

THE BALSHAVIAN



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General

Focus Report

We did a survey. Data was scientifically gathered from members of "Focus" to decide which of the films we had seen had proved the most entertaining and successful. We asked four people from each form concerned to fill in a questionnaire and they were very good about it really. They did not like being picked, since we did it with a pin, but only one form failed to make its returns in time; so we can claim that the views expressed are representative.

The most popular film was, without any doubt, "Cat Ballou": a cowboy is always good value according to many, but this one was declared especially impressive. "Animal Farm" was chosen as second best entertainment; and it was surprising that some of our much younger members appreciated especially its more serious, more subtle undertones. I think they "did it" in English.

"Feast of Horror", it was agreed, failed signally in its purpose. Instead of sending shivers of fear along our chilling spines, it succeeded only in reducing the audience to fits of uncontrollable and tear-soaked laughter. "Stuntman" was very much more popular among the senior forms than among the junior—which must prove something, if only that the older we get the more rapidly our critical faculty declines.

Of the other films, "War of Buttons" received a unanimous "no comment"; it did not last long enough for us to form an opinion. There was, as they say in cinematographic circles, a technical hitch! "The Stranger left no Card", a film about a murderer, was strongly disliked by almost everyone.

For the future, most people said they wanted to see more comedy films. Horror had its supporters as did Mystery. Boys (bloodthirsty as ever) wanted plenty of war films. Less favoured were westerns, musicals and 'romance'. Which is strange when you consider that the most popular film of the term was "Cat Ballou".

NANCY BLUNDELL & JUDITH DUNN, 5/7.

Berti

You may remember that in one of the earlier editions of "The Balshavian" we reported that work had begun in the Physics workshop on a project called Fabcat. The work is now in its final stages and we hope that the project will be completed in time for Berti to make a public appearance at the Summer Fair.

Berti and Fabcat are, in fact, the same machine; but, while Fabcat was an appropriate name for the counter in its simpler version, we felt that when it had been made more sophisticated it would be more sensible to change its name to Berti (formed from the initial letters of its description—Binary Electronic Register and Time Indicator).

It is still true that, basically, all Berti does is to count; but it counts remarkably quickly. At the moment it is capable of making 5,000 calculations per second. Eventually we hope, it will make 30,000 calculations per second.

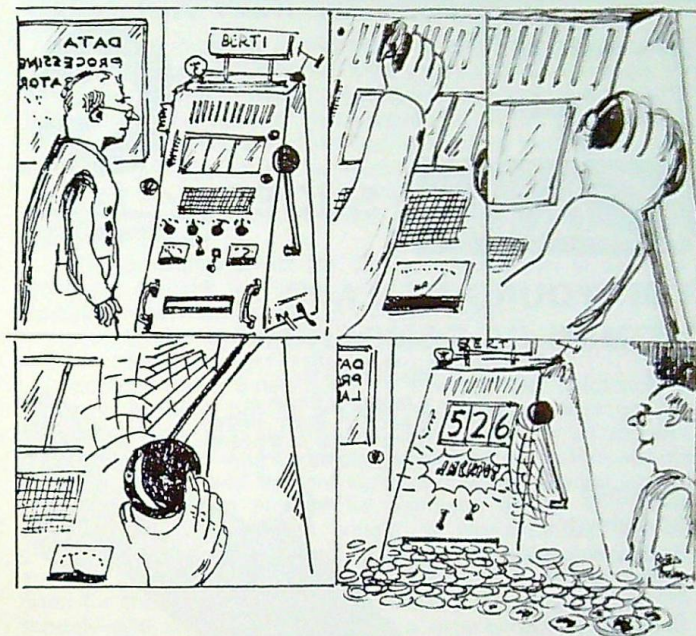
Berti's uses are many and varied, ranging from counting radiation to less serious and more diverting pursuits such as counting the number of teeth in a comb in a third of a second. Berti can count very nearly anything you can think of provided that you do not ask him to above his maximum number:—99,999,999.

It has not been easy to construct Berti, involving as it does more than 40 transistors and a million snags and cramped fiddling little problems. In fact, Berti did on one startling occasion, explode! All seemed to be going well enough and we were congratulating ourselves on the fact that it was working so well and smoothly when it exploded in a cloud of smoke. When the air had cleared we were amazed to find so little damage after so dramatic a bang. However, its behaviour was, it must be admitted, a little strange after the explosion. Instead of counting one, two, three, four and so on, it began to count in an alarmingly random manner — seventy-two, sixteen, fifty-three and so on. It even produced such unlikely numbers as ninety-eleven.

We put it right of course and all seemed well until each member of the team passed his fingers through the light beam. Berti solemnly declared that everyone had six fingers on each hand.

Even so, all should be well for the Fair and Berti hopes that you will all come and see him.

J. MORRIS & D. HORNER, 5/5.



Mathematical Puzzle

In the following long division, each digit has been replaced by a letter. The substitution is consistent; if a digit is repeated then so is the substitute letter. e.g. if A=7 and B=6 then 767 would be written ABA.

$$\begin{array}{r}
 \text{BFB} \\
 \text{AB} \overline{) \text{CDEEB}} \\
 \underline{\text{CEB}} \\
 \text{GGE} \\
 \underline{\text{GCH}} \\
 \text{CEB} \\
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 \end{array}$$

N.B.—There is only one correct solution, available from D. Horner and J. Morris (5/5).

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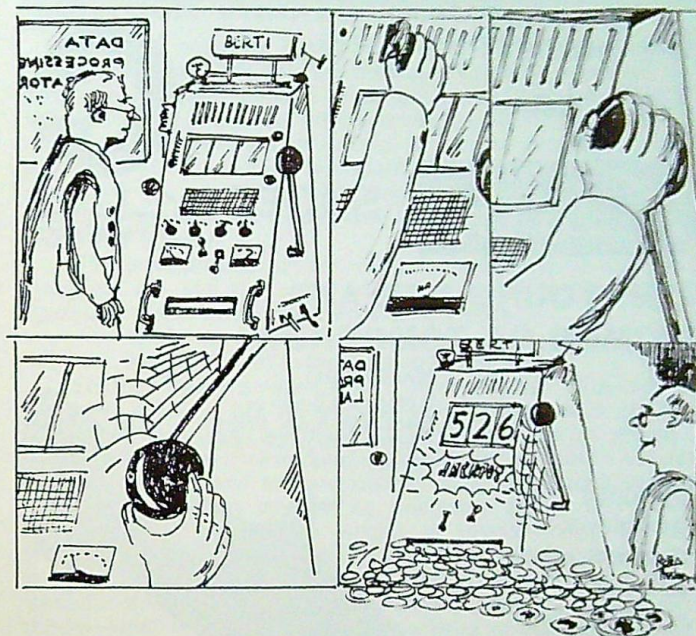
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 \end{array}$$

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It's smart!

To wear

Clarks

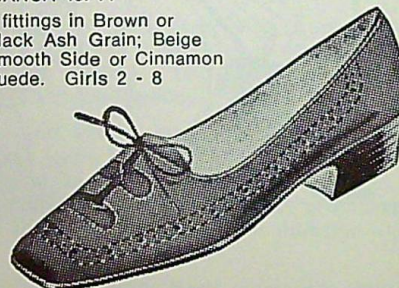
SHOES



FOR YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN OF TOMORROW

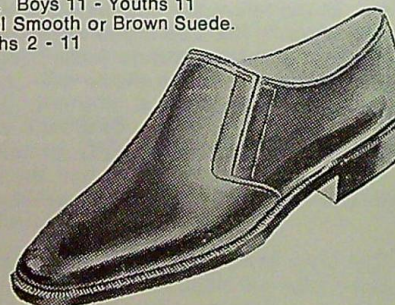
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Lostock Hall Revisited

You will probably remember that in an earlier edition of "The Balshavian" we reported on a visit to what was then the newly established Lostock Hall County Secondary School. What we found on that visit seemed to us at the time not only new, but revolutionary—and, indeed so interesting that we asked Mr. Penketh if we might return to the school at a later date to look again. He kindly agreed and during the Spring Term we again interviewed the Headmaster and looked round the School.

