient Beat poets obsessed by their Greenwich village escapism and an outside world inhabited by bomb-crazy

lunatics and psychological misfits. Here are GINSBERG—minus flower-power and L.S.D. and all the better for being without it: CORSO—"life has meaning and I do not know the meaning" (This doesn't prevent him from making plenty of observations on the subject). FERLINGHETTI "Sometime during Eternity" is a classic.

You might deny that it is poetry, you might even deny its right to be called literature, you might not understand some of it, but what you cannot deny is its power to stimulate the imagination.

L.W.

Adrian Henri
Roger McGough
Brian Patten

PENGUIN MODERN POETS 10

The Liverpool Sound, the modern sound with all its brashness, immediacy and irreverence, with its transitory pop appeal; Batman, The Beatles, TV Times, these are contemporary and familiar and are easy to accept. HENRI—with his many obsessions and doubtful lasting quality; McGOUGH—with probably the greatest lasting quality. The old, the infirm, the unwanted, the unfortunates of society are portrayed with sensitivity and tasteful humour, but "Let me die a young man's death" cries McGough. (The illusion of youth is ever present). PATTEN—on poetry. "It should guide all those who are safe into the middle of busy roads and leave them there"—this collection does.

L.W.

REVIEW

The Box

Television—the most intimate and stodgy medium yet invented, where the programmes range from old films to caustic live interviews. Old films—the pillars of recent 'telly' and so varied that they are impossible to generalise about. And the live shows whose immediacy often seems to be the only merit. The area between the two is immense.

Arbitrarily let us begin with the quiz-shows. But then

what can one say about an aspect which includes both 'Take Your Pick' ("Tonight's star prize is a portable bed-pan") and 'University Challenge' ("Can you tell me who used to look after Napoleon's pet mongoose BEFORE he became Emperor").

Then let us take the Variety Shows. Here personal choice really runs riot. You either like a light entertainer or you hate him. If the critics who are paid to try and reflect public taste cannot even agree, what chance we? I should like to give special mention to two aspects of this sphere. Congratulations to the programme-controllers who have eventually realized that 'pop' is not enjoyed just by the young: that it IS an Art Form which reflects and mirrors society and that it DOES produce some worth-while and lasting music. Long may this enlightenment increase! Now how about raising the production standard?

Secondly, I should like to draw attention to a simple key for assessing Satire shows. The quality of the programmes seems always to be inversely proportional to the number of script-writers. Compare the vast list of writers engaged on 'Twice a Fortnight' with the infinitely more witty, mature and clever 'Frost Programme'.

I have deliberately left until last the greatest achievements of television — the documentaries and the Arts Programmes. Here I only hope for more of 'Gala Performance' and 'Tempo' and a continuation of the excellent standard of provocative and informative programmes like 'Twenty Four Hours' and 'This Week'. D.F.

The School Play 1968

"Playboy of the Western World"

by J. M. Synge

in the School Hall
28th, 29th & 30th March

Tickets available from the Business Manager at the School from March 4th onwards.

REVIEW

'The Food of ...?'

(Royal Liverpool Philharmonic)

A schools' performance had its drawbacks. Ignoring ill mannered thirteen-year-old girls bouncing up and down in the seats in front, the programme, though somewhat disjointed, was enjoyable if not enjoyed.

Sullivan's overture to 'Iolanthe,' chosen I am told because the copyright has expired and there are no royalties to pay, was a pleasing opening. I am glad to see Sullivan's overtures (often well constructed pieces in themselves) performed as concert items.

The conductor, Charles Groves, is one of the school of conductors who only ask the orchestra to take a bow if he considers that they played a piece exceptionally well. He did so at the end of their rendering of the first movement of Mendelssohn's 'Italian' symphony—and rightly so.

Debussy's 'Dances for Harp and Strings' (popular since the rest of the orchestra can go off the stage for a quiet smoke whilst it is on) with Mair Jones as soloist, in my opinion (and that of the ever-bouncing young ladies in front of me) was a bore. More the kind of music to sit and listen to in the quiet of your sitting room in the company of your radiogram than in a concert hall.

'Much of Bartok's music is too modern for many of you still at school to enjoy' warned the pompous compiler of the programme. His Rumanian Dances were enjoyed by the audience more than the Debussy, nevertheless.

Attempting to educate us in the practices of concert goers, Mr Groves turned abruptly at the end of the overture to Walton's suite from 'Henry V' and bellowed 'Don't clap!' thus presupposing we wanted to, which was not necessarily the case. It turned out enjoyable, on the whole, however, the 'Charge and Battle' and 'Agincourt Song' providing a rousing ending.

Was it enjoyed by the masses? Comment from one of the bouncing girls—"That Clifford Knowles is a dish"

F.L.

Pillory

"I am thinking of starting a new venture to be known as Rentamember which will provide a much needed service for school societies in difficulties."

"Last year's friends are this year's prefects." (5/6)

"Ten gold-plated bottle tops and a Christmas fairy are offered in reward for the return of the S25 last seen heading in the direction of Oswaldtwistle." (L6A)

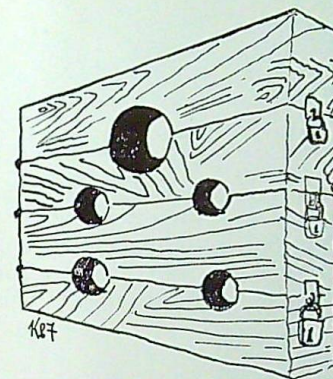
"To the innocent all things are plastic."
(Staff)

"I would like to see something done about the indigestion suffered by certain members of the Lower Sixth as a result of trying to eat their daily 'butties' under their desk lids whilst at the same time peering anxiously over the top to make sure they are not observed."
(L6A)

"You can always tell the snob houses, you have to grovel to deliver their mail." (U6A on Christmas post)

"It's all a diabolical plot." (U6Sc)

"Yes." (U6A, U6Sc., L6A, L6Sc.)
"No." (U6A, U6Sc., L6A, L6Sc.)



"The flow of facetious comment rife amongst Balshavians comes to an abrupt halt when confronted with 'pillory collectors'." (U6A)

"Doodling paper ought to be freely available to all pupils, then perhaps we could have decent desk tops." (L6A)

"'Bonny and Clyde', what can you say about it? Everything has already been said. Superb acting, brilliantly filmed and a good story, completely different from the usual . . . er . . . well . . . you know, different." (L6A)

"'Bonny and Clyde' — a dangerously glamourised version of a sordid reality." (U6A)

"What happened to the traditional request for a school holiday after Speech Day. Shame!"
(L6A)

"If there wasn't a Sixth Form Society someone would have to invent it." (Lower Sixth)

"Is the pillory's sole purpose to fill a page in the magazine?" (U6A)

"Let's face it—none of us have any ideas." (U6Sc.)

