

A decorative rectangular frame with ornate, symmetrical scrollwork at the corners and midpoints. Inside the frame, the title is centered and reads:

# "The Effort"

Vol. IV., No. 1.

DECEMBER, 1924.

Price 7d.

*Editress—Miss N. Bates, B.A.*

*Committee—The Staff.*

*School Representatives—H. Briggs, N. Wilding, E. Wane, D. Gregson,  
Wootton, J. Vause, Hilton, H. Jump.*

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## NOTES AND NOTICES.

Armistice Day was observed this year as before by special addition to the usual opening services. The School Captain, Fairhurst, read the names of those who lost their lives in the war, and Mr. Butler read a chapter from the book of Wisdom. At eleven o'clock the two minutes' silence was kept in the classrooms.

As a result of the sale of poppies this year, over twelve pounds has been sent to Earl Haig's fund for disabled soldiers; this makes a record which we hope to break next year.

The usual "Half Term" Concert was held on the afternoon of Thursday, October 30th. The gymnastic display by the girls of Form IIIa. was much appreciated, as was also the short sketch, "The Steppes," given by members of Vb. It is hoped that some of the other forms will provide similar sketches for future concerts. Other very pleasing items were Joyce Gregson's "Fairy Lullaby," and Evelyn Sumner's delicate rendering of her pianoforte solo. Many of the items showed evidence of hasty



preparation and we would suggest that practices begin a little earlier before the next concert. The collection, which was in aid of the Sports' Fund, amounted to £3 6s. 8d.

On Thursday, November 20th, two parties from school visited the Empire Theatre, Preston. In the afternoon about one hundred and sixty went to see "Julius Cæsar," and in the evening about thirty went to "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

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We are glad to welcome one of our "old" girls, Miss Doris Gregson, as a visiting member of the Staff. She has come to us as Drill and Games Mistress after training at the Southport Physical Training College. She has also been appointed to a similar post at St. Anne's College for Girls.

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We congratulate also Miss Ursula Mart on her appointment as Domestic Science Teacher in one of the Preston centres, and Miss Annie Winstanley, who has been appointed to a similar post at a Prestwich School.

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The Stanning Scholarship has been granted for a fourth year to H. Shaw.

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We are glad to note that Doreen Davies recently won the First Prize and the "Higgin" Cup in a "Girls' Open" Singing Competition at Blackpool.

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The following is a list of recent marriages:—

Miss Beatrice A. Forshaw to Mr. Richard Singleton.

Miss Rose Slater to Mr. Fred Slater.

Miss Mary Sagar to Mr. J. Norris.

Miss Edith H. Halliwell to Mr. T. Prince.

Mr. John H. Howarth to Miss Lucy Grundon.

Contributors to the "Save the Children" Fund will be glad to know that the girl, Babel Zsofi, "adopted" by the school, has improved in health and no longer needs our assistance. We have been asked to "adopt" instead of her, Bubelik Leuke of Buda Pesth, whose photograph may be seen among the notices in the Hall.

More books are needed for the school lending library, and the chief librarian, Bessie Whipp, would be glad to receive subscriptions towards the purchase of such books. She would also be grateful for the gift of suitable books, not necessarily new, from old students.

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Her contemporaries will be glad to hear that Mrs. W. Sparkes (nee Parker), who recently went out to join her husband at Atbara, in the Sudan, has arrived safely and is much enjoying the new life. She arrived at an exciting time, on August 10th, when she saw the Sudanese soldiers on guard amid the signs of riot and incendiarism. She writes that things are much quieter now, and is evidently enjoying the tennis and dancing of the English community in the district, to say nothing of the novelty of continual fine weather.

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The Annual Speech Day will be held in the Public Hall, Leyland, on Thursday, December 11th. Councillor Mrs. Edmund Berry has kindly promised to distribute the certificates.

F.W.R.

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#### OBITUARY,

After a very short illness, Henry Watson, aged 13 years (Form IVb.), died on Wednesday, October 15th, and was buried in the Parish Churchyard, Longridge, on Monday, October 20th. Three beautiful wreaths were sent by the school, the first XI. football team, and the staff. Several scholars and the headmaster, Mr. Jackson, were present at the interment. Though a quiet boy, and one of a gentle spirit, he was thorough in work and play,



and had won the esteem of comrades and teachers alike. We all offer our sincerest sympathy to his parents, who have lost so promising a son.



### FLANDERS POPPIES.

The sight of red poppies sold in our streets,  
Brings a vision of Flanders Fields;  
Where the men who have fallen  
Fought bravely, for us  
And their friends who waited at home.

Red is the field, and red is the sky,  
Both are red in the sunset glow;  
The red of the poppies fields will die,  
But its memory will live evermore.

See, 'mid the flowers, a small white cross!  
Sign of that "greater love":  
Blood-red are the fields of their sacrifice,  
White shine their souls above.

Nora Pickering, Form Vb.



### B. G. S. O. G. A.

The Club was reorganised at a General Meeting held in October, since when many names have been added to the list of members. The financial year of the club is now from October to October, subscriptions being due on October 1st. Prompt payment of the (inclusive) subscription of 2/6 ensures the receipt of a copy of each issue of "The Effort," and gives membership of the Hockey Section.

It was decided that the club should meet at least once a term, with extra meetings to be arranged as desired. The next function is a social reunion to be held in the school hall on December 13th at 6-30 p.m.

The Hockey Club has also been reorganised, but as playing members are very few, we have not as yet played any matches, though we hope soon to do so. Miss F. E. Davies has been

elected Captain and Miss A. I. Iddon, Vice-Captain. I ask all B. G. S. Old Girls to join the club and all those who play Hockey to join the Hockey Section. Many, I know, have joined other clubs, but we shall not be able to have many matches this season, and I must ask all to give the School their first consideration before joining other teams next year, so that we may have an excellent team and a record season (1925-6). Those who wish to join, please send in names to Mrs. Jackson or myself.

We are endeavouring to raise money for the Club, so that the travelling expenses of the Hockey Team shall not fall on the individual players.

On November 7th we held a Social Gathering at which Miss D. Davies sang, and Miss M. Balding played for dancing; after which we all set out in fine style to keep the historical day, but unfortunately the bonfire, which had been laid for us by the schoolboys, was too damp to burn. The fireworks caused some amusement in spite of the dense fog.

On behalf of the B. G. S. O. G. A., I thank Mrs. Jackson for giving up her valuable time in order to help us in organising the Club, and Mr. Jackson for allowing us to use the School and the School Grounds for our Meetings. His remarks on the morning of the 6th, when he made a tour of inspection along the Terrace, are not known.

Ashfield House, Dunkirk Lane,  
Leyland.

Ethel Parker,  
Hon. Sec.

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### OLD GIRLS' PRIZE.

It was decided at a recent committee meeting of the O.G.A. that an annual prize of books to the value of one guinea, known as the Old Girls' Prize, should be given to the girl who, in the opinion of the Staff, has made the most marked progress during the school year.



## B. G. S. O. B. A.

We regret to report that Mr. Frank Tomlinson has resigned his position of Honorary Secretary of the Old Boys' Association, as, owing to pressure of business, he cannot carry on his duties. His services will be greatly missed.

## THIRD ANNUAL DINNER.

The Third Annual Dinner will be held in the Queen's Hotel, Leyland, on Thursday, December 11th, 1924, at 6-30 p.m., when Edmund Berry, Esq., Lostock Grove, Leyland, will be the guest of the evening.

The duties of Honorary Dinner Secretary have been undertaken by Mr. E. M. Jackson, Golden Hill, Leyland, from whom tickets (price 6/- each, not including wines) may be obtained. A hearty invitation is extended to all Old Boys.

## ANNUAL REUNION AND DANCE.

The Old Students' Annual Reunion and Dance will be held in Leyland Public Hall on Friday, January 9th, 1925. Mr. A. Barnes, Queen's Hotel, Leyland, has very kindly consented to act as Honorary Dance Secretary. Further details will be announced later. It is hoped that as many Old Students as possible will arrange to be present in order to render the function as great a success as usual.

E.R.T.



## A COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE DIFFICULT ART OF FAILING IN EXAMINATIONS.

For a long time it had been felt by all thinking men, women, and children (especially schoolboys and girls), that far too much importance was attached to the passing of an examination in subjects which formed no preparation for the stern business of life. The editor of "The Effort" arranged, therefore, for an interview with Mr. F. Orgetal, whose views on this important subject had aroused great attention in the daily press. Our

representative called and was ushered into Mr. F. Orgetal's study, which, contrary to his expectation, was very neat and tidy. On examining the books on the shelves, he noticed that they were arranged in the oddest manner, no two volumes of the same set together, and books dealing with related subjects were kept apart from each other.

Mr. Orgetal entered the room with brisk step; and when they were seated in the well-upholstered chairs, he imparted to our representative his very original ideas. "I understand, Mr. F. Orgetal, that you have more failures to your credit than any student in the United Kingdom." "That is correct," modestly admitted Mr. Orgetal.

"And to what do you attribute your great success in failing?"

"Chiefly to my methods of study and lack of application."

"What are your methods?"

"Well, of course, I can only tell you what I have found successful in my own case. I have never chosen the simple and easy method of never opening a book or not listening to the teacher. That would be puerile. It is not easy to fail, as the large number of passes recorded annually proves; and it becomes more difficult each year, now that students are hindered from failing in so many ways. To begin with, I early realised the great danger of passing if I did not work strenuously to avert it. Keeping this ideal well before me, I decided that I must learn how to manifest an apparently great concentration on the lesson being given, while at the same time my thoughts were freely ranging. It was difficult at first, but now I can look absorbingly interested and yet in reality my mind is a blank. Then again, I felt that to do work entirely unaided was to court disaster. I therefore arranged to collaborate with the student, a born dullard, who was always at the bottom of the class. From him I learned the infinite possibility of error, and how it might be cunningly introduced into home-work. The changing of a plus or a minus sign often gave remarkably complex errors in



a very simple way. The mere alteration of a figure would entirely change the face of history, or the population of a city. I have also got very good results by omitting a line in a poem or piece of prose and running alternate lines together. Naturally these things can be brought about by sheer carelessness, but as I say, I scorned the easy path to failure. In studying, I flitted from subject to subject as the bee goes from flower to flower, preserving a muddled recollection of all, but keeping no clear idea of any."

"What has been your reason for all this, Mr. Orgetal?"

"To protest against the modern curse of passing examinations, and prevent the development of megacephalicism ("swelled-headedness"). The only difference between failure and success is that the one who fails forgets before, and the one who passes forgets after the examination."

Bavard.

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# THE HOMELESS CATS OF WEMBLEY.

Chorus.

Scene: Wembley during the process of being pulled down—  
Night—Moonlight.

Chorus:

We are homeless cats from Wembley,  
We have got no home but Wembley,  
They are pulling it down,  
So we are left on our own,  
We are the homeless cats of Wembley.

Persian Kitten.

Won't someone have me please?  
Do someone have me, please!  
I am young, but not silly,  
My name it is Lily,  
I will do all in my power to please.

Tabby Cat.

No! someone have me,  
I am better than she,  
I can catch your rats and mice.

Black Cat.

Have me for luck,  
I am called old Puck,  
And you'll find me awfully nice.

Chorus:

We are as dismal as can be,  
For we've lost our home, you see,  
And we are feeling very hungry just now;  
We cannot plough or sow,  
Nor can we reap or mow,  
What ever can be done for us? Mee-ow! Mee—ow!!

Old wise cat.

Have me, I am wise,  
I have won many a prize,  
For the catching of mice, Choose Me!

Fluffy White Kitten.

Have me, I say,  
With your children I'll play,  
Till your little ones shout with glee.

Chorus:

What shall we do?  
We all feel quite blue,  
'Cause we can't solve the housing problem;  
But if you'll find us a home,  
No more will we roam,  
And the mice, well, it's oh woe betide them.

Little black cat.

Have me, I am black,  
You will not say "Alack,"  
When you have had me for a while.

Manx cat.

Have me, I say,  
You will not rue the day,  
And my pranks will make you smile.

Chorus:

Mee—ow, Me-e—ow!  
Mee—ow, Me-e—ow!  
We are homeless cats from Wembley,  
What shall we do?  
We are dismal and blue!  
Mee—ow! Mee-ee—ow!! Mee—ow!!!

Ronald Heyes, Form Vb.



## THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL—IN FRANCE.

During the Midsummer Holidays, three Little Maids from Balshaw's, left Preston early one morning on the London train en route for France.

After many unsuccessful attempts at making arrangements, we decided to go to Le covent des sœurs de l'Adoration, Tours. Beyond the fact that we were to stay here and take the holiday course at the University of Touraine, we knew nothing.

