

E. Buckley.



**the
balshavian.**

THE BALSHAVIAN

Autumn Issue

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Reports

Tennis 1969

When the first match of the season against Blackpool Collegiate was cancelled because of bad weather, we feared that this season would be as frustrating as the last and that we would again suffer a round of cancellations. In fact, after this initial setback the 1969 season proved to be a most successful one, both from the point of view of weather and also in terms of results.

The first six won all the matches that were played and many of them by comfortable margins. Our best performance was probably in beating Upholland Grammar School by 45 games to 18. Though less successful than the first, the second six won more matches than they lost.

The social event of the season was the Sixth Form Tennis Tournament organized by members of the Sixth Form Society. Again the weather was very good to us and we all enjoyed playing in glorious sunshine. The competition was eventually won by Shirley Rogers and Mortimer.

We thank Mrs. Pickersgill and Mrs. Nicholas for their help and support through the season and wish every success to next year's teams.

1st VI: C. Barron (Capt.) and S. Rogers.

V. Dalton and J. Baker.

K. Higham and P. Cunliffe.

CHRISTINE BARRON, U6A.

Clayton House Report

This has been a very good term for Clayton. Not only did we have outstanding success in sports, but we also won the House Music Competition.

The Senior Boys set us off well by winning the Cross-Country Championship, and then we had a clear and decisive win in the Annual Sports. Two of our members did especially well: Judith Baker was declared Victrix Ludorum and Frank Crowe broke the longstanding record for the mile. The boys went on to win the cricket, and the girls to win the rounders and tennis leagues.

Sally Thompson, Judith Baker, Pamela Cunliffe and Susan Eagle organised and produced our winning performance in the Music Competition, the highlight of which was the choir's most entertaining version of "Widdecombe Fair".

We thank Miss Doherty, Mrs. Pickersgill, Mr. Smith and Mr. Rowley for their continued and enthusiastic support in this our most successful year.

CHRISTINE BARRON, VALERIE DALTON, FRANK CROWE.

Sixth Form Society Report

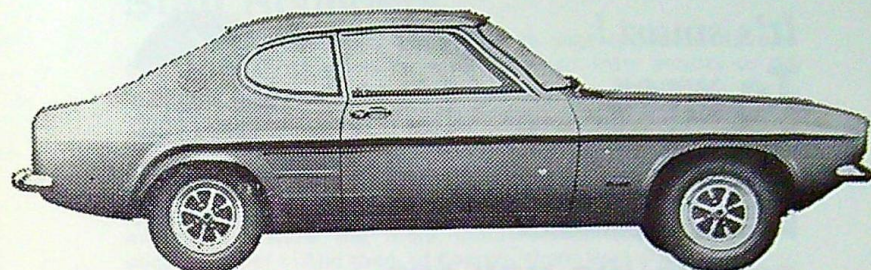
It was on a note of experiment that the Sixth Form Society Committee started its work for the Summer Term. In previous years, because of the involvement of the Upper Sixth in external examinations, there had been no attempt to provide activities after the Easter holidays. To avoid this break and in order to carry out at least a limited programme, a new and enlarged committee came into existence, with five representatives (instead of the previous two) from each of the lower sixth forms, over half of whom were volunteers. This committee will serve until October when a new committee of upper and lower sixth formers will be elected, although the new president and secretary will continue to be elected in early September.

The two most successful events of the Summer Term were, without doubt, the visit to the Playhouse at Liverpool to see "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie" and the American style tennis tournament, both of which met with unanimous approval and enjoyment. Visits to Manchester University and to Leyland Motors were also popular and successful, though in different ways with different people. The trip to Calder Hall did not materialise, that to Leyland Paints unfortunately clashed with other activities and that to the Leyland and Birmingham Rubber Company had to be postponed until next term. The climax to the term was a most relaxed and enjoyable leavers' dance in the School Hall.

The present committee is determined to do all possible to avoid cutting down on its ambitious programme for the year ahead. Plans are already well advanced and include professional dancing instruction, a visit to a television studio and newspaper office, a forum on college and university education, the usual theatre trips and end-of-term dance. The feature films have been chosen with great care and it is hoped that they will inspire interest and support. At least one evening talk is being organised and, our most ambitious scheme yet, we are proposing a three-day visit to London at half-term.

The members of the committee are deeply conscious of their problems. Our main hope is to encounter a more positive response from all our members and that all alike will be able to remember the coming year as the most successful yet.

S. R. BONNEY,
(on behalf of the committee).



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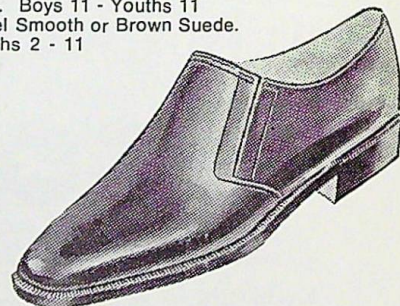
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Staff Rounders

We have been told often enough that appearances can be deceptive, but when the staff emerged from school to do their annual end-of-term battle against the school rounders team there was the customary sardonic cheer and the confident prediction that the school would win with the greatest of ease. The staff, in spite of the fact that they were all dressed in white, looked curiously motley. The principal conflict reflected the current Parish fashion-battle, some favouring the mini-shorts, while the more conservative chose the maxi cricket-flannel. And then, of course, there was a lady playing. It seemed an unlikely sort of team and we could see no hope for them.

According to the best British practice, Monsieur Bigou, the visitor was given the honour of first strike. The prospect produced a round of giggles. A Frenchman trying to play rounders and in black shorts too! However, he quickly proved that a knowledge of the rules was not necessary as he beat the ball into the far outfield and scored a comfortable rounder. From that point the staff seemed to be invincible. Mr. Smith was especially severe on the school's bowling and hit the ball so hard and so high that it was suggested that one particular blow was likely to carry the ball into orbit and even endanger the Apollo mission. Anyway, there was a marked lack of enthusiasm among the fielders for actually catching the bigger hits. The excitement was, however, tempered by Mr. Reese



SAFE.....AT FIRST BASE

who produced an enormous number of left-handed non-connections and by Mr. White who achieved what is sometimes called a King Pair (with apologies to Peter West). Mr. Kidd and Mrs. Pickersgill added to the staff's first-innings total of $10\frac{1}{2}$ rounders. The pace was set and it did not seem possible now for the excitement of the school's innings to match that of the staff, but we had reckoned without Monsieur Bigou.

Again, as visitor, he was to be given the honour of bowling—and what Gallic cunning he displayed! The school team and the umpire were all demoralised by his slow curly lobs which dipped and swerved alarmingly—or so we are to believe. The girls were in puzzled knots and Mr. Miller as umpire—or is it referee?—was waving his arms furiously to signify all manner of illegality. The school was quickly dismissed but not without having collected some penalties for the deviations of The Bigou Special.

The staff's performance in the second innings was less effective, especially as some of them tried batting left-handed. Again Mr. Smith was the most striking success, scoring two of the four rounders, the others being hit by Mr. Rowley and Mr. Catterall, who ran round so fast that he took bases, fielders and his own slip-stream with him. Indeed his momentum was so great that it took him through the ranks of spectators and very nearly into the gymnasium.