The New Town

by Carol Rennie and Dorcas Howe

How do you imagine the new town of Leyland in the year 2,000? Do you envisage yourself being transported along Fishergate on a moving pavement? Or will you regard with nostalgia your happy days at Balshaw's as you speed by the ancient monument on a 100 mile an hour monorail? If this is your conception of the proposed development we fear you will be disillusioned.

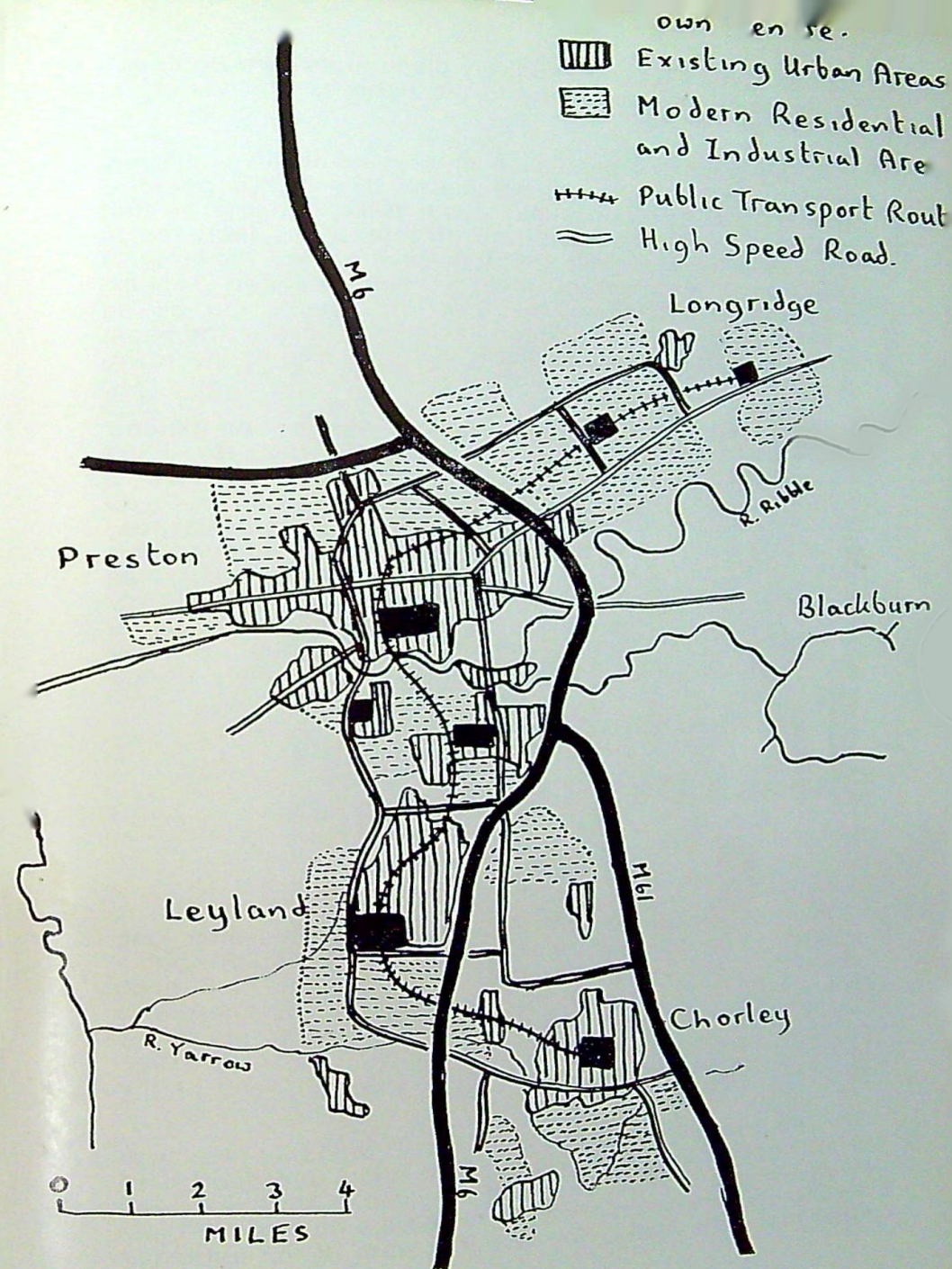
The purpose of this development centred on Leyland, Chorley and Preston, is to encourage the kind of big and rapid economic growth which will create the prosperity needed to halt the drift of people away from the north west, to accommodate the population growth which is foreseen for the region and to provide an alternative to the continued sprawl of development in south Lancashire.

The strategy for the new town has emerged after many years of study, discussion and work by the local authorities concerned. This new town is a concept very different from the established pattern of new town development in this country. It will be based on a thriving and energetic group of communities with an existing population of about 250,000. The site is strategically well placed in relation to the national road and rail network and it will be in a good position to contribute to the industrial of the whole region.

"The new city will be in easy reach of, among other good things—hurrah!—, four universities, an extensive sea-board with an international resort—Blackpool?, the Lake District, wild Penine moorlands, and the rich and varied culture of two of the half dozen metropolitan cities of the British Isles."

A linked line of 6 townships is proposed, each small enough to generate the kind of traditional loyalty and community feeling of the typical Lancashire cotton town, yet large enough to support a wide range of social and commercial services.

Great care has been taken to avoid the risk of merging the new town development into the urban sprawl of South Lancashire and Wigan. Preston will be the sub-regional centre of the development—not so dominant as to impoverish the centres of the rest, nor so weak as to create doubt in the provision of city scale services. "Each township centre will have a share of these civic privileges so that it



can be at once a good and lively place in its own right, and at the same time contribute to the richness and variety of the city as a whole."

The estimated population of Leyland itself is approximately 70,000 people, an increase of over 45,000 persons. This is equal to a community about twice as large as that of Chorley at the present, and of course this increase in population would enable the somewhat limited facilities of Leyland at the present time to be expanded rapidly. Shopping, entertainment and civic facilities could all be greatly improved and enlarged. Also envisaged is the separation of pedestrians from traffic in the centre of the townships.

The ensuing and inevitable question seems to be 'When?' One cannot but be sceptical of the dead-lines for such schemes. The planners have been concerned to produce "a pattern of development capable of quick and vigorous execution, but able at the same time to provide for every newcomer, as soon as he or she arrives, not just a house in a muddy field, but a balanced provision of all the necessities of life combined in rapidly established communities." Only time will show if these plans will work smoothly and efficiently in practice. And shall we still be young enough to enjoy the advantages the new development will certainly bring?