However, we boarded the 8 p.m. boat train to Newhaven from Waterloo on the 19th of August, and after a good voyage and a very cold train journey, we arrived in Paris at 6 o'clock the next morning. How strange everything looked and how small we felt as we were whirled along in a taxi on the right side of the road, towards the Quai D'Orsay. Here we had black coffee and rolls—they were awful. It took us exactly 27 hours from leaving home to reach Tours. We drove to the convent in a mule-drawn voiture which looked as if it had come out of the Ark.

Six nuns, dressed in white, met us at the door, and our hearts sank. However, they were very kind to us whom they called, "les trois petites pensionnaires anglaises." They showed us to our rooms, one in an old part of the convent up thirty-two steps, another looking out on to one of the large courtyards (of which there were about six in all), and the third in the nuns' quarters on the ground floor.

People rise very early in France; we had "petit déjeuner" in bed at 7-30 a.m., brought to us by a nun, one being allotted as attendant to each of us. We made a dash for the University, where lessons began at 8-30 and continued till 11-30, and then we returned to déjeuner at 12-0. Our afternoons, always free, we spent in exploring Tours, or in making tours (excuse the pun) into the surrounding country. There are many old chateaux in the district, Azay-le-rideau, Luynes, Cinq Mars, Villandray, Ambroise, Chenonceaux. Chenonceaux is built on a

series of arches across the Loire, and is the most beautifully situated of them all. They were all most interesting, however; all seemed to contain at least one bed in which Napoleon had slept—poor man! they looked very hard! Tours itself is a very interesting place: we saw there the house of Tristram the Hermit, Charlemagne's tower, a peculiar house of the 15th Century, and the ancient Cathedral in which the children of Charles VIII. are buried.

We discovered a 'scrumptious' cake shop which we visited regularly each day at 4 p.m. Dinner was at 6-30, and we had to be inside the convent, thought not necessarily in bed, at 9 p.m.

Three weeks soon passed, and even though we had at first been very homesick, we were sorry to leave. We arrived in Paris about noon and spent the afternoon sightseeing with a motor party, visiting L'Eglise de la Madaleine, the Opera House, the Eiffel Tower, the Arc de Triomphe with the grave of Le Soldat Inconnu, La Chapelle Expiatoire with the graves of the Swiss Guards, Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, Le Pantheon, Les Invalides, the Champs Elysees and hosts of other things.

We left St. Lazare about 22 o'clock, and, sailing by the 0-15 boat to Newhaven, reached London at 6-30 a.m., and Preston at 3 p.m.—and, except that we had beautiful weather and a lovely time, that is all. Oh, were you wanting to know how much French we learnt? Well—let's leave answering that till some other time.

The Three.

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## THE BALLAD OF "DOMINIE SAMPSON."

The Dominie was a citizen,  
Of the "New Place," Ellangowen,  
He walked about with the laird's young son—  
(The pride of the family);  
To see that the youngster in his rambles,  
Looking for flowers, encountered not brambles.



One fine day the youth did spy  
 A lily in a bog near by;  
 And Sampson, who saw not the slough,  
 Said "I'll get it now";  
 But straight away he slipt in!  
 "Pro-di-gi-ous!" the poor man did cry,  
 To the excited passers-by;  
 The young laird's laughter rang out loud,  
 He shouted to the growing crowd,  
 "Help him, before he sinks in!"

They tugged away with might and main,  
 "Heave-ho!" they cried in grand refrain,  
 There came a "Pop," as if the top  
 Of a ginger-beer bottle burst in twain.  
 Out came the Dominie with a rush,  
 He sent the young laird into a bush,  
 "I'm c-cold!" said he, "And home must run,  
 Lest I fall ill, for there is no sun."

Now let us sing, long live the King,  
 And the Dominie, long live he;  
 And when he next doth take a plunge,  
 May I be there to see.

Eric Jackson, Form IVa.



### THE GOALKEEPER.

(A Parody).

It was a North End goalkeeper,  
 And he stopped just a few;  
 He leaned upon the post asleep,  
 While the other shots went through.

"I fear thee, centre forward;  
 I feared thy mighty shot,  
 For it was swift, and straight, and true.  
 And I could stop it not.

The football from thy foot did fly,  
 Straight on towards the net;  
 It whistled as it passed me by,  
 And I can hear it yet.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
 Alone between the sticks;  
 And never a soul took pity on me,  
 When puzzled by your kicks.

Your forward line came up the field  
 With most portentous stride,  
 You'd penalties, corner kicks, and byes,  
 And numerous goals beside.

I closed my eyes, and kept them closed,  
 While the penalty kick you took;  
 I counted three, and made a jump,  
 The ball hit me with a mighty thump,  
 It knocked me down, a useless lump,  
 And my senses me forsook."

He went like one that had been stunned,  
 And is of sense forlorn:  
 A sadder and a wiser man,  
 He rose the morrow morn.

Form IVa. Boys.



### SELF GOVERNMENT.

I dreamt the other night I was at a meeting of the governors of Balshaw's Grammar School, and was asked to give my opinion of the way the school should be run. I made the following suggestions:—

Lessons should begin at 11-30 a.m. and finish at 12 noon, with 15 minutes break in between. If by any chance a scholar arrived before 8 a.m., he should be given an order-mark, which would be excused the first time he came late. Holidays should commence about January the 28th, and finish about November 7th. This would ensure the pupils getting the full benefit of the Daylight Saving Act. The half term rest should consist of the period November 15th, to January 21st. The lessons should chiefly be composed of Experiments in "popular" Science, such as the making of gunpowder, glass blowing, and watching the effect of gravity on a cat dropped from several feet high. Week-



end Homework should be completed before 12 noon on Friday. My support was given to the desire of most of the pupils that the Headmaster and Headmistress, as well as the Assistants, should be given twelve months' holiday each year.

The meeting was brought to a close amid hearty clapping and the sound of a voice which said, "Jack, it is time to get up!"

John H. Shorrocks, Form IVb.



### TEN LITTLE SCHOOL-GIRLS.

Ten little school-girls, standing in a line,  
One fell over, then there were nine.  
Nine little school-girls, learning to walk straight,  
One of them was hunch-backed, then there were eight.  
Eight little school-girls, eating cream from Devon,  
One did not like it, then there were seven.  
Seven little school-girls each had hockey sticks,  
One shot a goal, then there were six.  
Six little school-girls playing with a knife,  
One cut her finger, then there were five.  
Five little school-girls near the class-room door,  
One went through it, then there were four.  
Four little school-girls, on their hands and knees,  
One turned a somersault, then there were three.  
Three little school-girls, all shouting, "Coo,"  
Their French Mistress heard one, then there were two.  
Two little school-girls said "Oh! ain't this bon?"  
One disagreed and then there was one.  
One little school-girl, tired of being alone,  
Went to find some chums, then there was none.

M. McKittrick, Form IIIb.



### YOUTHFUL AMBITIONS.

October 10th, 1903.

It was my birthday yesterday, I am six years old and I think it is quite time that I made up my mind what to do when I grow up. There are so many things to choose from that I hardly know what would be best. I really think a postman has a jolly life, for look

at Xmas time, how we all want him to come round to us. Yes! I'll be a postman.

October 19th, 1908.

I went into the town with mother, and there I saw a bishop. I shall be a bishop when I am a man. I should like to wear those funny leggings and a hat like his.

November 5th, Gunpowder Day!

Wait till I'm a man, I shall keep a firework shop, then I shan't have to ask Mother for the money to buy them, I can have as many as I like without paying.

November 23rd.

I saw the Lord Mayor last week. I would like to be the Lord Mayor of London and wear a gold chain round my neck, and a hat with three sides. Mother says it's nonsense, but I know, I shall be the Lord Mayor someday.

June 18th, 1909.

Had to stay in to-night for a "Refusal!" It wasn't my fault: how could anybody do arithmetic when the fire-bell was ringing and the fire engine rushing up the street? Wait till I'm quite grown up, I'll drive the fire engine, and it'll be a Leyland too!

School once more! Homework again to-night! In about ten years I'll be Headmaster of a big school and wear a cap and gown. All the boys will crowd to my school because I shall have NO HOMEWORK. They shan't have long essays to write and big lumps of French to translate. I'm quite sure I'll be a Headmaster.

December 2nd.

Went to see Macbeth at the theatre last night. It was great. I'm dead certain I'll be an actor as a man. I'll be a great actor and I'll play Banquo's Ghost. Sometimes I'll be Hamlet for a change: though I really think I should make a good Touchstone.



January 1st, 1918.

Clearing out some drawers to-day, I found this old diary. The last entry appears to be 1909. I should be twelve then, and considered myself almost a man. How long ago that seems! Let me look back, and see what were my childish aspirations. Ah! at six I longed to be a bishop, at twelve an actor, and here I am at twenty-one, almost a full-fledged doctor, day dreaming of distinction in research work and of a surgery in Harley Street, crowded with clients.

D. Hey, Form Va.

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#### GIRLS' SPORTS.

At the time of the publication of our last volume, the tennis tournaments were unfinished, having been delayed by the bad weather. However, all the rounds were played before the end of last term and the racket, given as the first prize in the singles, was won by Vera Collins, the second prize of ten shillings going to Minnie Higham. In the doubles, the shield was won for Form Va. by Dorothy Lomax and Lilian Stopforth.

An enjoyable tennis match, the outcome of a challenge from the Senior girls to the Staff, was played during the last week of the Summer term. The Staff were the victors, winning nine sets out of sixteen.

At the beginning of this term, it was necessary to elect three new captains, the three chosen by the pupils' votes being Eunice Holmes, Alice Dodson, and Muriel Crozier.

The usual enthusiasm for hockey has reappeared with the autumn term, and the inter-house matches are well on the way to completion. The First Eleven has played only two matches so far, but several more are fixed for the near future.

The first match was played at home on November 8th against Dick, Kerr's Ladies' Second Eleven; it is sufficient to say that our team won by 13 goals to none. On the same day, the Second Hockey Eleven played against Penwortham Ladies' Second

Eleven, at Preston. The home side had experienced great difficulty in raising a team, and from the beginning of the game it was clear that they were doomed to failure. The final score was: Leyland, 4; Penwortham, 0.

November 8th was indeed a red letter day in the annals of Balshaw's Sports, for the boys also won their football match against Wigan Grammar School Second Eleven, and thus was established the record of three victories on one day.

On November 15th, the First Eleven played at Rivington, the Rivington Grammar School First Eleven. Both sides played well, and the only goal of the match was scored by our centre-forward about ten minutes before the end.

E.B.

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#### BOYS' SPORTS.

**Cricket.** In the Midsummer holidays a match was arranged between a team from the School under 15 years of age and a team the same age chosen by Mrs. Davies. The match took place on August 6th on the Leyland Cricket Ground. The School led by a small margin on the 1st Innings, but were defeated in the 2nd Innings, the result being that Mrs. Davies' team won by 10 runs. Scores:—

	1st Innings	2nd Innings
The School ....	57	42
Mrs. Davies XI.	53	56

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#### FOOTBALL.

The first match of the season was played on September 27th, when the School entertained Chorley Secondary School. Play was very even and a draw was a fair result on the run of the game. Lancaster (two goals) and Norris (one), were the School scorers, while the visitors equalised just before full-time. Result: The School, 3; Chorley G. S., 3.



**October 18th—Leyland Motors D.C.S. (home).** Play was even in the first half but weight had its effect in the second half, when we were mostly defending. Wilde and Lancaster had hard luck with shots which struck the upright.

Result: Leyland Motors D.C.S., 5; The School, 0.

**October 25th—Return match with Leyland Motors D.C.S.** The Motors opened the score in the first few minutes, but shortly afterwards Lancaster equalised with a high shot. At half-time the scores were level. In the second half, the Motors regained the lead and shortly afterwards added a third. A few minutes before time, Lancaster reduced the lead, and just on time, the same player equalised.

Result: Leyland Motors D.C.S., 3; The School, 3.

**November 8th—Wigan Grammar School Second XI. (home).** In the first few minutes Lancaster gave us the lead. Play was very even and Wigan equalised, but, through Lancaster, at half-time we were leading by two goals to one. In the second half, Lancaster scored two goals and the visitors replied with one. Shortly afterwards Lancaster again scored, but towards the end, Wigan reduced the lead; the result, however, was settled when Lancaster scored his sixth goal of the match.

Result: The School, 6; Wigan Grammar, 3.

**November 15th—Old Boys (home).** We were defeated by five goals to two. The visitors' forwards were always dangerous and at half-time they were leading by three clear goals. In the second half play was more even and after the visitors had scored, Lancaster reduced the lead. Later the visitors again scored, but just before time, Walsh obtained the School's second goal.