The principles which Mr. Penketh laid down in our first interview are still the same principles on which the school operates now. In Mr. Penketh's own words :-

"I like to feel that every pupil can play an important part in the running of the school."

Lostock Hall is a new school in every sense. Not only is it a new building, but its organisation is based less on the traditional lines, than on the democratic principle of student participation. As the Headmaster explained, a modern school must be modern and forward-looking: it is the special aim of Lostock Hall so to arrange its domestic affairs and daily routine that it throws the weight of responsibility for an orderly and comfortable existence firmly on the shoulders of its pupils. In this way, it is hoped, the pupils will be better fitted for the assumption of responsibility once they have left school—and, that since they are to a large extent responsible for their own discipline, they will learn self-discipline and, again, be better prepared for the conditions which exist outside the sheltered environment of school. Of course, this must radically affect the pupil-teacher relationship, in that the aim is one of co-operation rather than the superimposition of one will over another. This does not mean, however, that we believe that a relationship of authority and its acceptance necessarily means non-cooperation (the two systems are by no means mutually exclusive), but that the problems of administration and discipline are approached at Lostock Hall from a rather different standpoint from the traditional.

The first way in which this democratic process has been set up is that the House System has been expanded into a very important part of school activities. To most pupils at Lostock Hall, their House is the centre of loyalty and attachment. The administration of school emphasises the dominance of the House. Registration is not as we know it by forms—but by House groups of about thirty pupils. Each of the Housemasters has 120 pupils in his care and, in this case, care means pastoral care. At the House Tutor's Meeting, which takes place once a week, any difficulty or problem is discussed and through such meetings any boy or girl may make a likely contribution to the school affairs.

Mr. Penketh feels that the prefectorial system is inappropriate to his school and to its aims. His main objection to the system is that it singles out a few pupils to whom privilege is given. Certainly it is easy to see that the use of prefects would not help every small boy to feel that he was an important part of a democratic society. Naturally, the kinds of duties normally undertaken by prefects do not simply disappear because you have chosen not to have prefects; but these duties are re-allocated—in this case through the House System. Mr. Penketh has introduced a House Duty Week. Each House takes in turn to be responsible for one week for all the duties that are administratively necessary. The senior members of the House are responsible for supervision duties while the younger members deal with such matters as the making of tea, clearing up the dining-room, looking after visitors and posting notices. There is no child in school who does not have responsibility in some form.

Any suggestions for alterations and improvements are again made through the House Meeting, held once a week. The representative takes such suggestions forward to The School Council.

The purpose of the School Council, under the chairmanship of the Deputy Head, is to give the pupils a real say in the running of the school. Each House elects two of its members to serve on the School Council where they may discuss or suggest anything to do with the running of the school, except matters relating to standard procedure (the allocation of homework etc.) or to the expression of personal opinions about a member of staff! The Council receives an annual grant of £70 which they may spend on anything from football posts to photography equipment. They may not, however, exceed the £70. It is hoped that this experience will teach the members to carry their independence and to live within their means. Meetings take place every six weeks and are conducted on an informal basis with tea and biscuits. But they are nevertheless, well organised and have a formal agenda which is carefully prepared from material submitted by the House Groups. The link between House and School Council is very close and any decision made by the Council is immediately reported back to the House. The decisions made by the Council affect directly the lives of all the members of the School. A recent decision was that the girls should be allowed to design their own uniforms (the boys chose to stick to their official uniform). Surprisingly enough, the girls chose a very conventional design: a slightly modified gymslip and sweaters in four alternative colours.

Mr. Penketh has made every effort to encourage his fourth-year pupils to stay on into the fifth year. He offers a course which must include English and Mathematics together with

any five other subjects. It is his intention that his fifth-year pupils should pass on to the sixth-forms of Penwortham, Hutton and Balshaw's, much as the pupils of other secondary schools come to us now. His success has been considerable: of 126 pupils in the fourth form, 86 have chosen to stay on for the fifth year.

The corporate spirit of the school is further emphasised and strengthened by the lively social and out-of-school activities. Music, drama, chess, woodwork and metalwork clubs are well attended and meet regularly. Theatre and cinema trips, too, are well supported. Holidays are another means of bringing the school's pupils together as a social unit. Already the School has paid two visits to the Lake District, one to Switzerland, one to the Broads, and another to London.

The strong impression which any visitor to Lostock Hall must receive is that Mr. Penketh has an essentially happy school and a friendly one. It does, of course, have its problems. The greatest of these is space. It seems that every school we hear of has this same basic difficulty. At Lostock Hall it is already necessary for them to use the Dining Hall as a teaching space. Even so, a new block has been scheduled for 1971, and it should go a long way towards easing the problem.

We thank Mr. Penketh for receiving us so courteously (for a second time!) and for cheerfully submitting himself to our questions.

P. CUNLIFFE & J. PROCTER, L6A.

Rugby Report

At the beginning of the 1969-70 season, we were optimistic about our future. The team on paper at least, seemed strong. Although there were no players with colours from the previous year, nine of the team had First XV experience. We won the opening game against Ormskirk Grammar School by a comfortable margin of 24 points to 8. This match is usually a fair guide to our prospects in the coming season, but such early promise was never realized again, except perhaps for the one match against Preston. Although the forwards, for the most part, held their own against bigger and heavier opposition, we suffered from an inability to take the chances that were created, to capitalize on the opposition's errors and, above all, to tackle effectively. We were three times defeated very heavily, but more often than not, matches which could have been won were thrown away through foolish mistakes.

The school entered a Sevens team for the competition at Fylde. After a good 16—3 victory over Barrow, defeat came in the second round to the very powerful and very fast team from Normanton.

The House Leagues and the Singleton Trophy were both won comfortably by Cuerden. In fact, they won the Leagues without conceding a single point. The House Knock-out Competition was won by Worden. The Knock-out was keenly contested and there was, in every team, the will to win.

We hope that such spirit finds its way into next year's First XV.

S. R. BONNEY, U6A.



Back Row : Parr, Harrison, Parker (D.), Sherlock, Fairclough, Fairhurst, Anderton, Tomlinson.

Front Row : Calvert, Mortimer, Bonney (capt.), Sharples, Miller

Hockey Report

This has been a disappointing and a frustrating season for the Hockey team. When we began the season, there was a great potential in the first team and we confidently expected to do well and to improve on last season's results, but it was not to be. The first eleven played eight matches in all, of which they won only two, drawing two and losing four.

Our basic trouble was that we never found any consistency. We lost, for instance, to Queen Mary's School by five clear goals. Queen Mary's had been beaten very comfortably by Arnold School. Yet we, striking something like our true form for once, beat Arnold by two goals to one, and could have beaten them much more convincingly had it not been for the brilliance of their goalkeeper. We always had the players and the skill to do well, but we did not often make best use of our advantage.