A GREAT CATCH, SIR!

The school's second innings was remarkable chiefly for the spectacular fielding of the staff, who were not going to let Mr. Reese outshine them. Perhaps the funniest catch was Mr. White's effort when he ducked and stuck up an arm simultaneously. When he bobbed up again the ball was still in his hands. He acknowledged the applause of the crowd who were really shouting for an encore. He retired to the boundary where, according to usually reliable sources, he was chuckling with glee. A powerful return from Mr. Smith was heading at great speed for the gymnasium window when Mr. Catterall showed what a selfless and courageous fellow he is by stopping the missile. The school's innings closed and the staff, heads held high, left the field winners by $14\frac{1}{2}$ rounders to $6\frac{1}{2}$.

M. INGHAM and
N. HOSKINSON, L6A.

Lytham Hockey Tournament

On Saturday, October 5th, Mrs. Pickersgill took the first team to a hockey tournament at Queen Mary's School, Lytham. We were to leave at 8-15 a.m., but Elaine Groves had not arrived and though she was making every effort to get to school her bus was late and Janet Procter played in her place.

Our first game was against Queen Mary's. Though Pamela Cunliffe immediately put the Lytham defence under considerable pressure, their left wing made a counter-attack and although Janet Finch made a good save from the first shot the left inner drove the clearance hard back into the net. Another breakaway down the left led to the second goal only two minutes later and we were beaten 2—0.

Things went better for us in the second game against Nelson Technical School. We got away to a flying start when Judith Baker scored in the first minute after dribbling through the defence on her own. Soon afterwards Pamela Cunliffe scored our second. Though Nelson scored within a minute, both Pamela Cunliffe and Judith Baker each scored again to make it 4—1 for Balshaw's.

Our third game, and last before the selection game, was against Burnley. Our first attack was stopped only at the expense of a free hit at the edge of the circle. Christine Bradley's pass was turned past the goalkeeper by Judith Baker. Four minutes later Pamela Cunliffe scored our second and Mavis Wright was only fractionally offside when she drove the ball into the Burnley net.

At the selection stage Judith Baker was chosen to play right inner for the possibles against the probables and later to go forward to the Lancashire Trials.

VIVIENNE BREWSTER, 5/4.

Extension of the Playing Fields

As you have probably noticed, the number of pupils in the School has been steadily rising over the past few years until now we have found it prudent to acquire more land so that playing space, rugby pitches and hockey pitches can be provided to satisfy the demands of a school that is increasing in size.

At present our total playing area is $17\frac{1}{2}$ acres and this is to be increased to $24\frac{1}{2}$ acres. The new land is on the South side of the School and includes all the land this side of the new access-road and of the wood on the West.

The land will belong to the Lancashire County Council and they will be responsible for the provision of hedges or fences, an adequate drainage system and levelling and turfing. The work is to be started in the very near future and it is hoped that it will be quickly completed.

The new rugby and hockey pitches are badly needed; for though the pitches currently in use do provide us with the area for games, they tend to suffer during the season from overuse.

There is more, however, to the buying of this land than the provision of playing area. The price of land for building purposes is rising steeply all the time and the local authority realised that, in the vicinity of the new housing area currently being developed to the South of the School, it will eventually be necessary to build a primary school. By securing the land now the authority will get it at its most economic price and be able to guarantee an adequate site for the new school.

P. CORBETT, L6A.

Cricket 1969

At the beginning of the season there were high hopes for the first eleven, but the results did not match up to expectations.

It is all too easy to look for and find excuses for sub-standard performances—and in our case it might be suggested that we did not practice hard enough or that we too rarely assembled in sufficient numbers for the practices to be of real value. However, though these were indeed factors which contributed in some measure to our poor performance, our basic fault was lack of genuine application to the game. We failed to master the opposition though often we were very well placed.

This year's bowlers did, by and large, a very worthy job. Several times we had the opposition reeling at about forty for seven. Somehow, they nearly always seemed to wriggle off the hook, which must suggest a lack of final penetration.

Too many teams were able to recover from seemingly impossible positions. Even so, the bowlers gave us every chance of victory on many occasions, and the fielding was generally creditable. One could raise the odd minor quibble but rarely did the batsmen have to set about the impossible task.

Therefore, if the bowlers and fielding served us well and yet victories were few and far between, we may reasonably deduce that the batting was at fault. The usual sequence of events was that one or perhaps two of our batsmen got on top of the bowling whilst the rest collapsed to defeat or to playing out time for a draw. The potential was there but too often we batted, as individuals, with the conviction that we would get out and consequently did so.

Nevertheless, one thing the team did not lack was the corporate spirit. We had a great deal of fun and, after all, one of the main reasons for playing games is to derive pleasure from the sport. In these terms the season was a remarkable success and certainly I could not wish to play with a more united or a more sporting side.

JOHN CURLESS, U6A.

Original Work

Unwelcome Visitors

The cat flexed her paws contentedly and peered over the hay-bales to the huge barn door where the sunlight filtered through a crack. There was no danger there and she turned a satisfied gaze to the kittens who were suckling her greedily. Their rusty young purrs blended with the depth of hers as they snuggled together against her protective body. The mother ran her rough tongue over their little pot-bellies, licking their fluffy fur into grooves and bringing a wail of despair from one of her sleeping charges.

Suddenly there was a snuffling at the door and the mother cat sprang to her feet, glaring at the place from where the sound had come. A dusty paw scrabbled round the corner of the wood, while another pair scratched at the door outside. A small, black nose appeared through the crack close to the ground, sniffing eagerly, and the queen stalked towards it with her back arched. The fur on her back stood up in spikes. Each delicate paw was placed menacingly, unerringly upon the rough hay as she moved towards the danger. Then suddenly a streak of black launched itself at the door, spitting fire. She lunged at the already wavering nose. The raking claws found their mark and a yelp of pain rose in the air as the intruder

jumped backwards shaking its head violently. The dog, now incensed with pain and rage threw itself at the offending door, and, aided by its fellow, attacked the crack.

The barn door swung slowly open and the sunlight streamed in, dazzling the cat, momentarily, but, luckily the dogs were startled and stood quite still. Then slowly the scruffy beast which had long, bloody scratches zig-zagged down its nose, advanced. The other hesitated then followed. The wounded dog made straight and unwaveringly for the cat. She looked at the dog with hate in her eyes and a second time unleashed herself in a sudden spring. The dog was prepared this time and dodged to the side, but she twisted in the air and dragged her claws down the back of her assailant. The dog writhed and pulled himself clear and ran for home with his tail between his legs. His cowardly friend followed.

The cat moved back to her kittens, licking herself with satisfaction.

JANE DECKER, 3L.

Peace

In a blue labyrinth
of crystallised solitude,
in my marine globule,
the world is measured
in framed illimitable refractions.
Babble of Babylon
is muted gurgles
and brilliant liquids
of fire and sun
converge in one.