Result: The Old Boys, 5; The School, 2.

**November 22nd—Chorley Secondary School (return).** The weather was rainy and two of our players failed to arrive, but Hood, reserve, played outside left, and we played throughout

with ten men. Chorley, taking the lead early in the first half, had at half-time three goals, which in the second half, were increased to six.

Result: Chorley T. S., 6; The School, 0.

**November 22nd, our Second Eleven entertained Chorley Secondary XI.** Play was difficult owing to the rain, but at half-time we were leading by two goals. The game ended by a score of five goals to one in our favour. The scorers for the School were Davies, two, Haselden, Marsh and Robinson one each.

Result: The School, 5; Chorley Grammar, 1.

F. Fairhurst, Capt.

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Our thanks are due to the girls of the School, particularly to E. McKittrick, N. Pickering, C. Parker, E. Smithies, and P. Wilcockson, for the able way in which they prepared teas for the football and hockey matches.

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#### MOTOR CARS.

The comparatively modern invention of the motor car has revolutionised the week-ends of the ordinary man. When I speak of the ordinary man I mean the jaded city man who spends the week in an office and who, on Saturday afternoon goes to his garage, brings out his car, and, after gazing at it for a few moments with pride, cranks up the old engine, and springing into the driving seat, steers his mount round to the front where his wife and family (mother-in-law, children, and sundry aged grandmothers and grandfathers) are waiting to be whirled off into the country for the afternoon.

The direct opposite of this man is the magnate with his Rolls, who has made his pile by floating a company to harness Antarctic icebergs just off the piers of overheated English seaside resorts. This man, so different from the ordinary man,



has a large car generally to himself, a car so beautiful that it leaves nothing to be desired.

The next car to be considered is the low racing type often owned by the son of a magnate. This youth is the bane of the road, and of the portly police sergeant who tries to stop that flying streak as it passes, but merely catches its dust. The road hog, as he is commonly known, is a menace to the road, and the sooner this dangerous being is forcibly removed, the better. Not content with putting his own neck to a silly risk, he puts all the other motorists in the vicinity in danger. Well, I suppose youth must have its fling, but I think this method of flinging is not quite within the bounds of reason. All the world knows the youth with the motor bike. This man who flies about the country side getting as much noise out of his machine as possible, who often has a damsel perilously perched on the pillion, is a peril to cyclists and pedestrians. He is not so much a danger to cars, because if he entered into collision with a car, he would fare second best; but to pedestrians and cyclists he is a terror.

The next car to be considered is the Ford. A remarkable car, the Ford! It has often been said that there are four types of pleasure motor vehicles, namely—large cars, small cars, motor cycles, and Fords. Perhaps this has been said to a great extent in sarcasm, but to a certain degree it is true, for the Ford is in a class—a sphere of its own. Attempts have been made to disguise a Ford, but without a great amount of success. It has characteristics of its own, both good and bad, but the Ford seems universally popular as a runabout.

There is no doubt that cycling and walking are doomed; so the only way out of the difficulty is to "Buy a car."

F. W. Roscoe, Form Va.

# "The Effort"

Vol. IV., No. 2.

MARCH, 1925.

Price 7d.

*Editor—Miss N. Bates, B.A.*

*Committee—The Staff.*

*School Representatives—H. Briggs, N. Wilding, E. Wane, Walmsley Wootton, J. Vause, Hilton, Shaw.*

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## NOTES AND NOTICES.

We have pleasure this term in announcing that our magazine has, at last, the official support of both Old Students' Associations. The "Old Boys" have, like the "Old Girls," raised the amount of their annual subscriptions so as to include the cost of the annual three numbers of "The Effort," so the School Magazine should now be a valuable link between all those who have shared work and play on Golden Hill, and we want every one to take a personal interest in it. May we have each term a wealth of **unsolicited** contributions, representative of each form, generation, and association which supports it. We shall welcome letters from old students who have "gone forth from us to labour in the world," and contributions, criticism, and suggestions from all.

The Annual Speech Day was held on Thursday, December 11th, in the Leyland Public Hall. Mr. A. J. Lomax took the chair, and Councillor Mrs. Edmund Berry distributed the prizes and certificates to the pupils named in the honours' list printed elsewhere in this magazine.



During the present term three visits have been paid to the theatre. A large junior party saw "As You Like It," and a small party of seniors paid an evening visit to "Romeo and Juliet." Later, another senior party went one evening to see Sir Martin Harvey in "The Only Way."

A very interesting lecture was given to the girls, on Wednesday, February 11th, by a representative of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, on "The History and Development of the Sewing Machine." A fortnight later a lady visitor gave a demonstration lecture to the Senior Girls on the use of the machine and the various accessories.

F.W.R.

#### HONOURS' LIST.

##### HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE, Northern Universities.

Rosie Pickup. Norah Ford (Certificate for English, French, Physics).

##### UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, School Certificate.

Hons. Class III. Wilde, Doris Woodhouse, Hutchinson (History Distinction).

Pass. Gaskell, Hey, G. L., Lancaster, Marsden, Molyneux, Robinson, Walsh, E. J. Dawson, A. Kenyon, D. G. Lomax, J. Prescott, V. Shorthouse, E. K. Swire, Lily Thornber, D. D. Thornley, D. M. Watson.

#### PRIZE LIST.

VI	R. Pickup	N. Ford	V. Collins
Va	D. Woodhouse	Lily Thornber	A. Wright
Vb	M. Sharples	D. Hey	A. Dodson
IVa	H. Poole	B. Whipp	E. Barton
IVb	E. Wane	N. Pickering	Davies
IIIb	Battersby	Pickles	J. Jones
IIb	Baxendale, F.	Wootton	Stephenson
11	Haydock, P.	Miller	Marsh, F.

OLD BOYS' PRIZE,—Lancaster.

OLD GIRLS' PRIZE,—(for best examination result), Rosie Pickup.

#### THE RETIREMENT OF Mr. W. S. KINCH, J.P.

Mr. Walter Somerville Kinch, J.P., has issued a farewell address to the electors of the Standish Division of the Lancashire County Council, and thus closes a term of fifty years of generous public service, which began in 1875.

Mr. Kinch is representative of the days when country gentlemen voluntarily and efficiently administered their County's affairs in Quarter Sessions, and later in the County Council.

We know Mr. Kinch best as Chairman of the Governors, in succession to the Venerable Archdeacon Fletcher, Messrs. Norris Bretherton, John Stanning, George Toot, in recent times.

An old Mancunian and a Rugbeian, contemporary with the late Mr. Stanning, Mr. Kinch served the Junior Leyland School with a wealth of sympathy and kindness; unkind words are foreign to him in public or in private speech, and memory will ever recall the charm of a courtly Victorian gentleman.

He is succeeded as Chairman of the Governors by Mr. William Forrester, J.P., Northbrook, Leyland.

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#### FROM A LETTER TO THE HEADMASTER.

I cannot well express to you the great difference between life here and life in England; everything is so much different. We live a little inland, on the Illinois river, about six or seven miles from the nearest railway depot. The roads are merely drive-ways without any special structure, and in wet weather are muddy and practically impassable. Of course, there are many beautiful woods and places of interest. Close by, within five minutes' walk, is an old Indian trading place, known as Hartzell's Trading Centre: it is on the bank of the Illinois River. Just across the river, beyond three miles of forest cut by just one drive-way, canopied in summer by the trees, is a place where the Iroquois Indians burned a white missionary and his wife. This town was one of the Black Hawk Posts; and



when the Indians were on the warpath all the whites flocked here for safety and protection. It is interesting to talk with several old veterans of the past, who spent their boyhood here when life was not so civilised as it is now. If their stories are true, and I believe they are, life here must have been exciting.

This—the prairie—is a great farming district, and houses are scarce. I went to a town about fifteen miles from here, and saw only about eight houses all the way. Those were away from the road because they were farm-houses. When you see the pictures of life here, of cowboys for instance, no doubt they make you smile, but I have found that they are true.

N. Parkinson, Hennepin, Illinois.

— ♦ —

B. G. S. O. B. A.

The **Third Annual Old Boys' Dinner** was held on Thursday, December 11th, 1924, at the Queen's Hotel, Leyland. Mr. Edmund Berry, of Lostock Grove, was the guest of the evening; and a large number of Old Boys were present.

Mr. E. M. Jackson, in proposing the health of the guest, welcomed him on behalf of the Old Boys, and paid a tribute to his work as a Governor of the School and as a member of the various local associations with which he is connected. In response, Mr. Berry, after expressing his pleasure at being their guest, said that he hoped all Old Boys would continue to take an interest in school functions. It was the duty of every Old Boy to keep up his school associations as long as possible, for the time would come soon enough when circumstances would force him to lose touch.

Other toasts included those of The President, proposed by Mr. Pilkington; The Governors, proposed by Mr. Tomlinson; The Staff of Balshaw's Grammar School, proposed by Mr. Brown; and The Visitors, proposed by Mr. Barnes. The duties of Toast Master were ably carried out by Mr. T. Whalley, and those of Dinner Secretary by Mr. E. M. Jackson.

The **Annual Reunion** of Old Students took place in the Public Hall, Leyland, on Friday, 9th January, 1925, when the Savana Band played for dancing from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. The hall was tastefully decorated; we thank the British Legion for the loan of their decorations. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson and some members of the Staff were present, and were pleased at the good attendance, 134 members and friends being present. A most enjoyable evening was spent. The arrangements were carried out by members of the O.B.A. Committee, and the profits of the evening amounted to £2 5s. 6d.

The **Annual General Meeting** of the Association was held in the school on Monday, 12th January, 1925, at 7-30 p.m., with the President, Mr. Jackson, Headmaster, in the Chair. The following members were elected as officers for the ensuing year:—

President: Mr. F. Jackson (Headmaster). Vice-Presidents: re-elected, with the addition of Mr. J. Sutcliffe, B.Sc. Hon. Secretary: Mr. Wm. Threlfall. Hon. Treasurer: Mr. A. Barnes. Committee: Messrs. Tomlinson (Chairman), Fishwick, Aldington, Crozier, Newsham, Porter, Wilkins, Bentley, Hodson, Knowles, and Jackson.

The annual subscription was fixed at 2/6, which shall include the delivery (post free) of the school magazine, and must be paid by April each year to the Secretary, Mr. Wm. Threlfall, Golden Hill Terrace, Leyland.

It was proposed by Mr. Newsham, and seconded by Mr. Porter, to hold a series of social evenings during the Winter months, the first to be held on February 10th.

Votes of thanks were passed to Messrs. Barnes and Jackson for their good work during the past year, and to the President for permission to use the school for meetings.

The first of the series of Social Evenings took the form of a hot-pot supper, held on Feb. 10th, presided over by Mr. Jackson, and attended by a number of Old Boys. Music and song contributed to the success of the evening.



The general Balance Sheet of the association shows liabilities, nil; assets:—

	£	s.	d.
Cash in Bank .....	7	19	0
Cash in Hand .....	0	5	3
£10 War Bond at 5 per cent., No. 579012, repayable in 1927 .....	10	0	0
Stock of hat bands .....	3	15	0
Total	21	19	3

The detailed Balance Sheet for 1924 may be seen on application to the Treasurer or the Secretary. A.B.

#### — ♦ — HALF-TERM HOLIDAYS.

I think that half-term holidays are very good for the schoolboy or schoolgirl, as well as for the teacher. The schoolboy thinks to himself, "Thank goodness there is no more work for two days. I shall be able to have a well-earned rest." The fact that the rest is not generally well-earned is a mere detail. The school-girl soliloquises, "I do not see why we should not have, at least, a fortnight's holiday at half-term. I think the amount of work we do during a term is scandalous, and we need a long rest." The schoolteacher takes a different view of things: "No more teaching those terrible boys and girls for two days. They are getting on my nerves and turning my hair grey; I am everlastingly giving lines and order-marks and lectures. It is small wonder that I have a sore throat." Thus everyone is pleased except the parents, who think that the sooner Tommy goes back to school, the more peaceful the happy home will be.

A half-term holiday, however, has many uses. It rests the brain and gives time for sport. Thus a holiday may be spent in playing games or doing something the opposite of lessons, so that when school opens, the mind will be more fresh and ready for work. For a schoolboy a jolly game of football or a ride on a bicycle will help to make life worth living, if he was just on the point of committing suicide because of the amount of homework set. He should try not to think of school at all,

unless it is of playing football on the school field. Half-term holidays exist to give the toiling schoolboy a rest.