Speech Day 1967

By Anita Horrocks

At the mention of Speech Day, most people emit long groans and complain about the waste of time, and the pointlessness of the occasion. To be honest, parts of Speech Day are monotonous, but anyone who has any interest in the School cannot find it totally uninteresting. In fact, many pupils only attend Speech Day once in their school career, and it is an occasion when special pride is taken in the School.

This year's Speech Day was in the traditional vein, with various speeches, prize-giving and a short introduction of music. A special thank you must be given to Mr Black, who despite his illness, excellently directed the little group clustered round the piano. The favourite song of the audience

was the madrigal, always popular on such occasions.

Introducing Miss Kenyon, Mr Tomlinson commented on the strength of the connections of Balshaw's with the great University, and he spoke of Miss Kenyon's achievements in the world of archaeology and other fields.

Miss Kenyon gave a frank and amusing speech, admitting that she found prize-giving an ordeal, and that she was often worried in case she should give the same speech twice. She did little philosophising, but stressed the fact that young people should choose a career which interested them. She said that admission to Oxford was not only for those who went to public schools, for nowadays places were increasingly being awarded to pupils from grammar schools such as Balshaw's.

The Headmaster spoke of the huge increase in the number of pupils at Balshaw's, necessitating the formation of four First Forms, and a larger Sixth Form of some a hundred and fifty young people. In mentioning Miss Leach and her services to the School Mr Bleasdale added that the fifty years of National Savings at Balshaw's was being continued by Mrs Maxwell, ably suited for that job as a mathematician. Welcoming the new members of staff Mr Bleasdale spoke of Mr Harling's departure to the Navy. Whilst admitting that all University entrants had been boys, the Headmaster felt that girls should not educationally undervalue themselves, as he thought that some were able to cope with an honours degree. He continued by praising the achievement of the Sixth Form in raising a common room from the ruins of the old Physics Laboratory, and, mentioned that due to a donation of fifty pounds from the Parents' Association the fund was well grounded. Noting the unusual appearance of four First Formers at Speech Day who had won gold personal survival medals for swimming the Headmaster then remarked that he was still a member of the committee which had agitated for a Leyland Swimming Pool with the motto "We want a bath."

So Speech Day is over for another year, perhaps not so tedious as some of us imagined it might be. However, before we leave it behind, thanks must be given to Miss Groves and her pupils for making the beautiful present given to Miss Kenyon and for their hard work in preparing refreshments. Also one item which must not go unmentioned—whose idea were the "Flower-Power" red carnations that the prefects wore?

"Where are they now?"

by Margaret Norris

Several Old Balshavians were married recently.

Ex-deputy head girl Jackie Beattie married John Gunton, whom she met while they were both studying at Oxford. Jackie is continuing her studies at St. Anne's College, where she is reading geography.

Ex-Balshavian Pamela S. V. Marsden became the wife of Frank Coates. Pamela is employed by the Midland Bank.

Margaret Hughes, an old Balshavian, married Jeffrey James. The bride, who works for the North Western Electricity Board, is also a keen worker for the St. John Ambulance Brigade.

Other old students who recently married are Sheila Cookson to Kenneth Hough and Ian Birchall to Miss Grace Johnson.

Neil Turner has been awarded the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Adelaide. After gaining his B.Sc., at Reading University he received an Australian award under the Commonwealth Scholarship and Fellowship Plan, and also a University of Adelaide Research award. At present he is gaining further research experience at the Agricultural Research Station in Newhaven, U.S.A.

Many of the senior pupils will remember Michael Rowley, who has now returned to his old school to take up the teaching of science. After gaining his degree he worked for I.C.I. at Runcorn before entering the teaching profession.

After gaining his Ph.D., Ken Jolley and his wife, Sheila, nee Halliwell (both old Balshavians) have now left England for New Zealand. There Ken is to take up a University Lectureship at Palmerston, North Island. We wish him every success.

Eric Newsham has now resumed his architectural university course after a three months tour of the United States. His big chance to join this trip came when he learned the sword dancing routines of a Newcastle University folk group. His trip included an impromptu sword dance on San Francisco's Golden Gate, a six day booking at Expo '67, colour TV appearances and a face-to-face glimpse of race riots.

Christine Beattie, who won a £100 prize in last year's Northern Young Contemporaries '66 Exhibition in Manchester has had some more of her work accepted for this year's exhibition. Christine has taken a diploma course at Manchester College of Art and Design and is now taking advanced study at Chelsea.

The Rev. Tom Taylor, who was born and bred in Coppull and was recently ordained, returned to his home church of

St. John the Divine to celebrate his first Holy Communion there. After his ordination he married, and was appointed to a living in Clitheroe.

R. J. L. Macauley, still the only Balshavian to have played for England Schoolboys at Rugby Union, is back playing for Headingley and Yorkshire after breaking a leg last season.

Footballer John Unsworth recently played for England for the first time in the Amateur Soccer International against Wales. John, the only Northern player in the team, is also playing for Skelmersdale United.

David Seward is at present enjoying the vigorous life at the Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. Next term he will be on board H.M.S. Tenby, in the Dartmouth Training Squadron, probably somewhere in the Mediterranean.

(The Editors are always very glad to receive news of Old Balshavians).

Caught in the draught

By M. Foster

Mr C. Harling, born in Coppull and educated at Thomas Linacre School, Wigan, and Hull University, came to Balshaw's in 1961 after working for English Electric Aviation (later B.A.C.) at Preston. Since then he has been a familiar figure in sporting circles, playing cricket and tennis in summer and often turning out as referee during the winter. He will be particularly missed, perhaps, by Mr Wilkinson with whose aid he has won many bridge tournaments. (This, for your information, is the game played by certain members of staff during most dinner hours in Room 5, and has a surprisingly high proportion of followers among mathematics students).

Mr Harling leaves us, and civilian life, to become Lieut. Commander Harling, lecturer in mathematics at one of the country's Royal Naval Training Colleges.

The Mathematics Department will be very sorry to lose him as he has contributed greatly to the high standard of mathematics which exists at this school. We wish him all the best in his promising new post.

All, however, is not lost, for the School has obtained the services of Mr Catterall, a graduate of Manchester University, and formerly a teacher at Up Holland Grammar School, to share the burden of Mathematics teaching. We welcome him also because he will be helping with the Rugby turnouts, and I understand one B. L. Wilkinson is especially pleased that Mr. Catterall is a potential replacement for Mr. Harling in the bridge team.

Junior View

Problems Answered

It has sometimes been difficult for first-formers to use the Library because visits to the baths have been arranged for Monday mornings, our Library day. Will it be possible in future for the two events to be arranged for separate days?