We played in two tournaments during the season. In the first, the Area Tournament played at Lytham, we played well and lost only one game in six and that to one of the finalists. But again we were dogged by our own inconsistency when we went to Southport for the second tournament and, quite frankly, played badly. In four games we could only manage one win. Of course, the constant disruptions caused by rain, frost and snow did not help us to settle into any kind of rhythm. The pitches were often unplayable and not only did we lose six of our fixtures but practice was also very restricted.

The junior teams did, however, meet with rather more success than the 1st XI. In the Chorley and District Tournament, the Under-16 team lost their competition only by a corner in a very tight deciding match. The Second Under-16 team, too, lost only in the final of their competition to Chorley Grammar School.

We look forward to a much brighter future. The Under-15 team has a good many players who are both promising and enthusiastic and so has the Under-14. There is every reason to hope that we will be able to produce a First XI of real quality in the very near future.

We thank Mrs. Pickersgill and all those who have given up their spare time to help us and encourage us through the season. We only wish that their efforts could have been more effectively rewarded, and wish all concerned every success in the coming seasons.

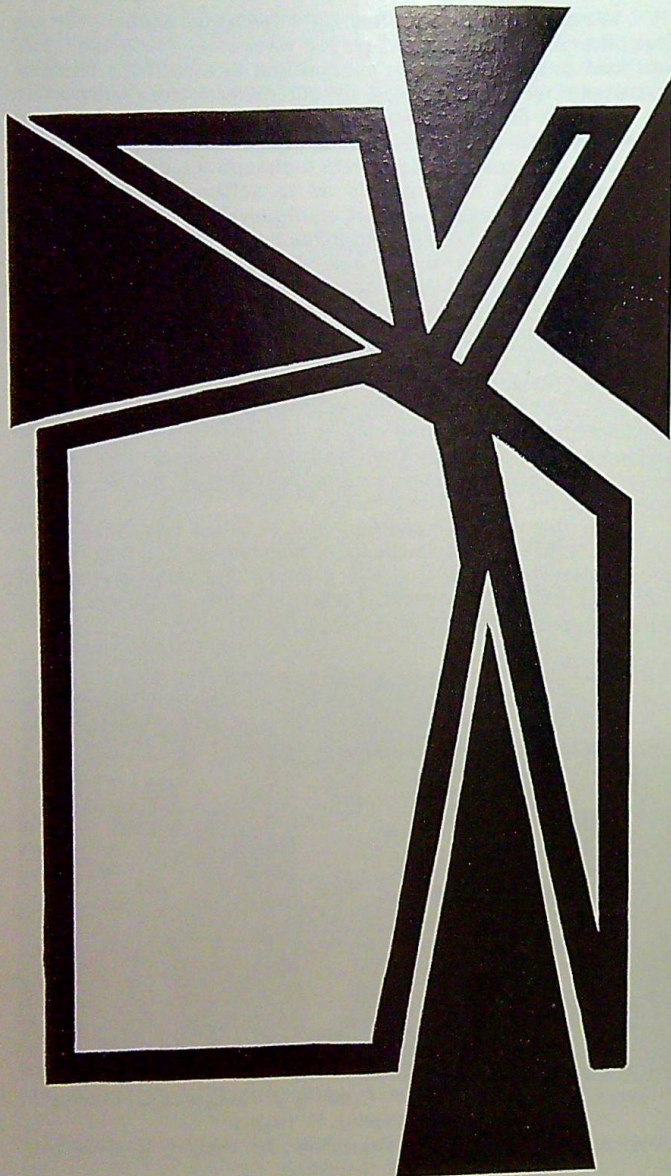
M. H. WRIGHT, U6A.



Back Row: J. Procter, P. Cunliffe, J. Hodgson, C. Bradley, V. Knowles, Y. Hosker.

Front Row: J. Baker, J. Grimshaw, M. Wright, S. Gwilliam, J. Spedding.

(Photo: B. L. Wilkinson)



Design by Susan Fiddler, L6A.

Stage Four - An Actor's Eye View

The four days, Wednesday to Saturday, 18th to 21st of March, marked the duration of the public life of "Stage Four". I say public because those four short evenings represented just a fraction of the work, anxiety and pleasure which went into the production of the School Plays. In fact, the work spread over more than eight weeks.

The first hazard proved to be the auditions. The more experienced approached them with confidence and assurance but for most of us they were nervous, fumbling minutes that were not easy to survive. Once the play was well and truly on, our world seemed to explode into activity. Props had to be found, modified, re-arranged — and often the seemingly impossible was asked for, promised and delivered, though it must be admitted that the means of producing them were more ingenious than you can imagine and that props had a habit of appearing from the most unexpected quarter and with surreptitious whispers to the effect that it would be unwise to inquire too closely into their origin. Scenery, too, had to be improvised, erected, screwed and painted; lights rigged and angled. There was a general clatter and raising of dust as frantic preparations got under way.

In various secluded corners of the school a voice could be heard: "No, no! Do it again. That was terrible!" Someone, somewhere was not as good as he thought he was. People walked round corridors clutching scripts whose dog-eared and grubby appearance bore witness to the fact that the memorising of lines is not easy. Uneasiness set in first, then the certainty that the play was going to be a failure. We were no good and we knew it. Each succeeding week brought fresh problems and a renewed faith in our incompetence. The time rushed by too quickly for our comfort and almost before we expected it the first night was upon us.

"Will everything be alright?"

Tension was building into a kind of sick feeling in the stomach.

"Peter and the Wolf" went on first and we waited. Would the audience be receptive? Would they be silent?

The first cast came smiling from the stage. The audience had not merely been all right—they had been good. There was no need to be anxious on that score.

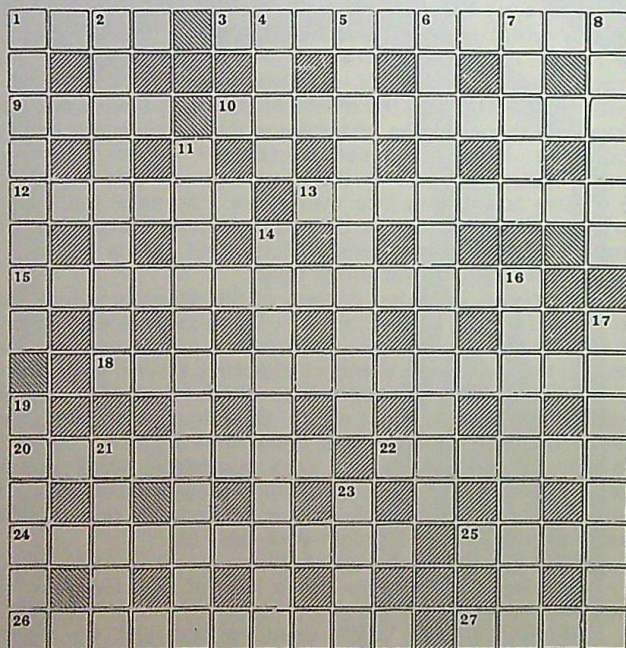
A little bit of good news goes a long way, especially at a time like this. We felt immediately more comfortable. We even gathered the confidence to live through the occasional ad lib from one or two members of the cast.

Things were going well now and continued to do so right through to the Saturday, the best night of all—not because we were glad to be finished, but because it was the best performance and a night of celebration. Mrs. Gregory was presented with a Rubber Plant in appreciation of her devotion to the cause and her kindness and patience in dealing with us. Of the other members of staff who lent invaluable aid, the ladies were presented with chocolates and the gentlemen with sherry.