At half-term in Summer, the tennis courts are generally swarming with girls who are all trying to claim the best. They are not thinking of school, but of tennis. What do they care that they only obtained five marks for English, so long as no one spoils their game of tennis. If any boys have been playing on the courts, off they have to go or there is trouble. In Winter the girls play hockey—that game from which one rarely emerges without a black eye, a bruised shin, or minus a few teeth, which have tested their strength against the ball, and come out second best—and they do not let lessons trouble them. Thus they rest the brain.

The teachers are given time to calm down during the half-term holiday. On Thursday night, a teacher goes home with a dark look on his face, as if some one is in danger of being slain. But usually (not always) his wrath goes down with the sun, and he arrives at school on Tuesday morning with a cheerful countenance. Generally the teachers' spare time is spent reading Shakespeare or Sheridan or some other ancient classic writer; while Sherlock Holmes, or the fell Doctor Fu Manchu are forgotten. Still, if they wish to read Shakespeare, no one objects. Sometimes, the schoolteachers take a trip to Blackpool, a fine way of forgetting the cares of this mortal coil: they forget the school in general and Tommy —— in particular.

Thus, a half-term holiday is a time when everyone wears a cheerful countenance. It is a time when teachers see eye to eye with pupils; it is a time when French, Grammar, and other necessary evils are forgotten.

A half-term holiday, however, is not without its drawbacks. To have to get up at the usual time on Tuesday morning, when for the past four days you have had an extra hour and a half in bed, is only one of them. If you forget school, all well and good; but if you forget there is a certain passage of Shakespeare



to be learned, there comes a day of reckoning. Then after a half-term holiday one is liable to forget the method of finding the geometrical progression of something or other, and thus, more trouble is found. Because of lapses like these the temper of the teacher sinks back to the state in which it was on Thursday evening. Then must one be as good as gold during lessons.

Teachers are liable to remember these little grievances, although the speed at which good reports are forgotten is surprising. It is a case of (as Mark Antony said) :—

“The evil that men do lives after then,

The good is oft interred with their bones.”

After all, the benefits of half-term holidays outweigh their few disadvantages. What we should do without them, I cannot say. Long live half-term holidays.

F. Walsh, Form Va.

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#### MARCH.

If March would be kind,  
And give us less wind,  
I think we should like her much better;  
Yet did we but know,  
The use of this blow,  
We should own we were always her debtor.

The mud in the lanes,  
From Winter's long rains,  
The pastures where water is lying;  
The fields for the plough,  
And our own gardens, now  
Depend on these winds for their drying.

R. J. Stephenson, Form IVb.

— ♦ —

#### IF I WERE A FAIRY.

If I were a fairy,  
With tiny gauzy wings,  
I'd fly o'er the house tops,  
And see a hundred things.

I'd see the children at their play,  
And coming home from school,  
If I were a fairy,  
I'd never keep a rule.

I'd never wash my hands and face,  
Or darn my tiny hose,  
And never do a scrap of work,  
Unless I really chose.

And when the mortals were in bed,  
And all the stars were bright,  
I'd don my silver fairy gown,  
And dance all through the night.

Esther McKittrick, Form II.

— ♦ —

#### THE SCHOOL PICTURES.

The County Education Committee have begun a scheme under which we shall receive three or four pictures every year. The Committee wish to provide us with an opportunity of becoming familiar with some of the great pictures of the world, just as we are already familiar with great works in Literature.

Our three pictures are reproductions of very old ones, known to the world as “Old Masters.” They are the work of artists who have been recognised by succeeding generations as consummate masters of the art and craft of Painting. Their power of appeal many vary a little from one generation to another, but all acknowledge in the best work of Velasquez, Holbein, and Vermeer mastery in the technique of their craft, in the representation of beauty of form, of colour, and above all, of character. All show, in every work of their hand, that something indefinable of power and charm, that marks the work of genius.

In our day, they are considered to be painters of outstanding excellence. Two, Velasquez and Holbein, were great men as Court Painters, in their own day. The third, Vermeer, was almost, and for two hundred years after his death was quite,



unknown to the public. Now a work by Vermeer is an inestimable treasure.

Hans Holbein was court painter to King Henry VIII. A German by birth, he painted for a time at Basle, but did most of his work in England. His picture of Georg Gisze is the portrait of a German merchant then living in London. The merchant sits at his office table surrounded by his ledgers, bills, and table equipment, every item of which is drawn and painted with scrupulous accuracy. Yet the painting is no mere jumble of detail, for the subject of it, with his shrewd eye and dignity of bearing, holds our interest first and last. This was a show piece to advertise the work of the artist, and by it he built up a profitable connection amongst the merchant princes. Soon he was noticed by members of the Court and became Painter to the King. His series of portraits, now in Windsor Castle, are masterpieces of drawing and character realisation.

Velasquez was a painter whose pictures have a wonderful quality of realism, his figures appearing to live, as if surrounded by the light and air in which we move. His colour though rich, is always sober and harmonious. Many of his pictures have a luminous, silvery look, and our picture of the Infanta is a notable instance of this. Velasquez painted Philip IV. of Spain and the Spanish Court from youth to old age. Our picture is one of his first of the Infanta Margarita. She is a somewhat pathetic little figure, in her stiff court dress. Her face, though sweet and child-like, has an old-young look, for she was a daughter of a weakly race. The dress is a masterpiece of texture and colour and deftness in handling, accomplished with great economy of means.

Jan Vermeer of Delft (1632-1675), is the painter par excellence of the middle-class home of Holland, seen through the transfiguring warmth of rich sunlight filtered through the delicately coloured window glass of the period. His colour is rich but always harmonious and quiet, his drawing sound, his

illumination perfect. Note the delicate pearly beauty of the wall surface in our picture, a rich blend of colour, repeated with power in the red and blue of the girl's dress. The tablecloth is a wonderful piece of realism, showing the master's power in "still life." It leads the eye always back to the two figures at the virginals. The old fiddle on the floor is a masterly touch in its placing, as well as in its tone and colour. The mirror is a favourite device with the Dutch genre painters, and is used with great effect in our own times by Sir William Orpen. It gives the effect of additional space, and is often a little picture in itself.

H.O.



#### THE DETENTION CLUB.

"Ast allii sex."

"Et plures uno conclamant ore."

I shall in to-day's paper give an account of those persons who are concerned with me in the Detention Club, which has become the regular resort of all those who can afford to pay the three order marks or one refusal which gain admittance thereto. I must further acquaint the reader that this club meets only on Friday evenings, though a selected committee sits every day for the inspection of all applications for admission.

The first and most important person of our society is Sir —, who is almost the mainstay of the club. He is greatly esteemed by the other members, all the more because of a few peculiarities which he possesses. His great, great, great grandfather was the originator of postage stamps; and he has carried on his ancestors' zeal in this interest with such great success, that he can now value any stamp at a glance. A few years ago he was an ardent foreign collector, but on account of a great disappointment in this direction, he now concentrates on British. It is believed that, at his death, he will bequeath his collection to the Detention Club. He lives retired somewhere in the vicinity



of Preston. Of late years he has visited the club but rarely, on account on the distance which he has to travel.

The next of our gallant society is ———, on whom lectures and order-marks have left little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead or traces on his brow; he remembers games better than lessons. He can smile when he is reproved, and laughs easily even when given three order marks at once. He knows the history of all the most famous footballers, and can inform you of the best pitches for "marbles." He knows how Gilligan parts his hair, and can tell you the brand of tooth-paste Sutcliffe uses. In short, where games are concerned he is a perfect mine of information.

Next in esteem in our club is ———, a young person of great prowess in football, and invincible in obtaining order marks. I have often heard him lament, when in the clubroom, that teachers seem to give these for pleasure. He frankly confesses that he cannot do French to save his life, and he is never in a mood to do tots. Though accustomed to lead people of his own years—often into mischief—he is never overbearing.

The gentleman next in authority is a member of the fourth form. He has chosen his place of amusement in direct opposition to the desires of his father, who sends by every post questions relating to his school work, his marks, and the positions he obtains every week, matters of which he takes less heed than of the fascinations of our club.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him, whom I am next to speak of, as one of our band; for he visits us but seldom, though when he does it adds to the gathering a new enjoyment. He is a person of precocious intelligence, great sagacity, and most exact obedience. He has the misfortune to be of a weak constitution, and cannot often endure the toils of a journey to the club. When he is among us, he does his tots with such earnestness that his stay in the clubroom is all too short for the liking of its more frequent visitors.

These, with one other youthful member, who takes a leading part in all our entertainments, but whom I am unable here to describe, are our general companions.

Mr. Spectator.

— ♦ —

#### ON WRITING A SONNET.

Two topics are there: one is of the School,  
The other of the rain; each suitable—  
And yet I think the rain is far too dull  
To write a Sonnet on. If I keep cool,  
Perhaps I'll recollect some other spool  
On which to wind ideas. A sea-gull  
Comes fluttering past the door: the sound seems full  
Of ocean wave, and sunlit rocky pool;  
And yet I cannot write. Oh, Wordsworth, Keats,  
And all who once were poets, did you sit  
And ponder hour by hour upon some line?  
I've heard of some who sit on garden seats,  
Write verses by the hour with ready wit—  
I sadly fear that gift will ne'er be mine.

F. Rigby, Form Va.

— ♦ —

#### THE BELL.

We often hear of church bells' mellow sound,  
That from the steeples sing with holy glee,  
And echo sweetly over land and sea;  
On Christmas evenings o'er the frozen ground,  
In sultry summer—is their music found.  
And bells that speak of sorrow there may be;  
Or bells that cast a warning, loud and free,  
As that of Inchape in old tale renowned:  
But there does yet exist a nobler bell,  
Than any calling pious folks to pray,  
Whose welcome tone to me is known full well,  
When tests are all the business of the day;  
With what relief I hail it,—none can tell!  
Thou bell of Balshaw's, blessed be for aye.

Nessie Wilding, Form Va.



## THE LEYLAND HUNDRED.

The Leyland Hundred first belonged to Edward the Confessor, in whose day it consisted of one hide\* and two carucates.†. South of Leyland Hundred there was marshland covering six square miles, and north of it there was woodland eighteen miles long and nine miles wide. In the Hundred there were a few churches—some of them are standing to-day—and the land was composed of farms.

The inhabitants of the farms in Leyland Hundred before the Norman Conquest were Saxons. Twelve Saxons who were appointed to look after the law, held farms of about one hundred acres each. Unlike any of the other smaller farmers these twelve did not work for the king, nor did they give to him their crops. Instead of doing these things, the twelve men paid to the king £19 18s. 2d. every year. Another duty of these men was to judge the people.

In 1066, when the Normans came and conquered England, William I. gave the land between the River Mersey and the Ribble to Roger of Poitou, son of Roger of Montgomery. The Leyland Hundred was under Roger's overlordship and he had the assistance of five underlords to look after it. These men were:—Gerard, who held one and a half hides of land; Robert, who held three carucates; Ralph and Roger, who held two carucates each; and Walter, who held one carucate. Later in his reign William I. took away the land from Roger, but when at his death William II. came to the throne, Roger got back the whole of Lancashire. In 1102 Roger was sent away from Lancashire altogether. Other Normans who held eight carucates of land in the Leyland Hundred were:—Four Radmans‡, fourteen Villains§, six Bordars\*\*, two Oxherds, and one Priest.

\* Originally enough land to support a family, differently estimated at 80, 100, or 120 acres.

† As much land as one team can plough in a year and a day—about 100 acres.

‡ A riding-man, doing the work of a sergeant. § A bondman.

\*\* A man who rendered menial service for his cottage.

In the reign of Stephen, the Leyland Hundred was under a man called Richard Bussel, who, near the end of the reign, gave Leyland Church to the Abbey of Evesham. All through the middle ages Leyland Hundred continued, hardly ever changing from what it was before the Conquest. At the present time the Leyland Hundred is marked by a Boundary and its area is somewhat the same as when it began.

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N. Battersby, Form IVa.

## GIRLS' SPORTS NEWS—HOCKEY.

Three Outside Matches have been played this term, the weather having prevented two others, with Wigan and Rivington.

B.G.S. v. Wigan, at home; win 5-1. B.G.S. v. Chorley, away, draw 2-2. B.G.S. v. Chorley, at home, draw, 2-2.

There remains one match to be played—with Dick Kerr's Second Eleven. So far the season has been a satisfactory one, with a record of three wins and two draws out of five matches played. Goals for—23; against—5.

The following players have represented the school in the first XI. :—M. Sharples; F. Rigby, M. Crozier; L. Stopforth, M. Higham, H. Briggs; M. Lomax, N. Waterhouse, E. Rowcroft, A. Dodson, E. Holmes. Reserve :— R. Lord.