K. Gordon, J. Wakefield, D. Colclough, IC.

This matter was dealt with during the term. Most of the first-form have, in fact, been coming to the library on the alternative day. M.S.



We appreciate that it is unsafe to allow large numbers of children out of school to buy sweets and that someone may be injured in a road accident. May we therefore have a Tuck Shop in school?

Form, IB.

We are very short of space in the School and could not provide a proper Tuck Shop, but we have reservations about encouraging wholesale consumption of sweets in the face of so much adverse medical opinion. We would, of course, be glad of the profits! F.E.B.



Why must we use powder paints? It is difficult to mix small amounts and they are so messy that they make a lot of work when it comes to washing up. Would it not be better to use ready-mixed paints?

Davis, R. P., IB.

The only reason for our using powder paints is that they are less expensive. The same pigment mixed with gum arabic and put into a tube costs more than four times as much. Apart from this the tendency of the paints to harden in the tube leads to wastage. Loss through spillage is less serious than the loss of whole tubes. J.L.W.

School Meals

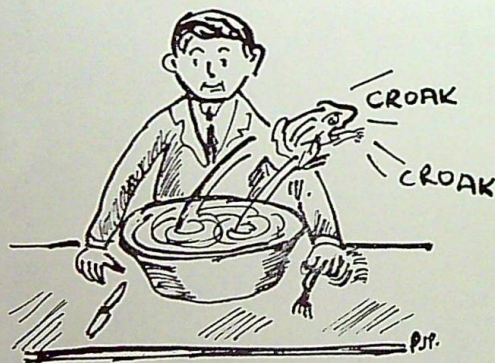
by Eileen Mills and Elizabeth Page

Schoolboys are for some reason very interested in school meals, or rather, very interested in complaining about them. In fact, the standard of school meals is carefully controlled — the calories are counted and the balance is checked. The aim of the authorities is to provide us with wholesome food in the right proportions. If we complain, therefore, there is clearly something wrong, either with the choice of the authorities or with our tastes and demands. To find out if the fault lay with us we conducted a survey, asking fifty of the junior pupils what they would provide, like or expect for a good school meal. The results were remarkable and even comical.

The survey showed that the school falls into three distinct categories: those who look for the excitement of dining at the Savoy at a shilling a head, those who aim to have the school overweight and spotty, and those who wish to kill us.



The first group thought school meals dull and sought to enliven them rather by using dishes from India, China and Russia. Exotic foods were to be forced down unwilling throats scorching them, or causing severe upheavals later in the day. One of the suggestions is in fact made from sour cream—it is difficult to believe that the tastes of this minority would be readily accepted by most pupils. Apart from their general unsuitability, their choice was obviously made from ignorance. Curry, for instance, was to be served as a main course with nothing in it, and even the cauliflower was to be served swimming in curry sauce. Prawns and mixed grills were serious suggestions but it is most unlikely that the people who suggested them would be willing to pay the cost of even half the ingredients, let alone the price of the meal.



By far the largest group would settle for simpler food, certainly within a reasonable price-range but a daily fare of fish and chips, egg and chips, anything and chips, meatpies, plum duffs and gigantic fry-ups could lead in the end only to one thing—an excessively plump, generally unhealthy mass of puddingy children. Green vegetables are to be cast out and beans and peas consumed non-stop. The inevitable result of this, again, would be a matter for concern. It seems that we are determined to eat ourselves ill if left to our own devices.

The smallest group, largely girls, were for the abolition of meat and potatoes. Cakes, ice cream and coffee would eventually swell them to such great proportions that they would surely die at an early age. Again it seems that we would do ourselves harm if we were allowed to choose our own menus.

If our ideas on school meals are so unrealistic, it is hardly surprising that those who would feed us, find it impossible to please us all. It is indeed to their credit that they do not take our tastes seriously, when our favourite menu emerges as:

Fried cod, chips, frozen peas, jam sponge, custard and pop.

Illustrations by Preston, 4/6.

Prize Competition

Answer the questions below. The initial letter of each of the answers will form part of a word. To win the prize you have to find all the answers and the word. The initial letters are not in the right order but form an anagram. The competition is open only to the first, second and third years.

- i—Surname of the author of "Silas Marner".
- ii—The place where Donald Campbell was killed.
- iii—A large lizard found on the Galapagos Islands.
- iv—Where Harold Wilson lived as a boy.
- v—A kind of harp played by the wind.
- vi—Great African Warriors.
- vii—Monster killed by Theseus.
- viii—A country whose territory is divided into two completely separate halves.
- ix—This country was formerly known as Abyssinia.
- x—A town in Monmouthshire or in the Isle of Wight.

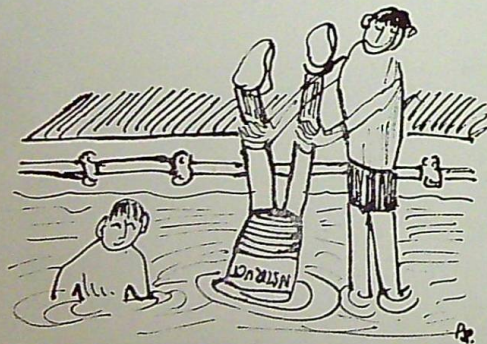
Answers to Mr. Tromans. A prize to the first person to answer all questions correctly.

The Baths

by Gail Bushnell, IB

The high spot of the week is undoubtedly the visit to the baths. More fun is packed into that short time than there is to be had in a month of ordinary lessons; except, of course, for the times when we are made to swim seriously and splashing is forbidden.

As children we naturally enjoy skylarking more than serious work, and have made our own water-games. Our favourite one is based on the fact that it is difficult to walk quickly or to run against the pressure of the water. Our legs seem to be under the influence of some kind of slow motion. In these conditions we enjoy floating through the water as if we were floating through air, elegantly, and improvise on all those television advertisements which advertise footwear and extra-light chocolate bars. Of course, it is not long before common sense is forgotten and we collide with an unsuspecting supervisor. We wait for him to surface and if his face is an angry pink, make quickly away as far as we dare.



To suggest that all we do is play or that our only enjoyment is in the splashing and floating would, of course, be misleading. There is great satisfaction in progressing from a few exhausted strokes to a greater competence in the water, and in the case of five of the first year, to the gold award. Progress of this kind is in itself, good fun and the work of swimming is never dull.

The visits are invaluable in that they not only enable us to overcome fear of the water, but also teach us that kind of confidence that could one day save our lives. We would therefore like to thank all those who have made the visits possible.

A Second Form Reaction

by Moira Young, 2LI.