CHRISTINE WALSH, L6A.

An Inspiration

All you ever dreamed
In that purple misted cave of yours
All inspired to form
In the mind's cramped cavern,
Suddenly burst out . . .
Into fields of empty clock faces,
Staring in their dead sea
At what is in you,
Laughing, probing, scanning
Over surfaces of what they see,
Those grey-flannel eyes
And the eyes that turn away.

CHRISTINE WALSH, L6A.

In the park

In the park nothing is allowed to grow freely; everything has obviously been carefully ruled and measured—even the blades of grass dare not grow more than half an inch above the ground. The carefully planted trees along the path stand stiffly like parading soldiers and no mischievous breeze must have the audacity to rustle their branches. Only sometimes do they catch a whisper of the wind's freedom and the leaves whisper longingly.

The flowerbeds give the impression of having been drawn with mathematical instruments combining circles, rectangles and squares; even the soil unspotted by stones is of a uniform brown. The flowers like the trees stand in upright rows, a regiment of tulips, a company of daffodils—and there can be no deserter for they are all staked to their post. Only the tiniest flowers are allowed to grow as they were meant to, in fragrant carpets beside the path.

The lawns are as smooth as billiard tables and much less interesting. Not even a daisy has the temerity to poke its head into the daylight. Large blue notices tell people to keep off the grass.

The hideously carved fountain spouts from the centre of the park like some grotesque ape, the leering faces of four horned gargoyles spitting water six inches into the air, and from a tap a brownish trickle of water runs from what was once a statue's sword. The pond below is filled with rubbish and pale, underfed goldfish do well to survive among the rusty tins and slime.

The new ice-cream kiosk stands out brash against the trees which screen the railway banking from public view. The only things to like in this park are the cherry trees, now in full blossom, setting their pink petals against a vivid blue sky, but they are tucked away in a corner of the park where no-one can find them.

Dusk softens the crude outlines of the stiff trees and even stiffer buildings. The breeze comes now and moves their leaves and they whisper long into the night. The moon sheds its light on the statue and makes it silver. Only now, only at night can the park become a place of beauty.

SUSAN HAZELWOOD, 3L.

Evening

The last few hours of evening slip away
And the moon is high.
The owl sets out to hunt its prey
And dark grows the sky.

LYNNE JONES, 3L.

Sunset

A glowing, pink-chiffoned sky
Smiles across the fields
Who lazily stretch their shadows
Melting to the dark hedges' depths.
And spilled against the muted purple canopy
Of the sun's fading glory
Is the black concrete countryside
With crying eyes of lilac lustre.

CHRISTINE WALSH, L6A.

Intolerance

Are you a race apart,
Who can't be touched,
Who's always right?
He is humble,
You are mighty,
Or so you would believe.
But are you sure
That you are just
To show your evil lust
Against him,
Him who served your fathers well
Slave or servant, uncomplaining,
Shackled, harnessed
Like a dog accepting it
As what God gave him,
Made him?

From a poem by JUDITH YOUNG, 3L.

Change

Before the first flower grew,
green things, like giants, were waving,
and a lizard flew,
tradition braving.
A fair exchange and jump we made,
flower for lizard, out of time won—
a violet growing in the shade,
and a red rose in the sun.

A. J. BULL.

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Foreign

Our German Counterparts

The thought of two school-free weeks in the glorious Rhineland was the only thing that kept me from despair in the last few weeks of term, and then when the last day finally came all my plans and aspirations were demolished by The Dreaded Sir who in his best say-no-if-you-dare manner demanded, "Well, dear heart, how about an article for 'The Balshavian'?" I thought long on the Weser of ingenious ways of getting out of it, but, on reflection and remembering Sir's explosive wrath, I directed my energies to getting it all out of the way as quickly and as painlessly as possible. So here I sit scribbling away a bleak English summer's day as my companion, Clogger, indifferently slays her guitar and me at the same time. Well, that was all very jolly, but it does not have much to do with the German School System—but we are always being told to write general introductions—and you can't get much more general than that lot!

So, you see, German children start their education approximately one year later than English children, entering the elementary school when they are five or six years of age. Some stay at the elementary school for nine years and then take a three-year course in a chosen trade. But more usually, and if they wish to move to a more advanced kind of education, they leave after four or five years and go either to a Realschule (similar to a Secondary Modern School) or to a Gymnasium (the equivalent of an English Grammar School).

People who attend the Realschule stay for about six years and at the end of that period take an examination which qualifies them for clerical and other similar posts. The subjects taught vary little from the basic pattern of subjects in English schools.

Pupils of the Gymnasium stay at school for about nine years until they take their Abitur, a kind of matriculation examination to assess their standard when they leave. It is necessary for them to do well in the examination if they wish to go on to a college or a university. Although their subjects are, with the exception of Latin, Greek and Philosophy, the same as those of the Realschule, their study is much more intense.

None of the schools takes any external examination like our 'O' and 'A' Levels, nor do they have to face even internal term exams. Instead, they are simply awarded marks on the work completed in the term. They receive two reports or certificates for their work each year: one at Christmas and a second, more important one in the summer. The summer

report reviews the whole year and their promotion in the school depends on a satisfactory summer report.

The actual amount of time spent in school seems attractively brief compared with England; for although the pupils start their day at eight o'clock in the morning, school is over at one o'clock—and what is more, there are breaks of up to ten minutes between lessons. After school most children spend the afternoon in the school's swimming baths—every school has its own bath which during holiday periods is turned over to public use.

In Germany sport plays a very important part in the social life of the school. Unlike the average English school, which is content with one Sports Day a year, the Germans have two—one in summer for the traditional track and field events, and another in winter for gymnastics. As well as these internal competitions for which certificates of achievement are issued, there are inter-school and district sports. Training sessions are held too for rowing, soccer, hockey and other sports too numerous to mention.

Even so, their social life is not entirely dominated by sport. The older forms are encouraged to take an active interest in Politics. They visit the Parliament at Bonn and other centres of political activity, and politicians visit the schools to give lectures and to take part in debates.

If there should be a modern German teenager who is not interested by sport or politics his needs are catered for by parties and dances every other month, and the particular Gymnasium with which I am familiar, even has its own group, called—not 'Schiller's Stompers' as you may reasonably expect—but 'Soul Cream'!

It sounds a marvellous life, but there is only one disadvantage . . . they have to work, too!

JACQUELINE WADE, L6A.

The Wanderers have returned

. . . but only after a few frolics and escapades, to put it mildly; and, in an overworked cliché, a good time was had by all . . . two of us that is, and in separate countries to boot. We unpatriotically graced with our presences, Spain and Germany (West, of course), subdued only a little by our end-of-term reports.

For her part J. left in a flurry from the murk of Preston station with eighteen colleagues bound for the Federal Republic while C., in a state of nervous agitation, approached a waiting j-j-jet scheduled to arrive in Spain (though C. was not very confident).

One soaking boat and several continental trains later, J. arrived crumpled at her destination and was greeted mit grosser Freude (with great joy) by three beaming Germans and was

whisked away to the nearest bakery, which by some happy chance was their home.