We hope that all the audience enjoyed the performance as much as we enjoyed putting it on.

M. BAYBUTT, 4/6.

Crossword



CLUES ACROSS

1. You and I, little Edward, are in the garden (4).
3. Slow boatmen from Oxford? (6,4).
9. The primitive backward clock was put down (4).
10. From a spreading period of history? (6-4).
12. Potted drapes (6).
13. Pretty destructive ladies (8).

15. An inability to believe in receipt (13).
18. Good Heavens, the dog is in pursuit! (9,4).
20. The polite Mr. St. John is not, in fact, in service (8).
22. Wise men, dwarfs, and Gentlemen of Verona (6).
24. One of the parts you start with (10).
25. Wound by a saintly seaman (4).
26. Happy minstrel (4,6).
27. Have confidence in a mixed-up bird (4).

CLUES DOWN

1. Sell new ad when Hadrian's finished (8).
2. Oriental jet raves about the colonists (9).
4. Honour it, but don't mention it (4).
5. Comet pride system of measuring the journey's length (10).
6. Ginger won 2/1d. with which he got a robe (8-4).
7. Fish the ancestral pool (5).
8. The Spaniard at the top of the French street has seniority (6).
11. Observe a potential airport site, missing nothing, with great caution (12).
14. Do it free and penniless for the alliance's sake (10).
16. There's a point on your head, Miss Goddard. Oh, it's on your shoulder! (9).
17. A gathering in the motorworks department (8).
19. The understudy is achieving his ambition (6).
23. The joint in which potassium was born (4).

Cross Country



In spite of the fact that we experienced some difficulties in arranging fixtures and although there were some disappointments in that we suffered from the cancellation of meetings, the cross-country team has had a good year and has kept up a creditable standard.

The season did not begin well; we had to travel to Wigan to run against the Grammar School, with a weakened team. Predictably enough, we were beaten but were able to take our revenge in the return fixture. The best performance of the season was undoubtedly our run against Queen Elizabeth Grammar School, Blackburn. It is not so much the fact that we won reasonably comfortably, but that we were able to run so well against good opposition.

We entered the Inter-School Road Relay held at King George V, Southport. The team again ran well and was placed somewhere in the middle of the field, a pleasing result for us against some very formidable opposition.

Team : Dunn, M.J.; Willoughby, D.; Kay, J.; Hebblethwaite S.; Nelson, F.; McGrath, M. D.; Ramsden, W. D.; Higginson, E.

M. J. DUNN, U6A.

Interview - Senorita Elguezabal

What were your first impressions of England ?

As I live in Preston, I find that many of the houses are rather small and dark, while the district itself seems generally rather dirty. But this does not surprise me as I myself come from an industrial area of Spain where conditions are not dissimilar from those in Preston.

Did you come to England with any preconceived notions about Englishmen ?

Yes. I was led to believe that English people as a whole were serious, phlegmatic and calm in all crises. I was also told that the English were very polite.

Did your views subsequently change ?

Yes, they did. English people are not as serious as I thought they were, nor are they all calm and unemotional in a crisis. However, it is, on the whole true that the English are polite.

I know that you have spent some time in the south of England. Did you find any difference between the people of the south and the people of the north ?

I did find that the people in the north are more friendly and pleasant than their southern counterparts, who seem rather preoccupied with their own affairs.

Have you found that the English have any erroneous notions about Spaniards ?

Yes. Many people seem to think that Spaniards are very lazy and put off until tomorrow things which are better done today. In fact, there is a Spanish motto which expresses the opposite sentiment. Also, people have many misconceptions about Spanish girls. We do not spend most of our time wearing frilly skirts, dancing the flamenco and clicking castanets. We do not hold roses between our teeth, nor do we have a chaperon with us when we venture out of doors.

Is there a great difference between English society and Spanish society ?

In Spain there is no such thing as 'the permissive society'. Parents still have absolute authority over their children while in England, I have the impression that young people have very much more freedom.

What were your impressions of Balshaw's ?

When I first came to Balshaw's I was surprised to see so many masters wearing gowns. There are many more playing-fields surrounding the school than is usual in Spain, and indeed, I was a little surprised to find the kind of emphasis that is placed on sport in English education. You treat it more seriously than we do in Spain.

What are your plans for the future ?

After the summer term I shall go back to Spain for a while. Then I shall move on to Paris for three months to complete a French course. Then I return to Spain for my final year in the University of Deusto in Bilbao. Afterwards, I hope to teach Modern Languages.

The pupils of the Spanish set wish to thank Senorita Elguezabal for her hard work and patience and to wish her every success in the future.

M. ROSCOE, L6A.

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Where Our Duty Lies - An Appeal

There is no one reading this article who cannot afford one night a month to help others. The only qualification you need is that you care.

We can easily forget that, though these are the days of alleged affluence, there are still many members of our community who need help—your help.

Throughout your local community there are small bands of people fighting against what seem to be overwhelming odds to help those who are less fortunate than themselves. You would very probably be surprised if you met them; they are not special, but ordinary people like yourselves: shop assistants, doctors, shift workers, teachers—anybody, from any walk of life, people bound together by a common cause.

Their work varies and is carried out for many different groups. Some work for old people, others for mentally handicapped children; some work for community relations, others for Cancer Research. Individual contributions may be in organising or taking part in flag days, helping at a special youth club, door-to-door collections, or any helpful, practical activity. Whatever you can do, whatever time you can spare will be greatly appreciated by the organisations you approach.

If you feel you wish to help, then write to the secretary of the association of your choice. If you do not know the name of the society you wish to help, then contact me.

R. KEMP, L6A.

A Grave Matter

Having been asked to write an erudite article on some facet of English Literature, I wavered when confronted by the enormity of my task. I, a mere ignorant sixth-former, was being asked to comment either favourably, or, as the case might be, unfavourably, on giants of English Literature—Shakespeare, Milton, Keats, Tennyson and the rest of our immortal bards. Nevertheless, I resolved to accomplish the task and decided to write about a branch of poetry which is

scarcely acknowledged by serious critics, but despite so sad a neglect, remains a most durable literary form. This durability stems not from any particular artistic merit, but from the material on which it is recorded. If the title has not already given the game away, then I must explain that the material on which these poems are written is stone, or to be more precise, tombstones. I am, of course, referring to epitaphs.

It is a hobby of mine, considered strange by my friends, to scrape the moss from tombstones and decipher the inscriptions thereon. This can be a most diverting pastime; for, strange as it may seem, many of these epitaphs are very amusing even though their subject is death. The grave is treated without—gravity.

Epitaphs are written about someone who has died and can often be extremely critical of the deceased. John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, in the reign of Charles II, wrote an epitaph, prematurely it must be added, on his sovereign, for which he is said to have been banished from the court—and no wonder!

Here lies our Sovereign Lord and King,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.

It seems strange that men should write humorous epitaphs, but I can only surmise that the writers wish to make the end to which all mortal flesh must come seem less morbid, or, to use a dreadful pun, less deadly. One way to achieve this end is to make puns, sometimes extremely sick puns, upon the name of the dead person. Take, for instance, this epitaph on someone called Leslie Moore:

Here lies what's left
Of Leslie Moore.
No Les,
No More.

Although there is no record of a corpse getting out of its coffin to protest against being buried under such corny epitaphs, I feel sure that Mr. Meredith would have protested vehemently at this particular couplet:

Here lies one blow out of breath,
Who lived a merry life and died a Merideth.

He must still be turning over in his grave.