The only trouble with school is that it is all a hurry. We never seem to have the time to do anything properly, or as we would like to do it. Speed is all-important and our lives are at the double.

The hurly-burly begins at home, a race against the clock to avoid being late. The situation is, of course, much worse in winter when you have to race not only the clock but the cold. The only way to get warm is to put on icy clothes as quickly as possible and hope to survive the shock. Once breakfast has been dealt with, the race is on. Children race for the bus, dropping and leaving books, pencils and rubbers. Darting back to pick things up, we eventually gather all but the one thing that is going to get us into trouble.

On arriving at school we scurry and scuttle to the hall for assembly. If we are not amongst the first into the hall all the best seats have gone, eagerly claimed by the first-formers and if we are late enough to be forced onto an end seat, we are evicted by indignant prefects.

School work, homework, societies make the day fly; there is hardly time to breathe and suddenly we are faced with the sickening realisation that examinations are only a few days away. Frantically we revise the thousand and one things we have forgotten in the past months. Radio and television are forgotten, enjoyment of all kinds is suspended while we revise by torchlight under the bedclothes in case our parents are angry that we did not pay sufficient attention in term-time.

There are so many things that we could do with forty-eight hours in the day. But there are always holidays.

Contributed

Rugby

by David Baldwin

The School 1st XV had a poor start to the season, playing four games before gaining their first success. In all, they have won only two games and lost six, with one game ending all square, the opposition scoring from the last move of the game.

The successes were notable victories over the two Public Schools, Sedbergh and Stoneyhurst.

Although the team is lacking in experience, containing only six of last year's team, the record could have been greatly improved with better tackling throughout and faster handling in the backs.

It is hoped that in the remaining games the forwards can win a greater percentage of the lines-out, in order to equal the good work done by the hooker, Salter, in the set scrums, thereby giving the backs a greater chance of scoring. This, coupled with some good tackling and kicking, should result in a great improvement to the first team record.

The record of the second team is similar to that of the first. They have won one, drawn one and lost seven matches. The second team is ably led by John Chadwick, whose main worry has been the call of the first team for replacements for injured players. This has depleted the ranks of the second team, and made it difficult to field a competent side. It must be remembered that other schools who field second team sides almost equal in ability to their first team have a greater number of sixth form students to choose from. Even so, with more enthusiasm, the second team could be improved.

The Junior teams have been equally disappointing, especially the U.15's side, which consists mainly of last year's very successful U.13's team, and has not been able to live up to last year's promise. The U.13's have held their own so far, having won three out of seven matches.

These results are somewhat below Balshaw's usual standard, and it is hoped that all four teams will improve during the coming months.

1st Team Rugby from: Toppin, Baldwin, Rotheram, Bonney, Curless, Wrennall, Smith D. J., Challender, Jenkins, Walne, Kelly, Houghton, Smith, R., Dawes, Salter, Watson, Jackson, Rawcliffe, Nelson, Hosker, Johnson.

Hockey

Mid-season report by June E. Holden.

Five matches have been played by the 1st and 2nd XIs this term, and only three by the Junior Teams. The first XI had to be built up practically from scratch this season, and it took a while for the members to co-ordinate, but it seems from the performance at the last match that this has now been achieved.

Due to the bad weather, however, which made the pitches unplayable the teams have suffered from lack of practice and the results have proved a great disappointment. Only two matches have been won by the 1st XI, and this is the first time for many years that three matches have been lost in one term. The performance at the last match, however, against Rivington, was a great improvement, and we have high hopes for future matches.

The first and second XIs had a new experience when they played against Wigan High School, as the matches were played on all-weather surface pitches. Even though the surface was new to them, the first XI should have played better, and, indeed, won, as we were in the lead twice, but finally went down by 3 goals to 2. It was not the score which was disappointing, so much as the standard of play, which served as a contrast to the preceding match against last year's Tournament winners, Ormskirk, when, although losing by 3 goals to 1, the team played exceptionally well and with keenness.

The 1st XI will be taking part in a Tournament at Southport on December 2nd, and next term, the U/15 team will compete in a Junior Tournament, and we are hoping for success in these. Four members of the 1st team, who are in the fourth form, will be taking part in the Junior Tournament. The last time that this happened, the School team won the Tournament.

All the teams would like to thank Mrs. Pickersgill, Mr. Miller and Mrs. Nicholas for their help, and we hope to reward their efforts in the future.

1st XI Hockey—

J. Finch, J. Hodgson, K. Carr, M. Gates, C. Bradley, A. Brown, C. Barron, J. Baker, P. Cunliffe, J. Holden, M. Wright.



Sixth Form Society

How on earth can anyone hope to write a complete and accurate report on something as varied and active as the Sixth Form Society. No single person has attended every and judging from comments afterwards, no two people come activity, nor is it intended that they should. Furthermore, away from any event with the same view of it.

It is surely sufficient to report that the advertised programme has been carried out, with nothing cancelled or postponed. Additional events were included during the Autumn Term, an additional dance, a lunchtime talk and a visit to an opera. Attendance at all meetings has been slightly up on last year and it is hoped that the programme for the Spring Term will receive equal support.

All suggestions are welcomed and it is hoped that members will continue to use the democratic organisation—the most democratic in the school—to make their views known. Even if new items cannot be included now, there is always next year and it is during the weeks ahead that the programme for 1968-9 will begin to take shape.

Fourth Form Society

By Kemp, 4/2 Form Representative

“LETHARGY . . . CURSE OF THE FOURTH FORMS ?”

The newly created “Fourth Form Society” has been a source of disappointment to all concerned in its running; not in the choice of programme, which has been varied and well prepared by those concerned, but in the extreme lethargy of the members of the fourth forms. Only 40% of the fourth year have joined compared with the Junior Society's record of 95%.

On the 1st September, the proposed trip to Bolton Museum had to be cancelled owing to lack of support. The few that did want to go joined a Junior Society trip to the same place, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves, feeling, perhaps, that “pop” did not add to the cultural aspect of the trip.

On the 20th September, there was a film in the School Hall, entitled “Time out of War,” which was followed the next day by a “Confab.” to discuss the film in general, and the motives of war in particular.

Two weeks later, on the 2nd October, a members' “4 o'clock Meeting” on the subject of History was held in the

Dining Hall. As usual, much to the delight of the audience (fingers crossed) sketches were thought up on the spur of the moment by Bamber and Morrow. Again to the “delight” of the audience, I sang three songs!

The “Hat” (or impromptu) debate, as the papers would put it, “met with lively discussion,” with everyone expressing views on at least one of the topics.

The formal debate on the 8th November was not well attended, but I would like to point out to those who were present, that I have no intention of marrying a porcupine!