Two thousand miles away, C. was wending her weary way down a pothole-riddled road towards her hotel shimmering on a Spanish horizon. Imagine her pleasure when she discovered that the hotel itself was situated on what appeared to be a quiet, disused cart track! In her own inimitable fashion she found out (the hard way) that this cart track was in fact the main road running through the town—by being chased down it by a rapidly accelerating car, which she maintains to this day was driven by Jackie Stewart travelling incognito.

As every self-respecting gourmet knows, a good meal comes before all things, but even the much-travelled J (she has been before) was taken aback when she saw her hosts drenching her salad with milk and sugar. Could this be the land of milk and honey?

Likewise in the land of midnight flamenco, C. was, with some gusto, attacking a salad built at least two feet high. Well, I mean, you've never seen anything like it; the tomatoes were like overgrown cricket balls!

The first morning in Germany proved to be something of a show-stopper as J. unsuspectingly entered church with her new summer hat perched demurely as she thought on her bowed head. The reaction of the congregation was quite marked and, victim of the vagaries of fashion, poor J. blushed a deep pink that clashed disturbingly with the blue of her bonnet.

It goes without saying that the Spanish weather was delightful; so armed with bat and ball, C. went to play table-tennis by the side of a swimming-pool. Her chivalrous partner asked her if she wished to swim. "No, thank you, not at the . . .". Any sympathy for the poor girl? No, the onlookers were annoyed that she made a splash.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch—actually a German discotheque called "The Ponderosa"—J., sweltering in the heat, sipped delicately at a Coke, her ear drums throbbing at the curious mixture of German conversation and an English juke box. Even the cherries in the drinks could not stand the pace—they either melted or were vibrated into a disgusting splodge in the bottom of the glass.

C. however was enjoying the peace and quiet of a walk along a Spanish beach in the moonlight with the waves lapping romantically round her ankles—only to be interrupted by a little green man in a butterfly hat and toting what appeared to be a gun. C. reflected momentarily on the queerness of Spanish policemen and then broke into an uncharacteristically swift dash for diplomatic immunity. Well, what would Sir have said to an international incident involving one of his ace reporters?

J. also found a use for the sprint. The poor girl was left wandering along a charming German country lane while her coach disappeared into the distance and if a well-meaning Teutonic acquaintance had not had the presence of mind to shout out "Mein Gott, Wer is dat girl gone?" she might still be roaming Deutschland crooning Der Wandersmann.

C. attended a barbecue held in the courtyard of an old Spanish hacienda. Olé. She was the main attraction and the crowds gathered to see her lift the leather bottle high and aim the torrent at her mouth. Practice makes perfect and when, after drenching herself thoroughly and providing the locals with free entertainment, she eventually succeeded, she discovered that she does not like wine.

It was a dark and stormy night when J. was washing her shiny locks. 'Twas midnight too when she was informed that she was to depart that very minute for a birthday celebration. So, hygienically wrapped in nylon mackintoshes, she waded through puddle and alarming electricity, with no stockings on, to be greeted with hoots of good-humoured derision and once again to provide the assembled company with a highly amusing topic of conversation.

Little did she know that her friend, the ever popular C., was flying even more nervously home through the self same storm. Her composure was certainly not helped by the fact that they approached the runway at least five times before her trembling limbs actually touched the ground. "I told you they shouldn't have sacked St. Christopher!" J. too, felt much the same about crossing a choppy English Channel and a Belgian train ride, trying to sleep with someone else's feet tucked under her chin.

Yet, as the Bard has it, "All's Well That . . ."—if it does, that is, among the rainsoaked pavements and car exhausts and a voice that exclaims in heraldic tones, "You've got half an hour. We're having a party tonight".

C. and J.

Letter from America

My first impression of America, or more precisely, New York, was that it was just like England—cold, wet and miserable. But this was March and the temperature was only forty-seven degrees. However, summer quickly proved me wrong; for in Arizona the temperature shoots up to 100. As we travelled about America we met with widely differing weather conditions—Georgia was humid, Texas and Missouri very dry and very hot, but the most surprising of all was Wyoming where, in the space of only six days in June, we had sun, rain, fog, frost and snow!

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While we were staying in Kansas City, Missouri, we heard a news bulletin and warnings flashed across the television screens and over the radio, stating that a tornado was heading for a certain area of the city. To my horror, I discovered that that area was the district in which we were staying. Our friend told us that when the sirens were sounded they would take everything down into the basement. A few days later I nearly jumped out of my skin when the sirens were sounded. I fled in a state of panic to the basement only to be told quite nonchalantly by my friend that it was the day for siren-testing!

The American school system is very different from the English. Here you start at the age of six in a class known variously as the Kindergarten and First Grade. After you have reached the Sixth Grade, you are transferred to an Elementary School. At ten or eleven you move on to a Junior High, and after the Ninth Grade, to a High School. Here you stay until you are about eighteen which is when you are expected to have finished Twelfth Grade. At the end of your final year, you graduate—a ceremony in which students are awarded diplomas and gifts. Most graduates go on to college to get a degree because you simply cannot get a reasonable job without one. The system seems ridiculous to me, because a man from any other country with a great deal of experience and skill in his job, it not allowed to fill a similar post in the United States, just because he has not been awarded a degree.

New York was fascinating, full of foreigners speaking more languages than you would think possible, and while there are quite a few negroes in the city there are not nearly so many as in the southern states. In Alabama we drove past hundreds of negro shacks and were appalled at the conditions in which the negroes live. An English farmer would seek better accommodation for his poultry! The windows are broken, roofs and walls caving in, and doors hanging loose from rusty hinges. You would not believe that human beings could live in such squalor. About a year ago the negroes demonstrated in Newark by marching down the road burning their own property. Even now the streets are littered with broken glass, plaster and rubbish—Newark looks like a demolition area. Negro riots are becoming quite common in the United States and are causing the government great concern.

New York is divided into areas that are almost separate communities, but nearly all of them are very busy and extremely noisy. All night long horns honk, sirens whine and people shout. The two odd areas are Brooklyn and Long Island.

Brooklyn is the home of New York's Hippies and gangsters. It is a lawless area where it is unsafe to walk out after six o'clock for fear of being robbed or even stabbed to death—a terrifying place.

Long Island is just the opposite. It is a place of pleasant countryside and secluded beaches, tucked away in New York and yet seeming miles away from any metropolis. The only activity which disturbed the calm of the water was the occasional water-skier.

America is a huge and beautiful country, rich and various in its scenery and climate, but I still prefer England.

SHARON BIRCHALL, formerly 3L.

Jaunts

The Languages of Faith

When Mrs. Mears suggested that we attend a C.E.M. conference in Liverpool I was rather apprehensive to say the very least. A conference sounds so grand and formal and not in the least exciting. We may have been called on to speak or something equally embarrassing.

We went to Liverpool in a mini-bus which dropped us at the Conference Buildings. There was a hurried and confused hunt for the Mountford Hall where we were all to meet. Eventually we all found our way there and were welcomed by The Dean of Liverpool, The Rev. Edward Patey.