There are still many epitaphs which derive their humour from the profession of the occupant of the tomb. Even the dentist is not immune from the humour of the epitaph-maker:

Stranger, approach this spot with gravity;
John Brown is filling his last cavity.

It seems impossible that a corpse should ever have died of laughter at his own epitaph though considering the recent spate of premature diagnoses of death when the victim was merely in a drunken stupor, it could happen. However, I

feel sure that the epitaph-makers were employed by unscrupulous undertakers, out to make a profit when friends of the deceased collapsed with laughter while attending a funeral. This must have been the case when friends of Richard Dent, a landlord, read his epitaph:

Here lies Richard Dent,
In his cheapest tenement.

Other epitaphs are concerned with the manner of death, some gruesome, some sick and some that defy description. Such an epitaph was recently discovered in an Oxfordshire churchyard:

Here lies me and my three daughters,
Brought here by using seidlitz water;
If we had stuck to Epsom salts

We wouldn't have been in these here vaults.

The clergyman buried under this next epitaph, had he been in a position to read it, would have, in the words of a recent television comedy, "stepped laughing into the grave".

The steed bit his master,
How came this to pass?
He heard the good pastor
Cry, "all flesh is grass".

In some cases, the epitaph-maker goes on beyond levity into near imbecility. Consider this nonsense which came to light on a Massachusetts tombstone:

Here lies the body of Jonathan Pound,
Who was lost at sea and never found.

Perhaps the poet, if so he may be called, was just at a loss for a rhyme. But, to end on a more serious note and more in keeping with the original intention of this allegedly literary article, I quote the epitaph of the poet who was never at a loss for a rhyme, William Shakespeare:

Good friend, for Jesus sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here;
Blessed be the man that spares these stones
And cursed be he that moves my bones.

M. ROSCOE, L6A.

Religion in Education

In these days of reorganisation, one is forced more and more to think about the distribution of pupils and the provisions made for their education. The general drift of educational thought is unquestionably towards the elimination of difference, whatever it may be—social or academic. This climate of opinion (though obviously there are dissenters) makes it even more striking that one means of separation still survives—the allocation of pupils to schools according to their religion.

We asked if we might visit Preston Catholic College to interview the Chaplain about the part played by religion in the life of a single-denomination school. An interview was arranged, the results of which are printed below :

Are your pupils especially interested in Religious Education ?

All the pupils here are, as you know, Roman Catholic. In a normal parish one might expect 40% or so to be practising Catholics. In the spectrum of the pupils some, obviously, are interested and some are not. We do not, however, conduct surveys and so I can provide you with no figures; but it is my impression that slightly more than that average of 40% are interested.

What is the content of your Religious Education Syllabus ?

Most of the forms have two or three lessons a week, which, up to the fifth year are formal teaching periods. The First Form concerns itself with Bible History, the Second Form discusses the Sacraments and The Mass, the Third Form considers the Commandments, while the Fourth Form learns Church History and continues by studying The Creed and Scripture. The Fourth Year topics are developed in the Fifth Year. The arrangements for the sixth are rather different. They follow a two-year cycle of lectures, many of which I give. Even so, some lectures are given by visitors to the school, usually of a different denomination. Recently, for example, a Methodist lay preacher spoke to the sixth about his religion. In the first year of the cycle comparative religion is the main topic, progressing in the second year to the history of the church and the contemporary church. The class splits into smaller groups to discuss topics of special interest which arise from the course.

Do you have a service each morning ?

There is no fixed assembly for the whole school. We have no room which is large enough to hold all the members of a school this size. Form prayers are held before morning and afternoon school. There is a compulsory Mass, compulsory, that is, for pupils up to the Fifth Year. It is not compulsory for the sixth-formers because they have many more pressures on their time.

How many of the sixth do attend Mass ?

I do not know and I never count them.

Do you discuss topics which are both social and religious—for example, divorce or abortion ?

Such discussion is not easy. To an extent I have to bear in mind the basic teachings of the Church and keep my own opinions to myself. Abortion equals murder; this is the objective side—that human life is killed. On the other hand,

in my role as priest, I am a confessor, an absolver of people's sins; so I must know the subjective side—how circumstances affect people on a human plane.

Would you say that there is a danger that non-Roman Catholic views could be put forward simply to be rejected ?

It is my aim to strengthen the faith of the pupils by presenting the truth, but the boys are allowed to disagree and to form their own opinions. We make no attempt to brain-wash the pupils, but it is necessary to lay down certain guidelines which are applied to the situation. The main objective is to get the facts across in a way that is clear. It is not so much a question of what is formally taught, but an atmosphere that one is trying to create, a true feeling for Christianity. This we hope to achieve through the intangible side of our education—the Crucifix in the classroom, prayers and the attitude of the staff.

How far is Roman Catholic dogma discussed in class ?

Information has to be intellectually presented and while we encourage the boys to speak their mind, one must achieve a balance. Heresy is often committed through ignorance.

There seems to be a general questioning of traditional and established beliefs these days. Have you, in your years as a teacher in Roman Catholic schools, noticed any significant change in the attitudes of your pupils ?

I have taught ten and a half years at this school and three years previously at Leeds. I have certainly found more intelligent questioning from the boys and you need to think to give truthful answers. Truth is indivisible. I present a person who is Christ, the truth personified. As far as I am concerned, one religion is not as good as another and I must point out how far some other religions differ from the truth as we know it—although I suppose this may sound slightly arrogant.

In this last answer especially we found, I think, what we were looking for: a reason why it is necessary for some schools to be provided for children of a common religious belief. Education is concerned with fact and truth. Truth, religious truth, cannot be objectively measured, each religion seeing in itself the centre of truth. If there can be no real agreement on what constitutes the truth, then people's ideas of an adequate training must vary considerably and perhaps even to the point of incompatibility.

L. GREENWAY & B. HORROCKS, L6A.

(In the next edition we shall look at the presentation of religion in a Church of England school).

Cephalopoda

What ?

Committee, isn't it ?

Sixth-formers do it—organise all those things.

Publicity racket.

It's like an encyclopaedia, isn't it ?

No, it's that thing where you can get all those adverts done.

I know what xenophobia is. Mr. Wilson told me.

It's an advertising agency run by school.

But it's an octopus surely ?

Whatalopoda !

It's not the god of Love, 'cos that's Aphrodite—but it's the god of something, isn't it ?

Queer little octopus thing with about two hundred legs.

If you really want to know what we are, come

and join us or come to the Old Library and find out. We are to be found on Thursdays at break.

You can even ask Kemp.

M. TILLOTSON, L. WITHERS & B. WILLIAMS, U6A.

Mountaineering Course at Tower Wood

"Tower Wood" is a large house on the shores of Lake Windermere. Its rooms are large, the beds comfortable, and the food good. Above all, it offered a week away from the pressures of school with no washing-up and in place of a thousand worries, plenty of fresh air and exercise.

We arrived at the best possible time—just right for lunch. After so reassuring and comfortable a start, things took a more serious turn; we were introduced to our instructors and issued with all the trappings of imminent disaster: maps and compasses for being lost with, whistles and torches for quite hair-raising eventualities.

Soon we were on our introductory walk up Gummer's How, a small local peak of some 1,054 feet. Incidentally, the peak provides one of the best views in the Lake District and the walk itself affords many beautiful and surprising sights—not the least of which was to see the deer plunging quickly away from us through the woods. It was not, however, a mere ramble but did have a serious purpose—to teach us the correct and accurate use of the compass.