Several new members of the first XI. have, by playing in all the matches this season, fulfilled the conditions for winning their Sports Colours. These players are M. Sharples, F. Rigby, M. Lomax, N. Waterhouse, and E. Rowcroft. Other players should try to follow their example.

House Matches have been interrupted by bad weather, and have had to be finished under difficulties. The results are :—

M. Higham and L. Stopforth—H. Briggs and E. Holmes. 4—1

M. Higham and L. Stopforth—A. Dodson and M. Crozier 0—0



H. Briggs and E. Holmes—A. Dodson and M. Crozier..	0—0
L. Stopforth and A. Dodson—M. Higham and H. Briggs	0—2
M. Crozier and E. Holmes—M. Higham and H. Briggs ..	2—1
L. Stopforth and A. Dodson—M. Crozier and E. Holmes	1—1
M. Higham and E. Holmes—L. Stopforth and M. Crozier	0—0
M. Higham and E. Holmes—A. Dodson and H. Briggs ..	2—2
L. Stopforth and M. Crozier—A. Dodson and H. Briggs	0—0
H. Briggs and M. Crozier—M. Higham and A. Dodson ..	1—0
H. Briggs and M. Crozier—L. Stopforth and E. Holmes	0—3
L. Stopforth and E. Holmes—M. Higham and A. Dodson	0—0
M. Higham and M. Crozier—L. Stopforth and H. Briggs	1—1
L. Stopforth and H. Briggs—A. Dodson and E. Holmes	
M. Higham and M. Crozier—A. Dodson and E. Holmes	0—3

Each team counts two points for a win, and one for a draw.

M. Higham, Captain.

#### COMMENTS ON THE FIRST ELEVEN.

Although we have been most unfortunate both in practices and matches, on account of bad weather, there is some improvement this term in the hockey of our First Eleven. Better results, however, would have been obtained if there had been more combination and passing.

"Goal" has played well, but could use the feet more, and with a little practice would find the benefit of the big pads. The "backs," and especially the "left back," are to be congratulated on their play, as are also the "half backs," though "left half" must learn to keep her eye on the ball. The "forwards," on the whole, have played well, but are inclined to keep the ball instead of passing to each other. We are fortunate in having a good reserve, who has played very well in several matches.

D. H. G.

#### BOYS' SPORTS NEWS—FOOTBALL.

Since Christmas, although the weather has been bad, three School matches and six Inter-House matches have been played.

Our school programme is now completed. The school team has been weakened by the loss of our two full backs, Fairhurst and Sutton, who left at Christmas. To succeed them as captains of the "Clarets" and the "Amber and Blacks," Marsh and Norris have been elected.

#### INTER-SCHOOL MATCHES.

Rivington and Blackrod G.S. v. Balshaw's G.S.

After about twenty-five minutes' play in very bad weather, the match was abandoned..

Preston C.C. Second v. Balshaw's G.S.

We suffered our worst defeat of the season at Preston, where Catholic College played a much stronger team than the one they sent to Leyland. The Preston forwards proved too much for our defence, scoring freely despite Marsh's gallant efforts. In the first half Lancaster scored twice for the School.

Score 14-2.

Wigan G.S. v. Balshaw's G.S.

After a series of defeats the School team closed the season with a victory. In the first half we were severely handicapped by a strong wind and at half-time were losing 2-0. Then the team rallied and scored five goals to their opponents' one. Score: 3—5.

#### First Eleven Matches.

	Goals.
September 27th.—Chorley T.S. (h) .....	3—3
October 18th.—Leyland Mts. S. (h) .....	0—5
October 25th.—Leyland Mts. S. (a) .....	3—3
November 8th.—Wigan G.S. (h) .....	6—3
November 15th.—"Old Boys" (h) .....	2—5
November 22nd.—Chorley T.S. (a) .....	0—6
November 29th.—Rivington G.S. (h) .....	1—9
December 6th.—Preston C.C. 2nd (h) .....	3—4
February 7th.—Preston C.C. 2nd (a) .....	2—14
March 7th.—Wigan G.S. (a) .....	5—3

Thus in the season out of ten matches played, the school won 2, drew 2, and lost 6. Goals for the school, 25; against, 55.



The following have played for the school first eleven :—Marsh; Norris, Dickinson; Battersby, Jackson, Moffat; Wilde, Lancaster, Walsh (R.), Jackson (V.), Dewhurst, Smith, Walsh (F.), Davies, Hood.

The following have fulfilled the conditions for obtaining their colours :—Marsh, Norris, Battersby, Walsh (R.), Moffat.

Our goalkeeper is reliable and has played well throughout the season. The two full-backs, especially Norris, have tackled well and shown a good understanding. Battersby has been a tower of strength to the team as centre-half. Many players have been tried with varying success as wing halves. Lancaster as centre-forward has made himself prominent by scoring seventeen of the school's twenty-five goals. Wilde and Walsh have proved themselves forceful inside forwards, but have not received proper support from the wing forwards, who, although fast, lacked ball control. Two younger members of the team, Davies and Dewhurst, have shown eagerness and decided ability against much older opponents. They should do well in future seasons.

**Second Eleven Matches.**—November 22nd, v. Chorley T.S. (h), 5—1; December 6th, Chorley T.S. (a), 3—1.

#### INTER-HOUSE MATCHES.

**January 16th—Wilde v. Lancaster.** In the first half the two teams fought evenly, and at half-time no goals had been scored, but in the latter part of the second half Lancaster's team overwhelmed their opponents. Score: Lancaster, 5; Wilde, 0.

**Marsh v. Norris.** Norris' team proved from the beginning to be the stronger team and though Marsh played well in goal and Dewhurst succeeded in scoring, it was impossible for the "Clarets" to escape defeat. Score: Norris, 7; Marsh, 1.

**February 20th—Wilde v. Norris.** The morning was luckily fine, but the field was in a bad state. The "Dark and Light Blues" overplayed their opponents throughout the game and registered a heavy score. Score: Wilde, 8; Norris, 0.

**Lancaster v. Marsh.** Lancaster's team commenced in fine style and soon had four goals lead and seemed certain victors. Marsh's team, however, rallied and played so well that at the close of the game it had drawn level. Dewhurst, of Marsh's house, played remarkably well as centre-forward. Score: Lancaster, 4; Marsh, 4.

Tuesday, March 17th.

Wilde v. Marsh.

Many good attempts to score by both teams had failed when Ryding opened the scoring for the "Clarets." Later, Marsh (F.), equalised for the "Dark and Light Blues" after Marsh (J), had saved a shot from Walsh. The second half saw Lawton score a fine goal, thus giving Wilde's team the lead which they held till the close of the game.

Score: Wilde, 2; Marsh, 1.

Thursday, March 19th.

Lancaster v. Norris.

Neither team showed superiority in the first half, and though no goals were scored, Davies and Marsden tried hard to gain the lead for Norris' team. Early in the second half, Davies scored the goal which decided the match though Lancaster scored two offside goals for the "Blues" and Rose one for the "Amber and Blacks."

#### INTER-HOUSE LEAGUE TABLE.

	P	W	L	D	Goals		
					F	A	Pts.
Wilde .....	3	2	1	0	11	6	4
Norris .....	3	2	1	0	8	9	4
Lancaster .....	3	1	1	1	9	6	3
Marsh .....	3	0	2	1	6	13	1

J. Wilde, Captain.



## SPRING.

At first the snowdrop's bells are seen,  
 Then, close beside the towering wall  
 The tulip's horn of darker green,  
 The peony's dark unfolding ball.  
 The golden chaliced crocus burns,  
 The long narcissus blade appears,  
 The cone-shaped hyacinth returns,  
 And lights her flaming chandeliers.

Sarah Sephton, Form IIIa.

— ♦ —

## SPRING.

Winter is passing, passing so slow,  
 The ice has gone, gone with the snow;  
 Spring's doors are opening, oh! so wide,  
 And the birds, returning, form a tide  
 Or singing, whistling, messengers of Spring;  
 The flowers almost ring with delight.  
 On a cool Spring night,  
 When the moon is shining bright, o'er the tree-tops,  
 We hear the wise old owl hooting,  
 Then the first bright streak of dawn comes shooting,  
 Across the eastern sky,  
 And we think of Spring, joyous Spring.

E. Swarbrick, Form IIIa.

— ♦ —

## WISHES.

I wish I were a pirate,  
 To sail the ocean blue,  
 With a crew of fearless braves;  
 A sword, and crossbow too,  
 That life's the very one for me,  
 But—I'm frightened of the sea.

I wish I were a hunter,  
 To track the lion down.  
 I'd trail him through the jungle wide  
 With my black servant, "Brown."  
 —But I'm sure I don't know how:  
 'Cause I'm frightened of our cow!

I wish I were a burglar,  
 To creep through the night,  
 With mask, and sack, and pistol:  
 All the fierce dogs I'd fright.  
 If police came, I'd fly like a lark,  
 But—I'm frightened of the dark.

H. Day, and others in Form II.

— ♦ —

## THE WRITTEN STONE.

In mediæval times men used to leave certain things, sometimes of no value, sometimes greatly prized, to remain in their families, or on their estates for ever. This custom has something to do with the Day of Judgment, but it is not very clear what.

One of these relics is an old stone which lies in Dilworth, just outside Longridge. It is about eight feet long, four feet thick, and four wide. Its moss-covered surface bears an inscription in rudely-traced, old-fashioned letters, nearly covered by the trailing sprays of ivy—"This stone was laide here by William Ratcliffe to remaine here for ever and ever, 1642." It is said that William Ratcliffe owned the farm just up the lane, but why he laid that singular stone there, and why he chiselled out that sentence on its surface, are things that can only be guessed at.

Tradition says that in the early part of the 18th Century the owners of the farm decided that the stone would make a good stand for milk cans, so eight horses were employed to drag it from its resting-place to the dairy of the farm. The first night it was used the farmer heard strange noises proceeding from the dairy, clanking of chains, rattling of cans, and other signs of a ghostly visitor. When he got up in the morning he found one can upset, with the milk all o'er the floor, and his remaining cans full of sour milk. He was evidently sceptical about the supernatural element, for he left his milk there again. There was a repetition of the previous night's performance, accompanied



by strange weird wailings, and unearthly moans. The morning revealed a similar catastrophe. Not content with the proof of midnight marauders, he tried a third time. The same scene took place again, so the farmer consulted the village priest, who advised him to return the stone to its former home. His advice was taken, and, strange to relate, only one horse was needed to take it back.

If the Written Stone does nothing else, it provides a pleasant walk for the people of the district, and gives us an interesting legend to tell to tourists and other strangers.

Jane Jones, Form IVa.



#### A FANTASY.

It was five minutes before midnight, in Vb. classroom. All was quiet, except for the pattering of the rain, as it poured on the windows and roof. Suddenly, the silence was broken by the mellow chiming of the old Church clock in the distance. Silence once more. Then there was a loud "pop," and a mischievous yellow-clad sprite slid down the gas pipe, lit it, and then jumped on to the table with a grin. There was two more "pops," and similar sprites (twins) slid down their pipes, making faces at each other all the time. Finally, the fourth sprite appeared (he was too lazy to make a "pop," as he was late in going to bed the previous night), and the four stood together under the teacher's chair.

A minute later, a head with rolling red eyes, and flaming red hair, was pushed out of the stove, the lid falling off with a clatter. The owner of the head scraped round in the stove, and then emerged from underneath. In spite of the fact that he was covered with soot and dust, he settled himself on the chair, calling out "Time!" in a very harsh voice.

Instantly came a rattling of ink-wells, and out of each scrambled a wee black elf. Some were very fat, but most of

them were thin, with very shaky legs. These latter were heard calling out sundry adjectives with reference to the ink monitor, who had forgotten to feed them. One, who was very fat, got stuck as soon as he started to scramble out of the ink-well, a sight at which the pens became convulsed with laughter. However, when they became calmer, they succeeded in rescuing him. Eventually, all were assembled under the teacher's table, to the relief of the stove-sprite, who had begun to get anxious.

The last arrivals were the fire-extinguisher, and the poker. The fire-extinguisher had enormous black feet showing below his red robe, whilst a small brass cap with a large "bob" was perched on his head. The poker was clad in a tight-fitting suit of black, which looked as if it would burst if he tried to bend. Luckily, he did not try to do this, but stood stiffly on the right side of the table.

When all was quiet, the stove-sprite spoke. "Where is the Order mark-elf?" he asked. Instantly, a rush was made for the back desk, and a thin sickly-looking fairy was carried to the table. "Oh! he gasped, "Some of the girls have not given me a single mark this term, and I am starving." "Lay him in the wastepaper basket, so that he can watch our revels in comfort," commanded the stove-sprite, and then he commenced his speech.