Then the conference divided itself into seminars: sculpture, painting, architecture, music and dance. I rather fancied the music seminar, but I was the only one of our group who did and I wasn't going to be alone; so I went along with those who chose sculpture—not that I knew anything about sculpture, but the others were going to the dance seminar and that sounded much too adventurous for me.

Our seminar was led by the sculptress, Josephine de Vasconcelos. It was, she explained, impossible to use the usual materials of sculpture; instead, we would be the material. The seminar was subdivided into four groups, each of which chose a topic they wished to represent, and then tried to convey their message to the onlooker through their various postures. As you can imagine, this proved to be extremely amusing, especially for the onlooker.

Time flew and soon it was 12-30 and lunch. Within the hour we had eaten and dashed across the road for a rather hasty but worthwhile look round Liverpool Cathedral. We had to be back in our groups for one-thirty for a discussion of the morning's activities. At 2-45 we all reassembled in the Mountford Hall for a demonstration by the dance group and one by the sculpture group signifying the mother-child relationship.

The conference closed at four o'clock and we returned to Leyland after what had been a most instructive and enjoyable day.

ANGELA MORSE, L6A.

C.E.M. Trip York via Bolton Abbey

The ventilation was at full blast as we sped towards Yorkshire, the temperature was up in the eighties and school uniform became uncomfortable. We stopped at a café and astonished the people behind the counter by buying sherbert fountains. As we approached Bolton Abbey the coach grew hotter still.

We toured the abbey and wandered through its various stages of decay. The question was whether as part of the tour to cross the river by the ancient and monkish stepping-stones or by the more prosaic bridge. I noticed that the stones in midstream were in fact under water and accordingly chose the bridge, from which point I had an excellent view of certain females splashing hysterically in an effort to keep their footing. Once across the river, however, we could settle down and pay attention to the hunger that had set in, by eating butties on the bank. Someone had actually brought an umbrella! Catching minnows in our hands was both cooling and surprisingly enjoyable—even better was creeping up on sun-bathers and pouring cold river-water over them.

At last we arrived in York. The coach-driver dropped us off at the nearest available No-waiting sign and Mrs. Mears announced that we had all inadvertently paid for a tour of the Minster. The non-architectural types looked worried, but they needn't have because it proved to be most interesting, and certainly better than being outside. You could listen all obedience and attention to the guide who was obviously very proud of his Minster, watch the little lifts and railways running up and down the towers in the process of renovating the crumbling masonry, or simply enjoy the cool air.

Outside, the baking heat hit us again and we were to split up into groups to investigate those parts of the city which most interested us. Our little group bought ice lollies, jelly-babies, liquorice root, eye make-up, peaches, cherries and tea. But we also discovered the mediaeval Merchant Adventurer's Hall and had this intriguing place all to ourselves. We sat mediaevally in all the chairs, looked up all the chimneys just in case, and tried out the primitive weighing scales.

York is full of quaint little alleyways and places which seem designed especially for getting lost in. The designer was alarmingly successful with our little party until, wearily and hungrily we made for the river and tea. Of course, we chose the wrong gate and found ourselves in a park. But we were too weak and hungry to retrace our steps and settled for tea in the park—instead of washing off the peach-juice in the river, we simply used the fountain.

On the way home we each had a shilling refunded and so were able to buy even more sherbert fountains at the café on the way home—and a fizzing good time was had by all.

JANE MARSHALL, L6A.

General

Now and then -

A look at popular music past and present

It is often thought that popular music is trivial in intent and effect, that it is somehow unworthy of the serious man's ear. It may, as is sometimes objected, be less subtle in construction and less skilful in performance than the works of great composers played by the best orchestras, but to make such a comparison is to be less than subtle oneself. Structural excellence and perfect voice-production have never been its aims—it is music of an entirely different kind, not an inferior symphonic variety.

The production of popular music is, of course, commercialised and this fact alone causes many people to reject it out of hand. They feel that what is produced for mass consumption must necessarily be unsuitable for their individual palate and in that it is communal in its nature, it must work against all refinement. Certainly, bad records are made and inferior performers try to sell their records to an indiscriminating public. But such attempts cannot succeed; for, in the end, if the product is bad the public will not buy.

The essence of commercial success is that the salesman must give the people what they want, and, in popular music, what the people have always wanted is entertainment through the presentation in simple, memorable melodies, situations relevant to their times and conditions. The purpose of popular music is, then, social rather than purely aesthetic. It satisfies a need in the people by giving expression to thoughts and emotions which are part of them and yet would remain unspoken or unsung because the ordinary man has not skill to record them in this or in any other art-form. There can surely be no clearer example of this than the music of the last war. There was in Britain a terrible awareness of separation. Families were apart; husbands at the front, wives at home or evacuated to safer, stronger places. Both the sorrow of separated families and the optimism that was necessary to save their spirits from breaking was evident in the popular songs of that time. Take for instance "We'll Meet Again", where the singer frankly admits a state near to desperation as she acknowledges that she cannot see where or when a reunion can take place, but sticks doggedly to her faith that

some day she will be able once again to pick up the threads of her life. The feelings and circumstances reflected in that song were shared by the majority of British families; it was relevant, it said what they wished to say, it was popular—of the people. In exactly the same way, our only escape from the nightmare reality of war, was to look forward in trust that peace would be restored and that there was a greater happiness just round the corner. This is why "The White Cliffs of Dover" was written; the people caused it to be written.

The fact that someone made a lot of money by satisfying the social need is irrelevant. Indeed it would not be difficult to maintain that popular music was as important to our national and domestic spirit as were those much recorded speeches of Sir Winston Churchill that so stirred us in time of trouble. The suggestion may seem amusing at first, but it will bear investigation. Both were aimed at the boosting of a sagging morale, both were aimed at giving hope to a depressed people, both worked unashamedly through emotion rather than intellect.

As times change, so do the people and their needs. It is not unnatural then that the average popular song has a very short life—it quickly passes out of date. Not very long ago someone recorded "Fly Me To The Moon"—now the suggestion is no longer one of romantic escape from the limitations of the body, but a rather comical literal possibility. The strength of the popular song, that is its compelling relevance, is ironically its own weakness, especially in this fast-moving decade.

The popular music of our times is not really any different from the music of previous generations in so far as it came into being in exactly the same commercial way and aims at the articulation of common feelings and ideas currently among the ordinary members of society. The reason for so much antipathy towards it is simply that it represents one half rather than another of our divided community. On the one hand it has the power to attract hundreds and thousands of devotees to a concert in the almost inaccessible Isle of Wight, while others (usually the preceding generation) express distaste that such music should be performed at all and look grave concerning the moral standards of those who could possibly attend such a function.

Young people are growing restless. They feel that the world as ruled by an alien generation can no longer offer them security either physical or spiritual. This coupled with the feeling that their views are not heeded by pragmatic politicians, has led to an attitude of desperate helplessness. In such circumstances it is natural to cry out. In other words, the protest song is the natural outcome of our conditions and, almost too suddenly for comfort, "It's Gonna be a Great Day" is curiously inappropriate.