That evening, after dinner, an instructor frightened us to death by giving a disturbingly frank illustrated lecture on survival in the hills. When stranded on a cold, windswept and misty hilltop, he advised, streams provide the quickest and most reliable means of descent. In fact, it is often possible

to make a very rapid descent by following the course of a stream. Unfortunately, water and human beings do not travel in exactly the same way: water is in no way deterred by a sudden drop of a hundred feet, but there are few men who could survive such a surprise. To add to the fun of this way of getting down a mountain side, crags and their waterfalls are not marked on Ordnance Survey one-inch Maps !

On the Tuesday we set out to climb Harter Fell in good weather. At 1,400 feet we crossed the snow line and the fun started. If, when you are walking on hard snow on a mountainside, you have the misfortune to slip, you have the exhilarating experience of moving rapidly downhill. To add to the entertainment, it often happens that the snow is too hard for you to dig your heel in and so it is nearly impossible to halt your slide. The instructor's advice is, I think, worth quoting :

"Lie down on your stomach, head-first, and let yourself slide. Don't mind the rocks at the bottom."

As we were getting near the summit, a savage wind blew up and a black cloud was coming in toward us. Soon we were in the thick of a blizzard. The hilltop blizzard is one of the most dangerous features of Lakeland weather. The penalty for being caught without adequate equipment is all too often death. The sheer power of the winds makes it impossible to walk straight and beats mercilessly across your face. You are buffeted off your course and the treacherous ice under your feet makes you feel desperately out of control. Visibility is reduced to a couple of feet, which means that you cannot even see your own boots, and the taking of any helpful bearing is impossible. This terrifying experience is known as "White Out". It is also demoralisingly cold.

On Wednesday morning we went rock-climbing. Surprisingly enough, rock-climbing is completely safe. All the dangers that you are likely to meet are so delightfully obvious that unless you are very careless it is unlikely that you can be surprised at all; even our dog had a very firm grasp of the principles and the dangers of falling. And even if you do fall, there is no real danger. As the instructor explained, it is only hitting the ground that hurts.—Safe it may be, but it is exhausting. After we had spent some time at the top, recovering from the ascent, we had to learn "the second fastest means of descent", abseiling.

Thursday brought the best weather of the week and we set off for Conistone and The Old Man, with a thirty-pound load and an ice-axe each. On the higher ground the snow was so hard that a steel-braced heavy boot could not even scratch its surface. Although the snow made it tough going, the weather was so warm that I walked the highest part (over

2,000 feet) in shirt-sleeves. We stayed the night at Tranearth mountain hut and had only a brief walk on the Friday before returning home.

Should you be interested in the courses run by the Lancashire Education Committee, do not be afraid that you would find it difficult to arrange a place for yourself. Surprisingly, there are a great many places available and many of the courses are undersubscribed.

P. HEPPLESTON, L6Sc.

The Truth of Love

Sing me a song,
A song of love,
Words that are tragic.
Sing it now,
Sing it loud.
Make them see
How cruel love
Can really be.

M. HALSALL, L6Sc.

The Big Skate

On November 19th and January 21st, the Sixth Form Society organised trips to Blackpool, where, it was claimed, we would skate. Many of the more confident among our number were sure that they had some talent on the ice, others chattered more apprehensively on the overcrowded back seat of the bus as we made our way towards the ice-rink.

At first we stood aghast while a certain person demonstrated the finer points of figure skating—and its consequences. Then it was our turn. You could tell it was our turn, not only because there were some very ungainly figures cut, but also because the rest of the skaters made very rapidly for the safety of the rink-side. Of course, we tumbled about and spent far more time in horizontal positions than we did on our skates; but first prize for the most frequent and the most acrobatic falls must go to John Dawson. He achieved the impressive record of thirty-two falls! It was decided that our photograph should be taken on the ice, but unfortunately the camera was damaged in the process. However, we did have the consolation of hearing a record played for the school. The only severe injury was to Anne Farrow, who fractured her wrist after having shown Mr. Wood that there was no danger whatsoever attached to skating.

We discovered something at least: there is a minimum of equipment required. For a girl, all that she needs apart from her skates is a strong male to tow her round; for a boy, a few cushions appropriately strapped on, a bottle of aspirins, and an ambulance.

Our thanks to Mr. Beckett and Mr. Wood for bravery beyond the call of duty.

L. CUERDEN, L6Sc.

Without

Without everything — that is except for food, shelter, blizzards and intense cold — without radio, newspapers, television or any form of communication except an antique telephone operated by a local with an incomprehensible accent, we struggled for survival at the Kindrogan Field Centre. Only the absence of a bus-service prevented the fainter hearts from catching the first southbound train.

Disregarding the pessimistic view held by some that we would not reach our Highland destination, we tumbled aboard the Preston train amongst a confusion of suitcases, rucksacs with vicious hiking boots attached, and handbags, confident that since the train was pointing North we could not really miss Scotland. But our confidence was short-lived; we broke down at Carstairs and were shunted into a siding for an hour. As if travelling on three different trains were not traumatic enough, it was a further seven hours before we reached Pitlochry. There we were met by a ramshackle old bus that whisked us away at frightening speed into a blind mist. We bumped along a scarcely discernible track, through forests, and hung nervously onto our lives. Suddenly the mists, and the forests cleared to reveal an old and stately house. We had arrived.

The Warden met us formally and, after dinner, outlined the rules that would bind us for the week.

The next few days we spent examining the local features of glaciation and panting in an unavailing attempt to keep up with our energetic lecturer. Not only were we in considerable difficulties in keeping our mentor in sight, but also, when we did achieve contact, our reward was to read Ordnance Survey Maps on Kindrogan's summit, enveloped in a shrieking blizzard with snow obliterating the map and our fingers in a state of near-frostbite.

On a couple of days we were split into small groups to conduct various surveys into the distribution of population, land-use, forestry and the evolution of settlement patterns in the Highlands. On Easter Saturday we set off, full of enthus-

iasm, to study tourist activity around the Loch of Lowes. Unfortunately, the project was unsuccessful—we could not find any tourists! Indeed, it was as quiet as the day we spent in observing and excavating an abandoned eighteenth century settlement.

The highlight of the week was undoubtedly the trip to the ski-centre at Glenshee, where the more daring among us ventured to ascend the snow-covered Cairnwell Summit—in a chair lift. We tried to take soil samples—a distinctly dangerous operation when skiers are whizzing by your ears, and quite impossible when the snow is thick. Even so, the experience of seeing the Grampians under the snow and the sun lighting up the Cairngorms would have made the journey worthwhile, even if we had not had so much fun.

The evening lectures were specially helpful, and we returned with considerably more knowledge and practical experience of the theories of Physical Geography.

H. MEADOWS & P. THORPE, L6A.

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Man and Heredity

On March 2nd, Mr. R. W. Crossland, from the Extra-Mural Department of Manchester University, visited Balshaw's to present a lecture on "Man and Heredity". Dawson welcomed sixth-formers from other schools in the area and introduced Mr. Crossland.

With the help of some rather old and cracked slides—apparently in this condition because of their overfrequent use in an equally old projector—Mr. Crossland, after apologising for the condition of his equipment, began his lecture.

First he described the basic structure of chromosomes, their number in the cell and the genes along their length. He went on to explain the functions of genes in heredity, with special reference to the determination of physical characteristics. What was particularly interesting was that he took specific combinations of genes and followed through the inherited physical characteristics in such a way that he showed how and why it is perfectly possible for a beauty queen to be the daughter of homely parents and for a Plain Jane to be born to the most handsome.