Junior Society

Ann Smith 2LI, Form Representative

Perhaps it was the thought of missing school which made the first event of the Junior Society's programme so attractive. The trip to Bolton Museum was supported by two coach loads of 2nd and 3rd Formers, who all greatly enjoyed it.

The next item, the film “She,” was well attended, not only by members of the Society, but also by many other members of the School.

There were then no more meetings until the middle of October, when we had another film, but this took place at dinner-time and only members attended. However, it was thoroughly enjoyed.

The first debate “That this House believes that the Space Race is a waste of time, money and brains” was very well supported, and the Geography Room, where the debate was held, was very overcrowded and stuffy. The result of the debate was 57 votes to 47 votes, the motion being defeated.

The next debate was a “Balloon Debate,” the characters being Eve, Emma Peel, Father Christmas and Guy Fawkes. Although all the speeches were good, Father Christmas won by a vast majority.

Also greatly enjoyed was a later lunchtime film “Between the Tides” which like all other activities provided by the Society was so well attended that we are encouraged in the view that we continue to satisfy a real need.

The Other Club

On 14th December, 1967, many of the most recent recruits to Balshaw's met together to form a society which they would run and which would reflect their interests and outlook. We noticed that whilst all the other levels in the School were catered for, we had no extra-curricular organisation. We elected a committee of eight—to change month by month—and to arrange meetings and activities.

Immediately the eight had much to deal with, for we had asked for suggestions and we are still digging out of the avalanche which landed upon us. Everything from aero modelling and astronomy to stamps and swimming is being considered.

Our name? Well it is appropriate to the last Form Society to come into being, and it happens to be the name of a society originally formed by F. E. Smith & Winston Churchill, who could not gain entry to "The Club"—the most exclusive London Club of the twenties. Their "other club" now flourishes whilst "The Club" stagnates.

We trust that we are not in breach of copyright in borrowing this illustrious title and we shall try to emulate its success as a usurper.
P.M.W.

Nightmare

By Elizabeth Duval, 3F.

The street was desolate and still and the sound of my feet echoed through the empty houses as I slowly walked along the ancient pavement. Looking from left to right all I saw were broken down, derelict houses with shattered windows and doors that hung dangerously from their hinges. As I walked I was conscious of something, or somebody following me, but I dared not look round for fear that I should visualise something terrifying and ugly.

Just then a door creaked behind me. I wheeled, my heart pounding in my body. I saw emerge from a tumbled-down doorway, a small figure thin and half naked. She came closer and closer, her hands outstretched, begging for a crust of bread. As she came near, I backed away, afraid, but of what, I didn't really know.

The next thing I knew I was surrounded by young chil-

dren, some crawling on their knees, crippled, begging, pleading and moaning for food and scraps. Their bellies were swollen through starvation and their ribs showed through the skinny bodies, the only thing which kept body and soul together. Eyes which only asked looked pitifully at me. I felt cold inside. Then the children came nearer and still more poured out from the slums. It seemed I had half the starving population clammering at my feet.

At last I could not stand it any longer. I put my hands over my head and screamed. The more I screamed, though, the more there seemed to appear from the dilapidated buildings. Hundreds of hands, scarred and bruised, pawed at my body. A piercing scream came from my throat as I made a last effort to get rid of the wailing torture. It echoed a thousand times, over and over again through the empty houses. Then, all was still and calm. Only the blackness remained.

Can you beat it?

Contributed by we don't know who

Zak's
Yellow
Xylophone
Was
Very
Unpopular
Till
Sam
Ran
Quickly
Past
Our
New
Mansion
Laughingly
Kicking
John
In
His
Goofy
Face
Eating
Dry
Cucumber
Bacteria
Also

Can
Clever
Central
Cumberland
County
Council
Cricket
Club
Canteen
Coffee Cup
Cleaners
Clean
Canteen
Choir's
Crumby
Cracked
Cream
Coloured
China
Coffee
Cups
Carefully ? ? ? ? ?

Can anyone beat this or
make up one with more
letters?

Trapped

By Jane Decker

A roar like the cry of an angry dragon broke the waiting silence of the bleak quarry. A sudden flash of jagged lightning sharply outlined three small shapes huddled by the rock. The flash faded and heavy drops of rain began falling. The shapes became blurred and insignificant until they darted towards the looming black hole of the mine that gashed the steep rock face. Once inside, the boys looked cautiously at the towering roof and damp sloping walls that had been hacked and blasted roughly from the tough granite. Another flash startled the boys and drove them further into the clinging darkness of the tunnel.

Some invisible force drew them onwards through passage after passage, never exhausting its complete mastery over their imagination. A sudden panic filled the boys when they realised their folly, for the ancient miners had left them no signs to help them retrace their over-hasty steps. They began to run blindly, frantically in the smothering dampness, stumbling and falling in the pitch black of the cave.

A sudden rumbling unlike thunder filled the mine and dense clouds of dust choked the air from the boys' bodies. Small stones clattered on the walls and rebounded, stinging the boys' faces and covering their feet. Bigger ones flung them to the ground with sudden abruptness and crushed their legs beneath the weight. The walls trembled and vibrated as the huge boulders bounded on the walls and built up into an immovable mass behind the shocked and trembling figures.

The boys felt sick inside and began to howl like small babies. They shivered and scrabbled with their hands at the rock that trapped them. Then, in desperation, tore at it, cutting their hands.

They became weary and their bodies went numb. For the first time they felt the cold biting through their torn clothes and irritating the wounds on their legs and arms. They felt the desolation around them and the pain which gnawed at what sense was left in their feeble minds. A stupor came over them like a veil blotting out all thought and leaving their bodies limp on the icy floor.

They did not wake again. Only their bones remained as memorial when, years later, I found their skeletons spread awkwardly beneath the rock fall.

Destroy

Alan Heald, UVIA

Destroy !
Kill all that you were and all that you are.
Destroy !
Enter the flesh-murdering, self-killing war.
Let your hearts' spirit only remain.
And may the whole rest be buried in shame.
Burn up your pride and your hate and your lust.
Let all your longings be turned into dust.
And so that the appetite never will cloy.
Destroy ! Destroy ! Destroy !

Lost - One Way

Philip Gwynne 4/2.

While travelling through Leyland one foggy Autumn day
I took a wrong turning and lost my way.
I pulled into the kerbside to ask a passer-by
But was puzzled and perplexed by the length of his reply.

' You take the first on the left, the second on the right,
And be careful round the corner for a corner out of sight.
Carry on a little further till you come to a dirt track
But don't go down there mate 'cos it's a blooming cul-de-sac.
Go down a little alley where it says you shouldn't go
And if you're followed by a copper say that you're on tow.
Go round about a round-about you didn't see before,
Don't cross the river by the bridge—it ain't there any more.
Go through the city centre and don't turn back
And if you're feeling bumpy you're on the railway track.'