The violence that is being loosed on the world in the name of Government inspires Bob Dylan to ask, "and how many deaths will it take, till he knows that too many people have died?" The expression may seem a little clumsy, perhaps a shade unpolished but it is at least meaningful and pertinent—it expresses our own fears. Some would say that the protest groups offer only a panorama of gloom and are too maudlin, almost depressive. If the point needs answering, it is, we think, best answered by Barry Maguire in his "Eve of Destruction" when he points out that once the button has been pressed there is little point in running; destruction of that order is universal. The horror of the endless round of killings is the major target for the protest singer.

Even so, it is not true that the popular protest songs look with unrelieved gloom on the world. They do not criticise without offering something in the way of an alternative. The alternative is love; not the personalized romantic love of individual for individual that we could afford between the wars, but a generalised love of human being for all his fellows. It is felt in the popular song that only if we can replace hate with a kind of universal brotherhood, can we halt the steady progress towards self-destruction. Of course, there is a strong Christian flavour in the idea of making a positive effort to love one's neighbour and it is not surprising that songs which reflect an idealised general Christian Charity should have become popular. Billy Preston visualises such a state when he sings "That's the way God planned it; That's the way God wants it to be". The Edwin Hawkins Singers look back to the time when perfection was on the earth, to the rightness of things "when Jesus walked". By comparison with our own torn and troubled times of mean spirit it seems indeed "O Happy Day!"

The popular music of today is maligned basically because it represents a break with the tradition of the established generation. Not to accept the mores of the time means quite automatically to incur the wrath of one's elders. We are not concerned here with trying to establish who may be in the right or who in the wrong, but merely with the fact that there is a difference and that this very difference means the inevitable rejection of our music and the ideas it frames. It is perhaps too provocative for conservative tastes and too energetic, aggressive and harsh.

In its search for personal honesty and integrity it can offend, especially in its treatment of personal relationships. The easy, uncomplicated love-songs of our fathers may have served well enough once and may have been adequate to the circumstances in which they were written—indeed, they may even have captured perfectly the popular emotions of their time!—but to sing them now would be dishonest in us; the pop song must express itself in the strident terms of its own

environment and with the gathering pace of the latter sixties. It is indeed different, startlingly different and though it may be less comfortable, it is what it has to be—faithful to the lives of its people.

CAROL MARSH and
SUSAN DANIELS, L6 Arts.

A short introduction to Stamp Collecting

Before 1840 there were no stamps though there was in fact a postal service. This meant that people by and large were not pleased to see the postman, for the postal fees which were very high were paid by the receiver of the letter, not by the writer. The receipt of a letter for a poor family could be a very serious matter indeed.

In 1839 the British government held a competition to find a suitable new postal system in which the main object was to devise a system for the prepayment of postage. None of the 2,500 entries was acceptable! However, in the same year Sir Rowland Hill, helped by a friend, designed and printed the first postage stamp. The Government accepted the scheme and on May 6th of that year the Penny Black and the Twopenny Blue were on sale in British Post Offices. They were not, however, much like our postage stamps now. They were not in perforated sheets nor did they have any means of adhesion to the envelope. Instead, they had to be cut by hand and stuck onto the envelope with glue.

Because these stamps were as good as money and certainly easier to forge it was considered necessary to incorporate into the design some complication to safeguard the system against some of the more ingenious criminals. A watermark pattern was printed into the paper on which the stamps were to be printed and this remained the anti-forgery precaution until 1967.

Of the older stamps merely bearing the head of the monarch not many are very valuable since a stamp's value is determined largely by its rarity. Only stamps bearing the head of Edward the Eighth are in any way special in that they were on sale for only one year or even less, because the king abdicated within the year. Stamps which are on sale permanently through the year are known as definitive stamps and because they are common there is little point in saving them in any numbers for they are unlikely ever to be valuable—unless they are in some way special.

1937 was an important date for stamp-collectors for it was this year that marked the beginning of the reign of George VI and it was in his reign that the first commemorative stamps

appeared. These stamps, issued to commemorate a special event, are printed in very much smaller numbers and are on sale for only a short period of time. Their comparative rarity makes them a target for the collector; for eventually the fact that many of them will be burned along with envelope in which the letter was received and that others will be lost in the albums of young collectors who lose interest, means that the stamps will rise rapidly in value.

In our present Queen's reign there have been so many variations in the printing of stamps and so many commemorative issues that we now live in the richest of all periods for the philatelist. To begin with there have been three different kinds of watermark. From 1953 to 1955 the watermark showed a Tudor crown with the inscription E. II R. In 1955 the crown was altered from Tudor to St. Edward's crown at the request of the Queen. Since 1958 the E. II R. inscription has been left out of the design leaving only the crown of St. Edward.

The invention of an automatic sorting system led to another set of variations. To enable the machines to sort the mail, the stamps were printed with graphite lines running down each side of the back of the stamp—with the exception of the twopenny, which had only a single line on the right of the stamp. A second issue of graphite stamps appeared a year later in 1958, but the process was unsatisfactory and was rejected for the phosphor band. This kind of stamp was introduced slowly and was put into general release as late as 1967, though the process had been successfully used on commemorative issues since 1962.

On the 10th of July, 1967, the watermark was dropped gradually from the design of stamps and after the Christmas of that year has never re-appeared on any stamp.

The price and scarcity of Arabic Gum also caused another variation. It became so expensive to continue using this traditional adhesive that a substitute had to be found and in February, 1968, a new adhesive, Polyvinyl Alcoholic Gum, was introduced.

As you can see, these variations alone considered in relation to one another produce so many different kinds of stamp that the hobby becomes absorbing and, if you know what you are doing, most rewarding.

IAN FARROW, 3L.

Piganory

Piganory . . . Piganory . . . Piganory . . . bump . . . bump . . .

Once upon a time there was a Big Pink Balloon, and he lived in a corner of the toy counter with all his multi-coloured brothers and sisters.

One day while he was watching all the people hurrying and bustling about the busy shop, he was surprised to find himself carried through the air and into a paper bag. He heard voices and the clinking of coins—and then, after a few bumps and jogs he was carried away—in someone's shopping bag. Yes, shopping-bag.

He was carried a long, long way. Then, when the shopping-bag came to rest and he could breathe again there came a roar and a gasp, and with a great trembling the movement started again. Yes, you're right, he was on a Bus, a big red Bus which went fast, especially round corners. The poor big Pink Balloon began to feel travel-sick because it was very stuffy in the shopping-bag, and soon he started to turn green under the pink.

Just when he thought the journey was never going to end, the shopping-bag, with him still in it, was whisked off the big red Bus and in a few minutes he was taken out and placed on top of the sideboard. The Big Pink Balloon sighed. He still felt very unwell and he was tired after the long journey; so he made himself comfortable in his paper bag and went to sleep.

Next morning he was suddenly wakened by being taken from his paper bag, and being blown up. He was surprised to find himself such a funny shape—he'd always been flat before. And it was so uncomfortable! Just as if he had eaten something which did not agree with him.