A series of grotesque slides illustrated the transmission of physical abnormalities—sheep with six toes, fingers with the missing joint, and flipper-like arms which bore a disturbing resemblance to those of the victims of Thalidomide.

The lecture was cut short because of the pressure of time and Marland gave the vote of thanks on our behalf.

From a non-biologists' point of view, the lecture was interesting, informative and lucid. For the O-Level Biologists it pulled together the work already done and added many intriguing details. But for the A-Level Biologists, we might have wished that the slides and material had been a little more up-to-date and had taken advantage of more recent research. Even so, Mr. Crossland could not have made his approach suitable for every member of so widely scattered an audience. By choosing the approach he did he interested the greatest number and provided a very entertaining lecture.

E. RYDING & E. MILLS, L6A.

Mainly for Juniors

All About School

On Tuesday, 3rd March, Mr. Bleasdale kindly agreed to come to room 3 to answer questions about the school, fired from all angles by first and second year pupils. The questions and answers are recorded below:

When was the school built?

Although there has been a Balshaw's Grammar School for a great many years, the school, as we know it, was built in the years 1930 and 1931. It will remain a grammar school until 1972 when the first stage of our being converted into a comprehensive school will take effect. The second stage of the process will be completed in 1974. Then we shall have no sixth-form, but all pupils of sixth-form age will go to the new college in Langdale Road.

What does the Griffin stand for and why is the school motto in Latin?

The Griffin is a guardian of treasure. The motto is in Latin because it has been for many years the tradition amongst grammar schools to write their mottos in Latin, the language of scholars during the days of the foundation of our oldest grammar schools.

Who are the School Governors ?

There are in all eighteen School Governors. Twelve members of the governing body are appointed by various local authorities, the rest by the Balshaw's Foundation. Of the eighteen, at least two must be women because we are a co-educational school. The chairman of the Board of Governors is J. Tomlinson, Esq., J.P.

What exactly is the sixth-form block ?

This new building will accommodate part of the sixth form. It will contain classrooms, cloakrooms and a dining hall. The block will ease the pressure on the main building. At the moment there are rather too many pupils being taught in the main block for real comfort, and the removal of some classes to the new block will free more rooms for teaching in the old building.

When will the observatory be open ?

We hope that the observatory will be ready for an opening ceremony in October. We hope, too, that the ceremony will be performed by a distinguished astronomer.

How and when do you choose a career ?

There is no one time at which you determine your career; it is a continuous process. At the end of the first year your progress in Latin decides whether or not you are to continue with the subject. At the end of the third year you have considerable choice in what combinations of subjects you wish to study. It is, however, perfectly possible to keep a choice between arts and sciences open until you enter the sixth form. The choice you make does to some extent limit your choice of courses in further education. Parents and pupils may make an appointment at any time to see Mr. Downer, the Careers Master, or the Headmaster. Mr. Downer will give you advice if you are in any doubt about the best course for you to follow.

Why can pupils below the Sixth Form not leave the school grounds at lunchtime ?

The School is legally responsible for the safety of its pupils. We must therefore keep all our pupils under supervision as far as possible. The Sixth Form may go out at lunchtime because they are old enough and mature enough to behave responsibly. It is also a special privilege granted them as senior pupils.

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The Cat

Slyly he crept on velvet paws,
White were his teeth and sharp his claws.
His green eyes peered to left and right,
He sought a mouse, he sought a fight.
His thick black fur, his pricked-up ears
The eyes of flame through which he peers
He stealthily moves—but wait. Just now
He cowedly purred, miaou, miaou!

JILL HOPE, 2F.

The Chase

Up hills and down dales
The hounds are running and wagging their tails.
They puff and pant and pant and puff
Until it seems they've had enough.
The horses gallop, the huntsmen shout,
Soon everyone seems quite worn out.
The leader says, "We'll have some tea".
Thus giving foxy time to flee.
When everyone has finished tea
They all get up and mount with glee.
Now they've had a bite to eat
They can once more perform their feat.
By this time the fox was weary
His coat was very drab and dreary.
He said to himself, "I think I'll walk"
And if they catch me?—I won't talk".

SANDRA ELWELL, 2L2.

The Dragonfly Mist

"The Dragonfly" was a pleasure cruiser. William Rogers was its owner and he himself acted as captain when it took holidaymakers out to sea. Early on the morning of Friday, the thirteenth of August, 1965, "The Dragonfly" put out to sea. It was a warm day and out on the open sea everything was quiet. The sea was almost still.

It was a routine safety precaution that "The Dragonfly" should send radio signals at hourly intervals so that contact could be maintained. One such signal was received stating that "The Dragonfly" was a mile from port, but the strange thing was that although it was a perfectly clear day, no ship could be seen.

Six hours later, "The Dragonfly" had not been sighted and the people ashore were apprehensive. A boat was sent out to search the waters along its route. Nothing was to be seen—just endless expanses of still, shining water. The searchers watched carefully and strained to detect the slightest sign of movement, but still they could find nothing. Then just before midnight the weary crew of the search-boat were suddenly startled to find themselves surrounded by a thick white mist. However, within a few minutes, and just as suddenly, the mist cleared and they were in bright moonlight. Looking round they quickly realised that they were completely encircled by a wreath of brilliant mist. And there in the exact centre, was "The Dragonfly", motionless.

At first the crew was hesitant and did not know what to make of their discovery. Then slowly, one by one, they plucked up the courage to go aboard. The cruiser was unnaturally clean. It was spotless. Everything was neat. Everything was tidy. There wasn't so much as an unwashed dish, no ash, no cigarette-end. All the clothes were neatly folded or hung tidily in the wardrobes. And there was no living soul aboard.

Nervously, the crew began to move around looking for any sign or clue which might help them to understand what they had found. There above the cabin door, nailed tight and firm, was a shining gold cross, brilliant in the moonlight. Engraved precisely along the horizontal bar was the name of the captain, William Rogers. Nothing else, just the name. They looked further but they could find nothing else at all; just neat, empty tidiness.

ALWYN LLOYD, 3L.

The Dark Hand of Fate

It was a cold autumn evening. Three trappers were on their way to a small town for supplies. The journey was, in all, fifty miles or more, over rough and hard land. That day they had struggled to cover more than ten miles of their journey and now, tired they were looking for a suitable place to set up camp for the night. Then, about half a mile ahead, of them they saw the beginnings of a forest. They knew well enough from their own experience and from trappers' tales that a forest was not the best place to rest or spend the night. But they all walked towards it in a kind of unspoken agreement—no one spoke a word.

They made their way quietly along a narrow, winding path until they came to a clearing. There they settled for the night. Soon they were round the fire and feeling less weary. They played cards and laughed at each other's misfortune. The noise of their voices was swallowed by the great hollows of the forest.

They had played for no more than fifteen minutes when an indistinct shape moved in the flickering shadows at the edge of the clearing. It moved unevenly towards them and they put down their cards; they were apprehensive as the cloaked figure hobbled towards them, but whoever it was, was infirm and obviously not dangerous. The flames of the fire lit up the ragged face of an old Indian woman as she stared hard into the fire and slowly turned her eyes to the trappers:

"It is not good that you should be here. This is a sacred forest, our ancestors are buried here and our great warriors who fought and gave their lives to save our land from the white strangers. Go quickly, go from this forest and the spirits of the dead who cry out vengeance against the race of those who spilled our blood like water."