I heard all his instructions but it seemed to no avail
And I was just about to ask him if he'd repeat his tale
When the fog lifted suddenly and I couldn't disregard
The fact that when he spoke to me I was in my own back-yard.

Remembrance Day

Peter Watson, UVIA

Upon the going down of the sun,
We will think of things,
That almost happened, and,
The happiness it almost brings.

Innocence

by Christine Walsh, 5/3.

"She sits there in that corner whenever visitors come and never says a word. She's so shy, and she reads such an awful lot. She's always got a book in her hands. But I'm a bit worried about her eyes, she seems to get headaches. I think we will get her to Grammar School without much trouble though. Don't you think so, Vera?"

"Oh, Yes," nodded Vera, smiling at the fair head of the six-year-old huddled in a large armchair, her arms clasped around her bare knees on which was balanced a large book, and then, in a whisper, "Oh, the sweet little child, she suits lemon, Margaret. She's so engrossed in her book she doesn't know we're talking about her." She sipped her tea and surreptitiously took another biscuit from the plate before continuing:

"Do you know, I was up all night with our James? He's at a difficult age, you know, the same age as your Anne, isn't he? He keeps having dreadful earache, poor mite, he can't hear me very well at all. I said to our John, I said, 'Don't you think we should have him seen to', but he said he was talking to Mrs. Jones; she lives next door, at the other side, you know, well, their Jill had it and they put olive-oil in her ears. It soon went away I believe. If you ask me though, I don't think she looks after her children properly at all. Do you know . . .?"

Anne couldn't make out Mrs. Vera's words any more. She had lapsed into that low murmur which Anne knew, all too well meant that she was talking about something that was not supposed to be heard by her, or indeed by anyone. Well, she knew all about Joan and Susan Jones' nits, long before Mrs. Vera did, anyway that was history. She was with them when those gypsies "put the curse" on them, but she had escaped while they were "Taking their blood" and tying them to that post and they hadn't bothered to chase her because she had a big brother who went to the "Secondary Modern". She wanted to go there. He'd said it was best because they didn't need to wear uniform if they didn't want to.

Her mother smiled at her again and continued to talk. She knew they were talking about her, she could have been just a picture of a girl, like those in the stupid story books her Aunties bought her, about farms and little good girls and boys, as if she wasn't there and couldn't hear about herself.

Anne didn't look up but made a grimace intended for no one in particular. Did grown-ups always have to keep smiling at you and telling you what a big girl you were for your age and how pretty your dress was? She turned the page impatiently "Oh, I'm dying to go outside and finish making that shark-spear for Mr. Brent's goldfish with James, and tell him that he's going to be 'seen to'. I don't think he wants horrible grease poured down his ear. He'd better stop pretending because his mum will only shout even louder at him because she thinks he's deaf. I'm glad I didn't do that to stop off school. Mum would probably have sent me with a note and Miss Jackson would screech down my ears all the time and make me answer more questions to make sure I could hear. Headaches are safer."

She let out another long drawn-out sigh, loud enough to show her mother she was fed up of "sitting pretty" for their new neighbour. She wished "Mrs.Vera" would go away. She hated visitors coming, and changing specially into a dress and having to let her hair out of plaits.

The pictures in the book were beginning to get boring, she knew them off by heart now. One of these days she would try to read it, then she'd find out what the real story was. Perhaps it wasn't as difficult as it looked, it had much bigger words in it than her other books about farms and good little girls and boys.

Holiday with the Penguins

by David Nelson, 5/3

Have you ever ridden in a German police car? I have. What was it like? I do not know. No, the Gestapo were not taking me to their headquarters. You see I was out "cold".

After weeks of anticipation and fund-raising, I, with twenty others and equipped with passport, foreign currency, travellers cheques, new clothing, all contained in a large new holdall, began a twenty-four hour journey to Heessen, West Germany. Crossing the Channel by night I was too excited for sleep and I shall never grumble at British Rail after the jolting received crossing Belgium. After meeting our hosts in Heessen Market Square, we were taken to their homes and I ate my first German meal—a plate of Frankfurter sausages. Each time the fork pierced the skin a fine jet of water squirted out and I had the greatest difficulty showing the courtesy expected of a guest by cleaning my plate.

Volker, my German host, took me to see his town but I remember nothing of it—only the hazy sound of a twin-tone siren. I awoke some sixteen hours later with penguin-like nuns in attendance and two German companions.

In this state German words were harder than usual to come by and it was only when an English speaking doctor appeared that I discovered about my collapse in the Ahlen-Münster road. I was now in the St. Barbara Klinik—a three week old hospital. The Prime Minister could not have had a more thorough overhaul. Knowing nothing of my case history the doctors, with Teutonic thoroughness, proceeded to do a lumbar puncture, gave me a cardiograph, blood, eye tests and numerous X-rays—the lot!

Whilst all this was going on I had long periods lying on my back and much time for worry, “What was wrong with me?” “Where would they wheel me this morning?” “Where was Volker?” “Where were my possessions?” “Father and mother, now on their holiday, would be worried if they knew. They were not going to know!” I managed to write two letters to the effect that I was enjoying myself.

I was down-hearted but by no means neglected. My English friends were frequent visitors giving me daily bulletins of their expeditions. Peter brought the Daily Mail. Marten, a German boy, brought an English paper or magazine each evening. My locker resembled a fruit stall on Wigan market—even the workmen outside benefited from its store. Cards came from the party bearing a fine list of autographs and a couple of letters from my parents hoping that I was enjoying the German sights.

Soon I felt better and gathered there was a possibility of discharge, Wednesday perhaps, then Friday. It was the following Tuesday, nine days later, when I left St. Barbara Klinik—just in time to make preparations for the homeward journey and to rendezvous with my parents at Bad Godesberg where they first learned the truth about my wonderful holiday.

Journalism

by Elizabeth Bamber

From my elevated position as a microbe reporter of some three months standing I would like to put forward some great truths on the subject of journalism as a career.

The first thing is that anybody who says the job isn't really an exciting one is either lying or has never set foot

inside the reporters' room of a newspaper office. You do of course get dreary trivial jobs but they are always well and truly overshadowed by the interesting ones.

For a while it is difficult to see why everybody doesn't go mad with the sheer confusion of being involved in so many people's lives and activities. Perhaps it does make you a little mad—I wouldn't like to say yet. But it certainly seems that everybody in the job is at least slightly eccentric and most journalists seem to agree that one essential of belonging to the profession—(yes, I did say profession!)—is that you think quite a bit of yourself—enough in fact to back yourself against the really awkward customer who says “Print that and I'll sue you”. You also have to be willing to yell at unco-operative business men who, under normal circumstances, you would be calling “Sir”.