Nearby, a large and angry-looking pair of scissors were snapping at some pink paper. He was very frightened and hoped that the scissors would not come too near.

"Ooh!" the Big Pink Balloon screamed as he felt something tight and painful. Someone had stuck a triangular piece of pink paper on his face.

"Ouch!"—another piece on the other side to match.

"Ooh!"—a cylindrical piece of paper.

"Ouch!"—a curly strip.

"Ooh!"—four short cylinders.

The Big Pink Balloon did not like it. The Sellotape made him itch, too. He was trying to think of a reason for all this when he was picked up and put on a table. There was a mirror on the wall opposite and he was horrified to see that he had been fitted with paper ears, snout, curly tail and four short legs and had been disguised as a . . . PIG! He was shocked and insulted. The only other pigs he had met were a very vulgar family of plastic pigs who had lived next to him on the toy counter. But he didn't speak to them; they were common.

All night the Big Pink Balloon could not sleep. He itched and smarted. But at last morning came. He was picked up by a strangely dressed person, on whose back was a notice which read: "Tom, Tom, the piper's son".

"So!" thought the Big Pink Balloon, "I am supposed to be a stolen pig! Worse and worse."

Next thing he knew he was on the back of a lorry with a great many other strangely-dressed people. They sped through the town, passing banners and flags and notices saying "Leyland Festival, 1969". When the lorry finally came to rest, Tom's stolen pig (alias the Big Pink Balloon) peeped timidly over the edge of the lorry (he was always afraid of heights) and saw another notice hanging from the side: "Nursery Rhyme Land by Leyland Rangers". Well, it did not mean a thing to him.

The day was wearing on now and the sun was getting hotter, and hotter, and hotter, and the Big Pink Balloon was getting hotter too. The lorry crawled forward a few feet. Whew, it was hot! A few more feet. The Big Pink Balloon was getting a stomach-ache. The lorry moved forward towards the crowd. His stomach-ache grew worse, his skin went very tight and the Sellotape itched and pulled. They were nearly at the crowd now, when . . . BANG . . . Piganory . . . Piganory . . . Piganory . . . bump . . . bump . . . bump . . .

JANE MARSHALL, L6A.

News

Mr. Black

Mr. Black, who has been unwell for some considerable time, will be away from school for a term. We hope very much that after a period of convalescence he will return in the New Year refreshed and well. We thank him too for his persevering on our behalf in the face of illness for so long.

Soroptimists' Cup

The Preston Ladies' Club, The Soroptimists, have presented to the School a new cup for Music. The presentation was made in memory of Mrs. P. A. B. Lunn, the wife of the former foundation governor, whose death was reported in the last issue of "The Balshavian". It is expected that the cup will be awarded to the winners of the House Music Competition.



(Photo. by B. L. Wilkinson)

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Mrs. Hardwicke

Last year Miss Sawrey, as we had known her, married Mr. R. Hardwicke, a graduate of Manchester University, who teaches Religious Education in Southport. Since the Hardwicks live locally in Eccleston we hope that we shall be able to see her again in school from time to time.

We asked Mrs. Hardwicke if she had suffered any embarrassment or irritation from the pupils' inability to adjust to her change of name, but it seems that after a few initial "Miss Hardwicks" and "Mrs. Sawreys", most pupils got it right and she was spared the toil of persistent correction.

Unlike Mrs. Hardwicke, her husband enjoys the outdoor life: cricket, gardening, fishing and most of all, mountaineering. This year he took a party of sixth-formers on the ascent of fourteen 3,000 foot peaks in Snowdonia within the twenty-four hours. All rather too much for Mrs. Hardwicke!

During the seven years which Mrs. Hardwicke has spent at Balshaw's she has devoted a great deal of effort and time to pupils, to the library and to her House, Farington. We shall certainly miss her and we thank her sincerely for the help she has given us. We hope, too, that she enjoys her new life as a full-time housewife.

JANET FORSHAW, L6A.

Mrs. Rosbotham

Miss Rosbotham has left us after one year to take up a teaching post at Dartmouth Comprehensive School, West Bromwich.

Although she has stayed with us for only a very short while, Miss Rosbotham has enjoyed her time at Balshaw's and is leaving only because her move will enable her to devote the whole of her teaching to Spanish, her main subject.

Her post at this school was her first appointment after leaving university. Miss Rosbotham pointed out that she left school not very long ago and that there was only a small age-difference between the older pupils and herself, and that while she may therefore have felt closer to her pupils in some ways, there could be little doubt that teaching made you feel much older too.

The main difference between her schooldays and ours, she thought, lay in the very much easier relationship between staff and pupils, a situation which makes for a generally more



pleasant atmosphere. This, together with the green and pleasant surroundings of Balshaw's, made her happy here and Miss Rosbotham is in many ways sorry to be going.

We wish her the best of luck for the future and hope that she will find her new post pleasant and rewarding.

SUSAN WARD, L6A.

News of Old Balshavians

We regret to announce that Mr. JOHN JOSEPH STUBBS, a former member of the teaching staff, has died in hospital at the age of 85. Mr. Stubbs had been living in retirement near Douglas in the Isle of Man.

- Miss ANN CHRISTINE NICHOLSON, younger daughter of Mr. William Nelson, J.P., was married to Mr. R. C. Pugh, B.Sc. The bride has just completed the integrated arts and nursing studies course at the University of Edinburgh, having already taken an M.A. degree.
- Mr. JEFFREY HUGH SHARROCK married Miss Marilyn Kay of Leyland.
- Mr. CHRISTOPHER JAMES HALL married Miss Joyce Richardson of Wigan.
- Miss SANDRA JACKSON was married to Mr. F. Ryding of Eccleston.
- Miss ROSEMARY PICKUP was married to Mr. Ian Grime, LL.B., a Leyland solicitor. Both are members of C.A.D.O.S. and are interested in folk-singing.
- Miss PAULINE GORTON was married to Mr. R. Book of Preston.
- Mr. THOMAS WILKINS and Miss ANNE SALISBURY were married at Leyland Parish Church.
- Mr. BARRY JENKINSON married Miss Christine Harrison of Leyland.
- Mr. GEOFFREY JAMES CARSON married Miss Patricia Masterson of Leyland.
- Miss JUDITH ANN HARRISON, now a laboratory assistant, at Vernon & Co., Penwortham, was married to Mr. W. G. Henderson of Leyland.
- Miss DOROTHY HOSKER was married to Mr. J. M. Munro, B.Sc., of Warrington.
- Mr. RICHARD GRAYSON, who is a solicitor with a Chorley firm, married Miss PAULINE AFFLICK. The bride and groom were in the same form.
- Miss KATHLEEN KAZER has taken a History Degree at Cambridge University.
- Miss JULIA LAKE has taken a degree in Agricultural Sciences at Cambridge University.
- Miss DINAH MEE is to take up an appointment at an embassy in Rome. Her fiancé, Signor Franco Restivo, is a member of the Carabinieri, the Italian special police.
- Mr. DEREK GRIMSHAW has been made president of the Leyland Chamber of Trade.
- Mr. DAVID M. SALISBURY has been presented with his Master of Science degree at Liverpool University.
- Miss SUSAN BUTTERWORTH, who teaches Domestic Sciences at Fulwood, was married to Mr. R. Strangeway, a civil engineer with the Lancashire County Council.
- Mr. DAVID NIGHTINGALE, currently on a catering course at Blackburn Technical College, has taken a vacation job on the "Empress of England" to gain experience. He is sailing between England and Canada.