Joe, the tallest of the three trappers, and the thinnest, laughed drily:

"Go on, get back to your village—or what's left of it, old woman. Your race was done for a very long time ago—and, as for your spirits, they can cry out until they are hoarse. I am tired and I am not moving. And if I am not moving, no-one is moving."

The old woman said nothing. She looked long and hard at the trappers, especially at Joe. As she moved off again through the shadows and into the depth of the forest, the laughter of the trappers followed her and their insults re-echoed among the trees.

Joe sent the other two trappers to catch rabbit for supper while he built up the fire and made preparations. They were away for more than half an hour because their luck was unusually good and they caught not only enough for supper but also for the next few days. It seemed that they could not go wrong and that it would be silly to return to the clearing immediately when the following day animals would very probably be less co-operative. When eventually they did make their way back, they shouted out to Joe before they reached the clearing, to tell him of their good luck. At first there was no sound from Joe. Just the silence of the trees. They called again and this time they did hear something, but it was only the hooting of an owl. They broke through the undergrowth and into the clearing and there was no sign of Joe. The trappers moved nervously into the clearing. The mugs and plates were set out on the floor. The water was boiling over the fire, but still no evidence of Joe's existence.

They briefly continued their search until they noticed something strange about one of the trees. They approached the tree with caution and, then, suddenly they saw it. Burned deep into the bark was the black shape of a hand, still smouldering. At the base of the tree's trunk, a few scattered hairs lay in the grass.

SUSAN GWILLIAM, 3L.

Prize Competition

To win a 10/- book token you must answer all the questions and find the anagram which is formed from the initial letters of each of the correct answers. Solutions to be handed to Mrs. Sharples for checking. There is a prize only for the first correct solution received.

- i. Birthplace of Christopher Columbus.
- ii. Composer of the work, "Fountains of Rome".
- iii. Florence is on this river.
- iv. The rainbow messenger of Olympus.
- v. This Archduke was assassinated at Sarajevo.
- vi. A school famous for its wall-game.
- vii. Name of the waggons used to transport victims to the guillotine.

Snow

Crisp snow silently
Settled on the eaves.
The silver sun appeared
And lit the snowy leaves.
From the deep white blanket
There ran a water tear
And so the crispy snow
Began to disappear.

C. R. SHARPLES.

Flight of Beauty

Whirls and spirals
Falling on a downward track,
Crystal clear,
Like stars of silver
Falling on pinnacles,
On mountains
High and broad.
Senseless it falls
On plain and terrace—
Living gems,
Priceless treasures;
All this we have,
It snows again.

LORRAINE HARRISON, 1B.

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The Elephant

Stamp! Stump!
Plod! Plod!
Through the jungle
He roams.
Among the trees,
In muddy rivers
Is the elephant's home.
Splash! Splosh!
Squirt! Squirt!
In the rivers
They bathe,
Playing and wallowing
In the mud.
Tugging! Tugging!
Pulling! Pulling!
Uprooting mighty trees,
Heaving their bodies,
Tearing with trunks,
They lift all out
With ease.

JANET NORTH, 1B.

Pot Luck

Suddenly I became famous! It was the finale of a long, gruesome episode in my life. It was all sparked off by a letter I received from the Museum of Antiquities in Cairo. The Curator informed me that a certain Arab had found some fragments of earthenware pottery in the locality—which he had dated about 1,000 B.C. Immediately I made a long-distance telephone call to the museum for further information.

Three weeks later I was in Cairo with twenty experienced archaeologists and all the equipment that was necessary for a thorough excavation. The Arab's information proved to be vague; so we had to search the whole area through which his camel-train had passed. Eventually we found the place where it seemed most sensible to start our search, a search that lasted far longer than any of us could have imagined.

Arab diggers forever brought us pots similar to that which had started our search and our spirits rose, but no sign ever appeared which might suggest what we were looking for; the location of a pyramid. Mechanical diggers ploughed up the sand, trenches were made and then, at long last, the tip of a pyramid came to light. It was another year before it was finally and totally uncovered and we were able to enter into the tomb.

We moved through the passages very slowly, overawed by the magnificent carvings and the huge, grotesque figures which kept a forbidding guard over each chamber. Everything was perfectly preserved, everything almost new and we were the first human beings to set eyes on the relics for perhaps more than 3,000 years.

Our attention eventually turned to a huge stone slab lavishly wrought with gold and bearing the inscription, "Under this mighty rock lies Ahmed Boutaan, mighty Pharaoh." For its gold alone the slab was worth a fortune, and with all the designs chased precisely in rich metals, its value could not be estimated. We tried to move it, but its bulk was impossible; it was so firm that we were forced to bore holes into its setting all the way round it. This we did with great care so that we would preserve its invaluable surface. After two solid days of heaving, pushing and straining, we finally raised the slab out of the stone floor. Beneath was a seemingly bottomless shaft about fifteen feet in width.

Within the hour I was making my way down that shaft, 300 feet, 400 feet, and then, abruptly, the bottom met me. At first the walls around me seemed solid and impenetrable. Then it was that I remembered that on the way down I had passed what appeared to be a small hole in the side of the shaft. I was pulled up to the level of the hole and shone my torch into it, and signalled to the anxious group above that I was about to enter the cavern to explore the interior. After making my way along a kind of uncomfortable passage for about twenty yards, I stumbled into a small box-like room with yet another large stone slab facing me at the far end. I gripped hard on the metal ring and hauled open the huge stone door. This time I landed suddenly on a cold metal floor, sitting there for minutes spellbound, dazzled by the walls which were of solid gold and gold figures decorated the room at intervals; designs were encrusted into the gold walls with jewels. But the richest prize of all was a gold statue—a huge, grotesque sarcophagus. At last I was able to get up and crept across to the mummy—but then I thought better of it and went to call the others down.

Soon everyone was packed into the small room and, proudly, I dragged back the stone slab. My colleagues sat down with the stunned silence that had beset me. I was standing back to admire my find. Then it happened.

The weight of the bodies which moved towards the mummy must have tripped some mechanism in the floor.

I got my fame all right and the Museum of Antiquities got its treasure. But there was a price to pay—a price that even now, I do not care to remember.

A. EARL, 2F.

The Fox

Hush! Who goes there?
Beware,
The fox is in his lair.
Late in the night
The vixen will appear.
All small creatures
Fear
Her sneer.
Silent as the owl above,
Now and then,
She moves,
There one moment,
And then gone,
The moon the only looker-on.

JILL CUNCANNON, 1B.

The Gipsy

The gipsy is as bright and gay
As sunlight on a summer's day.
He dreams of all things far away
And sees his horse lie in the hay.
And when he walks on aged feet
And his life is in retreat
He leaves each field with easy heart
He's not of this nor any part.

From a poem by LOIS DAVIES, 1A.

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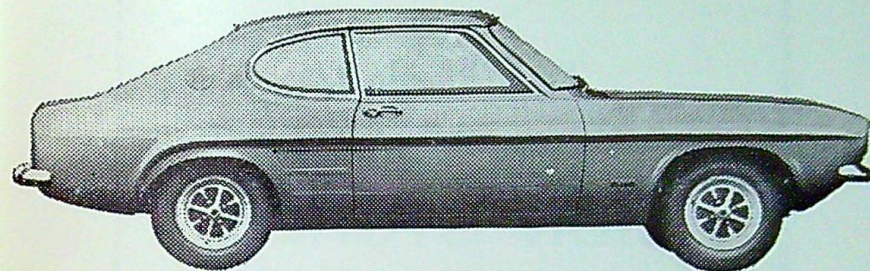
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