"Pens, pencils, and sprites all," he said, "after the usual inquiries, we have decided to have a jolly old feast after our usual work, so you'd better look sharp." (Perhaps it is strange for fairies to use slang, but this one had learnt it from the stove monitor, of course.) The sprites showed their delight by capering about, but they were soon subdued by the fire-extinguisher, who had forgotten to feed them. One who was very fat, got who said, "If you don't do any work, you'll get no supper, so there."



The sprites worked with a will, and soon they had put inky marks on the exercise books of all the good girls and boys (I ought not to say "boys" perhaps,—we haven't a single good boy in Vb.). The floors were scattered with paper and bits of rubber, and the ink-elves threw ink on the walls, much to the amusement of the poker, who tried hard to laugh without bursting his suit.

When they re-assembled under the table, the poker had prepared a feast of orange peel, cake crumbs, and sticky sweets, collected from various desks. Amid much laughter, the eatables disappeared, and the elves began to dance to the music of the wind and rain. Round and round they whirled, and they were just beginning to feel tired when the six o'clock "buzzer" sounded. There was a rush for home, but the poor stove sprite was so dizzy that he got fast in the pipe, and had to remain there. One of the gas sprites had eaten so much orange peel, that he had great difficulty in reaching home. However, at last he succeeded in crawling up the gaspipe, and silence reigned supreme.

E. Barton and N. Pickering, Form Vb.







Back Row: E. ROWCROFT, F. RIGBY, N. WATERHOUSE, H. BRIGGS,  
A. DODSON, E. HOLMES, R. LORD (*reserve*).

Front Row: M. LOMAX, M. SHARPLES, MISS D. GREGSON,  
M. HIGHAM (*captain*), L. STOFFORTH, M. CROZIER.

# "The Effort"

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*Editress—Miss N. Bates, B.A.*

*Committee—The Staff.*

*School Representatives—H. Briggs, N. Wilding, E. Wane,  
Walmsley, Wootton, J. Vause, Hilton, Shaw.*

## NOTES AND NOTICES.

The price of the present number of "The Effort" has been reduced to sixpence for this number—an experiment which can be made permanent only if the present circulation is maintained or increased. The extra cost incurred by the printing of the photographs has been met by voluntary contributions from the pupils, to whom thanks are due.

Vincent Jackson was the winner of the prize offered for the solution of the Cross Word Puzzle in our last number. He receives "The Effort" free for one year.

We wish to thank Mr. W. S. Kinch, J.P. for his letter (printed below) in which he corrects a mistake made in our last issue.

We congratulate Ethel Lunt who won the Silver Cup for Churning, and prizes to the value of £7, at the last Royal Lancashire Show. She holds the Diplomas awarded by The Association of Lancashire Dairies, The National Dairies and The British Federation of Dairies. Her elder sister, Ethel Lunt, is teaching at Ellesmere Port, which she reaches every day by motor cycle.



We are always glad to see old-pupils, and it was a pleasure to have a visit, a short time ago, from Lieut.-Col. Jack Ellis, a former captain. His contemporaries will be interested to know that he holds an appointment under the Ministry of Health.

The following is a list of recent marriages:—

Mr. Fred Hunt to Miss Alice Edna La Marquand (in Montreal).

Mr. Herbert Norbury to Miss Gladys May Hornby.

Miss Jessie Prescott to Mr. Charles Clitheroe.

Miss Dorothy Cornall to Mr. Fritz George Dickinson, M.C., B.Eng.

Mr. Ronald Tomlinson to Miss Edna M. Smalley.

Former pupils of Mrs. Small (Miss Young, M.A.), may be interested to hear that she is now living in Uganda, and that she is due to visit her Scottish home in 1926, with her husband and small son, aged one year. No doubt she would be glad of letters. Here is her address:—P.O. Box 5, Kampala, Uganda, Africa.

Others may like to hear of Mrs. F. Flavell (Miss Watkins, B.A.), who, with her daughter, Joy, came over from Saskatchewan last year for a six months' holiday. She is much interested in our magazine which we send out regularly. Her address is:—Franklinhurst, Marieton, Saskatchewan, Canada.

On March 23rd, a party of over a hundred visited the London Midland and Scottish Railway Company's Locomotive works at Horwich. There was so much of interest to see that most of us would have liked to spend a whole day there instead of an afternoon. A number of the party, indeed, were so absorbed that they forgot the time and missed the train home.



## LETTERS TO THE HEADMASTER.

THE LIMES,  
NEAR WIGAN,

April 1st, 1925.

Dear Mr. Jackson,

Many thanks for your letter and for "The Effort," both received this morning. I must, however, point out, as I telephoned at noon, that there is an inaccuracy in the latter; as, though Mr. John Stanning and I were school-fellows at the Manchester Free Grammar School (as it was called in

those days) he afterwards proceeded to Rugby, but I have no title to that name of distinction. You are very kind in the words you are pleased to write in regard to my poor endeavours. They are overpowering and my cheeks were covered with confusion, and but that I know they are founded on your own good-will I should enter a solemn protest.

With all kind regards,

I am, yours most obediently,

WALTER S. KINCH.

*From F. Townley Shaw, Esq.*

c/o Pernambuco Trys and Power Co.,

Caixa 282,

Pernambuco,

Brazil.

The other day I saw a most interesting coincidence. I happened to be on the car wearing Balshaw colours on my straw hat, when suddenly the fellow I was with drew my attention to a very decrepit old nigger, who was wearing an old straw hat, obviously English, and "sporting" Balshaw colours! precisely like mine. He had obviously stolen or found some Balshavian's hat and liked the band. I don't know of any Balshavian here, so heaven only knows the hands it has passed through in getting here. I thought it was rather romantic. I couldn't get at him to make enquiries and I haven't seen him since so he may come from some other town or some coasting vessel.

I have now been here  $3\frac{1}{2}$  months and I have still  $32\frac{1}{2}$  to go, but it is really marvellous how quickly the time passes. I expect that working *every* day has something to do with it. I am working as Charge Shift Engineer in charge of Mechanical repairs in Tramways and Power Co's. Station. It is quite a big station, having a capacity of 10,000 Kilo-watts, which is supplied by five turbine driven alternators. On my shift I am responsible for the running of the station, which includes a 500 k.w. 550 volts sub-station for the tramways. At first it was a little difficult because my thirty or so half-bred Portuguese and Negroes tried to take advantage of my lack of years and ability to speak Portuguese. However, by a lot of gentle persuasion, I think I've made them realise the futility of argument.

Pernambuco itself is quite a large city, being the capital of the State and has a population of about 300,000. It is built



on islands, the city proper occupying three, but in all there are nine. The islands are all connected by bridges, and at night the lights on the different bridges have quite a pretty effect. The heat is a little trying at times, but one gets used to it after a month or two; and considering that we are only about 240 miles from the equator—!

The Annual Regatta was held to-day, but what I saw of it didn't impress me very much. The winning boat in the "fours" was stroked by a Swiss, but the cox must have weighed at least 12st! a huge man. The man who won the singles won by about 200 yards, which, considering that the stretch is only about a mile in length, gives you some idea of the class of rowing.

How is the school progressing? Still growing I expect. I have been wondering, if, in these days of equality of the sexes, the girls insist on mowing and rolling the tennis courts!

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#### THE PERFECT PUPIL.

Each morn she's up at break of day,  
In bed till eight she'd never stay!  
Her hair is nicely combed and brushed;  
Her hands are clean, her dress uncrushed.  
She's always prompt at morning school,  
She never disobeys a rule.  
She ne'er forgets to do her work,  
She never will a lesson shirk.  
An error in her books is rare,  
A blot or fault ne'er is found there.  
She's never told to "look this way";  
From lessons her eyes never stray.  
She never gets an order mark,  
But then, she never has a "lark"!   
Ne'er does she punishment obtain  
For leaving shoes out in the rain.  
When other girls say "Come and Play,"  
She always says "Another Day."  
She never yet has done a "tot";  
Refusals she has never got.  
She never yet has "fudged" a mark,  
Or if she has, has kept it dark.  
She's good at French and Physics too,  
She knows her Science book right through.  
To me it is a mystery  
How she remembers History;

And as for English Grammar, well!  
No rhyme could her perfections tell.  
For drill her shoes are white as snow;  
She is the smartest in the row.  
She never throws pastry away,  
Or apron lacks, on Cookery day.  
The Headmaster she sees each week,  
Reward for "first in class" to seek.  
Alas! you've guessed it can't be me,  
I wonder if I'll ever be—A Perfect Pupil!

Form VB.

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#### AN ODE TO MIDGES.

O! insects small, you who delight  
To torture me each Summer's night,  
And on my face and neck to rest;  
Of all, I think you like me best.

You always bite my hands and arms,  
(I know you can't resist their charms).  
Sometimes, you on my nose alight,  
And make it look a dreadful sight.

Good face cream should (so people say)  
Keep wicked things like you away;  
But 'though this remedy I've tried,  
Your love for me has not yet died.

O! how I wish 'twas in my power  
To send upon this earth a shower,  
Which would all little midges drown!  
Then you no more would make me frown.

ELSIE BARTON, Form VB.

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#### NAMES.

The immortal Shakespeare said, "What's in a name?" implying by this that there was nothing in a name. With all respect to Shakespeare, I beg to say he did not know what he was talking about. The idea may hold good with common names, but not with those which can be spelt in two distinct ways,



Many unfortunate persons, whose names belong to this latter class, feel the blood of their ancestors rise in anger within them, whenever their names are wrongly spelt. Take a few words instances:—the Thomsons, whose names are constantly written Thompsons, and vice versa; the Smythes, written Smiths; the Lees, written Leighs; the Beauchamps, written Beechams; and the Stevensons, written Stephenson. Robert Louis Stevenson always was annoyed when he saw his name written "Stephenson." People whose names can be written in only one way probably cannot sympathise with him, but the others can, and doubtless much wrath would be avoided if only people would remember to write names as their owners would have them spelt.

There is another class of persons whose lives are made miserable by their names, the misery this time being due to the stupidity or carelessness of the people responsible for their christening. What person could feel happy with a name like Georgina Katinka Grundy, or Ebenezer Adolphus Baggs? People should be more careful when choosing names, and not go playing about with Adolphuses, Theophiluses and Georginas. They should remember that the child has to carry the name all through life with him: just because the parent might feel inspired at the moment, it is no reason why he should burden a baby with a label like Jellicoe Tubb, or Wellington Fish. Place names sound even worse; for instance Zeebrugge Cuff sounds infinitely worse even than these.

Surnames are strange things, and how they came about no one thoroughly understands. The origin of names like Baker, Redhead, and Williamson is obvious, but how could people obtain such names as Pige, or Shufflebottom; and bearers of such names as these ought, in the interests of art and spelling, to be willing to pay for the changing of their names to such pleasanter titles as Montmorency, Montgomery, and D'Arcy. A Montmorency sounds far better than, say, a Higgins, or a Huggins, and has a better chance of creating a good impression.

It will thus easily be seen that Shakespeare is wrong, and that there is really much in a name—and in the way it is spelt. Shakespeare, it must be remembered, had a name which sounded quite well, and could not therefore see eye to eye with other people in this matter. He was rather like Solomon, who said, "Spare the rod and spoil the child"—after waiting until he himself was grown up.

J. C. MOFFAT, Form IVA.

## LISTENING IN.

Hello! Hello! Hello! 2B.G.S. calling! Member of the Local Education Committee calling! Good morning, everybody, we are now beginning our day's programme. The first item is "Homework collected."

2B.G.S. calling! Our next item will be a forty-minute playlet, in one act, entitled: "The Chemical Changes of IVB."

2B.G.S. calling! After a 15 minutes' interval we shall broadcast a history talk on "The landing of the Romans in their aeroplanes, 55 B.C."

2B.G.S. calling! We are now closing down until 1-30 p.m., when you will receive the time signal, followed by the weather forecast and first General News Bulletin.

Good morning, everybody, good morning!

\* \* \* \* \*

2B.G.S. calling! Stand by for the time signal. Ting, ting-a-ling! 1-30 p.m.! Weather forecast: A heavy depression of order marks which is, this afternoon, centred over Balshaw's Grammar School, may cause all the seats in detention class on Friday to be filled.

First General News Bulletin, copyright by Reuter, Press Association, Exchange Telegraph and Central News.

Hot time for boys: In many parts of the school a high temperature has been registered, reaching as high as 90° in the huts. Some boys say they have experienced still higher.