Besides the insanity, another hazard of the job is the mark on the side of your face where you glue your telephone(s) (singular or plural as the fancy takes you or as pressure of work demands). The greater part of our work is done on the telephone because, of course, if we tried to go out on every job, we would probably produce about one evening paper each week.

However this can be very frustrating because one only needs to mention the word “newspaper”, and somebody who had just slipped out of his office is suddenly well and truly unavailable until a week next Wednesday.

The stories we do by phone are those where you have a basic idea and need facts and figures and some kind of comment so you can lay at somebody's door any allegations you may directly or indirectly make. People get to know this—hence the difficulty.

The easiest type of story to cover is a pre-planned event or some well known citizen reaching a ripe old age, because when you forget to ask them something—which even experienced reporters do now and then and which I do often—they are glad of the publicity and don't mind telling you again.

I had a rather unpleasant experience of this helpful attitude when I conducted a full scale interview lasting about two hours with a prominent member of a local organisation to gather material for a feature. When I got back to the office and asked when the copy was due, I was told that it wasn't needed for about four days. Very unwisely I delayed writing it until nearer the time, only to find (of course) that I

had lost the notes and since I hadn't even understood most of it at the time I had little chance of remembering it. I immediately explained the situation to our chief reporter (a very understanding soul) and my honesty saved me. "Lie" he ordered. I was forced to return to the subject of my interview and convince him that somehow in the general journalistic jumble the whole thing had been lost in the post—after I had written it of course. Then I had to endure the whole terrible two hours again, which included hearing about what a wonderful experience it had been receiving his decoration, (some twenty years earlier) and in fact and in short the entire story of his life.

Incidentally the bit about getting lost in the post wasn't quite so incredible as it might sound. Although we actually write at Burnley we share a printing plant with our sister paper at Blackburn. Most of our copy has to be sent over the phone to typists, but some is actually sent by post, if its very long or well ahead of its deadline.

The business of telephoning can be an amusing or an annoying experience depending on the typist and on how interested you are in the subject. Some of my first experiences of this came in the period when the 'O' and 'A' level results were being sent out. To the reporters this means just one thing—lists. There simply wasn't time to send all the names by post or even by road (we have a mini-van express for dire emergencies), and every single person in the office was sitting behind a pile of lists, all of which had to be coded as we read them and all of which had to be read letter by letter, to rule out as many mistakes as possible.

The office must have sounded even more like the monkey house than usual to anybody who happened to be passing. "F for Freddy P for Peter Taylor with a Y colon cap D for Donald cap S for sugar lower case dsn—that's D for Donald S for sugar N for Nellie." And even then we had to spend the greater part of the next day sorting out coding and spelling mistakes that had appeared in the paper and explaining to irate parents that it was really impossible for us to remember each name and each result off hand, ready for them to ring up and complain about the wicked lies we had told.

Apparently this is something of an annual event but I think I shall have to try to be off sick or something in time for the next batch.

Having pointed out the things about the job which are more or less certain to turn the brain I should perhaps point out some of the advantages, although, looking at it constructively, most of these seem to have a catch.

We all do at least one night job a week and although this is technically speaking unpaid overtime, its advantages usually far outweigh its disadvantages. Through these jobs it's possible to have some very entertaining free evenings out—and all you have to do is say "I'm from the press" and everybody runs at your beck and call on the strength of the publicity they hope they are going to get.

Such occasions were the fashion show which turned out to be so exclusive that even the queen would have had difficulty getting in without a ticket or a letter from Harold—champagne on tap, etc., etc.—and the press reception before the Blackpool illuminations preview. "You just meet a chap in the Winter Gardens and have a chat with him about the lights", they told me, "There will be a few drinks and probably something to eat." The "chap" turned out to be the man who had organised and designed the whole display and the "something to eat" turned out to be a seven course dinner with the mayor—quite a nerve racking experience at the time. But looking back, probably the most desirable "diary job" of the year.

You also have an opportunity to meet some famous and interesting people although you don't always want to, as I discovered when I had my most embarrassing encounter to date.

I had managed to persuade a photographer to take me along with him to have a look at Arthur Negus, of television's "Going For a Song" fame, who had been giving a lecture to Burnley luncheon club at the town's "posh" hotel.

Unfortunately a reporter from our local rival paper, trying to be helpful, told Mr. Negus' secretary that "That little girl over there represents the 'Star'." The very business-like and publicity conscious secretary bustled over to me, saying "Good afternoon. What do you want to know?" I could do nothing but blush painfully and, shifting uneasily from one foot to another, mutter "Um, er, well . . . nothing really. Um, er, somebody's already covered this." (I hoped), and beat a hasty retreat.

By now I should have caused a total absence of applications from Balshaw's to newspapers or the reverse. I'm afraid the former will be more accurate. But as far as I'm concerned either possibility is only a slight danger compared with "the other one". That is that someone from the Burnley Evening Star gets hold of a copy of this epistle.

I don't suppose they let out-of-work-microbe-reporters come back to school . . . do they?

Autumn Weather

by David Loftus 2L/2.

Of the four months of the Autumn Term October was by far the wettest with 7.04 inches of rain, the reason for so many cancelled games of Rugby and Hockey. The October depressions were so very regular that by 12th November there had only been about two days without rain of a measurable amount. Although the 7.04 inches of rain constituted a record there were areas near Leyland which had even more.

After 12th November anticyclones took over and the temperature fell sharply making for hard frost at nights and foggy days which occasioned even more cancelled sport as well as early departures for home!

We had a milder spell during the last few days of November but then anticyclones returned and remained with us nearly until the end of term.

A fall of snow on the 6th December was followed by brighter weather, although on the 7th and 8th the mercury hardly rose above 32 degrees F. 0 degrees C. The term ended with brilliantly sunny weather; winter at its best.

Month	Mean Max.	Mean Min.	Mon. Mean	Rainfall inches
September ...	16.9° C.	9.8° C.	13.4° C.	3.73"
October	13.0° C.	7.0° C.	10.0° C.	7.04"
November	8.3° C.	2.1° C.	5.3° C.	4.59"
December				
until 20th	8.1° C.	0.1° C.	4.1° C.	0.64"

Hottest day, September 27th = 20° C.

Coldest day, December 18th = 4.6° C.

Total rainfall = 16".

Readings taken by David Loftus 2L/2.

Michael Baybutt 2L/2.

Frank Cocker 2L/2.

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