Material compiled by MISS LEACH.

Puzzles

Prize Competition for Third Forms and below

To win the prize you must answer all questions and find the final anagram solution.

- (i) The wild dog of Australia.
- (ii) The Christian name of Mrs. Pankhurst.
- (iii) Quito is the capital of this country.
- (iv) Poetic name for the thrush, particularly in Ireland.
- (v) The noble warriors of old Japanese tradition.
- (vi) Surname of the actor, playwright, entertainer and man of many parts who made the film, "The Mouse That Roared".
- (vii) An old name for a cross which still survives in church architecture.

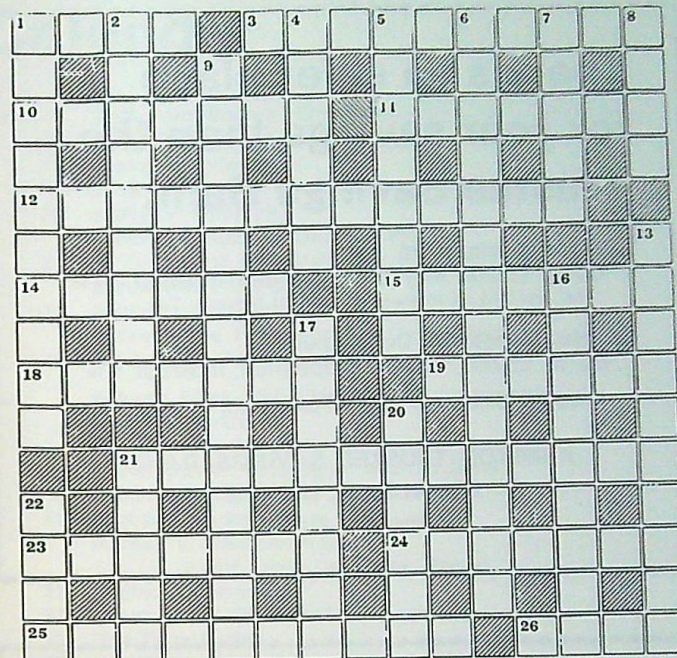
Last term's solution: BALSHAVIAN.

Winner: TURNER, 2L1.

Senior Crossword

Clues Across

- 1. Just the country for an educated copper (4).
- 3. Enough water for the school (10).
- 10. S.S. men or talks (7).
- 11. Miss Flanders brings you and me a hundred from the sea (7).
- 12. Bury your uncle with mutual correspondence (13).
- 14. University charity suffers a reverse before time for the outbuilding (6).
- 15. Relentlessly pursue a swimmer for the swimmer (7).
- 18. Ingratiate oneself with the less interesting (7).
- 19. Hot and cold spice (6).
- 21. Bob took trough and caught the wrongdoer (7, 2, 4).
- 23. Hesitate, artist in a can, land ahoy! (7).
- 24. Shed some weight and cheer up (7).
- 25. Pursuing groups turn lyrical for the sheer having of things (10).
- 26. Weight on America (4).



Clues Down

- 1. Putting out to sea about to finish the knitting (7, 3).
- 2. Learned rodent song in Gilbert's work (9).
- 4. Powerful-sounding XI (6).
- 5. Doctor in fatty trouble in Italy (8).
- 6. Danger for skaters who cannot clinch a deal (7, 7).
- 7. The rake goes North. Where? (5).
- 8. Pawn wine (4).
- 9. Expression of amazement addressed to a fascist? (3, 5, 3, 3).
- 13. Hikers sing in disharmony and create an ear-splitting din (10).
- 16. Ten to Gill for doubtful gains (9).
- 17. Backward American soldier among the flaming embers discovers thieves (8).
- 20. Up towards the Geordies much has been lifted (6).
- 21. No dawning maiden, nor any drink in the Northern Lights —just a Russian instead (5).
- 22. Don't go on the organ (4).

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Calendar

- Sep. 11 Sixth Form Society Film: "Some Like It Hot" (7-00 p.m.).
12 Focus Film: "Feast of Horror".
17 Rugby: v. Fulwood.
S.F.S. Forum on Further Education (7-30 p.m.).
20 Rugby: v. Ormskirk.
Hockey: v. Winckley Square Convent.
26 S.F.S.: Visit to Daily Mail (Evening).
Focus: Film "Cat Ballou".
27 Rugby: v. Upholland.
Hockey: Area Tournament (at Queen Mary's).
30 S.F.S.: Film, "Unknown Persons (7-00 p.m.)
- Oct. 2 Spanish Films: "Gibraltar" and "People of Spain".
4 Rugby: v. Kirkham.
Hockey: v. Collegiate.
8 French Films: "Bourgogne" and "La Seine".
10 Focus and S.F.S.: Film, "Animal Farm" (4-00 p.m.).
11 Rugby: v. Sedbergh.
Hockey: v. Southport H.S.
Junior Trials (at Queen Mary's).
15 Rugby: v. Stonyhurst.
17 Focus: Film, "Stuntman" (1-15 p.m.)
18 Half Term begins.
25 Half Term ends.
- Nov. 1 Rugby: v. Lytham.
4 S.F.S.: Film, "Seventh Seal" (7-00 p.m.)
7 Focus: Film, "The Stranger Left No Card" (1-15 p.m.).
8 Rugby: v. Hutton.
Hockey: v. Wigan H.S.
11 Spanish Film: "Spanish Gold".
15 Rugby: v. Preston.
Hockey: v. Chorley.
21 Focus: Film, "Child's Christmas in Wales".
22 Rugby: v. Blackpool.
Hockey: v. Southport H.S.
28 Focus: Film, "War of the Buttons".
29 Rugby: v. Newton-le-Willows.
Hockey: v. Arnold School.
- Dec. 6 Rugby: v. Morecambe.
Hockey: Southport and District Tournament.
10 French Film: "Castles through the Ages".
13 Rugby: v. St. Joseph's.
Hockey: v. Winckley Square Convent.
15 French Film: "La Marseillaise" (Morning).
18 S.F.S. and Old Balshavian's Dance (7-30 p.m.).



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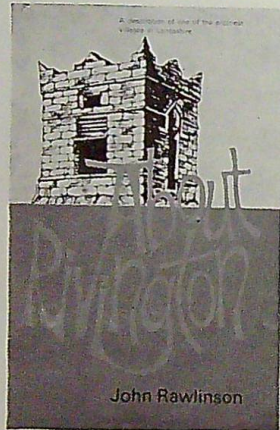
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