Great Conversion: There has been a sudden swerve of public opinion towards a firm belief in the song "It ain't gonna rain no mo'." Many supporters of this doctrine have been heard in parts of the playground, and on the playing field after a period with the sergeant-major.

In one minute's time you will hear the IVB. minstrel choir in a selection from their famous repertoire, including that popular favourite "The Cuckoo Madrigal." We hope that all listeners will tune in so that they will not disturb others, who wish to enjoy this special concert. There is no doubt that a little oscillation will be heard, but listeners are asked to excuse 2B.G.S. for unavoidable faults.

2B.G.S. calling! We hope you have enjoyed the music just given. We are now to have a short humorous interlude, entitled "English as spoken in Lancashire." The prominent artistes, Messrs. Almond, Dewhurst and Smith have consented to broadcast for this occasion only.

2B.G.S. calling! 4 p.m. Tea time. This station is now closing down. Good-bye, everybody! good-bye!

E. BAXENDALE, Form IVB.



## THE FOUR WINDS.

When the sharp East Wind blows over the land,  
The dust goes whirling on every hand;  
He disturbs the waters of river and lake;  
He bids the hedgehog and adder wake;  
The snowdrops dance to his piping shrill,  
And the daisies blossom o'er dale and hill.

When the soft South Wind blows over the main,  
She bids the roses awake again:  
Her breath is sweet with the scent of flowers,  
And she stirs the leaves in the woodland bowers;  
She softly murmurs a low sweet song,  
To the birds gathered round in a listening throng.

When the wild West Wind blows over the sea,  
She trills a marvellous melody;  
She sets the thistledown light afloat,  
To sail through the air like a fairy boat,  
And stirs the golden ears of grain,  
And bids the birds depart again.

When the fierce North Wind blows over the down,  
He scatters the snow on field and town;  
He pipes out a clarion loud and shrill,  
While the clouds hang low on the high-topped hill;  
He whips the sea into angry foam,  
For over the water he loves to roam.

J. STEPHENSON, Form IVb.

## WILL-O-THE-WISP.

I wander thro' the misty vale,  
Over the hill, and down the dale,  
Thro' the dark green cypress dell;  
Where I wander none can tell;  
Will-o-the-Wisp am I.

I leave the forests dark and green  
For crystal lakes in shimmering sheen;  
Oh! there I play, and dance, and skip,  
Laughing gaily as I trip;  
Will-o-the-Wisp am I.

Oh! who would live a life like me,  
By darkest pool and tallest tree,  
While owls cry, and nightingales sing,  
Till thro' the woods, their echoes ring!  
Will-o-the-Wisp am I.

PHYLLIS WILCOCKSON, Form Vb.

## JUNE.

Now every tree is decked with leaves  
And sparrows nest in cottage eaves,  
While all the fields are filled with hay;  
The cock proclaims each sunny day:  
—In glorious June.

The swallows in their wheeling flight  
Do hover round their nests till night,  
And when the dark begins to fall,  
Enter their homes through openings small.  
—In shining June.

In all the streets and lanes and fields;  
Houses and trees and hedgerows shield  
The travellers resting on wayside seat,  
From burning sun with furnace heat,  
—In glowing June.

F. BAXENDALE, Form IVb.

## HOW I CHASED A WASP.

Seated in a wood on a fine summer's afternoon, engrossed in an exciting number of the "Tiny Tales of Treasure Trove Library," I was particularly interested in one long chapter, which described how the hero drove at full speed in his powerful car towards the railway station, trying to intercept the plans of a gang of crooks, who raced overhead in a large, but swift-going aeroplane.

It was, indeed, a thrilling race. I felt I could hear the buzz of the 'plane as it flew overhead—till suddenly I realised it was not the 'plane that was buzzing, but a large and wicked looking wasp, which flew round my pocket, in which reposed some home-made toffee. At first I cried "shoo," but this having no effect on the seemingly determined insect, I resorted to further measures, and began to poke at it with a short stick.

The wasp flew a short distance away, and I returned to my book, only to be interrupted by that same insect, which settled on the underneath side of the cover. I therefore placed the book, cover downwards, on the ground, and, regardless of danger to the interesting novel, began to trample



upon it. I now felt that I had surely seen the last of that wasp, but as I resumed my reading, as well as I could for the dilapidation, it flew on to my nose.

How it had survived the supposed death "trample" I cannot tell, but I was now so exasperated that, dropping my book, I lunged frantically at that terrible nuisance—the wasp.

It retreated, and I, pretending I was Bill Burly, the hero of the story, pursuing a criminal, ran after it, until I reached the lawn, to the right of which ran a cool stream, a spot which was my favourite haunt on a hot day.

Fortunately, no one was enjoying a quiet game of tennis on the lawn, or I should have been the subject of a number of uncomplimentary remarks, for so unceremoniously blundering in upon the play. However I reached the stream in time to see the wasp coolly perched upon a large stone, which appeared above the surface of the water. Cautiously I approached, and was reaching forward, with my hand resting on the stone, towards the creature, when the stone slipped, and with a loud splash I entered the water.

Damp as to garments, but with my passions still as hot as ever, I was certainly not feeling kindly towards that striped insect. However, it was nowhere to be seen, and whilst I clambered from the stream, I devoutly wished that no one from the house which was close by had witnessed my entrance into the water. My shoes squelched at every step, and the water poured from my clothing. The butcher's boy who was entering the gate grinned at me, and called "Hey! there's a wopse on yer back." I had appeared unconcerned as I passed him, until he mentioned "wasp," or rather "wopse." That word, however, acted like magic. I peeled off my coat, determined that the wasp should have no more chance of liberty, but my hopes were doomed; it flew again in the direction of the stream, finally settling on the gate post. With a bound, I crossed over to the gate, made a wild lunge at the insect with my coat, missed, and fell over with a bang on to my nose.

\* \* \* \* \*

That last effort satisfied me. I hadn't even the heart to return to the wood for my exciting book. I went home to bed a sad, dejected figure, and I've never chased a wasp since.

C. WALMSLEY, Form IVA.

## A DESCRIPTION OF A MAN AND HIS HOUSE.

As I was walking along a quiet country lane, I saw a man standing at the door of a little white-washed cottage, with a thatched roof, smoking the while a vile-looking pipe, blackened with age and long usage.

He was a small, wizened little man, about five feet tall, with a wooden leg, which, as I found by skilful enquiry, he had in place of the one he lost a few years ago in a fierce struggle with a shark. Although he had retired from the sea, soon after his accident, he still kept his marine ideas, and dress. He wore—when he did wear a hat—a tattered and salt-stiffened sou'wester, a blue woollen jersey, and a knee boot on his one sound leg.

He did not seem in the least offended at my close inspection of himself, but asked civilly if I'd come in and have a chat, as he was rather lonely by himself. At this promise of tales of the sea, and adventure, I replied that I should be delighted, and he led the way in.

The inside of the cottage was perfectly clean, but the way in which one or two things were pushed aside at an attempt at tidiness, pointed to the fact that this was a real bachelor's living room.

A large dresser occupied the whole of one side of the room; on this was a ship in a bottle, one or two curious shells and pieces of coral, carved into weird and fantastic images, evidently lucky charms. The old man had been trying to tidy some of his drawers, for on the table was a litter of nails, shells, screws, Bibles, pipes, and tobacco pouches, a model ship in the making, along with the tools which the old sailor had been using, all mixed up in a delightful jumble.

We sat down before an old-fashioned fire-place with an old oak settle by it, and talked,—or at least, he talked and I listened. He told me most of his adventures, and a few that were decidedly not his, but when I remarked on the fact, he winked and said, "Take 'em with a little pinch of salt." As he talked he illustrated his remarks with various objects from the table and elsewhere, then I noticed it was growing late, and so bidding the old sailor "Good-Night." I went on my way, resolved, however, to return some day and "pump him" for more stories.

ERIC JACKSON, Form IVA.



## CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

Billy Black-and-White one day  
 Stole an egg and ran away.  
 Mrs. Hen soon made a dart,  
 And caught his tail; how it did smart!

"Let go," cried Billy, feeling sore,  
 "I promise you I'll steal no more."  
 "Not" said the Hen, feeling distressed  
 "Until the egg's back in my nest."

P. CROOKE, Form II.

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 IN MY GARDEN.

In my garden grow gay flowers,  
 All of vivid hue;  
 When the sun caresses them,  
 They are scented, too.  
 Roses, pink, and red, and white;  
 Lilies, tall and stately;  
 Marigolds, all burning bright,  
 In breezes bow sedately.

Then I've peas and lettuces,  
 Raddish, mint, and thyme;  
 These are in the little bed  
 'Neath the shadowing lime.  
 Pansies, daisies, lavender,  
 Snapdragons so gay,  
 I could wander in my garden  
 Each and every day.

KATHLEEN LEATHER, Form IVr.

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 STUDENT TEACHING.

It all seemed very strange at first—like growing up suddenly in a night. If I were writing a novel, I might tell you how I presented myself with a beating heart (my own, you understand) at the dim portal of the echoing schoolroom!!

I fitted round the Infant School like a butterfly (or a bee) sipping honey, until I got my bearings. I then commenced work—at least I began to help with some of the

lessons. The Babies' Class was most entertaining. Thence I started, with some misgiving, on my upward way.

My first real ordeal was a Singing lesson. Now, at the very bottom of my heart, I am convinced that I have a Voice which would awaken the world if it had an opportunity. I never sing in public, however; it would not be giving Mme. Clara Butt and her peers a fair chance. The thought of singing alone, even before seven-year-olds made me shiver. However, having mastered a song by playing it on the piano (with one finger), I *did* give the lesson and am still alive to tell the tale.

My sojourn with Stds. II. and III. was not very eventful except for the fact that I gave a lesson on "Osmosis in Plants" (overhaul the dictionary and when found make a note).

Then began a more interesting period of specialised work. For a month my mornings were occupied solely with Arithmetic. It was very exciting, especially when somebody happened to ask a question about his work that I was unable to answer. I am practicing tact and diplomacy. It pays!

At present my mornings are taken up with English in Stds. IV. and V. Wise men have said that one never ceases to learn. Every day I learn new methods—how to eat an orange in school during a lesson, and many other things that would have been very useful twelve months ago. I was delighted to discover that girls dressed as angels took part in the Preston Whitsuntide Processions. George Eliot was a great writer. Her books contain many wonderful scenes but I think the most marvellous of all must have been when Maggie Tulliver saw two children lying on their elbows on a donkey's back. That was a Std. V. version.

Criticism lessons are not too delightful but they are necessary evils. I was rather frightened when I gave a twenty minute lesson to V., VI., and VII., with four teachers criticising. It needed a deep breath and a mighty plunge.

Only a few more weeks and then—college. Nobody seems to realise it. The Roadmender who one day met me with a train of children said "I didn't know you were learning to be a school teacher!" I hardly knew it myself because I have enjoyed myself so much. However I am well on the way to becoming a teacher—as someone who ought to know told me. I have already begun to drop aspirates just like a real one.

NORAH FORD.



## THE ANNUAL SCHOOL SPORTS.

Judging by the number of parents, old pupils and friends present this School function is becoming increasingly popular. It is a matter of regret to the writer that the duties of the day render it almost impossible to renew old acquaintances and make new ones.

As in previous years the various events were carried through expeditiously, but it was unfortunate that a confusion in regard to the time of commencement caused some of the events to be unduly rushed. It is easy to be wise after the event, but many will agree that the absence of what one might call non-athletic events caused the number of competitors to be below the average. For the first time for a few years the strings along the 100 yd. track were dispensed with in favour of white lines. As a consequence few of the competitors kept a straight course and there were cases of boring and crossing.

The proceedings commenced at 2:30 p.m. by the march round of the competitors, headed by the Chorley Military Band. Our pupils were splendid and were deservedly applauded by the large gathering of spectators. It is difficult in the short space allowed adequately to describe the various events, in addition to which several events were being simultaneously carried on, so that it was impossible to see all that happened. We offer our congratulations to Margery Lomax and Hood, the respective champions. Hood's record for the afternoon was an excellent one and it was particularly pleasing to notice how fresh he appeared to be at the end of the afternoon. Lancaster with only two points behind Hood made the competition very keen. He also is to be congratulated. As usual the High Jump was very popular and our boys gave a splendid performance. It is difficult to understand why they do so poorly in comparison in the Long Jump. Haselden in the Junior Long Jump however beat all competitors Senior or Junior with a jump of 16 feet 6 inches. His performance in other events suggests that he will prove a difficult competitor to beat in a future championship struggle. Of the Juniors Miller, Birtill and Lees were outstanding.

Among the girls G. Leigh was a very successful competitor and ran the girl champion very close. In addition she was the winner of the tennis racquet in the Singles. B. Whipp and Edith Rowcroft were other successful competitors, and among the Juniors G. Mortimer.

The prizes, which formed a tempting array, were presented at the close of the meeting by Mrs. J. C. H. Hollins who very kindly gave a gold brooch to the Girl Champion. The usual

votes of thanks having been given, the meeting was closed with the National Anthem. The best thanks of Staff and Pupils are tendered to all those parents, old pupils and friends who by their help on the day and by their contributions towards the prizes did so much towards the success of our Sports Day.

### Girls' Events :

### RESULTS :

100 yds. under 13—1 G. Mortimer ; 2 A. Pickup ; 3 M. Edleston.  
100 yds. 13-15—1 R. Sumner ; 2 M. Robinson ; 3 N. Sanderson.  
100 yds. 15 and over—1 G. Leigh ; 2 E. Rowcroft ; 3 B. Whipp.  
Long Jump, 15 and over—1 B. Whipp ; 2 E. Holmes ; 3 N. Waterhouse.

Long Jump, 14 and under—1 M. Lomax ; 2 E. Worden ; 3 M. Robinson.

High Jump, 15 and over—1 B. Whipp ; 2 E. Rowcroft ; 3 G. Leigh.

High Jump, 14 and under—1 M. Lomax ; 2 L. Bradley ; 3 N. Sanderson.

220 yds. Handicap—1 L. Norris ; 2 R. Lord ; 3 N. Sanderson ; 4 K. Carr.

Hitting Hockey Ball, 15 and over—1 R. Lord ; 2 E. McMahon ; 3 J. Troop.

Hitting Hockey Ball, 14 and under—1 M. Lomax ; 2 K. Carr ; 3 A. Watson.

Hopping, under 13—1 B. Walker ; 2 G. Mortimer ; 3 M. Edleston.

Hopping, 13-15—1 R. Sumner ; 2 M. Lomax ; 3 D. Wilding.

Hopping, 15 and over—1 G. Leigh ; 2 M. Fazackerley ; 3 L. Stopforth.

House Relay Race—1 L. Stopforth's ; 2 A. Dodson's ; 3 M. Higham's.

Tennis Singles—1 G. Leigh ; 2 D. Woodhouse.

Form Championship, Tennis—Form VA. represented by M. Fazackerley and A. Dodson.

Sports Championship—M. Lomax.

Inter-House Challenge Cup—E. Holmes' House.

### Boys' Events :

100 yds. Championship—1 Lancaster ; 2 Hood ; 3 Wilde.

100 yds. Senior Handicap—1 Hood ; 2 Lancaster ; 3 Battersby.

100 yds. Inter-Handicap—1 Haselden ; 2 Birtill ; 3 Hilton (G.) ; 4 Swarbrick.

100 yds. Junior Handicap—1 Croke ; 2 Lees ; 3 Seed.

High Jump, Senior—1 Hood ; 2 Lancaster ; 3 Roscoe.

High Jump, Junior—1 Haselden ; 2 Birtill ; 3 Miller.

Long Jump, Senior—1 Hood ; 2 Lancaster ; 3 Wilde.

Long Jump, Junior—1 Haselden ; 2 Miller ; 3 Birtill.

440 yds. Handicap—1 Birtill ; 2 Miller ; 3 Lees ; 4 Swarbrick.



440 yds. Championship—1 Hood; 2 Lancaster; 3 Roscoe.  
 880 yds. Championship—1 Hood; 2 Lancaster; 3 Wilde.  
 Throwing Cricket Ball—1 Norris; 2 Jackson (V.); 3 Baxendale (E.).

Championship Cup—Hood, 16 points.

Medal (Runner up)—Lancaster, 14 points.

House Relay Race—1 Lancaster's; 2 Norris'; 3 Marsh's;  
 4 Wilde's.

Inter-House Challenge Cup—*Lancaster's House*

*Girls' House Challenge Cup for Hockey and Finals in Sports.*

Name of House.	Hockey	100 Yards			220 Yards	Hopping			High Jump		Long Jump		Hitting the Hockey Ball		Relay	Total
		Under 13	13-15	Over 15		Under 13	13-15	Over 15	Under 15	Over 15	Under 15	Over 15	Under 15	Over 15		
M. Higham's	7	3			3	3	3								1	20
L. Stopforth's	8	2						1			1	1		1	3	17
H. Briggs'	10	3	1	3	1	2		5	1	1						27
E. Holmes'	15	3		2		1	1			2	2	2		2		30
A. Dodson's	10			1	2					3	3		2	4	2	27
M. Crozier's	10						2		5		3			3		23

*Boys' House Challenge Cup for Football, Cricket and Finals in Sports.*

Name of House.	Football.	Cricket.	100 Yards			440 yds Handicap	100 yds Scratch	220 yds Scratch	440 yds Scratch	880 yds Scratch	High Jump		Long Jump		Relay Race	Throwing Cricket Ball	Total
			Over 14	12-14	Under 12						Senior	Junior	Senior	Junior			
Wilde's	8	8	1	1	5	1	1	1		1			1				28
Lancaster's	6	8	2			2	3	4	3	2	3	1	2	2	3	2	43
Marsh's	2	0	3	5		3	2	2	3	3	3	5	3	4		1	39
Norris'	8	8			1											2	23

1st—3 points, 2nd—2 points, 3rd—1 point.

H.J.L.

## BOYS' SPORTS NEWS.—CRICKET.

### INTER-HOUSE MATCHES.

*Wilde v. Lancaster.*

Lancaster's Team—1st innings, 52 for 7, declared.  
 2nd innings, total 6.

Wilde's Team—1st innings, total 37.  
 2nd innings, total 40.

Lancaster's team obtained a good lead on the first innings, and their captain declared; but their failure in the second innings enabled Wilde's team to win the match by 19 runs.

*Marsh v. Norris.*

Marsh's Team—1st innings, total 12.  
 2nd innings, total 35.

Norris' Team—1st innings, total 26.  
 2nd innings, total 22.

This match caused much excitement, the result being quite uncertain till the end of the game. When Norris' last men were dismissed his team had a lead of one run only.

*Wilde v. Marsh.*

Wilde's Team—1st innings, total 50.

Marsh's Team—1st innings, total 29.  
 2nd innings, total 18.

This match resulted in a win for Wilde's team by an innings and three runs.

*Lancaster v. Norris.*

Norris' Team—1st innings, total 56.  
 2nd innings, 28 for 4, declared.

Lancaster's Team—1st innings, total 38.  
 2nd innings, 74 for 2, declared.

At the close of the first innings the scores were in Norris' team's favour, but after a declaration by Norris in the second innings, Lancaster's team put up a good score and won the match by 28 runs and 8 wickets.

Matches to be played—Wilde v. Norris.  
 Lancaster v. Marsh.

Scores of Merit—Lancaster, 34; Jackson (V.) 28 not out; Harrison, 22 not out; Wilde, 21.



Bowling—Wilde, 7 wickets for 2 runs; Hilton, 6 wickets for 5 runs, and 8 wickets for 9 runs; Molyneux, 6 wickets for 6 runs; Marsden, 5 wickets for 4 runs; Norris, 5 wickets for 7 runs; Lancaster, 4 wickets for 6 runs.

Two School matches arranged with Leyland Motor's 3rd eleven had to be cancelled. Of two matches with Leyland 3rd eleven, arranged by Mr. Walmsley, one was played on June 15th on the Fox Lane Ground. The scores were as follows:—

Balshaw's G.S.—1st innings, total 29.

Leyland 3rd— 1st innings, total 78 for 8 wickets.

Balshaw's G.S.—2nd innings, 91 for 8 wickets.

The school team were sent out to bat first, and utterly collapsed before the bowling of Houlden and Iddon. The Leyland eleven scored quickly at first, declaring when eight men had been dismissed. In the second innings the school team scored slowly at first, but when stumps were drawn had a record of ninety-one for eight wickets down. Marsh was top scorer for the school with a total of thirty not out.

The second match with the Leyland 3rd Eleven was played on June 29th; the school team were defeated, but not ingloriously.

J. WILDE, Captain.

## CRICKET.

The onerous task of writing an article on cricket and a criticism of the play of the boys, for the school magazine has been placed upon me, and though chary of undertaking the obligation I feel I dare not refuse to comply.

First of all I must compliment the boys, great and small, on the excellent spirit shown so far, and on their anxiety to learn all they can in connection with the finest game in the world. The old adage "Mens sana in corpore sano"—"A healthy mind in a sound body" applies to-day even more than in any previous era. The boy who judiciously combines study and sport will go further in life than the one who neglects one in favour of the other. In a fairly long experience one has seldom found a thoroughly good sportsman who has not been the soul of honour and fairness in his actions.

The very word "Cricket" has come to be recognised as synonymous with the name of fair play and straight dealing in all transactions. The boy who plays cricket as a true sportsman will earn the respect of all in his future life, whatever career he may follow, as a man who can be trusted. He must first of all place the interests of his side before his own and this is shown primarily in his fielding. This particular branch is the most important in the game and the most neglected. The boy or man who saves runs by keen hard work in the field, does more for his side than the batsmen or bowler in many cases. Interest in this branch of the game is required more in practice than is shown at present, not only at the school, but in many prominent club elevens. Good fielding by the whole side makes moderate bowling good—bad fielding reduces good bowling to mediocrity.

To come to the players—I must try to be kindly in criticism. Harsh criticism helps no one. I would hold out encouragement to all, especially to those on the threshold of their careers.

There is great improvement to be noted in the batting of the captain WILDE, who with practice will develop into a good batsman. He is coming on nicely and I hope he will continue to take interest in the game after his school days are over.

LANCASTER has not improved to the same extent, but is very useful with both bat and ball, and when he goes up to Oxford will have every opportunity of making great progress in both departments of the game. I shall watch closely for his name in the next year or two.

NORRIS is improving well and played a useful and meritorious innings against Leyland III. and will develop with care into a useful batsman.

MARSDEN is most interested in bowling and will do well in this department of the game if he is not too intent on speed. Length and direction are most essential to the young bowler—speed will come with strength.

ROSCOE and WELLER are big lads who like to hit the ball hard, high and often, but require to remember that every ball cannot receive such treatment. The real batsman must use judgement in picking out the correct ball to hit. Of the younger members of the side, particularly C. A. ROBINSON, I have very high hopes. They are trying to play with a straight bat—the first law in the art of true batsmanship. To all I recommend constant and serious practice.



To acquire proficiency they must take their practice just as earnestly as though they were playing in a match. They must also remember that it is their duty to do their share of fielding after they have had their knock. I hope that, doing this, many of the students will in future years rise to distinction in the noblest and most sporting of games.

R. WALMSLEY.

### GIRLS' SPORTS.—TENNIS.

With the advent of the Summer Term, great enthusiasm for tennis appeared in the school. Four new tennis rackets, a new net, and a supply of new balls were purchased to satisfy the demands of the players.

Owing to the ideal conditions which have prevailed this Summer, both the singles and doubles tournaments were finished before Sports' Day, and the racket and shield were presented to the winners by Mrs. Hollins.

The doubles tournament was finished about a fortnight ago, and in the final and semi-final rounds the spectators had opportunities of seeing very good play. In the semi-final between forms VI. and Va. especially, a remarkably tight set resulted in a victory for the latter, the score being 12-10. The victors in this set entered the final round, in which they had to play the representatives of form Vb. From the beginning, there was not much doubt about the result of this game, Va. being much the steadier side. The score was 6-2, 9-7 in favour of Va., and thus Margaret Fazackerley and Alice Dodson won the shield for their form.

The winner of the racket this year is Gwynneth Leigh, who owes her success to her steadiness and her ability in "placing." Her opponent in the final was Doris Woodhouse, who has a very strong service and a good drive, but who gave away many points by sending the balls "out." In the previous rounds, there had been many good games, and much talent was displayed. Minnie Higham in particular, was unfortunate in being defeated. She is perhaps the strongest player we have, and has a very good back-hand stroke.

A better game of tennis is played now in the lower forms than in years gone by. Several of our young players are developing a strong service and a steady return. Indeed the standard of play is in every respect higher this year than it has ever been before.

E.B.

Back Row : Mr. H. BUTLER, B.A., WALSH, R., DAVIES, HOOD,  
JACKSON, V., LANCASTER, BATHERSLEY, SMITH.  
Front Row : MARSDEN, MOFEAT, DEWHURST, WILDE (captain),  
WALSH, F., NORRIS, DICKENSON.  
Centre : MARSH, J.



FOOTBALL TEAM, 1924-5.